

Libingan

[01:29 - 01:58 “Ili-Ili Tulog Anay” instrumental plays]

[Atmospheric music]

MOTZIE: You're listening to Hi Nay by Motzie Dapul. Episode 33: Libingan.

SCENE 1

[recording cuts in]

EVELYN: -Interred at Mount Pleasant. Thanks to some records donated to the library, we know the *general* area of where to look. We just have to make sure there aren't any... problems.

ASHVIN: What Evelyn *means* is that we have to make sure there aren't any awful curses or magical booby traps waiting for us.

DONNER: Anything in Elaine's notes that might point to that?

EVELYN: Well no... but if someone tried to get at her *after* she died...

DONNER: Noted. Ashvin, you're on magic duty.

ASHVIN: [*sarcastically*] Yeah, because I'm such an expert.

EVELYN: Why don't we call Mari?

DONNER: No.

ASHVIN: [*same time as Donner*] No need! I've got this.

EVELYN: Um. Okay.

ASHVIN: [*sigh*] She needs rest. After Halloween, and that murderer...

EVELYN: But she's always been the one to handle these sorts of things best.

ASHVIN: [*trying to lighten the mood*] Whaaaaat, you don't trust me?

EVELYN: Boss.

ASHVIN: [*sigh*] Right. No jokes. I'm no idiot, Evelyn. I'm bringing the arsenal, and I've learned a thing or two since our last horror show. We'll be fine. But if not...

DONNER: We've got Laura on standby. Told her to bring Mari if we don't check in every thirty minutes. Just as a contingency.

EVELYN: Okay. Good to know. What about Detective Murphy?

DONNER: He's... he's away from the city.

EVELYN: What? But why?

DONNER: Personal reasons.

ASHVIN: *[at the same time]* Family emergency.

EVELYN: You know I can't shoot a gun, right? Well, if you needed someone to do that.

DONNER: *[laughs]* Thank you for the offer, but no. Also, here.

EVELYN: What are these?

DONNER: Protective charms.

EVELYN: Where'd you get them?

DONNER: Laura.

EVELYN: Laura... made them?

DONNER: CJ made them. Laura asked her to. Told us specifically that it would work just fine against malevolent spirits and half the Elders from her old cohort, but if we went up against anything more powerful that we're... well.

ASHVIN: Fucked-

[recording cuts off]

MONOLOGUE

[synth mystery music playing]

ROSARIO:

When I was a kid, I used to *love* playing in the Toronto Necropolis.

I know. Morbid. But it didn't seem that way to me, at the time. We were just there, all the time. Mama and I.

She'd come to talk to Grandma, and Grandpa, and Daddy, and Uncle Miggy, and I'd wander off. I play where she could see me, and even where she couldn't. But Mama knew what I knew.

That Toronto was safe.

Well.

Safer than where we came from.

The idea that a kid could get snatched from right under her nose was... ludicrous. Unthinkable.

Don't get me wrong, she's a great Mama. But if I'd grown up in Canada, I'd probably have been one of those whatchamacallems... you know, latchkey kids. She trusted me to take care of myself, even when maybe she shouldn't have.

But could you really blame her? After everything she went through? Not that I'll out our family history to all of the Internet or whatever, but...

There's a reason I spent so many of my formative years in a damn cemetery.

I loved it there though. I'd never seen a place like it, before. I spent my days exploring every nook and cranny. I climbed graves and monuments and named every angel and mournful statue. Of course, I even found a few aged crypts under all the ivy, stone structures hugging Rosedale Ravine and tumbling into Don Valley.

There was one in particular... I called it the William crypt, because I could see the name William just barely marking the side of it in engraved stone, but the rest of the name was fully destroyed, whether by time or by accident or by someone taking a real big rock to it and smashing it all off.

All possibilities.

It wasn't as big as the one in Mount Pleasant, but it wasn't tiny either. It's even got a few big names interred there. Did you know George A. Romero was buried there?

Fun fact for the fans. I gotchu, horror buffs.

Anyway.

I wanna talk about the William crypt. At least, that's how I remember it in my head.

It was an older crypt, but not ancient. Probably from the late 1800s, early 1900s? I'm not an expert, so I'll call something Victorian if it looks old enough, y'know?

It was built into the hill, this brick-stone box half-buried under soil and some growing trees, and it was looking like it was being swallowed whole by the earth.

