



## **Narrator Intro**

*Welcome back to the path, wanderers.*

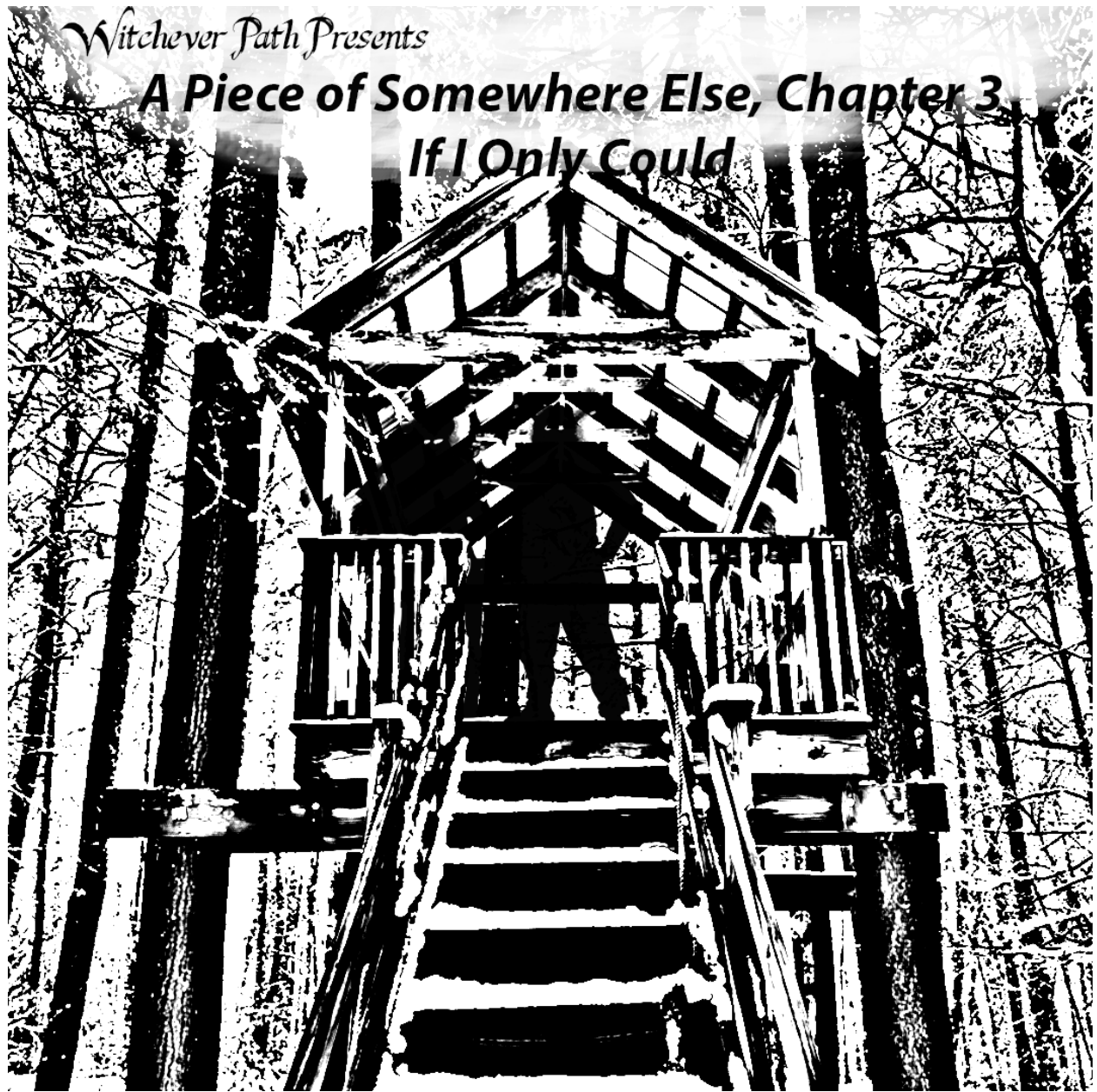
Previously in “A Piece of Somewhere Else,” Philip had stumbled into a bizarre clearing, surrounded by thick, thorned brambles. Looking for a way out, the paths he discovered gradually transformed from wild brush and vines to a manicured hedge maze. With the smell of a campfire and the sounds of music just up ahead, Philip felt relief that he was closer to civilization and the ability to get back to his partner.

But when exiting the maze through a wooden door, he found an extinguished campfire, and no sign of anyone around save for tracks that diverged in two separate directions.

