

Let me tell you a tale. A tale of excitement and bad decisions. Hopefully you'll learn from it and you won't end up.... Well. I've said too much. I shouldn't tell you what happened to me straight away, otherwise you won't read the rest of the story and therefore won't end up any wiser. Let's just get started, eh?

So... when I was eighteen, I was lying in bed and listening to the radio. The presenter said the following: 'Head on down to Computer Boosters to check out all their gigantic new hardware. In particular, their keyboards with space bars that are ten times bigger than normal. Everything in CB is taken to the max in fact, but especially spa...' Excited, I jumped to my feet and ran downstairs. 'Mum, mum!', I shouted. 'What is it, my sugar lump?', she asked. 'I HAVE to go to CB to see their space bars!', I responded. 'What's a space bar?', she replied. 'What do you think it is? The clues in the name', I said. 'A place where they serve drinks in zero gravity?', she asked. 'Yes. And the rooms are huge! I have to go one of them ASAP,' I said. 'I bet it's expensive to stay in such places. You're only eighteen and you don't have a job. Just go on your bike if you want something to do,' she said.

Angry and disappointed, I stormed out of the house and got out my BMX from the shed. It was the time to practice the only therapy I knew at the time; wheelies. I wheelied down the street until I was in heavy traffic. I wheelied downhill and I even wheelied up hill. I was a wheelieing machine and nothing could stop me. Nothing apart from lorries, that is. As I crossed the road, I nearly got ran over by forty tons of metal, and the rubber tires would do little to cushion the pain and damage. 'YAFLUGGINBAGBLEBLEBLEB!!!!' The driver screamed as I pedalled for my life. It was at that moment, I realised.... You only live once, so you must open yourself up to experiences. I cycled home always horizontal and explained to my mum that I nearly died. 'My sugar lump?', she said. 'Yes. Now can I please see the space bar, so I can make the most of my life?', I asked. 'No', she said.

Ah. It was time to get out my debit card. I was going to the establishment, even if it killed me. (That was ironic, considering the thought of death made me 'sort my life out'). But what will I do in the long term, when I consequently run out of money?', I thought. 'Well..... Is my mum going to let me starve to death? Probably not,' I also thought. With that logic, it was time to drop off by the bank to get a thick wad of cash, and then to make my way to the computer shop. On the trek to my destinations, I listened to my favourite radio station; 'The Big Time Computer Show'. Its host kept on talking about computer mice. 'There had better not be any of those animals where I'm going. I wouldn't want floating rodents in my drink.', I thought. ' Now that I think of it, how will I slurp without gravity?', I wondered. 'Probably with a straw or something', I reasoned.

On my travels, my mum soon phoned me up. I couldn't lie to her about what I was doing; what if I was never her little sugar lump, again? 'Turn back, now! You don't know what you're doing!', my mum shouted. Already calmer, she continued 'why don't you spend your money on BMX lessons or something? You could then make your own money showing off your tricks, I'm sure!' 'I have to see the space baaar', I whined. Suddenly, I saw blue flashes in my rear, wandering somewhere in the traffic. At the time, it seemed obvious what they were coming from. Aliens. They certainly sounded like aliens, with their strange electronic screams. They could have been dangerous. I put the pedal to the metal to try and get away from them, but from that

moment on they started to single me out and follow me. 'Oh fuck', I exclaimed. 'WHAT?', my mother replied, less than happy. 'Not you...', I apologised.

When I could, I threw some of my money out of my window. Amazingly, it hit the windscreen of the car pursuing me. 'Success!', I thought. However, for whatever reason this seemed to make the now clearly humanoid entities angrier. By this time my mum hung up, though I'm unsure of the precise time she did so. Pumped up full of adrenaline, I turned on the radio. Hopefully it would calm me down. It didn't. Why? Because the host was talking about a really high profile rocket launch, that would apparently get everyone excited about space travel. Surely everyone will now be rushing to the Space Bar? Would I even get in or get a glimpse of it? And what to do about the foreign beings, on my rear? I couldn't have them stopping me. Maybe if I explained to them that I was their friend, they would let me go. Or even join me for drinks.... I pulled over and unwound my window.

'Hello, aliens. Having a nice day?', I asked. 'Are you high?', they responded. 'No....', I said. 'So why did you call us aliens and try to bribe us?', they answered. 'Ohhh... You're police..... No, actually wait...', I said. At this point, I did something very stupid. I put my pedal to the metal and drove like a maniac. 'If you're the police, where are your cherble burbles?', I shouted as I sped. I don't know what that means, but at the time, it did make sense. I guess my unusually heightened enthusiasm was clouding my reasoning skills. You may have noticed my thinking wasn't so great, throughout the day. I believe it's called 'mania'. Fortunately, I had an advantage over the quasi-invaders as I was in my car and they weren't. Consequently, they were easy to lose. (Well, I say 'fortunately', but it was only short term fortune).

A few minutes passed and I reached the CB car park. I got out of my vehicle and ran into the building. 'Where's the Space Bar, where's the Space Bar?!', I repeated over and over. 'I'm sorry?', the staff asked, nervously. 'The Space Bar!', I shouted, excitedly. 'I can show you some if you really want me to, but I have to say I find your enthusiasm for them somewhat surprising,' one worker responded. 'Follow me', he added. He then pointed at the bottom of a large keyboard. 'What the hell is that?', I asked. 'A space bar', he said, confused. 'Big, aren't they?', he commented. 'Oh, shit', I said. I pulled out my mobile phone from my pocket and made a call. 'Mum.... I've made a terrible mistake', I said. 'Sugar lump?', she said, annoyed. A police siren was getting louder.