

Some Assembly Required

Hi friends, this is Etienne from Witchever Path. Here we are! This is the beginning of Season 7 of Witchever Path. For seven years, we have brought you interactive stories from all over New England. We don't see why we shouldn't continue, do you?

If you're new to Witchever Path because your friends recommended it, we'd like to explain what it is. This is an audio fiction podcast with an interactive element. At the end of every new episode, there is a decision point for the audience to vote on. The selection of the majority drives the story and protagonists in a specific direction. Sometimes, it's a good one; sometimes, it's a swift doom. But you're a vital part of the storytelling process.

While connected stories and occasional characters resurface, Witchever Path can be started with the newest story, meaning we don't gatekeep the fun. You can go back and listen to the older stories, and you'll likely enjoy a few of them, but we are looking forward to creating a new and exciting story with you.

This is part one of Some Assembly Required.

[sound scape - sound of a Dremel bit carving away on metal. Stops and then tool gets put down, hammer picked up and then hitting things, hammer put down, grunts as DEE, our protagonist tries to fit something into place]

Dee

[straining while fitting ball into socket]
Come on, baby. Let's get you in there.

[ball clicks into place. Dee is happier]

There we go.

[moves the arm up and down]
Perfect. You're going to be so strong.

[digital ring of app]

Dee

Shit. I lost track of time.
Sorry, baby.
I'll come back to you.

[Dee gets up, walks over desk, sits down, types a bit]

Dee

All right... logging in now.

[sound of stream starting]

Dee

[playing into the male fantasy of a black femme webcam]

Hey y'all. It's Tuesday Night, and we're here on the stream. Wanted to show you my latest set. It's underneath the overalls. You know we're being crafty in here.

[sound of money]

Okay, Mr. Milk, thank you! That's generous off the bat. \$100. If we get to three I'll be showing everything, but I think you earned a pop of one of these straps to begin with.

Are y'all ready?

[sound of cash register effects in the stream, pop of the overall fastener]

Thanks, y'all. Appreciate you.

[reading]

FiletMignon is saying.... Oh, what am I working on?

Just setting up a new appliance in the house.

I could hire somebody, but your girl likes a little DIY.

[mumbling at response]
Ha. Yeah I bet you do too, I bet!

[more money coming in]
Ah, thank you! Yeah, it's a red set. I bought it last week at a little boutique in town and y'all will be the first to see it.

[more cash]
Damn, all right I guess you can't wait. Well all right... here we go.
[click]

[music fades in]

Dee

[narration]

I paid off my college loans two years ago.
My friends went on to work for Pfizer, Lockheed, and one of the millions of tech bro businesses. But not me.
And it's true that I wouldn't want to sell my soul to these companies, but not a lot of them scouted me either. I was top in my class. I was also the wrong shade and gender for the clubs the startups socialized in.
Those same guys who didn't respond to my resumes did seem to always find their way into my DMs, though.
So one day I thought... fuck it.
I'm gonna fund my life my way.
And now I'm here.
I have my own house, my own lab... and a project that will change the world.
And if I got to show some ass to get the money I need, so what?

[car door opens, drives for a bit]
The parking lot is empty except for one Kia Sportage, parked under a broken streetlight. It's who I'm here to see. I pull up next to him. He rolls down his window. He's pale, with three days of stubble on his face and neck. His scrubs are wrinkled. He's still wearing the lanyard from the hospital. He's nervous.

Thief

[freaked out]

You sure nobody is watching?

Dee

[reassuringly]

Its not Cambridge. There's no cameras in this lot. Mall died five years ago. Nobody comes here. You have it?

Thief

Y-yeah, had to wait until the shift change, but it's in the trunk.

Dee

Okay, you gonna step out of the car, or are you gonna pop it and let me look?

Thief

What about the money? Can I get paid first?

Dee

You ain't getting shit till I see what if it's what I ordered.
Get out.

[car opens, trunk is popped]

Thief

Okay, I have two of them, because I wasn't sure.
The left cooler's been in there about thirty minutes.
The right cooler is about ten hours on ice.

Dee

[annoyed]

The left one then. I said fresh. That's fresh.

Thief

Okay, 20,000.

Dee

We agreed on ten.

Thief

I got to deal with two organs missing. You think I'm going to just be able to get back in there drop the one you don't want off and not get fired or worse?

Nah... 18k and you take them both.

Dee

12, I don't need two livers.

Thief

15.

Dee

Thirteen, but don't do this shit again.

Thief

Okay...

