

DREAM PRELUDE

DREAM ONE - BANANA CREVASSE

Fracus and Darwin's 'Pieces Of Cake Should Not Be Allowed To Rule The World' campaign continued...

(You are watching a news broadcast from Earth in your visor.)

It is a press release...

A reporter asks...

"Are you a piece of toast???"

Fracus looks sad and Darwin looks confused.

"Ha ha ha!"

"Pair of wankers!"

You adjust the knob on the side of your helmet. The broadcast fizzles, pops, and then is gone. Back to your work! On the Moon!

Oh no!

You fall down the banana crevasse onto the person's mixer.

You are now wandering around in the dark. If only you could find the power switch, or have a mix. Strangely you seem to be walking vertically downwards.

"Aah. Stick boots?"

You reach the floor and become.... stuck. You are caught in neck high grease. You are in the crossfader area. You realise that you are a speck of dust, and could ruin the mix!

You are now full size and back in the room.

"You fucking wanker."

"You ruined the mix!"

"He does that in real life." - DJ Kurt said this.

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DREAM TWO - STEM CELL RESEARCH

You continue to disseminate the lecture to the keen students..

"I conclude that all mixers are shit - because we exist."

"DJs are men disguised as robots..."

"Except DJ Fracus..."

"Who uses steroids to have a robot-man-face....."

"You said all of this!"

"No, you did!"

"DJ Fracus is a speck of dust!"

"I AM DJ FRACUS, AND I DO WHAT I WANT!"

You pick up a revolver from the desk and shoot DJ Darwin!

DJ Darwin bleeds to death as you discuss cell stem-stuff.

YOU ARE PROMOTED TO MAIN UNIVERSITY CAMPUS!

This includes the twelve storey buildings and all the student.... shit. All the student accommodation.

You vomit.

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DREAM THREE - EXACT PERFORMANCE, CORRECT MEASURES



In this one you have knicked all the metal in the universe and turned yourself into a giant robot spaceship and flown off.

The dot in the bottom left corner represents all the matter in the universe.

Enough said! Joey Riot is a short man.