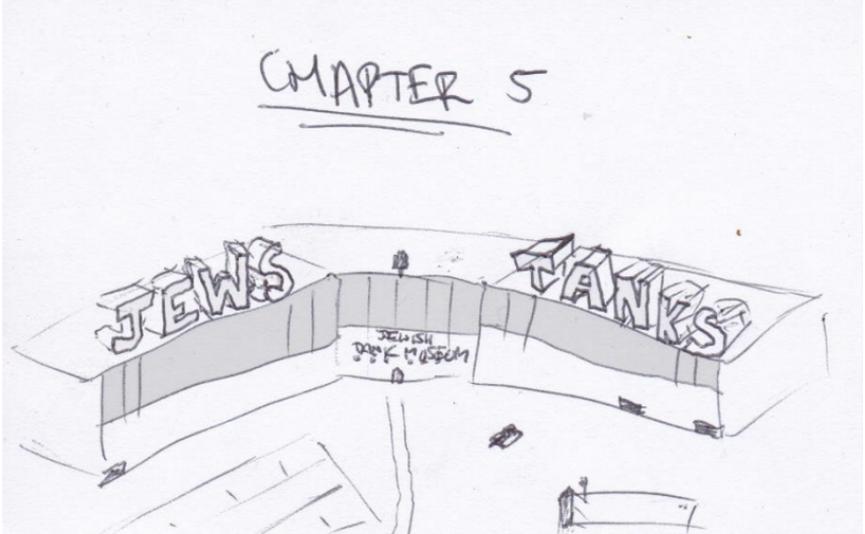


CHAPTER FIVE - THE MUSEUM

The Jewish Tank Museum is situated just outside Glasgow (to the north-west), about 5 miles from the village of Troom.



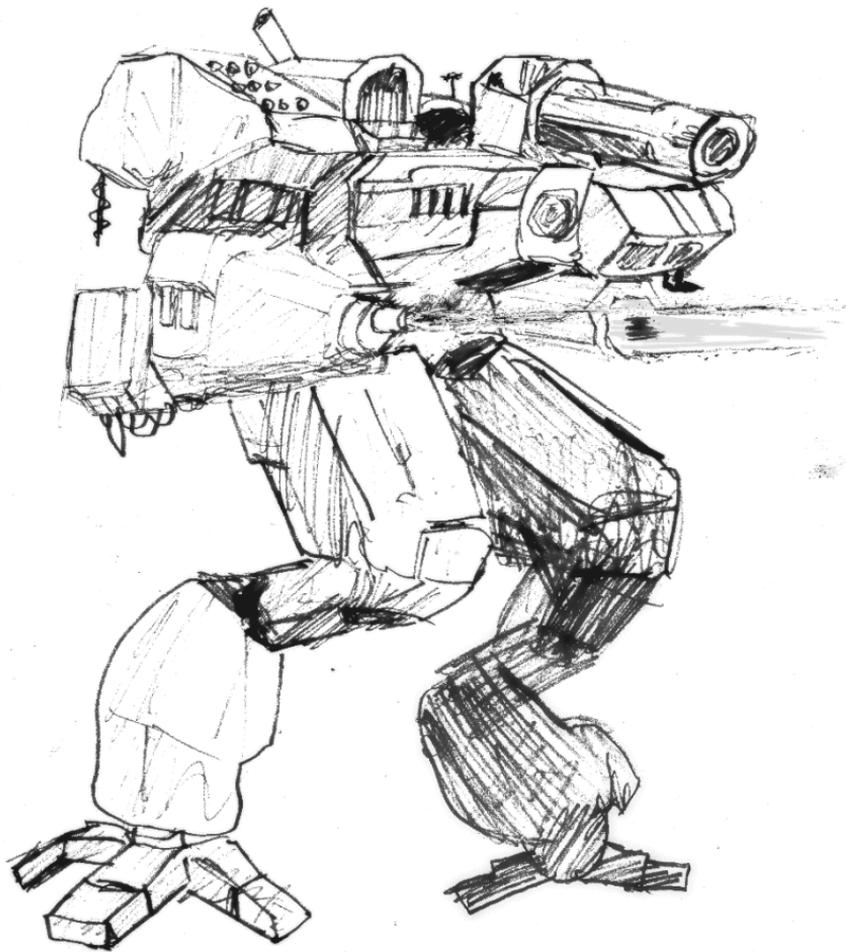
It boasts among its exhibits, a Jewtank 9000, a mech¹ sent from the future by future Jews as a warning to the rest of humankind. It is sent from the year 4039.

