

the Magical History of Knox County

Episode One

MORDECAI: Good evening, listeners! You're listening to another episode of The Magical History of Knox County. If you're a long-time listener of the show, my voice might be a bit unfamiliar. Fear not! Your regular host, Ms. Abigail Redwine, should be back soon. In the meantime, I'll be filling in. I'm Mordecai Dogwood, in case you wondered. Speaking of Ms. Redwine, she's actually classified as a missing person right now, apparently. I'm sure she's totally fine, but if you happen to have any information regarding her whereabouts, please contact us as soon as possible. Anyway, back to business: On the show this week: a naive neophyte's lack of paranormal experience nearly leads them to a watery grave, when they wind up getting help from an unlikely source. All coming up right here, on The Magical History of Knox County.

Opening theme plays briefly

MORDECAI: Full disclosure: The "naive neophyte" I mentioned earlier is me. Until I showed up for my first day of work about a week ago, I had no idea this whole "magical community" existed at all, and I never would have guessed that you guys had radio shows.

NED: Why did you take a job at a radio show with "magic" in the name if you knew nothing about magic?

MORDECAI: That's my station tech, Ned Jones, who thinks this whole thing is hilarious. We had this conversation about twenty minutes after I arrived at the station for my first day of work. Which, shortly thereafter, prompted *this* conversation:

NED: Hold on, are you recording this?

MORDECAI: Which, in fairness, I was, and I acknowledge that that's a little strange. Listen, between you and me, I'm a little nervous about taking on a job like this. I might be a bit overzealous. Don't tell Ned.

NED: Mordecai, I am sitting right here.

MORDECAI: I know. I was doing a bit. It was for effect, you know?

NED: No.

MORDECAI: Anyway, Ned was the only person here when I arrived, so she started to give me a tour of the place. I say "started" because we didn't get very far. The station, since I'm assuming most of you haven't seen it, is not what I expected. It's a winding network of hallways cluttered with objects and artifacts from a hundred previous stories. The lights in here aren't dim so much as they are soft. This place feels more like the personal study of a very strange individual than it does a radio station, an illusion helped by the fact that it's the only radio station I've ever worked in with a library. I told Ned as much.

NED: And how many radio stations have you worked in?

MORDECAI: I don't see why that matters.

NED: Is this your first job!?

MORDECAI: For the record, it's not, but it is a pretty significant step up from my last job. Anyway, that's not super important right now. I was talking about the library. It's small, but packed with books that are strange, to say the least. As Ned and I walked past, I picked out a few titles. *Lo!*, *Fearsome Critters of the Lumberwoods*, *Solomon's Goetia*. Not what I expected from a small-town radio station. I asked Ned about them.

NED: They're for, you know, research. Stories. The occasional emergency incantation.

MORDECAI: I laughed at what I thought was a joke, and that's when she broke the news. This show isn't occult-themed. It's about magic. Real magic. And we're broadcasting to what Ned calls "members of the magical community." We're on public airwaves, it's just that, apparently, most people do what I did, and wave things like this off as fun fiction, or very delusional people. But I can promise you, if there's one thing I've learned in the past week, it's that magic is very, very real.

NED: Mordecai, literally every single person listening knows this.

MORDECAI: It's new to me!

NED: No one cares. Tell them a story or do an interview or something!

MORDECAI: I'm getting to it! Okay, where was I...Right, if there's one thing I've learned in the past week, it's that magic is very, very real. Well, two things: magic is real, and, even in the middle of March, the Kokosing River is really cold. But we'll get to that later. At first, I didn't really believe Ned. She didn't seem that invested in my personal beliefs. It was close to closing time when I arrived at the station, and she was already on her way home. Rather than stick around to convince me, she just pointed me towards the station's archives, and told me to see for myself. So I did. I combed through hour after hour of tape, and what I found was amazing. Here's a man named Abraham Young talking about Goetic Demonology:

Tape clicks on.

ABRAHAM: Okay, so this is the sigil of Bael, he's like...a toad demon. Now, a sigil like this couldn't summon something into our world, you'd need a lot more power for that, but it might let someone communicate with him, or try to make a deal.

Tape clicks off.

