



Narrator Intro

Welcome back to the path, wanderers.

Previously, in Witchever Path's "A Piece of Somewhere Else," Philip decided to wait until morning to escape the shed. With the monster gone, his immediate concern was to patch himself up and stay warm.

Taking a swig from the mysterious flask, he immediately regretted it. A gritty film covered his teeth as the grain alcohol burned down his throat. Using a flashlight, Philip carefully bandaged his cut and then inspected the contents of the bag.

What he thought was an old blanket turned out to be an old tapestry depicting a woodland scene. Strange figures danced around a fire, including a giant bird, and an antlered woman looking remarkably like the thing that chased him. As strange as this was, the temperature had dropped below freezing. And so the tapestry served him better as a blanket. Wrapping it around his shoulders, he inspected the bottle that it had been protecting.

The bottle was a dark green. Almost boring, save for the wax seal over its cork, and ... something knocking on the glass, from the inside. Realizing that the flask may have been drugged, Philip ignored the tiny cries for help, placing the bottle into an old toolbox to muffle the sounds while he attempted to calm his thoughts and take control of his mind.

He woke up in the morning. Confused and ready to leave, he was barely troubled when he saw the bottle standing on the floor, free from its steel prison. Swiping it up, he made his way outside.

Even with the new snow, he knew which way the beast had gone, so he avoided that trail and headed up the cliff, walking around it until he found a backyard. Elated, he made his way toward a large home, only to be surprised when its owner came out to greet him.

The man, who gave the name Sean, invited Philip inside for coffee and to aid him in getting home.

But something was amiss. Amidst the antique furniture and cabinets, Philip felt like he had stepped out of time. Sean's mood was erratic. He would go from inviting to impatient, to briefly hostile before laughing and joking again.

Unnerved by the old man, Philip asked to use his phone only to find out Sean didn't have one. But he did have an offer: sit down and finish the coffee and Sean would take Philip to his fiancée, Sofia.



Between the man's erratic nature and the belief that maybe this wasn't going to go well, the audience chose for Philip to go. And so Witchever Path Presents "A Piece of Somewhere Else, Chapter Five: Just Leave."



Written by Etienne LaFond



[sets down the coffee mug]

“Sean, I appreciate the hospitality,” I say, “But I can’t wait. I’ve got to get back now. “

“Psh. You’re already missing, Philip,” Sean says. “What’s a sit-down in my parlor and a chance to warm up going to do? Make you look too happy when we get to Sofia?”

Sean’s forehead creases, and he shakes his head. He takes another sip of his coffee and sneers. His lips are wet. His gray beard pulses. He’s grinding his teeth again.

“I’m sorry. Again, I’m grateful for your help. But I’ve been gone overnight. A search party is probably out there. “

“I doubt that very much, Philip. Have you heard shouting? Dogs? The roar of a helicopter in the sky? No. There’s been nothing. And why? Because you’re a man. You fought and you went to mope in the woods. Maybe find a local bar. Maybe a whore...”
H

“Okay, you’re an asshole then. Cool. I’m going to leave.”

“The only thing out there looking for you is HER. She’s going to find you if you leave. And then you’re never getting home. But if you stay, Philip, and drink the damn coffee, then you get what you want. Philip goes home to Sofia. You do want that, don’t you?”

Behind him, over the sink is a window. I’m facing the front of the house. There’s no door leading out of the kitchen, though. Damn it.

“Where’s your front door?”

“Come now, Philip!”

“I’m going to go,” I say. “I’ll take my chances on the road.”

“No,” he says.

[Sean’s voice echoes through the house with an unearthly malice. The ravens outside seem to answer]



[sounds of bones popping]

His shoulders arch back—his spine cracks and pops. Sean stands taller behind his kitchen island. His eyes widen. They're emerald green. What the hell?

"Sit down and drink with me, Philip!"

[grunt as he tosses the cup, the sound of it hitting Sean in the face.]

The mug leaves my hand and collides with Sean's nose. A torrent of coffee and blood spills onto the countertop. Run, Philip! In the parlor, I see a hallway. Sean is screaming from the kitchen, but he's coming.

"You'd attack your host?! I'VE let you into my home!"

He's coming. There's a door to my left.

[sound of door knob rattling]

Locked! Keep going! There's a set of stairs up ahead through the doorway which means that hallway HAS to have a front door in it. Okay. Turn and... Yes! It's an old antique door with a stained-glass window. There are a series of locks on the door. Three chains, a bolt, and... no. There's a bolt lock, but it needs a key! A lock on the inside? Why?

[the scream of Sean slamming into Philip. There's a crash of breaking wood and glass]

"Let go!"

[The sound of the fight]

How he is so strong?! He's got me... I... he's ...

[Sean is grabbing Philip by the throat]

"She doesn't get you, Philip! She doesn't get you! You made it here! There are rules! You're ruining it."

