

A young man wearing a back-to-front baseball cap and with a hotdog in his hand sits behind a desk. On both ends of it are two tiny American flags on tiny poles, along with neatly stacked piles of paper, and a landline phone in the centre. Behind the man is a sunny view of New York City. He speaks with an American accent 'News just in, over in England the super duper hyper mega sonic missile (or SDHMS missile, as uncreative scientists call it, I get it they have bigger priorities) has been shot down. Inside the missile was some chocolate and a lighthearted note. Why? At the moment, no one knows, but people are most definitely looking into the situation, of course they are, so stay tuned! Also, if anyone would like to call this news studio with a better suggestion for the missile name, that would be very much appreciated.' The phone rings and the man answers it, still carrying his food. 'Hello?' A young girl's voice is heard 'How about the 'Wizz, Bang, Eh??' missile? I think that sums it up very well!' The reporter replies 'Well, it's certainly better than the 'This Missile Has Taken You For Right Bunch Of Muppets' missile, which was suggested by a news team member. He's had a very stern talking to, though. A bit insensitive. Pretty accurate, though.' He hangs up and takes a bite from his hotdog.

He speaks again, now with his mouth full 'In other news, people are protesting all over the same country after the death - or as some are calling it 'the MURDER' - of two elephants. Making the scandal even worse, the killing was caused by two zoo workers and a government agent, the people you'd least expect. So, instead of saving the world and tending to the animal's needs in this time of crisis, the government are more concerned with carrying out acts of extreme animal cruelty? The paranoid people out there may assume the killers were thinking to themselves 'You only live once, right?' and killed the animals for sick hedonist reasons, ACTUALLY they killed the animals to try and save the world. Of course on first hearing, that makes little to no sense, so of course people are sceptical. What I say to such people is 'relax, you'll all be fine'. The zoo workers aren't fine, they're almost certainly getting sacked, but the agent will likely keep his job - he's just too good. Anyone looking to apply for zoo work over in England are in luck, just remember to point out in your CV that you actually like animals. You may be wondering where the missile came from. Well, it came from the nearby but highly secretive planet Boo. It may sound silly but it is VERY dangerous, as is the evil leader King Woo. Again, for more info, please stay tuned.'

Mooboo sits alone in a small office with a computer on a desk in front of him. He rocks back and forth as he shouts into his mobile phone 'You Goddamn stupid muppet! I know it was you who sent the stupid flipping joke missile, as all the aliens involved have ratted on you! Do you have any idea how SILLY this planet looks now, because of you?! 'Oh no! We've just been invaded with a chocolately treat and a silly flipping note?? Please! Please help us!' THAT'S what people on Earth will be saying you stupid, flipping moron!!... Don't you DARE try and interrupt me, you'll only be allowed to speak when I've finished shouting at you!... Mooboo freezes still and sounds horrified 'You're King Woo? Oh no. Wrong number. I'm so sorry. What was that about the aliens I've been leading invading Earth without your permission?... Hm. Tough one. You see, the thing is we just ASSUMED you'd like to invade Earth. With your excellent, adventurous and bold personality and all. You're a bit lazy maybe and hard to talk to, but we all have flaws right?... Of course you don't have any flaws, but everyone else does, I really do, I'm so sorry. While you're here though... Do you want to invade Earth?... You do?? Oh, cool. You don't mind if I

ask... Am I getting punished for what I've just said to you? Or are you, y'know... too lazy to punish me? Oh you are, thank God. Anyway, laterz, bye bye...;

King Woo is lying face down on an extra comfy bed as two attractive, green aliens with arms and feet coming out of their triangular bodies, and with single eyes in the middles of them, massage him. By his side is an antique table with a mobile phone on it. The room is small and on the solid gold walls, paintings of serious-looking aliens wearing military uniforms, medals and crowns hang. On the ceiling are fancy chandeliers. The king says 'You're doing a great job, I've just had the call from Hell, you have no idea the way I've just been talked to! I would do something about the behaviour but... well, maybe later. Anyway, long story short this planet has just invaded Earth.' The first massager says 'Yes, I know...' The king shouts 'You knew??? YOU?? How the hell did YOU know??' The massager is nervous 'It's just big news, that's all... It IS an invasion...' The other massager says 'There are even suggestions that this planet's gerbils are sensing a change in the air, researchers are suggesting they're more intelligent than first thought!' The king shouts 'Oh, I'm less important than a gerbil, am I??? Now I'm REALLY considering punishing Mooboo!!' The 1st massager says 'I can do that for you, if you like?' The king asks 'And what will I have to do?' The massager says 'Nothing at all...' The king says 'Maybe later...' The massager says, 'No, you don't understand I said I'd...' The king interrupts 'I said maybe later.'

