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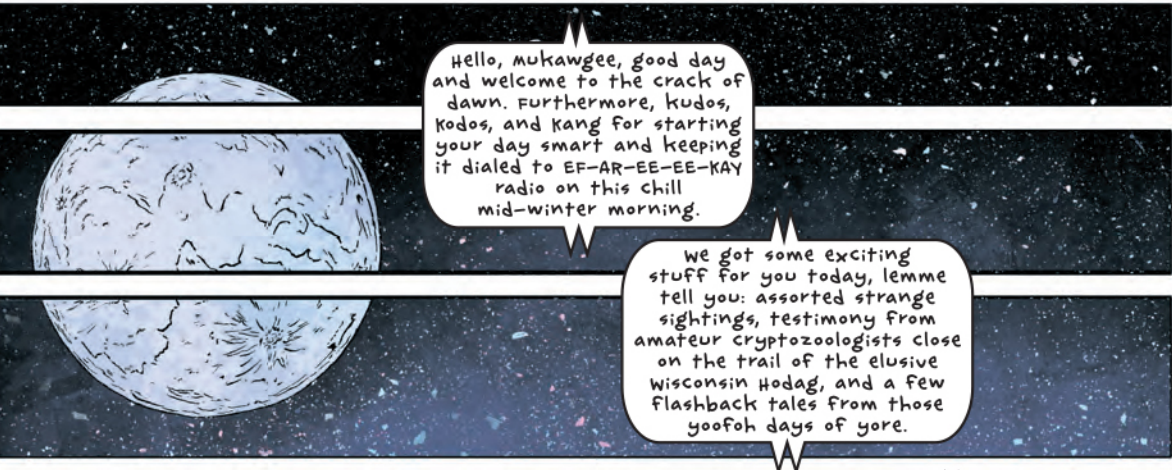
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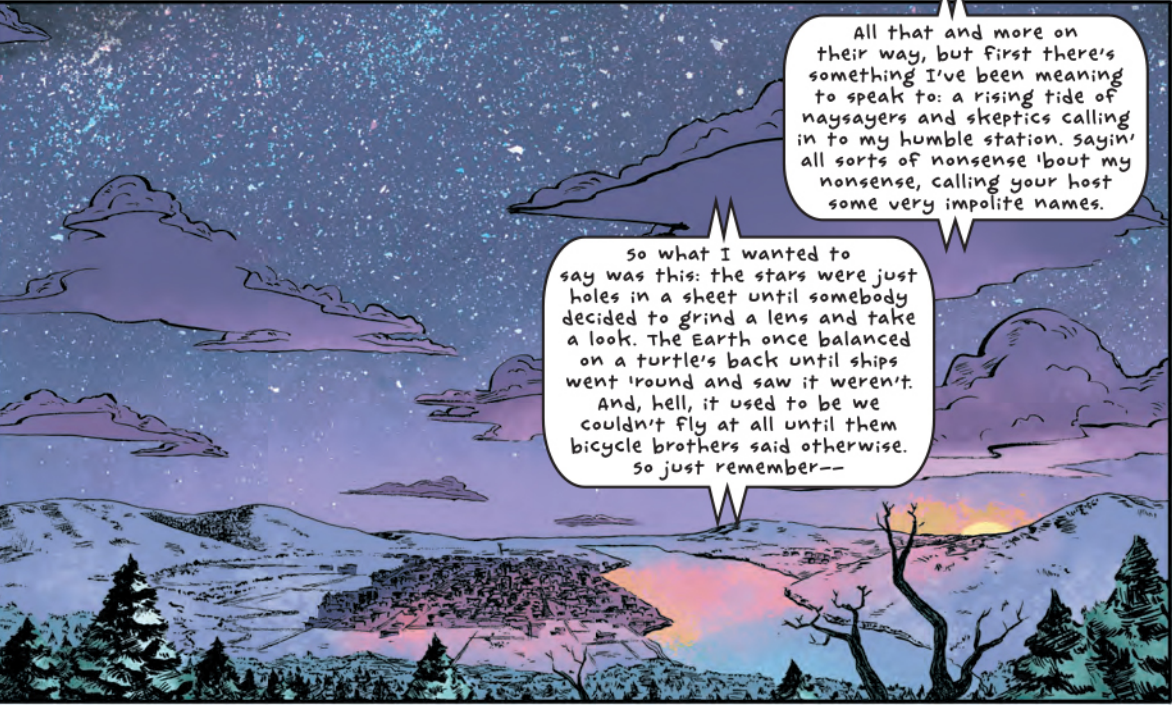
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Hello, mukawgee, good day and welcome to the crack of dawn. Furthermore, kudos, kodos, and kang for starting your day smart and keeping it dialed to EF-AR-EE-EE-KAY radio on this chill mid-winter morning.

We got some exciting stuff for you today, lemme tell you: assorted strange sightings, testimony from amateur cryptozoologists close on the trail of the elusive Wisconsin Hodag, and a few flashback tales from those goofoh days of yore.



