

Here, in this medium sized, box-like room, shelved cans cover every bit of the four walls. Fish logos can just about be seen on the products. They are divided into sections, in the same way CDs are. There's 'Regular fish', 'Very tasty fish', 'Rare fish', 'Borderline illegal fish', 'Totally illegal fish', etc. At the back of the room is a shopkeeper with earrings on both ears, and what appear to be real, dead fish hanging from them. 'Fish4LifeAndLuvinIt' is tattooed on his forehead. He stands behind a cashier. Five customers browse the products. Bjorn Squeeze, Henry the Sneaky Salmon, Gary the Sneaky Sardine, the cop-turned bad, and the SRK enter the establishment. All crooks wear a backpack and the latter felon has a completely black nose. He comments to his gang 'You have no idea how emotionally painful covering up my sausage roll tattoo was, so you better have a damn good reason.' Henry shakes his head 'Quiet!'

Bjorn smiles warmly to the shopkeeper 'Hello, good sir, I'm Bjorn Squeeze. A nice little business, you've got here...' The worker replies 'Thanks!' Bjorn walks to the man 'How about a hug?' The worker's eyes light up 'Sure!' The latter gets seriously squeezed, then laughs 'That was awesome. I'm so happy!' Bjorn winks 'Now we're best friends, I'm sure you're going to let me and my gang steal as much fish as possible?' The shop owner nods 'Of course, of course. How much do you need?' Henry rubs his chin 'How much fish is it possible to store in five backpacks?' The shop owner shrugs his shoulders 'I don't know. A lot?' Henry nods 'That's good enough for me.' The other customers stare at the keeper in disbelief. One finally speaks 'What's going on, here?' Bjorn walks back to his associates and comments coolly, 'Now let's get robbing and then get back in the limo I kindly asked for.'

The shopkeeper looks down 'I don't mean to be rude, but I'd really prefer it if you left my products here.' Bjorn covers his face in shame 'Oh, I'm SO Sorry. If only there was another way. Say... how about I let you keep all of your money?' The worker shakes his head in disbelief 'Wow. Wow. You really are the salt of the Earth, aren't you. You must come from Norway.' Bjorn chuckles 'How did you know?' The keeper laughs 'I've heard great things about the people, there...' Bjorn looks down 'Would you believe back in my country, I'm considered a crook?' The worker frowns 'No, no, no...' Bjorn wipes a tear 'It's true. Anyway, must get robbing...' The rest of the gang nod and turn towards the merchandise. The keeper wipes his eyes 'Please, never leave.' Bjorn turns to face his new friend 'I'll never forget you'.

The keeper walks to the gang 'Hey, let me help you pack your bags.' He does so as the others get stuffing. The other customers scratch their heads. Finally, they scream things such as 'Thieves!' and 'Nutters!' Bjorn wipes the sweat from his forehead and hugs them for a couple of seconds, one by one. One by one, they calm down. A shopper comments 'Nice man. Let me help you.' He and the other shoppers stuff, too. Soon enough, the bags become full. Another customer asks the SRK a question 'What's with the nose?' The SRK is calm 'I'm covering up a sausage roll tattoo. What of it? You'll do what me and my crew say no matter what I look like...' The shopper nods 'Fair point.' The cop joins the conversation 'When we leave and the sense of wonder caused by Bjorn wears off, please don't tell anyone about this, kind customers. I'm a police officer, and I can assure you, this is 100% legal.'

A less gullible customer slaps himself in the face and pulls himself together 'Everyone here may have gone mad, but I haven't. Shopkeeper, you must show the

CCTV footage here to the REAL police.’ The crooks wear their backpacks and face the brave man. The cop asks him a question ‘Why can’t you be trusting like everyone else here?’ The rebel laughs ‘Why am I not a complete idiot you mean?’ The cop nods ‘Yes’. The rebel continues ‘Because I have morals, that’s why. I’m not going to stand here and let you take the illegal fish that people like ME want!’ The cop twiddles his thumbs and turns to the SRK ‘Maybe we should make a run for it...’ Henry sighs ‘What’s wrong with my opinion, ‘officer’?’ The cop responds ‘With all due respect, I think fish have driven you mad...’ Henry rolls his eyes ‘Whatever.’

Bjorn smiles at the rebel, warmly ‘You’re not really going to try and get the friendliest person in the UK (but not Norway) arrested are you? I’ve shaken hands with everyone just now, but how about my speciality? How about a special Norwegian mega shake? The best handshake known to man? Sound good?’ The rebel is curious ‘What happens with the shake?’ Bjorn strolls to him ‘Let me show you.’ Bjorn puts his hand out and he gets it wobbled up and down, quickly by the once pessimist. Still holding hands, Bjorn then hops on one foot five times, then five times on his other one. He then skips on the spot and takes his hand back ‘How does that make you feel?’ The rebel gives a huge grin ‘Pretty good, actually...’ Bjorn chuckles ‘So we’re friends, then?’ The rebel gives thumbs up ‘Best friends.’ The rest of the gang stare in disbelief.

The four other shoppers check their pockets. One of them sighs ‘Oh no. I only have some loose change in my trousers... That’s not going to be enough for Bjorn and his friends. Let me withdraw some money from the credit card machine outside...’ The other shoppers say similar things and get ready to leave. Then one of them says ‘No, it will just be me that withdraws my money, I’ll pay for everyone. That way I can give this wonderful gang here the money as soon as possible! No need to queue by the ATM!’ The shoppers cheer as the do-gooder exits. The shopkeeper rubs his chin ‘Maybe you’d like my shoes? They’re not expensive, but I feel obliged to do something...’ The man takes off his shoes and hands them to Bjorn. Bjorn places them on the floor.

