**STELLAR FIRMA**

**SEASON TWO HIATUS BONUS:**

**Trexel Geistman Solves Your Problems[[1]](#footnote-0)**

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**[shorter version of the show theme]**

**[peppy jingle with clapping in the background]**

**TREXEL:** Um, hello there! This is Trexel Geistman speaking. Um…**[sigh]** I find myself in a bit of a situation here. There has been some sort of disagreement over a shuttle and who owns it and who isn’t and is allowed to drive it and whether or not *certain persons* should have taken it for a joyride and dumped it into a gas giant. But! Nevertheless, I have been—oh, what’s the word—ordered by a court of justice that some punishment is in order, and so I have been selected to answer the company’s advice column this cycle. So, uh, consider me Trexel Geistman: Agony Aunt. Or perhaps Pain Uncle or some sort of Cousin of Suffering. Whatever works for you. Got a load of suggestions here. I haven’t really looked through any of them, because that would have implied doing some sort of planning and work, but let’s have a look, shall we?

**[picks up paper]**

So, this first one is from Artemis Miller. They go by they/them.

“I’ve gotten into cooking as of late. The problem is, I can never taste my creations because *some* people eat my lunch out of the employee refrigerator, even though it is *clearly* labeled. I have tried hiding the containers but they always end up on my desk, utterly empty and without feedback! How do I find out if I am a good cook?”

Well, Artemis, the solution here is clear. You see, you’re losing control of the food the minute it enters a container in a communal space. Do not allow it to— That’s like sending a small, deer-like creature out into the savannah covered in some sort of honey-mustard glaze. It’s only gonna end in tears. So what you do is you cook up your food, and then you pour it immediately into your face without allowing it to cool, and don’t use utensils. Again, they are an… a risk factor that you don’t want to introduce. Just pour the boiling hot food into your face, and then if you survive, you’re a great cook!

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

Okay, next one. This one’s from Corimander Apfelbucket, pronouns she/her.

“Help! My coworkers will not stop talking about their ‘weekend plans’. Due to my own deep philosophical beliefs, I do not acknowledge the concepts of ‘weekends’. How do I make them stop talking about ‘weekends’?’”

Well, I think I’ve been clear, previously, in my certain knowledge that you can’t change people’s minds without some sort of smear campaign. So what you need to do is you need to establish yourself as a counterintelligence network badmouthing weekends. “Weekends are for losers”, you’ll say! You’ll print pamphlets saying “Weekends kill relationships!” You’ll hire some sort of neon space writer to write “Weekends? More like **[stammering, fumbling]** s-stupid time! Don’t do it!” You know, some sort of clever marketing ploy like that, and all of a sudden, people won’t be talking about weekends, ‘cause if they do, people will be like “Oh, you still like weekends? I’m more into *freakends*”, which is the new holiday you’ve invented that’s very similar in many ways to weekends but doesn’t actually go counter to your philosophical beliefs. So, replace it and badmouth it.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one’s from Bobby Billinger Babson III. Lots of fun to say, but is it fun to read? Let’s find out together! Uh, He/him.

“I am a new member of the build team—” Congratulations. You’ll be seeing my creations soon and I’m sure you will love them! “—And I have really cool ideas—” Oh, don’t like how this is going now. I’m the one with the ideas. I’m sorry, I’ve gone off track.

“I’m a new member of the build team, and I have really cool ideas—” We’ll see. “—On how to make the planets we build more cost efficient.” Oh, okay, I don’t care about that. “But my team mate Jax gets *all* the credit for them, because xe say it louder with fancier words. How do I get the credit I deserve for my totally rad ideas? Or at very least get them to stop?”

*Murder*.

Now, that seems drastic I’m sure, but consider this: if Jax is out of the picture, then they can’t take the credit! Sure, maybe they’re a friend. You don’t want to look them in the eye as the life is choked out of them in some way, but perhaps you could arrange for them to disappear. Perhaps you send them in to inspect an airlock that is unfortunately faulty, or perhaps to look at the underside of a heavy weight that you want to check for, I don’t know, mass. Whatever the way, if Jax is gone, it’s smooth sailing to credit town for Bobby Billinger Babson III!