Although costing £1.2 billion to build, the museum does have some minor design problems, and there were a few errors with the construction, but no-one seems to notice, and no-one complains about the £15 entrance fee.²

But the presence of the Jewtank 9000 is hardly advertised, see. If only people knew! (Although, its visibility cloak is left on).

¹ Battlemech - a bipedal armoured robot.

² This is a lie.



The Jewtank 9000

"... so no flash photography please. This advanced mech holds 14 million Bar Mitzvahs per second. The pilot can turn the party noises on or off via a simple push button switch."

- the museum visitors gaze into the empty, mech sized space -

Joey reads the museum advert...

The Jewtank 9000 features the following loadout: Ice Blast³ - Fire Photon Blast - Long Range Missile Rack - High Power Laser Slats - Anti Personnel Heat Rays - Twin Heavy Machine Guns - Heavy Cannon - Heavy Scattershot Cannon

"Wow!" he exclaims.

"A tank from the future!"

The missile module can detach and (given a suitable terrain) anchor itself to a fixed ground point. It can then be detonated remotely. It contains 100 missiles.

*This advanced mech holds **14 million Bar Mitzvahs per second.***

"Wow, cool!"

It occurs to you that Jews must have loads of money. It also makes sense that they keep money in tanks! Tanks are pretty secure. You decide to steal the Jews' money from inside the tanks. Clever Joey!

You nip to the local shop and buy a grenade for £500. You catch the late bus to the tank museum - you get there at around 10pm. There are no security men here. You steal round to the back of the building, to try and find an easy entry point. Luckily for you a window has been left ajar! It is a little high for you, so you stack some old wooden palettes beneath it, and climb in! You are in!

³ Ice Blast and Fire Photon Blast are PPC (Particle Projector Cannon) based technologies - they are long range weapons. What are PPCs? They fire a concentrated stream of protons or ions at a target. In real life the particles accelerate after they have left the muzzle of the weapon - it is similar in theory to a Mass Driver (although technically the Mass Driver design is actually impossible).

You drop to the ground. You are in a small room. It is dark, so you turn on your torch, and look around. All you can see is huge filing cabinets. These are far too heavy to move - and that window looks just as high up as it did on the way in. So - you can't come back this way. All the more exciting though! You leave the room.

You are in a dark corridor. You look up, and see, a CCTV camera.

"I am not the DJ Joey Riot, and I am not here to nick stuff, ok, thanks."

"Repeat not the DJ Joey Riot! Lethal Theory!!! Wooo!"

On you go.

After a while you find yourself in the main exhibition area, among the tanks. The interior is lit well enough that you can see - due to a full moon and a clear sky outside.

Then a light in the sky appeared and started growing brighter.

Joey Riot looks up and shouts - "look at that" - to everyone. A halo appears around the light and an interdimensional door opens. A large man steps through.

He says "I come from a nearby future of this planet. The light has collapsed because they fired a neutron collider. And all the lights in the universe went out. Asda. The only way to survive is to hop through dimensions to the past. The darkness gradually grows following me. What? Yes!"

"Must get chips"

After a few minutes discussing this and its implications for mankind, Joey Riot realises he is talking to himself.

"Never lie to me again"

The oak tree says nothing.

"Probably wants you to fuck off" - the leprechaun squashes you with his massive-tiny-submissive-cautious, tiny tiny foot.

"Woah! That was scary! I am impressed!"

You choose a tank to blow up.

You pull the pin on the hand grenade, and underarm throw it (for better accuracy) to land on the tank's hatch - you are hoping to blow the hatch door open!

The grenade bounces between some tanks and lands on the concrete floor. It then explodes.

"Shit."

You climb on top of the tank anyway to see if the hatch has blown. It is stuck fast.

"Damn it!"

It seems like it's time to leave, but unfortunately, the museum is so vast that you are lost. You wander past tanks and down corridors for three whole days trying to find the exit - without seeing a single visitor or staff member. Being lost normally irritates you, but this time you don't seem to care - everything is a blur. That - and the fact that you are walking around inside a silicon chip - silicon chips are made of gold!

"There's no money in this, though, not really!" - you don't seem to care a fuck about it.

