

Avery/GM: Next time on Beyond the Furthest Stars! Actually, as you start to worry about what you would wear, there is a knock at the door. Marty, you open the door and there is the hotel concierge. “Oh, hello there miss! I do have a note from the noble Lapis Winston, who left instructions that you were to be provided with the best clothes in Ambrosia for the party this evening. I do have directions to the nearest Insta-Tailor.

Jenine/Marty: Amazing. Thank you so much for delivering this message and you are?

Avery/GM: Oh, just the hotel concierge, just a, a, a faceless nobody who will disappear as soon as you close this door!

Jenine/Marty: Okay, well, everybody's a somebody.

Avery/GM: Oh, no, my life ends as soon as you stop perceiving me.

Bee/Polaris: Oh, my God.

Avery/GM: I'm just kidding. I also do some stand up comedy at a local club.

Bee/Polaris: Oh, my God.

Jenine/Marty: Thank you. Bye! and I close the door.

Avery/GM: You just hear outside, Oh my god, I'm dying! AHHHHHHH!

Bee/Polaris: What a terrible comedian.

Avery/GM: Find Beyond the Furthest Stars where ever you get your podcasts or at 1upPodcasts.com!