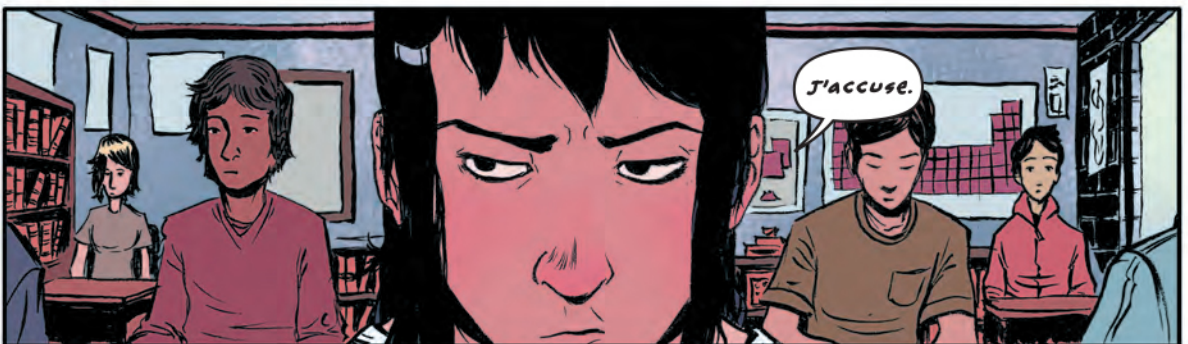
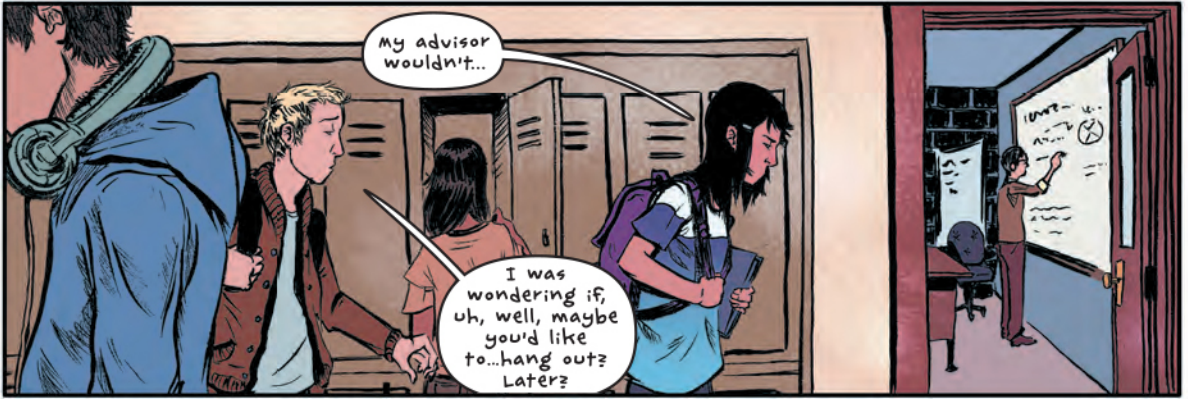
All that and more on their way, but first there's something I've been meaning to speak to: a rising tide of naysayers and skeptics calling in to my humble station. Sayin' all sorts of nonsense 'bout my nonsense, calling your host some very impolite names.

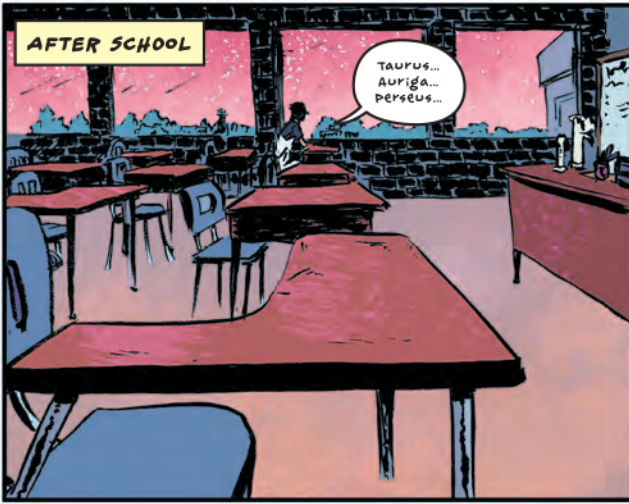
So what I wanted to say was this: the stars were just holes in a sheet until somebody decided to grind a lens and take a look. The Earth once balanced on a turtle's back until ships went 'round and saw it weren't. And, hell, it used to be we couldn't fly at all until them bicycle brothers said otherwise. So just remember--



The impossible's only impossible until someone sees it ain't.









I still look, mal, but sometimes... well, sometimes you get your head too far into the sky, all you end up seeing are clouds.

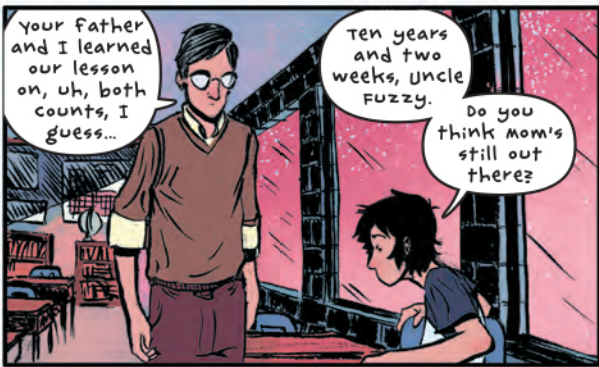
Is that a drug reference?



What? No, it's a-- it's a metaphor, malcolm.

seems like a metaphor for drugs.

okay, fair enough. But it's equally applicable to obsessive stargazing.



your father and I learned our lesson on, uh, both counts, I guess...

Ten years and two weeks, Uncle Fuzzy.

Do you think mom's still out there?



malcolm--



Not cool, teach.