

One Screwy Day 10

by

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A sunglasses-wearing Epic Dave is casually riding an equally laid-back cow, hands-free in a countryside area. It's as if he does it every day. And he does. And why not? People ride horses, and which animals are more dangerous to be on top of? Got you there. Dave may actually be smarter than you in a way, which is a terrifying thought, even offensive. Especially if you're a jockey. But most people aren't jockeys, so I'm not going to censor myself. I'm rambling aren't I, like I tend to do so? Good, I need to do some padding. This is one of my shorter short stories, perhaps for the best. That's for you to decide. Not me. I guess ups and downs are natural.

Anyway, lush grassland under blue skies is all around and a kilometre-long, straight-ish muddy path is a short distance in front of the man, along with more cows. Further away are an extensive range of tree-peppered hills. Dave talks to his animal friend: 'You're a good cow, you know that? Not like the others, who are quite frankly disapproving; I've heard the way they moo at me. I know my behaviour will seem a little strange, but the best, most original ideas come from the craziest situations. Surely. Which is why I'm going to stand on you and do a backflip... Plus I want to impress your buddies who can't even jump. Just saying. Neither can they do the most basic of sums. Or speak English. Basically they suck'.

With the concentration of a world-class athlete, with absolutely no chance of winning 'Sports Personality of the Year', (I hope), ED slowly starts to rise on the animal. Unfortunately, as he jumps the cow runs for his life (rightly so) and the 'superhero' crashes to the ground, head first. (Rightly so). Even his thoughts are now slurred: 'Ahhh... screeew it, I'll just come up with an idea heeere. But an idea about what?' It seems the cow only ran away to get reinforcements in the form of more of his kind. A furious gang of the animals charge at Dave. He screams then flies to the hills, whilst singing an altered Iron Maiden chorus. The journey takes seconds. Once landed he looks at the now chilled-out, mischievous animals with disgust. 'Those vicious things tricked me.' (Actually they tried to trample him, but who cares). 'I'm the only prankster here, I'll show them. But what's the best way to prove I'm better than them? Aha! I'll out-prank them! THAT'S my idea!'

ED picks his mobile from his pocket and dials a number. He then speaks with a high-pitched tone to disguise his very well-known voice that is loved and hated in equal measure: 'Hi there, Charltonham Curries, I'm going to make the biggest order ever! It's for 20 people!... Uh-huh?... Uh-huh?... Say, your restaurant is kind of noisy. Do you mind if we communicate through telepathy? Y'know, like antisocial TVs?... Get it?... Telepathy?... psychopathy... see how the words are similar? I'm saying telepathic is another word for a killer TV, do I have to spell it out for you? Tough crowd... Of course I'm being serious about communicating through thought, you were thinking I was a dickhead then, right?...

See that was easy, so what's the problem?' Cows moo angrily in the background. The hero continues: 'That was me morphing into a cow. Pretty cool, right?... No, I'm not on drugs... Ok, I'll just speak over your other customers normally. But first, how about we play a game? If you guess what ten letter word I'm thinking of, I'll give you a £500 tip... Unfortunately however, I made the word up...'

Five minutes of ultra-mindless conversation goes by, before the phone operator snaps. Even the cows hear a faint expletive coming from the phone. They moo in 'another' disapproving tone, in response. ED tries to stop himself laughing as he talks: 'Don't shout!... .. Yes, I know I've discussed philosophy, game theory and favourite genres of music with you, but you're going to earn a ton of money from me... You're going to find me?... Look I just want to discuss the Brazilian economy, its flaws, its strengths and its peculiarities and I promise I'll make my order... No don't do that, I'M a police officer myself. I'll prove it, but only through telepathy... You're going to go easy on me because I'm having a breakdown? Ok bye...'

Dave gives a smug smile and crosses his arms, holding his phone like a treasure. With a more manly voice, he speaks: 'THAT was how you prank someone.' Dave power poses in front his cow enemies with his hands on his hip. 'I'm going to do that again. Probably best if I phone someone else, though...'

