

The pigeon SRK is flying over all kinds of roads - straight, curved, and jagged. It seems the town planners tried to impress, and they've certainly impressed me. Wow. However, by the roads are buildings that have been semi or fully turned to flaming, smoking rubble. It looks like a war zone. Weirdly, the only remaining buildings are sparse, boarded up pizza shops (made clear with rooftop statues of wicked looking men holding chillies in one hand, and pineapples in the other); Indian restaurants with rooftop statues of smiling Asian men holding chillies with one one hand and giving a thumbs up with the other; and what seems to be a lone fish speciality shop, with all kinds of fish monuments on the roof. With enhanced pigeon eyesight, the bird notices the faces on the many pedestrians. They look hungry, which is understandable. I mean there's really nothing to do around here, apart from eat and do some tidying up.

The pigeon flies above the fish shop as the internal ghost of Gary the Sneaky Sardine jabbars to the bird supervillain 'Ooh! A fish shop! Let's go there!' The pigeon sighs 'We have better things to do than go sightseeing, we should be destroying the world...' The ghost of Henry the Sneaky Salmon replies 'Come on, Sausage... What's the harm of a little bit of fun?' The SRK responds 'Trust you to ignore our goals. Your ghost literally flew into my mouth, just because you couldn't be bothered to fly next to me. How lazy are you? Most people would LOVE to be able to fly. But not you. You want to be carried, don't you??' Henry laughs 'Yeah.' Gary is calm 'Look, Sausage. If you take a break from flying, you won't have to put up with other pigeons pestering you to 'go on bombing raids' as they put it.' Henry interrupts 'Hey... See that chef coming out of the Indian place? He's dumping left over curry and rice in the street... Feeling peckish?'

The SRK widens his beady eyes 'Has everyone just stopped caring, or whatever?' Gary replies 'These are desperate times. Everything seems to be exploding, people too. What's littering in the grand scheme of things?' The SRK does a small bird nod 'I guess you're right...' Gary replies 'Of course I'm right. Now let's look at the fish.' The SRK tuts 'Fine. You win. But after nibbling those left overs. Say... Isn't it a bad idea for birds to eat rice? Doesn't it make them... explode or something?' Gary laughs 'Birds exploding? You've let your experiences get the best of you, haven't you?' The SRK is edgy 'No, I think rice will expand in my stomach or something like that...' Henry replies 'Because TNT is inserted into rice? Is that what you're saying?' The SRK snarls 'Just remember that if I blow up, no one will be able to carry you. Nightmare, right? You lazy fool.'

The SRK darts towards the concrete paths and the leftovers. Since flying and conversing, the fires have only spread. All around him are flames and smoke in fact, apart from on the foodery in front of him. (And of course pavements only very rarely catch fire). Chefs throw buckets of water to stop their business catching fire. Pedestrians keep walking the streets, but this time they wipe their foreheads and waft the smoke away with their hands. One man rambles to himself like a mad tramp 'Damn police robots blowing everything up. At least the Terminators had a reason. One stupid wrong word to the droids, and they shoot everything. When one demanded pizza from me, I said you can't get them any more, and the thing shot itself! My word, my word, my word. What the HELL is going on? You'd think curry houses would suffice, but apparently they're just not the same. Fish seem to have a calming effect on the bots, though. Of course they do. That makes perfect sense.

Perfect sense. Perfect.'

The pigeon asks a question 'Now, Gary... Are you SURE I can eat that curry and rice?' The crazy man turns to the bird and comments like it's 100% normal 'Hey there, birdie. You're wondering if you can eat rice? You wonder if you'll explode?' The pigeon nods 'Right!' The pedestrian gives a thumbs up 'Sure you can. What do you think rice is made of? TNT??' Gary replies 'There you go then, Sausage. Eat the rice. And then check out the fish store...' The SRK is cautious 'What if it's on fire, now?' The pedestrian scratches his head 'What don't you know is on fire?' The SRK replies 'The fish place...' The man winks 'No idea. Now eat the rice.' The SRK gives a small pigeon smile 'Are you being for real?' The man ducks and pats the bird on the head 'I'm being for real.' He then walks away.

Gary moans 'There you go, you can eat the damn rice. Now hurry up so we can go to the fish store, before it burns to the ground! FISH STORE!' The SRK gets pecking 'Hmm! This is pretty good!' Henry comments 'Awesome'. The SRK spits out some of the food 'Hey... I don't feel right...' Henry growls 'We don't care!' The SRK flaps his wings in distress 'No, I think I'm getting bigger!' The pigeon clearly is getting bigger. About a centimetre wider every second. The bird yelps 'It's happening!' The mad man turns to the bird and rubs his hands with glee. His smile and eyes are wild. The pigeon continues 'Here we go, here we go, here we go!!!' All of a sudden the bird explodes in a mass of feathers and bits of beak. Not guts, it's not that kind of story. (Though the preceding did happen - just in a parallel universe, as explained a while ago).

Once the SRK was a (very bad) man, then he was a pigeon, now he's a ghost. And he's outraged 'Well look at us now. We're all undead. And you know what? We can't do a thing. How are we supposed to destroy the world when we can't even touch anything?' Gary has become energised 'Look. We'll find a way, we always do. Now for the millionth time, let's just see the fish!' The SRK screams 'FINE! Fine! We'll look at the damn fish!' The three drift high up to the skies and look down. The fires haven't spread too much, as people are still busy with their buckets of water, saving what they feel to be most important and popular. Gary is strangely excited 'Look! The place I want to go to is fine! Or should I say the 'plaiice' is fine! The fish, plaiice, that is! Get it?' Henry is cool 'Great pun, bro.' The three hover to the place (or plaiice) of interest.

