

GHOSTHONEY'S DREAM MACHINE EPISODE 103

Wizard About Town Tape 1 - Norman The Ghost Chats With Wizard Oak

Ghosthoney discovers a mysterious box filled with old cassette tapes on his doorstep. The tapes are archives of a local access radio interview show called Wizard About Town, described as "Your nightly source for news and all ongoings in the magical community of Hazel Grove." In the first episode of Wizard About Town, we meet our host Wizard Oak and his guest – a confused ghost suffering from memory loss named Norman.

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[Beeping sound effects and the words "POD PEOPLE"]

[Swirling sound effects]

ANNOUNCER: Relax. Breathe. You're listening to *Ghosthoney's Dream Machine*.

[Episode opens with the sound of hands rustling through a box of cassette tapes]

GHOSTHONEY: Hmm...let's see if this thing still works...

[Tape machine turns on. Theme music for 'Wizard About Town' begins]

WIZARD OAK: Welcome creatures of the day and creatures of the night. I am your wizened host- Wizard Oak, and you are listening....To Wizard About Town.



[Theramin sound zooms in and out. Gentle background 'wizard' sounds are in the distance...magical machines whirring, wind chimes, a music box, a cauldron bubbling etc]

WIZARD OAK: Your nightly source for news and all ongoings here in our magical little community Hazel Grove. Tonight I am joined by Hazle Groves newest resident a kind ghost I found staring into the small pond outside my cottage this morning. Thank you for being here today ghost, tell us a little about yourself. What's your name, your business and what brings you to Hazel Grove?

NORMAN: Umm...Hello?

[Norman's voice is layered with reverb and echoes]

WIZARD OAK: Ah hello, ghost, how are you doing tonight?

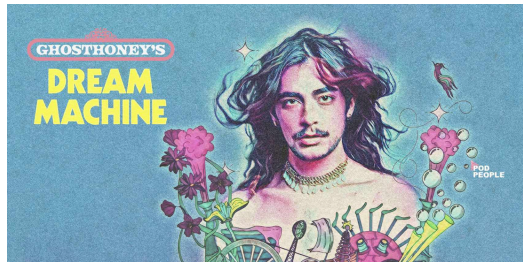
NORMAN: I'm not sure.....Where am I?

WIZARD OAK: You are in my cottage and recording studio. And you are live on my community access show *Wizard About Town*, where I interview the local citizens and transient passer throughs of our magical little community, Hazel Grove.

NORMAN: Oh right...you're the man with pointy velvet shoes that talked to me outside by the pond.

WIZARD OAK: Do you remember your name, my spectral friend?

NORMAN: My name? Mmm...my name is....



WIZARD OAK: Oh dear... it appears you are much more recently deceased than I originally thought. For any listeners out there who aren't already aware, sometimes in the excitement that happens when a soul gets liberated from its body, the memories get left behind. But, worry not! They always find their way back. Slowly but surely, I always likened the speed and consistency of memories to maple syrup..

NORMAN: Wait...am I...a ghost?

WIZARD OAK: Ah, it would appear so. Why don't you try to remember how you came to the pond outside, and I will fetch you some assorted ghost cheeses and ghost fruits? They're made from ghost cows and ghost trees from our local ghost orchard. I keep some stocked in our snack pantry for situations just like this.

[Wizard Oak gets up, walks away on a creaky wooden floor, and start to rummage through glass jars and boxes]

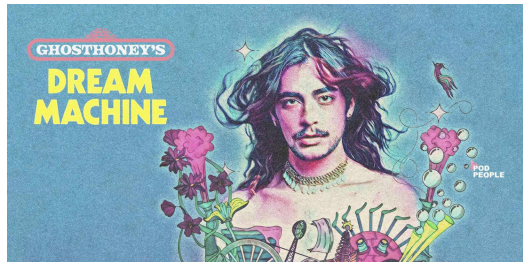
NORMAN: I thought I was dreaming..the sun was just beginning to rise, everything was cast in a strange blue light and I remember gliding through a foggy grove of moss covered trees...

[Wizard Oak's voice sounds a little further away you can still hear him moving bottles]

WIZARD OAK: Ooh that's the back entrance to Hazel Grove.

[A tiny glass bottle breaks and a ghostly cow moos]

WIZARD OAK: Oh shoot...I dropped the ghost milk.