Dee

[narrate]

I direct him to put the coolers in my trunk. And I hold the money with my left hand while gripping the handle of the pistol in my pocket. He might try to get cute... though I doubt it. I did my research on this guy, or rather, a subscriber did. Working in the morgue, started having issues paying his bills after his girlfriend left. Started using. I would have felt bad... but I had seen some of his social posts from the election.

I pay him for his work after he shuts my trunk for me.

He goes to shake my hand.

I give him the same smile I give my camera during the streams.

He looks so fucking confused.

Thief

Uhhhh, so is that going to be everything?

Dee

You'll hear from me if I need anything.

[music fades out... there's a switch and buzz of lights. Basement background.

Dee makes her way down the stairs]

Dee

[narrate]

A home lab isn't dirty. You can't risk losing what you had to steal, buy, or make yourself. The walls are a bright white, the shelving is stainless steel. I spent a bag soundproofing and wiring this place. And then when I got to work, six months ago, I spent more than my dad ever saw in his whole life.

[sound of the beeps]

The notes I found in the old wing of the university were pretty easy to decipher. All handwritten, sixty years before the invention of fission or most medical equipment.

The formula and hypothesis were sound, but the technology and understanding of anatomy were still that of its era. I don't know who had written them, but I was able to complete the math and fill in the blanks that had eluded whoever it was who decided to do this.

The writer had success with a dog, but it was short lived. He was more obsessed, like his fictional hero, with using electricity to jumpstart and restart his projects. Eventually, you just cook what you're looking to move.

We're in 2025. We have mechanical advances they didn't have back then.

I put the cooler with the younger liver onto the side table, and then went to wash my hands. I passed the birdcage, its black curtain draped over the frame.

After washing up, I found new clothes and walked over to the slab. The support systems were working. The vitals were stable.

Creature

[garbled, transistery voice]

Are. You. There?

Dee

[surprised]

Yes. Are you? Did I leave you down here awake?

CREATURE

[frustrated]

It. Is. Dark.

May. I. See.

Dee

[frustrated, embarrassed]

I am sorry for keeping you up while I was away.

I'm about to do some work down here.

Maybe you should get rest.

CREATURE

May. I. See. You.

It. Is. Dark.

There. Is. No. One.

Dee

[thinking about it]

I get it. I do. But it's not pretty out here.

I'm just about to get to work, and I don't know if I should let you watch me.

CREATURE

Would. See. You.

1.

2.

Please.

Dee

[narrates]

The little motor whirs from beneath the cage.

He's being stubborn.

I look at my desktop nearby. I had forgotten to induce sleep.

He's been alone down here for hours.

That can't be good.

I look at the table. The liver's got a bit of time, but not a lot.

I don't want him to watch that.

I could just put him to sleep first. Heck, it's likely he won't even remember.
But he seems adamant.

CREATURE

Please.
Please.
Please.

Dee

[resigned]
Just a second.

[narration]

I get up and make my way toward the cage. Looking at the screen next to it, I only have to hit enter and it's nighty-night. It's a long night either way, so time to get it started.

Narrator

What does Dee do to start the night. Does she put whatever that voice is to sleep, or does she let it see her?

You can vote now for free at patreon.com/witcheverpath.
You'll have two weeks to choose, with the vote closing on August 21st.
Please recruit your friends for this one. We think this tale is going to take you into the autumn with some truly terrifying turns. Bring people into this new era of Witchever Path.

And if you like what you're hearing, please consider becoming a subscriber of our Patreon. Any amount you can spare helps us keep the lights on and grow the show. We have some audacious stories we want to tell and you can help us pay for the acting talent, artists, and software we need to tell them. What do you get? Well for five dollars a month you get access to the squirrel feed, a monthly show that features unique stories, alternative choices, and other content. For ten,

you get our BGB tier, which includes behind the scene content. For 25, we have our video messaging with the cast and newer features we're bringing in 2026.

It's going to be huge.

If you don't have the money, no worries. Follow us on Blue sky was WitcheverPath, and also the same name at Facebook and instagram.

Let's make this a year where we tell some great stories together.

For credits in this episode. This story was written by Etienne and produced by Witchever Path. Dee was played by Journee LaFond.

Additional voices by Etienne.

The Witchever Path theme song was written and performed by RYDR.

Foley by Witchever Path and Epidemic Sound.

That's it for this episode. Continue to find your community, strengthen your resolve and sleep with a clear consequence. Choose the Path.

Music in this episode came from [EpidemicSound.com](https://www.epidemicsound.com)

My Kind of Illusion by Jay Varton

The Opening by Lennon Hutton