

GHOSTHONEY'S DREAM MACHINE EPISODE 104

Ghosthoney Makes An Unfortunate Trade With a Strange Iced Creams Man

Ghosthoney talks about his favorite childhood treats when he hears an ice cream truck outside. He goes outside to investigate and finds that the ice cream man is actually a Barter Fairy. Things take an unexpected turn when Ghosthoney makes a trade that he immediately regrets.

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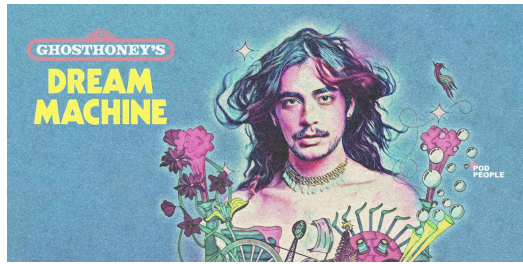
[SFX: Beeping sound effects and the words "POD PEOPLE"]

[SFX: Swirling sounds]

ANNOUNCER: Relax. Breathe. Welcome to *Ghosthoney's Dream Machine*.

Ghost Honey: Greetings gentle listeners. Lately I've been thinking a lot about the act of collecting. Are any of you collectors? My whole life I've felt compelled to gather and bring home small inanimate objects. There has never been any rhyme or reason to the things that I collect. My shelves and walls are filled with everything from unique looking rocks and seashells to dead butterflies and abandoned vintage photographs that I adopted from thrift stores.

It feels like some sort of primal urge or magpie-like genetic trait that's passed down through the family. I often don't even remember how I've come to collect some of the things that I own. For example, A couple of summers ago, as we were preparing to move cross country, I was cleaning out our cold dirt floor basement and found two



grocery bags full of river stones that I didn't even remember putting down there. I couldn't justify moving literal bags of rocks across the country, but I couldn't bring myself to just dump them in the garden in our backyard. I think I snuck one rock into a box filled with other memories and trinkets and donated the rest...I don't know what that seemed like the best option at the time. I think my thought process was...maybe someone will be drawn to these rocks like I was and want to give them a good home.

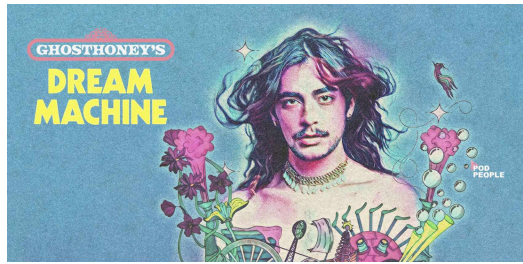
Even now as I reminisce on my various collected treasures, I am looking down at an owl figurine that I have no memory of collecting. It's a small brown plastic owl, maybe two inches tall, sitting on a green tree stump, it doesn't look like it's worth very much, like it could be one of those small \$1 dollar souvenirs that you would get from the zoo. I have no idea where he came from or how long I've had him. I have photos in the archives of my phone of him back in one of my college apartments, sitting on the windowsill next to a very tarnished thrifted silver teapot and a crystal ball that I stole from my sister. If you move forward in time three years on my phone I have photos of him sitting on the bedside table in me and my husbands old attic bedroom in Ohio. I think I have a photo of him in every apartment I've ever lived in, maybe it's time that I give him a name...

[SFX: Camera sfx with added reverb for each described shot]

[SFX: creepy ice cream truck]

Ghosthoney: sorry...Can you all hear that? **(pause to listen to melody)** It sounds like an ice cream truck...which would normally be exciting but it's winter and a little past midnight right now...please excuse me while i take a sneaky peek around my curtains.

[SFX: chair squeaking - curtains rustling to look outside the closed window]



Ghosthoney: That's definitely an ice cream truck...

Ghosthoney: (*whispering*) (SFX: *Ice cream truck music still in the distance*) Well gentle listeners should I paint the scene for you? It's a particularly cold and hazy night here in southern California, and there is currently an electric pink ice cream truck parked directly under a street lamp in my culdesac...or at least I think it's an ice cream truck? I've never seen one that looks like this but not many other vehicles are this fluorescently colored or play nursery rhymes from a speaker..

Maybe this is a performance art piece? Or maybe a pop up? I would normally advise against approaching any ice cream truck this late at night...but my journalistic instinct and sweet tooth are imploring me to investigate.

sorry I had a great one sided conversation planned around my top 30 favorite types of seashells to collect but it'll have to wait another day. If you'll pardon the pun, let's get the scoop on whats going on with this ice cream truck. Wow that was good.

[SFX: sounds of Ghosthoney getting up walking, footsteps on wooden floor, opening a door, the sounds of the ice cream truck music and an idling engine getting louder...]

