

CHAPTER THREE - THE DOCTOR

You speed away from the pub in MC Ribbz' 1985 red Nissan Sunny, which makes quite a turn of speed.

"You need to take it steady, bud." he warns you.

"No MCing in public *at all* until the ban is revoked. It's not safe, man."

"You could get arrested."

Annoyed, you change the subject, and ask Ribbz what he has been up to lately.

"Just got back from Peru, man! Visited some pyramids - it was amazing. Caught a pretty bad bug while I was down there though."

"I had Bamberklat fever..." he explains.

"It's really bad."

"What kind of thing is it?" you ask.

"It's like a cold." he says, and sneezes.

"Right, that's you done!" he says as he pulls up to your front door.

"Thanks for the lift, man! Woo!"

Within seconds of being inside you burp - and instantaneously vomit onto the laminate flooring. You then immediately start 'rush' hiccuping - once or twice per second. The speed seems to slow down after a while. The hiccuping then suddenly stops; but you feel a fever coming on. You make your way to a mirror.

"Oh, God."

You are almost totally white and your ears have started to curl inwards - like little woodlice. Your hair looks strange but that just confuses you, as you cannot really tell why.

You just about make it to the couch, where you quickly pass out. Ribbz!!
Grrr!

You awaken in the morning and amazingly, you are totally fine. You have a quick wash, eat some cereal and tidy up your flat. You feel fine - and have time for a mantra meditation. You climb onto the couch and adopt the meditation position - squatted down on your knees, with your back straight. You begin by clearing your mind of all thoughts and focussing on your breath. One minute. Two minutes. Three minutes.

"Hello!"

"Hello!!"

"Hello?"

"Down here!"

It takes you a few more minutes to realise someone just spoke.

"Who was that?!" you seem to ask yourself.

"Who was that?" you seem to ask the room, still unaware you have a companion.

"What the..."

You gradually come out of trance.

"Hello!!"

You look down.

"Oh, God."

A giant mouth, with shiny white teeth and bright red shiny lips, has appeared on your stomach, and appears to be grinning at you.

"Hi!" it shouts.

"My name is Chris!"

"Chris the mouth!"

"There should be some eyes around here, somewhere!" he shouts.

"Try your left arms."

You slowly twist your arm around. He was fucking right. Two massive huge eyes stare up at you. They also seem to be grinning - and - wearing bright green mascara.

"You need to see a doctor!" Chris says.

You call the doctor's office.

"Emergency appointment, please."

Luckily they have one in twenty minutes. You cover up well and leave the flat.

As you sit down to wait you realise lots of tiny thin tentacles are beginning to form on your arms and legs - several are poking and squirming their way out of your shirt cuffs - and several are poking their way out of your socks. You feel deeply ashamed and avoid eye contact with everyone - even though the waiting room is, unfortunately, packed.

"It's not me that's doing it, it's you that's doing it."

"You look as bad as this."

"Stop staring at us, for the love of God!"

"You all have AIDS as well."

Finally you get called in to see the doctor.

You sit down beside the doctor's desk.

"What seems to be the problem then young man?" Dr Evans asks, without looking up. He is writing things down on a piece of yellow paper.

"Nothing really, just a few headaches really."

"I see."

"I'm sorry to have troubled you doctor."

You try to stand up to leave - but you can't. Your tentacles have wrapped themselves around the legs of the chair and are still steadily growing. You also now notice that they have got suckers on.

"Ok goodbye - "

The doctor looks up you to say goodbye. His jaw drops.

"My God! Bamber!Klatz virus!"¹

"Hello!" Chris shouts from underneath your shirt.

The doctor mumbles something about a surgical machete and walks off.

¹ Bamber!Klatz is pronounced with a short intake of air in between Bamber and Klatz.

The next thing that happens is rather unpleasant, so, rather than a long arty descriptive narrative (which we can't do anyway), we are just going to present the story information right now!

Six to seven **huge purple tentacles** with **big suckers** burst out of your arse and wrap themselves around the legs of the chair. You are rooted to the spot and cannot move. The chair is beginning to bounce around on the floor as the **huge** tentacles spread round the room even more - even up the sides of the walls. You now also have several large pink tentacles protruding from the front of your shirt. Your whole body feels quite unusual.

The doctor bursts back into the room with the surgical machete, but the chair makes a run for it up the wall.

You are now hanging upside down from the ceiling (but still firmly seated). The suckers all tighten up to ensure maximum tension.

"I'll have to get the stepladder."

Dr Evans walks off.