Quite a few people had climbed over a short property wall and into the wild. But another, lone set of tracks made their way up the hill toward a yellow garden shed and a cliff that may be obscuring the home the shed belongs to.

Cold and tired, Philip was resolute to get moving. But it was you who made the choice for him. And in this case, you chose for him to walk up the hill.

And so Witchever Path Presents “A Piece of Somewhere Else, Chapter Three – If I Only Could.”



*Witchever Path Presents*  
**A Piece of Somewhere Else, Chapter 3**  
**If I Only Could**

Written by Etienne LaFond



[sound of snow crunching underneath PHILIP's feet]

[rustle of bag]

I'm taking this. Let's see what's inside... Looks like a blanket or sweatshirt in here. It's wrapped around something. There's a side pocket...

[sound of stuff coming out of the pocket]

Okay. Here's a little flask with a leather band around it. You got me one of these once. Flasks always seemed pretty cool, but I never carried it. It seemed to whisper "alcoholic" to me. You once asked me where it was, but I didn't know. I think it's on my bookshelf next to the desk. The leather band has been engraved. No wait, tooled. That's what you called it when you showed me your leather making stuff. It's *tooled*.

And it's expertly tooled at that. On close inspection, it's a series of woven vines, looking similar to the brambles I'd only just escaped. On the wider side of the flask, there is a set of stairs carved into the leather that leads up to tiny little roofed shelter. The detail is insane. How did they do this on what's only a few inches of hide?

I shake the flask and hear the slosh of who knows what liquid. It's not mine. Better put it back while I follow these footprints up the hill.

[footprints, slight wind... whispers... far off voices]

What is that?

"Hello?"

[voices fade out]

The voices from the other side of the wall are quiet now. Fine. A group of people trying not to be found isn't something I'm going to pursue.

[wind]

The wind's picking up. The snow is really starting to fall again. All right, Philip. Double-time. The hill's steep, but manageable. Somebody's screaming in the woods.

[roar and screaming]

I try to look for its source but the wind blows thick, angry snowflakes into my eyes. Where did all of this come from? It'd been mostly clear before...

[roll of thunder, quick lightning flash]



[WIND ROARS]

The world around me gets suddenly darker, the air filled with snow. I can't see the woods or the property wall I just left behind. Shit! The fucking wind. It's so cold. I lift my scarf over my mouth and feel my warm breath push against the fabric. Gotta move up the hill. Get to the shed. The only way my eyes don't sting is if I keep looking at my feet, and even then I can't focus. It's probably about thirty steps more before I get even near where that shed should be. It should be to the right.

[Strange animal noise, and the steps of something else, too]

That's from down below... by the wall.

[sound of rocks falling, the animal sound louder]

What the... Down there... what's that coming over the wall? A big person, I think. Lumbering through. Pieces of the wall have fallen. They're tall, whoever they are. The haze of the storm is making it impossible to see them clearly. They're digging in the snow by the firepit I think. What are they...

[loud grunt and then smash of tree stump next to Philip]

“Holy shit!”

They nearly hit me with a stump from the fire! Fuck! That's like... 100ft down the hill, more! It's lodged upright next to my foot.

“I could have died, asshole!”

The figure starts to walk forward. They're not covering their eyes, or shielding themselves from the storm, but they're walking quickly in a diagonal fashion toward me, as though propelled by the wind itself. They're near the foot of the hill. What's on their head? Damn this snow, I can barely can barely ... Are those... antlers? [the horn]

“Oh FUCK.”

[running]

They're starting to run! Goddamn it, Philip. To the shed!

[running]

I can't see the snow's in my eyes. I

[loud bang]

[Philip in pain]



My head! It's... a wooden post. What... Oh shit, it's a support for an overhanging roof. The shed has a porch! All right, door door. Okay. No padlock! Perfect.

[door resist]

NO. No. Come on!

[sound of the creature coming]

[door yanks open]

[pulls it shut, wind more muted, drop of garden tools and refuse]

[animal sound]

There's a little eyehook latch.

[fidgeting with lock]

This isn't going to do shit if he yanks it. And ... wait. are those metal hooks on the door to put a ... yes, a board that can be put here! Why the fuck would they do --?

[sound of the monster outside]

How are they up here so fast? There's a little window on the far side of the shed, above a cluttered workbench. All I can see outside is white. Okay, board. Board. Where the... Got it... There it is... by the

[rattle of the door, hooves on the wooden porch]

[panicked breathing of Philip]

Oh God. Please don't... All right. Slide the board in easy.

