

CHAPTER SIX - THE INTERVIEW

'Side-Effects Of The Bamber Klatz Virus - Volume III'

DJ Ribbz leafs his way to a section at the back of the book.

"This is what happens to white people." he says.



Fig. 1 - Hand hands

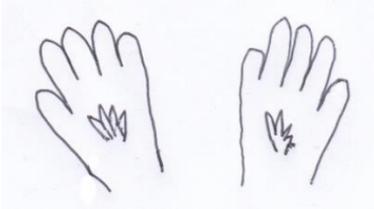


Fig. 2 - Hand meth

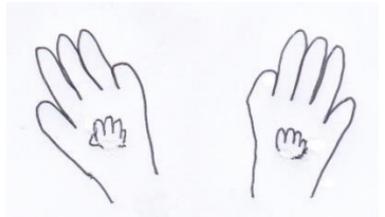


Fig. 3 - Hand cans (same on back of hand)

"That's what you have."

"Oh yeah!" you say.

"They're really cool, but they're not really much use at the minute.." you continue.

"If only there was some way of them being able to make me taller.."

"They're just not quite long enough at the minute."

"Well, I don't know about that.." DJ Ribbz

"But don't get them cut off - then they turn into hand meth, which, it says, feels spikey." he says.

"And after a few days of that it turns into hand cans."

"Check this out.."

He reads from the book.

The host's body, furious at the removal of the miniature hand hands, revolts. Miniature hand-fists appear and crunch the hand-meth - then - they close into permanent fist features (on both the front and back of the hand). This is not very useful for picking things up.

The MC Ribbz eyes you from the ceiling.

The DJ Ribbz relaxes back in his chair.

"See! It's not so bad!" he says.

The three-to-four kitchen Ribbzes start complaining about lack of space. You decide to leave. You thank the DJ and MC Ribbzes for their advice.

"Non problemz, dudz."

"nena A catastataphere!"

"Ya Ne Da Be Da We, Hu Hu!"

You arrive back at your flat and are bored. You try and think of something to do.

You pose for a few minutes in your bathroom mirror, displaying your hand hands, and smiling, and sometimes pouting. You take some selfies. You wonder if people will be jealous of your hand hands.

You spend a while caressing your nose and eyelids with your miniature hand hands. So amazing, so cool.

You stare in awe at your amazing hand hands. You are like God, the Creator.

You get bored again.

Hmm.. you have a fucking cool idea! You try and count how many fingers you have but you can't.¹

You ring DJ Ribbz.

"Hello"

"Hi Ribbzy it's DJ Joey Riot here."

"Which one of us do you require to talk to?"

"The main one"

"I'm the main one, cunt. I'm the one in his fucking stomach."

And he hangs up.²

You try again and count your fingers. Too hard. No fucking idea how to do that.

¹ He has 20 fucking fingers.

² I don't know why he ate his phone, I'm not sorry, I don't fucking care.

You try to be pragmatic.

How many hands do you have? Two. That is easy.

Now then..

How many hand hands do you have? You don't know. You are looking directly at them. Way too hard, you think.³

How many fingers do you have? You don't know.

You know that you used to have 10!

You think back to school and remember how you were the brightest kid in your class, in your school even, particularly with maths. You remember how good you were with the abacus! Slide one over - one! Slide the rest over - ten! You were the fastest kid in your school at doing that.

You even used to sometimes say 'ten ten ten ten ten ten ten' to impress your teachers! You realise there is nothing at all to worry about. But you rush into town and buy an antique abacus for £490. You rush home again, excited.

You can still do it!!!

"Oh yeah!"

"It's like the experience of being God!" you shout!