I think with enough time, it'll disappear into the dirt, and nobody will ever get into that old, rusted door ever again.

I liked to try the door sometimes, to see if it'd open. The tomb was sealed off with a rotting wood and metal door, and when I tried to look inside (this was the time before kids like me had cellphones, so I just had the daylight to go by), I couldn't see past the shadows.

Every time my mom would visit and leave me to go off on my own, I promised myself I'd bring a flashlight so I could see into the darn door properly. But almost every time, I forgot to bring one.

It was, I think, early on, when I first saw Pocket.

I have this tattoo... I mean obviously your listeners can't see it, but... here. It even has her yellow eyes. Lil twinkling star eyes. Pocket the black cat. I didn't name her that, by the way. It was just her name.

I know it grinds people's gears when I say this, but nah, she didn't have a collar or a name tag on her. Her name was just Pocket. It was just something I... knew. Y'know?

How did I know? Oh, she told me.

Anyway. Pocket was this beautiful black cat that I saw wandering around the Necropolis sometimes. Thankfully, my mom never saw her, otherwise she would've tried to chase her away. Bad luck or whatever.

The first time I ever saw her, she was lounging on top of the boxy tomb, licking her paw. She jumped in front of me when I tried to force the lock, wrapping herself around my legs and meowing. Looking back, I think she was trying to distract me. Y'know, make me forget I was trying to get in the weird and creepy crypt with my bare hands.

It didn't work though. Well, it did. For a little bit, anyway. Then I was back to trying to pry the darn thing open, even while the beautiful little cat was purring against my ankles. When I thought I might be getting somewhere, I felt this *sharp pain* sink into my leg and it startled me so bad I fell on my ass like-

Oh, sorry. My butt.

I can say ass? Okay, cool.

I was so mad. I would've told Pocket to scram if she wasn't rubbing up against me like she was apologising.

It was around that time I heard my mom calling my name, so I had to head out. Pocket jumped back up on the crypt, watching me with those yellow eyes. It wasn't gonna be the last time I saw her, though...

Next time I came back to the crypt, I didn't see Pocket anywhere. I forgot to bring a flashlight, so I tried going at the door again - or at least, I planned to. But then, from out behind a tree, I saw something move.

I wasn't sure what it was, but I was definitely on edge about it. I tried looking around, wandering between the trees that were growing up and down the hill, but I didn't find anything, so I went back to that tomb. Started prying at the wood, even picked up a stick and used it like a crowbar.

I don't think I heard anyone come up behind me, but maybe I was just like... Grunting too loud or something. But I do remember jumping right out of my skin when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and I swung around so hard I almost took someone's head off with the stick in my hands.

Behind me - well, in front of me, I saw this boy. He was about my age at the time, so maybe like ten or eleven, and he looked... shy. He had a white - uh, light skin, light brown hair, a smattering of freckles on his cheeks, and these wide, ice-blue eyes, just looking at me like I was the most interesting person he'd ever met.

He didn't talk. I remember that. I asked him who he was, but he pursed his lips and opened his mouth and... no words came out. Just a raspy sound, like he was trying to say something but he didn't have the voice to do it.

He was mute, from what I could tell, but I don't think he was deaf. He responded to my questions, and jumped when I stepped on a branch that made this loud cracking sound, blinking wide like... like a kitten, that got startled by sudden noise.

I asked him where he was from, and he pointed out Northeast, which I assumed meant across Don Valley. I asked him why he was out here, and he shrugged, kicking a rock like he wasn't sure how to answer that question.

And finally, I asked him if he wanted to help me with the old door. He shook his head no, raising his hands and stepping between me and the wood like he was trying to block my view.

This made me mad. Weirdly mad, because even then I didn't think he was trying to bully me or anything. It was just enough that he was trying to get in the way of my fun.

I shoved him out of the way, and the sound he let out when he crashed to the ground made me regret it immediately. It really did sound like I hurt him, and when I rushed him to help him, he was crying these big tears from even bigger eyes while he bit his lip and held his hand - he was bleeding, from getting scratched up on some rocks on the ground.

I dragged him to where I left my backpack, resting by an angel statue that felt like it was judging me with its gentle eyes. Away from the tomb, away from the door.

I washed his hand with some water from the water bottle and gave him a few band-aids I carried around since I liked to do a lot of exploring. I was a frequent victim of scraped knees. By then he'd stopped crying, sniffing into the handkerchief I lent him, and it struck me how *weird* it was that I got so mad.