MORDECAI: Here's a local...scientist, I think? Abigail only refers to him as "Divodit."
Regardless, he's talking about a sudden spate of deforestation on the border with Coshocton county.

Tape clicks on.

DIVODIT: See the point of impact, right by the base of the tree? There's ah, this thick dent, right beneath where it cracks. That is a telltale sign of a splinter cat. These nasty little brutes will take down trees with a whack of their tails. They could clear a forest in an hour, with the right motivation. But, ah, well they're an invasive species, so we'll have to track the little bugger down and relocate it.

Tape clicks off.

MORDECAI: And here's Abigail herself, talking to a what I think is a sentient boulder? I'm fuzzy on the details.

Tape clicks on.

ABIGAIL: So you've been here for how long, exactly?

BOULDER: Three or four thousand years.

ABIGAIL: Fascinating!

Tape clicks off.

MORDECAI: Now, if you're an avid listener of the show, I guess you've heard all of that before, but like I said, for me, this was all totally new. I listened to the tapes for a long time. A really long time. In fact I didn't stop until I heard the front door of the station open.

Tape starts. A door opens. Someone walks in.

NED: Oh. Hi Mordecai.

MORDECAI: Hey, Ned. You forget something?

NED: Uh, no. Why?

MORDECAI: Just wondered why you were back already.

NED: Mordecai, it's seven AM.

MORDECAI: ...Oh.

Tape ends.

MORDECAI: Now, in my defense, the station doesn't have windows.

NED: You listened to tapes all night, Mordecai. That isn't normal.

MORDECAI: Neither is this job. Anyway, Ned came in the next morning with a few stories still on the docket that Abigail hadn't gotten around to. Meetings and follow up interviews. Lots of interesting stuff, but I had an idea of my own. While I'd been looking around the station archives the previous night, I found a few interesting tapes. Here's the first, taken from the station's answering machine on December sixth:

Tape starts.

CHARLIE: Now listen: I sent y'all a letter maybe eight or ten weeks ago, and I sent another one last month, and y'all haven't done nothin'. Something's ripped my dock to pieces three times this year, and it sure as heck ain't normal wildlife. I've tried to be real understanding about the circle of life and all, but I'm tellin' you right now: if someone doesn't help me figure out what's going on, I'm liable to just shoot the damn thing next time it happens.

Tape ends.

MORDECAI: I had no idea what he was talking about. Those letters weren't in the archives, but I looked around a while longer and found them neatly stacked under a paper weight in Abigail's office. Mister Eckerd had contacted us twice. Both letters said essentially the same thing: he lives on the banks of the Kokosing River, and he has a small dock on the water. It has literally no practical purpose. Mr. Eckerd fishes, but not frequently, and it's entirely catch and release. He doesn't own a boat, and the water isn't even that deep. He cares about this thing primarily on principal, as I understand it. He built the dock himself. About two months ago, something destroyed it. Smashed the wood to bits, and made some pretty enormous waves. Mr. Eckerd says water hit his bedroom window, more than ten yards back from the water. Now, this guy is, evidently, a very dedicated man, who cares very much about the continued existence of this dock. He rebuilt it within a few days. Again, it was destroyed, under similar circumstances, with one key difference. This time, Mr Eckerd was on the dock when it happened. It was late at night, and very dark out. Whatever smashed the dock was hard to make out. He said it seemed to be about the size of a person, but it came out of the water. Black, shapeless, and kind of blobby. Mr. Eckerd couldn't identify it, so he called us in. I told Ned all this.

NED: He contacted us twice and Abigail didn't get back to him?

MORDECAI: Seems like.

NED: That's not like her, unless this guy's, y'know, not quite right.

MORDECAI: Well, this second tape might have something to do with that. I found it in Abigail's office with the letters. It's dated about a month ago, and three days before Mr. Eckerd called in.

Tape starts.

STICKY JOHN: Listen, toots, I wanna make one thing very clear. I don't show up in your radio house on Tuesday morning smashing up the place and broadcasting human interest pieces, so you got no reason to show up on my turf, understood? See, I been talking to some of the boys, and they say you've been snooping around here and recording my private conversations,

getting all ready to do a big scoop on Sticky John's operations and procedures. The Stick is not okay with that series of events, see? You come back out here, you're gonna regret it, caprese?

