

The Adventure Zone: Graduation – Ep. 12, Pop Quiz

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[theme music plays]

Gary: Hey, everybody! It's me, Gary. So let's see, what's been happening on The Adventure Zone: Graduation?

Well, Argo, Fitzroy, and the Firbolg are all students at Hieronymous Wigenstaff's school for heroism and villainy. The school is run by Hieronymous Wigenstaff and his brother, Higglemas. Uhh... the Firbolg has been forgetting things, and it seems to have to do with going into Higglemas' office, so he made a deal with the Garys to make sure that Fitzroy knew next time he went there.

Uhh... Argo wrote a letter to Fitzroy's mom. So that was a thing that happened. Uh, y'know, in general, there's been a lot of mystery, a lot of strangeness, so I'm sure we'll probably find out something about that in this episode. Let's listen, shall we?

[theme music plays]

Travis: A few days have passed. Earlier, you received word that the three of you drew the early slot for real-world assignments this semester. Tomorrow morning, you'll be given all the details, pick up your equipment, and ship out. Tonight, though, is a chance for some corporate bonding. As such, Argo has volunteered to make dinner for the three of you in your dorm room.

Argo, what are you cooking on the fantasy hot plate?

Clint: Um, Argo recently discovered, um... y'know, his whole thing about rickets.

Travis: Oh, really?

Clint: He's really worried about rickets.

Travis: He has a thing about rickets?

Clint: Yeah. And so, he thought all this time—he just spent some time in the library, doing a little research. And it doesn't have to just be citrus fruits. There are other things that are vitamin C rich. And one of those things is chili peppers. So, he is—he's cookin' up a whole vat of like... chili peppers for dinner tonight.

Travis: Oh wow. Okay.

Clint: I don't know what they are on the scopolamine, y'know, scale, or whatever it's called. But it's...

Travis: The dolomite scale.

Griffin: Not that. Not that. Not that.

Clint: It's gonna be hot. It's gonna be hot.

Griffin: Hey. Y'know what else was uh, vitamin C rich, was school dances in 1999.

Justin: [laughs] Uh, graduations. We were actually looking for graduations. High school graduations is what we were looking for, Griffin.

Griffin: Okay, so you're just making a big pot of chili peppers. I'm gonna go ahead and say that Fitzroy does not eat that. Because I can—I can roleplay and play any character. You know this. But it's hard for me to distance myself from a sentient human being enough to say like, that that sounds like a good idea.

Clint: Okay. How about stuffed chili peppers?

Justin: Better.

Griffin: Stuffed with what?

Justin: That's much better. Much better.

Clint: Stuffed with smaller chili peppers.

Justin: Very good.

Griffin: See, I knew that's where you were gonna go with it.

Clint: No! Stuffed with uh, amla. Amla. Those are Indian gooseberries. Also vitamin C rich.

Griffin: Okay, man.

Clint: And you can pick through—you can pick it out. If you see the things you don't like, you can pick it out.

Griffin: I—okay. Um...

Clint: And salmon croquettes.

Justin: [laughs] Sure. Weave the tapestry. That's what I say.

Griffin: Is that all? Come on. I want more food, daddy. Cook me more food.

Clint: Uh... no, I think that'll be—that'll be it. This is gonna—

Griffin: I want soup. Make me soup.

Justin: Come on, bangarang, Dad! Bring some more—

Griffin: Bangarang!

Justin: --of your rainbow food in the light.

Clint: Uh, blood pudding for dessert. There's gonna be blood—blood pudding.

Justin: Gross. Not. Next. I dumped it on the floor. Next.

Clint: That's what came in the uh, Blue Tunic box. So uh...

Justin: Make me fish sticks, Dad!

Griffin: Oh god. I'm now—

Justin: Dad, make me fish sticks!

Griffin: I'm now in character.

Fitzroy: I want sweet creams and treats!

Argo: Have you never had blood puddin' before?

Fitzroy: This is too spicy! I want sweet dessert treats and cream delights!

Argo: Waaah, waaah. Oh, is this spicier than the gum your mom used to give ya? Ha haaa! Hot mint gum, see! You like spicy.

Fitzroy: It's hot—that's spice, but it's more of a... it's not like a... acidic spice. It's not like a chemical spice. Everything you've made today is too spicy, and also, not sweet or creamy enough. Don't you agree, Master Firbolg?

Firbolg: I have... eaten parts of my chair.

[pause]

Fitzroy: [imitating Firbolg] I want eat sweet cream. [normally] You see? He agrees with me.

Firbolg: This is subterfuge.

[pause]

Argo: Alright. There's—

Firbolg: I do not sound like that, do I?

Argo: There are puddin' pops. I mean, would that be...

Fitzroy: We're getting closer, aren't we?

Argo: Well, they're blood puddin' pops.

Fitzroy: Further away.

Justin: [bursts into laughter]

Gary: Hey everybody, it's me, Gaaary!

Argo: Oh, thank god.

Gary: Sorry to interrupt – I just wanted to let Argo know that there's a letter for him. An owl is on its way with it.

Firbolg: Gary, what is the flavor of a Gary?

Gary: Nooo, Garys aren't for eatin'! They're for lovin'! I was just kiddin' about the owl, by the way. We don't use owls. That was just a joke.

Argo: Ahh.

Fitzroy: It's a pretty funny joke.

Gary: Yeahh! I mean, I thought it was pretty funny, but then we kind of just skipped right over it, eh? I was gonna make a... anyways, uh, we use magic. Uhh, so your letter, it's already been delivered to your room. It's in there. It's on ya pillow.

Argo: Okay, thanks.

Fitzroy: What's it—what's it say? Who is it from?

Argo: Oh no... [laughs nervously] It's fan mail from some flounder! [laughs] Yeah. 'Cause y'know, I'm livin' the sea, and I was a sailor, and... it's a flounder...

Fitzroy: It's just, you don't—you rarely get mail, Argo. I just was curious who it's from.

Argo: I know. Well, y'know, I uh... I'll read it later. I mean, I don't want to interrupt this—the—y'know, we have not spent very much time together, y'know, as a unit. And so, I'll read it later. It's not that important, really.

Fitzroy: Okay.

Justin: Did we all get these letters?

Travis: Nope, just Argo.

Justin: Okay, well, I guess we'll just talk about eating pretend dinner for an hour and a half.

Argo: Alright. Okay. You want... [sighs] You want me to read the letter?

Travis: You don't have to tell them! You can go in a different room! Like, you don't have to put on a little show!

Clint: Well, I mean, but he's wantin' to know all about the letter. Y'know...

Travis: But there's privacy in this world! [laughing] You're not—you're not living in a Frank Lloyd Wright house with no walls.

