

FOGO: Fear of Going Outside  
Season 2, Episode 9: "Bored in the Blind"  
Transcription

{{Sound Cues}}

—

Ivy Le, addressing the listener:

The content warning is back! We missed her. Today's episode contains gunshots and weapon sounds, some butchery, and the usual amount of sexual innuendo. Listen, when you're ready.

Ivy Le, narrating:

You know how some people go on vacation and wanna relax the whole time, and some people pack their itinerary like a sausage casing, just shoving in historic monuments until someone gets in a fight.

{{Bass-y Latin-inspired guitar starts playing}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

Well, I am neither. I take concept vacations, like when my beloved and I went to Peru with a two year old, the concept was living as young, wealthy Limeño parents. People are sleeping on the city of Lima, especially outdoorsy Americans. They all just wanna go hike up Machu Picchu instead. But I love cities and I hate hiking.

So we stayed in Lima for a whole week in a bougie neighborhood with lots of young families like ours. On the way to our family's apartment for the week, I saw some festival setting up on the beach. It was the epic annual food fest you should absolutely put on your bucket list called Mistura. Every foodie and their baby was planning to be there.

My beloved *had* an itinerary, but I was like, fuck your plan, baby. We're going to this food fest. We stood in line drinking beer and pisco with strangers all day to taste specialties like pachamanca, a meal slow-cooked underground with hot rocks by chefs from the Andes Mountains. Actual Limeños were telling us how excited they were to get this food and we were like, "oh my god, we're so excited too." And they were like, "... because Peru has been mired in violent political conflict for a long time, so it's beautiful that this generation of chefs can safely travel from all over the country and cook together." And we were like, "oh shit. Okay."

On the surface, it looked like the food and wine festivals back home, except it was food and pisco, but the context was completely different. It changed the taste of the food. It changed everything. You don't get that reading TripAdvisor. There's so much you can't know about a place until you're really there.

{{Bass-y Latin-inspired guitar stops}}

{{FOGO Theme Music: fun bouncy music with electronics fades in}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

I'm Ivy Le with one E, and you're listening to *FOGO: Fear of Going Outside*, a nature show with the most reluctant host ever. This season, I have done everything I could to figure out how to go hunting. I went on a Second Amendment talk radio show. I almost got attacked by a centipede. I got into a literal steel trap with a lawyer who probably could get away with murder if he wanted to. And then he said I could come hunt, but we don't have a date yet. I learned how to shoot bows. I learned how to shoot guns. I butchered a hog, and I have spent nearly \$2,000 to get to this point. And now Josh, from all the way back in episode three, invited us to a ranch. So today I'm finally going hog hunting!

{{FOGO Theme Music funkensifies and fades out}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Like many people I've met on this journey, Josh Rickman, the archery guy, has been trying to help me find land to hunt on for no incentive, except to share his blind unquestioned love of the outdoors.

{{Rhythmic drumming starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

Unlike the others who have tried, he actually found us a place. Myrriah and I are meeting him at his home far, far from the city where he works because tonight, he's guiding me on a wild hog bow hunt.

{{Drumming stops, birds chirp}}

Josh, at the ranch:

Well, yeah. Welcome out to the ranch.

Ivy, responding:

Yeah, tell me about your ranch!

Josh:

Oh, well, my grandfather bought this place in 1982, I believe

Ivy:

Oh shit. How long have y'all been in America?

Josh:

Uh, I don't really know.

{{Dramatic Western music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Josh's spot is definitely rustic, tall grass everywhere, not a spot of concrete on the ground. Josh doesn't even have a man cave inside his house. It's in front of his house. Outside. I didn't see it at first 'cause I don't have nature vision, but he's nestled foam animal targets in the grass and trees and marked out the distances with rocks to make his own personal archery practice range.

{{Dramatic Western music stops}}

Josh, at Josh's ranch:

We're just gonna do some basic practice. Come on over here. So we got my little range set up over here. Each one of these rock piles is a 10 yard increment. So we're gonna walk up there to that first one, that 10 yard.

Ivy, responding:

Ooh. Very, like, druid-like.

Josh:

(Josh laughs) It was better than putting spray paint in my lawn. Okay, so we're gonna start close. Just get warmed up a little bit. Um, if you wanna shoot at one of the targets, you can, or I've got a little pig target set up there too. Make sure your hands are in the correct position. You've got that?

Ivy:

Mm-hmm.

Josh:

There you go.

{{Ivy shoots an arrow}}

Josh:

Right. Okay. A little lower next time though.

Ivy:

Lower? Yep.

{{Funky futuristic electronic bass music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Practice is not going as well today as it did the other day. I'm not hitting the targets and I lose one of my arrows altogether.

{{Funky bass music stops; hopeful piano chords start}}

Ivy, at Josh's ranch:

Oh man. I'm inclined to say that arrow's just gone.

Josh, responding:

It might be. Sometimes that happens. I don't wanna tire you out too much, and it looks like you're already struggling a little.

Ivy:

Yeah. 'Cause I shot- I shot guns on Sunday. I shot arrows on Tuesday.

Josh:

It's okay.

Ivy:

I haven't slept in a while.

Josh:

And you haven't slept very much. Well, fatigue'll get ya. Um, you can shoot. You shot pretty good on Tuesday. Uh, I was hoping we could, you know, give you a little confidence booster right before—

Ivy:

Oh yeah, no, that's definitely not what has just happened. (Ivy laughs.)

Josh:

I know— I was about to say, I feel like we've done the opposite. (Ivy laughs.) So sorry about that, but I still think you're good. You'll be alright.

{{FOGO Theme Music: quick electronic music transition}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

I am laughing from delirium. I am sore from practicing my bow yesterday. I have a two inch bruise on my second boob from shooting Barbra's elk gun earlier in the week. And I am exhausted from staying up late last night to do a comedy show. It's funny that I've prepared for about five or six months to do this, and here I am, pretty busted for an apex predator.

{{Country sitting-on-a-porch guitar starts playing}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

But I do have a positive attitude! I'm excited about my snacks, and even if I don't get anything with my bow tonight, going out in the bush will still be valuable experience to prepare me for the hunt with Barbra, the bi mom with guns, on Kevin's ranch.

{{Country sitting-on-a-porch guitar stops}}

Josh, driving:

We're about to go through Johnson City. We'll get some ice up there.

Ivy, responding:  
What's Johnson City known for?

Josh:  
Uh, well, president Johnson was born there, and that's about it. Seems like since then nothing has happened.

Ivy:  
Have you ever had students that you're like, ah, you know, this person's not gonna- we're not- we're not gonna get this person to be able to learn how to hunt.

Josh:  
It's kind of one of those things though, that like, you might think that at first, honestly, like, man, there's no way this- this kid is ever gonna shoot anything and then they end up surprising you, but-

Ivy:  
People in general are surprising, yeah, and unpredictable.