The threesome stop in front of the business surrounded by flames and people with makeshift fire extinguishers, to find its doors and windows have been boarded up, too. The SRK is confused 'Hm. I wonder why we're not allowed in, yet people care enough about the building to stop it burning down... Something very strange is going on, here.' Gary is equally puzzled 'I agree. Let's just float through the walls.' The trio do so, and for a while they are speechless. The shop is SO ordered. I mean if palindromes are beautiful, this is on a whole new level. On the left of the shop are those colourful small fish we all know and love, the front of the shop has medium sized fish such as catfish, and on the right of the shop are full blown sharks. Naturally the animals are kept away from each other, in boxes. The runner of the business is no fool. In the middle of the room, is a trap door.

Gary comments 'Stunning. Absolutely stunning. But where's the shopkeeper?' The

SRK comments 'I guess he's downstairs...' Gary is still positive 'Let's go down and see if there's any more fish...' They do so. This room isn't quite as nice. The lights are dim, cardboard boxes are scattered everywhere, and the paint on the walls is peeling. In the middle of the room is what appears to be the shop owner tied to a chair, as a robot faces him. The bot goes on a crazed ramble 'Me and my friends have had to go into hiding or even kill themselves because of Epic Dave, and a lesser extent, the police, and do you care? No. You've been cooperating with them, haven't you?' The owner sweats 'Please! Don't hurt me! I've done what you've told me and told the people outside this shop to save it, what more do you want??'

The bot responds 'I want you to turn your business into an Evil Hawaiian store, that also sells fish because they're cool. I want a pizza, ASAP.' The owner sweats some more 'You don't understand! The pizzas are illegal, now! They'll kill anyone who eats them!' The droid looks down 'Fine. I understand. In that case, my only option is to self destruct. Curries just aren't the same. I TRIED to get into them, but they simply won't do. Goodbye, cheesy, I mean cruel world. There were some good times.' It's difficult to explain how the robot with a laser cannon mounted on his shoulder managed to shoot itself, you're just going to have to take my word for it. A huge bang and a red flash of light follows. The robot is now burning in a fireball. The owner shrieks to himself 'Oh my God, I'm stuck here!'

There are now four ghosts in the room. The interesting thing about spirits is, whilst they can't see each other, they can sense each other. If you remember that neat little fact, it will save you a lot of confusion. Anyway, the once mortal trio approach the undead robot. The SRK starts a conversation 'So... Ever felt like destroying the world?' The owner wriggles furiously, in an attempt to get free. After much screaming and general soreness, he manages to do so. He then runs for his life, upstairs. The robot answers the SRK 'Have I ever thought of destroying the world? What's it look like to you?' The SRK is respectful. Of course. How silly of me. Do you have any plans?' The once robot responds 'Not serious ones. Me and my friends used to just like blowing things up.'

Gary asks a question, this time 'You're an intelligent... I guess individual. Maybe you could think of something a little deeper? More long term?' There is a pause. Then the robot replies 'How about we possess people and make them say funny things?' The SRK is pleased 'Great stuff, really great. However, how about we possess CHEFS and make them KILL everyone?' The robot is curious 'Yes... That could work...' The SRK asks a question 'But how will we do that?' The robot replies 'No idea.' The SRK sighs 'Ah.' The robot is calm 'But where there's a will, there's a way, right?' Gary is impressed 'I've heard that phrase before...' Henry replies 'Well there you go, then.'

Gary's mood perks up 'In the meantime... do you have any funny stories about Captain Mental and his band of idiots?' The bot laughs 'Yeah! There was this one time, where someone offered him some sushi. Mental was like 'Sue who?', and the other guy was like 'Do you want some SUSHI?' Then Mental was like 'What's her name??' The conversation went on for about an hour. He was severely concussed at the time because a pizza man exploded in front of him, but it didn't stop it being hilarious. Some say he's still concussed, explaining his actions.' Henry laughs 'No way!' The bot continues 'And there was the time where Mental tried to befriend a field of sheep, because he was 'feeling guilty'. The SRK is curious 'What do you

mean?' The robot responds 'Oh, one of his nutty ancestors fired sheep out of a cannon or whatever... It was a huge blow to Mental, as obviously he's a respected member of the community...' SRK responds 'Wow...' The robot continues 'Yeah. If you ever want to annoy Mental, make baaing sounds, followed by an explosion.'

The robot pauses. He then continues 'Huh. My enhanced ghost robot hearing is picking up Constable Morgan's voice, nearby...' Gary asks a question 'What's he saying?' The bot continues, mimicking the cop's voice exactly 'He's saying 'I'm sick of this. This town's been burnt to the ground, no one trusts the police any more, and bird poop and cutlery keeps landing on me! I just need to calm down and think to myself for a while, so I can come up with a plan of action. Pet fish stores are always calming. Maybe a quick browse will give me the inspiration I'm looking for... I don't know why a madman ran away from the building screaming, though.' The SRK comments 'Wouldn't it be great if we could possess Constable Morgan, and make him do all kinds of wacky stuff?' The other three reply in unison 'Yes. Yes it would...'