Argo: It's—okay, I have a pen pal, alright? And it's kind of personal. Um... they—maybe they're, y'know, in prison somewhere. It's just some—it's a private thing. You would—

Fitzroy: Y'know what? I think you've taken a lover! Hmm?

Argo: [laughs] Noo.

Fitzroy: Perhaps you've found yourself a little romantic liaison? Uh, perhaps?

Firbolg: But this is wonderful.

Argo: Um, it's—

Firbolg: Why have you hidden this love?

Fitzroy: Who's—who's the lucky person, huh? Argo?

Argo: Well, we haven't really, uh... we haven't really... met. Physically met. It's kind of um...

Fitzroy: Ohh, you haven't met—you haven't met in congress.

Argo: Right. Uh, well, or... in person. We haven't really met... like that. Uh... um, it's just—we've just kind of made a connection, and uh, I just, uh, y'know... I—there's just something there. I don't know what it is. Y'know, it's just nice to have another person to bounce ideas off of.

Fitzroy: Oh, sure. I'm happy for you, Argo. Genuinely.

Argo: Thank you.

Fitzroy: We all need that sort of connection in our lives.

Argo: Ah, well, good. Good. Thank you. Thank you for understanding. Y'know? It's... y'know, school work is kind of tough, and... and everything else. It's nice to have, y'know, like a sounding board. Somebody to kind of run things by.

Fitzroy: Are we ever gonna get to meet them? Is it someone that we know, or...

Argo: Uhh... it's... no, it's nobody here at the... at the school. No. It's—no. It's kind of far away. Y'know, it's safer that way.

Firbolg: Canada.

Argo: It is... yes. But that's Kanada with a K. Kanada. Yeah.

Fitzroy: Alright. Well, we'll—

Travis: Actually, it's pronounced Kuh-nah-duh. Just real quick.

Fitzroy: We'll give you your privacy, so that you can, uh...

Argo: Thank you.

Fitzroy: ... enjoy your letter. We promise not to spy! Wink!

Argo: [laughs] That—that would be a good thing. Thank you for letting me have that—that little bit of privacy. Uh, y'know, and after—when things have moved along a little bit farther, I'll—I'll share with ya. I just—y'know, I don't want to make a big deal of it, if there's nothin' really there, y'know?

Fitzroy: I've gone on to caring about something else.

Justin: [laughs]

Argo: O...kay.

Travis: So, Argo, you step into the bedroom, and you pop open the letter. It is addressed to you, and you see that the return address is... uh, Dindra Maplecourt.

Clint: Alright. Okay.

Travis: And the letter reads—

Griffin: Heeey!

Travis: Mm, you don't know that yet.

Griffin: Oh, okay.

Travis: The letter reads, "Dear Mr. Keene,

it's so wonderful to hear from you. It's very nice to know that Fitz is making friends. From what he has told me, I got the impression that he never really quite fit in with all those snobs at the knight school. This roast thing sounds like a lot of fun. I just wish I had more fun stories to share.

The truth is, Fitz had a pretty normal childhood. He was special to us, of course, but when he didn't show any signs of magic, we figured he'd just taken after his dad, Jerry. Maybe even become a caravaner like him.

Then, he was chosen to become a knight for Goodcastle, and we were just over the moon. We took out a big loan against Jerry's caravan so we could pay the knight fees, and to send him to that fancy school. Then, out of nowhere, boom! He starts doing this weird magic.

Honestly, I have no idea where that comes from. My family's magic has always been illusory, not... whatever this is. We thought his dreams of becoming a knight were over. Just imagine how happy we were when we

heard from Wigenstaff, saying that an anonymous benefactor had paid his tuition!

But listen to me rattling on. If you can use it, Fitzzy slept with a blanket named Mr. Blanks until he was seven. I hope that helps, and thank you for looking out for him. That will help me sleep better at night.

Yours,

Dindra Maplecourt.

P.S. Please find enclosed three sticks of Fitz's favorite hot mint gum."

Argo: Hmm...

Clint: Okay. So um... I think he would uh, take the letter, and fold it carefully. Put it back in the envelope. And uh... hide it, uh, with his rogue skill so that it couldn't be accidentally, y'know, like, stumbled upon.

Travis: Mm-hmm. Make a, uhh... let's say, stealth check. 'Cause you're doing it—no one's watching, so it wouldn't be sleight of hand. You're trying to hide something, so we'll go with stealth.

Clint: Ooh, not good. That's seven, plus... well, eight. That's 15.

Travis: Yeah. Yeah, that's good. You hide it, you feel pretty confident that it is hidden somewhere where no one will find it.

Clint: Okay.

Griffin: [laughing] When you come back out into the, uh, the general hall, um... I look up at you uncomfortably, because I ran out while you were gone, and I got burgers. Burgers King.

Justin: [laughs]

Griffin: 'Cause I didn't—

Justin: He got—he got King Burgers.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: [laughing]

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: So I've kind of got my mouth open with some burger in it, like...

Fitzroy: Um... so... it's for the Firbolg. He wouldn't stop. He wouldn't just... he would not stop about the Burgers King! So...

Firbolg: I have only consumed the tomato slice. But it was...

Fitzroy: Primo.

Firbolg: Excep—[pause] [quickly] Exceptional.

Griffin: [laughs]

Argo: Well...

Firbolg: I will talk... faster. Next time.

Justin: [laughing]

Griffin: [laughing]

Firbolg: I did not think... about watching... me talk that slowly with a full mouth. It must be quite... the spectacle.

Fitzroy: Not good. Not good. It's like I'm watching, like, tableside salsa being prepared or something. I hate it.

Justin: [bursts into laughter]

Clint: [laughing]

Firbolg: Artisanal.

Travis: Uh, Fitzroy, make a perception check for me.

Griffin: Sure. Uh, that is a 15 pluuus... two. 17.

Travis: Um, you, when Argo re-enters the room, you get a very distinct whiff of hot mint gum.

Justin: Mmm!

Fitzroy: Now wait—now wait just a minute, there. `Cause I'll throw this food right in the toilet. I'll take the burger right out of the Firbolg's hands and flush it right down if you got hot mint gum. Are you—do you have hot mint—Argo. Do you have hot mint guuum?!

Argo: Okay. Uhh... [laughs] I was savin' it for a surprise. But uh... here you go.

Clint: And I hold out a stick of the hot mint gum to him.

Fitzroy: Mmm! Uh, it's a—it's Spicyman's! It's—this is the brand that we always had around the house, is Spicyman's hot mint gum! Mmm, can't go wrong with Spicyman's. Hatatata—

Griffin: This is the sound.

Fitzroy: Om, om, om, hom. [horrible chewing sounds]

Griffin: Just in case people at home wanted to hear that, uh, the sound of gum being chewed into a microphone.

Argo: Yeah, I got a few sticks on gBay. And uh, and I thought it would be—

Travis: I'm sorry, I'm sorry, hold on, I'm sorry. What's the G stand for?