Josh:  
Yeah. Um, when it comes to hunting especially, uh, I feel like all of us are here because somewhere in our ancestry, there was somebody good at hunting, and that's how they survived and reproduced and therefore, somewhere back in your DNA, there's an innate ability to do it, you know?

Ivy:  
Mm-hmm.

Josh:  
Pretty much across every culture, you know?

Ivy:  
Yeah.

Josh:  
They all started hunting at some point in time.

Ivy:  
Mm-hmm.

Josh:

You know, thinking off of that, everybody's got the ability. It's just really, if you set your mind to it. You've gotta have the patience to sit there and be quiet, and what you don't understand is that boring three hours can change in a split second, like, you never know exactly when there's a, you know, a pig right around the corner or a deer right around the corner.

Ivy:

When you tell me that, that you're like, it's like kind of boring until like, but it can also change in a split second... like, that sounds like a threat. (Josh laughs.) That sounds like- that sounds like war time. Immediately, I'm like, that's not- that's how people describe, you know, being at war. It's like, it's just boring until all of a sudden a bomb goes off. You know?

Josh:

Never thought about it that way. I mean, and I- I say boring. For me it's not that boring really, 'cause I like to sit and be quiet and just kind of meditate in a way.

Ivy:

That does sound super boring.

{{A quick fiddle ditty plays}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

We get to Josh's friend's land, and it looks so different from Kevin's land. Kevin's ranch is the only other hunting area I've ever seen. Kevin's land had neat piles of brush and cedar that he had cleared. The only spots that obviously look cleared here are the dirt road that snakes around the property and a small clearing around a feeder.

{{Dramatic Western music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Otherwise, there's pokey stuff everywhere and clusters of trees. For the first time since I put them on, I'm *not* mad at my Kevlar boots. We start gathering our things from the truck, and Myrriah confirms that Josh does have a side arm.

Myrriah (FOGO's producer), at Josh's ranch:

Oh, you did bring a hand then?

Josh, responding:

Yes I did. Just in case. It's kinda like a fire extinguisher. You don't need it until you really need it.

{{Josh's keys jingle}}

{{Dramatic Western music stops}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

We pop up the camouflage mesh blind and organize our supplies, camping stools, and my bow, so our space can be tidy and bring us joy. Josh leaves to move his truck further away. He says it's not good to leave the vehicle stinking of gasoline where you want animals to be smelling feed. The temperature in the blind is 15 degrees above "your under boobs at a music festival" and already, I have to start guzzling water from my hydration backpack.

{{Grass rustles}}

Ivy, at Josh's ranch:

Oh, my calves are so sweaty. Already?!

Josh, responding:

Oh, you're gonna- you're gonna sweat a whole lot more. These little ground blinds are like a sauna, man.

Ivy:

Oh man. Why?! It looks so sheer. Why isn't any air getting in them?

Josh:

You know, it's one of life's greatest mysteries: why do ground blinds suck so much?

{{Energetic rhythmic drumming and air-y synth starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

I had anticipated that being in a blind might suck, and I prepared a few things for this potentiality. I had altered an orange cooling towel to be long enough to wrap around my head. Those are the things that get cool when you make them wet, and mine works like a personal air conditioner. I dedicate this sewing project to season one Ivy, who had to go camping in July with a yeast infection.

My brain being the right temperature to think at last, I picked up my bow to figure out how to draw it back in this small space and shoot through the window in the blind. Having a little rehearsal settled my nerves just enough.

Finally. I opened a bag of dried cuttlefish to snack on. In the hog book, I learned that pigs like strong smells. So I had fantasized that the smell of my favorite childhood high protein snack would attract curious wild hogs right to me from all over the region. So I brought a bag of it.

{{Drumming stops; Jazz-y sensual lounge music starts playing}}

Ivy, in the blind:

I also bought, oh, did you bring the deer sausage?

Myrriah, responding:

I did.

Ivy:

The summer sausage? (Ivy rustles in her bag.) Salt rice crackers.

Josh:

Mm-hmm.

Ivy:

Or basil polenta. (A zipper zips.) Pecorino cheese, 'cause you don't need to refrigerate pecorino cheese. And this deer summer sausage that hunter gave us.

Josh:

I was gonna say, we're not gonna be huntin'.. We're gonna be eating the whole time.

Ivy:

That's what happens when you go out with Ivy.

Josh:

That's okay. (Ivy laughs.) I bought a bunch of snacks too, but nothin' as cool as y'all's.

Ivy:

I mean—

Josh:

Yeah, here in a little bit, we're gonna have to get quiet, but- (Josh rustles the bag of dried cuttlefish.) Like real quiet, like make no noise at all, but we still got a couple minutes.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Josh tells us to quiet down, so we do. And before long, I experience nature. A male deer comes to the feeder in front of us, and for about four minutes, I can hardly believe I'm seeing this beautiful animal in its natural habitat! Just 15 or 20 yards in front of me. This right here, sweating my balls off, dressed in safari clothes, memorizing the scene so I could tell you about it later. This is what I dreamed hosting a nature show would be like.

For the next 26 minutes, the deer stays there. Not doing much at all. I am already bored of the animals. I can't shoot. Deer hunting season isn't until the winter. That's why this buck is so chill. For the next several hours, Josh, Myrriah, and I sit as still and as quiet as we can.

{{Hopeful piano chord progressions start}}

Ivy, in the blind (whispering):

Is that the Mexican jumping spider? That giant–

Josh, responding (also whispering):

Yeah. Yeah, that's him. They're- they're not harmful. Look, he'll–

Ivy (whispering):

Don't make it jump!

Josh (whispering):

He's fine. Here. If we don't shoot something after, you know, an hour or two, after dark, then we'll get out and go huntin'. Go lookin'.

Ivy (whispering):

I feel like I'm getting weird. I feel like I'm–

Josh (whispering):

I think you started weird. (Ivy laughs in whisper.) Did you hear the deer blowing over there?

Ivy (whispering):

Yeah.

Josh (whispering):

Like a high-pitched– it sounds like a sneeze.

Ivy (whispering):

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

Josh (whispering):

Yeah. There were two deer over here just at the edge of those trees. They've been looking at our little blind for a long time. Then they finally decided, naahh, ain't worth it.

{{Hopeful piano chord progressions twinkle and stop}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Wow. We got mean-girled by two deer, and the sun hasn't even gone down yet. These deer didn't even run like we were dangerous. They scoffed at us.

{{Bouncy electronic music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

White Tailed deer are social animals. Female deer are called does, and they're young are called calves or fawns. They live in herds, watching out for danger together.

