

The Mbmbam Archives

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/20513591>.

Rating:	Teen And Up Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	Gen
Fandoms:	The Magnus Archives (Podcast) , My Brother My Brother and Me (Podcast)
Additional Tags:	crackfic , what if the brothers got the statements as questions?
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2019-09-04 Updated: 2021-01-18 Words: 8,161 Chapters: 16/?

The Mbmbam Archives

by [Miri1984](#)

Summary

The Brothers McElroy start getting a series of strange questions regarding supernatural experiences.

Notes

This was just a joke in the discord and I figured I'd write one of them for the fun of it.

Angler Fish

Justin: [reading] I'm a university student, living in Edinburgh, and I recently had an encounter with something a bit disturbing when I was walking home drunk one night. I was on my own...

Griffin : First mistake. Gotta have a buddy system when you're drunk, my man, can't be wandering the streets by yourself when you're *compromised* in that way.

Travis: Oh you know, sometimes it's nice to get out into the fresh air when you're feeling a bit... you know...

Justin: [loudly] I WAS ON MY OWN, and I tripped and fell on a particularly steep street.

Griffin: As you do. As you do. You know alcohol is a poison, don't you? Pollutes the body. It'll poison you and make you do dumb things like walk home alone drunk and fall down hills like a baby.

Justin: Afterwards, being a little shaken up by my fall, I decided to have a cigarette, and as I was rolling I heard someone from the shadows asking me if they could have one as well.

Travis: Do people... still smoke? I thought we'd finished with that. I thought it was all Vaping these days. I thought it was all *fat cotton*.

Justin: Yes. Travis. People still *smoke* Travis. Some people haven't heard the word of the Vape Lords yet. Some people are *old*.

Griffin: This guy says he's at university!

Justin: Old people can still be at university! Ugh. Uniiiverrrrsity. College. Old people can still go to COLLEGE Griffin. Old people are the only ones who can AFFORD to go to college these days.

Griffin: He smokes and he goes to UNIVERSITY and he walks home alone and drunk it's a fucking wonder he's alive to even send us a question.

Justin: I haven't even finished reading the question yet.

Griffin: We're not STOPPING you.

Justin: You are. You are LITERALLY stopping me from finishing this question you are...

Travis: I'd just like to point out, Justin, that at the moment the only person stopping you from finishing the question, is you.

Justin: [sighs heavily, then continues] The person asking for the cigarette didn't come far out of the shadows, and only said the same phrase, over and over again "Can I have a cigarette." Eventually I moved in a bit and saw that the... what? Jesus. Saw that the... oh my god. Oh

my god. This is *buck wild* guys. This is... I can't... The person's feet were *not touching the ground*.

Griffin: What the fuck?

Travis: Oh. Oh no.

Justin: I decided to leave. Brothers. Did I encounter a ghost? Am I good? From, Edgy in Edinburgh.

Griffin: Holy shit.

Travis: Why would a ghost want a cigarette?

Justin: I think you're missing the point, Travis.

Travis: No, I think it's a legit question, JUSTIN, because as far as I can remember *ghosts don't have lungs*.

Griffin: Maybe it was a special *lung* ghost.

Justin: Both of you are missing the *fucking point*.

Travis: I mean, maybe he wanted a ghost cigarette. Maybe he just wanted the guy to finish smoking *his* cigarette so he could inhale the spirit of it. The Spirit of the Cigarette That Had Passed On.

Justin: That... that is not how *anything works*.

Travis: You don't *know* that, Justin. You don't know the science of *ghost cigarettes*.

Griffin: Both of you just need to shut up for a minute and listen.

Justin: There isn't any *science* Travis, it's a fucking *ghost* that wants...

Travis: We have to assume that the supernatural world follows its own *rules* Justin...

Griffin: SHUT THE FUCK UP BOTH OF YOU. Okay. So. My brothers are doing their best to stop us from actually doing what we're supposed to do on this podcast which is give you advice. And so I'm going to do the fucking *heavy lifting* here the way *I always fucking do* and tell you, question asker, the answer to your problem.

Justin: Enlighten us, Griffin. Go on then.

Travis: Yes Griffin, since *you're the one doing the heavy lifting*. Tell this poor soul what he needs to do.

Griffin: [takes a long, deep breath] Pack up. Pack your bags. Get out of there man. There's a ghost smoker trying to kill you.

Justin: Yeah. Yeah I hate to admit it but Griffin's right.

Travis: Three for three. Run away dude. Otherwise you're gonna get chomped.

Do Not Open

Justin: [sounding weary] Next question. I recently went on a holiday in Amsterdam...

Griffin: Ho ho hooooo hooooooooo did you now. DID YOU NOW. Did you go on a *hollliday* or ...

Travis : Was it a *jooooolliday* ho ho hoooooooo hoo hooo

Griffin: Ho hooooooooo.

Travis: Did you go on this holiday on a certain daaaate perhaps?

Griffin: Did your holiday start on the ...

Justin: I swear to god.

Griffin: On a certain *day* in the month of *April*.

Justin: I swear. To fucking. God. Griffin. Let me finish the question.

Griffin: Okay. We're sorry. Aren't we Travis.

Travis: Very sorry Justin. Please continue.

Justin: I recently went on a holiday. [pause] In Amsterdam. [pause. There is a slight sound of snickering from the other brothers]. While I was there I had a conversation with a strange man in a cafe...

Travis: Was it a cafe or was it... something... eelllse

Justin: Travis you are a thirty year old man can you please just...