I didn't shove any other kids (unless they really deserved it), and this poor, wilting flower of a boy absolutely didn't deserve any of that. I offered to walk him back to wherever his parents were, and he shook his head again, pointing back in the direction of the tomb. Past it, I thought at the time.

He held one of my hands with both of his and he smiled. He had this cute little gap between his teeth and he made him look even sweeter, and it made *me* feel shy. He hugged me tight, like he was thanking me, like I wasn't the one who hurt him in the first place.

And then he was gone. He ran off into the trees, which really struck me as odd, since I didn't remember there being an exit around that area of the Necropolis. But before I could try and go after him, I heard my Mama call my name, so I had to go on home.

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The next time I was there, I brought a crowbar. I wrapped it up in a newspaper and tape and told my Mama it was an art project.

It wasn't like I had no effect on that wooden door, but I needed something heavy-duty if I wanted to get that thing open.

And boy, did I *want* it open. I was *convinced* it'd be... worth it, somehow. If I got it open.

I wonder sometimes, if that was what *it* wanted, and it was influencing me somehow, and I never noticed.

I wonder sometimes if it was just me being stubborn. I wanted to solve a mystery. I wanted... something. Something to prove that what I was doing was worthwhile.

I dunno.

Either way, outcome's the same.

I went at the door with a crowbar, and it... shifted. I was putting all my body weight into it, and I could hear the scraping and the buckling of this old, old metal. My palms were getting redder and redder from the pressure.

And then... *crack*. The door had swung wide open and I fell right on my hands, cutting myself on sharp rocks and branches littering the ground. But honestly, I didn't care. I *did it*, I finally ***did it*** and I looked at the space inside and-

Nothing.

There was nothing.

More accurately, there was just this... wall of old stone, just a couple of feet into the tomb. With the light and the angle, I couldn't see that the tomb was only just deep enough for a person or two to walk in and stand.

I felt... cheated. So mad that I wanted to punch the wall - but before I went through with it, someone grabbed my wrist from behind, and I screamed so loud I thought I heard it echo, even in such a small, enclosed space.

It was a boy - not the same one as before, though. This kid was a lil bit taller - black, with dark skin and short hair, and he laughed easily when he startled me, shaking his head.

His clothes were more formal - short pants, high boots, a button-up white shirt. But I figured he was coming from a funeral or a memorial or something, and had just wandered off.

He had a nice voice... I think. Because looking back, I don't think he actually... said anything.

Well no, wait. He asked me if I was okay. And when I asked him his name, he said it was Jack. Jack Robin.

And I forget how, but he got me talking about why the hell I'd been trying so hard to open that door in the first place. He made noises in the right places, to show he was listening.

He laughed when he thought I was funny. He had a nice laugh.

But you know how...

Well. Okay, this is a weird comparison. But you work in audio, so you probably know what a soundboard is, right? 'Cause when I was talking to this guy, he didn't say much, and what he did

say... Well, if you took everything he said, every sound he made, you could fit it on a basic soundboard.

Cycle through the same 8 sound clips, over and over.

Obviously, that didn't cross my mind before.

I just talked this kid's ear off until I heard my Mama looking for me. When I asked if he lived nearby and wanted to hang out again, he shrugged and headed out. He had no answer for me, waving me off and cresting the hill in a run before I could stop him.

The last thing he said to me was... "Goodbye, dear." I thought that was a *little* strange.

I... *almost* went back to the crypt. To see if I missed anything.

But I didn't want my Mama to whoop my ass, so I didn't.

It was getting cold the next time I was there, so I didn't have long to stay. I saw Pocket again. I played with her, and she seemed real pleased to jump into piles of autumn leaves with me and roll around while I pet her belly.

The crypt stayed the way I left it, door off the hinges. With the wind picking up, sometimes I'd hear the rusty metal frame creaking in the distance. But I'd be lying on my back in the leaves, Pocket on my stomach, and she'd be purring so loud that I couldn't really get up until it was time to go.

I wanted to bring her home, after a while, but she seemed pretty healthy, all things considered. So she was either an unusually good hunter, or someone was already taking care of her.

I remember asking this old guy who my Mama said was the groundskeeper if he was the one feeding the sweet little black cat in the far corner of the graveyard.

He said, "If there was a black cat here, missy, I'd know about it," waving me off.