Ghosthoney: *under breath *be brave, be brave.*

[SFX: footsteps now on gravel or grass, the engine quietly running, crickets, and outdoor sounds?]

Ghosthoney: Hello? Is anybody there?

[SFX: window sliding open]



Barter: Hello!

Ghosthoney: Hi....uhmmm I've never seen an ice cream truck do their rounds this late at night before. Are you some kind of ice cream truck for the nocturnal?

Barter: Aren't the stars particularly bright tonight? Venus is positively radiant!

Ghosthoney:...oh uh yeah... do you by any chance have any of those small spongebob icecreams? The ones with the two lopsided bubblegum eyes? Those were my favorite growing up.

Barter: Oooh.....oh no sorry,,,, I don't have any iced creams.....

Ghosthoney: What?

Barter: I have sunglasses!

Ghosthoney: Huh? Why are you selling sunglasses out of an ice cream truck?

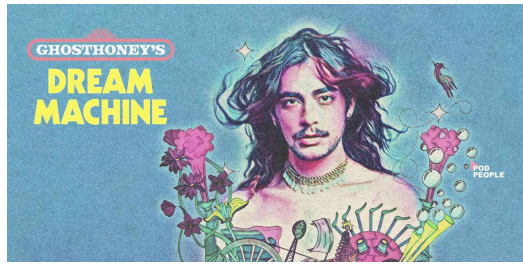
Barter: Don't you just love this song?

Ghosthoney: ...I guess, wait. is sunglasses code for something?

Barter: No codes! Just sunglasses!

Ghosthoney: Ok. Can I see the sunglasses?

Barter: Hahahahahahahaha *(weird laugh effect) no



Ghosthoney: How come?

Barter: I'm a little worried that you'll pick a frame that doesn't best flatter the shape of your face.

Ghosthoney: This is all.... incredibly confusing. I don't mean to question the legitimacy of your livelihood or business model but do you sustain yourself by only selling sunglasses out of an ice cream truck at night?

Barter: *ignoring Ghosthoney Hmmmmmm I think you should try on.....oh! These ones! ***Echo sound effect**

[SFX: handling sunglasses]

Ghosthoney: *Gasps oh! Those are....kind of gorgeous!

[SFX: handling sunglasses]

Barter: I know

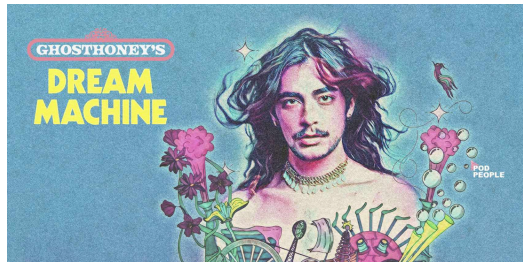
[SFX: handling sunglasses]

Ghosthoney: I love a tortoise shell pattern..wow they're the perfect proportion for my face... How much?

Barter: How much what?

Ghosthoney: How much money for the sunglasses?

Barter: You can just trade me something personal that you deem worthy of the same value.



Ghosthoney: oh.....I'm not sure what I....I don't really have anything on me I think I could trade.

Barter: **quickly** What about that object in your right side jacket pocket?

Ghosthoney: I don't have anything in my pockets....oh...wait.....this is my owl figurine..?

[SFX: rustling]

Barter:

gasps loudly SOLD! GIMME GIMME GIMME PLEASE!

Ghosthoney: That's weird I don't remember even grabbing it on the way out...

Barter: I will gladly trade you those sunglasses, which look great on your rectangle shaped face, for your small nameless owl figurine.

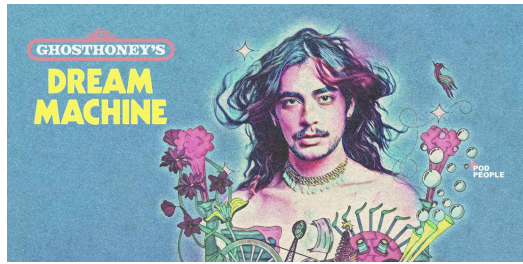
Ghosthoney:How did you know he doesn't have a name?

Barter: Those glasses do look so lovely on you.

Ghosthoney: ...ok yeah....sure why not..it's a deal. Sunglasses are probably more useful here in Los Angeles than small plastic owl figurines right?

Barter: Thank you for your business!

[SFX: **window slams shut, engine turns, and ice cream truck drives off into the distance**]



[SFX: Music fades and we go to mid-roll and then the fake commercial]

ANNOUNCER: This episode of Ghosthoney's Dream Machine is brought to you by the color blue. Ancient Greeks didn't perceive it, it's the rarest color to appear in nature, and it's Your dad's favorite color probably too.

