

The CCTV guy is still in the dark and behind his computer, this time with his legs on the table as he eats a sandwich. A takeaway website shows on the screen and suspenseful music plays in the background. He finishes his meal, sits down normally and gives the site three stars. He comments to himself 'Not a bad sandwich, but needs more sauce to hide the flavour of the chicken. Something's not quite right there. Let's type that now. It's the only way they'll learn.' He clicks his mouse again and types. He then retrieves his mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hello, Sexy Moon Bazooka?... The missile thief is an exceptionally trusted Swiss man called Thomas 'Trustworthy' Bachmann, who's MBTI type is INFJ, something he proudly boasts on his FaceFace page as it's the rarest type. The pilot on the other hand is a New Zealander called Frank Johnson. He has communicated to Philip the Angry Gerbil also on FaceFace and has used code words such as 'Code Black' and 'Gerbils 4eva'.

The CCTV guy bites his thumb nervously as he listens to SMB 'But Boogle says Switzerland is the most trustworthy country in the world you say?... Well that's how he got away with his crimes, isn't it?... His nickname is 'Trustworthy' and he has the most trustworthy personality type?... Again, that's what makes him so effective... I know it appears something doesn't add up, but we have to keep very open minds... What MBTI type is Frank? Apparently he's an ISTP... They are shifty people, aren't they? In fact, there's one site that describes ISTPs as criminals, so there you go. Anyway, Thomas hasn't been found on any CCTV since leaving the missile depot, it's most likely he's in a rural area and it's possible he has met or is going to meet Philip and his gang. You have news for me too? And what is that?... Epic Dave hasn't found the pilot, the superhero has explained he can't be bothered to look anymore and is taking a short holiday nearby? Well that's just great, isn't it?

Epic Dave sits cross legged on a sunny hill with no trees as he enjoys a picnic on his own. Immediately in front of him is a spotted cloth with cakes, fizzy drinks and sandwiches on it. A food basket is on his left. In the distance are crowds of hundreds, looking to the sky in awe at the fighter jets showing off with impressive manoeuvres. 'Oohs', 'aahs' and the roars of engines can be heard. On the left of the gathering is a grassland car park with vehicles and scattered people in it. He talks to himself with his hands on the back of his head 'Ah, one of the only places that doesn't have scatted trees. I mean I like trees, but how about a hedge?? Or a hedge around a tree? I must note that idea down.' ED pulls a pen and paper from his pocket and writes as he speaks 'Idea... for... gardeners... Hedge... around... tree.' He puts the writing equipment away and sighs 'I do feel bad for not chasing after the plane, but boy was it tiring? I just need time to reenergise, that's all...'

SMB, Captain Mental, Air Chief Marshal Ziegler, Dave the van driver and the four Squeeze children are in the crowds as the former is red faced. Cellphone has a question 'What was that call about, Mr. Moon Bazooka? You look really mad...' SMB sighs 'You think you can trust someone...' Cellphone looks puzzled 'And what's that mean Mr. Bazooka?' SMB looks to the ground 'Oh for thumb's shape...' Cellphone replies 'That was nonsense, Mr. Bazooka...' SMB continues 'Thumbing Spells.' Dave says 'Sounds like he's trying hard not to swear, to me...' Cheeseburger smiles 'He can swear, that's completely fine!' Mental looks thoughtful 'The Prime Minister of the country, a well respected sensible person, trying hard not to swear? This is not a funny situation, Cheeseburger, this is most grave...' Cheeseburger twiddles his

fingers 'Is it ok if I swear?' Mental replies 'No. A sweet cheesy child like yourself swearing would be a grave situation, too. Dave can swear though, that's perfectly normal for van drivers. I am of course referring to road rage.'

Thomas notices a man dismounting his motorbike and taking his helmet off in the carpark, and taps on his shoulder from behind. He smiles excessively as the rider turns to face him 'Thomas, here!' The rider responds coolly 'Is that a fact?' Thomas says 'Sure is! Say, that's a nice bike, can I ride it for a few miles or so?' There is silence '... It's ok you know? I'm from Switzerland!' The rider continues 'Ok...' Thomas continues smiling 'Swiss people are the most trustworthy people in the world, Boogle it if you don't believe me. Also, my Myers Briggs type is INFJ'. The rider replies, 'Alright, I will'. He takes his phone from his pocket and taps a few buttons 'Wow, Swiss people are REALLY trustworthy...' Thomas nods 'Heart of gold. As do you, I'm sure!' The rider chuckles 'Hey, you're not related to that Bjorn Squeeze criminal that's been on the news are you? You act just like him!' Thomas looks sad 'Just because we're both Scandinavian, doesn't mean we're related. But between you and me... we are.'

The rider replies 'You're related to a notorious criminal and you're exceptionally trustworthy, too?' Thomas scratches his head 'Errrrrrrr...' The rider continues 'And you want my bike?' Thomas says 'Look, you're shady, too. Riding a motorbike on the grass? How dare you?' The rider sighs 'Riding a motorbike on the grass is perfectly legal. Why don't you Boogle that?' Thomas gets frustrated 'Just give me your bike and trust me! My word!' The rider says 'That's not very INFJ of you. You're not really an INFJ are you? You just said that because it's rare!' Thomas hugs the rider and says 'There you go. Heart of gold.' The rider says 'I think you're really an ISTP, we all know how shifty they are...' Thomas looks up to the sky 'There's nothing shifty about approaching a stranger, getting frustrated and stealing I mean borrowing his bike! Even though someone has recently given me directions to a secret hideout. Now open your heart and trust me!' The rider rolls his eyes 'Well... okaaaay.' Thomas says 'Yes! Gotta go!' Thomas gets on the bike and rides away.

