

One Screwy Day 17 (This one's a bit silly. Maybe kinda dumb).

by

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An American officer and sergeant are sitting side by side by two computers, in the middle of a police station office. They chomp on burgers. Other than a filing cabinet at the back of the room and a couple of tables with digestive biscuits (the most sensible biscuits) on, the area is bare. Knocking is heard on the door. The sergeant speaks loudly 'Come in!' The pilot from OSD 16 enters. He is now wearing civilian clothing. The sergeant gives a polite wave as he continues munching 'Hello, sir. What can we do for you?' The pilot looks to the floor and mumbles 'Sorry for shooting a missile at a park...' 'Don't worry about it. Could happen to anyone...' The pilot scratches his head and slowly makes eye contact 'You really mean that?' 'Ummm... No one died, at least...' The pilot straightens his body language. 'Good point. Anyway, to cut a long story short, and I don't mean to sound disrespectful...' The sergeant's face and tone darkens 'Go on...' 'I know that you've been joking...' 'Yes?' 'But I want you to stop copying Epic Dave and saying 'Jibble my Jabble, Fool'.'

The sergeant puts his burger down and sighs 'First you shoot at a group of picnickers and now THIS?' The pilot stutters 'You d-don't understand w-what the phrase means...' 'It doesn't mean anything...' 'But the p-person saying it though...' 'You need to stop taking yourself so seriously.' The sergeant pauses. He then laughs as he talks 'You need to stop jibbling our jabbles!' The pilot sheds a tear 'Sir, please!' The sergeant frowns whilst trying to keep a straight face 'You've been jibbling all our jabbles.' The pilot looks to the floor again 'I-imagine everyone saying the phrase! Imagine more Epic Daves!' The sergeant finishes his burger and licks his lips. 'That burger really jibbed my jab.' The officer finishes his burger, too. 'Good one, serg! Jib my jab! How about it jibble jabble jabbed?' The pilot makes a fist 'Can't you see what you're turning into?? This isn't normal behaviour! You're going insane!'

The officer continues, with a cool, witty tone 'Sounds like you've jabble jibbed yourself...' The pilot stamps his foot. 'Look, if you keep on like this I'm quitting... And America's air defence capabilities will be seriously compromised.' The sergeant and officer turn to each other in silence. Then they burst out laughing, again. The sergeant responds 'Quitting your job because of a harmless jibbling?? Now who's the one who is mad?' The pilot retaliates 'How would you like it if I jibbled YOUR jabble??' The sergeant stares through the pilot with wide eyes 'Threatening a police officer is a very serious offence, you know?' The serg then turns to the officer and laughs once more. The pilot massages his temples 'Fine. I won't quit. Not when flying a jet fighter is my only way of stopping Epic Dave. But I'm not going to put up with you, either. Good day.' The pilot faces the door and punches it. The officer comments 'Good jibble jabble to you, too.' He bursts into hysterics.

Red faced, the pilot leaves the room and then the building. He is now outside in the scorching heat and on the cracked pavement. In a daze, he stares at the police station exterior. A rubbish building fits rubbish people. Like much of the city, it's not in good condition. Its two storeys are made of dirty orange bricks and the filthy windows are translucent. On both sides of the building are equally tatty and empty pizza shops with huge 'Evil Hawaiian' signs. For whatever reason the food never really caught on in America. Their loss. By their sides are a number of various establishments. The pilot eyes each of them, one by one 'Hmm.. I know I want to buy something to boost my mood, I just don't know what... I'll leave it.' The pilot turns around to see another row of buildings behind a potholed road with no traffic. More shops! 'Err... These shops kinda suck, too. The model plane shop sounds interesting, but I bet it sucks.'

A group of four 10 year old boys in ripped shirts and with obnoxious temporary tattoos leave the same shop, guffawing. The pilot watches them and mumbles to himself 'These people are clearly up to no good.' The pilot is right to be suspicious; the boys walk a little too close to him and gaze, with blank eyes. One tries to start a very unfriendly conversation 'Do you have a problem, dude? It looks like I've jibbled your jabble.' The pilot smirks. 'Yes, I do have a problem. You need to talk to me with respect. Not that gutter talk.' Another boy comments 'We're just having fun, that's all'. The pilot snarls 'Fun by talking like animals?' The third boy turns to the fourth with a cold expression 'Jibble his jabble...' The pilot sighs 'Don't you threaten me!' The fourth boy's eyes turn wild. He lets the pilot have it whilst flapping his arms like a bird of prey 'JIBBLE JIBBLE JIBBLE! You like that?!' The pilot lunges towards the group but they scatter in both directions. The pilot shouts with his head held high 'Punks!'