[SFX: fade back in the sounds of Ghosthoney walking outside.]

Ghosthoney: What just happened?

[SFX: we hear Ghosthoney slowly walk back over the street and the grass]

Ghosthoney: I hope I didn't accidentally just trade my soul or something that would be so embarrassing...who was that guy? I hope I did the right thing...

[SFX: Ghosthoney talks to the moon while he's still outside!]

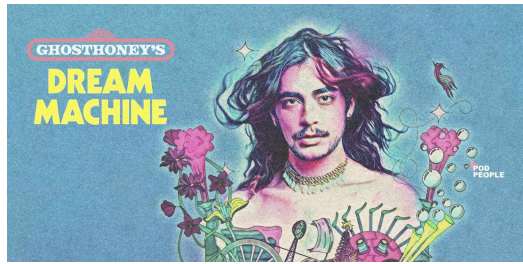
Ghosthoney: Moon what do you think? Was that a smart trade?

Moon: The measure of your life will not be in what you accumulate, but in what you give away....Dr. Wayne Dyer.

Ghosthoney: Yeah ok but do you think it was smart to trade away my owl figurine like that? I don't think it was worth very much....and can items have sentimental value to you if you can't even remember where they came from?

Moon: A wise old owl lived in an oak
The more he saw the less he spoke
The less he spoke the more he heard.
Why can't we all be like that wise old bird?

Ghosthoney:Did you just tell me to shut up???



Moon: Did you love the owl?

Ghosthoney: I don't know...I just feel a little bad now because that owl has lived with me for so long. I feel like I just abandoned it or traded away a little piece of myself... I think i'm feeling buyers remorse....or barterers remorse?

Moon: The owl isn't real.

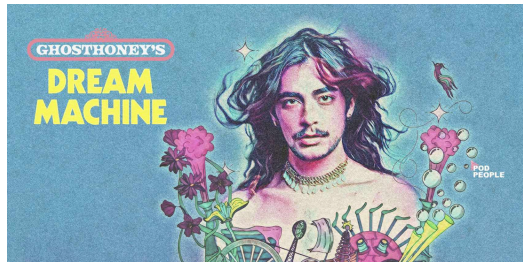
Ghosthoney: Yeah...yeah you're right.

Moon: ..Nothing is real

Ghosthoney: Ok Jesus ok calm down Moon it's too late for this kind of talk. I'm feeling vulnerable and not in a good way.

[SFX: Ghosthoney walks back inside]

Ghosthoney: huh...I can't explain it but...I feel kind of weird..almost like I just woke up from a fever dream. Why did I make that trade? I did love that nameless little owl figurine. We'd been through so much together, even if I can't remember where I got it. Also I don't ever leave my house I'm not gonna use these sunglasses??? Even if they do compliment the shape of my face, I haven't even seen the sun in like three days? I hope that guy doesn't do anything sinister to that owl... and why was he so excited? And why did he have an ice cream truck with not even one of those red white and blue ice pops inside? Every ice cream truck has those. Also why am I just now thinking of these things?? Was I in a...trance? I love to support creative endeavors and non traditional career paths but fear I may have been bamboozled just now. Oh I feel like such a beautiful fool.

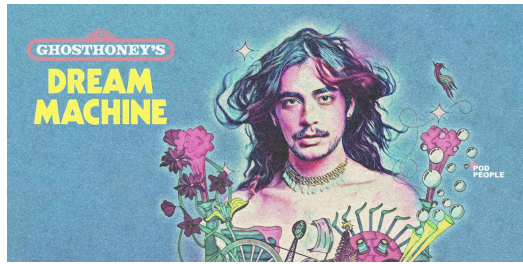


I don't think it's silly to pour your heart into tiny inanimate objects. If anything it feels like part of the human experience. If you think about it. We love to love things, even if they're not real. We do it without even being taught when we're young. I loved playing with dolls and beanie babies and making up stories. and I think collecting rocks and seashells and strange trinkets is a natural progression of that.. I loved looking at that little plastic owl and reliving the memories attached to him, and making up little stories of where he came from what his little owl life was like before he met me...the little plastic owl adventures he might have had... I think I'll keep an ear open and an eye out for that icecream man...or whatever that man was. ooh if he ever comes back around here i'm gonna insist that we trade back. I don't care if these sunglasses are more practical! I want my little nameless friend back..no..I will get him back..

Well gentle listeners, I hope you found this episode informative...I guess? or at least a healthy combination of gently unnerving and mildly entertaining? Hold your inanimate objects close tonight...and if you live in Ohio and ever come across a bag of rocks at a thrift store will you let me know if they're ok? And also let them know that I think about them often? Thanks and sweet dreams. Kiss kiss

[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]