

CHAPTER TWO - THE THERAPIST

You are reading from Jeremy Kyle's inspirational self-help book - I Am Not A Bender.

He says this...

"I once stared myself in the face for 15 hours to prove how hard I was. In the end I started shouting at myself. I had to leave the room, but it was pretty cool."

You wonder if you can be as amazing as Jeremy.



You think about writing your own book. Hmm.. what would you call it?

I Want Money

by Joey Riot

500 pages, blank.

You wonder if it would sell.

"LOADED!!"

You start to spontaneously MC.

"I want money and I want it right now!"

"I want money and I milk a giant cow!"

"I want money and I think that you are shit!"

"Why don't ya why don't ya just accept it!"

"You are shit you are shit you are shit!"

You decide to call your therapist to give her the good news about the book.

This is the conversation you have with the therapist.

"Hi Miss Everready, it's Joey again."

"Good morning again Joey, but, my name is Miss Pennyworth. What is the problem today?"

At this point you go berserk, and forget about the book. Time to get the real issues out in the open, at last.

"Ok hi again Miss Everready, are you ready for this? I am going to blow your mind with the purity of truth itself, as I speak it, and as I actually know it. Are you ready? Too fuckin slow...."

And you blurt out the following...

"So I found a nest, a colony if you will - a civilisation! A civilisation of sentient ants. One of the ants bit me on the toe. 'Come ere' he says. I picked it up but its head remained attached to me toe! I fell to my knees! I hurt my anthony?! What! Oh no. I forgot. That's me ankle. Better call an ambulance he says, and from this point on I had a grumpy face. 'Ambulance please'... 'for what reason'... 'heavy ant knees'... does that make sense?"

"I know you are short Joey. We can fix that."

"I suggest you get out of the house Joey and if possible get to mine for 3?"

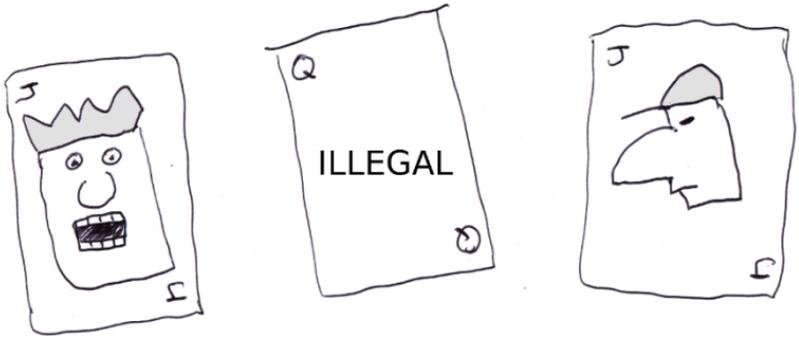
"Thanks Miss Mever Spleddy" - and you put the phone down (in some of your own shit).

Note that in this story book, Joey is not mentally retarded, nor does he have mental illness - it's just that he is shit. Because - born in Scotland and stuff. Hard facts are not what we want.

Problem? Yes, it is a problem. Yes, it is disgusting! Kill Scots as much as you want.

More on that point later on in this very chapter, which technically blah blah blah is real life.

Good enough.



Three-Card Monte is a famous, card con trick. It is a scam and involves sleight of hand. In actual reality there is no chance of you picking the right card and not being outbid, by people called shills - people who are in on the trick.. sounds Scottish? It was invented in Scotland.

By ants¹.

Did you notice the seemingly dark power of the above photograph of Joey Riot's house? No, because it is too small.

Why was the image censored!! Boo! Maybe, maybe, maybe, because it was a photograph of a witch. Enough!

By the way, the photo on the left is Greg Davies. The photo on the right is Tony Blair. They are both in on it!

Cool.

Basically the Three-Card Monte is a way to trick people out of their money. Strange seeing as gambling is illegal in Scotland. So sad.

I think we all know where this is going.

¹ In space.

"How much would you like to bet?" the conman asks Mr DJ so-called, Mr exclusive mixes Mr Joey so-called Riot and stuff.

"Ten thousand pounds."

Joey Mr fucking-not Riot (as he is gay) loses the bet, abandons any self worth (except he is Scottish) and runs away.

Blah, blah, blah, same face, different daggers.