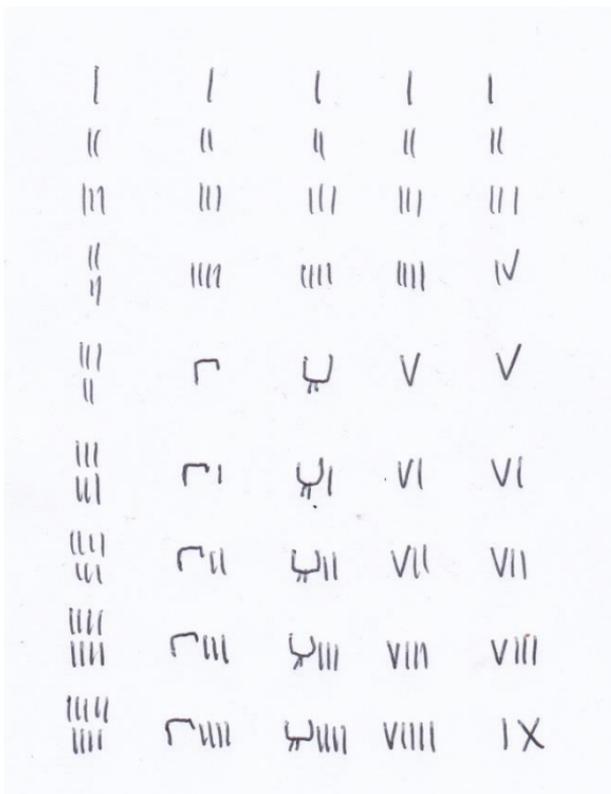
Now confident that you are extremely good at doing mathematics, you draw the conclusion that what you need to learn, to count your fingers, or your hand hands, is ***Extremely Advanced Maths***.

³ He has two fucking hand hands.

You go to a mathematical bookstore, and tell the owner of the store that you are already an expert on all maths, and that you want to be able to do amazing things, to do magic spells, and to invent new types of maths. He recommends three books - one on **Sacred Geometry** - one on **Ancient Number Systems** - and one on **Numerical Methods**.

You begin by learning some ancient number systems - Ancient Cretan, Ancient Greek, Ancient Sheban, and Early Roman and Medieval Roman.

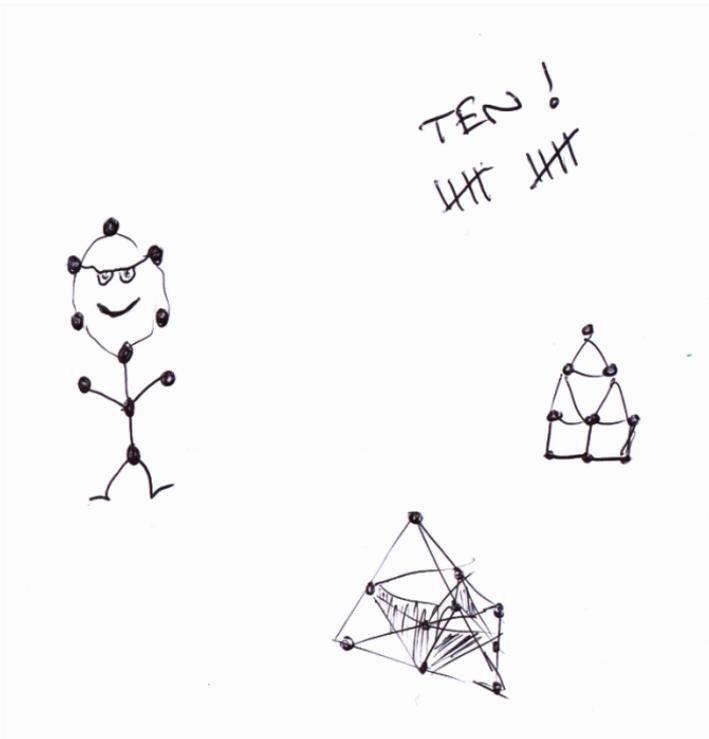
The following image is from your notes. You find these ancient systems more intuitive. After some weeks you even start to mock the simplicity of Ancient Cretan (the leftmost one).



You still don't know which number is 2 etc, or which is associated with the word 'two', but you are definitely making progress.

You then turn to the geometry of shapes discussed in your *geometry* book.

Here is one of your notes pages...



You are last beginning to understand the concept of addition!

You understand that 1 plus 3 plus 6 equals 10!

You also understand that 1 plus 2 plus 3 plus 4 = 9, sadly. You are convinced your above translation of the image in the book is correct. On the other hand, why wouldn't they be wrong!

You start to learn how to say the word 'five' ('fiver', or everyone's fucked).

"But two fivers **are** ten!" - your first eureka moment!

"This will make the news!"

Eventually you eventually get the hang of selecting groups of 5 items at a time - by studying your numerals diagram.

Trying to count your fingers is very confusing because of this -

"Five - five - five - five - the answer is five!"

But you are **sure** that isn't the answer. Hmm. Trust Joey Riot to be on the forefront of scientific and medical discovery!

And then you have a brainwave! Does adding work for fives as well!?