[knife unsheathes. Philip stabs Sean. Sean gasps, and stands up]

He gets up off me and stumbles back. My knife is still in his chest. He staggers into the wall and stares at me. He looks so surprised. He's straining for breath. Oh my God! I ...

"Oh shit, Sean!"



No. No No... I just reacted. He's gasping for air. I got to. All right.

"Sean, can you hear me?"

[Sean wheezing and coughing...]

"Here, give me your hands... apply pressure to. There. Hold it. I... Sean, do you have bandages? No, don't let go! Don't"

[sound of Sean slumping over]

"S-Sean?"

He isn't moving. Blood is all over the floor. Oh god. I killed him. I just wanted him off me. I just wanted-. What the hell am I going to do? I got to get out of here. All right. We need the key. Sorry, Sean, I need to ... check your pockets.

[sound of rifling through clothes]

Okay. Where. Where is it? Here...

[jingle of the key ring]

One of these. All right. Let's try them.

[sound of fumbling keys]

No, no. Come on. One of these has to be... Come on.

The stained glass is all red and gold. It's the forest. The same one from the tapestry! He mentioned HER. Does he mean the monster? Stop. Who cares? Get out of this door, and get help! I need to see you. Together we'll figure it out. Damn it, which one of these, which one?

[the drop of the knife on the wood]

"Oh Philip," Sean says, "I threw that key away."

Sean is getting to his feet. His beard is wet and black with arterial blood. His eyes are a bright green. My knife is at his feet. How is this possible?

"You are a very bad boy, Philip. I was ready to give you everything. Philip."



I'm halfway up the stairs before he takes an awkward step forward. I need to find a window looking over the back porch. I gotta get out. There are five doors up here. I have to get out. I have to get away.

[from downstairs]

"Where do you think you're going to go, Philip?!"

The door down the corridor, on the left, that has to be above the parlor. The hall is dark, but there's no furniture in my way. Sean is walking up the stairs slowly.

"Come on, Philip. There's nothing up here for you. Face me like a man."

[trying the door]

Locked. But the keyhole is unmistakable. It's an old one. There's only one on the ring that looks like that. Let's get it. He's going so slow, and deliberate. How is he even up?

[door unlocks]

"Okay, Philip. Have it your way."

[door slams, sound of the door locking]

Okay, what's in here? It's freezing. The room is large, about 30ft by 40. There's a broken bed frame. There's no radiator. There's a musky smell in the air. A dresser's to the left of the door. There are three windows... they're looking over the backyard.

[knock on the door]

"Last chance. I don't want this to get messier than it already is, Philip. Come out."

[the knob jiggles]

"Philip. I'm going to get in there shortly. It'll be easier for you if you let me in."

[Philip grunts as he tries to move the dresser]

It won't budge. Fuck.

[knocking on the door]

"Little mouse, little mouse, let me in."

All right, fuck it. We're going to jump.



[footsteps]

There's no mattress in the bed frame. Just a woven circle of branches and large ... feathers. It's a nest. What. I notice the open door that leads to a master bath to the right. And then I hear it. The opening of another door... just out of sight, in that bathroom.

[slightly croaky voice of Sean]

"Ready or not – "

[the bad laugh]

[opening of the window]

The window opens surprisingly easily. There's no storm window. The winter air hits my face. Time to go.

[grunts as he gets through the window, sound of the birds in the trees]

It's slippery. The wind bites through my jacket. I'm going to have to jump. Then get around the house. To the road. Then out of here.

"It's cold out there, Philip. Come back in. Sofia needs to see her Philip again. Don't think that's going to happen out there."

"How are you standing up?"

"Now you want to talk to me? Come in then, and we'll talk."

He's leaning out the window. His face is a bloody mask. It's not that far down to the ground from here. I won't die. But I could still get hurt. I

[Sean starts to slide out of the window]

"Suit yourself, here I come."

[quick run, and jump, Philip screams with fear]

The ground rushes up to meet me. But then I feel something snag my ankle.

[sound of massive wings]

I'm caught on the roof. I have to be! No No. I have to.



[laugh}

He's pulling me up. I can't see above me through the morning haze. Sean has me. But while I can't see directly above me, I see the porch and roof... several feet away. How

[grunt and falls, loud snap]

[Philip groaning. Flap of wings]

Dropped me. I'm ... I'm hurt bad

"Philip. You made such a mess of this, Philip. What will Sofia do now?"

[Philip straining for breath, groaning and trying to get away]

"That little gang should have grabbed you, Philip. But you got HER attention. They can't fight her without an old Tom like me. If you had just stayed inside and talked... well, we would have worked it out. You had such promise, Philip. Curious, adventurous. But impulsive. Got to think it out. Now what's Sofia going to do without her mate? Eh? What's she going to do?"

"Pl – Please."

"Please what? Don't kill you? Hahaahah. You stabbed me, Philip. Do you know how long I've had all of this? The shirt alone was thirty years old."

"Please ... don't"

"Don't what? I'm"

[animal sound]

"Oh damn it. See what you've done, Philip. You made a racket and here comes Pearl."