With a crooked finger, an old lady taps on the pilot's shoulder from behind. He jolts towards her as she speaks with a croaking voice 'I saw that you know. Very admirable'. The pilot scratches his ear 'Err... thanks...' The woman gives a weak thumbs up whilst staring through his soul 'Those punks needed to be taught a lesson...' 'Couldn't agree more...' 'I just wanted to say...' The woman coughs 'I just wanted to say...' The pilot backs away a little 'Yes?' The lady puts her hands on her hips 'Well done. And jibble my jabble. Fool.' She then waddles away. The pilot rubs his temples again. A whooshing sound is heard around five meters above. The pilot stares up in another daze as a man in green and red flies around in circles like a bird. The two make constant eye contact. However, the 'superhero' puts far more effort into doing so. His neck has to twist completely round at times but that doesn't stop him mocking the pilot. 'Jabble my jibble!'

The pilot turns around and runs away. Then he stops and scratches his head 'Jabble my jibble? You saying the phrase the wrong way round made me run the wrong way! Well I'm going to get you, Dave!' The pilot turns to make eye contact again. The flying man is stopped in mid air, waiting 'Catch me, if you can, fool!' The pilot screams and sprints as fast as possible, occasionally jumping over the potholes. ED is just that little bit too speedy for him though. Mocking him further, he flies lower and lower until he is almost in grabbing distance. The pilot jumps to catch Dave's feet, but the latter boosts away at what seems to be light speed just in time. He's gone in a blur. Even worse, the pilot crashes onto the bumpy road in front of him and lays down on it, flat and stretched out. His head is in one of those damn potholes. He screams at the ground, muffled 'Aaaaargh!!!!'

Finally, the have a go hero finds the strength to turn over and face the world. Above him and in contrast to the lovely, cloudless sky, are three teenagers wearing leather and chains. The casualty comments in a desperate tone 'Did... you guys see that? Bet you've... never seen a superhero before, huh?' The boys stare at him. He continues 'I think I've broken my ankle. And... maybe my face. My face doesn't look mangled to you... does it fellas?' He waits for a reply as he rubs his head 'Fellas?' A boy replies 'Your jibble has been jabbled. Let's go, boys...' The trio swagger off. The pilot scrunches up his face hard. He makes fists with both his hands. He bangs the back of his head, hard against the road. Then, finally, he screams. 'AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRGHHHHHHH!'

The tragedy is that the pilot howls over and over for a good few minutes as he looks up. He's not really focusing on anything, his eyes just go back and forth over and over. Eventually two paramedics all in black are seen above the man. One of them comments to his coworker 'Jesus... I've never seen a man who's jibble has been jabbled so much...' The pilot only screams harder. The other paramedic comments 'His jibble levels are through the roof!' Amazingly the pilot screams with even more pain and anguish. Ear damage is a real possibility. The medic speaks with a soothing tone 'You'll be ok, just hang in there. I'll put you on morphine. You're suffering will be over soon.' Everything gradually fades to black.

The pilot wakes up on a white bed, under pale blue sheets. His head facing forward, rests against a pillow. Two similar beds are on both his sides and the patients on them moan with pain. The floor, walls and ceiling are also white. A nurse carrying a booklet walks up to the pilot and speaks softly. 'I've got you your favourite magazine - The World's Most Amazing Trains!' The pilot smiles warmly as he takes it. The nurse rambles off. As the patient starts to read, his eyes shut more and more. Soon enough, he's sleeping. He starts to snore as the others in the room cover their ears and heads with their pillows. Epic Dave slowly appears from underneath the bed. He stands over the snoozing pilot then whispers to him, sweetly. 'Jibble my jabble.' He then strolls away, out the door.