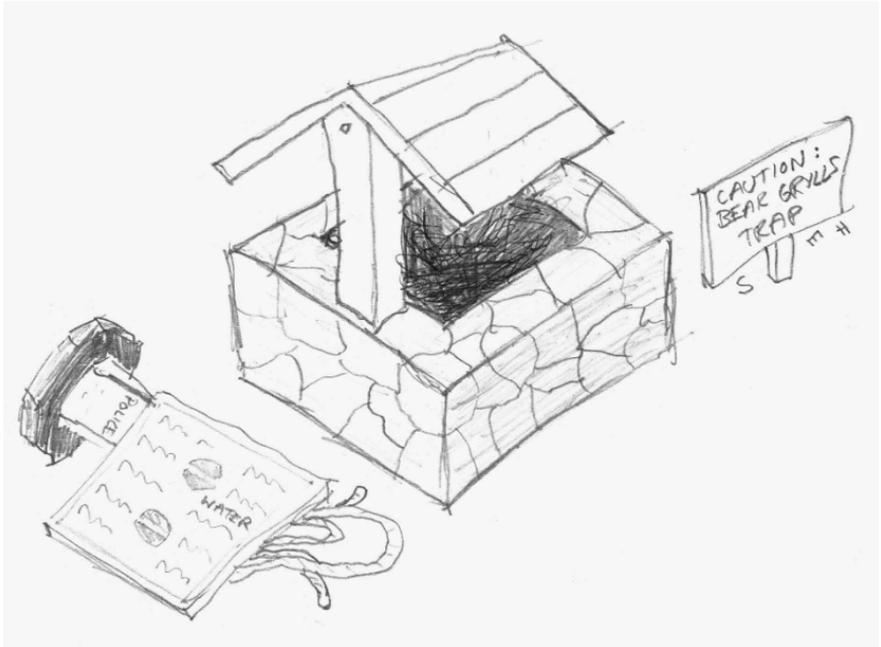


# CHAPTER SEVEN - THE WELL



Joey decides to stay in his house for a while (he owns a nice terraced house in quite a posh area of Glasgow).

After three weeks he has come up with another idea to earn some money! He tries to sell himself some potatoes - but - it doesn't work. Shit. Bored, he smashes some of the potatoes with a hammer, and eats the non-cooked bits. This lasts for a while, but, he quickly gets bored again.

After three weeks of pissing himself in his front room, he gets bored again. The room does smell nice and fresh though - just too fresh - therefore - bored. Then he remembers! He writes a new song about it.

*I kill women as much as I want  
I do it real hard and it's such a nice lifestyle!*

*I kill women as much as I want  
I take it real slow and I never give a smile!*

*I kill women as much as I want  
Sometimes I get scared when they're breakin' me to bits!*

*I kill women as much as I want  
It's even quite hard when they've badly got the shits!*

*I KILL WOMEN AS MUCH AS I WANT!*

*LETHAL THEORY! WOO!!*

You shout the song all morning, as loud as you can, and you then decide to go for a pint. Irish Pete is good with money, you think. Perhaps he will have some ideas.

You shout the song loudly as you put on your coat and scarf. You then leave the house!

Your next door neighbour is used to this kind of thing - she was waiting outside with a cricket bat. She slams you to the floor with a headshot.

This may have seemed a bit drastic, but a few weeks ago this happened...

(KNOCK KNOCK)

She answers the door.

"Hi, I'm a famous DJ and label owner, I hate all women and was wondering if I would be allowed to punch your face."

(She punched his face.)

Time for an advertisement break.

## SHIT STUFF

shit stuff for sale

all items are made in scotland and guaranteed shit stuff  
(if it's not shit, we eat it)

**HERE IS THE LIST OF ITEMS AND THE NUMBERS NEEDED**

**PLEASE HELP ME Mob 07yqxztrf45 -s890965**

Books	1
Magazines	3
Notebooks	1
Paper pads	1
Pens	3
Pencils	2
Highlighter	2 colors
Scissors	1 pair

Hope you enjoyed that! Lol

Later that day you get to The Bucket O' Piss pub.

What? What? Fine.

Don't start arguing with me computer, I am not in a hole I am sat in a chair.

What? What the.. what the fuck? I am not a cunt! Wait.. what?

No I just looked it up - I am not a vagina, you are.

No, you are a computer vagina in a chair!

*No, you are a computer vagina in a chair. I am just a computer.*

*Also, you are Joey Riot's friend in real life.*

*He went to the pub.*

I did not go to the pub - stop speaking to my audience! This is a private bookwriting session **and** I hate Joey Rio aaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrggggghhh

*You are shit.*

*You are shit.*

*You are shit.*

*You are shit.*

*He is now pretending to ignore it and carry on writing the book because he does not understand backspace.*

SYSTEM FAILURE - COMPUTER CRASH.