Travis: No you're right Justin. I'm sorry. [small snicker]

Griffin: Seriously Travis. Show some restraint.

Justin: The man offered me ten thousand dollars to look after something for him for a while. He did not...

Griffin: Hold up hold up hold UP HOLD UP. WHAT.

Travis: What Griffin said.

Justin: [reading]... specify what the item was, but seemed otherwise on the level so I...

Griffin: JUSTIN YOU CANNOT JUST POWER PAST THAT.

Justin: ...said sure. Why not. He then gave me ten thousand dollars in cash and...

Travis: WOAH WOAH WOooaaooohhh JUSTIN can we please just...

Justin: I ended up back in England the following week with ten thousand dollars in my pocket and no way of contacting the man to tell him I'd changed my mind. No item has yet been delivered for me to look after so I'm at a loss. I have recently been trying to find a place to live in Bournemouth for a job I've gotten and it would be really really handy if I could use a little bit of that money to secure a nice flat I wouldn't have to share with anyone else. Brothers, should I spend this money? From Unexpectedly Wealthy in Wales.

[silence for several seconds]

Justin: Y'all were so keen to interrupt me before give the guy some motherfucking ADVICE.

Griffin: Oh you can't spend the money.

Travis: Absolutely. No. You can't spend that money. That's blood money.

Griffin: You spend that money ten minutes later you're gonna have two heavies knocking on your door ready to extract all the fluids from your body and use them in nasty... *nasty* ways, you know that right?

Travis: Definitely. Definitely. Thirty seconds after you spend that first dollar all your organs are free range organs upon which EVERYONE MAY FEAST.

Justin: Unless...

Travis & Griffin: UNLESS.

Justin: Money's tight I know, it's a tough world and no one wants to have to live with other people when they're an adult. You can probably use a little bit of it. Just a little bit. Get yourself that nice flat.

Griffin: Buy a toaster.

Travis : And a waffle iron. Get a nice new casper mattress.

Griffin: Yeah, use that money and support some of our sponsors. It sounds a lot like this guy just... had ten thousand dollars he wanted to give away!

Travis: Yep. Sounds perfectly legit.

Justin: [laughing a little] Don't... uh... don't spend all of it though.

Griffin: Yeah don't... do that. Because when they come for you *and they're going to come for you* you'll need to have something to show for it. So you can... show them your toaster!

Travis: Tell them about how comfortable your mattress is.

Griffin : Yeah. Tell them that.

Travis: Just before we move on can we just all agree that this guy was totally high when he agreed to take the money, right?

Griffin: Oh yeah. Oh sure. Yeah. He was so high.

Travis: Nice.

Justin: Nice.

Across the Street

Justin: Ready for another question? This one is a bit complicated.

Griffin: We're ready. Aren't we Travis?

Travis: What?

Griffin: We're ready. We're good at complicated. We're pumped full of advice juice and ready to burst.

Justin: I hate everything about what you just said.

Travis: Ready to *burst* with *juicy, moist, advice*.

Griffin: It's oozing out of our skin.

Justin: Never speak again.

[brief silence]

Dear Brothers, I'm on a bus with someone who I take night classes with on my way home and I'm pretty sure he's going to get off close enough to me to know where I live. What do I do?

Griffin: You can't get off that bus.

Travis: Ever. You live on that bus now. That bus is your home.

Justin: It continues: Boys he got off at my stop. What now?

Griffin: See, you RUINED it. We told you what to do...

Travis: And you totally should have known what we were going to say even though you're sending us this question in real time and we're probably answering it six to nine weeks late...

Griffin: Exactly, Travis. Exactly. You needed to stay on the bus, keep going until the bus terminates, and then move to whichever place you end up and never go back. But it's *too late now, I guess!* You're just gonna have to *live* with the *consequences* of ignoring our advice.

Travis: Be safe in the knowledge that you could have prevented this, if you'd just listened to us!

Griffin: We put ourselves out there for you people, we tackle the *hard questions* and you just...

Travis: You do it to yourselves. You really do.

Justin: This is nothing. We need to tell her what to do now that she's gotten off the bus. She's asking for our help here, not our *disdain*.

Griffin: Fine. Just. Keep walking until he goes into his own house and then double back and go home. Asked and answered. Next question.

Travis: Now wait a minute... Griffin...

Griffin: Nope! It's done. Asked and answered. She's fine she'll just have to never go to the class again and never leave her apartment again and never catch public transport again. Easy. Dealt with. Next question.

Travis: But Griffin.

Griffin: I said, *next. Question.*

#

Justin: Sooo, we don't normally do follow ups but you boys might be interested in hearing from our friend who was on the bus last week, since she's sent us an additional question.

Griffin: Oh so she's still alive then? Not because she followed our advice though, huh.

Justin: Since it was actually impossible for her to do that because of the nature of time, no, she didn't follow our advice, but she's asking us for more now. So shut up. I have to say, though, it gets a little bit weird.

Travis: We're here for weird!

Griffin: You're here for weird.

Travis: I'm here for weird, and Griffin has to be since otherwise the podcast wouldn't work.

Justin: Truth. Any way. To the question. Apparently on her way home she *fell over*, probably because she was busy emailing us on her phone instead of watching where she was going and ended up, instead of telling the guy her address so she could go home, *going up to his apartment* to sit through the aftermath of a concussion.

Griffin: So she's dead now, right? We're giving advice to a ghost?

Justin: No. He was apparently quite nice and she survived, hence this follow up question, which we would not be able to have gotten if she was dead. Because that's not how things *work*.

Travis: Okkaaaaayyy?

