

It's still sunny, but a little darker! Peaceful green fields go on for a mile or two. Far in the distance and in all directions are walls of trees. A lone pub is next to a forest. In the middle of the area is a poorly made wooden sign pointing upwards, with the words 'minimum speed limit 500 mph, lolz!' on it. Countless birds in tiny handcuffs lie on the ground, tweeting helplessly. A tiny white object in the clear sky wizzes all over the place at incredible speeds before quickly slowing down and landing by the notice. It's Epic Dave, he's wearing white robes, he has a white bag on his back, and he has 'Epic Dave' written on his clothes. A peace symbol is tattooed on the tip of his nose. In his hand he carries a struggling robin. He shakes his bag off and the backpack falls on the grass. With his one free hand, he opens the bag, retrieves a tiny handcuff, then places them on the bird. ED comments to himself 'Sorry little fella, but rules are rules. You have to fly a lot faster around these parts nowadays, I'm afraid...'

An egg zooms past Dave at head height. In mere seconds, it almost disappears from view. The superhero shouts at it 'Hey! You there! You need to fly faster! How fast are you going, fifty??' The man puts his bag back on and darts to the egg in a flash. The egg stops midair and turns to face Dave who is now standing. The egg is annoyed 'Hello? Is there a reason you've chased after me?' Dave sighs 'You know how fast you're supposed to fly around here?' The egg is cool 'No...' ED replies 'At least 10 times faster than you were going, at LEAST!' The egg is defiant 'Oh come on, the laws are silly! People are starting to rebel!' ED replies 'Yeah? Well I've prosecuted dozens of birds already, and deep down I know I should arrest you. Now how do you cuff an egg?...' The egg chuckles 'Persecuted, more like...' ED snarls 'See my clothes? What colour are they?' The egg is confused 'White?...' ED replies 'Damn straight. And what does white represent?' The egg is still confused 'Good?' ED raises his head in superiority 'Right.'

The egg stares through Epic Dave 'Come on. I know who you are, I've heard the stories. You've tripped over people walking their dogs, and when they complained, you blamed it on the pets! You've stolen from people sleeping on trains, you've graffitied your name on the same people, do I need to go on?' ED stops looking superior 'Well, I'm not like that anymore, explaining the change of clothes. I've actually spent a fair amount of time saving lives in third world countries, but when I heard the UK was in crisis, I decided to come back and do good here, instead.' The egg is still confused 'By arresting birds?' ED nods 'Yes.' The egg continues 'Sounds a bit crazy to me...' ED replies 'I have to admit I've been in a BIT of a daze recently as I never thought this great country could ever turn into THIS, but I do know what I'm doing... You believe in me, right? I mean I AM helping?? At least in a way? I have to be honest, sometimes I think I don't know what I'm doing at all...'

The egg bops up and down with respect 'Of course you do. Of course. Do you know what I'm doing around these parts?' ED is curious 'Go on...' The egg responds 'I've just come out of jail, after providing evidence against that damn James Ziegler. I've just been enjoying my freedom by having a bit of a fly.' ED moves closer to the egg in interest 'What prison did you come from? Not sealife prison? I mean you're not a fish, so...' The egg moves closer to Dave 'No, no, I came from a regular prison and I was in the people and egg unit. There, I met all sorts of characters, even a few egg gangsters. Scary eggs, I stayed away from them...' ED replies 'Huh. So what was the prison called?' The egg says 'It's called 'Men and

Birds Prison.’ Convicts about to be sent to the jail always think to themselves ‘Huh, I never knew there were prisons that have men AND women in them...’ then of course they find out it’s men and literal birds. And of course eggs.’

ED looks fascinated ‘That’s insane. Look, how about I teach you to fly as fast as me. Then I won’t have to arrest you.’ ED rubs his chin ‘No actually, if you can’t do it, I’ll let you off. You’re a good egg, I can sense it, but don’t tell a soul.’ The egg vibrates with joy ‘Really? You can teach me to fly as fast as you??’ ED replies ‘It’s worth a try. I’ll tell you what I’ll do. I’ll carry you in my hand as I go at full speed, then I’ll let you go. It’s like teaching someone to ride a bike!’ The Egg vibrates nervously ‘A bike going at near super sonic speeds?’ ED replies ‘It was how I was taught...’ The egg moves even closer with interest to the point it’s invading Dave’s space ‘Who taught you?’ Dave moves closer ‘I can’t tell you. Now let’s go!’ ED grabs hold of the egg and leaps straight up into the air like a rocket. Mere seconds later and from great heights, the egg hovers back down to the ground, little by little.

ED follows him at the same speed and coughs ‘Well, it was worth a try. Say, how about we go to that pub over there?’ ED points to the building. The egg nods ‘Sounds good to me, pal.’ ED walks in the building’s direction whilst the egg hovers by his side. ED starts a conversation ‘Lovely day...’ The egg says ‘Oh, definitely. Shame about all those poor birds, but rules are rules.’ ED responds ‘Aren’t birds related to dinosaurs or something? I don’t trust them.’ The egg says ‘Oh dinosaurs have been extinct for millions of years, you have to let these things go.’ ED replies ‘Yep, fair enough. Could dinosaurs fly?’ The egg is confused ‘I... don’t think so...’ ED continues ‘Oh. Why not?’ The egg says ‘I don’t know. Too big maybe?’ ED replies ‘Yep. I guess that makes sense. No wait, how do jumbo jets fly, then?’ The egg says ‘Jet engines?’ ED looks thoughtful ‘Of course. And dinosaurs didn’t have jet engines?’ The egg pauses for a while ‘... .. No, I don’t think so...’