NORMAN: Hmm...I glided through the trees and I came out to a clearing with tall dewy grass and a lichen covered stone wall that seemed to disappear on both sides into the fog... and at the center of the wall was a crumbling stone archway..

WIZARD OAK: Ah you came right through my garden then, sorry about the overgrown grass the gnome that tends to my gardens is on their honeymoon. You would love Charlotte and her new wife. I hope they remember to bring me back a seashell like I asked...

[Footsteps of Wizard Oak returning]

NORMAN: I followed the cobblestone path under the archway, through a garden filled with strange plants and sculptures. Then I saw the small pond next to this cottage. I peeked inside and realized I didn't recognize the person I was looking at...but also that I could see the stars in the sky through the reflection of the face looking back at me.

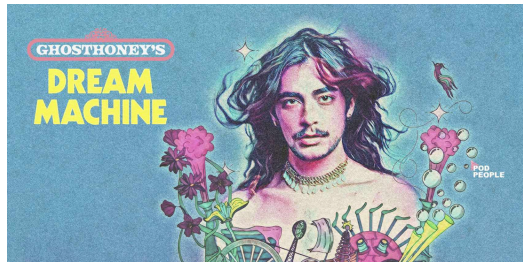
WIZARD OAK: How alarming that must be to realize you're transparent...how did that make you feel?

NORMAN: Hmm...It's hard to say....insubstantial and diaphanous?

WIZARD OAK: What excellent descriptors...here you go try these. I'm sort of Hazel Grove's cheese expert. I made the ghost cheese myself. It has hazelnuts from the grove of trees you walked through. Hazel Grove is famous for their hazelnuts.

NORMAN: hmmm...It tastes so light creamy like a Camembert or a nutty brie...oh!

[The sound of windchimes and a small gust of wind]



NORMAN: Oh! I think I'm remembering things!

WIZARD OAK: Ah - hazelnuts are loaded with antioxidants and nutrients, but the hazel trees that grow here are full of countless magical properties. I come from a long line of wizards that have devoted their lives to studying the hazel trees of Hazel Grove.

NORMAN: I remember.....my name is Norman! I made shoes.

WIZARD OAK: Ah! Fabulous Norman. It's so nice to meet you. What kind of shoes did you make?

NORMAN: All kinds! My favorite were tap shoes, but I've never made any like yours before.

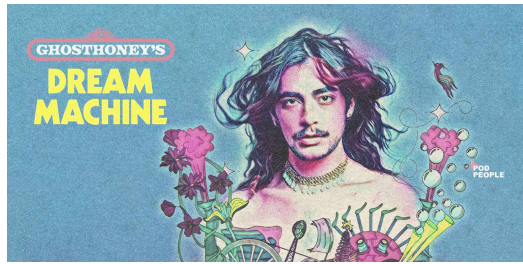
WIZARD OAK: Thank you - mine are custom made but I've been in the market for a new cobbler. Now Norman, do you remember if you liked dancing? The people of Hazel Grove, if you'll pardon the expression, are dying to know.

NORMAN: I can't remember..but I do remember that my life was mundane but beautiful and I loved crosswords and collecting duck figurines!

WIZARD OAK: Fascinating.

NORMAN: The rest is still very hazy but I do feel a lot better...thank you!

WIZARD OAK: It's my pleasure. It seems the hazelnut ghost cheese heated up the maple syrup that is your past memories and helped some of them run a little faster. I'm sure as time goes on you'll remember more and more. Why don't I escort you to



our local tavern, The Spotted Salmon. We'll get you a tepid glass of ghost cider and see what else from your past we can uncover.

NORMAN: Thank you Wizard Oak.

WIZARD OAK: Any time Norman. Would you mind before we head out helping me mop up the ghost milk? Once it's out of the bottle it's hard for me to handle...

NORMAN: Oh! Yeah sure.

WIZARD OAK: Thank you so much for listening to Wizard About Town. Join us again tomorrow night for another dazzling look inside the lives of those who call Hazel Grove their home. Until we meet again.

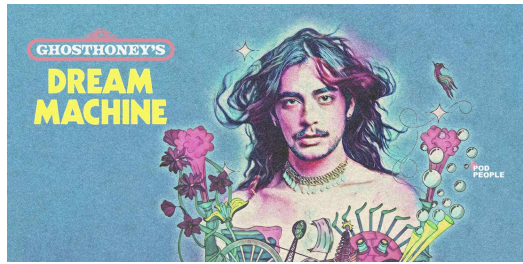
[Wizard About Town theme music comes back in and fades out]

[Tape machine is turned off]

GHOSTHONEY: Ghosthoney's Dream Machine will be back after this break.

