

Captain Mental is in complete darkness and talking to himself, in peace 'Ahhh. Nothing like laying down, stretched out on a comfy bed. Certainly makes a change from seeing people die all the time. But how is the Sausage Roll Killer turning everyone into pizzas and making them say he's great? I know it's him and I know he's poisoning pizzas, but what exactly is he putting into them and how? Tomatoes? It doesn't make any sense... Maybe... Maybe he casting some kind of spells and putting them into the food? No, that doesn't sound right... No... Maybe he's putting computer chips in the food that hack into people's brains. That sounds much more likely. I bet he was given one by a treacherous robot. But how? You'd need balls of steel to walk up to a machine aiming lasers and such at you. He couldn't have done that.'

Mental gasps 'That dream I had! The dream where I didn't exist, I was just a figment of someone's imagination. It's starting to make sense! Only a writer could make us police look so stupid and incompetent. We should have caught the SRK by now! Ages ago, in fact! Someone out there is deliberately making me look like a fool, and I'm going to find out who. I bet he's making me think these thoughts right now. Who's Sir George? I need to find Sir George...' Mental sighs 'No. I need to pull myself together. It's me who's making Sir George up, not the other way round. Maybe I've been drinking too much caffeine. Like Simon Wiedemann. But who the hell is Simon Wiedemann? No. I've made him up, too. I just to get a good night's sleep. I'll be fine in the morning.' Mental yawns.

All of a sudden, Mental finds himself in a strange world. He is falling in an even more extreme blackness, along with numbers, letters and basic shapes of all colours and sizes. Mental screams 'What's going on???' The words echo and take quite a while before they die out. He composes himself and talks with calm 'Hello... Is there anybody there?' The words echo again. 'What do these number mean? Are they relevant to the Sausage Roll Killer?' A booming deep voice is heard from all around 'All these digits have meaning. You have to think about them for yourself.' Mental chuckles 'Yeah. Screw that.' The deep voice continues 'You need to believe in yourself more. You can catch the Sausage.'

Mental sheds a tear 'No one can stop that man! There's no point in even trying.' The voice replies 'He is an arrogant fool. He is your equal. You have every chance of stopping him, now get yourself together.' Mental sighs 'Can you tell me what the shapes mean, at least?' The deep voice replies 'They're just there for aesthetic reasons. Do you like them?' Mental gives a thumbs up 'Yeah! They're pretty cool. Can I have one?' The deep voice sighs 'I suppose so.' Mental looks up to see a shower of gold, glistening and bite-size triangles falling on him 'Sweet!' He grabs a few then pockets them and smiles. The deep voice shouts 'Look down!'

Mental does so as his eyes widen. Still in darkness, he is plummeting towards and in between two rows of tall trees that go in a perfectly straight direction, for miles. On their outskirts are extensive fields. (Just in case you wondered in OSD 33). He lands on his feet, on a dry muddy path, surrounded by the natural walls, as the letters, shapes and numbers continue to fall. As they land, they explode into diamonds that disintegrate in seconds. The deep voice is heard again 'Take a look at this scenery. Does it look normal to you?' Mental scratches his head 'What do you mean?' The voice continues 'It looks like a writer made it up to me. It sounds like he got confused

and didn't plan his story properly.' Mental laughs 'Rubbish!' It was planted by eccentric royalty, hundreds of years ago!' The voice continues 'Good man. I was just testing you. You're clearly all there.' Mental nods.

This time, a number of spooky whispers are heard from all around. They go 'The SRK is doing a form of proverb strengthening,' and 'Read the Danger of Proverbs'. Mental looks up to the sky and the strange rain, and shouts 'What do you mean??' More whispers are heard 'This isn't the only world...' Mental stamps his foot 'What are you on about??' The whispers continue 'Proverb strengthening... The Danger of Proverbs...' Mental yells 'You're just repeating yourself!' There is another whisper 'I know... Lolz.' Mental shrugs his shoulders 'What's The Danger of Proverbs about, then?' A whisper responds 'It's a tale of madness and chaos. Much similar to what you're going through right now.'