Clint: ... Garfield.

Travis: No. No. Get the fuck out.

Clint: [laughs]

Griffin: Nice try.

Justin: Wait. Wait. Gary?

Travis: Gary Bay?

Justin: gBay is Gary—gBay is you ask Gary if any other Garys know where you can buy some gum. [laughs]

Griffin: Mm-hmm. And then, if you want something a little more elicited, you have to get on the dark gBay.

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: [laughs]

Travis: That's for the outside Garys.

Griffin: The dee—the deep Gary.

Justin: [laughing]

Fitzroy: Um, where did you—you really bought this from Gary?

Argo: Uh, well, from the gBay, yeah. From the Gary... bay. Here. And I—I got three sticks altogether. I want you to have all three of them. Because,

eh—okay, let me be honest. I have—I'm trying to butter ya up a little bit. I've kind of felt like... I've been kind of the odd man out.

Travis: Oh, I'm sorry. Hold on. Hold on.

Argo: Y'know, when the whole—

Travis: Hold on, Dad. You're spitting a lot of stuff here. I need you to make a deception check.

Clint: Oh!

Travis: Because you did not really get them through Gary Bay. That was... let me check the records... a lie.

Griffin: Is this contested? Should I roll to roll insight?

Travis: Yeah. Do it, Doug.

Clint: So, deception... that is a...

Griffin: I got a five plus zero, so...

Travis: Not great.

Clint: I got a ten—I got a ten plus four. 14.

Travis: Okay. The lie plays.

Fitzroy: Sounds good to me!

Argo: Um, I wanted to kind of kiss up to you a little bit, because I have kind of like, felt like a... a little bit of an outsider in the ol' Thunderman corporation. Y'know, 'cause y'know... you're the CEO, and... Firbolg here is the COO—CFO, and I wanted to be a C-something-O. Y'know, I wanted a

title. I wanted to be a CCO. I want to be the CCO. The... communications guy.

Firbolg: Every member of the Thunderman team is a valuable component of the organization. We are more of a faaamily.

Griffin: [laughs]

Fitzroy: And as the Firbolg will tell you, there are certain pay roll considerations to make? There's a sort of salary cap, and a... a very strict overhead, if I'm using these terms correctly. Um... let me know if I'm not. So it makes new titles like that, a sort of quick acceleration like that, somewhat challenging?

Argo: Wait a minute, you mean the Firbolg's makin' more than me?

Fitzroy: I—a gentleman never tells. But yes, quite a bit more, yes.

Argo: Well, wait a minute! We've been members of the group the same amount of time! Where's—where's my—where's spondooli? Where's my pay hike? Where's my... what's the deal?

Fitzroy: Um... Firbolg, say something dope about money.

Travis: When you turn, the Firbolg is gone.

Fitzroy: Hey, he left.

Argo: Yeah. Where does that leave you in your argument, there?

Fitzroy: I guess he just—I guess he's sort of adverse to confrontation. Listen, uh... it is nothing—it's nothing personal, Argo. I also feel a slight distance between the two of us. But... y'know, sometimes colleagues don't have to be... on the same wavelength on the time. And in fact, that sort of friction can be very...

Oh shit, I just realized something.

[music plays]

Travis: Firbolg, you are vaguely aware of moving through the cool of the evening. You pass by shadows, unsure if they are buildings, trees, or people. Your feet are moving, but you are unsure why. The sounds in your ears merge into a persistent buzz. As you pass from cool, moonlight air to darker, warmer air – a doorway, perhaps – a single word penetrates the cacophony.

In this word, you hear both a question and concern.

“Buddy?”

Back in the dorm, your Gary pipes up once more.

Gary: Heyyy, fellas. It’s me, Gary, again. Uhh... I just heard through the Gary vine that your pal Firbolg is headed up to Higglemas’ office? Apparently, we’re supposed to tell Fitzroy so he can stop him? Anyway, have a good night!

Fitzroy: Argo, there is something that I haven’t told you, and I know there’s something you have not told me. But we do not have time to hash this out right now. I need to go and find our Firbolg friend. You can come with me if you want, but we need to be discreet. Do you understand?

Argo: Uh, discre—I can do discreet. I can do discreet very well. I am a rogue.

Fitzroy: M’kay. Uh, Gary—

Argo: Let’s go.

Fitzroy: Gary, where, specifically, is he?

Gary: Oh! Uh, headin’ into the Annex.

Fitzroy: Okay.

Griffin: Uh, off—I am bolting.

Argo: We better beat feet. Yeah, let's go.

Travis: So, roll a... both of you, a stealth check.

Griffin: Are we out after curfew or something?

Travis: Yeah, it's mostly—you're just like, rushing to get there, and you don't want to draw too much attention, 'cause that is not a normal thing to be doing. Sprinting across campus at night.

Griffin: Sure. Uh, I got a 13 plus two. 15.

Clint: I got a ten plus... eight. 18.

Travis: Yeah, you both definitely succeed. Uh, you move quickly, but with purpose.

Griffin: Just kind of hot steppin'. Ha! Hoo ha ha!

Travis: Yeah. You're going, you're going. You're moving quietly. Um... you're a natural at this, Argo. I mean, you are a rogue by trade. Um... and Fitzroy, you... y'know, you got a light step. You're a careful runner. You're agile.

Griffin: A sort of dandy trot.

Travis: A dandy trot, but a careful dandy trot. A dandy trot that's been on some adventures.

Uh, so you reach the Annex building, and you have no idea how long it's been since the Firbolg has entered. I mean, it usually takes you like, 15 minutes to walk from the dorms at a leisurely pace. Y'know, stopping and

saying hi to everybody. So you're betting, maybe five minutes at a full blown sprint. You are both, uh... I don't know, make a athletics check to see if you're winded.

Griffin: Uh, 16 plus five. 21.

Travis: Oh, you're great. You feel invigorated.

Griffin: I have more wind in me!

Travis: Yeah.

Clint: Two plus three. That's five. [breathes heavily]

Travis: Oh yeah. You are winded. [laughs]

Argo: [breathing heavily] Wait a minute, hang on a sec. Ohhh, shit. Oh my god. Okay. [panting] Alright. Boy, I tell ya what, bein' stealthy just sucks it right outta ya.

Gary: Eyyy, it's my buddies! It's me, Outside Gary.

Fitzroy: Hello, Outside Gary. Remind me to hit you up later for... some needs I have.

Gary: Word.

Fitzroy: That I've just found out you can fill for me.

Gary: What do you mean?

Fitzroy: Oh, you know what I mean, you nasty—hey, listen. Have you seen the Firbolg lately?

Gary: Oh yeah, he just went in! You need to go stop him!

