

WEEEEOOO WEEEEOOOO

🔥🔥 Welcome to our very first episode of *GOATED - the podcast* 🔥🔥

T: I'm your host, Tessy Wessy Pudding Pie and we're so excited to kick off this podcast, brought to you by Vitaminwater. Our first guest is a good friend of mine and he is joining us today to talk about his best *and worst* Hinge experiences. Please welcome to the show- Budi!

B: Hi! I'm Budi!

T: It's so good to see you, Budi. How have you been?

B: Tess, let me tell you, the last month has been a movie.

T: Oh, I'm so glad! What have you been up to?

B: Picture this- Turks and Caicos, 35 foot yacht, three beautiful, bikini clade women, 14 dozen bananas and enough champagne to sink the titanic.

T: Wow! Not really following the titanic thing but that does sound like a lot of fun!

B: You should've come! I sent you a Partiful!

T: I know, that was very kind but I can't party like I used to Budi!

B: Oh c'mon! The Tess I knew in college could drink a small army under the table. Remember the night you drank 19 high noons and taught yourself how to do a back flip?

T: I do remember that...kind of. I can actually still do a backflip to this day thanks to that night.

B: I bet that comes in handy in the bedroom huh?

T: I mean... I usually do them outside but yeah

B: Oh also there was the night when we went to karaoke in Cabo and you sang What Does The Fox Say in a handstand wearing a dress and everyone saw your-

T: Alright Budi, I don't think the audience needs to hear any more. Let's get into the meat of the episode- your best and worst hinge dates.

B: Oh boy- here we go...

T: Let's start with the good, why don't you tell me your best Hinge experience ever.

B: Ugh I've had so many good ones it's hard to pick buuuut I think I'll go with Bonnie.

T: Oh my god I forgot about Bonnie!

B: Yeah, may she rest in peace. Nahhh, I'm just jokin! Bonnie is very much alive and lives in Santa Fe New Mexico now!

T: Oh that's the perfect spot for her. Did she ever open her pottery shop she always talked about?

B: She sure did! If you're listening in from Santa Fe, New Mexico - go on down to Harry Pottery for all things clay and wizard! *Whispers* God she's a freak...

T: So- you and Bonnie met on hinge. Who messaged first?

B: All me baby. I hit her with the "Why did Budi cross the road?" she said "I don't know- why?" and naturally, I responded "To tap dat ass"

T: And she didn't report you?

B: Quite the opposite my uptight and vanilla friend- she sent me a voice memo of her saying some things I pledged never to repeat and next thing you know I was on my way to her place. We spent 7 amazing months tangled up under those Shein sheets. We went down to the jersey shore to stay with her grandparents for the weekend and for once in my life, I thought maybe this freaky playboy monkey had actually found something real...

T: How did things end with her again? I forget.

B: Well- it wasn't my finest hour. She caught me..

T: Budi, come on, you cheated on Bonnie?

B: I wish. She caught me writing smut fan fiction about Harry and Ron on Watt Pad.

T: I- uh, see why that may be alarming but that was enough reason for her to call it off?

B: You don't get it Tess... Bonnie is the top fan fiction writer in the country, and Canada, and there was only one person who rivaled her... RARRY69

T: Oh no...

B: Yup- that's right. I had been going behind her back and writing smut.

T: I truly don't know what to say to that...

B: It's just that Bonnie and I had been having a hard time in the bedroom.

T: Here we go...

B: So I thought maybe a little playful rivalry would help spice things up. One day she came home and I was passed out on the couch in a bananatosis and she went through my laptop. She found 900 pages worth of fan fiction and \$75,000 in bitcoin that my adoring fans had sent me. Bonnie's a peaceful person, she didn't yell, she didn't give me an indian burn like my ex-girlfriend Rebecca used to, she just left. She drained my bitcoin account, stole my miniature replica of the Great Showman set and left. I never heard from her again. The only way I know she's in Santa Fe is because I sewed an airtag into her grandma's vintage Chanel bag.

T: Oh, um... Wait, you had a Greatest Showman miniature replica?

B: Focus on the big picture, babe, she left me and she broke my heart. I was planning to use that bitcoin to buy her a ring too...

T: Oh wow, I'm really sorry to hear that Budi. Well, I hate to do this right now but we do have to move onto the worst Hinge date you've ever been on. Do you have any you'd like to share?