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Dubious Dave. Pronouns he/him.

“I am incapable of making decisions. I always miss opportunities because of time I spend contemplating. I lost three friends and five positions in Stellar Firma. How can I know what choices are good ones? Am I forever doomed to be the outdoor space station cleaner? Cold? Alone?!”

The short answer is yes. Without decisiveness, nobody wants to be around you. You know, let’s say you’re in some sort of, I don’t know, fire and you say, “What should we do?” and someone says “Oh, I’m not sure. Let’s wait and see.” Nobody hangs out with that person ‘cause that person’s turning into a crispy fry boi. What you want is somebody decisive. “This way!” they say. And people say “Are you sure? Do you know?” And you’re like “I don’t but it’s a way.” And everyone looks and goes “Mm, yeah, it is a way. To be fair, it’s a way.” And if you’re right, you get all the credit, and if you’re wrong, well, you’re all dead anyway, so you *are* doomed unless somehow you become super confident without any particular reason to become so. If not, doomed. Is that clear? Doomed is what I’m saying. You’re doomed.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Hue M. Pearson, but it says here that’s “subject to change”. M’kay. Pronouns: “Yes. I have those. Any are acceptable.” Okay, that’s fine. “As a completely innocuous and normal citizen-employee of our beloved Stellar Firma—Hail the Board!” Hail the Board! “—If there were some hypothetical offshoot of a hive mind from some far flung alien race that was on a covert operation assigned by Stella Firma’s largest competitor and/or mortal enemy that posed as a completely innocuous and normal citizen-employee in order to gain trade secrets who suddenly lost contact with that hive mind and is dealing with the fallout of newly gained independence and having a rough go of it, what advice would you offer them? Asking for a friend. This is not real.”

Well, this question comes up a lot. Now, I think all this talk of a ‘hypothetical alien race hive mind’- that’s all displacement. You’re not having trouble communicating with them, you’re having trouble communicating with yourself, and if you can’t communicate with yourself, well then, you can’t expect to have a fine go of it when you get emotionally cut off from a metaphorical hive mind which is actually you. It’s very simple. What you need to do is you need to sit down with yourself, you need to maybe get a mirror in front of you, maybe, maybe— You know what? Maybe have a nice dinner. Cook a nice dinner, lay it out in front of a mirror, look into your reflection and say “No, after you”, and then they’ve said “No, after you”, and you’ve said “No, after you”. And after you’ve got past *that whole business* then you look into their eyes and say “What are we doing here? What is this? How is our relationship going to be defined?” Because without that, you can never be happy within yourself. For example, I know what ‘I am’ is in a relationship with myself, and what I am is the best person alive so how could I not be happy? You see, so if you arrange some sort of relationship like that, then you’ll be much happier being isolated and alone in the cold vacuum of space!

Oh, and also, this was not real either because what is real? Yeah. Think about it. Think about it! Stop thinking about it.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Frazma McDeagol, the 13th Deagol. Don’t know if I’m pronouncing Deagol right. I also do not care if I’m pronouncing Deagol right. Pronouns she/they. “My brother, Tarar, is trying to kill me.” Ha ha ha! I’ve been there! It wasn’t a brother; it was a stranger that I’d wronged. But, you know, same thing. “He is the 14th Deagol, and he wants my place as the 13th Deagol. I have been Deagol-ing peacefully my whole life and I don’t want to commit Deagolicide, but I don’t know how else to survive and hold my place as the 13th Deagol.”

