

The weather is grey and birds are hovering everywhere, maybe out of curiosity. Constable Morgan is on a straight and level road (just like in Charltonham - very strange) with two hundred robots directly in front of him, parked neatly in double file. What do the droids look like? I know this is extremely lazy writing; I admit, it's BAD writing, but they look like those humanoid robots in the Short Circuit films. Google them. Basically they're on tank tracks and have laser cannons on their shoulders. I guess if an idea works, why not keep it? Who cares about copyright laws? Not the Charltonham police, that's for sure. To be fair though, these robots have jet packs on their backs, so that's a difference. (I think). The ones at the back sure look tiny - but they're not, it's an illusion, isn't it. (As explained in Father Ted). Ok, I've finally stopped covering my face in shame and can continue writing. By the bot's sides are lovely green fields. Very simple and crucially, very easy to describe.

Loud beeps are heard from behind the cop. Beeping at a policeman? People must be seriously annoyed. He turns around to face the offending cars on the right of the similarly straight road. (His right, I mean, these Scots are VERY road-wise, even in times of stress. Silly writing? Maybe, but truthful writing). There are around twenty vehicles of all shapes and sizes. He also sees a sign saying 'Welcome to Scotland' on a sign above him. On the left and right of him and the road are extensive walls with razor wire on the tops. They go on for as far as the eye can see. No one is getting out or entering illegally. (Unless of course, they travel on the road. But doing so is obviously extremely dishonest, so...)

Beyond the entrance by the tarmac, are a number of terraced houses and front gardens. They go on for about 100 meters. Beyond THEM, is a very large hill with the road extending upwards. If that's not how you picture the country, remember these tales are from a parallel universe. Amazingly the one difference that changed its entire history, was when a gardener sneezed in the year 1016. Morgan raises his voice to the motorists 'I know you're all trying to leave the country and probably have very exciting, fun, even wacky plans, but you have to understand I need information concerning the whereabouts of the Sausage Roll Killer. I know he's around here, somewhere!'

An angry motorist at the front of the queue opens his window and shouts through it. (Interestingly no one is heard trying to enter the country whilst beeping. Make of that what you will. Personally, I'd like to go there at least once, so don't judge ME. And the scenery? Beautiful). Anyway, the motorist shouts with a thick accent 'For God's sake, get ya robots to split oop and search the whole countraaa! Is that such a crazy concept?!' Morgan replies with a loud but clearer voice 'Split up and search the country?? My God, you've got it!' Morgan face palms and comments to himself 'Split up, of course! To be fair though, the Chief's instructions were very vague. He just said 'invade Scotland.' I'm not sure how that's supposed to help me, but it was passionate I suppose.' The driver continues 'Stop muttering to yaself about yooz being a dick 'ed and move your boots!!'

A robot directly behind Morgan comments mechanically. Morgan faces it. 'What... if... we're... weakened... when... we... split... up?' The same motorist responds 'Who cares if a robot dies?? They're not exactly human, are they??' Can you imagine the sound of two hundred robots groaning with horror. The sound is deafening. The groans go on for several painful seconds. Finally they stop and the

closest bot to Morgan speaks again, this time manically 'Who do you humans think you are, huh?? Do you think we don't have feelings, buddy??' A neighbouring bot continues 'You've gone too far, Scotsman. You've gone WAY too far.' The motorist responds 'Oooh, scared. Stupid robot punk! Do your job and make me a sandwich! Preferably without oil all over it!'

Robot 1 casually zaps the angry motorist, just missing Morgan, turning the victim and his vehicle into ashes. There are no huge explosions or anything, everything just kind of falls apart. In a way it's pretty cool. Morgan cries out in despair, rushes to the offending bot and turns him off with the press of a button. (A button too small to see, or at least notice, which is why I didn't describe it in the beginning. I mean, if I described the button earlier it would have sounded a bit random. So I didn't). Morgan addresses the remaining bots 'If that gets found out, we're in SERIOUS trouble. I'll apologise to the remaining, wonderful Scotsmen and women and beg them to keep schtum.' The other drivers are more than outraged. They scream all sorts of obscenities. The new nearest one shouts 'You're even worse than the Sausage Roll Killer!!' Morgan starts to cry. One can only imagine the hell he's going through.

