

Here goes another random story with the same rules as before! You may have noticed I cheated a tiny bit on the word 'SENSATION' and added two letters afterwards. Actually, no it's not cheating. I've just decided. Let's go!!!

A bearded man wearing denim shorts and a leather jacket is sitting on a bed with his red mohawked friend, in a plain, concrete wall bedroom with the windows drawn behind them. Metallica plays in the background. Pretty much everything in sight (even the carpet) is covered in graffiti, and pizza boxes are scattered on the floor. As are CDs. CDs??? How would you find them, that way? They must be stored in alphabetical order on shelves so it's impossible to step on them. Noobs. Anyway, the former man rubs his hands together with glee and comments 'I know what we should do, Barry...' The friend replies 'What?' The man rubs his hands even harder. Barry sighs 'What, Jeff?' Jeff's eyes light up 'RAID the SENSATIONal Ferrari dealership. Who cares if we don't have driving LICENCES? This will be a once in a lifetime experience... I just have one DILEMMA...' Barry facepalms 'What's wrong with you today? Sensational and dilemma? Speak normally!'

Jeff continues 'My dilemma is, should we go now in the dark, or when it's 5am and things are quieter, but starting to lighten up?' Barry looks down 'I don't know. Wouldn't stealing cars be INAPPROPRIATE?' Jeff laughs 'Good one. Seriously though, we need to plan the operation better than a CENSUS. If we screw up, we will need an EXECUTRIX. Because we'll get shot by the fuzz.' Barry screws up his face 'Again, what the hell is wrong with you? You're not going through a mental health CRISIS, are you?' Jeff looks down 'Now that's UNFAIR. Actually, I think it's best we go, right now. Let's just get the lucky potion and magic boots in the WARDROBE. Then we won't have to plan so carefully. Maybe. The same items I will give to my HEIR, one day.' Barry shakes his head 'Your son?' Jeff shrugs 'Yeah, I guess.' Barry replies 'Say that, then. One day you will meet your MATCH. He will use totally confusing words, and do things even more mental. How's that make you feel?'

Jeff frowns 'Are you SLOW? I have magic boots! Who else has them? I will never meet my match. Even you suggesting that is HARMFUL to me. I want to ENSURE you, we will be fine when robbing the cars.' Barry replies 'If you say so. The idea kind of came out of nowhere, you're not making any sense, you've contradicted yourself a little, not long ago, but I trust you.' Jeff gives a thumbs up 'Let's go then!' Barry looks confused 'Where IS your wardrobe?' Jeff winks 'It's in my SHORTS'. Barry sighs 'Ohhh no. Isn't it a bit... DIFFICULT storing a massive wardrobe in your shorts??' Jeff chuckles 'Haha. No. Not since the REVIVAL of my magic friend 'The DOMINANT EGG'. Barry backs away 'The dominant egg??' Jeff looks confused 'You don't know who the dominant egg is??' Barry coughs 'You know what, Jeff? I think I'll go. I have some stuff to do.' Jeff looks annoyed 'Well I have to build a STRUCTURE for the egg to live in, but you don't hear me complaining... Wait... You're not a police OFFICER?'

Barry backs away even further 'I assure you, there is no LINK with me and the police.' Jeff smiles 'Then let's steal some cars, sell them and splurge on fancy watches and expensive holidays!' Barry coughs harder 'Jeff... There's an ATTACHMENT between us. You know there is. But today you've been acting particularly weird. I'll go...' Jeff frowns 'You're not going anywhere. Do you want me to INSERT my finger into your eye?' Barry stands up and speaks mysteriously 'This

is all a dreaaaaam. Go to sleep, Jeff... I'm fading awaaaay. Watch me FADE away...' Barry exits the room. Running is heard outside shortly after, along with screams. Jeff scratches his head 'Hm. All a dream. How strange. Oh well, at least it's given me the idea to steal some cars. I think I'll do that in morning after I get more sleep in my COMPACT bed...' Jeff lies down and goes to sleep.

He wakes up and opens the curtains. It's a sunny morning. He talks to himself 'Today, I'll be the DRIVER of a stolen vehicle! Yes! I have to tell Barry about my plan. Actually forget it. I have a feeling he'll think I'm a weirdo. Just a feeling. But how will I be 100% sure I'll get away with my crimes?... I know! I'll take my potion by the power of thought, get in the car, and pretend I'm a CORPSE! Who would ever suspect a dead person would steal anything?? And I can outsmart anyone! I have a degree in ECONOMICS!' Jeff gets up, leaves the room, then leaves his equally messy house. Now outside, he sees a Ferrari parked outside his abode by a row of semi-detached and quite frankly better houses on both sides of the road. He really needs a decorator, ASAP. He talks to himself again 'Huh. A supercar is right here? Maybe that's why I dreamt about one. He smashes the car's window to the sound of deafening alarms, crawls in, sits down, and pretends to be dead, by sticking his tongue out, looking up to the sky, and by being completely still.

