

Milk Sheikhs
by
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You may know of ultra-wealthy Arabian sheikhs who are worth many billions of pounds, but do you know what happens when they die? Do you think they get buried? Maybe they get cremated? Nope, it's far more sinister. They get turned into milk. Sure, you may have thought you've heard the phrase 'milk shake' on many occasions, and you most likely believed the name was something to do with blended cow secretions. However, it was completely misinterpreted by you. Who wants to drink a dead body? Because that's what people do. Yes, the true name of the desert is a 'milk SHEIKH' and you can work out why.

But why do people want to be desertified? Well, how would you describe one of the drinks? Personally I would call them 'rich', as in very sweet. Therefore, the billionaires want to remain affluent even in death, and in their twisted psychology, they do. Good for them. However, for the rest of us that's somewhat disgusting. So how are the products legal? Well, how many 'milkshakes' have you had that had labels on? When I buy mine, the plastic containers say nothing. Therefore no laws are broken when they are sold, because they're not mislabelled.

And how do the ex-super spenders get turned into the treats? I don't know. What I do know is it wouldn't be easy, but such people have the money to make it happen, I guess. 'But it's not just difficult, it's impossible to get milk out of men'. Yeah, well clothes break the laws of physics too. (If you don't believe me, read my 'The Great Clothes Paradox' monologue). If clothes can be magic, why can't people? I don't know how it works, do I? Just move on...

'But I only eat vegan milkshakes. Surely I'VE never drunk a dead person'. Unfortunately, that's not the case. Whilst you would not have drunk anything at all from an animal, you would have drunk the sheikh. What's more, that's also perfectly legal. Why? Because the people have been liquified. As we all know, we can't drink meat, only eat it. Therefore technically, there is no meat in milk sheikhs. That's sneaky, I know.

So, you're a cannibal. A bit of a taboo. Don't worry though, it's not your fault. It's those bloody plastic containers lulling you into a false sense of security, isn't it? I can't mend the fact you have a well-off businessman inside of you, but what can I say? Be more careful in the future, I guess. And on that disturbing note... Bye!