Philip is STILL in the same room as before with his struggling captives. He sits behind his computer as he talks 'Oh good, Simon Wiedemann has messaged me already...' There is an icy silence. Philip continues 'Well?... Aren't you going to ask me what he's said?' Bjorn shouts 'No! No one cares!' Philip replies coolly 'Here's what he's written... 'Dear Philip the Angry Gerbil. You've requested help from me concerning how to effectively apologise to Earth after you've invaded it. Wow! Tough one!... Or so it would seem! You're clearly a very warm person and that's something many people on Earth will admire. Your lovely valentine Gerbil Cuddlin' Gene is actually a personal friend of mine, and she has told me all about you. She thinks you're great!! That too, is something those living on Earth will very much appreciate - you'll make a lovely couple! However, it is worth pointing out she didn't need to tell me about you, as I know already. :) Also, I've noticed she has very thick hair. Please don't be offended by this, but for me at least, it is reminiscent of a sheep's. I'm guessing you've noticed that too. It's a good thing! Especially during Winter and that is yet another thing people will look up to. What in particular are you having trouble with in your apology? Whatever the case, I will be glad to help.' Philip smiles 'Everything is going great.'

A man with a jetpack flies above the clouds at insanely high speed and shouts '(expletive - rhymes with muck), (expletive), (expletive), (expletive), (expletive)!!!' He then flies through the clouds and sees himself rapidly approach a range of hills, with scattered cottages on the tops of them. Just in time, he manages to slow himself down, making his crash by a house painful but not harmful. He picks himself up, takes off the jetpack and kicks it away from him. A kind-looking old man leaves his home and says 'Come, hide in here with me. You'll be safe from the police, here.' The once jetpacker smiles broadly 'Thank you! Thank you so much!' He follows the do-gooder into the building's largely wooden hallway. The OAP opens another door with a smile on his face, to reveal another wooden room, but with nothing in it at all,

other than 10 or so people tied up with rope and with sellotape over their mouths. They squirm on the floor in pain. The old man coldly says 'Got you.' The jet-packer says 'Who ARE you??' The old man replies 'Who am I? I guess I'm a vigilante. Someone who clears this once great country up, someone who gets rid of the scum. Are you are scum. You were flying WAY too slow.' The jetpacker says 'This is silly! If I was going any faster, I'd be dead!' The man replies 'And you would have died honourably.'

Whiskers and the rogue secret agent are alone in a bare wooden room with bugs crawling on the floor. The latter sits crossed-legged on the ground with a laptop as the cat paces around, talking 'Ok, type this, this is great speech material: Hello, world. I'm sure you've all noticed hundreds if not thousands of people have either gone missing or have been killed whilst using poorly designed and clearly lethal jetpacks, just so that people can reach or even approach the crazy minimum speed signs. I'll say it again: The most logical thing is to outlaw the speed signs!! We need to go back to a simpler time, a better time! I think I speak for all of us when I say that actually, rather than feeling free, I feel both oppressed and let's be real here, REALLY weirded out. More so than I've ever been, in fact. Again, free? No.' The agent types up what has been said and says 'Beautiful Whiskers, beautiful. Passionate and straight to the point. May I suggest threatening Sexy Moon Bazooka that you'll be forcing him to fly a jetpack for himself once you find him?' The cat purrs and says 'Brilliant! Perfect! He can't run OR fly that fast? What an asshole. We need to get as many of these talks out to the public as possible, each filmed from a different location.' The agent nods 'Perfect. And don't worry about using this laptop to film the speeches, it's quite literally untraceable!'

