

2Ts in a Pod - Halloween Special 2024

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Welcome to the podcast. Two Ts in a pod. A bit off key at the end there.

That makes it **all the more** spooky Katie. That's not really Halloween-y. That's fine.

What was the one you were doing? I think it's from, like, the Twilight Zone or something, isn't it? Very creepy. It's that time of year again, Katie. Is it? Yeah.

Oh no! This is our third Halloween special. Is it? Yeah. We've been doing this for a million years.

We've only done three. I know. We sometimes forget to do a Halloween special.

Or we're **on hiatus**. Yeah, it's true. But this year we've remembered.

This year we've not forgotten. And hopefully we're not going to repeat some of our scary stories we've done before. They're all new.

They're all brand new. Today we have some spooky stories from around the world to share with you. I've not read any of these.

That's good. This is all a surprise to me. Well, I'll read you one.

Okay. So the first one comes from Venezuela. My wife's from Venezuela and this is one of her favourite urban legends, spooky stories.

It's called The Legend of El Silbon, also known as The Whistler. So the legend begins with a spoilt boy accustomed to getting his way. One day he demanded his father hunt a deer so he could feast on his favourite meal.

But the father returned empty-handed, having found no game. In a fit of rage, the boy killed his father, carving out his heart and liver. Because he was a spoilt boy.

Oh, Jesus Christ, a bit extreme. He brought the organs home and tricked his mother into cooking them for him. What the fuck? This guy's fucked up.

She unknowingly served her son's gruesome feast. But the mother soon suspected that something was horribly wrong. She discovered her husband's body mutilated and missing its organs.

And her grief turned to fury. She cursed her son for eternity, dooming him to roam the earth as a restless spirit. The boy's grandfather, horrified by the crime, had him tied to a post and lashed.

As punishment, the boy was condemned to carry his father's bones for all time. His wounds were cleaned with alcohol and he was set free. But two rabid dogs were unleashed upon him.

They tore him apart, and thus the boy transformed into El Silbon, a **malevolent** wandering ghost. El Silbon is said to haunt the plains and forests, sometimes sitting in trees, watching silently as he waits for his next victim. Over the years he's grown into a giant, some say as tall as twenty feet.

And he always carries a sack containing the bones of his father. On stormy, rainy nights his hunger for vengeance grows and he attacks lone travellers, ripping their bones from their bodies and adding them to his **gruesome** collection. His **eerie** whistle is his most terrifying trait.

If you hear it nearby, you may be safe. But if the whistle sounds distant, beware. He is close, watching, ready to strike.

Only the barking of dogs can keep El Silbon at bay, for it reminds him of the rabid hounds that once tore him apart. So, if you ever find yourself alone on a dark, rainy night and hear a faint whistle, remember, the closer it seems, the further he is. But he's coming for you.

What do you think? That's really messed up, man. Yeah? The whole, I mean... He's just a bit spoilt. Yeah.

Was that like, do you think it was like a morality tale in Venezuela? Like, don't be spoilt, because then you'll kill your dad and then get lashed and have to carry around his bones and... Exactly. Grew to twenty feet! Yeah. Not sure about that bit.

Made me think of The Slenderman. Have you ever heard of The Slenderman? Yeah, it is a bit like Slenderman. I don't understand.

And I don't know if that just came from a video game, but I remember people playing that, this big tall thing in a forest. The whole thing about the whistling as well. If it's far away, he's hunting you? If it's far away, if you hear it far away, it means he's close.

It's the opposite. But if you hear it close, it means he's far away. Okay.

So it's to make you, like, relax. Be like, oh, it's far away, but that means he's close. Okay.

That's the cool bit, I think. Is it? Yeah. Were you creeped out? I was grossed out.

Yeah? I think if we were sat in a forest right now, and there was someone whistling far away, I would be a little creeped out. There was a bang. A mysterious bang.

There was a mysterious bang from behind us. It did mildly. Do you think it's like whistling like that? I was more imagining like a creepy sound.

Yeah, I can't do creepy whistles. Just a jolly whistle. So there you go.

That is one from Venezuela called El Silbón. We have another one. Okay.

Another spooky story. Do you want to do the one? This is a Spanish one. The legend of Teresa Fidalgo.

La Chica de la Curva. The Girl of the Curve. In 1988, three friends, David, Tiago, and Tania, set out on a late night drive through the winding roads of the mountains.

With a handheld camera rolling, they joked and laughed, unaware of the horror they were about to encounter. The road was deserted, eerily quiet, with nothing but the faint sound of tyres on gravel and the wind whispering through the trees. As they rounded a bend, they spotted a figure in the distance, pale, dressed in white, walking along the side of the road.

It was a young woman, no older than her twenties, her face expressionless, her gaze distant. Concerned, they slowed down and offered her a ride. She quietly got in without saying much.

Her name? Teresa Fidalgo. For a while, Teresa remained silent, her cold presence unsettling. Tania shifted nervously in the back seat, while David tried to focus on the road ahead.