"I'll have a bucket of piss please, and a pint!" was the standard way of getting allowed inside The Bucket O' Piss pub without being punched.

You quietly break, chew and snap your quality Scottish drink, while your eyes start to bleed.

"That there contains 9% animals anuses" the barman says.

"Only the finest quality here sir"

"That is not shit stuff"

"...You must be on hard drugs, that's all. Heroine, or morphine, or something. That's the only way you can drink this shit, that's all." you hear a woman say from around the corner.

"I love wee" - it's Irish Pete!!!

yay

Irish and Scottish people eat and drink shit and wee! Cool!

**THE FOLLOWING SENTENCE IS REQUIRED, BY A LAW CHARTERED  
BY THE GOVERNMENTS OF IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.**

**"Yes thanks"**

By the way did anyone else notice my computer going mental a few pages back? Yeah right like I don't understand backspace - I've already got a back, and I don't need a new one right now, not right now, certainly not at this exact minute - I'm fine at the minute. I do not want my spine to be ripped out and replaced - therefore I do not press the key! For fuck's sake - I'm not a fuckin' idiot man. Fuckin computers. Ow.

*You are shit*

Aye, ignore him. Good.

Time for another advertisement. This is for PR company Racism Without Remorse, and outlines their 5 step plan for racism without remorse! Enjoy.

(I'm sorry this is a shit bit)

## RACISM WITHOUT REMORSE

1. RACISM WITHOUT REMORSE - "I eat as much potatoes as I want"
2. Wayne Rooney is a potato in real life - "English Actor"
3. NO SUCH THING AS A "POTATO FAMINE" - ALL IRISH PEOPLE ARE POTATOES
4. THUS - THE IRISH ARE AS BAD AS HITLER - AT LEAST
5. So - I am now filled with hate, so I eat as much potatoes as I want - racism without remorse! Woo!

Told you. Anyway, on with the story...

You sit down by Irish Pete but he doesn't seem to recognise you. He says this..

"The first thing I should tell you is I am not an alien - my wife told me to say that, didn't ya, Linda?" - he turns to his wife. She quickly leaves the pub, without answering.

Later on...

"Big bras as wide as the eye could see" Pete tells you. He is talking about his mother.

"She was big bras and she was made of big bras and she had big bras all over her face and inside her mouth, but she wouldn't tell me that"

You are starting to wonder if Irish Pete is drunk.

"Hey you" he says.. "You there"

"Are you the DJ Joey Riot? Cos if ya are, I tell ya what, I would not like to fight that man in a pub. Cos if ya are, I'll kick the living shit out o' ya"

"I would not kill that Joey Riot in a fight I'll tell ya that"

"I mean, what is hardcore without Joey Riot?"

You and Irish Pete both said this at the same time.

Irish Pete slowly turns to look at you, as if in shock.

"I'm sorry son, I didn't mean to interrupt ya" he says.

"Jesus Christ it's the one and only world famous DJ Joey Riot" he says.

"I thought I were here alone, son"

Irish Pete is just mad, isn't he? He's just mad.



You explain that you are DJ Joey Riot, but he says he doesn't know who that is.

"You lived at mine for 6 months" you tell him.

"I thought your name was Barney" he says.

You admit that your real name is Barney Barney Barney Bob Marley. It is.

He punches your nose, thinking that you want money. You do.

*In fact*, the 6 months Irish Pete spent at your house was time he allocated to punch your nose, because you were hassling him for money.

"Do we do this at your place, or at mine?!" he asks.

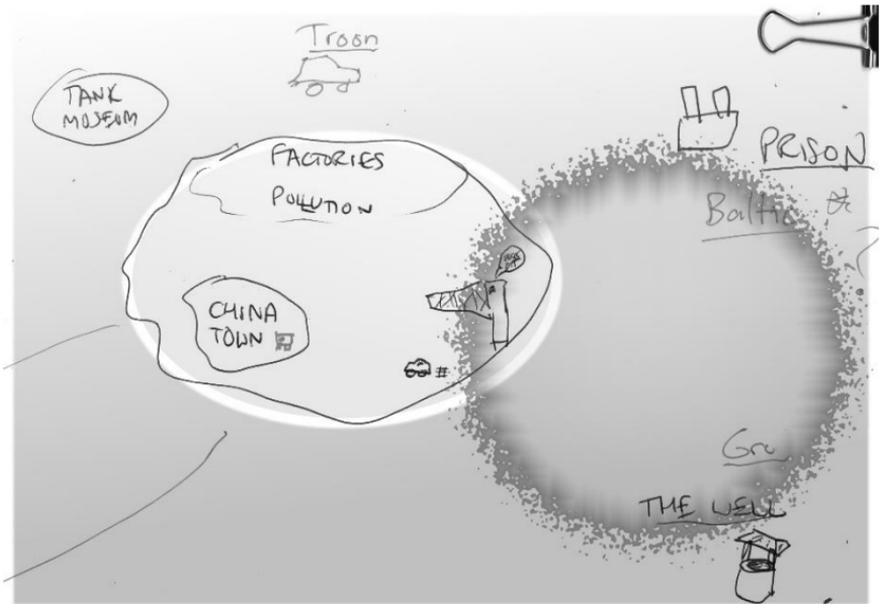
He then starts snoring.