Left alone for a few moments, you realise your eyes seem to have become permanently (?) sealed over, but also have become semi-transparent. All you can see is a red blur. Something is happening with your skin also. This is not good. Unless.... hmm.

"I want money" you shout as the doctor walks back in.

"So, to recap - no cameras, just money."

The doctor agrees to assist you and begins messaging the people of Glasgow. Before leaving at 6PM, the doctor blowdarts you with Anti-Bamber!Klatz serum, which makes you feel somewhat calmer, even though

your skins are now on the outside of your clothes. Your trainers feel very unusual indeed. You begin to see the funny side of things.

"At least they have AIDS as well" you mutter to yourself.

SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP

SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP

SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP SNAP

You awaken to the sound of rapid flash photography as hundreds of cameras capture capture *capture* the mood.

"Shit"

By 9PM the surgery staff, and the crowds, have to leave. No one has left a single poind coin. Not even a 5p or a 20p!

"You are shit." Chris says.

Silence.

"My name is Chris and I am a giant mouth"

"My name is Chris and I know you hate the South"

"My name is Chris and you're inside a chair!"

"I'm hungry I'm hungry but you don't eve-n care!"

"Cunt!"

After ten more minutes of silence you hear footsteps and doors being opened. Someone walks in! Who is it??

Hooray! It's.....

DJ Al Storm!!

DJ Vibes!!

The MC Whizzkid!!!

The MC Storm!!!

and..

The MC Wotsee!!!

They are here to lift your spirits and help you get through the night, and they have got - decks! Bangin!

They quickly set up the decks.. DJ Vibes graciously lets Al Storm play first.

"Cheeky bastard!" you shout but it is too late - they can't hear you now.

The MCs Whizzkid and Storm, with one mic each, battle compete as Wotsee sips lager and films everyone - including you.

"I want a go on the mic you pair of cunts now!!" - but it's no use. They just seem to be having a good time. It even seems like they want to kill you.

Al Storm puts in a double-quick bullet mix (2 or 3 quick cuts then full cut to the next track's breakdown, which is breakbeat driven). Vibes scratches another tune over the top effortlessly, and takes on the next mix. Inside you are raging with fury! Selfish cunts!!!

After 25 minutes Wotsee takes over the mic and this is *the last straw*. Still stuck to the ceiling, you start spurting blood² and guts from every orifice and all around the room. No one seems to notice.

"AAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGGGGGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!"

The suckers begin to pop free! A large black tentacle suddenly falls into your control! Yes!!!

You whip it down viciously onto the top of Whizzkid's head which instantly pulverises - a slight pull to the side as you whip it back up takes the MC Storm's head clean off - it lands in Dr Evans' dustbin. Their bodies flop to the ground.

You land your chair-arse behind the DJ area and turn around to face the seemingly occupied, pair-of-prick DJs who are not letting you have a mix. You spit tankfuls of boiling green acid onto their backs! Your tentacles pull their ribcages apart from behind, and from the front! You thrust one spine-tentacle each into each of their hearts, which explode with black stuff. They fall down dead! Wooo!!!

"Ah don't mind me, I'm Welsh, alright." MC Wotsee says.

"Aye, alright."

YOU *FUCKING WANKER*.

No, this is absolutely fine. You're fine to read on, cunt!³

You take control of the decks and microphone - your new appendages give you a new, smooth control which you are not used to. Even MC Wotsee stays for a few minutes. Then you are on your own! For the rest of the night! And maybe forever!!! Wooooooo!!!!

² Technically sap.

³ You are a nazi.

Nothing lasts forever, of course. The doctor walks in at 9am precisely. He slowly takes in the gory scene. Fuck this! You are outta here! You twist Dr Evans head off as you surge past, and discard it.

"I AM THE DOCTOR AND I AM NOT RUNNING OFF!!!" you scream as you race past patients, receptionists and a nurse.

"**ALL THE BODIES IN THERE ARE MINE!!!**"

"THIS DID **NOT** GO WRONG!!!"

"**I STILL WANT TREATMENT!!!**"

As you bound onto the busy high street, you realise that your knee joints have become totally fused, and that your leg and arse muscles have become incredibly strong! You begin to bounce around like a kangaroo, using a large green arse tentacle as a tail.

Eventually you lose control and begin to start running down, barging into and landing on top of the other pedestrians. Why not? You kill about a hundred people, and the rest escape.

"Hey mate" Chris says..

"Maybe you won't get caught or nothing"

You realise you can do **anything you want**, as no-one will recognise you!

JOEY RIOT
STORY BOOK



"Hey, it's the law!" Chris says.

"Isn't this exciting!"

"They've all got guns!"

(You can't really see.)