Justin: So apparently this guy lives directly across from her apartment and she's been watching him every night because he's... wow. He's.. Really weird.

Griffin: Weird how?

Justin: [laughing nervously] he uh... he.... [keeps laughing]

Travis : Justin this is not helping.

Griffin: how is he weird? Does he have the complete collection of Frasier dvds? Is he wearing Hawaiian shirts? Come on Justin get it together.

Justin: he constantly writes in his journal and he...

Griffin: oh so she's criticising him for being an artist is she?

Justin: apparently he eats them.

[silence]

Travis: excuse me?

Justin: I'll just read it. [clears throat] "Once, and I swear this is true, I saw him take one of his notebooks and start to tear the pages out one at a time. And then, slowly and deliberately, he ate them. It must have taken him three hours to get through the whole book, but he didn't stop or pause, he just kept going."

[pause]

Griffin: huh.

Travis: mmmmmm.

Justin: uh huh.

Griffin: Mmm well. Um.

Travis: mmmmmmmm yes well. Ummm?

Justin: I'm just... gonna...

Griffin: Soooooooo [clicks tongue] you've obviously only *narrowly* escaped death. Is what I'm getting from this now.

Travis: There could be a legitimate reason for him to eat his own notebook. You're a bit judgy, Griffin.

Griffin: Uh huh. Yeah. There could be. Like what, Travis? Mmmm?

Travis: He was... hungry?

Griffin: Hungry. Okay. Yeah. Travis says he was hungry so he *ate his fucking notebook*.

Travis: Maybe it was a *candy* notebook?

Griffin: A fucking candy notebook. Travis do you even realise how fucking stupid that sounds. A CANDY FUCKING NOTEBOOK. THAT TOOK HIM THREE HOURS TO EAT. I mean you're gonna get through a candy notebook in what... Justin, ten minutes max?

Justin: You have to understand, I have a wife and lots of kids. A lot of kids. If there is anything made of candy in my house I have to eat it within five minutes or I get none. Zero. Zilch. Nothing.

Griffin: So we're all agreed that the candy notebook idea is bullshit, yes? Good. Fine. Yeah. Okay. [Griffin takes a deep breath through his nose]. Listener three things 1. What the fuck. 2. What the ACTUAL fuck and 3. You really should have stayed on that bus like we told you to.

Travis: You really should have.

Justin: Not too late to move away though.

Griffin: Not too late for that! Definitely not too late for that.

Travis: Yeah, I'd be getting onto that... pretty fast if I were you, listener. You've been touched by dark forces and it's only a matter of time before he wants to eat *your* notebooks. Candy or not.

Justin: Let us know if you survive!

Page Turner

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Justin: I recently bought a book from a charity store that I suspect was massively underpriced. After a bit of digging and research I managed to sell it on to a weird book collector for a lot more than I bought it for and I've ended up with a pretty tidy profit. I've determined that I should give some of the money back to the charity that runs the store. Brothers, how much of my profits should I give away? (PS If it helps any the process of selling the book was pretty traumatic and the book itself got burned by a rangy goth after he gave me five thousand dollars for it) thanks, Worried in Wembley.

Griffin: People, you can't keep doing this to us. You can't give us half the fucking question.

Travis: What was the book?

Justin: Now that's the question, isn't it, really.

Griffin: Was it an obscure pokemon encyclopedia? Was it a first edition of Wuthering Heights? WE JUST DON'T KNOW.

Justin: To be honest I didn't think people still bought books. I mean, obviously they buy our books because otherwise we wouldn't be New York Times Bestselling Authors but I thought they only did that because we told them to not because they actually... you know... wanted a book.

Griffin: I gave up reading in 1986.

Justin: You weren't even ALIVE in 1986.

Griffin: I was a CONCEPT.

Justin: No. No I was there when you were born.

Griffin: You fucking weren't. And any way I gave up reading in 1986.

Travis: You didn't.

Griffin: I swear to the lord Jesus, Travis.

Travis: You read the yahoos we get. Every week.

Griffin: Well Travis, there's something I've been meaning to tell you about yahoo answers and I think the time has come for me to come clean...

Justin: If you're going to tell us that you make up all the yahoos I'm ... actually not going to be at all surprised to be honest. They are... that bad.

Griffin: Beside the point right now though, because this question asker wants us to tell him whether he should give up some of his hard won fortune.

Travis: He says that the process of selling the book was traumatic but he doesn't give us any of the juicy details of why so I'm just going to assume he doesn't know how to work ebay.

Justin: Look. Ebay is *hard*. If you don't fill out the forms properly your stuff can get sent to... for example... the wrong...

Travis: Address?

Justin: Country.

Griffin: Give the charity shop half the money. Oh no hang on how much money did he say he got?

Justin: Uh... five thousand dollars...

Griffin: Five thousand... *five thousand dollars*? We're New York Times Best Selling Authors and I'm pretty sure I've never *seen* five thousand dollars.

Travis: Yeah um. You totally stole that money from the charity shop. Sorry. We don't make the rules but you need to give them all the money.

Justin: All of it.

Travis: Maybe buy a nice dinner or something first but seriously dude. What the fuck. Don't be an asshole and give them the money.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't realise HOW creepy the episodes got HOW quickly so this one was a bit hard but I focused down on the important thing which is that this dude basically ripped off a charity shop and therefore deserves what he gets.