"She's usually around the William Crypt. Y'know - the old boxy one near Don Valley, with the name William carved on," I'd said, and he shook his head like I was crazy, muttering about how kids had wild imaginations.

"I know every grave in this graveyard, and there's no old William Crypt or whatever you call it," he said. "Lotsa Williams, though. Aaron, Abernathy, Aldritch, Abernathy, Burton-"

And he just went on like that, for a while. Like he was trying to prove a point.

Maybe he actually *did* remember every grave in the Necropolis. I-I never asked him.

It was a big cemetery. I figured he just missed her.

I tried to pick Pocket up and take her with me, but when we got too far off from where I found her, she'd jump right out of my arms and meow like she had something real important to say.

When I tried to lead her with treats, tried a few more times to carry her away, she'd always find some way to wriggle out. She never hurt me though, but she seemed kinda annoyed whenever I tried to pull one over her. Really mastering the art of squirming like a furry worm.

As we were creeping closer to Halloween, my friends at school wanted to do something properly spooky, but we didn't exactly have the *funds* or the space for a totally grown-up Halloween party of 7 kids just on the cusp of puberty.

So I thought, damn. You know what would be cool? That totally grown-up Halloween party happening in a *cemetery*.

I didn't tell Mama, of course.

I think it was actually the first time I went over to the Necropolis without her. I left right after she did, for her night shift, so it was getting dark by the time I went in, trying my best not to get spotted. Wanted to test if a bunch of kids could sneak in without anybody noticing, party on the far end where not even the groundskeeper checked, half inside an *actual crypt* that didn't even really have anything that wasn't locked behind old stone.

I thankfully brought a flashlight, this time, but... well. I underestimated how unnerving it would be, to make my way through a silent graveyard after the sun had long since set over the horizon.

It sounds stupid, but I knew this place. I went there so often, I forgot to be afraid... until I didn't.

So I hurried on, trying to find the old William Crypt as it got darker and darker.

I had to whip my flashlight out on the last leg, and I heard it before I saw it - door creaking and swinging on the hinges, even when there was no wind.

From afar... I thought it was an optical illusion, at first.

I knew the wall was there, but I thought I could see my flashlight reach farther back than before.

When I finally got up the hill, held the old door open to stop the creaking... I couldn't believe what I saw. I had to rub my eyes a few times just to make sure.

But I saw what I saw. There was no wall.

There was a *tunnel*.

It was made from the same stone, but it reached so far back, tilting down, that I couldn't see all the way in just from the entrance.

It didn't make any sense, but the first thing I thought was that someone saw the old crypt was open and was trying to do something like, construction, or something.

[footsteps echoing]

I walked right in, shining my way forward with my flashlight. The tunnel curved, so I could only see a few feet in front of me, but it felt like I was going a little bit down and a little bit to the right.

I don't remember how long I walked. But what I do remember is that I heard something - not in front of me.

[sound of a second pair of footsteps from behind]

But behind me.

[breathing going faster]

I looked back. Flashed my light. And around the bend, in the pitch black, I... I thought I saw... a shadow.

Something moved.

And I could hear...

Something.

And that something turned the corner, and I... I screamed. I dropped my flashlight on the stone and broke it, had it flashing on and off.

Because the thing in front of me - god, it was one of the most horrific sights I've ever...

[deep breath]

It was huge. Filled what little space there was, so huge that its... heads brushed the ceiling. I startled so bad I didn't see more than a glimpse of it with my flashlight, but from what I can remember, it looked like there were these two upper bodies coming from a single trunk, this disgusting amalgam of flesh and hair and many-coloured eyes and mouths and... Like if you put more than one person in a blender and they came out still, still kicking.

Two of its pale hands smacked against the wall and two brown ones reached for me in the flashing dark, so I ran. I ran in the opposite direction. I didn't have any other choice. I had one hand on the wall so I wouldn't run headlong into the stone, but I just kept running.

I had no idea where I'd end up, but I couldn't go back. Not with that... thing.

[chuckling] Would you believe that was a mistake?

Because next thing I knew, I ran into someone.

[24:31-28:25 "The Isle of the Dead" by Sergei Rachmaninoff duet arr. O Taubman playing]

It was pitch black. I couldn't see a thing. But it was a person, I knew that. I-I tried to struggle against the hold, but I heard someone shushing me with this... this gentle, comforting voice. A man's voice, I think.

He said, "Are you alright? I have you."