Tape ends.

NED: Wait, hold on, you got here, on your first day, immediately went snooping through the office of a missing person, and found a tape where someone threatens them. And you didn't call the police?

MORDECAI: The timeline doesn't match up. Abigail had a to-do list in her office that mentioned putting this on the back burner on the seventeenth. It looks like this is just something she didn't get to.

NED: And you wanna pick up where she left off? With the weird guy who threatened to kill a reporter?

MORDECAI: It seems perfect. He clearly has something to hide, and it's something Abigail thought was newsworthy. Plus, he's looking for Abigail, and I don't think we really look that much alike.

NED: You don't.

MORDECAI: Great. I've already got an interview scheduled with Mr. Eckerd at his house.

NED: This is dumb. You're gonna get serial killed.

MORDECAI: I'll be fine!

NED: No you won't. I'm gonna make some calls and see if I can get someone to head out there with you.

MORDECAI: Okay. Sure. They'll have to meet me there. The interview's in half an hour.

NED: Ugh. Fine. I'll call you on the way and tell you who to look for.

MORDECAI: Awesome. Thanks Ned!

NED: "Thanks, Ned!"

Driving noises.

MORDECAI: Alright, so Ned and I got off to a bit of a rough start, but still, it was my first day on the job, I had a great lead on an interesting story, and I'd just discovered that magic was real. All told, that's a pretty good day, right? Anyway, I was about ten minutes into the drive out to Mr. Eckerd's house when Ned called.

Phone rings. Mordecai answers it.

MORDECAI: Hello?

NED: Mordecai?

MORDECAI: Speaking.

NED: Where are you? I can barely hear you.

MORDECAI: I think I took a couple wrong turns. My cell signal's not so great.

NED: Awesome. Look, I made a few calls. Pretty much no one is free right now, but I found someone who said he could make it. He's not my first choice, but he should be there when--

MORDECAI: Shoot. Dropped the call.

Driving noises fade out. Outdoor ambience. Birds, wind, the faint sound of water.

MORDECAI: I couldn't manage to get back up with Ned, but at least I knew I'd have some sort of contact around when I got there. A few minutes later, after a few more wrong turns, I found my way to the Eckerd household.

Knocking.

MORDECAI: Mr. Eckerd? It's Mordecai. Mordecai Dogwood? I'm with the radio show.

MORDECAI (V/O): But as far as I could tell, no one was home. I kept at it for a while. His car was still in the driveway, so it seemed like he must be home. I could even see a few lights on inside. I checked the backyard, which faced the water, but I didn't find him there, either. Things were a bit odd, though. The back door hung open. The yard itself must have been more than ten yards across, but the back porch was still wet, along with the back side of the house. It hadn't rained recently, so it seemed like the only source of water was the river. I looked inside and saw that the lights and TV were still on. And, of course, the dock was once again smashed to pieces.

Mordecai walks around the yard. River gets louder.

MORDECAI (V/O): As far as I could tell, I was alone out here, and now had encountered my second missing person in a twenty four hour period. Lucky me, I spotted a man standing upstream, talking on a walkie talkie. I figured he might be my contact, or better yet, Mr. Eckerd himself, so I hopped down a few rocks to meet him.

MORDECAI: Hey there! I'm Mordecai Dogwood, with the Magical History of Knox County.

STICKY JOHN: You want some?

MORDECAI: I'm sorry?

STICKY JOHN: You want some?

MORDECAI: Some what?

STICKY JOHN: Oh, we got all kinds. Purple. Red. Blue. Boysenberry.

MORDECAI: Uh...

STICKY JOHN: Puce'll take the lining of your tongue. Guaranteed.

MORDECAI: I think I'm okay, thanks. I'm gonna go.

MORDECAI (V/O): At this point, it was clear that this was not my contact, and more importantly, that this was the voice of the guy who had called Abigail. I tried to nudge my field recorder out of view. I failed.

STICKY JOHN: Hey buddy, are you recording this? You know I don't like to be recorded.

MORDECAI: The man ran his hand over a gun holstered at his hip. I was about to make my exit when a voice came from somewhere near my feet.

