

A barefooted and pyjama wearing Captain Mental is in a small and mostly empty room, with posters of various policemen on the walls. All are signed. Out of the window is a sunny suburban view. He lies face upwards on his extra soft, silver and blue super bed in the middle of the area. On the furniture's four corners are what appear to be golden bed posts. On the right edge of the bed is a joystick with buttons on. The cop presses a button causing the bed to shake. The wobbling bed gets higher and higher until it reaches the ceiling. The bed posts are small, roaring jet engines! Mental comments nonchalantly 'Now THAT'S cool. Heatless jet engines that are safe to use indoors! Still, best not to have TOO much furniture around here... It just feels dangerous.' He presses another button and the bed crashes to the floor. It bounces up and down for a while, then comes to a stop. Mental laughs 'Suspensions on the bed, as well? No way... And don't get me started on the teleportation and psychic features that are activated by voice! Holy moly.'

Mental's mobile rings from his pocket. He answers it 'Hello?... Keema Nan? What do YOU want? And where are you?... What do you mean it's not important? It's important to me, you little toe rag!... You're calling to bury the hatchet and invite me round for tea? No! Not going to happen! Good day!' Mental places the phone by his side and sighs 'Bed, how much of your fuel and battery is left?' The bed speaks with a monotone voice 'Fuel full. Battery full.' Mental smiles broadly 'Nice. Anyway, I really should thank the Chief of Police for this absolutely WONDERFUL gift! Let's give him a text message now. Not a phone call, I'm not sure if I want to SPEAK to him... ' Mental scratches his head 'Hm. What to text... How about 'Hey, I LOVE your bed! The things it can do quite literally boggle the mind! Please tell me how I can repay you!' Hopefully he's not expecting a new house or more. I mean it would be fair enough.' Mental bites his thumb.

Mental's phone beeps. He face palms 'Oh what now?' He stretches then gazes at his device. He widens his eyes 'Keema Nan's sent me a picture of a cake with the writing 'For the Beloved Mental' on it? I do like cake... I also like warmhearted messages... No... I can't forgive her can I? After all that palindrome nonsense? All the absolute chaos she's created? I have to admit, I'm curious as to what her house looks like, though. It's probably FILLED with spoons. She's probably planning more random cutlery dumps in inappropriate places right this second...' Mental launches his bed into the air, again. He laughs 'God, I don't think I'll ever get tired of this function!' The bed crashes back down. Metal chuckles 'Weeeeeee!' He rubs his chin 'You know what? I think I should phone her... But what should I say? Maybe I should cut to the chase and ask her how much cutlery she has... Oh forget it, I'll just be nice. See where that gets me...'

Mental exhales deeply 'Ok. Here goes nothing...' He dials a number on his phone 'Hello?... Keema?... I would very much like to visit you and have some or even better, all of your cake... I can have a slice? Sure. That'll do... But not the icing as that's your favourite part?... Ok, look, how about we go for a pub lunch afterwards and settle our differences?... That's really stupid? Ok... What do YOU want to do, then?... After tea, you were thinking about us becoming a musical duo called 'The Biscuit Bees'?... That's different... Go on then, sing me a lyric... 'Burger me up, burger you down, burger me up in burger town?...' It's about buying a burger??... Look, I'm a sensible man, and I'm not singing about buying a burger... You're the singer? What do I do, then?... I play tambourine? Do I get to play it in a sensible way

at least?... The act is all about going crazy?... I don't know. Let me think about it. Bye.'

Mental rubs his chin like never before 'I wouldn't be making a fool of myself if I played in a band called 'The Biscuit bees', would I? I guess it's time to make use of my bed's psychic function. Bed, would it be good if I played in an anarchic duo with a crazy old lady?' The bed rumbles. It then speaks with that monotone voice 'Yes. It would be mega awesome. People would love it.' Mental screws his face up 'Is that a fact? Bed, will I suck on the tambourine? Be honest.' The bed replies 'You would play the tambourine like a true champion.' Mental smiles 'That's it then! I'm game!' Mental is nervous 'Bed, how much battery life is left?' The bed replies '75%' Mental sighs 'Wow. The price of being psychic I guess. And how much jet fuel is left?' The bed responds '99.9%'. Mental gives a thumbs up 'Excellent.'