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

They communicate with sounds like bleating or this blowing. And famously, when they're really alarmed, by throwing up their tails, which are white on the underside. Sometimes the does let males join, but not while the bucks are belligerent and armed with their annual antlers grown in. Males can be so emotional.

{{Bouncy electronic music stops}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

We continue to sit there for another couple hours hoping the pigs will draw their own conclusions about us once it gets dark. But the only animals that come near us after that are birds.

{{A bird chirps in the distance}}

Ivy, in the blind (whispering):

I feel like this bird, as a soundtrack, is like a symbol of my anxiety. (Josh laughs.) Look, it gets closer and goes—

Josh, responding (whispering):

You know, this is kinda how it can go sometimes. That's why they call it huntin', not shootin'. (Ivy laughs.)

Ivy Le, narrating:

To recap my first four hours ever sitting in a blind: two does judged the fuck outta me. One buck didn't notice this at all. I had a brief standoff with a Mexican jumping spider, and exactly zero hogs were sighted.

Josh thinks we should leave the blind and approach the other feeder from downwind on foot. He calls it walk-n-stalk. I'm down. We step out of the steamy blind and into a breezy moonlit night. The breeze is welcome, of course, but we'll have to stay even more aware of where it's blowing. I mean, Josh will have to stay aware, and I will follow exactly where he steps behind him because keeping track of the wind and walking around it is not in my city-based skillset.

{{Energetic percussion music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

My skillset is being aware of where all the men are on a sidewalk and walking in a way that intimidates them enough to move aside and keep their thoughts to themselves. In fact, here, when you're walking and stalking, hunters are trying to walk as quietly as possible so other animals don't get disturbed and disperse.

{{A boot-step hits the ground}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

Josh teaches me to pick up the knee all the way up with every step, so you can then put your entire foot down at the same time. Not toe, heel or heel, then toe. Or, if you can't set your whole foot down at the same time, step with the outside of your foot first, and then the inside. The goal is to spread your weight out on the biggest possible surface area, and hopefully not break a twig or anything that makes a sound.

This walk is extremely awkward and slow to do in knee-high Kevlar boots. Josh, by the way, is wearing ankle-high, soft bottomed hiking boots. He chose stealth over snake protection because we are trying to be (Elmer Fudd impression:) very, very quiet.

{{Energetic percussion music stops}}

Ivy, at Josh's ranch (whispering):

We're falling asleep between steps because we're going so slow. It's creepy as hell.

Josh (whispering):

Yeah, that's the other feeder.

Ivy Le, narrating:

An alien green glow slowly appears in the distance as we approach the second feeder. Normally, I avoid anything that looks like an X-files case, but these green lights come on slowly when they detect motion, so hunters can see what's there, which means something has set it off. Hopefully a tasty hog that's easy to kill.

Josh, at Josh's ranch (whispering):

But what the way the wind is, I wanted to walk past it then come around to it.

Ivy, responding (whispering):

'Kay.

Josh (whispering):

Because if we had to cut straight across the field, where we're sitting right now, we'd be getting blown straight into it. So—

Ivy (whispering):

Yeah.

Josh (whispering):

Now we could approach it with the wind in our face. Does that make sense?

Ivy (whispering, not joking):

Yeah. This is my paintball strategy usually.

Josh (whispering):

Yeah. Make sure that they don't smell you comin'– (Ivy laughs.)

Ivy (whispering):

Oh man. Okay. I see it. I keep making it hard to look up though. I keep looking at my feet. (Ivy breathes heavy as they walk.) Okay, I see a green light on the feeder. That looks like, uh, 50 yards... Josh, I have to fart. (A beat.) Josh, it's not–

Josh (whispering):

Hey! He just took off into there.

Ivy (whispering):

I think that was my fault. I farted right before that gust of wind. (Josh laughs.)

Josh (whispering):

He probably just heard us, and he got a little sketchy.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Il only caught a glimpse of that pig as it was running away. It was smaller than I expected and way faster than I thought pigs could run. It was alone too. Everyone's been saying pigs are usually in groups called "sounders", which is why the gun shop suggested I get an automatic weapon when I was starting out. But my first pig sighting actually turned out to be a naughty little piglet who got scared shitless and learned a hard lesson about leaving mom tonight.

Ivy, at Josh's ranch (whispering):

Josh is scanning the brush with a green light. I'm- I'm just gonna breathe cause I- I think I- I forgot to breathe for the last six hours.

Josh, responding (whispering):

Right now, I'm just trying to see if I can see anything else or hear anything else. 'Cause pigs are rarely– sometimes– but rarely solo animals. Unless it's a boar, you know, it's gonna have other little pigs around, at some point in time. And I only saw the one. So I'm just waiting just a minute. I'm just chilling. See if anybody else comes out.

Ivy (whispering):

They're probably talkin' about us right now.

Josh (whispering):

Maybe.

Ivy (whispering):

Mom's like, this is a teachable moment.

(Josh yawns, big.)

Ivy (whispering):

What time is it?

Josh (whispering):

11:30.

Ivy Le, narrating:

This little piggy gave us away! The plan was to sneak from down-wind and set up at the feeder before it goes off again at 11:30pm. That was a bust. This feeder isn't any more valid than our original one now. The thing I liked about the idea of bow hunting is that it is more or less a silent weapon, so I *could* take more than one shot if I needed to. But I've been with Josh out here now for like seven hours, and it's really hard to get yourself even one shot.

I wasn't close enough when I saw that little piglet racing away to the tree-line. We walk back to the blind we left an hour ago, keeping our eyes peeled for any other pigs.

Josh, at the ranch (whispering):

I don't think we're gonna be able to stock up on anything. Um, so our options are, you know, chill out in the blind, see if anything wants to pop back up. Or we can start packing up. It's kind of up to y'all if y'all want to keep going or not. Time wise, I think it's, what, a little past midnight. Or right at midnight. So seven minutes 'til.

Ivy, responding (whispering):

Let's wait a little bit longer.

Josh (whispering):

Hop back in and see if anything pops back up.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Let the record show. The indoors-woman did *not* ask to leave. We get back in the blind, hoping we've been gone long enough to bring the pigs back to the yard, but nothing shows up, and all we do is more snacking.

{{FOGO theme music transition}}

Josh (whispering):

Speaking of that cuttlefish, while we just made noise, I'm gonna need some more of that stuff.

(They rustle in the blind.)

Ivy, responding (whispering):

You got it.

Josh (whispering):

I found a new favorite thing.

{{Electronic synth music underscores}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

We sit in this blind until 1:00am when Josh calls it. He brings the truck back around, and we pack up by the light of our headlamps. We debrief on the ride and say goodbye at his place.

Ivy, at Josh's place:

Ugh.

{{Josh closes his truck's tailgate}}

Josh, at Josh's place:

All right guys. Well, it's been fun.

Ivy, responding:

First time hunting? Didn't go too bad.

