

Magenta Presents
by Long Cat Media
Transcript: Alexander Frador

Magenta - Greetings fans of the esoteric and welcome to MAGENTA PRESENTS. T'is I, the madame of peculiar tales, the dark dowager of wyrdness, the high priestess of creepy lurky things that lick themselves loudly in the night. Magenta. That's... that's me, if you forgot my name.

Bernard – And Bernard, I'm here too.

Magenta – Oh yes. Today's offering is a short story called 'Alexander Frador', written and performed by Suzanne Andrade, who just so happens to be here with us right now in our caravan at Misty Moor Rectory.

Bernard – That's the name of the house: Misty Moor Rectory. The one we're renovating. I don't think we've mentioned it's name before.

Magenta – Have we not? We never mentioned it's called Misty Moor Rectory?

Bernard – No, I think... I think it slipped our mind!

Magenta – Goodness, how remiss of us. How forgetful. How absent-minded.

Bernard – Incidentally, should we tell the good people at home where they can hear more about Misty Moor Rectory?

Magenta – Oh I suppose so, yes.

Bernard – Yes, you see, we have a second podcast series called Madame Magenta: Sonos Mystica, and we've just embarked on a fourth season in which we talk about our new business which we've started, in order to raise money to renovate this ridiculous big house that we now have.

Magenta – Yes, so the new business is called Magenta & Bernard's Paranormal Investigations, M&B – we've shortened it to that to make it sound a bit more, y'know, professional. We thought it best to confine the ghost-hunting and house renovations to our sillier channel, and have the more sinister, atmospheric stuff here, on Magenta Presents.

Talking of which, Bernard, increase the sinister atmosphere levels please.

Bernard – Right you are. [crack of thunder]. There we go.

Magenta – Oh that's better.

Now, as I said, the author of today's story is sitting right here, staring at us, unblinking – bit creepy actually. Thin plumes of smoke are coming from her nostrils – did you notice that Bernard?

Bernard – I had started to notice a haze in the air, yes.

Magenta – She is preparing herself to perform, it's typical actor stuff, this is what they do, they have to warm up first. So while she's doing that, shall we introduce her?

Bernard – Yes, yes, lets. But what can one say about Suzanne?

Magenta – Well, she's the co-founder and co-artistic director of theatre company 1927, who have

awards coming out of the wazoo. Despite all this success and acclaim, Suzanne didn't turn into a monster - missed opportunity if you ask me. Bernard, where did we first meet Suzanne?

Bernard – Well, a safe guess would be a key party.

Magenta – Oh yes, of course it must've been. An esoteric key party. Do you remember which cursed key Suzanne got that night?

Bernard – I normally recall this sort of thing, but I just... I can't remember.

Magenta – I know what you mean, I'm really struggling. Has our lifetime of psychedelics caught up with us?

Bernard – Possibly... or maybe it's the smoke coming from Suzanne's nostrils. There's something rather confuddling about it. [coughs]

Magenta – Oh gosh, I think you're right. It's really filled the caravan. Turn on the extractor fan, Bernard! We're gonna have to wake her up. Wake her up, Bernard!

Bernard – Alright, alright. Suzanne! Suzanne, are you with us? Hello!

[slap slap. Waking up noises]

Bernard – There we go.

Magenta – Ah, the smoke is clearing. Thank goodness.

(calls) Are you ready, Suzanne?

She's ready.

And now, Magenta Presents... Alexander Frador... by Suzanne Andrade.

[spooky music]

Suzanne Andrade -

One morning after a particularly damp and restless night
Alexander Frador clawed her way out of a beastly dream.
She awoke from this wretched nightmare to the sound of her own hair raising screams.
On rising Alexander discovered a gaping wound in the side of her head
Her pillow was bloated with blood,
And a thick custardy pus stained the bed.
Alexanders entire memory had leaked from this exit wound, and it was making its merry
way across the floor,
Gathering carpet fluff and stray hair as it headed for the open door,
slugging over Alexanders' boxes and books and spiralling down the stairs

Mrs Alexander Frador's memory was morphing into a living breathing creature,
a ghastly-smelling piece of gristle with almost human features.

It was the colour of sunburnt flesh,
And the shape of a poached egg.
It had a small swollen winking eye,

And the beginnings of a muscular leg.

Alexander's amber eyes swivelled in her hollow head,
She scanned the unfamiliar room, stood on quivering legs.
She simply could not remember who she was, or how she'd come to reside in this house on
this street.
She Bambi-walked into the hall,
In pursuit of the runaway memory,
Its yolky residue on the soles of her feet.

She chased it through that unknown home and into the front garden,
Where it rolled into a flower bed.
Alexander seized its chubby little leg,
Tried to force it back into the hole in her head,
But it simply wouldn't fit.

It appeared to have swollen,
And it was caked in cat shit.

It squirmed free of Alexander's grip,
Ambled around the garden gathering speed,
Into the pond it splashed,
Pursued by Alexander,
Who floundered through mouthfuls of frog spawn and pond weed.

It dodged Alexander's desperate clawing grasps,
Vaulted over the garden gate,
And down the garden path.

A horrified man and child looked on from the safety of the front door.

'Why's mummy got no clothes on Daddy?
Why's she crawling about on the floor?'

But Alexander was deaf to her daughter's cries for she was but a stranger through amnesiac
eyes.
And as she fled the family home,
She did not glance behind.

They say she abandoned her husband and child,
When she lost her mind.

She chased her memory,
Through bramble bush,
Through thorn,
A relentless cat and mouse from dusk until dawn.

Stalking her recollections until feet grew sore,
Hounding her history forevermore.

And one day, when the seasons changed, the memory creature turned.
Alexander was the one pursued.

And after many moons a distance between them grew.

Alexander knows not from what she runs,
For she glimpses it only in the dead of night,
In the eye of a storm,
Or in the rays of fading afternoon light.

Looking over her shoulder for a predator that dogs her every twist and turn.
Pursued by her formative years,
And all the lessons learned.

They say she abandoned her family when she lost her mind.
In pursuit of the past,
Alexander Frador left the present behind.

Copywrite Suzanne Andrade