

In this small, circular room, the floor is wooden and the walls are brick. There is no furniture, but a number of pairs of shoes and clothes are scattered. Out of a large window, is a very high up sea view. The weather is calm and sunny. A dozen or so small boats with large nets hung by their sides go round and round in circles. I don't know if that's normal, but that's what's happening. It's not just the police who are perceived as clueless. I blame the trauma caused by the SRK and co., these are scary times. Morgan and Mental are dressed in civilian clothes, and the latter has new shoes. Both stare out the window whilst twiddling their thumbs. Mental chats without looking to his friend 'These seas are beautiful, they really are. It's good to finally get away from the mobs.' Morgan nods and Mental continues 'Thanks for the new shoes, pal.' Morgan chuckles 'I always have a few spare in this hideout. Epic Dave keeps on incinerating them. There are lots of naked people because of him, too.'

Mental shakes his head, turns to his coworker, and pulls out a sausage roll from his pocket. He hands it out for Morgan. Morgan widens his eyes 'Where did you get that?' Mental replies 'There were a few hanging round the station. This is special stuff. It's made with pineapple and spices.' Morgan backs away cautiously 'Evil sausage rolls??' Mental laughs 'No, these won't turn you into a pizza or any kind of food. These have been rigorously tested.' Morgan grabs the food with enthusiasm 'Really?' Mental nods 'Really. They're very good.' Morgan gobbles the thing down in seconds as Mental stares 'Good??' Morgan shakes his head in disbelief 'SO good.' Mental smiles 'When the SRK's reign of terror is over, I really think they could be the next big thing!'

Morgan rubs his stomach and screws his face up in pain. Mental puts his hand on his shoulder 'Morgan?' Morgan starts coughing, uncontrollably. He then gets on his knees and starts retching. Mental goes white 'Morgan??' Morgan mumbles 'I don't feel so good.' He opens his mouth as wide as it can go. From it, a beak with a sausage roll on it is seen. Mental screams 'NO!!!' Morgan coughs some more as a head of a pigeon is observed crawling out of Morgan. Mental puts his hands on the sides of his face, and his jaw drops open. Soon enough, the whole bird exits the man. Morgan fully drops to the floor, head first with his hands stretched out by his sides. The pigeon comments, coolly 'He'll be fine. He just needs some rest.'

Mental backs away with fear 'You can talk?? Why have you got such a sick tattoo on your beak??' The pigeon flies around the room. Mental's eyes and body follows him as the thing talks 'Never mind that. What did you do to your friend, just now?' Mental coughs 'Errr... I gave him a sausage roll. The pigeon lands in the same place he was resurrected 'That's very interesting.' Mental replies 'So you don't know what's going on?' The bird replies 'Haven't a clue.' The super villain looks around shiftily. He then flaps his wings 'Something's wrong....' The pigeon gets bigger and bigger and starts to lose its feathers, in place of human skin. The legs also become more human, and arms start to grow out of the animal's sides. The bird then becomes a fully grown man. But not much of a man - he's the SRK. Even worse, he's naked.

Mental stares in disbelief before finally managing to speak 'Put some clothes on.' The SRK laughs 'Sure thing, Mental.' The cop replies 'I'm serious, put some clothes on now.' The SRK starts to do so as he starts a conversation 'Beautiful day, isn't it?' Mental looks down in shame 'It was.' The SRK continues 'Say... How about the three

of us go on a boat ride and discuss old times?’ Mental growls ‘Get lost’. The SRK now fully dressed like the cops, nods ‘I understand. You have a grudge against me because of my beliefs...’ Mental shakes his head ‘Your belief that all chefs must die, because they made you fat?’ The SRK gives a thumbs up ‘That’s the one.’ Mental face palms ‘Your lack of control is YOUR fault...’ The SRK laughs ‘You really are dumb, aren’t you. Chefs make their foods taste nice as possible.’ Mental rubs his chin ‘I don’t know what to say to that...’

Morgan twists to face the ceiling and groans in pain ‘What the hell happened??’ He slowly picks himself up and looks at the SRK in disbelief. He freezes ‘The SRK!’ The SRK smiles ‘Don’t be scared. I’m your friend.’ Morgan tuts ‘Oh, you’re my friend. So why did you make me abuse all the world’s leaders with that filth?’ The SRK chuckles ‘Errr... Dunno.’ Morgan continues ‘Oh, I don’t care what you have to say.’ The SRK looks thoughtful ‘Say... You wouldn’t happen to have any sardines or salmon on you, would you?’ Morgan widens his eyes ‘You think the fish will bring the ghosts of Henry and Gary to life, somehow?’ The SRK shrugs his shoulders ‘Ummm...’ Morgan continues ‘No, I’m not going to cough up two fully grown men. It would kill me.’ The SRK nods ‘Of course. I understand. Anyway, do you mind if I hang around here, for a while? Away from the real law? The man on the street, I mean, I won’t cause any trouble...’

Mental sighs ‘Do you mind if me and Morgan have a private chat?’ The SRK winks ‘Or course not!’ The cops turns their backs on the killer and start whispering to each other. The SRK then hits the two on the head with both fists at the same time, knocking them out. ‘Noobs.’ The SRK grins and talks to himself ‘Can I really get away with this? I don’t really even know what I’m going to do... I know... I could drag these two fools to the dock. Whilst I keep an eye on Mental, I’ll feed Morgan a salmon and a sardine. There are bound to be the fish, there... But how the hell am I supposed to come across as trustworthy to the fishermen? Maybe I could say they fainted because their businesses got burned to the ground, and that I’m looking after them. But why wouldn’t I call for an ambulance? Aha! I could say they’re just as incompetent as the police!’