Well, **[sighs]** it’s tricky. Sometimes you’ve got to kill one of your own. Nobody likes it, unless you do, but you’ve just gotta shut your eyes and call in the hit. You know, maybe don’t do it yourself. This is similar to a previous one we’ve had here, you know. Nobody likes actually doing the killing, unless they do. You’ve just gotta distance yourself from it somehow. Make it some sort of accident or perhaps create a rich fiction in your head in which they’re not actually your brother and they’re not even a Deagol. They’re some sort of evil impostor, perhaps from Galactonium, come to steal your place *and you must kill them!* And it would only be right and good and patriotic! And then you can celebrate and maybe have a medal of some kind. Just do that.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Astoro Crelia, they/them. “I sold my soul in a contract and later broke that contract. Now they own my soul and I lost my benefits. What can I do?”

Well, it says here that people say you’re quite gullible and that you’re a very fast reader, so all you need to do is read a very convincing book telling you that you do have a soul. Because, between you and me, lots of people seem to talk about this soul business, but I’ve never seen it. I’m pretty sure it’s just a ploy to stop you stealing things. So, convince yourself you’ve got a soul and that’s as good as having one! It’s intangible! And thing about intangible things? No tange. Got no tange, got no problem. That’s what I’ve always said since I said it just now.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one’s from Sir Lord Basil Cleanington III. They go by they/them. “Dear Agony Aunt—” I have a name! “—My consciousness has been trapped inside a small floor-cleaning robot and I am scared I won’t be able to reach the podium during my upcoming presentation. What should I do?”

Well, as you’ve identified there, that podium? Gonna be tricky for a floor cleaning robot, because they don’t tend to do stairs. That’s the domain of the stair cleaning robot. So, what you’ve got to do is work out how you accidentally ended up in the floor cleaning robot in the first place. Was it some sort of fountain-based magic switcheroo? Was it maybe a promise to a parent in which the universe saw fit to use bolts of lightning or something to switch bodies? Whatever it was, whatever of the methods that we *all know* caused this body swap shenanigan, work out what it was for you, get near a robot that is of the right stair climbing shape and do it again.

And then you can climb the podium as a stair cleaning robot to present your speech. Now, stair cleaning robots can’t speak, so you’ve got to get a third robot, some sort of presentation-giving robot lined up real close so that, as you get to the top of the podium, you can do the next switch. So you just gotta get a real line up of task-based robots until you’ve got the right combination to get the job done.

Alternatively, give your speech from just left of the podium.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one’s from the Reverend Ernest Milton, he/him. “Dear Agony Aunt—” What did I say about having a name? I’ve got a name! “—As a priest of the Refused Spinstar, I am certain you know we work in one-month long shifts proceeded by a month of relaxation. This month of relaxation is supposed to mirror the Spinstar’s nymph phase wherein it sleeps for three quils.” We all know this! You don’t have to tell me this. We all know it. “Here is the problem. I cannot relax. Video games, bideos games, naps, *baths*, none of it works. After a month of such eager work mirroring the Spinstar’s two quils of rebellion, the ability to slow down is *utterly* outside my reach, and the other priests are beginning to doubt my faith seeing as I can’t relax. My question to the Agony Aunt is how do I finally relax?”

Well, when people around you start to question your beliefs, what you’ve got to do is go big because the belief of others—as much as I hate to admit it because other people are... some sort of dusty slime that I shouldn’t take too much care of—when other people truly stop believing in you as a person, it doesn’t end well. They demote you. They call you stupid. They say your planet’s killed people. It’s all bad stuff.

And given that you’re such a— clearly a hard worker and someone committed to the job, you need to use powerful, powerful narcotics to relax you into a state almost unto death. In fact, get some narcotics... that put you into essentially a coma, the most relaxed state of all, and get yourself into this relaxed coma and lie *motionless* for the entire month being kept alive by various medical machines and then they’ll see! They’ll all see. Getting out of the coma? That’s your business.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This is from Dravlin Slott, pronouns they/them. “There is a goose in my office making a mess and it has stolen my glasses so I can’t get any work done— Oh Board, the goose has a knife. How did it get a knife? Please help me!”