I was so relieved. I don't know why. What could an ordinary man do against that... that thing that chased me deeper into the earth? But he seemed so unafraid, so I was sure I'd be okay, one big hand stroking gentle circles into my back.

I only realised something was off when I tried to pull away, and I felt two hands gripping my arms, not letting go.

One. Two. Three.

I tried to pull away, but I had no strength. It was like I was chained down when this man whispered into my ear.

"It's been so long," he said. "Finally," he said, but it felt like there was nothing there, nothing but air, and I could feel something wet dripping onto my shoulder. I smelled iron and meat and felt something... something like a huge, open wound against my cheek, and...

I screamed, again. I kept screaming, but nobody could hear me, not in that tomb, unimaginably deep into that earth.

Or so I thought.

I felt something soft. Brush against my leg.

And against all odds, the hands on me loosened. I was able to pull away. I ran, again. It was pure instinct, but I had to get away, and in the dark I could see the faint red glow of a floating red hand reaching for me, almost grabbed my hair as I ran.

I ran far enough back that I saw the bright flashes from my broken flashlight, and I stopped when I saw that looming, enormous, fleshy figure casting long shadows in the dark, but I could hear something coming from behind me and couldn't stop for long.

I tried to get under one of the hulking arms, but it grabbed a hold of me. It held me steady when I struggled.

I thought I was dead. I thought...

[deep breath, sigh]

I was sure I was dead. But it just... the thing, it just turned me right around, and stood in front of me, and I heard it gurgle from whatever mouth it might have had, speaking without a voice-

"G... go, go..."

And I saw something shamble into view behind it, but it caught it the same way it caught me - this time holding the thing at bay, wrestling it back into the dark.

I only saw flashes, when it turned the corner.

Something, a thing of flesh, pale and dark. And the body it struggled to keep at bay... well.

It had no head, and it stained the huge thing with blood on its four hands.

It told me to go, but I was frozen in place, terrified. I couldn't understand what I was seeing.

Not until I felt a sharp pain in my leg, and I heard a familiar purring. In a flash of adrenaline, I picked the flashlight up from the ground and tapped it into a steady light, and in my other arm I gathered up the comforting weight of Pocket the Cat.

I ran out into the moonlit night, exhausted, tears streaming down my eyes as I held the cat against me. The cat I was sure saved me, somehow, though I couldn't be sure how.

[silence]

I wasn't crying for very long when something emerged from the tomb.

The terrifying, fleshy, monstrous thing, that even in the confusion, I knew saved my life. Now that I could get a better look at it, I realised I *knew* it.

Them.

The silent boy with the icy eyes that stared from part of its strange face. The charming boy, Jack Robin, with his easygoing smile.

Pocket slipped out of my arms and walked over to this huge thing, and seemed to... sink into their legs, and the whole form shifted and moved and shrunk and... disappeared, leaving only Pocket, who stared at me with her beautiful yellow eyes.

Then, even as I stared - the blue-eyed boy, who opened his mouth to speak, and with the greatest of effort, he spoke.

"Don't," he whispered. And then, with more effort, *"Come back."* He smiled, and it was just a little sad.

And then Jack Robin, who smiled and said "Goodbye, dear," same as before. Words for me, but not meant for me - at least not originally.

And then it was Pocket, again. She walked beside me, all the way to the gate.

I tried to pick her up and she allowed it for a moment, just so she could nuzzle my face. Then she slipped away.

[silence]

It was the last time I ever saw her. I kept my promise. I told Mama I couldn't come back with her to her visits. I was too scared. I had dreams, you know? For weeks after that night. I dreamt I was walking up to the Necropolis gate, and a headless man in fine clothes waited for me, waving with all three of his hands - two where they ought to be, and a third, a red hand waving from above.

And I tried to stop myself from taking another step, but I couldn't. I'd come closer, and closer... and I'd see Pocket's yellow eyes flash in my vision, and I'd wake up from the nightmare.

So... no, I haven't gone near the Necropolis since then. I've tried to look at it, sometimes, from the car, or from the top of the hill overlooking it. But, I haven't gone near it.

The only one who ever believed this story was my cousin, but when he asked me where to find the old crypt, I refused to tell him. I don't think I even mentioned the Necropolis.

He eventually stopped asking me about it, but maybe he'll listen to this episode and bother me about it again.

It's weird to think about it again. I don't care if people believe me or not. It's a real out there story, I know. But with everything that's been happening...