[Cheesy Commercial Music]

GHOSTHONEY ANNOUNCER: Ghost Honey's Dream Machine is made possible thanks to the patronage of several hard working and very intelligent rats. Sunflower, Lovey, Richard, Templeton, Daisy, Chili and Popcorn. We thank you for your continued support and guidance.



GHOSTHONEY: Welcome back, Gentle Listeners.

[Theramin swooshes back in...meditative music comes on]

GHOSTHONEY: Hmmmm so that was tape number one...it was a little weird but I've definitely heard weirder. Oh maybe I should fill you in Gentle listeners. Last night at around 3am I heard a pounding at my front door. So, I did what anyone would do. I grabbed the aluminum baseball bat that I keep under my bed and cried a little bit while I peered out the front door window and did my best to hold in my pee. I waited a few minutes to make sure that whoever knocked had left and when I opened the door I found a small cardboard box. Stained green from some weird liquid and covered in dirt and leaves. It looked almost as if it had been living deep in a cave or buried in the forest floor for years and years....my first thought was "I've listened to too many true crime podcasts, I know evidence from a murder scene when I see it..." So again, I did what anyone would do....I grabbed a very long stick from the front yard and poked the top of the box open to expose it's insides and that's when I found....cassette tapes. A lot of them....which was a huge relief...but seemed to provide more questions than answers... Oh! Maybe the moon saw who left the box.

[Footsteps walking across room. Window creaks open. Crickets and sounds of the night.]

GHOSTHONEY: Hey Moon...did you see who left this muddy box of cassette tapes on my front porch?

MOON: (*the moon voice is deep with reverb*) Hmm...we don't see things as they are....we see them as we are..



GHOSTHONEY: Uhuh yeah...but did you see whoever or whatever left this box of tapes outside my house last night?? I had to drive to three different Goodwills today just to find a tape player

MOON: Ah...it's been cloudy the past couple of days, so i'm sorry to say...it's all been a blur to me

GHOSTHONEY: I love you moon, but sometimes you're no help at all... ugh Gentle Listeners I know I should have installed a security camera when we moved in to this house. These tapes are so dusty and look so old I'm surprised that they still work. I wonder if this is some artist's passion project? Maybe they're too shy for face-to-face feedback? Or maybe this was an obscure radio show from the 70's? I did like listening to this first tape though. I think Norman is a great name for a ghost...

GHOSTHONEY: Hey Moon what did you think of this tape?

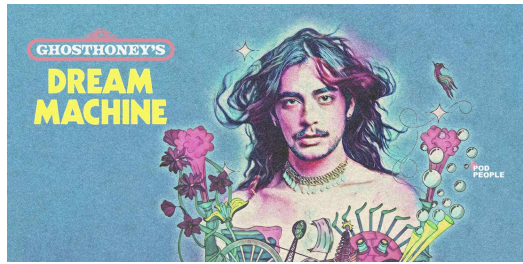
MOON: During the day I don't believe in ghosts, but at night I'm a little more open-minded.

GHOSTHONEY: But...don't you only ever experience the night?

MOON: Exactly....

GHOSTHONEY: Ok thank you moon...and thank you gentle listeners I think...I'm going to go google how to clean cassette tapes... sweet dreams for now. *(blows two kisses)*

[Window closes]



[1920s JAZZ MUSIC]

GHOSTHONEY: Ghosthoney's Dream Machine was written by me, Tyler Gaca. It was co-created by me and my friends at Pod People, who make this lovely little podcast come to life: Rachael King, Matt Sav, Chris Jacobs, Danielle Roth, Morgane Fouse, and Anne Feuss. Special Thanks to Barbara Jones and Mark Fischer at Outshine Talent, and all my friends and family.

If you love Ghosthoney's Dream Machine, the best thing you can do is share it with a friend. And if you're an overachiever, please leave a glowing review and rate us on Spotify, Apple Podcasts, or wherever you listen to podcasts!

You can follow me @ghosthoney on TikTok and @tylergaca everywhere else to stay tuned on all Dream Machine news, and please - if you feel so inclined, go ahead and submit your own dreams at the link in any of my social media bios- I may include it in an upcoming episode.

Bye for now. (Kiss kiss)

[JAZZ MUSIC FADES OUT]