RIDDLE TOAD: That's a cassette player, Mr. John.

STICKY JOHN: A what now?

RIDDLE TOAD: It plays music. We aren't here to record you.

STICKY JOHN: So you're buying?

RIDDLE TOAD: I think we have all we need at the moment.

STICKY JOHN: You sure, squat? We just hacked off a fresh batch of Sweet Carolina.

RIDDLE TOAD: We'll be sure to keep that in mind. Come along, Miguel.

MORDECAI (V/O): The voice you just heard came from a toad. Not just a toad, an enormous toad. The size of a car tire. With mottled green skin and big yellow eyes. He hopped away without another word. My name is not Miguel, but I assumed that he meant for me to follow him. I followed. He didn't seem to be offering an explanation any time soon, so I got things started.

MORDECAI: Hey, uh, thanks for the assistance. Do you know that guy?

RIDDLE TOAD: One might say. Allow me to introduce myself. Toad. Riddle Toad.

MORDECAI: Nice to meet you. Mordecai Dogwood. Interim host for Magical History.

MORDECAI (V/O): I reached out for a handshake. Unfortunately, being a toad, he didn't have hands. I tried to smooth things over.

MORDECAI: So, is "Riddle Toad" your name, or your species, or both?

RIDDLE TOAD: Consider that your first riddle.

MORDECAI: Oh, are riddles kind of your thing?

RIDDLE TOAD: Consider that your second. Or perhaps third, since it seems you've found a riddle of your own. The case of the missing interviewee. How intriguing.

MORDECAI: You're Ned's contact?

RIDDLE TOAD: I spoke with your radio cohort this morning, yes. I have a particular interest in the man with whom we just spoke, so I thought a partnership might be mutually beneficial.

MORDECAI: Sticky John? Listen, I have him on tape threatening Abigail before she disappeared. I don't think he's involved, but--

RIDDLE TOAD: I'm sure he isn't. I'm fairly confident the man's mother still lays out his clothes in the morning. He was no threat to Ms. Redwine.

MORDECAI: He had a gun!

Riddle Toad laughs.

RIDDLE TOAD: You clearly never met Ms. Redwine.

MORDECAI: I guess not. Do you know something about Mr. Eckerd?

RIDDLE TOAD: No. But I was just speaking with a young raccoon who thinks he might. He saw the man you're looking for heading down river a few hours ago. If we want to find him, that's our best bet.

MORDECAI (V/O): I definitely wasn't over the fact that I was walking down a riverbank with a talking toad of indeterminate species. Frankly, I'm still not over that. I'm not sure I ever will be. But at that particular moment, it seemed prudent to accept the help he could give now, and ask questions later. We cut through the woods for a moment, to avoid another encounter with "The Stick," then followed the riverbank downstream.

RIDDLE TOAD: Keep your nose to the ground, Chronicler. We need any clue we can get.

MORDECAI: Quick question: If you talked to Ned already, why did you call me Miguel?

RIDDLE TOAD: To throw that cretin off your scent. He already suspects that you may be surveilling his operations. Best if he doesn't know your name as well. They can be powerful things.

MORDECAI: Got it.

Mordecai's cell phone rings.

MORDECAI: Hey, I've got service again!

RIDDLE TOAD: Silence your cellular phone, chronicler! This is a stealth operation!

MORDECAI: Sorry!

He answers.

MORDECAI: Hello?

NED: Do you know somebody named Miguel?

MORDECAI: ...why?

NED: Because someone just left this message at the station:

Tape starts.

STICKY JOHN: What, you think Sticky John is stupid? You think I'm some kind of big dummy? Like I'm some kind of Wizard of Scarecrow Oz with no brains or nothin'? Well I'll tell you what, Ms. Radio, I'm gonna track down your little pal Miguel and shoot 'em full of swiss-cheese-holes! Who's gonna be dumb then? Ha!

Tape ends.

MORDECAI: Oh, yeah. That's probably me. Riddle Toad used it as a code name.

NED: Oh, good, you've met.

MORDECAI: Yeah. He's kinda cool.

NED: ...Sure. Remember when I said you were going to get serial killed?

MORDECAI: Vaguely.

NED: DON'T GET SHOT.

MORDECAI: On it.