Josh:

Final thoughts?

Josh:

Uh, I think it was kind of like my first time camping. Actually. I think this is better than my first time camping!

Myrriah:

Because you get to go home and sleep in your bed?

Ivy:

Well, partly and because, like, eventually, eventually the wind like got goin'.

Josh:

Mm-hmm.

Ivy:

Uh... we saw some animals.

Josh:

Yeah.

Myrriah:

Yeah.

Ivy:

Uh...

Josh:

Saw deer, armadillo.

Ivy:

I didn't- I didn't get bit by mosquitoes. I got- I mean, I got that- a bunch of ants attacked me at the end there. Uh, yeah, no, I think it was better than my first time camping. I mean, the bar is low. (Ivy laughs.) The bar is very low. Uh, but this went over it.

Josh:

Well good! I'm glad to, uh, meet and exceed expectations. (Ivy and Josh laugh.)

Ivy:

Thanks Josh!

Josh:

Hey, anytime.

{{Energetic guitar riff with electronic keyboard music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

I am disappointed I didn't get anything, but honestly, I'm also kind of relieved. I didn't feel accurate with my bow anymore, I didn't know what to expect, and I did not wanna find out what I am made of at one o'clock in the morning. As long as I don't have an opportunity to shoot, I am Schrodinger's Hunter. Simultaneously existing as a badass *and* a fucking pussy.

Even though I didn't learn about myself though, I did learn some things about hunting. For example. Josh didn't hunt alongside me. He didn't bring his bow at all. It is customary for one person in the party to hunt at a time. Also, I noticed I could hear human activity a good bit of the time, especially while it was still light out. The sound of cars from the road, it travels all the way in, and humans talk when they're walking on their paths, {{bass note drops}} which I was surprised as an indoor person that I could still hear humans out there.

Overall, having gone through most of the motions one time, I feel a lot more prepared for the hunt with Barbra, the hot bi mom who taught me how to shoot a gun, the one I flirted with relentlessly, until she agreed to mentor me.

About that hunt with Barbara... The gun hunt with Barbra that I planned to go on right after my hunt with Josh did. not. materialize.

{{Dizzy electronic note}}

{{Top Gun Maverick-ass guitar music starts. We are READY.}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

I knew it would be hard to coordinate schedules, but it took another six months to find a single night that worked for Kevin, Barbra, me, and the weather. So much time passes, me and Barbra's kids start new grade levels. Josh changed careers— he's a full-time hunting guide now with Top o' Texas Outfitters. So much time passes, my bruise from the gun range healed completely. I went to the archery range to keep up my skills. I even took my kids to try it out! My oldest is a natural. I stayed looking for gun deals on the internet, and Myrriah and I continued to reach out to outfitters. One outfitter said yes, but then got a Netflix show and said no. Som trust me, dear readers, we tried. We did not want to wait this long.

{{Top Gun-style guitar transitions to jazzy piano music}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

So much time passes, Great Britain went through three different prime ministers. But Kevin and Barbra never gave up or ghosted us. We finally set date for November. When we come back, we become Kevin's Angels.

Barbra, in the preview (okay, even her voice is hot?):

Hello, handsome.

{{Sexy 90's keyboard transition}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Eleven months since I started this hunting quest. I am going on a wild hog hunt with Barbra, on a ranch luxuriously maintained by a rich man who doesn't need the cattle money.

{{Thumping hip-hop bass music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

This time I'm not sore. I'm not even sleep deprived. I mixed a green lipstick, inspired by the movie *Prey* for the occasion and pick out two beautiful bottles of wine to gift Barbra and Kevin. Kevin's been texting us videos from his feeder cameras. Hogs have been very active every night at two different feeders, so he's confident we'll get something, and I can't wait to show Barbra how nice his setup is.

{{Thumping hip-hop bass music stops}}

Barbra, driving through at Kevin's property:

Don't you just get relaxed when you, like, enter a big piece of property?

Ivy, responding:

Nope.

Barbra:

No?

Ivy:

All I'm doing is scanning for poison ivy.

Barbra:

I feel like my stress has gone like all- it just, like, melted since we've been here.

Ivy:

I'm like extremely hypervigilant right now. (Barbra laughs.) Trying to see if there's anything on the ground that we should be aware of.

{{Jazzy trumpet transition}}

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

Hi, Kevin. I'm Barbra. It's nice to meet you.

Kevin, responding:

Nice to meet you too.

Barbra:

Thanks for having us out here. Are you getting excited for next weekend?

Kevin:

Well, we- we have MLDP so we've already been-

Barbra:

So you're already busy-

Kevin:

For a month-

Barbra:

Yeah.

Barbra:

Um, in fact there's a spike in the cooler over here.

Barbra (to "the spike"):

Hello, handsome.

Kevin:

Yeah, it's a good lookin' buck-

Kevin (cont.):

Yeah, it's a spike for sure, which—

Barbra:

Those are my favorite.

Kevin:

Yeah, we shoot a lot of—

Barbra:

Those are delicious.

Ivy:

What's a spike?

Kevin:

A spike is a genetically deficient male deer that does not branch its antlers, that just grows, like—

Barbra:

He's never gonna get that big. And they're usually- young-ish.

Kevin:

Yeah. Out here, they should be young 'cause we try to kill 'em.

Barbra:

Yeah.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Kevin has a special-managed land deer permit that lets him hunt deer for an extended season, but Barbara and I are here to hunt hogs, which don't require a license.

{{Whistling Western music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

Kevin and his Squeal Team Six have been hunting, and Kevin's got a glow he didn't have before. They leave the hogs they kill in the field, but they've got more deer than they have time to process. So he offers us the buck hanging in the cold room.

Kevin, at Kevin's property:

We're gonna give that spike away. If you want it, you're open to it.

Barbra, responding:

Oh, really?

Kevin:

Yeah. It's just, uh- its neck- I neck-shoot everything to keep the meat clean.

Barbra:  
He's perfect.

Kevin:  
Yeah. And I keep the—

Barbra:  
Ivy, you wanna clean a deer later with me?

Ivy:  
Sure!

Barbra:  
Okay.

Kevin:  
Yeah. Y'all are welcome here. I- when I was in college, I used to take them back to my apartment and put him in my bathtub, like, look like a serial killer— (Ivy and Kevin laugh.)

Barbra:  
I was gonna say, that's very Jeffrey Dahmer of you.

Kevin:  
Yeah, it's very, uh, I didn't— there's nothing sexual about it though. (Ivy and Barbra laugh.)

Ivy Le, narrating:  
The deer has already been gutted, but is not yet skinned. His custom-built refrigerated room is the size of an office cubicle, and it opens up to a concrete landing so you can do dirty work. The deer is hanging from a rail in the ceiling that lets you easily push him out, to work on him. It's in the middle of his guest cabins. There's a bathroom and a shower we can use. Kevin shows us where everything is, and Barbra is shooting hearts from her eyes. She's in love with this place.

