

this is
shit

JOEY RIOT
STORY
BOOK



this book is dedicated to

Rowan, Kris and Rob

it is also dedicated to myself

it is also not dedicated to Rob and Kris as well as myself

I was being sarcastic

CHAPTERS

Dream Prelude

Chapter 1 - The Day Off

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CHAPTER ONE - THE DAY OFF

It was Joey Riot's day off from having hundreds of mixes on his luxury Vestax Technics decks. He was having a cuddle with his machine friend, Robot the toaster. Robot often burned Joey on his days off. Perhaps he was grumpy at having no good tunage to listen to (Joey often listened to the Archers on his day off - on loop - 3 chapters specifically - Joey is trying to learn about farming, and would love to see a cow).

'Moo!' Joey shouted as he ran around the room. 'Real cows don't exist!'

'Milk a giant cow!' he screams into one of his fridge door magnets. 'Milk a giant cow!'

The Lethal Theory bailiff detection - anti-detection - avoidance robot kicked into its standard drone, a low bassline rumble.

This happened once per hour.

You might be wondering what that particular robot is for. It saves money.

Joey decided to write some fresh lyrics (you knew he was an MC as well as a DJ right?)

He is a very good MC actually. This is what he wrote that morning.

"I am a smelly bastard and I do not wash my hands!"

"I am a smelly bastard and I do not buy soap!"

"I am a smelly bastard and I'm thievin' in your lands!"

"I am a smelly bastard and I'll kick you for a goat yeah!"

You eventually discard the piece of paper you were writing the lyrics on, after thinking about what happened the first time you tried to use those lyrics. You were shot - by a policeman.

DISCLAIMER

Hello and welcome to our book about Joey Riot. if you don't know who that is, it doesn't really matter, you might still enjoy the book. He is a world famous DJ who plays the following styles: UK Hardcore. Gabba. Hardstyle. Powerstomp (which he practically invented - with DJ Kurt) and others.

You may think, already, that we hate Joey Riot! Lol - he is actually one of our **favourite** DJs and we like him a lot. This book, although it *may* seem it, is not *really* racist against Scots or anything like that. It is actually meant with a great amount of affection - this is actually the work of highly adoring fans.

We are, surprisingly, allowed to do this, as one of the authors is half Scottish. One of the authors is also **Jewish. Ah! Wool!**

SO, THAT WAS TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

(But doesn't count for the rest of the book.)



DJ Al Storm



DJ Vibes



DJ Joey Riot



DJ Kurt and DJ Gammer



DJ Scott Brown

The phone rings.

"Hello!" you shout, in your usual breezy tone.

"Hi Joey. It's Scott. I've been arrested."

"What for?"

"For being Irish."

"TELL THE TRUTH" a copper shouts.

"Actually for being Scottish."

[Scott Brown's arrest is due to the introduction of a new law in Scotland. Basically the English and the Scots have had enough of the Scots and intend to outlaw them and get them to change their ways and clean up their act. Once arrested, a Scottish person faces a fine of £500. Once this fine is paid, the angry Scot will be trained, over a 10 year period, to talk in an English accent, via first, an Irish accent, then a Welsh one. If the fine is *not* paid, the person faces *life imprisonment*.]

"Get the money! Fast!"

"No problem, pal. This won't take long!"

He hangs up.

You head off to the nearest club with your records to try and get a set. It is only a Wednesday but you know DJ Hixxy is playing there tonight.

Luckily it is only a few seconds away from your front door, but you jog anyway, keen to help your friend.

As you make the bend the club falls into view. You see a welcome sight (for this early in the evening) - a short queue. You relax more as you pull up to the entrance, falling back into a normal walking speed. You arrive!

"I don't suppose you could let me in, pal?" you ask the bouncer.

"I know you." he says.

"You're Joey Riot."

The bouncer explains that you are not allowed in, because of the new law.

"Are you Scottish?" one of the girls in the queue says.

"Scottish men aren't allowed in here no more, hun."

"Aye, alright." you say.

You decide to come back later, when it has gotten dark. You walk off, disappointed, but still hopeful.

You get back to the flat and make a cup of tea. A thought occurs to you - why not use a disguise to try and get in! You walk into your bedroom and open your wig/beard closet, and walk in.

The vast array of hundreds of wigs and beards on stands is presented to you as trumpet music plays. You walk up and down the aisles but can't quite decide. Why not improvise!?! You know exactly where to look.

You walk back into the street and into the side alley next to your flat, and make sure no-one is around. You open the wheelie bin, and climb in.

You see; some pizzas. A shoe. Some mud. And - some crisp bits. Perfect!

You quickly scoff four of the twelve inch pizzas - you then pull the remaining pizzas to bits and stuff the bits into your trousers and pants to eat later.
Hmm! Free food!

You then rub some mud and crisp bits into your face and hair - a perfect disguise!

You stare down at the shoe. You can't eat it - what can you do with it?
Curiosity gets the better of you.

You climb inside the shoe and walk all the way up to the toe end - where you see - a thimble!

You climb inside the thimble and climb onto one of the inside dimples - where you see - a dead ant!