The gang of Peshwari Nan, Ken, Biff, Henry, Gary, Bjorn, Ryu and Philip with his gerbil cage are back in the line-shaped mansion with incredible aquarium walls and the glass ceiling. Everyone apart from Philip stuffs backpacks full of gerbil food and tins of fish from a large opened panel on the floor. Philip is moody 'Stuff as much of that as possible, we're going away for a LONG time.' Ryu is nervous 'Where is it that we're going, exactly? You seem tense...' Philip is dismissive 'Oh I wouldn't worry about that...' Ryu is getting more on edge 'No, really? You're even quieter than usual about the situation...' Philip sighs 'Fine, you want to know where we're going?' Ryu says 'Yes!' Philip comments 'Ryu, I'll tell you where we're going. We're going to the moon!' Ryu laughs nervously 'The moon??' Philip replies 'Yes, the moon. Try arresting us there, it would be ridiculous.' Peshwari's eyes light up 'Ooh, I love an adventure!' Philip says 'Yes, there you go. Learn from Peshwari.'

Henry is calm 'It looks like our bags are full.' Philip is cold 'Good. Now I know this sounds mad, but this is a mad situation...' Ryu laughs some more 'What in God's name is happening, now?' Philip continues 'We've all been found out, we can never go back to this place again, so I'm going to blow it up. I knew this situation would happen sooner or later as I am a VERY shady gerbil expert and dealer, so I've built a

rocket under this mansion that will fly right through it, smashing it to smithereens.' Philip exhales deeply and says 'Code flashing red!' then claps his hands. This results in a nearby panel sliding open by a few feet. Ryu is confused 'That's the massive rocket over there? It's only a few feet wide!' Philip is annoyed 'Yes, I know. It's smaller at the tip, now follow me.' The gang with their bags follow Philip towards the rocket, then Philip pushes the tip open to reveal a long ladder surrounded by metal and windows, and leading to a room with seats, technical equipment, buttons, levers and more windows. The view is one only of bricks.

Ryu says 'Your space ship has windows? Are they strong??' Philip is getting angry 'Look Ryu, if you suggest I'm an idiot one more time you'll never hear the end of it, ok?? Now follow me.' Philip climbs down as everyone follows. Thomas is heard in the distance 'Hello?? Is there anybody there?? It's me, Thomas Bachmann!' A man is heard running towards the gang. Philip continues climbing down and says 'Good, he's here. I was about to leave without him.' Bjorn's face lights up 'Thomas is here??' Philip replies 'Glad you're happy. You may be charming, but the two of you together will prove to be most valuable, I'm sure. If we encounter any hostile aliens, I mean. Which... we might.' Thomas knocks on the top of the spaceship and everyone looks up towards him. Thomas gives a huge smile 'It's me! Bjorn, it's so good to see you! My children 'Lawnmower' and 'Bubblemum' would love to finally meet you, too! Let's hope that will happen one day, but before that we must get on with our mission!'

Philip says 'Welcome. Come with us Thomas and shut the hatch, please.' Everyone eventually reaches the floor of the spaceship and sits down. Philip is calm 'Relax, everyone. This will be good.' Ryu makes fists 'I don't want any part of this! I want to start a new life with Chun-li, instead!' Henry speaks with a soothing voice 'Ryu, Chun-li isn't interested in you. She's in a relationship with Zangief.' Ryu shouts 'Zangief??? That asshole?' Henry nods 'I'm afraid so.' Gary says 'Forget about her. She's a rubbish street fighter, anyway.' Ryu sheds a tear 'But...'. Philip gets even more angry 'Ryu, I will batter you like a sausage if you refuse to come and if you complain once more. A battered, silly sausage.' Bjorn gives a thumbs up 'Nice pun, Philip. I like battered sausages too, yet Ryu will be a battered sausage if he keeps talking and I won't like him. Which is counterintuitive.' Philip says 'Right, exactly my thinking. Very funny, I wanted to say that since the last time I went to the local chippy! Now spaceship launch!'

Epic Dave munches on a cake and talks with his mouth full 'Mmm. Yum.' He then hears a loud rumbling noise somewhere in the distance in front of him. People in the fair scream. ED says 'What in the world?...' A furiously burning rocket is seen beyond the fair, slowly rising higher and higher from the ground. ED flies towards the spaceship in mere seconds. He then looks through its windows to see the gang. Ryu bites on his fingers nervously, but everyone else looks pretty happy. Philip holds his cage tight. ED bangs on the windows and mouths to the gang as clearly as possible 'What's going on here?' Philip is clearly very angry and shouts 'GO AWAY!' He then puts his fingers through his gerbil cage so the animals can nibble on them. Ryu zooms back to the hill and kicks the food away in frustration 'Dammit!' He retrieves his mobile and makes a call 'Mr. Sexy? You'll never believe what happened, the gang are in space now!... That's right, space! How are going to catch them, now?... You know of some aliens who may be able to help?'

Stars are all around and the Earth is getting further and further away. Everyone including the gerbils in the cage are now floating. Philip has calmed down 'See Ryu? This is good! Henry and Gary? Would you like to tuck into some fish, right now?' Henry floats to Philip and shakes his hand 'You're a good man, Philip. If anything you should be called Philip the Kind Gerbil.' Gary says 'Philip the BEST Gerbil!' The two open their bags and then the tinned food that floats out of it. The fish doesn't float away as it's packed too tightly... or whatever. The fish get eaten with respect. Ken chuckles 'This is more interesting than flying helicopters, right Biff?' Philip chuckles, too 'Yeah, haha. And you're still going to pay me for crashing my helicopter.' Give me some gerbil food please, Gary. The animals have been through a stressful few minutes.' Gary does so. Philip continues 'Excellent.'