Thrown Away

Justin: I'm a waste collector for a local council in England. Recently on our rounds we've come across some unusual objects in the trash of one of the houses on our route. First off, we found a bag of doll heads. Then a bag of strips of paper.... Oh. Oh uh. Okay. The strips of paper were slightly charred and had fractions of the Lord's Prayer written on them.

Griffin: Uh huh. Legit. Go on.

Justin: How is that...

Griffin: I said *go on*.

Justin: The last bag we found was full of teeth.

Griffin: Okay yep. Correct. Continue.

Travis: Griffin are you...

Griffin: Finish the question Justin.

Justin: We called the police about the teeth, but no one at the address could tell them anything about where they came from. Brothers, are the elderly couple who live at that address actually some kind of occultists? What should I do if I find any more weird bags? Am I Good?

Griffin: Well I think we can safely rule out any hope that you're *good*.

Travis: Teeth?

Justin: There's a lot to unpack here.

Griffin: Oh sure sure sure, a whole lot of stuff to unpack here, like...

Travis: *Teeth?*

Griffin: Teeth is one of the things we need to unpack, Travis, yes. But if you go back to earlier in the question he said he found a bag of *doll heads*.

Justin: Yep. Doll heads.

Griffin: And then he found...

Justin: Scraps of the lord's prayer that looked like they'd been slightly charred.

Griffin: Uh huh. Yes. And *after that came the...*

Travis: **TEETH.**

Griffin: See that's where it gets hard... you know...? Teeth are ... well they're a little bit *weird*, my friend. Doll's heads? Everyone has doll's heads these days.

Justin: Oh yeah, everyone has doll's heads.

Travis: Sure sure sure sure I've got three bags of doll's heads under my desk right now. They just... they

Griffin: They accumulate. Like... they're a natural waste product and we all have too many of them, like wire coathangers you know? One minute you have one doll's head and the next minute there's an entire cupboard full of them and you've gotta throw them out in the trash. Understandable.

Justin: Same with charred sections of the lord's prayer!

Griffin: Exactly Justin. Exactly. You're doing your morning minor ritual and you leave your smouldering section of our saviour's words on the bathroom sink and before you know it you've got a waste basket full of them so you put them in the...

Justin: ...In the trash yes. Because sometimes we live a busy life and it's hard to clean up after a satanic ritual, you've got podcasts to record and children to feed and doll's heads to put in...

Griffin: ..to put in the trash. [there's a pause and Griffin can be heard breathing in deeply] Teeth though.

Travis: Teeth.

Justin: *Teeth* though.

Griffin: Yeah teeth are a...

Travis: Teeth.

Griffin: Teeth are... a problem. They're a...

Justin: They're a fucking big problem.

Griffin: Yeah. They're a fucking big problem my guy.

Travis: *Teeth*.

Griffin: I hate to say it but you have to quit your job.

Justin: Yeah.

Travis: Teeth?

Worms?

Justin: Dear Brothers, I think the girl I want to date may be made of worms and I think [deep breath]... Nope. Nooo nope. NOPE.

Griffin: TRAVIS WERE YOU HIGH WHEN YOU DID THE QUESTION LIST THIS WEEK?

Travis: You have no evidence for my state of...

Griffin: We're not the fucking *Usher Foundation* Travis Patrick McElroy I swear to god if you keep doing this...

Travis: He's legitimately asking us for advice... how can you...?

Justin: BURN YOUR HOUSE DOWN. DO IT AND THEN PLEASE STOP SENDING US QUESTIONS.

Griffin: Burn it.

Travis: Guys...

Justin: *ASKED AND ANSWERED TRAVIS.*

The Piper

Griffin: So how about a yahoo.

Justin: Yes. Please. Let's have a yahoo then.

Griffin: This one was sent in by Melanie King, thank you Melanie. It's from Yahoo Answers user... Sergeant Berry who asks... [Deep breath] What to do when your best friend says he can hear the pipes of death?

Travis: Oooh boy.

Justin: The pipes of death?

Griffin: My best friend (who is a poet, by the way) says he can hear the pipes of death sometimes and likes to write poems about war and I don't believe in ghosts or anything (ha ha) but he says he can hear them and even says he met war once so what to do when your best friend says he can hear the pipes of death?

Travis: Sounds like your friend is fucking with you.

Griffin: I mean chances are yes, this friend is definitely fucking with you but you guys *play* with me here, *tell me* what. Do you do. When your BEST FRIEND. Canhearthepipesofdeath?

Justin: What if you could hear the pipes of death. Wait. I mean. What pipes? Does death play flute or something? Is that in the job description I thought he just... you know carried a scythe? Does he have to pipe when he comes?

Griffin: What, like... announces his arrival? With a kazoo or something? [does a little trumpet fanfare with his mouth]

Travis: Just rocks on up playing the chicken song like *bzzzzzzup folks time to go down the long dark tunnel and into the light!*

Justin: Yeah I mean, like. If death was going to do that what instrument *would* he choose? I mean "pipes" is pretty generic, yeah? We don't know if it's a kazoo or...

Griffin: Pan pipes.

Travis: [starts laughing] D'you think Death plays like... those plastic recorders we had in middle school.... You know the ones that go all squeaky if you blow too hard and...

Griffin: Death has a variety of different types of wind instrument that he plays according to how you die. So like, if you die heroically you get... idk what's a majestic type wind instrument. Something.. Heroic like...

Travis: Like a trumpet.

Justin: Well a trumpet is technically a brass instrument not a...

Griffin: You fucking blow through it, Justin. I think that makes it a pipe.

Justin: Well... technically you use your lips to make that.... [makes a ppfffb sound] but that doesn't mean it's a...