You hate being lost! Exasperated by the experience, you collapse in a corner - after falling - slowly, very slowly - from the fire alarm, which you think you have nicked.

"Gotcha!!"

You are set upon by a gang of Jews! You are gagged, blindfolded, handcuffed, and marched off!! What the.. ?!

*

Several minutes later the blindfold is removed. You are in a fairly well lit, small, square shaped room, and you are sat at a desk. A sturdy looking man is sitting opposite you. He appears to be wearing a metal helmet. You look at the sign on the wall... it says... *Jewish Torture Room*.



"Hi" the man says.

"Nice to meet you. I'm Paul, and I will be your torturer for today. Torture is routinely provided to visitors to the museum, as part of our duty of care, and to provide better value for money."

"You may notice we are all wearing metal hats. These are actual hats and not made of hair. You are invited not to comment further on this matter, while you are undergoing torture."

The torturer grins at you.

"Are you a jealous man? Jealous because of our hats?"

You glance to your left... the other men all appear to be wearing what do seem to be... metal hats. You **are** jealous.

"Aye, I am jealous." you admit.

"Good." the torturer says.

"Torture!!!" the man screams.

[The narrative switches to third-person at this point, for the purposes of providing an honest, detailed account of the events which took place. It switches back to first-person afterwards.]

"Your first painful exercise... waterboarding."

Three of the men drape a tea towel over the front of Joey's face. A fourth man then sprays water onto...

..his face.

This activity continues for 14-15 minutes, without a single complaint from the hostage. The head torturer then orders for the tea towel to be removed. To the head torturer's horror, the hostage has a *grin* on his face.

The head torturer confers with the other men. They appear to squabble for a few moments - even minutes. **There is a brief pause.** Then the head torturer turns back to face the hostage - only this time, with an even more maniacal look in his eye.

"So..." he begins

"Beyond all the odds..."

"A Scottish person finally visits our museum!"

"It is traditional that at this point we now reveal that most painful of secrets - that this is our actual hair..."

"However..."

"The **real** torture must surely begin! Right now!"

Nothing could prepare Joey for what happened next.

"We..."

"are going to give you..."

"no money at all.."

"for five minutes."

His expression turned from one of surprise and dysfunctionality to one of pure, contorted horror. Then, he started to scream. Then, a ball popped out. Then...

-EXTREME DETAIL-

After the full five minutes, bruises had appeared on his face. Fast breathing and a beetroot-red face accompanied profuse sweating. This is what happens in real life.⁴

⁴ This is what happens in real life - so what.

"Am I... in hell??" you gasp.

"We are not witches - **we are your friends.**"

...

...

..

Time seems to stand still. After a while you realise that your field of view - what you can see - is completely void of motion - it even seems to have rotated, very slightly. The head torturer now seems to be looking straight through you. You realise that he can't see you. You sense a presence in the room...

"Hello.." a voice whispers.

"I am of the Light Realm Dominion!"

"I have stopped time. Your experience has been deemed - too brutal. Please standby."

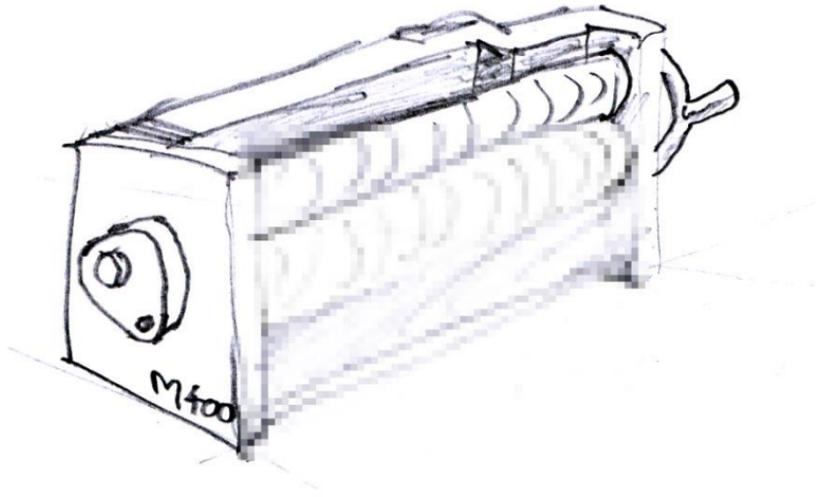
"Standby.. transporting you to the love room.. transporting now."