B: Wow, I don't honestly have that many bad stories to tell. You know me, a woman is a woman and I rarely don't steal home base on the first date if you know what I'm saying

T: Gross

B: But there was this one Psychic I went out with once who told me I was gonna die in 72 hours

T: Woah, when was that?

B: About 68 hours ago

T: Uhh... should we be worried?

B: No she was a quack she also tried to tell me I'm immature for my age

T: And that's incorrect?

B: Look- I know I make fart noises sometimes

T: All the time

B: And sure, I still have a meme account called "FortniteBoner"

T: What

B: and yes- I laugh when old people fall, I'm not scared to admit that

T: you should be scared to admit that

B: But I'm not immature. I pay child support for my 12 bastard children. I bought my own 19 bedroom house. I'm on a recreational volleyball team. I work hard!

T: On what?

B: My meme page, keep up. What I'm saying is I'm mature, I take care of myself!

T: When's the last time you flossed, Budi

B: Flossing is a liberal lie I would never do that

T: That's disgusting Budi

B: You know what else is disgusting?

T: What

B: *long fart noise*

T: Lovely. Well it's almost time to wrap this up- do you have anything else to say to the audience before we sign off?

B: I do. Bonnie- if you're out there, please take me back. I love you more than I love fanfiction. Hell, I love you more than I love banana pudding and hentai. If you come back, I will never do anything to hurt you again. I'll be the man of your dreams and I'll franchise 50 Harry Potterys! You're the most beautiful woman I've ever had the honor of loving and I need you back, baby.

T: Aw, that was very sweet Budi.

B: I mean it too. I'd give up all the yachts and gold chains and even my Google Virtual Reality headset to have her back in my arms. I'm nothing without her.

T: I've never seen you like this Budi, maybe you are maturing

B: And most of all, I need to clap them bodacious cheeks one more time

T: Alright- and that's all the time we have! I'm your host, Tessy Wessy Puddin Pie, joined by the one, the only, Budi! Thanks for listening to GOATED.

WEEEEOOO WEEEEOOOO

🌟🌟 Welcome back to the second ever episode of GOATED - the podcast 🌟🌟

T: I'm your host, Tessy Wessy Pudding Pie and today we're joined by my cheesy friend- Mr. Chedda!

C: Hey sweet cheeks- cut the cheese humor will ya?

T: Oh! Sorry, I didn't mean to-

C: Hehe I'm just jokin with you! Can't brie-lieve you fell for it!

T: You got me, Mr. Chedda! So, I've invited you on the show today to talk a little about yourself. Why don't you give me some background- where did you grow up?

C: I grew up in a little hole in the wall- no seriously, a hole! My pa is from Italy and met my ma here when they were just squeakers. They fell in love in one of them gondolas in Vegas, the kind where the fellas wear ridiculous hats, and baddabing baddaboom- Mr.Chedda enters the world!

T: Wow! That's a beautiful story. Do you have any siblings?

C: Yeah I got a few. There's Ricky- he's a real bad guy. He's known to steal mozzarella from babies. Not the kinda guy you wanna run into in a dark alley. Then there's mia sorella, Octavia, most beautiful woman in the world. I'd take a trap for that woman any day of tha week. She blessed me with my two greatest loves- Mista Jr. and Lil Gruere, my niece and nephew.

T: Aww, that's nice you're so close to your sister!

C: You know what they say- fondue is thicker than blood!

Mister Chedda laughs

T: Do you ever want to have kids of your own? Is there a Mrs. Chedda?

C: Oh boy- that's a bittt of a sticky subject.

T: Oh, I didn't mean to pry-

C: Picture this: a dimly lit cheese shop in the heart of Little Italy, the kind where the air is thick with the scent of aged Parmesan and Romano. I was there on business, see? You know, makin' sure the Gorgonzola shipments were on schedule.

As I was checkin' the goods, I caught a glimpse of her—Bella Ricotta, the most stunning dame in the whole shop. Her fur was as soft as fresh mozzarella, and her eyes? Sharp, like a perfectly aged Pecorino. She was slicin' up some provolone behind the counter, and I swear, the way she handled that cheese, I knew she had a real passion for the craft.

I sauntered over, playin' it cool, and said, "Hey, doll, you lookin' for some protection for that ricotta?" She laughed—a sweet, melodic sound that melted my heart faster than a wheel of Brie on a summer day.