Kevin, at Kevin's property:  
What are you shooting?

Barbra, responding:  
Got a seven millimeter.

Kevin:  
Okay. And what kind of scope do you have?

Barbra:

Um–

Kevin:

What kind of light are y'all planning on using? I–

Myrriah:

I've got some lights.

Kevin:

If you want- If you want any of my advice, I can give to. If you guys wanna just figure it out on your own–

Barbra:

We've got- we've got a green spotlight with motion detection–

Kevin:

Oh, okay.

Barbra:

–to set up.

Myrriah:

Well it's uh, it's the kind- I brought some stuff. It's meant to, you put it, like, underneath the feeder.

Kevin:

I think that's smart. I think that's the way to do it. 'Cause I'm afraid if you sit in the blind and flick on a spot, they're gonna run.

Barbra:

Totally, yeah.

{{Mod spy-chase music starts playing}}

Kevin, at Kevin's property:

So that's good. You guys have a good plan then. That'll work.

Ivy Le, narrating:

Kevin's like Charlie from Charlie's Angels. He hands us, his angels, the keys to one of his ATV's from the ranch's fleet of ATVs and takes his leave.

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

Everything is perfect... except, I am in month two of my annual three-month hacking cough. I don't want it scaring away animals tonight, so my plan is to suck on cough drops non-stop and talk as little as possible in the blind. Every time I talk too long or laugh, I cough.

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

All right, ladies. Ivy, you gotta shoot someth- you gotta go. Do you want to shoot a few rounds?

Ivy, responding:

Yeah!

Barbra:

And just feel comfortable? And then we'll go set your light up?

Ivy:

Does this thing have a key? It's got a key, isn't it-

Barbra:

Yeah. It's got a key. Yeah, that's it-

Ivy:

Okay.

{{An ATV starts up}}

Ivy, at Kevin's property:

Okay. Let me get- stop and make sure I don't cough too much. (Ivy coughs.)

Barbra, responding:

Fancy. He even put targets up for you?

Ivy:

Mm-hmm.

Barbra:

You're like a celebrity, Ivy. (Ivy laughs.) *Celebrity time.*

Ivy:

(Ivy coughs.) *Celebrity time.*

{{Mod spy-chase music starts intensifies and stops}}

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

(Ivy coughs.) You have ear protection, right? I couldn't remember

Ivy, responding:

Yeah, actually I brought- so, I have Pro Ears and walkers, the Bluetooth, the earbud kind.

Ivy Le, narrating:

A lot of gun hunters wear *electronic* hearing protection. It protects your ears from sounds that are too loud, like gunshots, but it has microphones that pick up all the quiet noises and amplify them for you. Barbra had lent me a pair of her over-ear protection at the gun range, but they were so bulky on me, I had a hard time getting my face on the gun to aim, so I bought these little earbud versions, and I can tell you she better find these under her Christmas tree this year. We both get our hearing protection on for safety before I warm up with her gun.

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

Do you wanna shoot guns?

Ivy, responding:

I totally wanna shoot guns. You sound so sexy in my ears right now. (Barbra laughs.)

Ivy Le, narrating:

The range consists of one tree, shading two picnic tables, on a cleared field, maybe 2- or 300 yards long, and two big wooden bulletin boards where you post up your practice targets, about a hundred to 200 yards from the tables. Barbara lights a cigarette, and it hangs on her signature red lip, as she opens up a sake and tells me to start shooting.

{{Dreamy synth music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

I have done many bisexual things in my life, and this shooting range happy hour is, by far, the most bisexual thing I've ever done with clothes on.

{{Dreamy synth music fades out}}

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

You can do it.

Ivy, responding:

Oh, I'm so intimidated! I feel like I'm like in assassin school! You're like (deep voice:) the middle one. (Barbra laughs.) You have to shoot the middle one.

Barbra:

Assassin murder school.

Ivy:

It's not like you get like you a B if you shoot one of the right or the left side. It has to be exactly in the middle, okay. Okay. What did I learn about this gun last time? That I have to look for the marks slightly above where I wanna shoot or below? Do you remember?

Barbra:

It is a- I think it's a little above.

Ivy:

Shoot slightly above.

Barbra:

Press. You remember that?

Ivy:

Okay. (Ivy inhales.)

{{Ivy shoots.}}

Ivy, at Kevin's property:

Okay. It's more recoil than I remembered. Did I get it? I don't think I got anything.

Barbra, responding:

Let's do three of these, and then we'll go look.

{{Ivy reloads her gun}}

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

But to be honest, this is a terrible truth, but it's true. Um, hogs are awful. And so if we were out hunting deer, I'd feel really sad if you maimed a deer, but I'm not worried about where you shoot a hog because they're gross and—

Ivy, responding:

Aw...

Barbra:

It's true. (Ivy laughs.) It's true.

Ivy:

So far, I think they're quite intelligent.

Barbra:

They're not gross. They just destroy this environment. They ruin ranches and land.

Ivy:  
I think I'm not breathing right, 'cause it keeps moving.

Myrriah (from afar):  
Belly breathe.

Ivy:  
Belly breath. That's right. That's what we learned last time.

{{Ivy shoots}}

Ivy, at Kevin's property:  
Did I get it or did it kick up?

Barbra, responding:  
I wouldn't- I wouldn't take however, you know, you shoot right now as like, indicative of how you'll shoot in the blind. (Ivy laughs.) We're just warming you up.

Ivy Le, narrating:  
We walk or "hike" the hundred yards to go check the targets.

Ivy, "hiking" at Kevin's property:  
Ew. There's poop out here.

Barbra, responding:  
Yes. (Barbra laughs.)

Ivy:  
Oh! Ew! (Barbra laughs.)

Barbra:  
Also this target, this is further than any target you shot as a range.

Ivy:  
This is like dinosaur poop out here.

Barbra:  
Do you know you can wipe your butt with these leaves?

Ivy:  
Oh my god, do not—

Barbra:  
You can! They're so soft. Ivy, look at this.

Ivy Le, narrating:

We get to the targets, and Barbra sees it first. There's a dainty bullet hole right in the bullseye.

Ivy, at the targets:

What?

Barbra, responding:

What? What were you doing, girl? Just kicking some serious ass and taking names?

Ivy:

Oh, that was the last one. The last one felt good. Well, I mean, I don't know that it was the last one, but the last one was—

Barbra:

Uh, that was amazing. I don't know that I could do that from back there.

Ivy:

Wow.

Barbra:

I don't know how far he- this is a hundred yards?

Ivy:

I mean—

Barbra:

I mean, it's a far, it is a distance. It's not like—

Ivy:

What's the accuracy? If I took three shots and only one of them hit, but the one that hit, hit perfect...