Reality slips back into normality as the Temporal Lord reveals to you the following pieces of information - you can use shades - you can do jazzhands - you can take as long as you want - you will not be interrupted. He erases all knowledge of your torture experience - including the hair - as much as he can. You now only look forward in time.



"Gonna take it steady for a few years in here!!! Woo!!! Scott Brown can get fucked!! Yes!! If only I knew life could be like this!"

The first few days go quickly, while, unbeknown to you, the torturers patiently quiz museum visitors as to your whereabouts. They think you are using a 'cloaking' device. After four days, though, you decide that you need a piss. The effect of the room wears off. After a moment of hesitation, you creak the exit door just open enough that you can take a peek into the corridor beyond. You don't seem to have the shades on you! You quickly sneak to the next door along. It says - *Mangle Room*. You go in.



The M400 mangler

As you relieve yourself you slowly turn the handle to work the massive machine - but - you must have done something wrong! Your keen Scottish mind has let you down! Your foreskin is stuck in the mangle machine.

An alarm starts to sound.

You hear footsteps...

A rabbi walks in and performs a quick circumcision.

"Thought it was a toilet did you?? Ok!!"

He discards the unused skin on the machine room floor, and leaves...

"Enjoy the tanks, cunt!"

"You are not even half Jewish!"

"Why don't you try eating some coins or a five pound note!!"

You mumble at him to fuck off, but he already has. You start to vomit.

You vomit and retch for four hours, eventually causing a subsidence by imagining the sensation of having copper coins in your mouth, rather than in your stomach. You feel pleased as punch. What a great success.

"I want money!" you cry, to motivate yourself.

A new resolve is apparent within you - a new resolve - to complete the mission!

"Back to work!"

By this point, the keys have been removed from the Jewtank 9000.

"Enough is enough.."

"That guy was a cunt... but I want money, and that's that."

You decide to do a bit of MCing...

"Let's go oh yeah"

"Takin' the intruders"

"Cool"

You stare at the door in readiness. Readies.. red.. rennies. You chuckle at how hard you are. Lol.⁵

Later that night, though, you have pulled yourself together and are doing some proper thieving...

This is what happens...

⁵ In Greek mythology, Orion was a huntsman who was elevated to a position in the heavens. When on a hunt with the goddess Artemis and her mother, he threatened to kill every animal alive. The Mother Earth was displeased by this and sent a giant scorpion to kill him.

Main stars: 7

Stars with planets: 10

You open a door to a room and peer into the gloom - you turn on your torch.

You see a hundred thousand Jews in a dimension-less space guarding a small, rectangular piece of paper on the floor.

'Real Jews wouldn't do that!' I hear you cry.

"That is ours!" they cry.

You go for broke and grab the piece of paper!! And you back away!

"Aaaaaaaaaaarrgghh!" they cry!

"We pay in hell tonight!"

You crumple the piece of paper up!! And throw it back in the room!!!

A thousand of them die from being sick with loss.

BUT YOU REALISE YOU FUCKED UP AND START CRYING. YOU SLOWLY SHUT THE DOOR AND CRY FOR ONE WHOLE MONTH IN A STATIONERY CUPBOARD.

...

A woman opens the cupboard door.

"What do you want!? Fuck off!! I live here!"

"Where's my rent??!"

The girl slams the door, locks it, and starts laughing. She laughs as she walks off.

"Rent!"

You hear footsteps.

"Call security!" someone says.

"He says he wants rent."

"What if it is Rabbi Meldech?"

"I locked him in the cupboard?"

"Rabbi Meldech! Are you alright??"

"Fuck off."

"I'm Scottish."

You hear someone say something about gassing the building.

"But we would have to turn customers away."

"We could tell them - pay double - or be gassed!" someone says.

"Ah, wait. Rabbi Meldech is always trying to get gassed. Rabbi! Not funny!"

THEY LET YOU OUT AND THEY NOW THINK YOU ARE A RABBI AND THAT YOU OWN THE MUSEUM. ALSO THAT THEY OWE YOU TEN MILLION POUNDS - WHICH THEY HAVE - IN THE BASEMENT - IN GOLD BARS.

"That one" you state when asked which is your vehicle. You are pointing at a hearse.

"We will start loading the gold bars immediately, Rabbi Meldech."

Then, you hear music coming from a distant, approaching car - drum 'n' bass.

You start running.