Now, I have an immediate question. Do we think Dravlin Slott actually typed this or is this a message from a very, very clever goose? Here it says that they are very good at jumping and are very easily duped into pyramid schemes. And again, I know that geese are pretty gullible when it comes to economic scams and geese can fly—the highest jump. So I think we can happily assume that this is a naughty goose typing here, and we will ignore it post haste!

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This is a question from Vis Tallon. They go by they/them. “My existential dread and ennui have yet again ruined my chances at coming first in the Intergalactic Love Poem competition. Do you have any recommendations for overcoming the barriers holding me back or, failing that, ways to eliminate my competition?”

Now, I think I’ve recommended murder plenty of times so, if murder’s the way that you’re gonna go, see my previous answers and just follow them, because murder is murder at the end of the day. How can you deliver a poem without existential dread and ennui ruining it? Well, the key here is to make the poem about existential dread and ennui and its relation to love. For example:

**[switches on melancholy piano music]**

My dearest mine,

I look into your eyes.

I see star fields empty

And I feel blind.

I cannot breathe,

I cannot speak,

I cannot hear,

And I do weep for

The endless bounty

Of your love

Is also a desert

And I am lost in it,

Doomed to die.

**[switches off music]**

You see? It’s about love but it’s also about being su-per du-per sad.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This is one from... Fomorian Realt. M’kay. Uh, their pronouns are he/him. “Help!” It starts with help; that’s not me. “Help! I have developed an interest in pursuing a relationship with a fellow citizen-employee, even going so far as to print out the requisite forms ready for his signature. However, he doesn’t seem to notice me at all. He seems especially preoccupied with his clone who sings and dances for him—” **[whispers]** That’s weird. “—But I have two left feet and cannot carry a tune to save my life! Please, how can I get his attention?”

Okay. Well, you’ve got down here that your strengths involve being punctual and being very, very tall, but you’re also allergic to chocolates and flowers. **[stammer]** Now, I don’t think the chocolates and flowers thing is going to be a worry, because that would be useful if you’re trying to woo him, and that’s not what we’re doing here! We’re trying to get them to sign these forms you’ve made.

So, if you’re super punctual and really tall, you can get to the office super-duper early in the morning, and being so tall you can easily lean over from your mandated desk into the workspace of a fellow employee— Now, I know that is a very, very serious offense, but you’re so tall your bum will never leave the relevant seat. You lean over and slip those forms maybe four down in the in-tray. You know, just about the time where people stop reading what they’re signing and just sign to get through the pile. “I can’t be bothered to read this paperwork! Sign. Sign. Sign.” It’s how I do all my paperwork **[chuckles]** and I’ve signed up to a lot of mailing lists! And then Bob’s your uncle, you’ve turned out to have accidentally been signed together with this person, and as we know in Stellar Firma when it comes to paperwork, no takesies-backsies!

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from George Geode, [pronouns he/him]. ”Dear Agony Aunt, My soon-to-be-ex-husband, Julius, and I have been arguing about who should get custody of our pet rock, Doctor Pebble, for several days now. Julius thinks *he* should have him because he’s the one who found him and brought him home in the first place. I think I should have him because I’m the only one who has painted a smiley face and put little googly eyes on him. Doctor Pebble has always been on my side of the room, I have always kept him clean, and I also love him so much. I’m not sure Julius even knows how to take care of a pet rock. Who do you think should get to keep him?”

Now, I can barely understand why you are messaging me about this at all. This isn’t the job of an Agony Aunt. The answer is simple. You have to fight to the death for the rock using the rock as a weapon. Doctor Pebble will be bathed in the blood of the loser. Draw a circle in the sand, each one of you at one side, Doctor Pebble in the center duly sharpened. A gun is fired. You both rush towards the rock. Whoever gets hold of it first and bashes the brains out of the other, that’s the new rock parent. Simple as. And, ultimately, the rock belongs to Stellar Firma so really, I don’t know why you’re bothering at all.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This is one from Levorm Hartwell, pronouns she/her. “I have been having a series of increasingly distressing dreams about being eaten by mice. They were pretty okay, even pleasant at first, but now I’m getting a little worried about the possible prophetic nature of these dreams.”