Mental rubs his temples 'If you're going to be vague and meaningless, I'll find the answers for myself!' An approving, yet irritated whisper is heard 'That's what we want from you... That was made clear before. Weren't you listening?' Mental sprints along the path. Out of breath and only getting faster, he shouts what he sees 'Seven! Triangle! Square! M! N! P! Of course, it makes SO much sense! Why didn't you show those letters earlier!' The deep voice is disapproving 'All I'm doing is trying to get you to help you. That's all. No need for the sarcasm.' Mental continues legging it 'Oh! Of course! There's a hexagon! Six sides! It's so clear!' The deep voice sighs. Mental looks all around him, still panting at full speed 'I've never seen a park like this! It WAS all made up, wasn't it?' The deep voice sounds sympathetic 'No. You just need to understand there are multiple universes out there. Some of them are just freakish'.

Mental stops and looks down 'Am I supposed to know what that means?? Just shut up! Shut up saying the same old gibberish!' An offended whisper is heard 'We're just trying to help you...' Mental shrieks 'Please!' He seems to get ignored as the whispers carry on 'We're just trying to help you. We're just trying to help you. We're just trying to heeeelp.' Mental looks to the sky and talks calmly 'I'm sorry. I didn't mean that. Just tell me where the SRK is...' Another whisper responds 'You can defeat him...' Mental face palms 'Yes... But how?...' The whisper sounds inspirational 'Easily!' Mental looks down, again 'Oh God. There's no point talking to you, is there?'

Mental's eyes widen like never before, as he sees the ground below him fade into blackness. He falls into yet more nothingness and waves his arms, as further digits, letters and shapes join him. He sighs 'Not MORE damn numbers... I didn't get them the first time round.' He looks up to see the trees have turned into massive, colourful triangles. Stationary, they get further and further away. He talks to himself 'I wonder if I'm a lucid dream, where I can control everything around me...' He looks around to see more of the same. 'I guess not.' This time a high-pitched pixie voice is heard, quickly panning from left to right 'You don't know what's going on! Hahahahaha! Hahahahaha! Look at the numbers! Oh wait, they mean nothing to you! Hahahahaha!'

All of a sudden, Mental crashes on a black floor. 'Ow!' He slowly picks himself and looks all around. Everything is gone. It's just darkness. The invisible pixie is heard once more 'Ok. Seeing as you're so clueless, I'll help you. The Sausage Roll Killer is in Scotland. He is... He is... He is...' Mental cries out 'Yes?? Where in Scotland??'

The pixie's voice fades away 'You're waking up Mental. I have to go now...' Mental shouts louder 'Nooo!!' He then scratches his head 'Wait... Am I awake now? I mean I was in complete darkness before I fell asleep. Let's see what happens when I roll around.' There is a thudding sound. Mental cries out 'Ow! God! Ok. Seems I've fallen out of bed. Not the best idea I've ever had, but it's certainly made things clear. Let's get back into comfiness'. Footsteps and the moving of covers are heard.

Mental sighs 'Ah. That's better. Now what the hell did that dream mean? The pixie said the Sausage Roll Killer was in Scotland, but should I trust a pixie? And what was all that nonsense about multiple universes? If there ARE multiple universes, how do you explain... you know... all the stuff? Right? Stupid theory. I think I've just been eating too much cheese. Ok, I haven't eaten cheese for a while as I'm reluctant to near the stuff with all the mysterious pizza conversions, but I certainly have eaten cheese before. Let's just try and think happy thoughts. Punch the SRK in the face. Yeah, punch him in his stupid face. That's a lot better.'

Mental is falling again. Colourful numbers and such are plummeting by his sides. There is nothing else in sight. Mental mutters 'Oh no.' The pixie cackles 'Hahahaha!' The deep voice replies 'Now, now. That's cruel, you shouldn't laugh. The whisperers respond 'Funny, though. Funny though. Funny though.' Mental snarls 'No this isn't funny. How do I stop dreaming of you? This is Hell.' The deep voice says 'Only when you've stopped the SRK for good.' Mental is annoyed 'I could stop him a lot easier if you all stop with the randomness'. The voice replies 'No. That's not how dreams work, at all'. Mental pulls on his hair 'Why not??' The voice replies 'Just the way it is... That's all. Dreams simply HAVE to be confusing.' Mental growls 'I'm just going to ignore you from now on.'