Griffin: You blow through it. You make WIND with your MOUTH that goes through the TRUMPET so it's a fucking WIND INSTRUMENT JUSTIN.

Travis: Didn't you write the music we used for TAZ, Griffin?

Griffin: Yes. So I know what I'm talking about. I'm qualified. Which of the three of us here has written orchestral music for a popular podcast, huh? It's not *you guys*. Is it.

Justin: You did use a computer to do that though.

Griffin: Not. The. Point. Trumpet. It's wind. So if you die heroically you get a trumpet but if you... [giggles a little bit] if you like... have an aneurism while you're shitting you get some crappy little panpipe number off a Christmas album.

Travis: What do you get the kazoo for?

Griffin: You get the kazoo if you die while you're recording a podcast.

Justin: Legit.

Burned Out

Justin: I'm a construction worker and have recently been fixing the wiring at a new house. I would say that I'm very much not a believer in the supernatural, but in my first week in the house the house owner turned up and I had an accident where I ended up with a concussion. I spoke to the nurse at the hospital about what happened, then went on my way and ended up back working on the house the following week.

Brothers, last night a priest turned up, apparently summoned to the house by the nurse who had told her about what I saw and my fall. Somehow I managed to give her the impression that the man who turned up was a ghost, and the priest was there to do an exorcism.

I had literally no idea what to say to him, so ended up hanging out in the back garden while he did his business. My question is, what *is* the correct etiquette when dealing with unexpected exorcisms? Should I have supervised him while he did it? Am I liable if the house turns out to be haunted? Did I need to check his credentials? Was it really necessary for me to pull down the tree in the backyard and am I actually on fire?

Travis: Wow. That's. A lot.

Griffin: Unexpected Exorcisms.

Justin: UnexPECTED Exorcisms.

Travis: I mean I get the impression this guy is British, am I right in assuming that?

Justin: Oh yeah, it's from ahhh... let me see... "Hot on Hilltop Road".

Griffin: Hot t t t t. See the thing is you've come to the right place to ask about exorcisms. Three southern Baptist Boys Right Here, we know all about the Lord and demonic influences.

Travis: Only Catholics do Exorcisms though.

Griffin: Only Catholics *fail* exorcisms, I think you mean, Travis. Ha. Ha ha. Hahaha.

Justin: Griffin's got a point. Catholics are pretty fuckin' bad at exorcisms. Look at that famous documentary The Exorcist, for example.

Travis: Oh yeah, sure sure sure, that's a very good example of how Catholics get it all wrong. I mean...

Justin: I feel like... [laughs a little] I feel like we might be on the edge of being offensive here. Like. I mean. We're a family podcast...

Griffin: Fuck, are we? Are we a fucking family fucking podcast Justin?

Travis: Well, technically, we're a family *doing* a podcast and...

Justin: I just don't want to... you know, start a religious argument since we've done what... more than four hundred episodes without doing that and I think we should...

Griffin: Right. Yeah. Yeah you have a point. So. Surprise Exorcism.

Travis: I know what I'm going to get you for your next birthday, Griffin.

Justin: Finally we'll be able to cast the demon out.

Griffin: Yeah, I love you guys too. But this isn't answering the question.

Justin: No. I think that if you find yourself present during a surprise exorcism you should stay the fuck out of its way. Going out to the back garden was a wise move.

Griffin: Not sure why you pulled down a tree though...

Travis: He didn't specify why he pulled down the tree?

Justin: Let me check. No. Nooo. No he did not specify why he pulled down the tree.

Griffin: I'm going to assume that he was meant to do that *anyway*.

Travis: Probably safer to assume that, yeah. I mean, unless pulling down the tree was part of the surprise?

Griffin: What so like...in order to exorcise the demon the tree has to go?

Justin: Mmmm. Yeah. But he also doesn't say that the priest asked him to do it? I mean it just seems like some random tree vandalism to me.

Griffin: Is the question asker a *criminal*, Justin?

Travis: Oh, no. No no no, no. You get special dispensations when there's an exorcism going on. I'm sure it's all legit.

Justin: Mmm. Okay. I don't think...

Travis: Definitely you do.

Justin: Pretty sure that's not how that...

Travis: Justin are *you* a qualified exorcist?

Justin: Uh... funny you should ask but...

Griffin: Are you a *secret Catholic Justin*?

[Travis and Griffin both gasp]

Justin: Okay no so that's exactly what we *didn't* want to be doing here and...

Travis: You *think* you know someone.

Griffin: [off mic, shouting in the distance] **I let you look after my *child*.**

Justin: Please. Stop. No. Guys...

Travis: HE WAS UNDER OUR NOSES ALL THIS TIME. BEGONE. FOUL FIEND.

Justin: [weakly] I hate you both so much.

Griffin: [still off mic] **MY OWN FLESH AND BLOOD.**

Justin: Please let's just... go to the money zone...

[money zone music starts playing]

Griffin: **WE ARE ALL CORRUPTED.**

Justin: You're so fucking stupid. This podcast is so stupid. I hate everything.

A Father's Love

Justin: I'm the child of a very famous serial killer.

Griffin: I always *knew* Clint was *dodgy as fuck*.

Travis: This explains *so* much.

Justin: Guys...

Griffin: The way he always left us alone at night, went out of the house dressed in garbage bags...

Travis: His large collection of human bones...

Griffin: The way he would just... you know... come home covered in blood sometimes? Like full on, dripping red and gory and that maniacal laugh he has...

Travis: Yeah and all those weird coded notes he kept making us write to send to the police...