Mental twiddles his thumbs 'Bed, how much battery life would it take for you to locate and teleport me and you to Keema Nan's kitchen? Where she's almost certainly hiding huge masses of cutlery?' The bed is as cold as ever 'It would take 50%' Mental is cool 'In that case, teleport me there, right now.' The bed replies 'Are you sure? It will be a huge shock for her.' Mental rolls his eyes 'Yeah? Well, she's shocked me enough times, so...' The bed replies 'In that case, enjoy your trip through time and space'. Mental's eyes light up 'That does sound good! And how much battery life would it take to find out if she's hoarding cutlery right now?' The bed replies '25%' Mental tuts 'In that case forget it. Okey-dokey! Bed, teleport me to Keema Nan's kitchen!'

A dazzling green light masks everything in sight. When it fades after a few seconds, it is seen that Mental is lying on his jet bed in Keema Nan's kitchen. There is the expected washing machine, oven, sink, etc., by the outskirts, but the curtains are drawn and the lighting only comes from above. As completely expected, the floor is a sea of knives, forks, and spoons. It must go a foot deep. As if that wasn't enough, the walls are absolutely covered with hanging cutlery. Mental goes red as he picks himself up and walks on the bed of utensils 'I KNEW IT!' A trembling OAP's hand rises from the mess on the ground. Mental backs away slowly 'How did you get there??' There is no response.

Mental talks to his bed, trying to keep his composure 'Bed, how much battery life would it take to resuscitate the mad old lady?' The bed responds '10%' Mental wipes his forehead 'Well thank God for that. Bed, deploy the resuscitator!' A funny looking, plastic bottle-like device with a mask attached to its end comes out of the bed's side. Its other end is fixed to the mattress by a wire. Mental digs the woman's head out from the floor of metal thingamabobs and puts the mask on her face. He then commands the bed to turn the thing on. The bottle shrinks and expands over and over again. Mental sighs 'There you go. You'll be all fine now, I'm sure. And you've got a LOT of explaining to do.' The old lady waves her hand frantically as if to say 'No, please! Don't send me to jail!' Mental sighs 'Your actions may seem like hijinks to you, but countless people have been severely confused...'

Mental has a very serious question 'Bed, what are Keema's chances of survival?' The bed replies 'Judging by past events of similar situations, I'd say 50%' Mental is confused 'Similar situations? How many similar situations have there been to this??'

The bed replies 'Roughly fifty thousand. The cutlery dumping trend has exploded all over the world.' Mental widens his eyes 'Huh. Ok, bed, how much battery life would it take to predict the future of this situation?' The bed replies '15% And there's only 15% left.' Mental rubs his face repeatedly 'I see. And how much battery life would it take to turn the resuscitator to mega mode? The bed replies '15%' Mental nods 'Then go to mega mode!' The device's expanding/shrinking speeds up dramatically. Mental crosses both his fingers 'I'm sure you'll be fine. And if you don't make it... Well, I just want to say I'm not mad at you. Much.'

A shoe and sock-less Keema Nan suddenly jumps up, rips the mask off and uncreases her dress. She is cheerful and puts her hands on her hips 'Thanks, Mental! Follow me, I want to show you my guitar collection!' She leads the way out of the room. Naturally walking is quite uncomfortable for both. A few 'ows' are muttered. Soon enough, the two reach the much tidier and normal music room. Guitars of all shapes and sizes with straps on hang on the walls. A Marshall stack is by one of them. A microphone is in the middle of the area and its leads go into another amplifier. There are no windows, the area is lit up by multicoloured disco lights shining from all corners. A tambourine is on the floor. Mental nods with respect 'Yep. Very nice.' Keema is awkward 'Mental, would it bother you if I say I've already booked for us to play a gig at the local pub?' Mental grits his teeth 'No... Not at all... It's the most I can do for a slice of your icing-less special cake you promise. Glad you're feeling better.' Keema gives a thumbs up 'Good, now let's get practicing. We have ten minutes...'