You climb up the ant's huge leg and along its torso onto its face! you walk in behind one of its eyes and round to the back of it. You look up from your position standing on its eye socket lining, to the vast eyeball above you, which you can barely see.

"Wow!"

The awe of the scene astounds you - but - a peculiar glimmering light, a tiny flickering, is twinkling in your peripheral vision, to your right hand side. You look down and see - an atom!

You climb inside the atom and lie down for a rest. You feel warm, cozy, and snug! Hmm!

'HANG ON A SECOND! ARE YOU SAYING I AM SHORT!!?' - from Joey

Actually, no. You fitted inside the atom because you have a small penis.

Nice one Joey.

Eventually you make it back to the club. You run up to the line of girls, screaming, as you have a new idea to help you get in.

"I WANT MONEY" you cry.

"I WANT MONEY!!!"

A girl looks you up and down. Then back up - to your middle. Then back down. Her gaze rests firmly on your left knee joint, which is still stuffed full of pizza bits.

"You are in!" she squeals.

"This one is with us!" she shouts to the bouncer.

You get into the club!

*

You work your way through the modest crowd to the front of the club and the stage where you see old friend DJ Hixxy on the decks. You climb the steps to the DJ area. He spots you, points at you, stops the music and grabs the mic...

"Joey, Joey, Joey." he starts.

"We need to have a little talk."

He then addresses the crowd.

[DJ Hixxy's five minute speech outlines your and Scott Brown's long-term strategy, ever since the start of your DJ careers, to convince all the other hardcore DJs that you were *English actors, pretending to be Scottish* to take the piss out of the Scots.]

"That's what he told us, years ago."

"So tell us, Joey.."

(He turns to you.)

"Are you Scottish... or are you.. not Scottish?"

You grab the mic and without reservation or hesitation you proudly shout...

"I am a bender so what."

The furious DJ Hixxy punches your face with his fist! You fall into the crowd of ravers, who push and shove you back towards the way out.

You flee into the night, horrified at your experience! Tired and beaten, you eventually make it back to your Chinatown apartment at around 3AM.

The phone rings - it is DJ Gammer - who has heard of last night's exploits. He tells you not to worry, and that he will be visiting you in the morning. He wants to go for a walk by the canal. You arrange to meet up near the Finnieston crane, with sandwiches.

You try and get some rest.

*

You wake up nice and early and make sandwiches - peanut butter and cucumber, hmm. All done, you leave for the Finnieston crane, a mere half hour's walk away.

As you stroll onto Glasgow Chinatown's main street, a friend approaches - Xiu, the World Factory stall's frontman and salesperson. As far as most people know, World Factory only produce snowglobes.

"Morning, Mr Joey. Are you interested in more world for Scottish people in subspace for to kill with machine gun again!"

"Not interested, pal. The last one only lasted five minutes." you explain.

"You really have to start repopulating within one hour to kill people forever sir. We told you that! 15p only!"

You start running.

Exactly ten minutes later you find yourself catching your breath in the Finniestone crane's main car park. DJ Gammer pulls up in his car.

"Alrighty" he exclaims, grinning at you, like a mad cat.

A 'roc' is a mythical monster.

It is a giant eagle, far larger than any dinosaur or dragon.

They feed mainly on elephants - after a morning's hunt a roc parent will often throw a bundle of fifteen or more grown elephants to it's hungry cache of no more than two or three offspring.

Legend says that the rocs died out because the elephants died out...

As you eat your sandwiches with your friend, you begin to relax, and forget about the troubles of the previous day.

"I believe you." Gammer says.

"Thanks."

You smile and gaze into the middle distance. You can hear a dragonfly buzzing.

Suddenly, darkness floods the scene. You look to the sky - and see - a roc!

"Look, DJ Gammer! A roc!"

"Nah mate."

"Baby fly, mate."

"Baby fly."

CHAPTER TWO - THE THERAPIST

You are reading from Jeremy Kyle's inspirational self-help book - I Am Not A Bender.

He says this...

"I once stared myself in the face for 15 hours to prove how hard I was. In the end I started shouting at myself. I had to leave the room, but it was pretty cool."

You wonder if you can be as amazing as Jeremy.



You think about writing your own book. Hmm.. what would you call it?

I Want Money

by Joey Riot

500 pages, blank.

You wonder if it would sell.

"LOADED!!"

You start to spontaneously MC.

"I want money and I want it right now!"

"I want money and I milk a giant cow!"

"I want money and I think that you are shit!"

"Why don't ya why don't ya just accept it!"

"You are shit you are shit you are shit!"

You decide to call your therapist to give her the good news about the book.

- END OF PREVIEW -

BONUS

THE CV OF KRIS LUDDS

CURRICULUM VITAE
RABBI LUDDS
(KRIS)

GCSE: Maths -
English -

Skillset: 'A Slow Creeper'
Bar Mitzvah Party Host
Can hold more than 13 million Bar Mitzvahs per second
A skilled empath/telepath

Hobbies: Music Production
Spirituality
Technology
The Unresearched
Mens penises (Jewish)

Work: Once worked as a nurse.

Oi.. Kris! You are a chestbuster!