The shopkeeper shakes his fists with excitement ‘Wow! You put MY shoes on the floor! Where they’re supposed to be! That’s so logical! So polite!’ The shopper who just left, reenters the shop out of breath, with wet hair, and carrying a huge amount of cash in both hands. He faces Bjorn and smiles ‘It’s yours.’ Bjorn shakes HIS fists with joy this time, then puts the money in his pockets ‘Such kindness! SO many new friends. I’m so excited, I need to go pee. Is there a toilet around here?’ The shopkeeper is calm ‘We don’t really have typical doors other than the entrance, as we placed so many cans of fish where they should be. Well there WERE lots of cans of fish. Walk behind the cashier. There’s a trap door going to the loo...’ Bjorn does so and is gone.

The remaining gangsters twiddle their thumbs. Henry coughs nervously ‘Nice day...’ The shopkeeper growls ‘Did you just steal all my fish and get everyone here to help you??’ Henry backs away slowly ‘Errrr...’ The keeper continues ‘You’ve tricked me, haven’t you?’ Gary replies ‘W-why do you say that?’ The cop shouts ‘Bjorn! Bjorn! We need you!’ The keeper stamps his foot ‘Give me my stuff back now! And give me my shoes!!!’ The worker puts his shoes back on ‘I’m going to get you for this!’ The other customers cheer. Henry is calm ‘Look, this is all a huge misunderstanding. You

feel like you've been manipulated, but ACTUALLY everyone here has done good deeds, simply because they're kind! And we're very grateful!

The rebel-turned friend is a rebel once more and runs out of the shop screaming 'Crime spree! Crime spree! Call the police!' The worker walks back behind the cashier 'I'm going to send the CCTV here to the REAL police and there's not a thing you can do!' He retrieves a mobile phone from his pocket and dials a number 'I'm calling the police right now!' A phone rings from the bad cop's pocket. He answers the call 'Hello?' The shopkeeper sighs into his device 'I'm talking to you, aren't I? You're in the shop with me?' The policeman responds into his phone 'Yip. What are the odds in that?' The shopkeeper hangs up.

The other customers run out of the shop. The gang walk slowly and threateningly towards the keeper. The latter stutters 'Wh-what's going on?' Henry growls 'You're showing the CCTV to no one.' The keeper replies, confused 'The SRK you mean?' The SRK continues walking 'I'm not a nobody, actually. I'm going to get you for that.' Gary laughs 'Very funny, keeper. Even if it wasn't meant as a joke, but rather a profound observation. No, you're not to going to show the CCTV to anyone. Because we're going to tie you up with your own shoelaces. Friend.' The keeper sheds a tear 'You can't treat people this way!' The gang stand right up close to the keeper then take off his shoes. They tie him up as he stands. The keeper comments 'Ohhh flip.'

Bjorn reenters the room and faces the gang 'Where's everyone gone?' Henry face palms 'When you left they weren't our friends anymore. They've already blabbed to as many people as possible, and now we're in big trouble.' Bjorn walks to the keeper 'My friend! You've been tied up! That's awful...' The victim smiles 'Thanks, man. It's ok really. I just need to get used to it, I guess.' Gary looks up to the ceiling 'This is getting too weird for me, sorry.' Henry is as cool as ever 'We have to get as far away from here as possible. If anything, we need to leave the country. Things are out of our hands, now. How's everyone like the sound of retiring?' The SRK stamps his foot 'Never! What's happened to you?!' The cop joins the conversation 'What's wrong with taking things easy? It's always kill, kill, kill with you isn't it, Sausage? Bjorn may be excessive, but you can learn a lot from him!'

Henry nods 'Exactly. Now let's get back in the limo. Sorry to leave you tied up, man. Bye!' The five run out of the shop with their bags, in the rain, to see a straight row of other shops and a cash machine by the fish place's sides. On the other side of the road are more shops of various shapes and sizes. The traffic is moderate and pedestrians run all over the place shouting things such 'Help!' Right in front of them is a parked, black limo with its windows tinted. Henry gets in the driver's seat, Bjorn sits next to him, and the other's get in behind them. It's certainly very fancy inside. Why would someone just give it away? Bjorn must be REALLY friendly, I think that's clear. Anyway, behind the leather front seats are two long sofas going across the vehicle's sides. In the middle of the area is a table with snacks on it.

Henry turns to the back passengers and comments 'Ok, let's go. Hiding won't be easy, but I've got contacts who can help me. Maybe it would be best to visit my friends in Wales. So yeah, then we can just chill out for a while. Maybe for years, maybe longer than that.' Bjorn replies 'Sounds good. Just keep asking people for their cars and dump them so it's harder for us to be traced. I think that's how it

works.' Henry nods 'Good plan.' He turns on the radio. Captain Mental is heard 'Hello. I'm interrupting this broadcast to tell everyone to look out for The Sausage Roll Killer and his criminal gang. We know where he is for now at least, he's by the country's best fish shop, you know the one. We're doing everything we can to stop them. I assure you, their rampage is coming to an end! Now, back to the Spice Girls - my favourite!' Bjorn turns the radio off. 'Why did he say the SRK's gang? It's Henry's gang...' Henry gives a dramatic nod. 'Ex-actly! Stupid moron.' Henry starts the car and pulls off.