I cannot say, mm, yah right, what happened, except that I can.

He actually tried to pull the same thing over a thousand million more times than some other Scots that day. It wasn't the same guy doing the cards, they just looked quite similar. But no road is long enough in Glasgow? Joey Riot is a short man.

What a short fucking wanker, yeah? Oh yes.

You are a fucking wanker!

(That message was to all Scots, not just you Joey. You are all short men, with no handballs. No hmanners? No mnananners? No, what? What?)

Yes! I got away with it!!

(I'm wearing a skinsuit.)

You arriva at your therapist's house at around 12 o'clock.

"Hi Joey! I hope you are well! It's good to see you again!"

"Ok"

"Come in Joey, and chill out."

"Ok"

You sit in the therapist's chair, thoroughly pissed off.

A thought occurs to you.

"I have a question for you..." - you are not sure of yourself

"Ok?"

"Do ye know any magic spells?" your voice is innocent, a little shy, and not really scared at all. Childlike and innocent in fact.

"Magic spells, Joey?"

"Aye. For shutting wee women down. Remotely."

"Lol! Well I have spells like that that work on men! On men only, I'm afraid!!!"

"Aye, we'll take ten thousand of those. Scotty will be able to rewire them, I'm sure. He gets a better angle on the screwdriver, see, cos he's higher up? It's funny, see - I can't do that. Aye, ten thousand, please. Each."

You seem to have forgotten about it.

"What are you worried about, Joey?"

"Are ye a real witch, or?"

"No!"

"Aye, good. Good."

After all the fooling around, Miss Pennyworth's attention (she is very pretty, d-d-d-d, d-d-d, d-d-d-d-d-damn) moves to more serious concerns.

"You told me last session Joey that saying the word 'jamjar' relaxes you. Are you able to tell me why?"

"Well... I imagine, in my mind's eye, a jam jar full of poo."

The therapist does look surprised.

"That is - unusual. Do you think it's unusual Joey?"

"Not for me, not really. It just works. I don't know why."

The Therapist pauses for a few moments, looking at her notes, then looks up at you.

"Can I ask something? What happens if you imagine a jam jar full of pee?"

She stares you brutally hard in the eye.

"Ah. Bit of a tricky one, that one. I have tried it, tried it a few times, but, to be honest, it scared me slightly."

"It scared you?"

"Yes. It did, yes."

She looks at her notes again, then, looks back up at you!

"Can I ask you something else?"

"Of course", you say - "You're trying to help me."

"Do you think you might be scared of penises? bam"

She looks like she is trying not to smile!

"FUCK OFF" you shout.

"ARE YOU CALLING ME A BENDER! ME! A BENDER!?"

"ARE YOU CALLING ME A BENDER! ME! A BENDER!?" you shout again.

"YOU ARE A HOMOPHOBE MAN WITH A LARGE BEARD AND A BIG BEARDY MOUSTACHE" you shout as you Storm out of the room.

(She says the word penis quite loudly as you slam the door.)

You start running.

I have decided to cut this chapter out quite quickly. You have ended up in a large Scottish pub - you were probably trying to hide. It is full of mad Scots - Scotch blokes.

'Scotch blokes' are quite strong and burly.

Eventually the inevitable silence breaks.

"I'm not Scottish you are" a man shouts.

"I'm not Scottish you are"

"I'm not Scottish you are"

Out come the knuckledusters, the knives, and the helmets.

"I'm not Scottish you are"

"I'm not Scottish you are"

"I'm not Scottish you are"

As they smash each other to fucking bits.

Selfish cunts.

Somehow, I don't know how, you eventually get hold of a microphone, and you start fucking MCing! Raaaaaaarrrrrrrgggggghhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

I will get you, Joey Riot, I will get you, in the end.

So here we go!

"Kill other Scots"

"Kill other Scots"

"Burn their bots"

"Make them rots"

"Kill other Scots"

"Kill other Scots"

"Kill other Scots"

"Go"

As the crowd dies down, and people are actually throwing up at the door, because the pub was dead again, a shady figure approaches you!

"Good evening my good fellow!" - it's the MC Ribbz!

"We really need to get going!" he says in his fucking posh black blokes impressionist 1960s haircut style accent? I just said that.

"Don't want to get caught now, do we!"

"Lol!"