RIDDLE TOAD: It sounds as though we should make haste. The hour of our death may be close at hand.

MORDECAI (V/O): Riddle Toad and I double timed it, as stealthily as possible, down the river. My car was in the other direction, but with a rifle-toting madman between us, I figure it was better to run. After about thirty yards, Riddle Toad noticed that I was slowing down.

RIDDLE TOAD: Chronicler, I recognize the importance of searching the area for potential leads, but I believe the circumstances call for all deliberate speed.

MORDECAI: Sorry. Got distracted for a second. Are fish seasonal?

RIDDLE TOAD: Pardon?

MORDECAI: Like, do they come and go based on the season, like birds.

RIDDLE TOAD: Not the average fish, as I understand it.

MORDECAI: Huh.

RIDDLE TOAD: Would you care to elaborate on your line of thinking?

MORDECAI: Mr. Eckerd said he fished off his dock sometimes. I don't see any fish in the water.

RIDDLE TOAD: Curiouser and curiouser. How does one remove all the fish from a river?

MORDECAI: No clue.

RIDDLE TOAD: I don't believe one does. They'd come back eventually. Unless there was something preventing them from doing so.

MORDECAI: Maybe the same thing that made Mr. Eckerd disappear?

RIDDLE TOAD: Perhaps. I can't help but notice that the trees in the area seem to be splashed with water far higher than they should be.

MORDECAI: I wonder what that could be...

Rustling in the trees behind them.

STICKY JOHN: Come out come out wherever you were!

MORDECAI: Do you hear that?

RIDDLE TOAD: I believe we may want to continue running.

They bolt.

MORDECAI: Do we have a destination in mind?

RIDDLE TOAD: I know a safe house a few miles down river.

MORDECAI: You have a safe house?

RIDDLE TOAD: More of a safe hole. We'll be able to get some information, at the very least.

MORDECAI: Riddle Toad hopped into the woods in what seemed like a very deliberate direction. I followed. Before long, we came to a clearing.

RIDDLE TOAD: Follow my lead.

MORDECAI: What?

MOLE: Halt! Who goes there?

RIDDLE TOAD: It is with great reverence that we tread upon your hallowed hollow ground, my liege. We seek safe passage.

MORDECAI: Is that...is that a mole?

MOLE: I am.

RIDDLE TOAD: I told you to follow my lead!

MORDECAI: Can every animal in this county talk?

MOLE: No. My colony was imbued with sentience by the Lowest, the all-powerful spirit of creation that dwells in the dirt beneath our feet. I have no idea why Riddle Toad can talk.

RIDDLE TOAD: Few people do.

MORDECAI: Can you explain that further. Hold on, I wanna make sure I get this on tape.

RIDDLE TOAD: We can come back when we aren't being pursued.

MOLE: You're being attacked?

RIDDLE TOAD: Indeed.

MOLE: You may take sanctuary here. We moles abhor violence.

RIDDLE TOAD: Your kindness is boundless. We're looking for a missing man. Might you be able to point us in the right direction?

MOLE: Of late, we've felt a great disturbance in...that general direction.

RIDDLE TOAD: We are in your debt, dirt mouse.

MOLE: The Lowest teaches us to reject traditional notions of transactional exchanges. We help because we are meant to.

MORDECAI: Oh, awesome. Thanks!

A gun cocks in the woods.

STICKY JOHN: Heeeeere little piggies!

MOLE: Run!

MORDECAI: On it!

MORDECAI (V/O): So Riddle Toad and I took off through the woods, yet again. I was beginning to regret wearing penny loafers and khakis. Both were splattered with mud, and neither was made for running. I was profoundly uncomfortable. We figured we had limited time that the moles could buy us, and we needed to make the most of it, but it wasn't long before we heard voices in front of us. In his call to Abigail, Sticky John had mentioned a few accomplices. I was worried we might have run across a few of them. We listened carefully.

VOICE 1: Hey, we got another order!

VOICE 2: Who from?

VOICE 1: Winters again.

VOICE 2: What's he want, Boysenberry again?

VOICE 1: He's a consistent man.

VOICE 2: Alright, alright, I'll get the tongs.

RIDDLE TOAD: At least someone wants some.