The SRK bites his thumb in concentration ‘Oh yes, and I need some clothes for Henry and Gary, I’m not hanging round a couple of naked people for ages.’ The SRK slings some clothes over his shoulders and carries on talking ‘Now what do I say about my sausage roll tattoo? I guess I could say it was drawn on by thugs, and that there’s a lot of that stuff going on now. Scotland has gone to the dogs. Well, I guess it’s time to drag these two twats away. It’s going to take some doing.’ Mental groans ‘Please... God... no...’ The SRK kicks his head, and comments nonchalantly ‘That’ll do’. The madman then drags the two out of the room. Now he sees a winding staircase that only goes down. There’s a fair amount of stairs to climb. (Or is it de-climb??) As the murderer drags the immobile cops over each step, he smiles more and more.

Finally, the trio are outside on level grassland. Still with clothes on his shoulders, the SRK looks up to the lighthouse on the left in awe ‘Wow. Those poor policemen. They’re going to have headaches later, for sure...’ The killer looks a few metres past the tower to see a long wooden dock. Just ahead of that, is the sea with those wandering boats. He turns around to see a very nearby small business, with a sign

above the roof, saying 'Cheap, Fresh Fish. Nothing Dodgy'. It is quite possibly the world's only lighthouse shop. The lunatic leaves the still bodies and knocks on the door. A 20 year old, male worker opens it to reveal shelves stacked full with tins. He instantly screams 'Sausage Roll Killer!!!' The SRK laughs it off 'No, no, no. Thugs drew that... that thing on me. It's terrible I know. What has this country come to?' The worker scratches his head 'What's with those dead guys with you??'

The SRK smiles 'Good one! No, they're not dead! I just need to revive them. Revive them by feeding them salmon and sardines. Well that's what one of the guys need, the other will get better on his own.' The worker pulls a funny face 'How do you know?' The SRK smiles again 'I'm a doctor. Trust me.' The worker has another question 'Wouldn't it be better to call for an ambulance? Or a helicopter?' The SRK tuts 'Sadly, no. The medics around here a just as incompetent as the police. Once an ambulance kept driving around a roundabout in circles for ages, then crashed into the sea. I saw it.' The worker shakes his head 'No way... Ok, I'll get the fish for you...' The worker scans his products and handles them. The SRK rubs his hands.

In a jiffy, the worker hands the nutter two opened cans. He nods with respect 'Here you go. On the house.' The SRK's eyes light up 'Thank you so much!' The worker responds 'But how are you going to feed that man the fish when he's out cold?' The SRK looks thoughtful 'I was thinking I could open his mouth, and slowly slip the food on his tongue...' The worker replies 'Wouldn't that be dangerous? What if he chokes?' The SRK is cool once more 'He'll be fine.' The worker sighs 'Phew. But why do have clothes on your shoulder?' The SRK chuckles 'You'll find out why.'

The SRK strolls to Morgan's limp body, kneels down, opens his mouth and places both a bit of salmon and a sardine on his tongue. The worker observes with fascination. The cop swallows the food down without knowing it, and the SRK grins wider than ever before. Within seconds, a fully grown foot is seen coming out of Morgan's mouth, waking him up. The first thing he sees is the SRK's stupid face. He looks like he wants to scream, but can't for obvious reasons. The worker says 'No, no...' in complete bafflement. Soon enough, a whole leg comes of out the poor cop's mouth, followed by a body. You wouldn't think a jaw could stretch open that wide, but Morgan's taking it very well, even if he looks like he's in absolute agony. His eyes water and he starts to fit. Believe it or not, Henry the Sneaky Salmon fully leaves the officer's body in just a few more seconds.

Henry walks to the SRK and shakes his hand. He then comments, with a red face 'Clothes, please.' The SRK lays some on the ground, and Henry starts putting them on. The SRK points at Morgan and laughs 'You don't want to miss this...' Another foot is seen coming out of Morgan. Henry guffaws, still getting dressed 'Is that Gary??' The SRK nods 'Sure is.' The worker is hysterical 'This is a dream! This is a dream!' Henry is finally fully clothed 'You're not a pigeon, anymore?' The SRK wipes his forehead 'No, thank God!' Henry stares at Morgan's unbelievably stretched mouth, as Gary's torso comes out of it. The fish fanatic continues 'How is this happening? How did you bring us back to life?' The SRK shrugs his shoulders 'I'm not sure. What I do know is, Morgan ate a sausage roll and he coughed me up. Therefore I figured salmon and sardines would save you two. Turns out I was right...' Henry sighs 'That's really dumb.'

The worker goes white 'You ARE the Sausage Roll Killer!' Mental rubs his eyes and slowly stands up. In a daze, he stares at the worker and mumbles 'Sausage Roll Killer?' Gary's head finally leaves Morgan. Mental turns to face him and screams 'What the HELL is this?!?!?' Morgan starts crying as he writhes in agony on the grass 'I don't know!!' The SRK shouts to Gary 'We have to get out of here, now!' Gary stands up looking embarrassed 'I need some clothes!' The SRK stamps his foot 'There's no time for that, we need to go, RIGHT now!' The worker faints. Then so does Mental. Henry is calm 'No one is in the position to chase us, but we have to be professional.' Gary clenches his fists 'Me leaving naked is way too professional!' Henry sighs 'I don't care.' The SRK laughs 'Oh, and Morgan? I wouldn't eat a pizza if I were you. Unless you want to cough up a huge robot.' The evil trio jog away in the opposite direction of the sea. Morgan screams 'Nooooo!!' Henry is curious 'Sausage, why didn't you kill Mental?' The killer replies 'Forgot. Sorry.'