The motorist continues 'You and your robots are scum!!' The motorist also gets calmly zapped by another bot. More ashes remain. Morgan clearly doesn't know what to do. He just runs around in a circle. Poor guy. It looks pretty funny, though. A ten-strong gang of robots drive round the officer and aim. All cars honk in panic, but there is no time to swear. The carnage is over in a couple of seconds. Families are heard screaming from the houses. They have to go, too. Rows of abodes turn into pretty much nothing. The dust falls slowly. Only foundations and neighbouring fields stained with grey are left. The gang of robo-murderers expands to at least fifty. Fifty raging robots unleashing hell, opening fire on everything that moves - just birds, basically. This is NOT how the Chief of Police or indeed anyone wanted things to turn out. Blue flames come out of the criminal bots, and they speed away on the road, up the hill in next to no time. They're gone.

Morgan gives a lecture to the remaining robots. 'Robots, this is extremely serious! You can't go around killing people! Those robots that just shot everything up? Their policing days are over! They're getting turned to scrap! I mean the Charltonham Police Force already had a bad reputation for general carelessness, but THIS? Words can't describe how bad this is.' A robot replies 'We're... all... done... for... aren't... we?' Morgan laughs nervously, 'No! No, no, no. Not at all.' The bot replies 'My... software... has... just... spotted...a... lie... We... have... nothing... left... to... live... for...' Morgan goes pale 'You have nothing to live for? So you're going on the rampage, is that what you're saying?' The bot continues 'The... drivers... said... we... don't... matter...' Morgan sighs 'I know you're police robots and you're programmed to demand respect, but the mechanics have made a huge cockup, here.'

Morgan shrugs his shoulders 'Look, I do need you, ok? Just keep your cool. Do you promise me not to fire on ANYONE innocent??' There is silence. Morgan continues 'Well?... Do you?' The mass of robots say 'Yes' in unison. A bit creepy, but reassuring at the same time. Maybe. Morgan gives a thumbs up 'Good. Now split up and search for the SRK. That's an order. You won't be weakened, you're the best. Now go!' The army of droids start to drive towards to hill at walking speed. Morgan

tuts 'Come on, you can go faster than that. What's wrong with you?' The robots travel about one mile an hour quicker. Morgan face palms 'That's... that's better. But why not try boosting away like the others did?' The bots shrug their shoulders then do so. Eventually. Imagine more that a hundred robots blasting across a road and up a hill. It's quite a spectacle. In mere seconds, they're gone.

Morgan's mobile rings from his pocket. He answers it, shaking 'Hello, Chief?... How am I doing? I'm not doing too good to be honest with you. Not good at all... Why? It's a long story... How's the mission going, you say? Fantastic. Really fantastic. Anyway, why are you calling?... The SRK has been spotted in a mountain B&B dressed as a regular customer? How do you know it's really him?... He has a tattoo of a sausage roll on his nose?... At first it was assumed it was a joke, but the owner eventually put two and two together? Why put a tattoo THERE??... Probably to look menacing?... You're asking me to send the robots to him?... You see... Well... The thing is... Um...' Morgan slaps himself 'That should be perfectly fine. No problem, whatsoever. I'm already on it. Is that all you called for?... Great!... Bye!' Morgan pockets his phone and talks to himself 'Where the hell have all the robots gone? I guess I only really need to contact one, so I should be fine...'

Morgan retrieves a walkie-talkie-like gadget from his other pocket. It has front cover artwork of Captain Mental looking honourable, slightly spoiled by the 10 buttons and speaker that are on top of it. Still stylish though. He presses them, and then talks into it 'Hello, bot number 100, (why he chose that bot I don't know. I guess it's a nice number) it's Morgan. Do you know of any mountain B&Bs round here?... You do? Great! That means I won't have to talk to the Chief again and ask him questions. I was expecting him to go into a full blown rage at me, so this current situation COULD be worse technically speaking. I know that sounds unbelievable. Anyway, I want you to find the SRK and zap him. No prisoners. It's too dangerous. But please, be as discreet as possible... Good point, it WILL be hard being discreet, won't it? Just hide in a bush or something. Anyway, later.'