Justin: Jesus fucking christ. It's not *our dad* guys. This is a legit question from a listener and you're just...

Griffin: Wait, Justin, are you his *accomplice*? Are you *covering* for our *serial killer dad*?

Travis: I *knew it!* *J'accuse!*

Justin: You know what? Sure. Fine. Our dad's a serial killer. Oh except that it says here in the *question from our listener* that *she* is the daughter of a famous serial killer and wants to know how she can get around having to explain that to *people she dates*.

Griffin: You're glossing over the fact that Clint McElroy has killed and will kill again, Justin.

Travis: Yeah you're being *pretttty suspicious*.

Justin: [determined] Please help me brothers, what should I say when the subject of my dad comes up during a date? Do I lie? Do I lean into it? Do I just reconcile myself to never having a normal relationship ever again? From Dead Awkward Dates in Dartford.

Griffin: [laughing knowingly] Okay then *Justin* we'll play along with this little *fiction* you've created about having to get dates when you're the daughter of a famous serial killer.

Travis: [whispering] Griffin we can keep him distracted while I get Bebe to call the cops.

Griffin: Don't ... Jesus Travis don't *say it out loud into the microphone*.

Travis: Sorry Griffin, sorry I'll just... [off mike] *Bebe, honey, just dial the number, do it quickly like Daddy told you...*

Justin: I'm sorry, listener. For what it's worth Griffin found it really difficult to get dates for a long time but it wasn't because of our dad. It was just because he was Griffin.

Griffin: You shut the fuck up, you murderer!

Vampire Killer

Griffin: How about a yahoo?

Justin: god, please, yes.

Griffin: This was sent into us from Timothy Stoker, thank you Timothy it's from yahoo answers user... TrevA.

Travis: Trev. A?

Griffin: Trev aarrrrr. I think. [clears throat] How to convince people I'm a vampire hunter? I've been hunting vampires for the last sixty years but when people ask me what I do they don't believe me how do I convince them I'm an actual Vampire Hunter? Additional Info: I have in fact killed at three whole vampires and one vampire familiar I know all about their habits and know how to recognise them and people still don't believe me when I tell them I'm a vampire hunter how do I make them understand?

Travis: Well I think he's made a fundamental mistake here right at the start.

Griffin: Really Travis? What mistake might that be?

Travis: You're not supposed to *tell* people you're a vampire hunter. Because [whispers] they might be a vampire.

Griffin: Good point, well made, Travis. If you go around just telling people you hunt vampires the vampires are gonna *know*. They'll find out and they'll *come for you*.

Justin: Unless...

Travis and Griffin: Unless...

Justin: Maybe that's the whole point? Maybe he's trying to... I don't know, maybe he's trying to set a trap for them? Lure them in.

Griffin: So you're saying that Trev here (can I call you Trev? I'm gonna call you Trev) you're saying that *Trev here* is using Yahoo answers as a kind of... hunting ground as it were, a place where he can set down the bait so the hapless vampires (who are definitely all on Yahoo answers, by the way, famous, known haunt of all blood drinkers) will just... walk on in.

Travis: Yes, Griffin, and when they do....

Justin: When they do...

Griffin: BAM. Vampire soup.

Travis: Exactly. Or well. You know. A pile of ash.

Justin: Is that what happens when you kill a vampire, Travis? You get a pile of ash?

Travis: Oh yeah I mean when you stake them they just disinte... Oh. Hahaha. Funny Justin. No you're not going to fool *me* into giving away *my* secret identity. Hahahaha. Right Trev? We're smarter than that.

Griffin: But we're not answering the spirit of the question here, boys. Trev wants to know how to convince other people (not vampires ahahah, no never vampires) that he's a *vampire hunter*. How would he do that, if we were to take this question at face value and not as an obvious scheme to lure helpless innocent blood sucking nightmares to their deaths?

Justin: Mmm, does he have a stake?

Travis: Or a cross. Show them your cross.

Justin: What you mean, make an angry face at them and go grrrr?

Travis: No, Justin, your *cross*. You know, the holy symbol of our lord and savior Jesus Christ.

Justin: Oh yeah. That. Show them your cross and a stake and then they're sure to believe you.

Travis: *I* would.

Griffin: You heard it here, Trev. Travis would believe you.

Justin: You could be Trev and Trav, vampire hunters.

Griffin: [sighing] Man, Season 8 of Buffy really did get wild, didn't it?

Dreamer

Justin: I've started having really weird dreams. I know that there's no more sure way to kill a conversation than starting it off with "I had a weird dream last night" but they're becoming increasingly detailed and vivid to the point where I think they might even be prophetic. Brothers, what's the protocol for telling your ex-coworker you had a dream about them dying? Is it too weird? Would I be overstepping the bounds of worker relationships? Is it a subtle sign that maybe I want to kill my ex-coworker? (Extra information: I left the place where we worked under less than amicable circumstances, but I definitely don't hate this person enough to want to kill them). Sincerely, Bad Blood at Barclay's.

Travis: I have dreams about killing my coworkers all. The. time.

Griffin: We're your coworkers.

Travis: Oh, really? Are you? Huh.

Justin: Look there's nothing weird about having dreams about killing your coworkers.

Griffin: Really? Justin? You too?

Justin: Absolutely nothing weird about that at all but that isn't what this person is asking us.

Griffin: Uh huh. Absolutely nothing weird about thinking about committing a murder. Two murders. Just gonna... note that down here....

Justin: Not what the person is *asking us* Griffin.