We started talkin'—about cheese, life, and, well, the family business. Turns out, she wasn't just a pretty face. Bella knew her way around a cheese wheel and had connections that could rival any don in the city. She was smart, savvy, and had a heart of gold...or should I say, a heart of cheddar.

From that day on, it was like a perfect blend of flavors. We became inseparable, partners in life and in cheese. Bella, she's the cream to my coffee, the rind to my Brie. And let me tell ya, every day with her is like a feast fit for a king...a cheese king, that is.

T: Oh, wow- so you and Bella Ricotta are still together?

C: Not so fast, doll- One dark and stormy night I was out late, takin' care of some unfinished business—nothin' too serious, just a little mozzarella money collection. I walked in, expecting to see Bella waiting for me, maybe with a glass of red and some freshly sliced Asiago. But the place was too quiet—too still. My whiskers twitched with suspicion, and I knew somethin' was off.

As I made my way to the back room, I heard it—a soft giggle, one that wasn't meant for my ears. My heart started poundin', and I pushed the door open, slow and steady. And there she was, my Bella... but she wasn't alone. He was there, the dirty rat—Tony Bleu, the lowlife who thought he could muscle in on my territory. But this time, it wasn't just cheese he was after. He had his paws all over Bella, whisperin' sweet nothings that should've been reserved for me.

The sight hit me like a wheel of Gouda to the gut. My Bella, the love of my life, tangled up with that two-bit, moldy gangster. I could feel the rage boilin' up inside me, hotter than a pot of fondue, but I kept it cool. You don't survive long in this business without learnin' to control your temper. I turned and walked out, leavin' the memories of what we had behind. The streets of Little Italy were colder that night, but not as cold as my heart. From that day on, I swore to never let anyone get that close again. Because in this business, trust is rarer than a truffle-infused Brie, and once it's gone, you can't ever get it back.

T: She cheated on you? That must've been terrible!

C: Well it sure wasn't as sweet as a honey goat cheese I'll tell ya that much. I called it quits that night and never looked back. I'll tell ya though, I do miss the sweet sweet squeaks of her pleasure. I remember this one night we had togetha, we we're both in the mood for some rough lovin-

T: So! How did you deal with the breakup?

C: Well, sweet stuff, it was a dark time. I joined my brother Ricky in his laundromat robbin business and lived mostly off cocaine and coffee. I cut cheese out all together- do you know what that'll do to a mouse? I was deprived. But every time I tried to even look at a wheel of cheese, Bella's beautiful, irresistible smile would creep into my mind.

T: So, did you take her back?

C: I sure did, sugar bottom. I took back my love and we've been togtha for almost 85 years.

T: Wait- 85 years? How old are you Mr. Chedda?

C: Heya now, you should never ask a mouse his age *Mr. Chedda winks* I'm just pullin your tail- I'm one hundred and forty five years young! And I'll tell ya, what I got downstairs doesn't look a day over 50! So much so that it helped make 29 little Cheddass!

T: Oh my gosh, you have 29 kids? I thought you said your niece and nephew were the loves of your life?

C: That's true. I like them the mostest fo sure, but I don't mind a few of my own.

T: Wow well, what are their names?

C: Well there's the oldests- Pippo, peep for short, Nina, she's a bit of a whore but we love da hell outta her! There's also Gino, Luna, Leo, Mia, Beppe, he's gonna be a star, you heard it here first. Then there's the middle ones, Sofia, Enzo, he's a freak, Gigi, Clara, Tino, Lola, she looks just like her motha, Carlo, Nico, Fiamma, Paolo, he's our little closet case, Stella and Dino. And my sweet sweet youngest babies Lia, Rocco, Bianca, Tito, Viola, prettiest by a landslide, Bruno, Gina, Aldo, Marta and lil Gino, he's his mothas favorite but I don't care for him too much.

T: That's amazing! How do you keep them all straight?

C: Well Paolo definitely plays for the otha team but the rest of them are doing just fine.

T: Where do you all live?

C: Well, funny you should ask, we just bought a place in Greenwich, five story brownstone with treetop views and four wood burning fire places.

T: Wow, how do you afford that?

C: Hey now, a man best never reveal his money makin schemes..**whispers** we sell vapes

T: You sell vapes?

C: Sure do- Geek Bars! My drop dead gorgeous wife had the brilliant idea to put video games on vapes, ya know, to make sure the little ones like em, and we've been rackin in the dough ever since.