Barbra:

What that tells me is you're just getting warmed up to the gun again. That you're just like remembering how to hold it. And how to breathe and all those things. Plus, you're doing a really tricky thing where you don't have a rest, and that's a really heavy gun, especially for someone your size.

{{Chill R&B music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Barbra is more pleased that I shot a bullseye from the distance longer than her whole gun range back home in the city, but I am more worried that I shot three bullets and two of them aren't on

this giant paper target at all! Who knows where they went. She sees a bullseye, and I see a pitiful 33% accuracy. I thought my problem today would be facing a moral dilemma with a pig in my sight and a gun in my hand, but now the problem might be can I hit a pig at all?

{{Bouncy electronic music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

Barbra, as my hunting mentor, feels I'm warmed up and ready. Also, the sun is starting to go down, so we need to set up our green hunting lights on the feeder. Kevin doesn't have green hunting lights on his feeders like we had on the bow hunt. Kevin, and hunters like him who can afford it, hunt at night using thermoscopes mounted on their guns. Thermoscopes make images of heat, so they don't require lighting at all, but they can easily run you four or five grand a piece. These green lights cost about 50 bucks each. You buy them at the Tractor Supply Store.

{{Bouncy electronic music stops}}

Myrriah, at Kevin's property:

So, normally you screw these in, but since we aren't gonna put a hole in his feeder—

Barbra, responding:

And it goes up, we're gonna put it under it, yeah?

Ivy:

Yeah. Gonna put it under like this?

Myrriah:

Yeah.

Ivy:

Okay. Um, I think I got enough knots in my brain to- because this has- it has holes on the side.

Myrriah:

Oh yeah, yeah, yeah.

Ivy:

So we can string it up, and then we'll just do- do a little tape just to keep it secure.

Myrriah:

Yeah. Perfect.

Barbra:

As someone who doesn't go outside. I sometimes find that hard to believe when I'm hanging out with you.

{{Ivy tapes the green light to the feeder}}

Ivy, at Kevin's property:  
Why? Because I'm so crafty?

Barbra, responding:  
Yeah. You're not helpless about anything..

Myrriah:  
She's really crafty.

Ivy:  
Yeah, that's 'cause I'm crafty. That's all.

Barbra:  
Like, I already thought through how to do this.

Ivy Le, narrating:  
The lights are up. And Kevin's setup is rigged for effective hunting. I've got a gun. I've got a guide. I think we're gonna do well tonight.

Barbra, at Kevin's property:  
Alright. We're gonna go get cozy ladies.

Myrriah, responding:  
Okay. Should I bring this scope in here?

Barbra:  
Oh yeah. Bring that.

Ivy:  
Oh, we're not just checking it out?

Barbra:  
No, we're getting in the blind.

Ivy:  
Oh. Like get in, get in?

Barbra:  
Yeah. It's time to get in.

Ivy:  
It's time to get in? Oh, shit. I didn't go pee.

Barbra:  
You need a what?

Myrriah:  
Go pee now.

Ivy:  
I didn't I didn't pee before. Go pee behind the back of the bush.

Barbra:  
You gotta pee outside.

Ivy:  
Okay.

Barbra:  
Are you guys ready to party in the blind?

Ivy Le, narrating:  
I was not ready to party in the blind. This was all actually really sudden for me. I thought we were gonna go back, I don't know, to home base, for no good reason, I guess.

{{Suspenseful music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:  
I didn't even go pee. And now I'm basically gonna go mark my human presence somewhere and give us all away. I started out nervous, but we wait. And wait. And wait. And eventually, enough time passes that, like, I can't be that worked up anymore. I'm just kind of tense, sucking on cough drops, trying not to make a sound.

Ivy, at Kevin's property (whispering):  
Is that deer coming to investigate us?

Barbra (whispering):  
I guess so. If you get a great shot...

Ivy (whispering):  
I guess we're about to find out the green light's working.

Ivy Le, narrating:  
The green lights do work. We can see, but there's nothing to see. We are there for hours, and the pigs never come. We only see one deer come hang out for a bit. I'm trying not to talk at all

because I hypothesize that it was too much talking during the bow hunt and talking makes me cough, so I'm just sitting there in silence, drinking sake, and ruminating on all the factors that could be repelling pigs. And I start to suspect these damn green lights. Myrriah checks her phone around 10:00 PM– that's about half an hour after the hogs had been showing up, according to Kevin's cameras. Kevin had texted saying the hogs had run into the other feeding station, across the property.

{{Quiet electronic drumming fades in}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

We had a 50% chance between the two feeders they've been going to, and of course they went to the other one. This sucks. Why don't they just pick the death one?! We decide to pack up and go butcher the deer as a consolation prize. I'm extremely frustrated that I have never had a chance to take even a single shot. I still don't know, would I even pull the trigger or would I pull it and would I miss? And not knowing, when it's my job to find out, grates on me. I'm entering my Moby Dick villain era, but I don't wanna spoil a mood for Barbra and Myrriah. They're excited to butcher a deer. I feel like I'm going backwards. Butchering something I didn't kill was four episodes ago! I'm physically there at the guest platform with Barbra and Myrriah and Spike the deer, may he rest in peace, but I'm not really there. I'm so frustrated that I've gone on two hunts and I have no backup plans to finish this season of FOGO. This deer is a participation ribbon that not even Kevin needed.

{{Drumming stops}}

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

Alright. Ummm, wine. Clean the deer. What you got in there, girl?

Ivy, responding:

It's my hunting box.

Barbra:

When did you make this kit? Like today?

Ivy:

No, for the, um, archery trip.

Barbra:

Oh, okay. You're like, I already have this together. You excited to clean a deer?

Ivy:

Yeah. I'm excited to, um, skin it, because you know, every time I watch Naked and Afraid, and they like, don't have enough shelter.

Barbra:

Yeah.

Ivy:

You know, I'm like, man, I sure wish they could skin an animal. That sure would help a lot of their hypothermia and mosquito problems, you know?

{{A barn door squeaks open}}

Ivy, at Kevin's property:

Hey, Spike.

Barbra, responding:

Spike! Squeak.

Ivy:

Is his butt still in there? Looks like they already cut his butt hu- butt hole out.

Barbra:

No. Oh, did they?

Ivy:

Yeah. It looks like so.

Barbra:

They remove butts. To each their own. This will be interesting. (Sing-songy:) I never cleaned deer upside-down. (Myrriah laughs.)

Ivy Le, narrating:

Our dear Spike is hanging from the rail by his hind legs. Barbra's used to seeing deer hung up for processing by their front legs, so the hunter can work with gravity to get the guts out. Barbra decides to flip him, and she just lifts the entire deer off the hook. Turns out, she's a Strongman athlete— as in Strongman weightlifting and strength competitions. She is so hot.