A woman approaches the madman and asks him a question 'What the hell do you think you're doing?' She gets no response. Jeff just sticks his tongue out further. The woman continues 'I'm a proud and admirable FEMINIST and HOUSEWIFE. I feel it my duty to report you to the police, as I give you a lecture on how to talk to women and indeed anyone. Look at me when I'm talking to you!' Eerily still and still looking up, Jeff replies 'Sorry, I can't. I'm dead. Bye!' The nutter hot-wires the car and drives away. The feminist screams 'Don't go! I just want to PICK your brains!' A couple of streets go by. Now on a meandering, lowland country lane, with the odd tree scattered here and there, and with not a person in sight, Jeff asks a question 'Dominant Egg! Where are you? Will you be my guide?' The egg talks, from somewhere 'Jeff my CHILD, this is the cleverest thing you've ever done. If you want my advice, think of your CARBON footprint. Then people will like you more. Well, it's a start.'

Still driving, Jeff replies 'That's CLASS advice, thanks. I'll do that later when it makes more sense.' The egg shouts 'Look out! Fence up ahead! Watch the curves in the road! Turn right, God dammit!' Jeff crashes 'his' car into a wooden fence, with lovely calming fields beyond it. The car is no longer OPERATIONAL. Still, the SUNSHINE is nice, right? The egg continues 'I'm going to be TRANSPARENT with you. You're screwed.' Jeff gets out of the scrunched up vehicle and laughs 'Ha. I take that in my STRIDE.' The egg replies 'Ill be FIRM. You're going to jail.' Jeff jumps over the fence and walks away from the road 'Why did you say I was being clever not long ago, then?' The egg is serious 'I have MIXed feelings. Sure stealing the car was ingenious, but crashing it? Not so much.' Jeff tuts 'Ah. Of course.' Jeff's denim shorts start talking 'Hello, Jeff? It's me from the wardrobe. I'm an AUDITOR. You may be going to jail, but on the plus side, your taxes should be fine. Because you're unemployed and not earning anything. And I really ADMIRE your lack of EXPENDITURE. Very sensible.'

A police helicopter is heard then seen above. Jeff's shorts talk again 'Hello, Jeff, I'm

your lawyer. You need to be calm and CONTAIN yourself. Be PRACTICAL. Don't look like a nutter. And look at the area's LAYOUT. There is nowhere to hide.' Jeff replies 'Look in the DISTANCE, there's a cow to take shelter under!' A loudspeaker from the helicopter is heard 'This is exactly the kind of behaviour we are trying to BAN! There's no UNCERTAINTY here! This is wrong!' The lawyer speaks again 'If you want to have any chance of getting away, you'll need some damn impressive KIT. If you get caught, you'll never get ACQUITed. Actually, I think you should just surrender, now. There are plenty of things to do in jail, don't be sad. You could be a PORTER. Well, I don't know; I'm know I'm not a very good lawyer.'

Jeff looks up to see the helicopter getting lower and lower. The policeman with his speaker comments 'My, my, my. I don't know who you are, where you come from, or what your IDEOLOGY is, but you're going to jail for a very long time.' Jeff keeps walking. His mobile rings from his pocket, and he answers it 'Barry?... You want me to hand myself to the police?... You've heard what I've done?... Look, you telling me to calm down would just be REPETITION. You need to get out more and start living properly. Like I am. Look how the sun SHINES.' Jeff hangs up. The now even lower policeman speaks once more 'You better like jail food. You know what's on the MENU? Bad chicken, bad bread, and bad peas. That's it. It's all flipping terrible.' Jeff looks to the policeman and gives a thumbs up 'That's good for the ECONOMY. But I'm not going to jail.' Jeff pulls a wardrobe from his shorts that expands to human size in an instant, opens the door, and disappears into it. The wardrobe also disappears, in a flash of light.

(I've just skipped a word - I'm not making a story about AIDS). The police officer scratches his head and turns to the pilot 'You saw that, right? You'll back me up? You'll be an ADVOCATE for me?' The pilot replies 'Of course I'll COOPERATE with you... Let's just pray he doesn't cause any trouble in Narnia or wherever he's gone...' The other cop replies 'He honestly makes me want to SCREAM. Like a wild animal. Like a CAT...' The pilot chuckles 'A cat? Cats meow.' The other cop looks down 'OH.' The helicopter flies away. In fantasy land, no police will be able to AFFECT Jeff. Let's just hope a SALON is there. His hair is bad enough already. And he could really do with a COAT and trousers. Shorts in fantasy land? Ha. And they could even SHRINK in the wash. A very striking image for elves and goblins. He's going to get lots of funny looks.

Yes, that was another story about a crazy person. Still though, I liked it. Byeeeee!