Fitzroy: Yeah. Uh, yeah. He told me that that might happen. Okay. Argo, so... god, where to start? Again, we don't have much time. Uh, the Firbolg has consistently been mind controlled by... some... force... in this school. And we assume it is... hey Gary, are you cool?

Gary: Yeah, I—I'm... cool.

Fitzroy: Can you like, earmuff? Can you go on privacy mode for a second?

Gary: Oh! Uhh... y'know what? For buddies, you got it.

Travis: And he pokes his little Gary fingers in his little Gary ears.

Clint: [laughs] Aww!

Griffin: That's adorable.

Travis: It's cute!

Fitzroy: Listen, something has been controlling the Firbolg and sending it into Higglemas' office, and so, uh... we need to find out what's going on, because it's been happening consistently, and for months. So...

Argo: Jeeze Louise. Okay.

Fitzroy: And the only reason we didn't tell you about that is because you've been sneaking out at night, and we don't know sort of what your whole deal is, and... um, yeah. We can—again, this is a beef worth squashin', and we'll get to it later.

Argo: Right. Right. We will. Yeah.

Fitzroy: Right now, I think it would behoove us to... save our friend.

Argo: Um, I'm with ya 100%. Come on, let's go.

Travis: You reach Higglemas' door. It is closed. Um, and there's no sign of the Firbolg, so you make the safe assumption that he is already inside.

Clint: Umm... can I see if it's locked?

Travis: You can.

Clint: Is that investigation?

Travis: Uhh, yeah. Make an investigation check.

Clint: Okay, that's a 14 plus three. 17.

Travis: Ah, that's a great check. Uh, you are able to discern that it is locked. You can also see, etched around the lock, some tiny runes. Some arcane runes. And you have learned from your independent studies with Jackle that this is most likely a magical, uh, trap around this lock. Um, but because you have investigated successfully, you are able to determine that it exists, and it's actually quite easy. Once you have spotted it, you just scratch out the top left corner rune.

Clint: [makes a weird scratching noise]

Fitzroy: Now, hold up—

Clint: Little foley work there.

Travis: Great.

Fitzroy: That's pretty good stuff. Let's... before we go in, do you mind if I just kind of slice the pie a little bit to find out what we might be sneaking into?

Argo: Sure, yeah. Go for it.

Griffin: I pull out Snippers. I summon Snippers, I guess. I tie a little bandana around him. And I set him down on the floor, and I say...

Fitzroy: [quietly] Now Snippers, listen. I need you to be a quiet boy.

Snippers: [crab noises]

Fitzroy: That's a little bit loud. Can you make quiet bubbles for daddy?

Snippers: [quiet crab noises]

Justin: [laughs]

Fitzroy: Okay. Snippers? I need you to sneak under that door and find—and show me, with our telepathic link... remember? How we do that sometimes?

Snippers: [quiet crab noises]

Fitzroy: What's going on in there, okay? But it's real important you don't get caught, because you are a very recognizable pet. And people will know exactly who you belong to. So...

Snippers: [quiet crab noises]

Fitzroy: Can you do that for daddy? Scuttle, my little—my little man.

Travis: Uh, so, Snippers scuttles under the door, swift... swift as thought. And you close your eyes, and you can see, through his eyes. Now, the angle is not good, 'cause once again, he's like, three inches tall. Um, but you are able to see the Firbolg standing, uh... almost like a drunk, y'know, a little bit wobbling back and forth, his eyes unfocused, lids half closed. And you can see Higglemas, uh, speaking to him in a low voice, like, staring at him pretty intensely.

If you wanted to make out the words, you would need, uh, Snippers to move even closer.

Griffin: Um... so, sort of paint a picture, 'cause I think that'll be important for like, what happens next. Is Higglemas' desk, I assume, facing the door?

Travis: Um, it's kind of sideways to the door. Um... so, you would walk in the door, his desk is on the left. There's a fireplace on the right. There, kind of standing in the middle, I would say about two feet apart, um... about the center of the room—

Griffin: I'm saying, there's no—there's no room for us to literally open the door and get inside this room without—like, I don't know how spacious and—

Travis: Correct.

Griffin: Okay. I relay that to Argo.

Fitzroy: I don't think we're gonna be able to get in there, bud, without rousing some suspicions. By which I mean, getting caught and potentially, like, disintegrated or something.

Argo: Um... [clears throat] Well, does Snippers see the Firbolg in there?

Fitzroy: Yep. He's... I mean, I can see the Firbolg through my crab's many powerful eyes.

Argo: Well then, why aren't they attacking the Firbolg?

Fitzroy: Who?

Argo: Why hasn't the Firbolg tripped any of these alarms or anything?

Fitzroy: Yeah, 'cause he's been mind controlled by Higglemas... I told you this outside, Argo. You were paying attention, right?

Argo: Right, I did, but I mean... okay. Alright. Well... could we pretend we were being mind controlled and walk in? Would that help anything?

Fitzroy: It certainly—it would be funny. Like, it would be funny. I think we'd get a good laugh out of it, if we walked in there, and we were like, "Uhhh, you got us too." But I think he would know that he's not also mind controlling us. Don't you—don't you think?

Argo: Sure. Then you come up with something, wise guy. [laughs]

Fitzroy: I think we could do... I don't think we're gonna go in there. We can bring them out to us! With a little, uh, emergency. A little uh oh! A little whoopsie! Don't you think?

Argo: Oh, okay. Alright. Go on. Sort of like an improv thing. Yeah, go—go ahead. What's the premise?

Fitzroy: Okay. The premise is that this hallway can be very on fire, or a little on fire. It depends on how much fire I can—I do to it. And then, you can run in and be like, "Oh, no! There's fire! It's so bad! Everybody needs to get out! Wait a minute, what—hey, it's so funny that you're here, Firbolg!" And like... then you'll be like—

Argo: Oh, yeah.

Fitzroy: Then you'll be like, "We gotta get out of here! There's—" [attempting to imitate Argo's accent] "Oh, you gotta get out of here! There's fire in the hallway!"

Argo: Do I sound like that? Is that... is that my voice? Is that what you think I sound like?

Fitzroy: So far, I've done—it insults me that the two of you don't think I can do spot on impressions of you.

Argo: You don't—you don't. That, and cussin', you haven't really nailed those yet. But I mean, I appreciate the effort.

Fitzroy: Like—like ass I don't.

Argo: Yeah, still.

Justin: [laughs]

Argo: Still. Okay, let's do that. Start your fire, and I'll unlock the door and rush in, and do the—

Fitzroy: Gary, do you—okay. Gary, do you have like, an automatic fire alarm system? Built in?

Griffin: Is there a Gary in this hallway?