"Fiver add a fiver is ten. 'Nother fiver add another fiver is ten. The answer is ten!"

"What the fuck!"

You assure yourself you will be a compassionate and just ruler, grinning.

"He he he, the Scots are gonna fuckin' die!"

You practise your Parisian accent as you walk to your local corner shop.

"50 gram pouch of Bend Tend⁴ please!"

"That's twelve pounds, please."

"Here's two tens pal."

He gives you your change, and you walk home.

After 3 more days intense study, you come to the decision that your total number of fingers must be more than ten!

LOTS - this is written in large type.

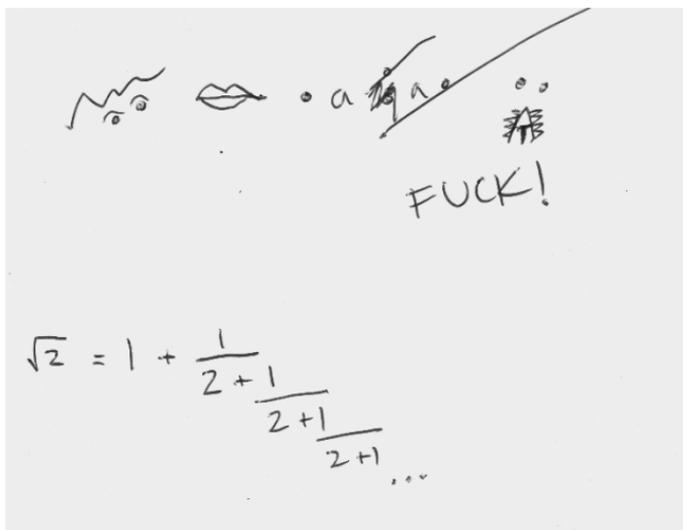
⁴ Bend Tend is your favourite rolling tobacco.

The book on numerical methods really spins you out. It says that computers can do sums and shit - must be a fuckin' wind up right? Amused by this, and sure that you got sold a joke shop book by mistake, you read on, laughing at practically every word.⁵

Now you may not think it but poor old Joey is actually taking a lot of information in reading these books, valid and correct information - he is taking it into his subconscious. This statement is borne correct - pure and simple - by the fact that he - practically - writes out the numerical method for obtaining the square root of two, before he even reaches that page.

Look - and see!!

Jesus Fuck!



⁵ Of course the joke is on poor Scott Brown here. Joey could have earned millions, billions, even trillions of pounds, dollars, whatever you like, weeks ago. What a selfish, self-based, self-obsessed, selfish, tight, fucking tight maths-geek-cunt. What a tight cunt.

You don't really notice when you see it, but that night, you have a dream. It looks like this...

2

..

GGGOOODDD MORRNNNING VIETNAMMMMMM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

AWAKEN, AND SPREAD THEE LIGHT, FOR THOU ART THE LORD!!!!

You ignore the dream message and go back to dreaming about cars and gas and shit.

WAKE UP CUNT!

Your torso spasms so quickly that you swallow your special pants.

Confused, you make yourself some cereal.

You wonder if you will have one weetabix or two. Concerned, you change your mind and make porridge instead.

You take your coffee without sugar for the first time ever. It tastes like shit.

You start crying.

"Oh why is my life so hard why"

Then, you remember the dream!

A few days later you work out what it fucking means.

Eventually you work out another one of the mystery symbols - you realise that the symbol **10** represents the number, 'ten'.

In addition to this you also will soon understand addition.

In fact, after a few weeks, you have progressed further than you might think.

In fact you have mastered the basics of computer programming!

You have created one program which counts in tens, and, extraordinarily, you have created a machine vision system which accepts a video input, from a webcam, and processes and counts various shapes and stuff!

(Don't take the piss, this is what happened in real life.)

A few days later, while you are toying with the program, adjusting for light sensitivity etc, your best friend Darren Styles⁶ rings you up!

"I'm 20 minutes away" he says.

"Alright to come over?"

"Aye" you say.

He arrives! With one pasty for himself. 'Fuck off' he says when you ask him where your pasty is. 'Come in!' you say.

After about 20 minutes of play fighting including knives and throwing swords you realise that Darren doesn't actually know you are having money trouble.

⁶ Of Force & Styles fame - possibly the forerunner to modern Hardcore music, and great, truly great, forever. "You have a heart of gold"

"What's the problem then you cunt" he says.