Barbra, at Kevin's property:

I don't know. I want to get him on this thing.

Ivy, responding:

Oh, okay.

Barbra:

But he's stiff. So normally, these would be like very pliable.

Ivy:

Uh-huh.

Barbra:

Because he just killed yesterday and he's been in the cooler. He's like very stiff. So where- how much help do you want and where do you wanna start?

Ivy:

Well, I've never done a deer before.

Barbra:

Okay.

Ivy:

I've only seen one done one time. But what this is what I prepared for, these are the knives I got after butchering with, um, butchering the hog with Jesse.

Barbra:

Okay.

Ivy:

Uh, just 'cause I realized like he was using kind of longer knives, but you know, you guys have like, got like a foot on me, and he's got like a hundred pounds on me.

Barbra:

Right, right.

Ivy:

So I got this one for going around the hip joints.

Barbra:

Okay, that's a good one.

Ivy:

And this one for skinning and big cuts.

Barbra:

Okay. So what I- what we're gonna do first, is we're gonna take right below this line here—

Ivy:

Uh-huh.

Barbra:

And we're gonna make—

Ivy:  
Basically cut around—

Barbra:  
Yeah. We're gonna make the cuts all the way around.

Ivy:  
Okay.

Barbra:  
And then we'll go from there.

Ivy:  
Okay.

Barbra:  
And you'll do that side, I'll do this side.

Ivy:  
All right, Spike.

{{Energetic hand-drumming music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:  
We're skinning the deer, and when you get to the legs or the neck or any round part, you have to kind of like cut a circle around it to be able to peel the skin off, like you're taking off a shirt. But I was having a hard time doing that with just my knife edge. So I start to use the gut hook. A knife with a gut hook. It's a little sharp hook on the backside of the knife. You're supposed to be able to cut while pulling it down, so the skin opens like a zipper. But it didn't work.

Ivy, at Kevin's property:  
So below the cut here? Or use the cut, go along with the cut that they already did?

Barbra, responding:  
No, don't go along it. Just below it.

Ivy:  
Like what?

Barbra:  
Below it. Right below it.

Ivy:  
Okay. Yeah. Okay. So don't like hook into it or anything?

Barbra:  
No—

Ivy:  
Because I'm tempted to start using it there.

Barbra:  
Don't, don't do that.

Ivy:  
Don't. Okay. And I can't tell if I'm cutting it, or I'm just getting off a lot of fur. I don't have a lot of trust in this gut hook part of this knife, but I always wanted to try it, to see if, like, maybe it was better than I thought it would be, but I guess not.

{{Reflective piano music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:  
Skinning the deer was really interesting because I didn't get to skin the hog I butchered, but I'm really glad that the butchering lesson I got from the pig applied to this other four-legged animal. Barbra is super appreciative that I know how to butcher because, well, when you have two people doing it cuts a time in half. Often, she's the only one doing it. On most hunts she goes on, she's the only one in the party who knows how to break down the animal.

Myrriah, at Kevin's property:  
Ivy you're... kind of a natural at this.

Ivy, responding:  
Oh yeah, the food part, yeah. I'm not scared of meat. Also, like, I feel like, um, you know what I've, like, noticed so far, like, learning how to, like, bow hunt and do all this stuff. It's like, it's seen as such, like, a manly, masculine, violent thing. And of course the act of, the act of taking something's life is inherent- obviously inherently violent. You know what I mean?

Barbra:  
Sure.

Ivy:  
But in actuality, what I've seen is... oh, look at this piece of fat. Oh my god. Ohhhhhh, I wanna season a skillet with this little, this little gem.

{{Sexy music transition}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

You know how nature people get distracted by birds? I get distracted by tallow. But what I was about to say is that so much of hunting, at least what I've experienced so far, actually favors traditionally feminine skills like moving softly and quietly. And here, where I'm cutting around this deer joints, making small and precise cuts, as in crafting or cooking.

Ivy, at Kevin's property:

Oh, I'm so happy that this knife is doing what I wanted. Because, you know, after butchering that hog with Jesse, I took- I was like, okay, I know the basics, and so now I think I know what knives I need.

Ivy Le, narrating:

For this hunt, I brought a Damascus knife with a gut hook, and I have my long boning knife to get around the hip bones. I had taken both of them to the knife sharpener at the farmer's market for sharpening and some customizations, which has worked out beautifully. I'll post about them on Instagram at @fogopodcast for all you knife people.

Ivy, at Kevin's property:

How do you feel about your first time mentoring a hunt?

Barbra, responding:

(Barbra laughs.) I wish we would've gotten you something. It's fun. You're easy to hunt with. If you want to take the deer tomorrow to have it processed, you're welcome to do that too.

Ivy:

No, no, no. Go for it.

Barbra:

I realized like, I was like, how bossy, Barbra?

Ivy:

No, no, no, no. I want you to have this deer. I want you to- I'm so excited for you to have it. I thanked Kevin for giving it to you so that this, uh, trip would be worth it for you.

Barbra:

Oh, it's always worth for me. I'm happy to be outside. Happy to be with you guys.

Ivy:

Oh really?

Barbra:

Yeah!

Ivy:

'Cause for me, definitely not worth it to just be outside. (Barbra laughs.) Obviously. Obviously—

Barbra:

You got me there.

Ivy:

—do not feel that way. Um, but I'm glad you feel that way! Well, anytime you want a buddy to clean, clean animal with you. You know, just let me know. I dunno, Myrriah. Since we've gone like- gone like hunting twice now and haven't been able to even get an animal to shoot at, I wonder if—

Barbra:

That's not uncommon.

Ivy:

It's not uncommon, but like at some point, like, is it, could it be just like the hullabaloo of, you know, like a giant group of people, you know? Like maybe I should just go...

Myrriah:

By yourself?

Ivy:

Just go by myself and see what I can pull off, you know?

Ivy Le, narrating:

We make pretty quick work of this deer working together, and it sounds like even though I'm not a great hunter yet, at least this hunter thinks I'm a good hunting buddy. So I kind of have a little bit of an open invitation with her, if I ever decide to actually take up hunting.

We load the meat that we're gonna keep into the cooler in the truck, and then the rest of Spike, we have to go drop off somewhere out in nature. So we just throw 'im on the back of the ATV and start heading back into the woods to find a place to leave it, for scavengers.

{{Sci-fi electronic music plays}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

In this part of the world, scavenger animals— or animals that will eat pre-dead meat— include ravens, vultures, coyotes, and of course, insects like ants, wasps, and some beetles. It will not happen overnight though. It will probably take a couple months before there is no trace left of Spike here.

{{Sci-fi electronic music stops}}

Ivy, at Kevin's property:  
Watch us go out there and run into a whole sounder of pigs.