Travis: Uh, no. So, after much discussion, still connected to Snippers, you hear, uh... you hear Higglemas say the words "banana, nutmeg" in a commanding voice, and then you hear the door open. And there is standing Higglemas, and a seemingly more conscious Firbolg. And Higglemas is very surprised to see the two of you.

Higglemas: Oh! Uh...

Fitzroy: There's a fire!

Argo: There's—we—fire. You need to—you need to get—hey, Furby! Hello, friend! Yeah, in... you need to get out of here too, 'cause there's—uh, according to Fitzroy, there's some kind of fire out here. We—we got a whiff of something.

Fitzroy: It's a little one. Is he—hey—

Argo: A small fire.

Firbolg: Wh... I'm...

Higglemas: Uh, why don't you—why don't you boys step into my office real quick, and uh, the four of us will figure out, uh, this fire thing.

Fitzroy: I have to use the bathroom. I have to use the bathroom.

Higglemas: Oh, come on in. I have a private one.

Fitzroy: No, I have my own private one that I like.

Argo: I think if we don't get out of here, there's—the conflagration's gonna get us.

Fitzroy: Also, the fire, yes. There's a lot of plot—plots kind of going on at once, but there is a fire.

Higglemas: The three of you need to come inside right now.

Firbolg: Why... am... I... here?

Higglemas: Uh... uh, what—don't you remember? You—

Firbolg: [angrily] Why... am I here?!

Argo: Seems like a pretty straightforward question.

Justin: The Firbolg is standing at full height. He never does this.

Travis: Uh, Higglemas attempts to close the door.

Justin: The Firbolg starts to cast *Shillelagh*.

Griffin: Oh, shit.

Travis: Oh!

Justin: He's fuckin' done.

Higglemas: Uh, you are—you boys are drawing a lot of attention. You need to come inside *right now*.

Firbolg: Before this, I had nothing. I can go back to *nothing*. What I will not have... is a body that is not... my own. *Why... am... I... here?*

Higglemas: Cinnamon strawberries.

Travis: And when he says that, you remember.

[intense music plays]

[advertisements and announcements]

[music plays]

Higglemas: Okay. So, now, come inside. Hurry!

Firbolg: Yes. It's fine. Follow.

Argo: Alright... come on, Fitz. Let's go.

Fitzroy: Okay, but you don't want to see my hand where my fire be at. 'Cause I can throw those.

Argo: Should we put that out before we—

Higglemas: Close—

Fitzroy: There was not a fire. It was a lie fire. Let's go.

Argo: Ohh! 'Cause I was gonna conjure water, 'cause I don't get many chances to do that.

Travis: When Higglemas closes the door behind you, you see him place a hand on the door, and glowing runes light on this side. And you can see where they have been lightly carved into the wood. And he says...

Higglemas: [sighs] I'm... so sorry. I didn't—I did—[grunts] I didn't want to get you boys involved in this. I'm so sorry. Please, have a seat.

Argo: Firbolg, you're—are you okay? Are you alright, Firbolg?

Firbolg: This is fine.

Argo: Okay...

Travis: And so, you all take seats `round the fireplace, where Higglemas has indicated. And he sits down with his dog, Hero, to his left. And as Higglemas begins to speak, his hand, absentmindedly, begins to scratch the dog's head and pet... pet Hero.

Higglemas: Um... so... you have... a decision to make. And it's a decision I've offered to many people, many times. And honestly, there is no wrong answer. I... [sighs] I can tell you everything. And you can help. But you'll be in danger. Or, I can wipe this, right now, and you'll never remember.

[pause]

Firbolg: I will not have my memory gone anymore. I... am... living in the truth.

Fitzroy: Uhh... yeah, I'm with the Firbolg.

Argo: Yeah, and I think... whether or not our minds are wiped, it sounds to me like there's danger anyway, so... yeah, I'm in. Tell us about it.

Higglemas: So... 50 years ago, a demon prince attempted to kill Hieronymous Wigenstaff.

Fitzroy: This story kicks ass already.

Argo: Yes it does.

Higglemas: Well—

Fitzroy: A demon prince?!

Higglemas: Yes. We had fought him before, and driven him back, and... now, it seemed that he was targeting him again. What... you... young boys, what you must remember is, time is so much older than you can perceive. Your lifespans, what are they? Even you, half elf, 250, 300 years, maybe? We elves... can live to be 700, 800 years. I have seen... centuries come and go. I remember... the world when it was wild. Not sophisticated and ordered and... bureaucratic, like it is now.

There was a time where heroes fought demon princes, and saved kingdoms. Not for money, but because it's what heroes did, and... there were mistakes. There were... there was collateral damage. But... it was what heroes did.

I'm sorry, I'm getting distracted. So, 50 years ago... a demon prince targeted Hieronymous with a curse. Targeted him, and at the molecular level. And the only way to save him... [sighs] You see, I've always had a knack for transformation spells. And... I could save my brother, but... sacrifices had to be made. For him, and for me.

It worked, but... I channeled a large portion of the curse. That's why I'm as old as I look. [sighs]

Fitzroy: And you—and your—now your brother is the dog?

Higglemas: Yes.

Fitzroy: Oh shit, I was making a joke. Your brother's the dog?!

Higglemas: That's right.

Fitzroy: I was goofing! You turned your brother into a—

Argo: That was—oh, that's... [laughs]

Firbolg: A very good guess.

Argo: That was a... [laughs]

Fitzroy: But who's—your brother's not a dog, 'cause he also like, comes out and talks to us sometime, during mealtimes, and says like, inspiring shit. Wait a minute, is that the dog?!

Higglemas: We'll get to that in a second.

Argo: Ugh...

Higglemas: Because—

Firbolg: At least top three most inspiring dogs I have met. Incredible. Lassie, one.

Fitzroy: Mm, obviously.

Firbolg: Littlest Hobo, Canadian Lassie, two.

Fitzroy: Mm-hmm.

Firbolg: Your brother, the dog, three.

Higglemas: No, no. The—[sighs]

Argo: What about Tramp? Tramp figures in there, doesn't he?

Firbolg: Tramp is Benji.

Argo: Oh yes, yeah.

Firbolg: Benji.

Higglemas: The Hieronymous that you're talking about is not the dog. Me and Hero have not been able to leave this office in 50 years. I have heavy warding in here that keeps us from being targeted again. No... see, after I saved my brother, the next day, two big events occurred at the school. First, this new Hieronymous showed up. And second... the world broke.

If you look out the window, it used to be a flowing field. But without sound, or any kind of... [sighs] Fury... this gigantic crack in the earth formed. And for whatever reason, everyone else on Nua woke up, remembering that the Godscar Chasm had been there forever. But I... I remember the truth. That chasm... is only five decades old. And it appeared fully formed.

I... no one... everyone is aware of the chasm, but no one seems to think of it for too long. People's minds just seem to slide off of it. That's why it's unexplored. And so, for 50 years, we've sat, and we've waited, and we've stayed safe.