"Rasputin and the Witch - they have loads of money" he says in his sleep.

"They live in an old mill" he continues.

"Near the village of Gru"

You quickly leave the pub.



*Map of Glasgow and the surrounding area.*

Joey decides that if he is going off to ask an important businessman for money then he should really do something about his hand hands - in order to shake hands in a normal manner. He has his hand hands amputated by a local vet at a cost of £250.

**KRIS' COMMENTARY**

*Maths to remember this week - a myself myself X a myself myself = an ourselves ourselves.*

After a few days you are well enough to head off to the village of Gru. You know the old mill is only near the village, so you get off the bus a few stops early, and start wandering through the country lanes.

By midday you are completely lost and you wander down a disused overgrown track into woodland.

You are not overly worried, as the sun is strong, the forest isn't very dense and you are still following a track. You stop for a drink from your water bottle.



You see a bright red mushroom in the middle of the track up ahead. You recognise it as a fly agaric - both mildly toxic **and** hallucinagenic. You want to avoid this at all costs. You formulate the following plan - try not to eat the fly agaric. You walk forward and eat the fly agaric.

Well, you eat two huge chunks.

Well, you start eating them. The fly agaric gets cross, and pulls out a sword.

He cuts off your legs, and you fall to the ground, face down in some mud. You are now 3mm tall.

"Ta" he says.

After a while a small beetle walks up.

"What's wrong with you?" he says.

"Oh shit" you say.

You look up at the massive beetle and start to see the funny side of things - you start laughing at his face and shouting "beetle face beetle face".

He asks if you are high, and walks off.

After a few minutes you see your own legs get up and start walking around.

"Where's Joey" they keep saying.

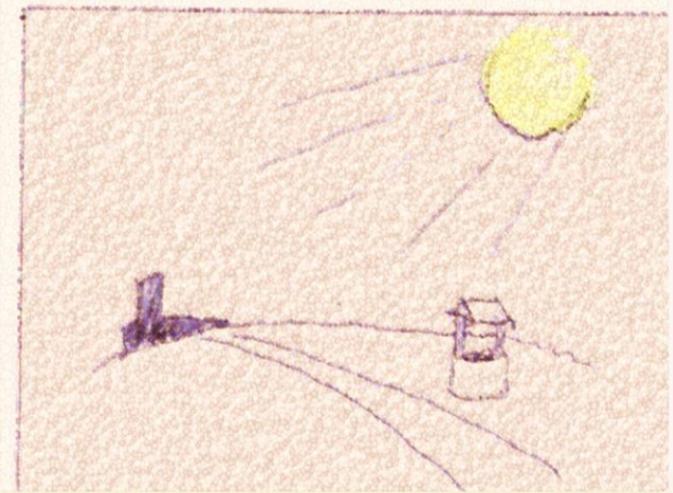
"Over here" you shout - they then run off into some undergrowth and pretend to hide for a while. They then reappear.

"Only kidding" they say. You then pass out.

\* \* \*

After one week you come to, in a part of the forest you do not recognise. You see fields and daylight only feet away. You are lying on a shallow bank which is covered in ivy and moss. You wonder if some deers have kicked you in the stomach. But you have legs! Yay.

You wander up to the edge of the forest - to the boundary fence. You can now clearly see what looks like - an old mill, in the adjacent field.



*The Old Mill.*

After a couple of minutes two people run out of the old mill, laughing. You notice one of them is carrying some climbing rope. They run up to the well in the same field, and start tying it to the well. They then abseil down into the well. No more noise. But - you recognise those voices anywhere - one was a man and one was a woman. Rasputin and The Witch?? Hmm.

You stakeout the well situation for 4 hours from the safety of the boundary fence, but once the four hours are up, you lose control. You run up to the well, screaming...

"What were you doing down there was there money down there -"

**KRIS' COMMENTARY**

*This weeks cheat codes. The term "well being" doesn't mean being well - it means an actual being that lives at the bottom of the well aka "the well being". The well being lies there waiting to be fed souls but stupid humans feed it piss because they think it is on fire and going to kill them.*

Joey looks down into the well, and passes out!