T: Okay, forgive me Mr.Chedda, but ddon't you think marketing vapes towards children is alittle messed up?

C: Oh boy, not you too! Think of it this way- I used to sling crack on the streets, so how I see it, this is nothin. I'm a family man now, I gotta keep cheese on tha table and my girls off the streets. So what if a few little twerps get addicted to nic? It's either that or heroin down the line!

T: Alright, Mr. Chedda, I get it. You're just doing whatever it takes to take care of your family.

C: Ain't that that truth!

T: Well it was such a pleasure having you on the show, I do hope you'll return soon.

C: You bet your bottom chedda I will!

T: Can't wait. I'm your host, Tessy Wessy Puddin Pie, and thanks for listening to the GOATED podcast.

WEEEEOOO WEEEEOOOO

  Welcome back to GOATED - the podcast  

T: I'm your host, Tessy Wessy Puddin Pie- welcome to the show! Today we are exploring the complexities of having a roommate. Joining us today we have none other than... The Yellow Leg Brothers!

B: **in unison** Hi Tess- we're so excited to be here!

T: Hi brothers! Welcome back to the show. How are you doing?

B1: We're great!

B2: Yeah, we're great!

T: That's great to hear! Anything new since the last time we spoke? Have you recovered from your accident?

B1: We're as good as new!

B2: Yeah! We're as good as new

T: That's great to hear! Now boys, do you live together?

B1: Of course we do!

B2: Yeah, of course we do!

T: I figured as much. Let's talk a little bit about what it's like to have a roommate as an adult. Do you ever have disagreements about your living space?

B1: No! We never fight

B2: Yeah, we never fight!

T: Not ever? There's nothing the other person does that bothers you?

B1: No! He's my best friend!

B2: ...

B1: I said - No! He's my best friend! **whispers** say it

B2: I can't do this anymore!

T: Oh no, Rubbin, what's going on?

B2: I hate living with him! Seriously, it's unbearable. He doesn't even ask before taking my stuff—my snacks, my charger, even my clothes! And don't even get me started on how disgusting he is. There's a mountain of dirty dishes in the sink that I'm pretty sure could be classified as a biohazard at this point. He leaves his laundry all over the place, and I'm pretty sure I stepped on one of his dirty socks- the hard kind- in the kitchen this morning. The kitchen!

And the noise! Every night it's a different girl, and I can hear everything through the walls. I mean, can you at least keep it down? Some of us have jobs and need sleep.

Oh, and the cherry on top? He makes me repeat everything he says! He's got this idea that we're the same person and has made me copy him since we were kids. News flash! We're 39- it's not cute anymore!

T: You guys are 39?

B2: Get this- last week I walked into his room and caught him in bed with MY girlfriend. When I asked him what he was thinking he said "hey, we're brothers- we share everything!" he didn't even apologize! He's also the dumbest person I've ever met. Do you ever wonder why we only say a couple words at a time? It's because his dense ass can't string a sentence together to save his life. I have a PhD in neuroscience and instead of saving lives I'm doing stupid podcast appearances, sorry Tessy, with my idiot brother who I should've eaten in the womb.

T: Alright- I feel like there's a lot of frustration built up. I'm glad we're able to hash this out in a safe environment. Rubbin- do you have anything to say to your brother? Maybe an apology?

B1: No, he stinks!

B2: See what I mean! He's an idiot! He probably can't even understand what we're talking about right now. It's like he got dropped on his head or something as a kid!

B1: Not very nice!

B2: Why I outta

Rubbin begins violently beating Rubbin

T: Stop! Stop! Rubbin- I get that you're upset but please refrain from using violence! We're live!

B1: Ouchie!

B2: Oh yeah- one more thing! His name's not even Rubbin! It's Ruppert! He's a phony!

B1: I am Rubbin!

B2: No you're not! Mom named me Rubbin after our great grandfather Rubbin' lthe third and she named you Rupert because she knew you were gonna be a piece of shit- just like our father!

B1: *growls* I'm not like father

B2: Yes... you.. are.

Ruppert begins pulling his hair out and then proceeds to bite Rubbin on the arm

T: STOOOOOOOPPPP

brothers stop in their tracks

T: Rubbin- you need to either forgive your brother for his faults or move on and make an active choice to cut him out of your life for good.

Rupert- how dare you.