"Right, I'm gonna do something now, to get ya let off, alright." you tell Chris.

You hop over, roughly, to where you think the armed coppers are.

(You are actually facing a wall but they have their gunsights right in the back of your head and are three feet away.)

"Right, I just wanna say this. I promise I am not a bender and I'm definitely not Scottish, alright? Cool."

"LIE!" you shout and make a run for it. You slam your neck viscusly into the brick wall, and fall over.

"It's Joey Riot!" Chris informs the coppers as you drift out of consciousness.

"He tried to make me drink pints!"

*

The special agents back at the copshop actually identify you as: either, (A) a pretend zebra, (B) a luxury recreational kangaroo, or (C) a machine robot. You are boxed into a crate and put into storage.

What it means when the specials put someone into storage is quite specific. The specials in this case are S.S.U.A. - Scottish Secret Use Agents. Like most secret agencies such as these, they are formed of both paths - white (being good in nature), and grey (morally neutral). Naturally, the different types of agents, although technically 'working' for the umbrella corporation, actually serve different masters. In the case of the S.S.U.A., the 'white' agents all serve the same masters - the grue.

Entities put into 'storage' are given to the grue. Normal people, such as drunks arrested in the street, are not put into storage - they are just locked up. It normally means you are someone powerful or someone who will be useful to the grue in some manner - or someone who is likely to co-operate with the grue - likely to help them and stuff. Or people who tell monkey nutjob jokes. But that is very, very specific.

"So this guy told this joke, and this other guy, who was in the same room, laughed so hard that his monkey came inside it's own ass!"

You did this.

Anyway, in Joey's case, he knew what storage meant already - he had been to the see the grues many, many times before.

TRADITIONAL GRUE vs MODERN GRUE

You may have heard of grues before. Traditional grues (which are what you might know about) existed in that evolutionary state around 300 to 400 years ago. Adventurers who wander into caves at night without a torch or any kind of light at all will often be eaten by a grue after a very short amount of time inside the tunnel. It may not be obvious why this happens - in fact it certainly is not obvious. They do not wait near the tunnel entrance. They also do **not** move quickly inside the tunnel **at all**. But you will very often be eaten in under 3 seconds once enshrouded in total darkness, in a grue infested area.

Before I explain how they do that I must first explain something. Grues are not really a lot like humans, in their experiences of time and timing, and their experiences of the cosmos, which they know they bound into. They intrinsically know that all things are interwoven together as one, much as a cloth is made up of different strands. When you accept that miracles are more commonplace than atoms, you maybe will be a small step closer to understanding. For now, this is fine!

So, back to how grues 'used' to hunt, in the old time. A old-style grue is a slow mover at **all times**. They are very stealthy and make no noise at all. Once a grue has made *one* kill; they know *exactly* where to head next, ie. which tunnels to walk down, *exactly* where they will make their next kill, and *exactly* - to within a few minutes or hours or seconds (remember I said they experience time differently) *when the kill will be made*. They are normally walking slowly around the tunnel system - in fact definitely they are on the move for over 90% of the time. (They normally have a preference for walking at a specific speed.)

The traditional grues had very limited scope of operation and evolution as they can only live in the dark. Yes, they were huge, terrifying monsters, and over 12 feet tall, but the *modern* grue is a completely different animal. They can talk, make tools including electron microscopes, oscilloscopes and UFOs, they are a lot bigger, stronger and harder etc. All these changes occurred because the grues no longer have to live in darkness all the time. The modern grues are normally between 25 and 30 feet tall. They can walk

very fast if they want, but they can also run - they can run faster than the speed of sound. And - with many hundreds of steps per second. And - I once killed 29 grue in a fight.

Rowan!

Not one of those other two. Alright, thanks. Calm down. Alright, fuck off.

Back in the room now Joey.

You wake up in the crate and know exactly where you are - you are on the Scottish coast - at the grue headquarters - which is a huge sea cave. The effects of the Bamber!Klatz virus are long gone. You exit the crate and make your way towards the cave entrance. You are looking forward to seeing old buddy, DJ Kurt!!!

Kurt is waiting for you just beyond the entrance to the cave. He never discusses *how* he turned into a grue with you, and indeed, no-one seems to know - not even the other grue. Nevertheless he is now chief of grue security for the UK and Ireland. By the way, when DJ Kurt turned into a 30-foot high grue, his accent mysteriously changed from being a normal, shit Geordie accent [Oi! Calm down! Geordie is a shit accent and you fucking well know it! Yeah, yeah, good! Oh, by the way, you are a homosexual with pink hands.] to being a rather nice and cool American accent - lying almost perfectly between - imagine this - the accents of comedian and podcast host Joe Rogan, and Rick from Rick and Morty. Aww. So sad for the real life DJ Kurt. Nm. Lol. Anyway back to the story.