Soon enough, the duo reach the pub and enter it. Inside, the floor is aged and wooden, as are the numerous scattered tables with four seats around each one. On the tables are menus. Three seated families watch a football match on a TV hanging from the ceiling. The bar area in the centre is also wooden, but the taps the drinks come out of? Metal! Similarly, the staff aren’t wooden, nor are the glasses on the bar. Which is good! You see countless people getting arrested for things they can’t possibly help, people are turning to fish and back to people and THEN you see wooden staff! How would you feel? The windows are also made of glass and have a rustic charm. A (wooden!) staircase at the end of the room leads upwards. ED speaks to his new friend ‘Take a seat, egg.’ The egg does so with Dave facing him. The latter picks up a menu. All of a sudden he slams it down in front of him. The egg backs away ‘What’s wrong?’ Dave bites his thumb ‘The things on the menu... you wouldn’t want them. Rubbish...’

The egg laughs ‘Come on, the food can’t be THAT bad!’ Dave swipes the menu off the table. The egg continues ‘You... really have strong feelings about the food??’ A strange old lady wearing a dress and what looks like a Slipknot mask (in this case, the face of bee) is heard walking down the stairs. ED and the egg turn to face her. The woman stares at the two ‘What’s the problem? Never seen an old lady wearing a Slipknot mask before?’ The egg is stunned ‘Well... no...’ The woman puts her hands on her hips and stops walking ‘You hear Slipknot are looking for a new

drummer? It will be me. Do you have a problem with that as wel...?' The lady widens her eyes 'Epic Dave? It's me, Keema Nan! What are you doing here? Why have you changed your clothes?' ED replies with a smile 'White represents kindness. I've turned over a new leaf.'

The lady walks to Dave's table, sits by his side and comments 'You've turned over a new leaf? Then I have, too. I only commit crimes occasionally, now. Who's your friend?' ED winks 'Would you like to introduce yourself, egg?' The egg bows down with respect 'I'm the Dominant Egg, but my friends call me Charlie.' The woman giggles 'You're Charlie Baldwin, right??' The egg is cheerful 'That's me!' The woman replies 'I knew it was you, I'm a huge fan of your films! So, I'm sitting with Epic Dave and the Dominant Egg... E D and D E. That's a palindrome!!' The egg laughs crazily. Epic Dave shakes his head 'Oh God, not palindromes again.' The woman smiles awkwardly 'Of course. It's getting old.' She takes off her mask, places it on the table and comments 'It gets quite hot wearing that mask all the time. That's what scares me, I'm not sure if I can handle playing a whole performance with it on. And the boiler suit, too? Eek...'

ED is curious 'Have you contributed to any of the band's songs?' Keema Nan speaks 'Oh yes, check these lyrics out... 'F you, F your friend, F your house, F your street, F your city, F your food, F your drink...' so... what do you think??' ED looks up in thought 'Yep... Sounds like a perfectly reasonably Slipknot song to me. You haven't deviated too far from the style and your lyrics were pretty deep, too.' Charlie says 'Would you like to feature in my podcast??' Keema Nan sighs 'I would, but sadly my record company wants to keep me a secret, at least for now. However, sometimes I blow my cover a little. People are suggesting Sepultura's drummer will be the new Slipknot drummer, nope it's me. Also, I'm kind of on the run from the law... You're not going to arrest me now that you're good, Dave? Not that you ever could, ha.'

Dave replies looking awkward 'No, I only have handcuffs for birds on me...' Keema Nan widens her eyes 'I'm sorry?' Dave continues 'It's just that whilst people at least TRY to obey the new laws, I noticed birds didn't seem to care at all, so I...' KN interrupts 'Well, they wouldn't...' Dave continues '... and well, you know... Right?' Charlie notices the families are staring at him and his small group. He whispers 'Keema, people are looking at you...' KN is equally quiet 'Oh no. I better go. It was nice meeting you.' She puts her mask back on and begins to exit the building. All eyes remain on her. Charlie coughs 'I think we should go, too. After we get something to eat maybe? I really am starving...' ED shouts 'NO!' Charlie is nervous 'Why not??' ED continues 'There are dark things on the menu, you really won't be interested.' Charlie laughs 'Come on, how dark can they be?? Let me see the menu.' ED replies 'Look, some people... sick people... freaks basically...' Charlie is weirded out 'Yes??' ED looks down 'Some people eat eggs. Ok?'

Charlie stares blankly. ED points to the TV. Everyone in the pub stares at it. On the program, a female news reporter sits behind a desk and speaks 'Hello. I am interrupting the football match to tell you some important news. Right, here goes... As it's not possible to send all those who break the speed laws to jail, no more such offenders will be jailed...' Everyone in the pub cheers. The reporter continues 'HOWEVER, they will be fined, instead. A million pounds. Each. If such offenders can't afford that, it's been suggested they should sell their houses, cars, and well...

everything they own. Now I know that will be hard for some people to take, but this is the price of democracy. I don't know about you, but never before have I felt so included in society. I hope that's how you feel, too.' The woman smiles, nervously.

The families in the pub and even the staff scream in outrage and throw tables, chairs, glasses, you name it everywhere. Charlie speaks quietly 'We need to get out of here, right now.' ED nods in silence. The two leave their seats and exit the building. Back in the sun, the hero and superstar stroll away from the foodery like nothing has happened. ED is calm 'Just keep acting natural. It can't be found out that we've let everyone destroy a whole building, because it WILL be destroyed. Those people were mad as hell.' The egg replies 'What are you going to do about the birds you shackled? Won't they like... starve to death?' ED replies 'Good point. I guess I have some work to do...' Charlie replies 'Well, it's been great meeting you, but I really must go back to the life I was leading. Would YOU like to feature in my next podcast??' ED gives a thumbs up 'Sure!'