Then... the Firbolg came, and I... I knew that the Firbolg... they understand nature. They are connected. So, I asked the Firbolg about my dog, and... he didn't notice anything. And it—that confirmed my suspicions. The transformation is becoming permanent. His consciousness is fading. I have to undo this transformation, or my brother will be gone forever.

There's a problem. The problem was, I don't have... the materials I need to cure my brother. And I couldn't ask any of the staff, or other teachers for help, 'cause it might draw the attention of whoever this fake Hieronymous is. And so, I asked the Firbolg. And... listen, I—[sighs] On the one hand, he was perfect, because he was honest, and true, and I knew I could trust him. But that, in and of itself, was also the problem, because I knew that he could not lie. So I discussed it with him, and we made a plan. I would tell him what needed to be done, and then, wipe his memory, burying instructions in his subconscious.

It was all done with his consent. He'll tell you.

Fitzroy: And he can tell us whatever he wants, but you've already confessed that you can... alter people's memory. So... how are we to know what is true and what is not? Even if it comes from our friend's mouth?

Higglemas: I understand. I'm...

Fitzroy: Like, I'm sorry you turned your brother into a dog. But you did sort of... psychically manipulate our friend. And also, hey, quick Q – where's Leon? 'Cause uh, I'm assuming you were doing a little bit of mind control on him, too. Was he also, like, wicked plugged into nature, or what was that all about?

Higglemas: Oh! Hold on one moment.

Travis: And he goes and opens the window, and the hawk that you saw at the hospital, uh, comes and lands on his shoulder. And he says...

Higglemas: Leon's been doing some spying for me.

Fitzroy: Alright, Animorphs! Like, so if someone does something that you don't like, you turn them into an animal?!

Higglemas: No!

Fitzroy: Can I call dibs on like, wolf, or something badass like that?!

Higglemas: This is not a punishment! This is... I'm keeping them safe. I told you – there's a danger. There's a demon prince out there who wants to destroy me and my brother, and anybody who knows that the Godscar Chasm shouldn't exist, that there's a fake Hieronymus Wigenstaff, or that even my brother and I are alive. Like, these things put you in danger! I have to keep you safe! Don't you understand?

Argo: I—I do. Listen, let me... I want to ask the Firbolg. You just said we could ask the Firbolg. If you've returned control of his mind back to him, and he is the most honest creature on the face of the earth... Firbolg, what's up with this story? Are you... is he telling the truth?

Firbolg: It's... all true.

Justin: There is something I want to ask, because I know that the Firbolg has understanding, so he's probably had this discussion before, so he probably remembers this discussion. So I want to ask you, just as Justin, um... why—why has he kept himself—like, I understand keeping other people out of it, but like, why is he kept silent about like, fake brother and stuff like that? Why has he not spoken out about it?

Travis: Um, so, the reason is that, the fact that Hieronymous survived the curse is information that only Higglemas has. And so, any questions about wh—this is a fake, uh, Hieronymous. How would he prove it, what indication would he have, any of those things, um... and he hasn't been able to leave the office.

He's basically just become, uh, incredibly, increasingly paranoid of anything happening to either him or, uh, or Hieronymous. And he also doesn't know who to trust. He doesn't know who is working for the demon prince, and who, uh, is, y'know, an honest and true person, which is the reason that he trusted the Firbolg, 'cause he knows that the Firbolg cannot lie.

Justin: Okay.

Fitzroy: Firbolg, friend, I... I have to ask. I... You have stuck your neck out and put yourself into a significant amount of danger, and given up all of your mental faculties from time to time to help out this guy and his brother dog. Like... why? Why do all this for them? I know you're a good soul, but that goes beyond just general kindness.

Firbolg: [sighs] *Gi tusen val nul*. Give a thousand for nothing. This is the code, eh?

Argo: Well, it is a code.

Firbolg: The code of the Firbolg.

Argo: Oh, oh, right. Got it.

Firbolg: We have discussed this at length.

Argo: Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.

Fitzroy: So, did you scout him out from his... his swamp home, or... was he an actual, genuinely enrolled student here when you found him?

Higglemas: Oh, the fact that he's here is a complete lucky break for me. I had no idea that he was coming. But when he stopped by with you guys on that first day of the year, I saw an opportunity, and I—y'know, I sent word that we needed to meet and work out some details of his, y'know, schedule or whatever, and... that was when the plan was made. I haven't, y'know, manipulated anybody. I didn't know.

Argo: So Firbolg, you're doing this—you're doing this voluntarily, right? He's not making you do this, right?

Firbolg: No. No. This was my decision. I remember... everything. There are no gaps. I feel as though, um... the... leaves have dropped, and I can see the sky.

Fitzroy: And Leon? Is he beyond your ability to transform back as well?

Higglemas: No. I've had decades to perfect the spell. This—I have been working on it for years. I... like I said, I have figured it out. I've got it now.

Fitzroy: Okay. Leon, transform back now.

Higglemas: Well, I would have to do it.

Fitzroy: But you need the components.

Higglemas: Yes.

Argo: Let's call—can I call the question here? I don't want Firbolg doing this mission... on his own. So, I mean, would it not speed up the process if he had, like, three of us helping with this gathering mission? Or, whatever it is?

Higglemas: Are you volunteering?

Argo: Well, yeah. I think I am. Yeah. I'm not the devious one. Well, I am kind of a devious one... I don't want either of these guys to be out there – and of course, I don't know if Fitzroy's interested or not – but I don't want Firbolg out there being the only one that's a target of this. And y'know, I don't know if I trust you 100%, but I sure do trust the Firbolg.

Fitzroy: Higglemas, if I have learned one thing at this school, it is this... what's in it for us?

Justin: [laughs]

Travis: And he smiles.

Higglemas: Well... do you want to be a hero?

Fitzroy: It's come to my attention that those labels don't necessarily matter a whole lot. I... what I want to be is a knight in the realm of Goodcastle, where I'm currently serving in absentia. There's a—my journey is a strange and twisting one, Higglemas, at this point. But as you seem like a great principal, or vice dean, or whatever... but you are asking us to put our lives at risk, so that we can make sure your brother doesn't turn into a dog. You understand how that's not necessarily my largest concern, right?

Higglemas: Oh, I may not have made myself clear. Do you want to be a hero? Did you come to this school... did you start on whatever this path is... because you wanted a title? Or because you wanted to do the right thing? Because... I can erase your mind, let you go on. All three of you. I can find another way. It will be tough, and I don't know what I'll do, but I could.

But... if you're all here to be better, and be heroes... this is our chance.

Fitzroy: You like, literally just said that you're not manipulating anyone. And that was like, wicked manipulative. Yes, we want to be heroes. We want to be big and brave so that we can risk our li—again, risk our lives so that your brother doesn't turn into a dog. This is—that is not a great... quest, Higglemas.