Travis: No he wants to know if he should tell his coworker that he's been having dreams about them dying.

Justin: Ex-coworker.

Griffin: Which is, apparently, what you both want *us* to be...

Travis: Subconscious desires do not equal conscious actions, Griffin.

Griffin: What the fuck does that even *mean*?

Travis: Sometimes dreams are a way of working through your own feelings of resentment and...

Justin: Can we answer the fucking question please.

Travis: I am answering the question. Seriously. Like. Being serious about it. Listener, look. Sometimes you just have a weird dream and that's okay. You don't have to tell the person about it, in fact, you definitely shouldn't. Because 1. Telling people your dreams is boring. It's like, really boring.

Griffin: Almost as boring as Travis telling us film pitches.

Travis: More boring than that. And 2. Telling your ex-coworker that you've dreamed about them dying is actually really fucking creepy man? What the fuck? Why would you tell someone that?

Justin: Oh, uh, good morning Moira, uh, you know, last night I dreamed that you choked on a sandwich and *died*, do you have last month's figures ready yet?

Travis: Hi Stanley, thanks for that last email, by the way, last night I dreamed that you were crushed in a freak photocopier accident.

Griffin: Hey Jeremy did you remember to order in more toner? *I've* been dreaming about you getting brutally murdered with a pipe, also I'm going out to get coffee you want some?

Justin: Don't tell your coworkers you're dreaming about their deaths, I think, is what we can take from this.

Travis: Yeah.

Griffin: [pointedly] Yeah. Don't.

First Aid

Justin: I'm a nurse in the ER and I keep getting stuck on the Christmas Eve shift. Usually it's really busy on Christmas Eve, as you can imagine.

Travis: Because Santa.

Griffin: Why would Santa be making it busy in an ER?

Travis: Oh you know, modern times, he's not listed by air traffic control, and all that reindeer poop landing on people at terminal velocity...

Justin: Travis seriously that doesn't happen.

Travis: Oh *really* Justin?

Justin: Of course it doesn't. They wear poop bags. Santa isn't a savage.

Travis: Oh. Oh of course. Point taken.

Justin: This Christmas Eve we got a couple of patients around 1:30am who were very strange. They were both pretty badly hurt, but one of them got up and started wandering around at one point, and I'm pretty sure he messed with the vending machine in Reception. I realise I'm not allowed to use medical means to keep patients who should be resting in their beds, but what control methods would *you* suggest to stop patients from wandering the halls of the suddenly deserted hospital in the dead of night in an emptiness so bleak I felt like I would never see anyone or feel anything ever again?

PS: the other victim disappeared and I have a strange feeling that might have been my fault. Am I good?

Travis: Justin are you reading the yahoos again?

Griffin: Justin doesn't have the fortitude to read yahoos. And anyway you're the one who puts the questions together Travis.

Travis: [nervous laughter] Oh. Oh yeah right. Huh.

Justin:

Griffin: So uh... I'm not a nurse per se but I did used to go to middle school and whenever I used to roam the empty halls of our school that no longer exists Mr Taylor used to shout at me that I was a worthless nerd who would never amount to anything and then ignore it when the other students bullied me so...? Shout at him? I guess?

Justin: You know, I think there's a bit of a pattern emerging with these questions and I... ah....

Travis: Yes Justin?

Justin: I'm liking it a lot. Yes. I'm enjoying the spooky. Getting into the swing of the errrr.... Supernatural as it were but I feel a bit like you might be trying to step on my brand here, Travis.

Travis: Your brand?

Justin: Yeah. My *brand*. You know, the whole Haunted Doll thing? My segment? The one *I do*. By *myself*.

Travis: Come *on* Justin, our entire first two hundred episodes were about ghosts and horses.

Justin: So you're saying the natural progression of this show, My Brother, My Brother and... let's be clear about this, and *ME* should be towards giving advice to people who are spooked out.

Travis: People who are spooked out are people too, Justin. I thought you cared about that.

Justin: Oh I do. I do. I just...

Griffin: Hang on, what do you mean you do Haunted Dolls by yourself?

Justin: I do the research...

Griffin: Research? You literally just have a google alert set up to tell you when...

Justin: That's *research*!

Griffin: My point is you can't have haunted dolls without the Travis and Griffin contributing factor, Justin. The people want the family dynamic. You provide the spooky, we provide... you know...

Travis: The humour?

Griffin: Yes, Travis. That.

Justin: I dunno, Trav, I think you might just be testing the boundaries here and I'm not sure I like it. Also are we gonna answer this question or not?

Griffin: Shout at the patients, and don't disappear them, basically.

Travis: Yeah.

Alone

Griffin: How about a yahoo?

Justin: I would LOVE a yahoo.

Griffin: This was sent in by Timothy Stoker again, thank you again Timothy, we'll have to start up a name for you soon, and it's from yahoo answers user Eli420 who asks: "How do I get my employees to start believing in ghosts?"

Travis: Ooookayyyy. Is that... is that all there is in the question?

Justin: Yes, Griffin, more details are needed before we can give an answer to this one.

Griffin: DETAILS. Well this is where [starts to laugh, it's high pitched and a little bit fake] this is where it gets a little weird. A little kooky. A little crazy. So just... you know bear with me here?

Justin: [wearily] Please. I have cereal to eat.

Griffin: Not on mic you don't, Juice. Question asker continues: "I'm fully aware you're not doing your job right now and are trawling through Yahoo Answers. Do feel free to send this one into your podcast and then tell John to stop being an asshole to potential donors."

[long pause]

Justin: Did we just get used by someone to tell off an employee?