Myrriah, responding from afar:  
I know. I'm almost like, are we about to bring a gun?

Ivy:  
Let's do it. I'm nervous about driving, like unloaded or loaded?

Barbra:  
It's unloaded. Just stick it out of the cover.

Ivy:  
Okay.

Barbra:  
I've got bullets.

Ivy:  
I do feel weird about driving around with a loaded again. (Barbra laughs.) That's why I was just sitting there. I was just sitting there like, I'm not gonna move from this blind until I have unloaded all the bullets.

Barbra:  
We gotta do Texas- we gotta do some Texas shit.

{{Synth-y guitar transition}}

Ivy, at Kevin's property:  
Safety's on. Okay. It's pointed downward.

Barbra, responding:  
Yeah. It's gonna be on your side.

Ivy:  
Okay.  
Barbra:  
There you go.

Ivy:  
Okay.

Barbra:  
You just gonna snuggle it.

Ivy:  
Okay.

Barbra:  
You just don't touch the trigger.

Ivy:  
Okay.

Barbra:  
It feels like we're doing very, like, serial killer shit right now. Like, oh, I gotta go dump this animal.

Ivy:  
Do you want me to help you? 'Cause I'm scared to move 'cause I'm holding a loaded gun.

Barbra:  
I don't need help. To the earth, lil deer. (Barbra grunts.)

{{Reflective synth chords play}}

Barbra, at Kevin's property:  
Oh. Goodbye friends. Thank you for feeding us.

Ivy, responding:  
Thank you, Spike.

Barbra:  
Thanks buddy.

Ivy Le, narrating:  
Drinking wine and butchering meat was a fine way to spend time with my outdoorsy friends. It wasn't entirely different from drinking wine in the kitchen and cooking together, but it sucks to be riding home empty handed again, after nearly a year in pursuit of something.

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):  
Barbra and Myrriah can see I'm pretty sore about it.

Myrriah, at Kevin's property:  
I think we can hit Josh back up again. He had said he would be willing to maybe have, um, you out on his property.

Ivy, responding:  
Yeah.

Barbra:  
Do you wanna kill a deer?

Ivy:  
You what?

Barbra:  
Do you wanna kill a deer?

Ivy:  
... Why did you ask that, Barbra?

Barbra:  
Um, I... because I just feel like deer season is upon us. It might be a little easier. Hogs are- hogs are harder in the sense that, like, I usually- a crowd of them show up, and they're fast. Deer, like, you watch 'em, they mosey, right? They, like, head-down eat. They look around. Sometimes they stay for like 20 minutes. Um...

Ivy:  
Also I feel like deer are, um, have sharper hearing.

Myrriah:  
I mean, we've sat and had deer stare at us at every hunting trip we've been on now, Ivy.

Barbra:  
They do have sharp hearing, but I don't- and I think hogs are definitely less like, like frightened, 'cause they're not, they're prey animals, but they're not prey animals in the same way that deer are.

Ivy:  
Yeah. Um, but it's just so frustrating 'cause you're like, hogs are supposed to be such a- there's literally *millions* of them.

Barbra:  
Yeah. They're everywhere.

Ivy:  
Like why is it so hard just to... get one.

{{Cascading nature show music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Now that I've been on two hunts, I think I can say for sure that hunting is less annoying than camping. You know when you're camping and you're like, "oh my god, why are we still here?" But when you're hunting, you're like, "why am I still here? Because I haven't shot anything yet, and once I do, I can go home and shower." I also feel like I actually have ideas about what worked and what didn't work and why. I wonder if we should have set up the green lights a week ago, so the pigs would get used to them. The pigs on Kevin's land have been hunted for generations now, by sophisticated and resourced hunters. But they're so smart, no matter how many pigs Kevin manages to trap or kill, the population still thrives.

I'm also noticing that I'm a *lot* more frustrated than everybody else. You know, people are willing to take a consolation prize at this point, and I'm not really ready to do that. I think hunters like Josh and Barbra, for them, being in nature is more important than the outcome of coming home with an animal, because they like nature.

I am not a hunter like them. I am bored by this buck. I do not like weather. Every hunting chair has lacked design. There was a tree stump that I kept thinking was an animal because it was so dark, I willed it to be alive. For them, hunting is their hobby. For me, hunting, right now, is my job. I can't see myself ending this season of FOGO without at least a chance to kill an animal. I'm a comedian. My joke's end in punchlines. My hunts should end in blood. Or, at minimum, a callback about buttocks.

{{Dramatic orchestra music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating (cont.):

I promised you that I would go hunting or I would die trying. Josh says, "that's why they call it hunting and not shooting". But as an indoor person, I would never go dress shopping, fail to find the piece I needed for an event, and say, "that's why they call it shopping and not buying." I would just keep shopping until I bought it. Technically, I've been hunting twice. But I feel like I've just been edging. Closer and closer to the O. Which is of course, the outdoors. I might just have to take care of it myself. So am I a hunter? Obviously not. Will I have to give up meat? Am I a fucking pussy? Maybe! I still don't know! Am I obsessed? Oh. Absolutely.

{{Dramatic violin solo, orchestra stops}}

{{Bouncy electronic music starts}}

Ivy Le, narrating:

Next time on FOGO, for the season finale: I don't know how, I don't know where, and I don't know when yet, but I'm gonna go hunting one more time.

A familiar voice, in the field:

Rack one in the gun right now. Get on the gun right now. Get on the gun.

Ivy Le, reading credits:

FOGO: Fear of Going Outside is a Spotify Sound Up series and was workshopped as part of the Spotify Sound Up podcast accelerator program. FOGO is written, produced and hosted by me, Ivy Le with one E. We are produced and edited by Myrriah Gossett. Engineering, mixing, and additional sound design by Robyn Edgar. Our theme song and original music are composed by Michelangelo Rodriguez. Story Editing by Minda Wei. Production support by Benjamin Grosse-Siestrup. FOGO's board of advisors is Jeff Zhao and Martin Thomas.

From Spotify, our executive producers are Miguel Contreras, Grace Delia, Jane Zumwalt, and Natalie Tulloch. Spotify production support provided by Shirley Ramos. And thanks to the rest of the Spotify team.

Special thanks this week to Josh Rickman, Barbra Krueger, and Kevin Glasheen. Listen to FOGO: Fear of Going Outside for free on Spotify. You can follow me on just about every social media platform at @IvyLeWithOneE, that phrase all spelled out. Go to fogopodcast.com for the newsletter, merch, and transcripts. My apologies to everyone who have not gotten their cups yet. I have been trying to kill!

{{FOGO End Credits fades out}}

Ivy, at Josh's ranch:

I want to write a love letter to my toes. It's my feet in prison. Like a civil war soldier, away from his lover.