There's a third option where we just kind of dip, and then, like, know this stuff, and so, our lives are a little bit safer at this school, knowing kind of the picture of what's going on now, and then we all just kind of graduate and continue on the Thunderman business as... as, uh, y'know, successful partners. So that's option three, and that one looks pretty good right now, Higglemas. Because I don't know that I want to die in the service of your brother not being a dog anymore.

Higglemas: I... what I'm about to say, uh, forgive me, because it is going to sound very threatening, and I do not mean it to. It is just a statement of fact. But... you would not be walking out that door with the memory of this discussion intact.

Fitzroy: Yeah, that sounded a little threatening.

Firbolg: Sounded threatening. A little threatening, for sure.

Fitzroy: Yeah, pretty threatening, bud.

Argo: Kind of threatening. A little threatening.

Firbolg: A little bit.

Higglemas: I recognize—listen, I prefaced. I said.

Argo: [laughs]

Higglemas: I know, I re—I do. Yeah. But the fact of the matter is, saving my brother is just step one. Because let's look at the bigger picture here, boys... someone ripped the world a new one. And that chasm has been leaking out wild magic for 50 years.

Travis: And he looks at you, Fitzroy, and says...

Higglemas: And I think you know something about wild magic.

Fitzroy: Yeah, I didn't do it. So like... I would'a remembered blowing a butt crack in the side of the world.

Higglemas: Oh, I'm—

Justin: [giggles]

Higglemas: I'm not saying you did it. I'm saying, that right now, as far as any of my research and any of my scouts and spies have been able to figure... there's only two places on all of Nua where this wild magic exists. In the Godscar Chasm... and in Fitzroy Maplecourt.

Fitzroy: Okay, so I guess it is me. Sorry, guys. My whoopsie. I must'a just like, slept-walked. Sleep—slept... walk... you know what I mean.

Higglemas: Unless you're 50 years old, Fitzroy, I don't think you caused the chasm. I think, maybe the other way around.

Fitzroy: I climbed out of its... earthen womb?

Higglemas: [sighs] No. That the magic that's—

Firbolg: You were both from the earth's butt crack.

Higglemas: No. That the magic that manifested in you is somehow connected to the magic leaking out of the—I shouldn't have to—it's—

Fitzroy: No, yes. We've pieced it together.

Higglemas: Okay, then why are we talking about butt cracks?

Fitzroy: It's just—it's another great lead that you have given us that we can follow up on.

Clint: This is gonna be awful fan art.

Firbolg: Higglemas... tell them... about your brother.

[music plays]

[pause]

Higglemas: It's hard to decide even where to begin. My brother... it... it sounds so empty to say that he's the greatest person I've ever known, but... imagine if I said that, and you truly believed that it was not... I'm not speaking metaphorically. I'm not speaking in grandiose terms. He is, quite literally, the greatest person I have ever known.

He... he has saved so many lives. And asked for nothing in return. He... founded this school so that he could train... so he could train a new generation of heroes to be what heroes should be.

Fitzroy: And villains though, right? And villains, though?

Higglemas: Not at first. 250 years ago, when we opened this school, it was just a training school. The world changed around us, and the school changed with it, but that was not his intention when he began this school. He had such... lofty goals. And... slowly, the world chipped away.

But he still believed that people would do good. Not for a paycheck, but because... it was the right thing to do. And the world... still needs that. I... I would have died saving my brother, if that would've—if I could have... spared him any of this... at any cost... I would have. Out of love, yes, but because I know the world is a better place with Hieronymous Wigenstaff in it.

Firbolg: This is... what he said to me. This... these words. This is... why I... let myself be changed. Let my mind be... vanished. Hm? *Blod ettin er blod kong*. The blood of the runt is the blood of the king. *Prakt, Strev, Rang,*

glang byrd. Bravery. Effort. And honor over birth. This... one person is... worth this. This is... this is something we can do.

[music fades]

Argo: Well, I don't want to speak for Fitzroy, but I'm in. Whatever we can do... whatever I can do to help ya fix your brother, the dog, or find out who fake Hieronymous is, or... whatever. Patch up the chasm. Whatever... I'm in. I'm in. You got my hand. Here.

Clint: I'm putting—holding out, like, y'know... like the Lord of the Rings thing.

Argo: I'm in. I'm doing it.

Travis: Hero puts his paw on your hand.

Firbolg: Argo... this thing, it... will look very good on your quarterly evaluation.

Griffin: [laughs]

Firbolg: This is the kind of attitude we look for in an up and coming Thunderman employee!

Argo: [laughs] Well, I'm not doing it for that reason, but if that's a bonus, yay me.

Firbolg: It doesn't hurt.

Argo: It doesn't hurt.

Fitzroy: Let's not bandy the term 'bonus' about. It makes him very nervous, financially speaking.

Argo: No, it doesn't make me nervous at all. It makes me happy about it. I want a bonus.

Fitzroy: Yeah, okay.

Argo: What do you say?

Fitzroy: Uh, yeah. Yeah, I just—before I say anything, I'm gonna say a thing that I said, like, ten minutes ago, before we all talked about how brave this dog is. Uh, which was... what is in it for us? Because you asked if I wanted to be a hero. Yup. I did. And you asked if I wanted a title. Higglemas, the only thing I really ask from you is for a diploma. So... I think that's a pretty good trade, don't you think?

Higglemas: Sure, Fitzroy. If that's... yes. You help me save my brother, and by extension, the world, and I will give you a piece of paper that says you have finished your schooling here, or whatever.

Fitzroy: Thank you! Right? Good!

Justin: [laughs]

Fitzroy: If you had started there, like, a bit ago, you probably could've got me to do it just for some hours. But you agreed, and you all saw it, that he's gonna give me a diploma. And that means I'll get to wear the cool robe, and the cool hat, and I get to sail over the ocean, or the mountains, or wherever direction Goodcastle's in, and then, everything's great.

Listen – of course we'll do it. Of course we'll do it! This is a great chance for the Thunderman organization to prove itself! To cut our teeth on a big, global, chaotic adventure? That sounds radical!

Higglemas: Well, good to hear you finally on board. Um...

Fitzroy: Can you advance like, half the diploma?

Justin: [snorts]

Higglemas: No. What?

Fitzroy: Oh, can you sign this sheet that says that I can get a bunch of gold and stuff to make some cool, like, rings or whatever?

Higglemas: Sure. What the fuck do I care?

Fitzroy: Yeah, sign right there.

Higglemas: Okay.

Fitzroy: And right there.

Higglemas: Uh-huh.

Fitzroy: And initial right there.

Higglemas: You got it.

Fitzroy: Cool. Okay, that's a good start.