MORDECAI: Some what?

MORDECAI (V/O): While the two voices seemed preoccupied, I slipped out of the trees to see exactly what was happening, and suddenly found myself face to face with a creature taller than a house. It looked like a giant squid, but covered in rough skin that looked like sandpaper. It would've blended in the the banks well, if it had been anywhere near them. The whole creature was sitting upright, and it barely fit in the river at all. Only about a third of its height was submerged in the shallow water, and its tentacles splayed out onto either bank. A small dock was constructed facing the animal's back, and the creature was tied in place with a haphazard series of locks and chains. I've never seen a Kraken up close before, but I could see in its eyes that this one was sad. I must've gotten a little distracted looking it over, since I didn't hear Sticky John catch up to us.

Gun cocks.

STICKY JOHN: You want some?

MORDECAI (V/O): I did not. I slowly raised my hands above my head, and Sticky John called his compatriots over. One of them was preoccupied. I'm not sure what exactly he was doing, but he was dragging a diving mask, a pair of tongs, and a burlap sack towards the water. The other person waded across the water and tied my wrists together with a length of rope that had previously been holding their pants up. Riddle Toad was nowhere to be seen.

STICKY JOHN: How do you like them apples, Mr. Miguel?

MORDECAI (V/O): I decided not to correct him. Either way, he grabbed me by the wrists and dragged me into the woods.

STICKY JOHN: I bet your radio friends will pay a pretty telethon penny to get you back safe and sound, huh?

MORDECAI (V/O): I had only known Ned for about a day, but I was fairly confident that the station didn't have any money to pay a ransom with, and even if it did, I wasn't sure she would pay it. But, on the bright side, being held for ransom was a lot better than being serial killed. I didn't tell Sticky John I wasn't going to earn him much money. He threw me to the ground at the base of a large tree, and headed back towards the river.

CHARLIE: What are you in for?

MORDECAI (V/O): And that was a voice I recognized.

MORDECAI: Mr. Eckerd? Is that you?

CHARLIE: Mordecai! Nice to put a name to a face.

MORDECAI: I can't really see you.

CHARLIE: More of a name to a back of a head. Roll over.

MORDECAI (V/O): With considerable effort, I successfully did so.

CHARLIE: Sorry I missed our meeting, buddy. Got a little sidetracked.

MORDECAI: Me too. You think that Kraken is what wrecked your dock?

CHARLIE: Naw. I saw the thing that wrecked it. Much smaller than that. I chased it the whole way down here, then that weird guy with the pump-action grabbed me and tied me up. Guess he didn't want me to see whatever it is he's doing with that thing.

MORDECAI: Well, sorry we didn't really solve your problem.

CHARLIE: It's alright. At least I had a bit of an adventure.

MORDECAI: Do you think he'll shoot us?

CHARLIE: Oh yeah. Definitely.

MORDECAI: Great.

MORDECAI (V/O): I wasn't really in the mood to talk at that point, so I held off, and tried to think of a plan.

Mordecai's cell phone rings.

RIDDLE TOAD: I told you to silence your phone!

MORDECAI: Riddle Toad?

RIDDLE TOAD: Shh!

MORDECA (V/O): From the shadows, Riddle Toad hopped toward us, dripping wet. He shook some of the water off onto our faces.

RIDDLE TOAD: Here.

Riddle Toad answers the phone.

NED: Mordecai, Sticky John says he's holding "Miguel" for ransom. Is that true?

RIDDLE TOAD: Indeed.

NED: Oh, good. It's you.

RIDDLE TOAD: Indeed once more. Fear not, *madame*. I have the situation under control. I am about to initiate a jailbreak.

NED: Wait, hold on, do I need to call Lum--

He hangs up.

MORDECAI: So, where have you been?

RIDDLE TOAD: When the cretin approached, I leapt into the river to avoid being obliterated. Then I swam back to the Molehill and bartered for a trowel. Then I swam back here to set you free.

MORDECAI: Oh. Well, thanks.

RIDDLE TOAD: But that's not important right now. What is important is what I saw.

MORDECAI: What do you mean?

MORDECAI (V/O): Riddle Toad explained as he cut Charlie and I free.