You explain about the whole getting Scott Brown out of prison thing - and you say that you need five hundred quid. He punches your eyes.

He glances to the left.

"What about that loads of fucking money over there"

"Where"

"Those 14 massive bell jars full of silver coins. Do you want to die, tonight, at my hands?"

He drops the swords and snarls you to death - almost completely.

"You know those are the lowest value coins, right? They're 10p's"

What a fucking idiot.

"Actually Joey a 1p coin has a lower value than a 10p coin."

"Well fucking great" - you are being sarcastic.

Darren explains to you that you probably easily have five hundred quid.

"Well fucking hooray!" you shout - you are no longer being sarcastic!

"Let's count it!"



"Calm down Joey" - Darren Styles slaps ya

"I'll show you how it's done - pass me a calculator"

You pass him your graphics calculator.

"What is this?" - he shows you your program which counts in tens.

"This is just what we need!" he says.

The fuckwits have trouble counting the money, but eventually, after showing each other how to grab bundles of 5 coins at a time - 'it looks like this' - and using the abacus, the counting program, and the camera program, they arrive at a number!

THEY EVENTUALLY COUNT THE PILE OF NUMBERS AND THIS IS NOT A JOKE.

THEY HAVE £4654.00

Joey uses one of the 10p coins to scratch some panels off a scratchcard, then discards the coin in the corner of the room.

"How many is that now?" he says.

Three days later Darren Styles says that the answer is zero coins, and they put the coins in the street. "Let's get rid of these shit ones quick"

Then -

"There's no use" - Styles

"It's not enough?" - Riot

"There's one! There's one over there!" - Styles

"How many?" - Riot

"I don't know" - Styles

Joey Riot asks Darren Styles how he is so amazing at maths.

"I was born in Scotland" he says.

"This means that if you spend any money you will have no many at all." you say after a quick jealousy fight.

YOU ARE DRIBBLING

DARREN STYLES LOOKS AS IF HE HAS TAKEN SOME SERIOUSLY HARD DRUGS

You quickly arrange a press release under the category - 'DJ HAS RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE'.

This is how the press release goes...

...

You sit at the centre of a long bench. Darren is sat to your right hand side. The room is filled with press, and important people, who heard your announcement.

The chief constable taps the table with a spoon, twice. The crowd quietyens down instantly. He looks at you.

"We are ready now, sir"

"Start" - he nods at you.

You cough slightly too hard, then hold down a burp.

"Hello press release fans and other people who are here tonight" - you talk in a slow, monosyllabic manner.

"Ok, cool"

"And now I shall start."

"For over 99 years there has been a conspiracy theory run by aliens - or, by cows. Cows who are not, aliens. Flying cows."

"We shall no longer use stupid curly symbols, such as the symbol you see here"

- you hold up a large placard with a huge number **2** on -

"Instead we shall just draw how many dots we want."

"It's no snowing, it's no cigar, but we all know numbers are both, what **we** want, and, what made our lives hard, forever, and stuff like, before! Like, bye, bye, bye bye bye, numbers now."

A man interrupts - "How many times did you say the word bye just then?"

"I am not answering that" you retort, shaking your head.

You then tell the man to fuck off.

By this point the crowd is making considerable noise.

"What about if you want fifty - what do you call that you massive cunt!"

"Some"

"What about if you want a thousand Mr Samosa Man!"

"Lots"

"What if we want you to get fucked!!"

"Some"

"I mean, currently unknown." and you wink.

You continue..

"Also! The word 'fiver' is spelt wrong and should have an R on the end."

"For saying these things I want all the money in the world. I also
repel the law on Scots and punish the English for having no money.
People not born in Wales or Ireland are not shit. Can I live in Paris.
Benders will now walk the streets at once."

"What do you think"

**WHY DON'T YOU FUCK OFF YOU MASSIVE FUCKING ENGLISH CUNT -
Donald Trump!**

Well, at least you made the news, Joey.

"Good evening, and welcome to The World We. I'm Michael Burke."

"Tonight as our special guest we have world famous DJ Mr Joey Riot, who recently had a religious experience, and says he has been into space."

"Hello Mr Joey."

"Hi thanks for having me."

"No problem at all. Now when we heard about your religious experience, and about your press release regarding that event, we just had to have you on the show. We hope you don't mind that."

"Not at all don't bother me."