Mental sighs 'And how are we going to practice and get to our gig in ten minutes?' Keema shrugs her shoulders 'Nothing wrong with keeping people waiting...' Mental rubs his chin 'Hang on...' Keema is curious 'Yes?' Mental replies 'My jet bed. It has more than enough fuel to carry us, the equipment and more, I'm sure!' Keema laughs 'That's really weird. But I like it. Anyway, I have some more lyrics for you. Check these out: Burger, burger, burger! Barber, barber, barber! Eating at the hairdresser, getting larger, larger, larger! Do you like them?' Mental is unsure 'Ummmmmm....' Keema is curious 'Yes?...' Mental continues 'Well, I don't necessarily DISLIKE them, but I mean... there's being silly, then there's... TOO silly. That's all.' Keema laughs 'Well, I guess we'll find out how the audience reacts...' Mental sighs 'You're not singing that too?' Keema smiles manically 'Yes!'

Keema unhooks a guitar and wears it. She then plugs herself into the Marshall, turns the volume up and does a high speed tapping pattern. Mental nods with respect 'Very nice...' Keema stops playing and points to the tambourine. Mental rubs his forehead in frustration 'Fine'. He grabs it and hits it in a moderate paced, straight rhythm. Keema sighs 'No. Faster.' Mental replies 'Ok, I get the point, hit the tambourine fast. Let's just get the gig over with.' Keema is curious 'How much stuff can your jet bed transport?' Mental grins 'A lot. Apparently it's the most powerful bed in the world!' Keema is pleased 'Hm! Better than your old police car shaped bed?' Mental winks 'Yep!' Keema continues 'And it's safe?' Mental is unconcerned 'Safer than walking down the street!' Keema smiles 'In that case, let's go now!' Mental is surprised 'Safety is a concern for you, then?' Keema nan replies 'Of course. Safety first, confusing people second. That's my motto, always has been.' Mental is relieved 'Awesome. Ok, let' go.'

In the middle of this large room is a square wooden stage about five metres across and two metres high. It's lit up by a single spotlight, and on its edge is a multi socket plug and a wire leading... somewhere. Surrounding the platform are a dimly lit crowd of rowdy men and women of all ages with glasses of beer in their hands. They chant 'Keema! Keema!' over and over again. Comments such as 'I hear she's really good at guitar' can be heard. On the left is a shut door. The jet bed crashes through the right wall and lands bang in the centre of the stage. People applaud politely as the people who were in the way of the bed pick themselves up and start clapping, too. The outsides can now be seen through the hole - it's a sunny day in a busy street. The sunlight at least partially lights up the room. Keema plugs the Marshall into a socket and Mental gets the microphone and such ready for her. Both performers have bare and bloodied feet. Keema then picks up her instrument, blasts out a power chord and addresses the audience.

'How ya diddling guys??' The crowd cheer 'Fantastic, thanks! And nice pyjamas!' Keema is OTT as ever 'Palindrome life!' Mental scratches his head 'Eh?' The old lady rocker then starts rapping 'Burger me up, burger you down! Burger me up in burger town!' The audience go wild 'YES!' Keema continues 'Burger, burger, burger! Barber, barber, barber! Eating at the hairdresser, getting larger, larger, larger!' The crowd only go crazier. Crowds of people from outside try to enter the room as Keema starts an epic tapping/sweep picked solo. Mental shrugs his shoulders and beats the tambourine every now and then. Furious banging on the door is heard along with shouts of 'Let us in!' The door gets kicked in, and the people entering the area only make it more squashed. Keema screams 'Sing along with me! Burger me up, burger me down!' etc. etc. It's a fantastic day.