

CHAPTER 8 - THE MOTOR

'blokendom'

'spomendom'

'romendom'

'bowmendom'

At last! A worthy song of being released and aimed for the charts!

Fuck hardcore, this is the new shit!

An ant turns into a mouse which then turns into an anteater which turns into a gruelord (a baby grue with purple hairy foetuses for eyes). It stands about 12 feet tall, and it punches your face.

"That was a shit track" the baby grue says..

"Make better tracks."

The ant had to get tough quick because your track was shit.

Anyway you have a new idea to win loads of money - buy cars and win lots of racing trophies.

"This can't fail" you tell yourself.

"I can't even drive"

You read an advert for a 1991 1.0 Litre Nissan...

NISSAN MICRA 1.0L

1991 Nissan Micra, 1.0 Litre

The car is the wrong shape but has a good engine and is rust red. Doors will be thrown in - barn doors, lego. The car has - one exhausts. IMHO. GSOH. B.A.D.C.O.U.G.H.¹ IS AIDS A THING WITH CARS? IT HAS AIDS. £5 no offers.

Call Scotty - Troom 4529279

Books	1 other ppl did this stuff does it make sense
Magazines	3 other ppl did this stuff does it make sense
Notebooks	1 other ppl did this stuff does it make sense
Paper pads	1 other ppl did this stuff does it make sense
Pens	3 other ppl did this stuff does it make sense
Pencils	other ppl did this stuff does it make sense
Highlighter	2 colors x other ppl did this stuff does it make sense
Scissors	1 pair x other ppl did this stuff does it what. oh ok, will leave it in just in case THIS ADVERT MAKES SENSE

You call Scotty and arrange to meet him later that day - time is of the essence, after all. It is cool and crisp outside as you wait for the bus to Troom, but as you arrive at the man's house, the sun comes out.

You knock at the door. No one answers, so, as the car is in the front garden, you take the opportunity to give it a good eyeballing. You are no expert on cars, but she is some looker! After a few minutes Scotty arrives at the front of the house.

"Sorry" he says.

¹ Bollocks And Does Cough On-or-near Underpasses/Gates/Hedges

"I was on the phone"



"So, do you like her?" he asks.

"Yes."

"What do you want the car for?" he asks.

You tell him about your plan to win racing trophies and prize money..

"Also, to help me escape from men who have machine guns *and* cars.. possibly to France." you add.

"Well, shes only five pounds." he says.

"No."

"Too expensive."

You offer the man three pounds.

"Look pal, it said five pounds on the advert, it also said NO OFFERS - it's five pounds, take it or leave it." - the man doesn't even seem offended.

You walk back around to the back of the car - then back round to the front again. The car is certainly worth £5 - there's no doubt about that, in your mind. You offer the man three pounds again.

"Look, I'm sorry, but you're wasting my time" he says.

"I'm going back inside." - and he goes back into his house.

You hide in the man's garden and stakeout his house. After three weeks, you see him leave the house without locking the door. You go in and find the car keys! You leave!

*

The man punches you to the ground.

"How did you know I was here!?" you say.

"You were standing just outside my front door. Prick!"

He locks the front door, and walks off to the shops, to buy a magazine.

*

Waiting for the bus, you notice that your hands have strange orange-blue crystals coming out of them - hand meth. This makes you feel disheartened - it's not nearly as cool as the hand hands you had before - you loved those.

You start to sulk.

On the bus home, you are the only passenger. As the bus trundles through the roads of north Glasgow, your mood seems to lift - but the sky is most certainly grey today. Billboards and advertisements seem to be mocking you as you pass them. A bastard dog - on a dog food advertisement - tells you you are shit. You whip out your bus pass and hold it up to the window of the bus...

"I... get... free.. bus travel!"

"In your face!"

Bam - bam - bam - bam - your bus pass defiance smashes the opposition!
Under such conditions, you are obviously pulling your war face.

You stand up and stuff your hand out of the window for these fuckers to take a closer look.

Bam! A plasticine man is taken down!

Bam! A bottle of shampoo feels your vengeance!

Bam! Oh...

"Stop the bus! I am an MC!"

The driver doesn't hear you, so you run to the front of the bus. Eventually he stops, and you dismount. He drives off.

Unfortunately, your bus pass is nowhere to be seen. As evening sets in, you find yourself on denser residential streets, lined with terrace housing. This is not an area of Glasgow that you know - you realise that you are *lost*.

"AAAAARRRGHH... THERE IS NO MONEY IN THIS!!!"

"Take it prick" a man shouts from the comfort of his front room.

"AAAAARRRGHH!!!"

"You're lost huh?" another man shouts.

"Get used to it pal!"

He slides his window shut. All the windows seem to slide shut in unison.

As confusion sets in, you wonder what will happen to you. You wonder what will happen when you pass out. Did the witch have something to do with this? Guaranteed.