"Ok now here are some questions sent in by the public. Here is the first. Can you tell us something about yourself that is cool - something that will make us like you?"

"I fancy men."

"Ok - that's great, thanks. Question two - what is your biggest weakness, and why?"

"It's men's perfume - and I'll explain why."

You go on a bitter tirade about your ex-therapist.

".. but in the end she told me that I was scared of penises. And that's why I scream when I'm in the bathroom - because I bought some - and I left it in there. I can't move it."

"I'm used to it now of course - I take baths and everything. Up to 45 minutes at a time I'm in there nowadays. Sometimes I get a sore throat."

"If you've just joined us, DJ Joey Riot was just explaining - Joey, how recently did you start taking baths?"

"At least a month."

There is a short pause.

"And I'll tell you something else about myself that is cool.."

"Go on" - Burke looks surprised.

"It took me 3 seconds to learn how to eat soup, but 3 minutes to learn how to eat cheese!" - a lie.

"That's good, is it?"

"Oh come on, it's not that difficult."

"And, can you tell us.. do you eat cheese?" - Burke.

"I do sometimes, yes. Yes, I do eat it when I can."

"Ok! Another question sent in by the public, I'm afraid! The question is - when in bed, do you wear, pyjamas, or - something else?" - he chuckles.

"Ah!! I wrote a song about this, actually! It's called - 'I don't wear pants in bed because they are too expensive'"

"How does it go?"

"Hey-hmm too expensive"

"Hey-hmm too expensive"

"Underpants are too expensive"

"Something like that."

"I wear special pants." you explain.

"What are special pants?" - Burke is looking interested, but pissed off (just like normal yes).

"Pieces of string and nuts for me to eat in the morning. Go on, you can call me a bellend if you want."

"You are only a bellend."

"WELL THANK FUCK FOR THAT" Joey shouts.

Colour begins to return to his cheeks and he starts nodding.

"Ok. Time for the last question from the public I'm afraid." - Burke looks like he can handle the rest of the interview.

"I know buying soap is mental.."

"Who wants nice clean expensive hands when you can have nicer, smelly, dirty hands for free!?"

"They only look different.."

"I mean, at the end of the day, what's wrong with your hands being covered in shit?"

"It's cheaper"

"I'm sorry, I didn't mean it."

RIOT SMILES BROADLY AT BURKE IN A RUDE, 'YES, I JUST DID THAT' MANNER

"Are you taking the piss?" - Burke.

Riot now looks worried/confused.

Burke takes full advantage of this.

"So that covers the religious experience you had. Now tell us Mr Joey how you have been in space."

A brief pause, but Joey knows the answer.

"I am in space right now."

"How are you in space?"

"What are you on about pal?"

"You are not tall enough."

"Well, fuck you then."

"Thanks." - Burke.

"How dare you!"

"And now for a report about lions in Mozambique, and how they are eating too many rats."

"Rats aren't tall enough!"

AFTER THE REPORT...

"You are shit."

"I once carried a fly to the supermarket. What are you gonna do about it?"

You lean forward and show him your hand hands.

Michael Burke looks annoyed.



(STILL ON AIR)

These are some more of the questions asked by Burke.. and some of the responses. The subject is DJ Kurt.

"Does he wear a blue hat?"

"Does he wear a black hat?"

"Pink hat?"

"Does he have an I AM JEWISH poster in his room?"

"Fine. Does he have AIDs?"

"Well what doesn't he have?"

"In that case, are you a bender?"

"No. I am not a bender."

All these things so far were said by Burke. Joey's reaction at this point is - he cries for five whole minutes, with a sad face.

"Does he enjoy being burned at the stake?"

"Does he like flowers?"

"Does he drink beer?"

"Do you drink beer?"

Joey - "No. I'm gonna get found out aren't I?" - while crying, with a sad face.

And then..

"I'm not gay you are!"

"Are you?"

"Please tell me"

"BASTARD HOMOPHOBE"

In the end Michael Burke asks what town DJ Kurt is from.

Joey answers - "Newcastle."

Kurt the grue is horrified - he is watching this live on the tv. He is furious, because Joey only said that he, Kurt the grue, is gay 19 times in the interview. He decides to kill Joey, and smashes some rocks with his fist.

(THE CREDITS JINGLE)

The World We care about

The World We live in

The World We think about

The World We care in

The World We care about each other in

The World We care about

The World We live in

The World We think about

The World We care in

The World We care about each other in

etc