ED dials a number and goes back to his girly voice: 'Hello? I'd like to have my horoscope, please?... Ok, great... But we have to speak through telepathy. That way I'll know you have genuine skills... You just called me a prick then didn't you? .. No?... Ok you didn't think it but you felt it, right?... See?... Ok, fine, you want me to talk more typically so there are no misunderstandings. You're a little rusty. I get that. So what do you think of the Belgian economy? I know what those two words mean at least. Well 'Belgium' doesn't really mean anything, it's a place but you get me, right?

No, don't call the police either, I'm a police officer myself not a crazy person, someone believe me! I'm going undercover and am acting mental so I can infiltrate a gang who deal drugs, but also take them. Know what I mean? I have to fit in, and all that. Oh you believe me. I mean of course you do. So who's your favourite jazz drummer? For me it has to be Buddy Rich, I saw him on Youtube. Then again, he's basically the only jazz drummer I know, but if you read the comments, most say he's best. Oh you don't REALLY believe me about going undercover. You know Epic Dave and you're going to get him to kick my ass/bust my bum? How do you know him... Hang on, it's YOU isn't it Katy, what are you doing working for nutters? I mean likely story you'll get him. Anyway, you're a fool!' ED hangs up: 'Excellent stuff'.

His mobile rings and he answers it in the same voice: 'Hello? Why am I speaking like a girl? Dammit!' He goes back to his normal voice: 'Did I just prank call you? Errr...'

No, I didn't call you Katy actually, I said 'matey'... No I didn't just incriminate myself there... For the last time, don't call the police, they all hate me, I keep promising to send them cakes, but never actually give them any. Do you want to hear the best cake anecdote of your life?: I did all the outing like a real pro, the icing and all that was fantastic. But in the inside of the cake was a note saying 'if you like this cake, you're a bellend.' Can you imagine the looks on the policemen's faces? They'd really hate that. You know they tried to make a law where if you call a policeman a muppet you get sentenced to death? They're the people we're dealing with. If they could, they'd probably torture and kill me at least fifty times... You hear the theory it's possible to bring pig's brains back to life without their bodies? I saw that on Youtube, and that's what's going to happen to me. It's going to be terrible. I'll have no arms or legs, I'll just be thinking. I won't know what's going on. Just that I keep being raised from the dead and executed!

You don't care? Well I'll dob you in, too. I'll tell the feds you're putting loads of research and money into cancer, but you have no interest in curing it whatsoever. How's that going to make you look?... Yes, that did make sense, actually. And Katy, I believe you were born in July, making you a cancer, right?... What I mean is you're killing millions of people each year!... For the last time again, my mind is in great condition. Ok, I may have banged my head when I jumped off a cow, but... Oh, she hung up. Better leave the country then, I guess. I'm not going to jail for anyone...'

ED raises his fist to the air and jumps hundreds of meters high. He is now flying forward. He's flying so fast, the landscape below him looks like a featureless green blur. Then everything goes blue, then green again, then kind of greyish. As he slows to mere human speeds, he finds he is above a bustling city, filled with skyscrapers and busy traffic. Countless pedestrians look up at him in bewilderment. He floats down on the pavement with his hand still straight in the air. Perhaps simply because it looks cool. He starts a conversation with a group of teenagers in trendy clothes: 'Calm down. You look like you've never seen a superhero before...' A youngster replies in an American accent: 'We haven't...' ED is humbled: 'Oh, ok. So I'm in America, huh? That was quick.'

ED scratches his head: 'Say, you wouldn't know how an illegal immigrant could go about making some cash, would you?' Another teen replies: 'You can try begging...' 'Hmmm... I'm a really good thief. How about me robbing a bank or two? I can shoot lasers from my eyes, it's really cool...' 'Na. You'll go to jail, it won't be fun...' 'I'm a real good cake baker you know? I've bribed tons of people with my food...' 'You think a cake will get you off a life sentence?' 'I don't like this country.' 'Just go around begging. I'm sure you'll get lots of attention. Maybe you could levitate and stuff like that to impress people...' 'Hmmm...'