Then, without warning, Teresa spoke, her voice a chilling whisper that seemed to cut through the night air. There's a curve up ahead, she said, her eyes empty and hollow. That's where I died.

David's hands tightened on the wheel as a wave of dread washed over the car. The atmosphere thickened with tension as the road grew darker, winding more sharply. He looked in the rearview mirror, but Teresa's eyes were fixed on the road ahead.

Then it happened. The car hit the curve and everything spiralled out of control. Screeching tyres, the violent impact of metal on rock, shattered glass.

Chaos. When the dust settled, Tiago and Tania were dead, but Teresa was gone, vanished as if she had never been there at all. David survived the crash and when the authorities arrived, they confiscated the footage from the cameras which had continued recording during the incident.

What they found only deepened the mystery. The last image caught on the tape before the crash, Teresa's face, staring directly into the camera with a hauntingly cold smile. They say Teresa Fidalgo still walks on that road, waiting for her next ride, forever tied to the place where she met her untimely end.

Beware if you're driving alone at night. If you pick her up, you may not live to tell the tale, because once you hear her voice, she may never let you go. What did you think of my dramatic reading? It was very good.

I really liked Teresa's voice. It was great. I hope you enjoyed that too, listeners.

That was the first time reading it. That is a bit freaky, isn't it? Yeah. Teresa Fidalgo.

Exactly. Where do you think that happened? Did that happen in Spain? Yeah. Somewhere in Spain.

Somewhere in Spain, on a very windy road. But yeah, it's kind of an urban legend. And they say, like, you know, these things probably didn't happen.

But there's lots of stories that go back, like, a long way into the past about hitchhikers. Are you a hitchhiker picker-upper? I've picked up hitchhikers a couple of times, yeah. But, like, you know, back when it wasn't cars, when it was, like, carriages, there were these ghost stories of, you know, ghostly hitchhikers and things.

So it's been, like, ever since there's been roads, basically, there's been these stories of creepy things. And all roads lead to Rome. They do.

Are you blaming the Romans? Blaming the Romans. Like, there's one in Devon, where I'm from, called the Hairy Hands. The Hairy Hands? Yeah.

And when you go over a specific bridge in the middle of the moors, these hairy hands are supposed to suddenly appear and grab your hands and make you steer the car off the side of the bridge. From where? Where do they appear from? Out of nowhere. Behind you? Above your hands? Monkey hands? Or, like, man's hands? They're hairy.

So they're, like, beastly hands. Beastly hands. Yeah.

Hmm. Has that ever... Never happened to me. I've never seen the hairy hands.

But, you know, it's interesting that these traveller's tales have existed. I guess it's also explaining away, like, car crashes and things like that. Like, why people... explaining things.

And it's quite often, it's like... He wasn't drunk, sir. Officer. It was the hairy hands.

Of course. Or it's like, that bridge is obviously not safe for cars. Or that curve, that bend, is obviously really sharp.

Or people be drunk driving. Yeah. Another one, I think.

I think David was on the sauce. Maybe he was. Exactly.

OK. You got a third one for us? I've got another one for you, yeah. I've got this one.

This one is called Room for One More. This is from Scary Stories to Tell in the Dark by Alvin Schwartz. OK.

There was a man named Joseph Blackwell who came to Barcelona on a business trip. He stayed at a large house some friends owned on the outskirts of the city. That night, they had a pleasant evening chatting and reminiscing about the past.

But when Blackwell went to bed, he began to toss and turn and was unable to sleep. At one point during the night, he heard a car pull into the driveway. He went to the window to see who might be arriving at such a late hour.

In the moonlight, he saw a black hearse full of people. A hearse is like a big car that you put coffins and dead bodies in. The driver looked up at him.

When Blackwell saw his strange face, he shuddered. The driver called to him. There's room for one more.

He then waited a moment or two before driving off. In the morning, Blackwell told his friends what had happened. You were dreaming, they said.

That must have been it, he replied. But it didn't seem like a dream. After breakfast, he left for town and spent the day in the offices of one of the new high-rise buildings in the city.

Late in the afternoon, he was ready to go back to the house and was waiting for the elevator to take him down to the ground floor. But when it stopped at his floor, it was very full. One of the people inside looked at him and said, There's room for one more.

It was the driver of the hearse. No, thank you, Blackwell said. I'll wait for the next one.

The doors closed and the elevator began to descend. Moments later, there was a terrible crash and shouts and screams could be heard. The elevator had collapsed.

All the people inside were killed. Oh my God! That's a great story. It's a good one, isn't it? There's room for one more.

I love that kind of predicted, predictive, kind of uncanniness of it all. Yeah. I did one with my class the other day and it was basically a girl's 12th birthday and she's got all her family around at her house.

It's like sun setting and they're blowing out the candles. The lights go off and she's blowing out the candles and it's all dark and shadowy in the room and then they're like, Okay, cut the cake. So she puts a knife into the cake and it clunks something inside the cake.