[synth mystery music playing]

[recording cuts out]

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[recording cuts back in]

My name? Oh, for the show, you mean? Uhm... I'm okay with it not being anonymous or anything. I've told some friends this story before, and it shouldn't affect my job. Rosario. Rosario Donner-Orosa. And this happened back in the early 90s. Y'know, I have a cousin who's got his own spooky stories about this city, maybe you should get in touch with him sometime.

[recording ends]

SCENE 2

[phone ringing]

[answered]

DONNER: Doo- Dooley?

DOOLEY: *[the sound of fire, alarms in the background] *coughing** Oh, Mikey... Oh, oh dear God.

DONNER: *[getting panicked]* What happened? Are you okay?

DOOLEY: Oh... One of the... **coughs* [hoarsely]* One of the... one of them. One-one of the Elders... He-he came for me. At... my apartment. I... Oh... I-I don't know how he- **coughs**

DONNER: *[urgent, terrified]* Okay, I'll be right there. Dooley, hang on!

[call cuts off]

-END-

[32:45 - 33:04 "Ili-Ili Tulog Anay" outro plays]

MOTZIE: You're listening to Hi Nay by Motzie Dapul.

[music stops]

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POST-CREDIT INFOGRAPHICS

CRIMES OF THE MARCOSES

In last episode's Crimes of the Marcoses, we mentioned the Vice President, Sara Duterte's use of Filipino taxes in what are called confidential funds. Confidential and intelligence funds, or CIF, are typically used in surveillance and information-gathering activities of the government. The VP requested 150 million Philippine Pesos of CIF allocated to the Department of Education, which she is secretary of, along with an additional 500 million Philippine Pesos for the office of the Vice President.

Her predecessor, Leni Robredo, did not have any such funds in her office's budget. On top of that, this marks the first year that confidential and intelligence funds have been allotted for the Department of Education. Instead of using funds to improve Filipino education, she uses the department as a means to spend Filipino taxes in secret.

When questioned about the confidential funds, Duterte refused to provide receipts and refused to explain to Filipinos what their tax money is being used for. She has even gone as far as to accuse her critics of being enemies of the state. Red-tagging any opposition or accusing them of being communist rebels, an accusation that often involves violent repercussions.

This is an obvious abuse of power to hide the corruption threatening to grow alarmingly worse within the government, and the current Marcos administration has only enabled it. The president himself has been seen to be using Filipino taxes for extravagant vacations abroad, written off as important diplomatic ventures. We can only hope that the minority oppositions within the Senate and the House of Representatives, as well as the voice of Filipino civilians, can stand strong enough to stop this from happening.

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REG:

Hey everyone, this is Reg Geli, co-creator and co-producer of Hi Nay. Hi Nay is a podcast produced by Motzie Dapul, Yoyi Halago, Alyssa Gimenez, and me, and licensed under a creative commons attribution noncommercial sharealike 4.0 international license. This episode was co-produced by Jesse Goodsell, and written and directed by Motzie Dapul. The role of Rosario Donner-Orosa was played by Alyssa Gimenez, the role of Evelyn was played by Natalie, the role of Ashvin was played by Adil R, the role of Donner was played by Leon Johnson, and the role of Dooley was played by Alasdair Stuart. If you'd like to chat with other listeners when this episode

goes live, we do a live premiere every other Sunday at 9:00PM EST or Toronto time on our Youtube channel: youtube.com/HiNayPod

To help support the production of Hi Nay, you can subscribe to our Patreon: patreon.com/HiNayPod. We've just started our early access program, where we release episodes three days earlier on Thursday at 9:00PM EST or Toronto time. You can also get bonus video and audio, art, and behind-the-scenes content, as well as join polls for the show. If you can't subscribe monthly, you also have the option to buy us some milk tea at ko-fi.com/HiNayPod. Our ad-free Hi Nay album, which has our official music and full episodes from Act 1 and 2, is also available in our KoFi store. Hi Nay is now officially part of the Rusty Quill network. That means our episodes are now available on Acast, along with YouTube, Spotify, Apple Podcasts, and wherever you listen to podcasts. Check out our website hinaypod.com for more news and updates, and don't forget to follow us on our official blog hinaypod.tumblr.com, as well as our socials - Facebook, Twitter, and Instagram - at [hinaypod](https://hinaypod.com). We hope you enjoy our Act 3 episodes, and as always, thank you, we love you, and hanggang sa muli!