Now, **[breathes in]** Levorm— May I call you Levorm? ’Cause I’m gonna call you Levorm. Your history of prophetic dreams is well-known far and wide. It’s how I knew I was going to walk into that wall. I walked past you and you were like “Watch out for that wall!” and I hit my face and I assumed, well, you must have been asleep and warned me. So, thanks for that.

But, I wouldn’t worry too much about this dream because mice have been extinct for about 800 years, so unless somebody is secretly re-engineering the mouse to release it onto the station of Stellar Firma for it to eat you in some sort of ritualistic mouse manner, it seems relatively unlikely. But then again, you were right about me walking into that wall, so maybe there is some sort of evil, rogue rodent engineer creating mice to come attack you in the night. In which case, I can’t help you because I’m not a science-tist. No! Not a science-tist!

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Dorothy Devine, pronouns she/her. “My brother keeps coming into my room and picking up my stuff and saying that he wants to eat it. He came in this morning and picked up my guitar and said “Hey, wouldn’t this be nice with some mustard”. I told him it’s a guitar and you can’t eat guitars...” This just goes on and on about... nah dun duh duh... “Please help!! What should I do to resolve this situation?”

Now, I didn’t read the middle of your message because it contained loads of quotes from people who weren’t me. That’s not my deal! Now, I’d normally say beat them in the face with your fists, but you have mentioned here that one of your greatest weaknesses is you’re unable to do pull ups so I assume you have weak little noodle arms.

But you have mentioned that you’ve got very, very big shirts. So, what I think you should do: when they come into the room you just grab your shirt, pounce on them, and engulf them in the shirt. Because, as you know, when two people enter a shirt, their argument must be resolved by exit of shirt lest they both be executed. It’s a high-risk gambit, but if you wanna keep your **[said in French accent]** *accoutrement* unnibbled, then it’s your only way.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Nettica Farmakon, pronouns they/them. “Being an amorphous and mostly liquid blob creature, I often find myself slipping and sliding across the halls of Stellar Firma, unable to stop myself from careening into walls at high speeds or draining down into a stray hole/ floor vent. This tends to lead to huge delays when trying to reach scheduled meetings or attending ‘office parties’, which can be frustrating.”

Now, I think you are... looking on the negative side of goo life... rather than the positive side of goo life. Yes, sure, you’re a bit slidey. Yes, certainly, you flow into spaces and conform to their shapes, but have you thought about how much of an *excellent* party trick, and thus conversation opener, this could be. You know, it takes a while to get to the party because you’ve flowed down too many hallways wrong, but once you’re there you say, “Hey look at this jar!” and you get in the jar and you conform to its shape, and everyone’s like, “Woah! I wanna have a long and loving relationship with this gooey, gooey thing” and then you’re in. So, I’d say stop being so *bloody negative!*

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Reyna Kren, pronouns she/her. “My roommate ate my pet rat which I got as a present from my grandmother who was recycled last year. I don’t think my roommate knows that they *ate* the rat and I don’t know how to tell them what they ate wasn’t dinner leftovers. Also, I really miss my pet rat. His name was Stingy.”

**[pausing between words for emphasis]** *That was a scorpion.* What are people— **[stammers]** Rats and mi— They’re all gone! What you think you have as rats and mice and rodents of other kinds they’re all just particularly hairy scorpions. Why’d you think you named it Stingy? Because of its stingy rat’s tail? No, it’s a scorpion! Which we do still have for some reason.

Now, you’ve mentioned here that you “take things very personally” and I think you should take this personally because, whether or not it was a scorpion or a rat, your so-called ‘roommate’—I say betrayer—has eaten your friend. Your one-and-only special friend, Stingy the scorpion. And the only way to resolve this is to cook and eat your roommate. Punish like with like. They eat your pet; you eat their face. Case closed.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

Here’s one from Mandefo DeFluffikins, pronouns they/them. “My family and coworkers have threatened to kill me as I cannot stop singing along to any song and making up lyrics and new songs.”

