

CHAPTER TEN - THE SALE

There is a knock on the door. Joey turns the music down and walks to his front door. "Who is there?" he asks.

"Hello it's the police. We were wondering if you could turn your music down as there was a complaint."

"I'm sorry officer, I'll turn it down right away. I thought I was invisible."

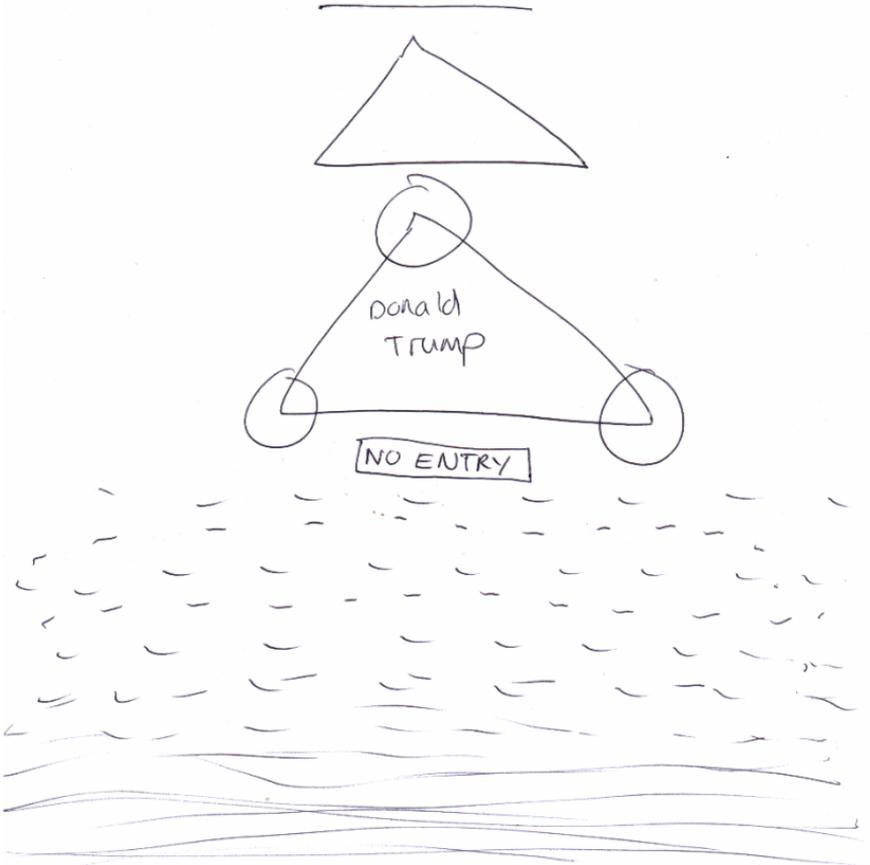
He gets confused and smashes his mixer with his face.

"He must have been confused." the policeman says to the other policeman, and they walk off, having dealt with the complaint at a professional level.

It dawns on Joey that he is not invisible.

Aww.

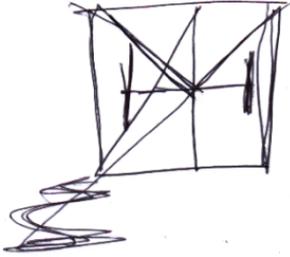
The grue must have been holding the electron microscope the wrong way around! That explains everything very well nice one Joey. Thanks.



"we invented the rectangle so there"

This is Joey Riot's idea of what a triangle is

~~I AM REACTING~~



M
"
|
OH
NO



Joey Riot draws the number 91 correctly



Joey Riot uses this photo of himself to prove he is not DJ Styles' or DJ Sharkey's boyfriend

So after a set amount of time Joey has an actually good idea - buy some stuff and sell it. He makes a few calls and because of his links with Chinatown he easily secures a meeting with the Chinese Mayor of Glasgow, Mayor Fat. He pays £12 thousand cash up front to hire out a small section of street for a few hours. The cost includes a small stage and a small rain protective area. As the Mayor is Fat he throws in some security men for free, because he was told to by his doctor.

A surname is not an excuse.

You spend £250 on small electrical parts to sell! You cut them up and smash them to bits, which takes you three weeks.

The day of the sale arrives and you put your bits in a bag and carry them to the street before anyone gets there - not even the security men. It is 4pm. You sit down on the chair which is on the stage and read your notes.

