This is the smell of a warm three-day-old egg-solid sandwich in a wimpy trash bag.

Whippy, wimpy, wimpy!

Sshh! Blah!

And this is the smell of that same sandwich in a hefty, ultra-strong trash bag with new, fabuloso lemon scent.

Husty, hefty, hefty!

Sshh!

Sshh!

Smell the difference?

When life gives you stinky, get hefty, ultra-strong with new, fabuloso lemon scent.

It smells like clean, freshly picked lemons, so no matter what's inside your trash, you can stop the stink and smell the lemon.

The ZM Podcast Network

Flesh, horn and haley's little bit of pod. Treat yourself to Mccaffay coffee with my mac's rewards. Welcome to a little bit of pod.

This sucks, man.

Tragedy has struck.

I...

Tragedy!

What do you mean? Let's go!

Let's go!

Let's go!

No one is tragedy!

Why, you really picked that note?

I'll go out and say it. I cannot stand the Bee Gees.

Oh my god, are you serious?

Yeah, I'm serious. I'm so...

The Bee Gees Live, one night only, is the best live album of all time.

Are you kidding me? Are you kidding me?

The Bee Gees do rule.

I am a massive Bee Gees fan. They're like top 10 for me.

Really?

Yeah, I know.

Would you prefer I played you the steps version?

No, this is so bad.

I don't know.

It's so bad.

And it did make a dip.

Oh, yeah.

The dip.

The dip.

Oh, yeah.

Yeah, and it goes...

Ding-a-dong!

Ding-a-dong!

Ding-a-dong!

Ding-ding-ding-dong!

Ding-ding-dong!

Ding-ding-ding-dong!

Ding-a-dong!

Okay, I'll go on record. I prefer this version better.

I'm going to go on record and say,

Fuck you!

Wow, wow.

Guys, calm down. We can't leave the Bee Gees tears apart.

Okay.

Can't believe you don't like the Bee Gees.

Anyway, so tragedy has struck us.

You know I'm reading the Britney Spears book at the moment?

You're doing this so slowly.

I know. I started with a hiss and a roar and I've just been like getting into TV shows when I get home.

Yeah.

And then hopping into bed and trying to read a page and be like,

I'm falling asleep.

I just pulled it out of my bag today,

dripping wet, it's soaked, the pages are fucked.

Your Frank Green drink bottle.

Frank Green has been leaky-cheaky because it's a piece of shite

and it's leaked all through my bag and they've got my book wet.

Now it's going to hit that thing.

I'm going to air-dry it and I'm going to go crispy.

Yeah, dude.

And it's never going to shut properly again.

The book's going to be flayed.

Could you iron the pages?

I don't own an iron.

I've got an iron. I don't think that would do it though.

No, I don't think. I think that's screwed now.

I promised it to at least four people over the last week

and I was like, once I'm done with it, you can read it.

Now I'm going to have to hand them a skanky book.

Yeah.

Do you know what Andy was telling me yesterday?

She had something in her bag was wet.

I was like, what happened here?

And she's like, some kid is going into the cloakroom and sticking their hand into people's skull bags and half, like giving everybody's drink bottles a half-twist in the loosening manner.

Yeah.

Wait, is she hypothesizing or she knows this?

No, she said she walked out there

and everybody's bags were just dripping.

So they'll tip the water over as well.

Well, they'll just undo it a bit so when you move your bag it flops.

So the idea was they'll get you when you start walking,

like leaving a prank.

Yeah, but they did it to everybody's bag.

All the girls had leaky bags.

Bring back hiding, say.

So I actually said to her, we're going to make one,

because she said once it's happened,

once everybody's going to be trying to be cool and doing it,

I said we're going to make something go around the base of the lid $\,$

that's got red ink on it.

So when they put their hand in, because she reckons

to get it done quickly, nobody's looking,

they're just feeling it.

Yeah, yeah, yeah.

And then they're going to have red ink on their hands.

No, put a rat trap in there.

A rat trap.

That'll get them.

Snap them and they'll be here.

But then Indy's very forgetful and clumsy,

so she'll just stick her hand into the bag and get rat trapped.

Yeah.

Trap her own finger.

Oh. shit.

What a stupid prank.

It's a shit move.

Yeah.

You know why?

It's all these prank videos that kids watch now on YouTube.

Yeah.

Low pranks.

Low pranks.

We get millions of views and make lots of money.

And then this shit happens.

Gosh.

Well, my book's wet.

Put it in there.

August bag is wet.

It's a hot water cupboard overnight.

I don't have a hot water cupboard.

We're on gas, baby.

Oh.

Yeah.

Must be nice.

Must be nice.

But even a hot water cupboard,

even if you waited that book down,

it's never going to be the same again.

I know.

I'm going to have to get a hairdryer through it so I can close it.

Just a bit.

I'm not even finished.

And the bit that's the wettest is the bit I haven't read.

It's like a page while you're reading, hairdryer.

Get my GHD on it.

Yeah, hairdryer.

You almost want to be drying pre-read.

Oh, do you reckon?

Maybe just sit the hairdryer down.

No, but if you're reading a wet page and you're hairdrying it,

by the time you've got to the bottom,

I reckon it'll be nice to turn.

There's only five words on each page in this book.

You're turning it wet and it's going to rip.

This Britney Spears book really does feel like,

you know, when you're really trying to fill a couple of pages

of a school project.

And you go 24 font size?

Apparently.

I just googled how to save a wet book,

wrap it in wax paper, freezer paper, paper towels,

or unpreted newspaper, and then stick them in the freezer.

Huh?

What?

I feel like I'm going to really, really ruin it.

No, that doesn't sound right.

Because it would freeze together.

Because it would freeze together, right?

Yeah.

Oh, well.

Good luck.

We all know how it ends anyway.

In Tragedy.

By the Bee Gees.

Bum, bum, bum, bum.

Tragedy, doo, doo, doo, doo.

Go.

We turned around in the instrumental part so we couldn't even hit the high notes.

Is it coming back though?

No.

They're building up.

I reckon it's so funny.

Three, two, one, go.

Tragedy.

Oh, fuck.

Tragedy.

Oh, no.

It's a mess for him.

It's a mess for him.

Fail us out.