**[pause]** I do— I don’t really see the problem.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Yetifi Gullah, pronouns she/her. “I’m worried my partner is secretly slurry! How do I check this without worrying them (if they aren’t slurry) or alerting them (if they are slurry)?”

Now, you’re clearly a wonderful judge of character because slurry is great, and we all love it. That’s why we eat it for every single meal. So, I’d just go up to your significant other, give ’em a good lick. If they are slurry, you’ll immediately get that tangy, burning taste that we all know and love. And if they’re not, you can say “don’t worry, it was a sex thing”.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

Here’s one from Pip Squiggins, [pronouns they/them]. “Recently I’ve felt very distant from my friends and co-workers, mainly because they’ve become inanimate objects that mock me as I walk past them, shouting, “Oh, look at ol’ leggy Pip, with their opposable thumbs and validated sentience.” How do I buff up my social skills in order to navigate these new relationships with all the non-living in my life?”

Well, I’ve given advice to this effect before when somebody’s friends all become zombies that mock them for their breathing and, you know, enzyme function and all of that sort of stuff. And I’d say lean into it. Make it a thing. They’re inanimate; you’re so animate! You’re the most animate person that’s ever been alive! Worming along the hallways, wibbling their fingers, using your *very* opposable thumbs and your sort of *smooth,* wobbly bones. Just really showing off.

And after a while *their*, their harsh words will fall on deaf ears because you’ll be *all the way* down the other way of the hallway, wibbling away. And they’ll turn to each other and go “Hmm, maybe *we’re* the ones who are inanimate, if you really think about it”, which would be wrong because they are the inanimate ones, but you get what I mean. They’ll feel— they’ll be chagrined. They’ll be chagrinning.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Toby Arnotbee, pronouns he/him. “I’ve been having some trouble existing as of late. It’s not that I don’t want to exist, it’s more like whenever I let my mind wander a bit, I suddenly notice that I’ve gone entirely incorporeal and it takes a good deal of effort to come back. Please help!”

Now, this is a tricky one, and it does require people to help you. You need to hire two or three, uh, let’s call them peons, maybe a clone or maybe somebody that is like a clone, which is to say, as low as trash, and get them to shout **[yells]** *“You exist!”* every ten to eleven seconds. And that means that, even though you get very easily distracted with your many small hobbies such as twisting paper clips into little animal shapes or waving at blurry reflections in the hallway, you’ll suddenly be jolted back into realising “I’m a person! I’m a thing! I exist in the corporeal world”, and just keep doing that until the end of... I suppose, their lives and then shortly after the dissipating of yours.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This is from Parvus the tiny. Their pronouns are ‘any and all’. “In the Cosmic Lounge, no one seems to notice me due to my small stature, and I’ve nearly been stepped on *several times* by my colleges.”

Okay. I’m gonna level with you here, Parvus. I’ve been to the Cosmic Lounge a lot. **[annoyed]** Not recently, I admit, due to... certain circumstances, **[normal]** but I’ve been there a lot, and I have never once seen anybody of such small stature. Certainly not small enough to be stepped on! You know, small enough to have a drink rudely rested on their head, sure. And have I been the rester? Yes. And have I been thrown out of the bar? Certainly. I’ve forgotten what we’re talking about, but the thing is I’ve never seen *you* there, and especially—

You mentioned here that you have “wicked banjo skills”. Must be a tiny banjo or you don’t bring it, ’cause I’d hear it, ’cause I hate banjo music. All music should be played on shrill violins! That’s what I’ve always said! It’s what I campaigned on during the election cycle. **[breathes in]** So, what I’m saying is I don’t know who you are or what you want or how I can help. Because you’re just so wee.