"Sell the stuuf?"

"Oh bollocks."

Fuck the notes. You'll just try and sell the stuff. Your confidence returns! This is just like it was before you were raped.

Better, in fact. You chill for a few hours smiling and emitting the odd chuckle. You realise you have feet. You stare at them for half an hour without realising some people have arrived. Fifty, in fact. Some are quite close but most are watching you from the distance. The auction is due to start at 7.00pm and it is 6.30pm.

You start talking to yourself.

"I think I have feet!"

"Oh wait now I only have ankles." one of the men was carrying a sword.

"Shit now I'm walking on my knees."

A girl interrupts you.....

"You have feet, we can see that."

A little green man then says..

"No, yo don't."

And chops Joey's legs right off. He also bought a sword to the auction.

"That's so much more comfortable, that's great, thanks!" Joey says. He looks affronted.

KRIS' COMMENTARY

You think you are comfortable with this book but that is because you don't know you are reading it. You are only accepting it on an astral level. You actually are re-reading it. Think about it.

"Ok, we'll have to let you have legs" says the little green man.

Then the little green man just cuts them away again.

Everyone feels despondent because they haven't cut much off.

As more people arrive some people shout and some vomit. In the end they start chanting "Auction auction auction" for a bit, but no-one goes away. They quiet down and people start to mingle and chat among themselves.

You realise you are not sure how to start an auction. The clock turns 7:00. You write the word NOW at the top of your notepad in big capital letters and wait.

After five minutes one of the security men prods the side of your arm.

"Has the auction started, sir?"

"I don't know."

Eventually you get the hang of things.

"Ok you, now, bid!"

You point at a person.

"What are you selling??"

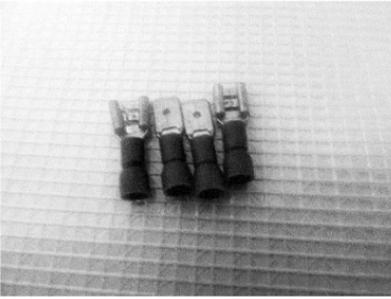
"Oh. Ok."

You look at your notes... for... 25 minutes.

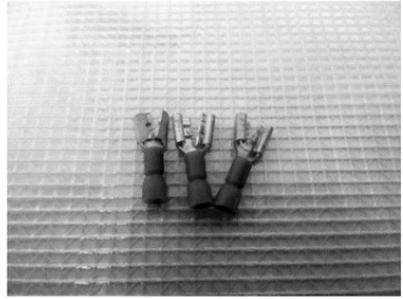
"Stuff."

"Is it the items here, sir?"

The security man is nodding to the two large billboards at the rear of the stage.



To the left - in blue



To the right - in red

"Yes. That rich stuff."

"Which version??"

"The shit one."

"Why??"

"Not Scottish."

"How many?"

"Ten to three million billion trillion."

The crowd laughs! You sense things are going well.

"I want three for a tenner!" a nutter shouts.

"DONE!"

"Bangin'" the nodding man mutters as you pass him the broken clips.

He swallows them, and walks off.

After this the sale quickly breaks down and people start hollering and yelling that you are a fucking wanker.

You begin to make sales notes as the last remaining stragglers disappear.

After a few minutes you hear a voice - "Joey?"

You look up and see a pretty young lady.

"Sorry the auction didn't go that well. I was wondering if I could get your autograph?" she says.

You say nothing and keep writing.

"Joey?"

"Do you think I'm made of money pal??"

"What!"

You straighten up in your chair, quickly, like a cat. Your right hand taps your other hand rapidly with your cheap biro, and then stops. You look her straight in the eye.

"Do ya think fuckin' ink is free, lass!? What the fuck!?"

"What the fuck!" she exclaims.

"You tight bastard!"

"Yeah yeah"

You get back to documenting your sales data.

"Please!"

"Fuck - off - and - die."

"Jesus Christ!" she cries.

"You fucking tight old wanker!"

"I'm not old you are."

The girl looks about twenty.

She spits in your face and stomps off.

Your head slams into the desk. Your arms flop to the floor.

"Fuckin' witches anus!" you grumble.

You get water all over the stage.

Poor Joey.

Aww.

Fuckin' poof prick.

Up yours.

No, up yours.

Ah, fuck off.