RIDDLE TOAD: The eggs, Mordecai. Every kind of Kraken egg.

MORDECAI: I didn't realize they came in kinds.

RIDDLE TOAD: They do. Red, Purple, Blue, Boysenberry. Even Puce. The river is covered in them. They've set up a farm.

MORDECAI: That's what Sticky John's been selling?

RIDDLE TOAD: They can have powerful hallucinogenic effects when consumed. I assume he's selling them as some form of imbecilic drug.

MORDECAI: The thing that destroyed your dock, you said it looked like the Kraken but smaller?

CHARLIE: Yup.

MORDECAI: Maybe one hatched. It might lash out against people, given what's happening to its mom.

RIDDLE TOAD: Krakens raise their own young until they reach maturity. If this one is locked in place, all of its offspring are, too. They have nowhere to go, and they've already picked the water clean. They're out of food.

Rope snaps.

MORDECAI: Alright, I'm free. And we've got everything on tape. Let's go before he comes back.

RIDDLE TOAD: I don't follow.

MORDECAI: Let's run away now, so we can get this tape to someone and get this fixed.

RIDDLE TOAD: No.

MORDECAI: What?

RIDDLE TOAD: Unacceptable.

MORDECAI: What do you mean unacceptable?

RIDDLE TOAD: I refuse to let this creature suffer for the time it will take us to find someone to rectify the situation. Not when we're standing right here!

MORDECAI: Okay, yeah, but there are three of them.

RIDDLE TOAD: There are three of us!

MORDECAI: One of us is a toad! And I don't think Charlie's helping.

CHARLIE: I'd rather not.

MORDECAI: And they have guns.

MORDECAI (V/O): Riddle Toad glared up at me, his yellow eyes narrowed to slits.

RIDDLE TOAD: Fine. I'll do it myself.

MORDECAI: What?

MORDECAI (V/O): He hopped off towards the water as fast as he could. I scrambled to my feet and ran after him, trying to keep pace. He beat me to the river.

RIDDLE TOAD: UNHAND HER, YOU SCOUNDRELS!

VOICE 1: Oh god, it's the toad!

VOICE 2: Not again!

MORDECAI (V/O): Riddle Toad leapt toward the two men on the dock. One of them swung a foot towards him, and made contact with a sickening squelch. He went down hard, and fell under the water. I had fully planned not to engage in this rescue effort. Partially for my own safety, and partially because I don't think it's a reporter's job to intervene in situations, it's our job to reflect them accurately. But, to be fair, I don't think I could approach this situation without bias regardless. So, Geronimo.

Splash!

MORDECAI (V/O): I hopped under the water and grabbed the sinking toad. His trowel was somehow still stuck in his front...uh...paw? I took it from him as we rose to the surface.

VOICE 2: He's got the guy with him!

VOICE 1: Where's the other one?

MORDECAI (V/O): I had limited time to take advantage of their confusion, so I went for it, using Riddle Toad's trowel to cut the ropes holding the Kraken back as quickly as I could. Once she was free, she did the rest.

Rope snaps. Creaking. Wood breaks. SPLASH.

MORDECAI (V/O): The kraken slammed down into the water, and started to wriggle downstream. A moment later, she was joined by a much smaller twin. Her child, I assume. I carried Riddle Toad to land and set him down.

RIDDLE TOAD: We'll make a hero of you yet, Chronicler.

MORDECAI: Thanks?

STICKY JOHN: What the heck happened to my tall tower squid baby!?

MORDECAI: We should run.

RIDDLE TOAD: Agreed.

Tape ends.

MORDECAI: So, that's how my first day on the job went. All things considered, I think it was a pretty good start.

NED: It wasn't.

MORDECAI: That's a matter of opinion.

NED: You almost died.

MORDECAI: I saved a Kraken.

NED: You were lucky.

MORDECAI: Okay, what was I supposed to do?

NED: Do the story I had planned.

MORDECAI: What would Abigail have done?

NED: ...Abigail would've saved the stupid Kraken.

MORDECAI: See? That's what this show's about.

NED: No it isn't. Sign off.

MORDECAI: Ladies and Gentlemen, thanks for listening, we'll be back next week with another episode of The Magical History of Knox County.

Theme plays.