[slide in board.... Then a clunky drop]

[animal roar then yanking and pulling on the door]

[pounding on the door, they eyelatch pops open]

The little lock popped! But the board's holding firm the cradle. The doorway and some of the bare studs in here also look reinforced with steel. Why?

[bang]

“AAAA”



[roar, banging]

“FUCK OFF! Get outta here!”

[roaring and banging]

“GO AWAY GO AWAY! You’re not welcome!”

[one more angry slam, then the sound of hooves and belabored, grunting]

[snow crunching]

The wind shifts and roars outside. It rattles the door. I can’t tell if they’re gone. On the other side of the window, there’s too much accumulation on the glass. Outside is just a white glare. Until a shadow darkens the window. A hand presses itself onto snow on the glass. It’s filthy and wet. The snow seems evaporate at its touch. It brushes the rest of the window clean. Their long nails scrape against the glass.

[growing drone]

Something grinds on the underside of the pitched overhang. And I see the antlers. And then what’s underneath them.

“Oh my God...”

Its face! Deep scars above its heavy brow ridge criss upward, toward their forehead. What skin isn’t badly torn is covered almost in a velvet fur. And then ... its eyes. A solid, black. I can’t see an iris. But I know this thing sees me.

Its mouth is filled with sharp, thick teeth.

[snarls]

Oh god, I’m peeing.

[slam of wall, rattle of iron]

Something above the window... Is that a horseshoe?

[animal winces at sound]

[spit]

It spit on the window... It’s ... leaving.  
What .... Oh fuck. Oh god.

My pants are wet... just the back. Oh... [sniff]... Oh... it’s not... wait.



[take off bag]

It my thermos. It opened when I fell in here. That's... less embarrassing. Okay, let's check for a signal. We gotta call the cops. It's...

[digs through pocket]

My phone, which...

[Velcro unfastened, zipper]

You have to be fucking kidding me. I must have dropped it. Out there... with whatever that thing is.

[animal sound, farther away]

“Oh fuck off please... go go go away.”

It is... that's further away. All right. Stop panicking, Philip. Breathe in. Feel the slightly warmer air on your face. What is that thing. No. Put that aside for a second. Details only. No wind. Just wet on your legs. Breathe out. Breathe in. You can see some symbols above the window, looks like they were painted there. Runes? The horseshoe nailed above the symbols is rusty, ancient. Okay. Breathe Out.

Breathe in. There's a baseball bat in the corner, next to some rakes and hedge clippers. All right, good. There's an old mirror leaning against the wall next to me. Weird.

Breathe out. Heads wet again... Bleeding. The cut... it reopened when I hit the post. Fuck. Okay... breathe in. Under the bench... there's a first aid kit.

[rifling through tin]

All right. Tape, gauze. Butterfly stitches. Alcohol... Shit. Bottle's empty. I want to disinfect and clean it before try this. I have the flask. Maybe I can use that to wash this out. But what the fuck is in it.

[unscrew the flask... sniffs it, and then reacts sharply]

Whoa that stings! What the fuck are they drinking? Still, if it's that bad, it'll do the job. I mean, I could just bandage it, too.

[animal sound... distant]

That sounds super far away. Has the thing covered that much ground already? Okay. We're patching ourselves up. Then I got to figure out how long we're going to stay here. The squall is still raging... they normally last for about an hour. It'll get dark soon after that. Leaving right after it is an option. But in the dark, that ... thing is out there. I could wait in here until morning. Maybe you'll get a search party out for me.

Either way, let's patch myself up first. Then we'll decide.



## Outro

What was that? What would you do? Leave as soon as possible, and perhaps risk the dark to escape? Or would you wait until morning?

Make your choice at [witcheverpath.com/vote](https://witcheverpath.com/vote)

You have until March 13 to make your decision.

This episode was written by Etienne LaFond and produced by Witchever Path LLC. Voice and principal foley by Etienne, with supplemental sound by Audio Hero. The song Burning Karma by Robert Ruth comes courtesy of [epidedemicsound.com](https://epidedemicsound.com)!

The Witchever Path Theme Song was written and performed by RYDR.

If you liked this episode, but you wanted to know what happened if Philip followed the other footprints over the wall, we have a gift for you. Over on the Patreon, right now, is that alternative choice. Here's a taste:

[plays audio]

If you want to listen to that, go to [patreon.com/witcheverpath](https://patreon.com/witcheverpath) and sign up for the squirrel feed. For just five dollars a month, you'll get access to that, as well as our archive of stories and episodes only found there.

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That's it for this week. Take care of one another and sleep with a clear consequence. Choose the Path.