Higglemas: It doesn't affect me at all. I'm happy to cost this school whatever money you need.

Fitzroy: Oh my god. Hey, guys, did you hear that?

Firbolg: We want... the permanent hall pass!

Higglemas: But that's legend!

Travis: [laughs]

Firbolg: I have heard of it told in legend and myth!

Higglemas: I'll begin crafting the dark runes.

Travis: [laughing]

Firbolg: My—my friend, Derek, told me about it during shop class!

Fitzroy: I want our own private crepery, open with a full time—with full time staffing inside of our dormitory. This is non-negotiable.

Higglemas: Well, I—I mean, if I make big—I can—okay, sorry. Let me rephrase. I can give you anything within reason that I can justifiably say will help benefit your schooling and adventures or whatever.

Fitzroy: Oh, okay.

Higglemas: I can't set you up, y'know, a water slide in your dorm or whatever.

Fitzroy: That sounds cool too, and I'm adding it to the list, or else, ooh, sorry puppy. You want tummy rubs? Can I tummy rub your brother?

Higglemas: I'm a very powerful—you can. He actually really likes that. But I'm a very powerful wizard. I just want you to keep that in mind before you start being, y'know, a little shit.

So, if that's everything, and everyone's on board and up to date... I have been beefing up these wards.

Travis: And he kind of waves his hand, and you see, all carved along the rafters, in the stones, in the doors, in the window frames, everything. Just about every surface of this room begins glowing with runes. And the whole thing is warded.

Higglemas: Everything is ready, and the Firbolg has already brought me just about everything I need. But there's one more ingredient I need.

Tomorrow, you are being sent out on an assignment. Uh, I pulled some strings to make sure you were assigned this one. I said that this would be, I

don't know, good for Argo or what—I can't even remember. But basically, there are two herds of centaurs that are on the brink of doing battle.

Every year, their sacred tree goes two apples. One goes to one herd, and one goes to the other. And this year, for whatever reason, for the first time, the tree only grew one. And I need you, by hook or by crook, to bring me that apple.

Fitzroy: The whole thing, or just—will a slice suffice?

Higglemas: I'm gonna need the whole apple.

Argo: Mmm... not much vitamin C in an apple, so... yeah. I don't want it.

Fitzroy: What's wrong with you? Why is that—why is—

Argo: Rickets! I've explained the rickets fear to ya!

Firbolg: This does not sound like the action of a hero. What is the apple for to the centaurs?

Higglemas: To the centaurs, it just represents balance. Um, they don't know the power of it. It is merely a sacred tree, and this is a relic that blesses them with blah blah blah blah blah. But for me, it is the last ingredient I need to make a potion that we can use over and over again to undo transformations, and... we need it.

Remember what I said earlier – being a hero sometimes involves collateral damage. But no one will get hurt; at least, if you do your jobs right. They do not need this apple to live. You can figure it out. I believe in the three of you.

And also, to that point – I don't have anyone else to do it. So I kind of have to believe in—

Fitzroy: There it is.

Higglemas: Yeah. I have to believe.

Argo: That puts it into context. Yeah.

Higglemas: In the three of you.

Fitzroy: Um... yeah. Okay. Yeah, that sounds great. I've got like, four or five ideas. We can go home and just sort of brainstorm it. Do pro and con list. Um, I've got this one where like, we bring an apple from school, and then like—or a big basket of apples, and we just like, dump `em all on the ground on top of the magic apple, and then we're like, "Oh no, oh no!" But I know which one the magic apple is.

Argo: That's good. I like that. We could just steal it.

Fitzroy: Yep.

Firbolg: I have... a question.

Higglemas: You don't have to raise your hand.

Firbolg: Will we be... um... honest? With the... centaurs... about our intent?

Higglemas: Well, that is a fine question, Master Firbolg. I...

Travis: And he kind of looks at Argo and Fitzroy and says...

Higglemas: I imagine that will not be the case. Am I wrong, boys?

Fitzroy: Oh, almost certainly wrong, yes.

Firbolg: [sighs]

Fitzroy: You leave the—but you leave the talkin' to us. And you focus more on the apple stuff. `Cause it seems like your forte.

Firbolg: Listen... I tell you this now. And... Higglemas will attest. You must... not... tell... me... the plan.

Griffin: [laughs]

Firbolg: I... I am so bad to lie. He must wipe my memory away.

Fitzroy: Okay.

Firbolg: I must not know the plan! Swear it!

Fitzroy: I—yes, we swear.

Argo: We will keep you ignorant.

Fitzroy: It will be a need to know basis, and even then, there's like a whole other basis below that that we will keep you on.

Firbolg: Then... let us march forward in blessed ignorance.

Fitzroy: One last thing – is this all part of a test of some sort?

Higglemas: No.

Fitzroy: Okay, I had to ask.

Higglemas: Firbolg, would you like me to wipe your memory again?

Firbolg: Ah... [sighs] [pause] It would be smart. I would love to—

Griffin: [laughs]

Firbolg: I am trying to think of... as long as no one asks, I will be fine. And if someone asks, "Is the dog your brother?" The ship, as they say, has done the sink.

Griffin: [laughing]

Higglemas: You're not instilling me with a lot of confidence here, Mr. Firbolg, if I'm being honest.

Firbolg: Imagine how I feel, eh?

Higglemas: So is that a yes?

Fitzroy: It'll make things way more complicated. Please don't.

Firbolg: No, I will be fine. These two will protect—

Higglemas: Please—

Fitzroy: I'll just start—I'll cough really loud if he has to talk about something. So maybe they won't hear it.

Higglemas: Please—

Firbolg: This will do nothing.

Higglemas: —for the love of god... don't ever let the Firbolg out of your sight. If anyone asks him a direct question... if you have to knock him unconscious, whatever you need to do, get him the fuck away from them.

Firbolg: You may try this thing.

Argo: Well, to make a point, he's only gotten out of our sight when you've magically ordered him to, so...

Higglemas: Okay. Y'know what? I've explained all of that. I'm not going to justify—

Argo: I know you have! I'm just—I'm just saying!

Justin: [laughing]

Argo: Y'know...

Fitzroy: It's just, we were playing fantasy—uh, fantasy cribbage the other day, and he just left. And that was rude.

Higglemas: That wasn't—I was—that wasn't me. And... [sighs] I shouldn't have to say this, but... I'm going to, just 'cause it feels like the good call, talking to you three. No one else can know anything about this. Do you understand? Not a friend. Not an advisor. Nobody. Not even family. No one—anyone you tell is not only put in danger themselves, but could be a danger to you. We don't know who we can trust. Do you understand?

Firbolg: Oh... oh no. The bug.

Higglemas: What—

Firbolg: Hi—Higglemas... I... I am afraid Althea knows everything.

[theme music plays]