He's over me. His blood is dripping on my face.

"Should I help you? Should Philip get back to his Sofia?"

[animal sound getting closer]

"Please."

"Please, yes?"



I nod.

“Perfect.”

Up we go to the porch.

[dragging Philip. Philip screams]

He’s dragging me onto the porch. By the fountain, I see the great antlers of the monster come into view as it steps out from behind one of the shrubs. It stands still, looking at us with more hate than I’ve ever seen on a human face.

“Too late, Pearl. Next time.”

I look at him and start to clear my throat before he raises his foot above my face. As it comes down, I see it’s not a human foot, but a bird’s.

[crows in the woods.... Animal sound roaring... fading sounds]

[phone is chirping, SOFIA hits a button and ignores it]

[people screaming out Philip’s name in the woods, faint sound of helicopters, cars]

“Philip!”

We have been looking for him for a day. The search party is the State police, townies, and volunteer firemen. I am walking with a group of people from a local church. The reverend is an older woman, with graying hair and a wide jaw. She nods at me every time I stop to catch my breath.

You’re out here. Somewhere. You can’t be dead. My phone keeps ringing. It’s Amaya. She’s worried, too. I don’t think you would believe that.

[sound of people walking through the snow, still calling for Philip]

[a distant voice yells “Hey, over here! I found him!”]

“Where?!”

“Over here! There’s a briar patch!”

[Sound of Sofia running in the snow]

“Philip! Oh my God!”

He’s hurt. His face is covered in dried blood. He’s leaning against the wall of a rotted-out shed.



“Philip!”

He’s looking at me confused.

“Sofia?”

“Yes, Philip!”

[Philip laughs, a gross, weird old laugh]

“Oh, Sofia! You found me!”

He stands up too quickly and stumbles. The man who found him grabs onto him to brace him. Philip pushes the man away. He’s scowling, and in the light, his blue eyes look almost green. But when he looks at me, his face softens.

“Do you love me?” he asks

“Yes, yes, baby!”

“Let’s get home, darling.” He says. “I’ve been out here long enough.”

[the sound of the forest fades out, strange echoey ambience fades in]

Three days in darkness. I’ve carefully run my hands on the wall of this... prison Sean put me. They’re smooth. There are no corners. Am I in a silo? You’re out there. He promised to reunite us. I have to get out of here...

There’s no way to climb. I don’t even know how high the ceiling is.

[opening of a door]

Light! It’s a pale green light... Someone is out there.

“Hey. In here! I’m in here! Help me, Help me please!”

[knocks on the wall, sound of glass]

Glass? The light... it’s not green. The wall is clear glass I’m in ... Oh no. Oh no.



Narrator

Thank you for listening to the finale of A Piece of Somewhere Else.
This episode was written by Etienne LaFond and produced by Witchever Path LLC.
Foley was by Witchever Path with supplemental foley and music from Audio Hero and
EpidemicSound.com

Etienne LaFond was the voice behind Philip, Sean, and random townsfolk.
Sofia was voiced by Jes Negron

The Witchever Path Theme was written and produced by Rydyr.

This is the first time in years we've had a story end so quickly, and we hope it was satisfying.
But there's another choice that nearly won.
Where Philip sat down and had his coffee with Sean.
How did that go?

If you're a subscriber to our Patreon of Ko-fi feeds, you can find out this coming Wednesday.

You can listen to that, as well as the other paths not taken over at patreon.com/witcheverpath.
And that's not at all. We have stories, interviews, bonus episodes, and more for our subscribers.
At just \$5 a month, you get access to all of that. \$10 a month gets you behind-the-scenes looks
at our creative process, lives, and other goodies. The \$20 tier is now the home of live chats and
video messages from Witchever Path.

This season is not like the others. Because there's a new choice for you to make.
You have the choice as to what story you'll hear next.
We have the opportunity to return to an old character from past seasons.
We also can have you follow Sofia.
Or maybe... maybe you want a tale of someone trying to fight their worst impulses.

The vote is big and you can be a part of it at WitcheverPath.com/vote

In addition to Witchever Path's show, did you know that there are two events we're proud to be
sponsoring right now? On May 9, Witchever Path and the Knights Hall are hosting a hardcore
and metal show featuring BOWHEAD with special guests Dirt Devil and Infinite Cruelty. It's going
to be an amazing time. It's at Ye Olde Commons in Charlton, MA. You can get tickets today by
going to <https://www.decolonizeanddiscover.com/shop/>. But you might notice that there are
OTHER tickets for another event in June! And that's the beauty of it. We are proudly sponsoring
the three-day Decolonize and Discover Festival June 7-9! It's three days of intersectional fun for
LARPerS, Writers, Podcasters, Gamers, and Creatives! We're proud to shed the spotlight on the
BIPOC and Queer creators in our spaces and to bring EVERYONE together to enjoy a weekend of
fun, music, and games.

That is all for this week, my lovely friends. Until next time, Sleep with a Clear Consequence.
Choose the Path.