

CHAPTER 11 - Christmas

It is Joey Riot's day off from being on the dole.

"From the eternal broth shall bring"

"An entirely new thing"

He is like God, and everything. And he wants nothing.

Who is?

Me.

Who?

Me, the author.

But, how are you not shit?

Please.

So anyway, back to the story by the way fuck off.

Darren Styles wakes up and gets out of the sleeping bag. Around the same time our old friend Joey wakes up and crawls out of the sleeping bag, at a speed of a billionth of a mile per second.

"Morning."

"Morning."

They eat toast and cereal in Joey's pristine Chinatown flat.

"So, shall we go to the Christmas fayre today, or break out that new pack of superglue and have fun with that?" Joey asks.

Darren Styles instantly vomits at the thought of having the other half of his foreskin permanently stuck to his penis.

"Christmas fayre it is!"

I intend to do as much writing right now as I possibly can while I am high on drugs - if you are the reader - get fucked.

I want to use this sentence to make a shame out of women - Longted told me to. Thanks.

* * *

We are now at the Glasgow Christmas fayre. Imagine this, if you will.

You and DJ Styles stake the fayre out for 3 weeks before it starts, hiding in bins. Why? You don't know.

Another annoyed binman picks you out of the garbage and shouts stuff. Eventually you are put back in the bins. Tomorrow is the day the fayre starts! So you rush off and buy curry and chips. You then run back to the bins and hide inside of them, eating your chips.

What a pair of fucking wankers.

* * *

DJ Styles says "it's time to get up" and you crawl out of his chip-filled anus.

It is 12 noon exactly and the fayre has been on for 3 hours.

"So much for our stakeout. We must have got up late." you say.

You jump out of the bins doing karate moves but no-one notices.

You then try to chill out with the crowd while attempting to not buy stuff.

It is now 5pm. Joey is leaning on a wall with his back. He asks a stranger...

"There's no-one behind me, no?"

"Jesus Christ" says the man, who then walks off.

Minutes later he has made his way into the thinning crowd, and is talking to a man.

"Yeah, I was in an Arnold Schwarzenegger film." he says.

"Oh yeah, what one?" the old man asks.

"All Arnold Schwarzenegger films." Joey says.

"Can I have some money?" he then says.

"NO" the old bloke says.

"I was in Total Recall for three weeks. I was a fat woman's tit."

The man walks off, cursing.

Moments later Joey has bought himself a Tarot reading, with a witch, for £5.

The mysterious woman comes out of a trance, in which she was having a conversation with your transcendental self.

"You are a bellend." she says.

"You are not like other Scots." she says.

"All you want is money." she says.

"You are like other Scots - times a thousand."

"So what." you proudly shout.

The Tarot cards she drew for you are:

9 of Cups - wish fulfillment, satisfaction.

3 of Swords - heartbreak, loneliness, betrayal.

The Devil (reversed) - infinite intelligence?

"You are shit." she says. She then passes out, and you run off, thankful for the reprieve.

You and Styles meet up again at the food section of the fayre.

For a few minutes you both say nothing. Then, Styles has an idea...

"We could sell ourselves as Turkeys!" he says.

You sidle across to the Turkey stall, and hunch down.

"Do we smell like Turkeys?" he says.

"No." you say.

"But let's try."

After a few minutes some chavs seem to spot you and make a few phone calls, but, no, they're not interested. They walk off chuckling.

An hour passes and still no interest. Then, a posh bloke arrives wearing a tweed jacket.

"I hear you have some special Turkeys for sale!" he says to the owner of the stall, who points at the two of you.

"Tenner for the two." he says.

Bingo!!!

They both carry you to the back of the posh blokes posh estate car and put you in the boot. On the drive to his home, you can't help smirking at each other.

"We did it!" you whisper to Styles.

"I know!" he whispers back.

"No talking in the back!" the man shouts.

You arrive at the man's posh farm house and he walks off. Moments later he returns with two surly men. They carry you to the back of a long area including a vegetable patch, and puts you both in a pen with some chickens. They then walk off. When they arrive at the fenced perimeter, Styles stands up and shouts...

"We are not real Turkeys!"

The men walk off, laughing.

You spend a miserable night in the chicken coup in driving rain. You tried to get into the chicken's shelter, but you were too big in fairness, and the chicken's were having none of it.

You awaken sodden and miserable, but the sun is out.

A man arrives and clonks you both on the head with a hammer. You are out cold.

* * *

You come round trussed up on a kitchen preparation table. The room is very warm. A woman (Miss Nash) walks in.

"Yum yum." she says.

She begins setting about Darren Styles hair with a pair of hedge trimmers, but he is having none of it.

"Stop that!" he shouts.

"Oo Riley, turkey gone mad. Bring in the shotgun." she shouts.

Oo Riley (the posh man) walks in with a shotgun, and blows Darren Styles' head clean off.

But... Oh but....

It was a mushroom flashback, from the fly agaric. Joey comes to, in his Chinatown apartment, holding a revolver. Darren Styles lies dead on the floor.

"My God!" Joey says.

He then shoots himself - because he is shit - he did it by mistake.

In the stomach.

In the cheek.

In the eyeball.

"Shit."

He drops the revolver, and runs for the hills.