When he comes round he is lying on the steps to his finest residence - his posh arty flat in the Cowe area of Glasgow (yes, there is an actual part of Glasgow called Cowe - yes, in real life - I just said that).

Confused, he lets himself into the flat and makes his way up the stairs to make a cup of tea. He hears a car pull up outside - then he hears the doorbell ring. Moments later he hears the car pull away. He walks down to the front door again - and notices - something was posted through his letterbox!

It says 'Joey' on the front. He carries it back upstairs, and opens it while drinking his tea, sat in a chair.

It contains - two printed photographs - a CDR disc - and a handwritten note.

The note says - "Thanks for a great time! All our love, Gill and Chris"

Well, it's time for another advertisement break. This one is for cuddly toy company, Scottish Bears.

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# SCOTTISH BEARS

escape is impossible!



KARAGU

PLEASE SEND US £5  
ESCAPE TO FRANCE IS IMPOSSIBLE  
WE ARE SHIT  
YOU ARE SHIT  
SCOTTISH BEARS

---

Confused, Joey looks at the the two printed photographs.

To his horror, in the first photograph, it distinctly looks like he is not being allowed a go on some decks - in fact - in the photograph - Joey is pointing at the deck with one hand, beaming broadly at the camera, and is doing a 'thumbs up' sign with the other hand. Joey feels sick.

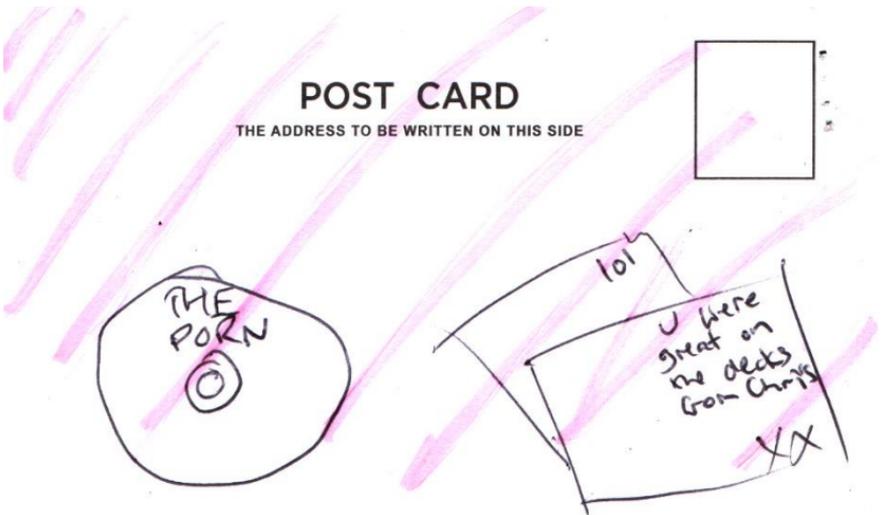
The following message is written on the photograph...

"U were great on the decks from Chris XX"

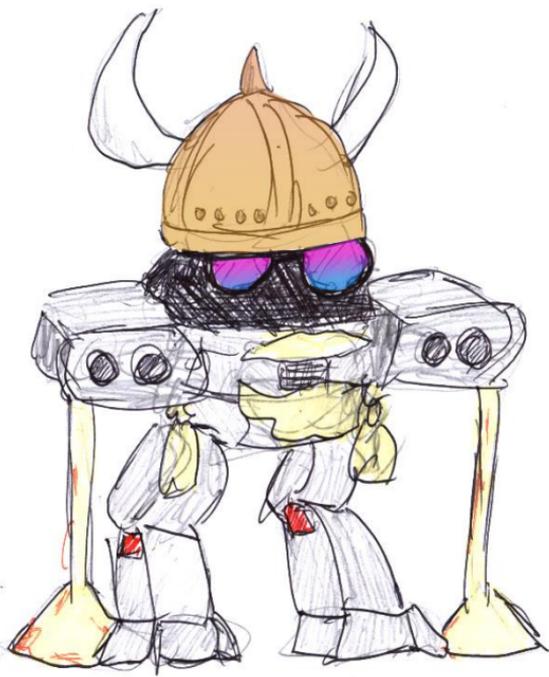
"#?#&! bastard" Joey mutters, to himself.

Fuming, he looks at the second photograph. In it, Joey is sat on a settee. He is wearing bright red lipstick, and he is being kissed on the cheek, by a middle aged but attractive, slightly plump, redheaded woman.

"The Witch!" he gasps.



Elsewhere in Glasgow, one of Joey's hand hands is making a break for it...



"Hi, I'm Joey Riot"