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

This one is from Pa— **[sighs] [quietly]** Oh my Board. **[normal but annoyed]** This one is from Paxt *“Bloody”* Scrum. Pronouns they/them. “I was trying to change the hallway lamp and it bit me. How do I punish a mindless appliance?”

Well, Paxt, the real *mindless* appliance here is you, so why don’t you climb up onto a wall, tuck yourself into a sconce and just start *lighting* things, because then, even as an inanimate lamp, you’ll be more use to the world than you are currently, Paxt *“Bloody”* Scrum!

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something, picks up next paper]**

Okay, final one here. This is from Jacqueline Matou, pronouns they/them. “I am a writer. My job consists mostly of cheering up Stellar Firma employees with my famously depressing poetry—” Yes! I know Jacqueline. I— **[softly chuckles]** I’ve seen the sad pamphlets! “—But my current project is the biography of the... **[crestfallen]** of the beautiful... Bathin. **[annoyed]** However, I can’t find anything about his last school years. There is no documentation and it seems to be a mystery. I’d really like to finish this project. I am sad. So. Sad.”

Well, **[deep breath in]** what’s happened here is you’ve endeavored on a fool’s project. There is nothing to be said about Bathin, least of all his final school years. The years he spent... with me. There’s nothing there. You don’t need to worry about it. Nothing important happened. Nothing good. Nothing bad. There’s just a blank. We all just stood quietly in a room saying *nothing at all* for years and years and years. And then we all went off and I was excellent. That’s all we—

You know what? Write a poem about *me*. Write a poem about how great *I am*. Abandon your biography of Bathin. You call them beautiful; I say gauche. Gauche Bathin, I say. Gauche Bathin. Write a book about terrific Trexel. And then everybody will love you and high-five you in the street and say, “Well done for that good biography. Good thing you didn’t write about stupid Bathin. That would’ve been embarrassing for everyone involved! Especially you. You idiot. But you didn’t do it! You wrote a good one about Trexel. It was great.”

**[paper being crumpled up and thrown against something]**

That clears that up. Well, there are more here but I’ve **[peppy jingle with clapping begins]** become deeply, deeply bored of the task, so I’ll leave it there and hopefully I’ll never do this again ’cause I won’t be caught next time. So, to all of you sad sacks and weirdos out there, deal with your own problems. And have a wonderful day. Trexel out.

**[peppy jingle with clapping continues and then fades out]**

**[short version of the outro theme]**

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**ALEX:** Hi everyone, Alex here. I’d just like to take a moment to thank some of our patrons: Alyssa Rozendaal, heroei, Alexandra DeCarlo, Ruu Weist, Halogen, Jill Flansburg, Peter Lukas’ life insurance policy, Taka, Inna Nytochka, Meg Allen, Kamilla Kavmark, Vortex Eclipse, winnfour, Sandra Roorda, Emily, Hila SketchCat Shats, Melanie, Sebrina McCoy, Bee Elderly, Adrian Serrano, evelina, Sloane, Alex James, Kit Lines, PineapplePrincess, a creature built of gears and silver, Callie L Tomlinson, Power Loader, Carolyn McKenna, Frankie Kavakich, Knighthawk, Lex Adams, Grey Aster, Dan Hayes, Jonathan Björklund, Chaotica, Tristan Tinder, Danni Jager, Sydney Bell, Jessica Mattiace, Maya Manzonelli, lionheart091 ., Murdo Homewood, AJ Waitkus, Eliza & Gray, erlkonigin, grippingTraverse, Kyra Marie Maginity, Finn Catterall, Sonja Hansen. Thank you all. We really appreciate your support. If you’d like to join them, go to [www.patreon.com/rustyquill](http://www.patreon.com/rustyquill) and take a look at our rewards.

1. *Transcriber’s Note: Content warnings for this episode include* *second-person delivery, comedic threats of violence, emotional abuse, existential dread, rodents, and mentions: substance abuse, body-swapping, isolation, derealisation / dissociation, cannibalism* [↑](#footnote-ref-0)