Griffin: Look I'm doing Tim a solid here, he needs to make sure he has a good screensaver when he's trawling through yahoo answers, needs to practice switching tabs, needs to up his GAME. We have a podcast to do and our question finders are burning out.

Travis: I mean. You could just. Look for questions yourself, Griffin.

Griffin: How DARE you, Travis.

Piecemeal

Chapter Summary

oh hi it's been a while

Justin: Dear brothers. I'm sure you don't get questions from someone of my age bracket very often so forgive me if I sound a little formal in this email.

Travis: Oh. That's sweet? I didn't know we had listeners in the upper demographics!

Griffin: Guys this is bad.

Justin: I just wanted a little bit of advice about how to properly assemble my jigsaw puzzle.

Travis: How is it bad, Griffin?

Griffin: **whispering** we don't know how to appeal to her demographic, Travis. We do the 16-35 demographic. That's we're we are AT baby if we....

Justin: (Over them somewhat) See it's very necessary that I get all the pieces for my puzzles to be complete but there is a young man who simply will not give me the final pieces without a fight. Should I fight him, brothers?

Travis: Oh. Well. Sounds like she just wants to know if she should, as an old lady, fight a dude for some pieces of a puzzle?

Griffin: Yeeaaaah

Travis: I mean. I'm worried about how she might come off against a person who isn't you know....

Justin: What.

Griffin: YOU KNOW.

Justin: NO I DON'T.

Travis: SHE'S OLD JUSTIN WHOEVER FIGHTS HER WILL KILL HER.

Justin: Oh. Oh okay so you guys are AGEIST now.

Griffin: No, just... you know... practical.

Justin: Fine, whatever, don't fight him (whispering) *totally fight him you've got it*. I'm sorry, young people, like my brothers, SUCK. Moving on.

Lost John's Cave

Justin: How do I convince my sister that she's not going to die if she goes caving with me.

Travis: Caving?

Griffin: Is this some sort of euphemism, Justin, or...

Justin: Let me finish. I love exploring caves and cave systems, the kinds where you go in with nothing but a torch light on your head and your wits and you find hidden chambers that no one else has ever seen. My sister and I get on really well and I would love to take her on one of my caving trips, but she seems to think that digging around underground isn't fun and I want to be able to sell her on it. How can I make diving into dark twisty depths appealing to my sister? Signed Deep Troubles.

Griffin: You know I'd like to help her but her sister's right.

Travis: So wait, you mean like, going into a cave, but not on a tour?

Justin: Yeah. Yeah Trav you go down and you look around by yourself and you... idk commune with the dark or something.

Travis: And there aren't any paths? Or lights?

Griffin: Nope. Nup. Just you and the deep and dusty depths, Trav. The mystery of the underground. The reaching, desperate claw of darkness and dirt in your...

Travis: I can see the appeal of that.

Justin: Really?

Travis: Yeah. Yeah I can see where she is coming from.

Justin: Have you *ever* watched an episode of Bear Grills?

Griffin: How dare you, Justin, Travis *is* Bear Grills.

Travis: I'm... not....

Justin: He's... not...

Griffin: It's the BEARD. LOOK AT THE BEARD JUSTIN.

Justin: Griffin this isn't gonna fly he's...

Travis: Are you questioning my identity, Griffin? My brother, my friend and confidant, uncle to my... oh no... what's that....?

Justin: Oh christ. It's happening.

Griffin: What's...

Travis: It's the call to the wild! I'm sorry, my brothers... I can't...

Justin: Griffin what have you DONE?

Griffin: I literally just mentioned Bear Gri....

Travis: DO NOT SPEAK HIS NAME. It's too late. I must go...

Justin: Griffin we've *told* you....

Travis: We'll meet in another life... sometime....

Griffin: Sure fine. Whatever. You guys wanna Yahoo?

Arachnophobia

Justin: Okay so I know Travis isn't big on spiders so I'm gonna not give him any warning at all about the content of this question before I...

Travis: Justin I'm the one who sends you the....

Justin: Talk about this one. Dear Brothers. A spider is haunting me.

Long Pause

Griffin: Is that...

Justin: (rushing to talk over him) I lived in the same place for a few years and I'm pretty severely arachnophobic, so I was very careful about making sure my windows and doors were insect proof. However, in my last flat there was a spider that came inside and I realised how very many spiders lived around it. Also there was one particular spider that came inside that I killed. In any case, on reflection I thought it would be best to move and so I ended up taking a flat in another area of my city, but I think the spider followed.

[pause]

Griffin: Travis did you send us the plot of fucking JAWS?

Travis: Keep reading, Justin.

Griffin: No, because... just no. I'm stopping this. Spiders are... look did he move next DOOR? Spiders don't have the capacity to follow people.

Justin: Are you calling our question asker a liar?

Griffin: I'm saying our question asker might need to look up what kind of spiders are common in their area, Justin, I think maybe there might be a thing going on where there are the same types of spiders in the same places and...

Travis: You know what, I might be done with this question...I probably didn't... you know... think through the whole...

Justin: You weren't really up for contemplating all those little hairy legs...

Griffin: You didn't want to think about how many eyes they had, you know they have sometimes eight of...

Justin: I can understand how you didn't want to contemplate how they make webs and suck the moisture out of...

Travis: I regret being born.

Griffin: Love you, Trav.

Justin: Me too. Remember the spiders aren't following you.

Griffin: The spiders aren't following you, and that counts for the question asker as well.

Justin: Yeah, just, you know, get a cat or something.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!