You and Kurt begin talking about what you have both been up to lately - he, has been working on large undercover operations in the East and South, breaking in gangsters etc. You, on the other hand, had sap for blood and killed 2 DJs and 2 MCs. And a massive crowd of people.

"So, same as usual, really."

"That's good, that's really good, Joey. Nice."

"Anyway, the reason you're here today is - "

You hear some stifled chuckling from towards the back of the cave.

"Oi! Tough guy with the big hat! You are a massive cunt!" someone shouts.

"What the - "

"Shit! I think he heard us!"

Silence.

You wait five minutes.

"You are a massive cunt!"

"Shit!"

"WHO THE FUCK IS BACK THERE!" the enormous Kurt shouts.

"Well, I know the voices bud. It's wanker DJ Hixxy who punched my face and er, it is also DJ Sy down there as well, I think."

"Fuck fuck fuck!" from the back of the cave.

"COME OUT NOW OR YOU WILL BE SQUISHED" Kurt demands.

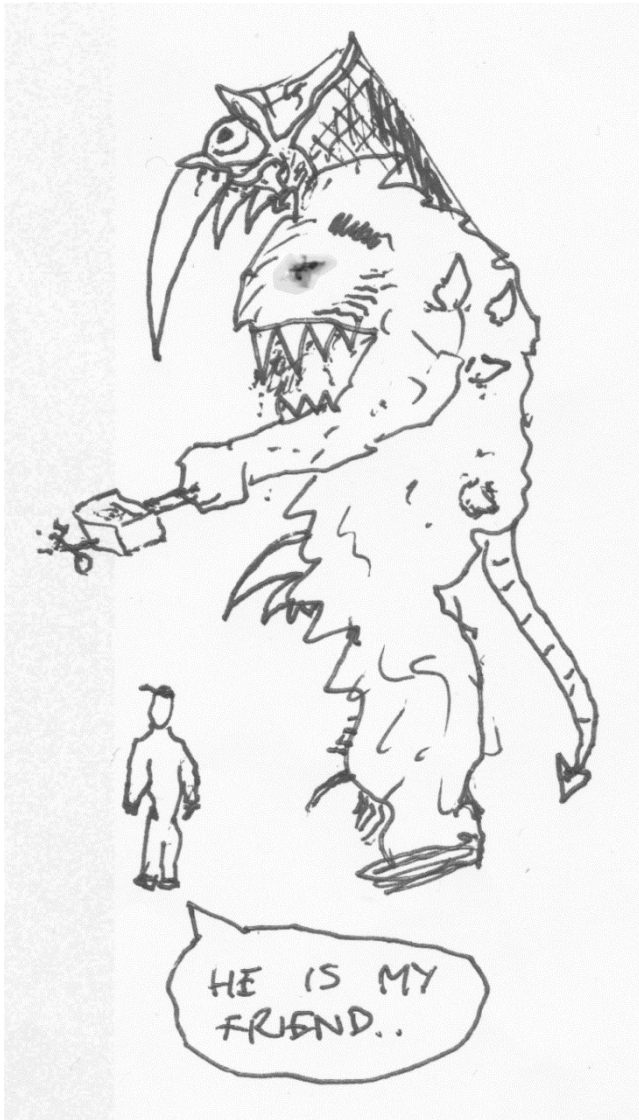
The red-faced DJs sheepishly make their way to the front of the cave.

"Pair of pricks!" you shout.

"Fuck you Scottish cunt!" - Hixxy

Kurt steps in.

"Hey, you guys knew we knew you were Jews, right?"



The now grue DJ Kurt, after asking you if you want him to kick DJ Hixxy and DJ Sy's heads in. He is wearing a hat.

"Yeah, we knew you were Jews. Thanks!"

"And you thought to poke fun at Irish, and at us, and stuff? You're only Jews, man. What the fuck!"

He continues...

"I mean, we may be shit, but we're not as bad as fuckin' Jews, right?"

"What the fuck!"

Kurt starts to laugh.

"Also, aren't Jews physically disgusting, er, like, they don't wash? They shit in other's bathtubs and stuff, and in the water that they drink? That's Jews that do that, right?"

"Oh, wait. That's animals, right?"

"Yeah, animals."

"Yes thanks." you add.

"And Scots." - you said this

"Northerners too, and stuff." - Kurt said this

THIS PREVIEW CHAPTER SENT TO DJ KURT ONLY

TOP SECRET