A car is seen on the hilltop. Morgan stares at it, dumbfounded as it gets closer and closer. He simply has no way of explaining all the destruction. A lot of thoughtful chin stroking happens. Eventually it reaches the cop. The driver stops, opens his window and talks to the officer with a frown 'What the Hell's gone on here? This isn't how I remembered this place...' Morgan tries to be cool, but his forehead starts to sweat 'Town planning. Everything's being updated. It's going to take a while, but it will be MUCH better. Swimming pools, arcades, hotels, you name it...' Morgan winks. The driver scratches his head 'I know a couple of people who used to live here...' Morgan sheds a silent tear 'They're in a better place, now...' The driver responds 'Heaven??' Morgan sheds more eerie tears 'What?? Why did you say that??' The driver continues 'Just the look on your face... It was weird...' Morgan responds 'Nope, everything's fine. Fine and dandy. Now on with your journey... I'm sure it will be wacky.' The motorist speeds away.

Morgan slaps himself in the face harder than ever and walks on the road, towards the hill. He looks down, lifeless. His walkie talkie rings. He answers the call 'Hello, bot No. 2, what do YOU want? You haven't killed anyone have you?... You've been called a brutish troublemaker? Oh dear God, no. How did you deal with the situation?... You killed the slanderer? Well this is a complete cockup, isn't it? Please,

I'm absolutely BEGGING you, stop this madness NOW!... No?... Why not?... You were programmed to be respected? Don't you think you've taken things too far??... (Heard faintly through the speaker) 'You're scum!' Morgan is desperate 'Bot No.2, I heard that, too. But you have to be calm. Promise me you'll be calm! Please!' (A zapping sound is heard). Morgan stamps his foot 'NO!!' Knowing the bot can't be reasoned with, the cop places his high technology back in his pocket as he trembles like never before.

Morgan's mobile rings again. He sighs 'Oh God.' He answers the call cheerfully 'Hello, Chief! How ya doing??... Your robots have gone on the rampage, you say?? I don't understand!... I'm sorry, they're MY robots. Fine... You want me to deactivate them. Of course, Sir. I will do so, ASAP... No I don't know what will happen when everything is over. What?... Oh. I'm dead. Of course, Sir. I understand. Is there anything else you have to say to me?... No?... Ok, bye!' Morgan pockets his phone and comments to himself 'Deactivating a couple of hundred robots is going to take some time. I can only really do it one by one... And they might not even listen to me.' Morgan gets out his walkie talkie once more...

A robot is immediately surrounded by fire and smoke that must rise 30 meters to the sky. Barely seen through the flames in front of him, are those things you put in your car to top them up with petrol. He speaks to himself 'Just... destroyed... the... petrol... station... It's... payback...' The robot starts to melt as he continues 'Best... day... ever... Even... better... than... those... mad... pizzas...' The robot beeps, then a message is heard from Morgan 'Hello? This is Morgan! Deactivate yourself now! Repeat! Deactivate yourself now!!' The bot responds 'Sure... bot... de... radio... active... is... hazardous...' Morgan shouts 'You're not making any sense! What's all that burning sound about? What have you done??' The bot continues 'Burn... the... pet... hamster... station... lolz...'

Another robot is in the middle of a cobbled street with a Charltonham-style straightness. (Is it getting old now? I THINK so...) On both sides of the bumpy road are charming Victorian shops. Everyone (about ten people - not too many, but still a tragedy) runs for their lives in both directions, screaming things like 'Terminator 2 is happening!' and 'Robot trash!' The robot spins round and round shooting everything as it says 'Zap... zap...' repeatedly. Buildings crumble into next to nothing, and so do the people. In almost no time at all, all that remain are the cobbles, building foundations and green fields beyond them. (Again). This is Hell. Morgan is heard through the robot speaker 'Hello? Everything is quiet? Good, that's something. Even so, I demand you deactivate yourself, now! Over and out.' (The robot doesn't deactivate itself).

The SRK is lying on a bed with his hands on the back of his head. Very snug. He is in a cozy room of white walls. The grandfather clock says it's 3 PM, if you're wondering. Knocking on the door is heard. The SRK is cool 'Come in...' A man in a smart black suit enters, he occasionally twitches. He speaks to the super villain as calmly as possible 'Enjoying your stay, Sir?' The SRK stretches 'Yip. Fantastic.' He sits on the bed 'Well, must be going... I can't lie in bed ALL day. Again, I mean...' The (I guess butler?) continues 'No. You must stay. How would you like our legendary soup? It really is fantastic.' The SRK sighs 'It's healthy, right? No sausages in it?' The butler(???) laughs 'Haha! No! Only the healthiest of healthy

foods is served here!' The SRK frowns 'What about the chocolate ice cream?' The butler (yeah, why not?) shakes his head 'Made from spinach and apples...' The SRK nods. Ok. I'll stay.