She says, Mum and Dad, have you put something in my cake? They look around really confused. No, we haven't put anything in your cake. So she like reaches into the cake, pulls it apart, pulls out this old rusty box.

Hmm. And she's like, Oh, is someone playing a joke on me? No. Everyone looks really confused.

People start whispering like what, what is going on? She opens the box and inside there's a note and it says, Come to the place where you saw me last. Then all of a sudden a friend looks out the window and says, Look! And the girl goes up, the birthday girl, I've forgotten her name, let's call her Lily, walks up to the window and gasps suddenly. Outside there's a **doppelganger** of her stood exactly where she was standing for her birthday photo last year.

Oh. Wearing the same clothes. And this girl with a really ghastly, ghostly smile puts her hand up and waves as if to wave or to warn.

Then she points towards the shadows and the lights suddenly all go out and there's a flash of lightning and when the lights come back on again, the ghost image is gone. Yeah. But the front door behind them slowly creaks open.

And that's the end of the story. And the reason I like that story is because you never find out what's going on. That's the best.

That's the best ones, they're the most creepiest ones. You have to fill it in yourself. I did that in class and my students were not happy they didn't get an ending.

Give us an ending! We want everyone dead! Nice. There you go. A little spontaneous.

Four creepy stories for Halloween. Which was the creepiest one? I think probably the first one. Yeah? The whisperer.

No, the whistler. The whistler, El Silbon. El Silbon.

That was probably pretty creepy. Yeah. Especially because there was a creak backstage and I got really freaked out.

Because he's here. Happy Halloween everyone! I hope it's spooky. Tell us about creepy stories from where you're from.

Yeah. Bye. Bye.

There's room for one more. There is room for one more. One more spooky story from storyteller extraordinaire Wilf Mertens.

Roll the tape. There was once a boy who was out in his garden and he found a toe sticking up from the earth. It was a big toe.

It was a big toe and it was very hairy. A big hairy toe sticking out from the soil like it was a plant growing. Now being of a curious sort the boy grabbed a hold of this big toe and tried to pull it up out of the earth.

But it was rooted very firmly into the ground. And so the boy he placed both his little hands around it and he pulled, pulled, pulled and eventually it came out of the ground and was in his hands. The big hairy toe.

It really was very, very big. He took it in to show to his mother. And his mother said Oh boy, oh that's a big toe, isn't it? Well, we won't go hungry tonight.

Let's put that one in the pot. And she set about making a stew. Lots of nice vegetables, onions, garlic some potatoes, tomatoes, peppers everything she had including the big toe.

Popped it in the pot. She stirred it. Cooked for many hours on the stove.

They had stew that night. It was a nice meal. And then they went to bed.

Now the boy couldn't sleep for there was a terrible storm outside. There was rain lashing his window. And he fancied he could hear a voice in the wind.

Though he thought I must be imagining it. But it sounded like Where's my big toe? He tried to turn over and go to sleep but he couldn't sleep. And the voice it might have been his imagination but it seemed to be getting clearer and clearer.

Where's my big toe? It sounded like it was right at the end of their lane. And then Where's my big toe? It sounded like it was right outside his house. Right beneath his window.

Where's my big toe? He could hear the door open downstairs and then he could hear footsteps coming up the stairs with a slight limp he fancied and then silence. Now of course you know when you get those night terrors and your mind has been playing tricks on you and you fancied you've heard voices in the wind or someone coming up the stairs you know, rationally speaking it's just the noises an old house makes. The night is cold the wood contracts and it makes a creaking noise.

And the best thing you can do is just to look. Turn on the light, look under the bed you'll see there's no monster. And the boy knew this and he was fighting that battle to let his rational mind win over his suspicions over his fear over his nightmares.

And eventually he overcame his paralysis and he popped his head above the covers You've got it! And you know when you tell this story around the campfire to children they all know the story already and they know the end is coming and when you say You've got it! they all scream and they run around and it's great fun. But you know stories come from somewhere and this story isn't all that old. Do you know there's an old man who lives not very far from me he doesn't like visitors he keeps his shutters closed and I saw him down at the swimming ponds he was getting changed he was just about to pop on his socks and his shoes but before he did I saw his left foot was missing his big toe.

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Glossary:

- **Malevolent** – Having or showing a wish to do evil or cause harm, often used to describe evil entities or supernatural forces.
- **Doppelganger** – A double or exact look-alike of a person, often associated with supernatural or eerie connotations, sometimes seen as a bad omen.
- **Gruesome** – Horrifyingly repulsive or extremely unpleasant, often used to describe something bloody or violent.
- **Eerie** – Strange and frightening, often in a quiet or unnatural way, commonly associated with an unsettling atmosphere.
- **All the more** – An expression used to emphasise how something increases in intensity or significance due to a particular factor.
- **On hiatus** – A temporary break or pause from an activity, often used in reference to projects, shows, or work.