Keema Nan is still sitting in her cell, now with a small package on her lap. A guard shouts from outside the room 'Enjoy your gift, Keema Nan! At least you have SOMETHING to look forward to in your miserable life... Miserable because you're nowhere near fast enough to ever be released! Heheheh.' The granny mumbles to herself 'Idiot' as she opens her gift. She widens her eyes and says 'A mobile phone and a note??' She reads the note quietly after placing the phone beside her 'Dear Keema Nan. I have a special mission for you. You have been chosen for your adventurous, rebellious and fearless spirit. You don't know who I am, but you may know who I'm working for: A cat mastermind who is destined to change this once great country for the better. Here's what I want you to do. I want you to film the prison guards not walking fast enough with the mobile phone I've given you. Send me the footage and it will be yet another scandal the government has to deal with. It has the internet as well, so if you'd like to pass the time by watching cat videos on Youcube, that will be completely fine. I hope to see you on the outside very soon, best wishes, mysterious man and Whiskers the cat.' The granny exhales deeply 'Wow...'

Philip is in the same room, too! However, now his captives are REALLY squirming around. Bjorn shouts 'Look, PLEASE! I can't stand another mushy comment coming from you! No one can!!' Henry shouts, too 'Right! This isn't who you are, Philip! You used to be a great leader! A visionary! Not anymore, you're not! You've worked hard for your fearsome 'angry gerbil' nickname, now you've thrown it away!' Gary shouts as well 'For the last time, will you just go back to normal???' Philip ignores everyone and shakes his fists with excitement 'Gerbil Cuddlin' Gene has messaged me! She's

said I have the rosey cheeks of a chipmunk!' Everyone yells 'Oh no, no, no!' in disbelief. Philip continues 'She says she wants to meet me on Earth, she can't take being away from my puppy-like eyes, either, we have to go there right now!' Bjorn calms himself down 'Look Philip, to be as clear as is possible, Earth is going to be invaded very soon by the aliens, there's nothing you can do as the wheels are already in motion. I hate to say this, but Gerbil Cuddlin' Gene is already dead. You have to move on.' Philip is cold 'Gang... Come with me.' Henry says 'You're not... You're not meeting her right now are you? With everyone here? In a soon to be war zone?' Philip simply says 'Yes.'

Here is a large and plain room with several rows of men and women sitting behind laptops on desks. The employees also face members of the public of all shapes and sizes, who sit on comfy chairs. A serious-looking man in a black suit enters the room and sits facing a female worker. He is calm 'Fred Blackwell, here. I'm here to apply for the right to say the word that refers to something that never runs out.' The woman laughs 'Wow. That's quite the request!' The man replies 'Yes, I know. I need to say the word because I'm a mathematician, I can't lecture properly without using it.' The woman says 'Of course. It's just the word has been criminalised for a reason, you have to go through a ton of checks, you do know that don't you? This could take many months, unless you work for the government like me of course!...' The man says 'I know. Whatever you need from me, I can give it to you.' The woman says 'This isn't simply a case of applying for a passport, I can tell you!!' The man nods 'I know.' The woman says 'The thing is, you've just said to me that you want to say the 'word that refers to something not running out', and that is in itself an offence. Sadly I'm going to have to report you to the police. I'm so sorry.' She presses a button on her computer. Red lights in the room flash from above and the computerised word 'Criminal!' is repeated over and over again.

Here is a similar room (by pure coincidence, not laziness on my part) featuring several rows of men and women sitting by laptops, however they also have phones in their hands! Furthermore, they don't face members of the public. Everyone has different conversations, let's just focus on the woman with mad-looking green hair, just because she looks interesting. She says 'Hello?... You're having trouble with your jetpack? Well, that's what this helpline is for!... You've zoomed headfirst through a row of terraced houses and have fractured your skull?... You're in a lot of pain? Oh you would be, you would be. May I ask how fast you were travelling at the time?... 200 mph? And what was the minimum speed you were supposed to be travelling?... 10,000 mph? I see. Well, unfortunately that's not so much a matter for me, more a matter for the police. I will be contacting them now. Can you give me your details, please?... Hello?... Hello?... He's gone? Wow, he's REALLY in trouble, now...' She hangs up and dials a number 'Hello, police? Yes, I have to report a very serious crime. A man was going a mere 2% of the speed limit and now he seems to be on the run from the law. Don't worry too much though, he said he has a fractured skull so he should be easy to catch. Just be on the lookout for someone saying 'ow' a lot, I suppose. Bye!'