

The weather is still flippin' grey, and the SRK is sitting on the nice and green grass, by a calming loch, (I think they're exactly the same as lakes but more secure or something), with hills in front of him in the distance. The super villain apparently talks to himself 'Internal ghost of Gary the Sneaky Sardine, how do I poison this water, so I can reap my vengeance on the world?' The SRK's eyes go white as he looks up to the sky, as if possessed. (Which he is). He then speaks with a squeaky voice, possibly for Gary's own amusement 'Sausage, you know that I, Gary, king of the fish experts, am much smarter than you, to put it mildly. You must do what I say, or you'll get caught immediately because you can't control yourself when you're around pretty much everyone, to be honest.'

The SRK's eyes go back to normal, but he still looks up. Perhaps just out of habit, or maybe he's trying to sneeze. I like sneezing, too. He continues talking to himself 'Just tell me what you want me to do, Gary...' He looks possessed again 'Poison the water by chanting this Latin phrase 'Qui biberit aquam illos columbae'. His eyes go normal 'What does it mean?' (White eyes, again). 'It means 'Turn those who drink this water into pigeons.' (Normal eyes). 'Are you sure it doesn't mean something like 'He that shall drink water, they, with dove'? (Weird eyes). 'You know online translators. They're not very good.' (Normal eyes). 'Okey dokey, I'll chant the phrase at the water, then...'

The SRK stands up with his hands on his hips. He talks to himself 'Yeah... This is so badass. Everyone's going to turn into dumb pigeons because of me. I've never felt so alive!' He chants the phrase over and over with a deep voice. He then growls 'No one can stop me!' He does a little dance, but trips over his own feet and crashes in the loch/lake/lock. Maybe I should simply call it 'water' to avoid any confusion. No, actually I'm going to keep calling it a loch. Makes me sound like I know my geography. Anyway, there are huge and angry splashes as the monster tries to get back to land. A loud expletive is heard that rhymes with 'hit'. The SRK climbs out and shakes the water off him. He looks possessed yet again, etc., etc. 'Sausage... Why did you dry yourself off that way?' 'What way?' 'Like a pigeon...' 'I didn't... I just... Did a little shake, that's all...'

The SRK stares at his hands in horror 'My hands... They're growing feathers...' The ghost of Harry the Sneaky Salmon is heard somewhere nearby 'Sausage, you're turning into a bird. There's no shame in it, you'll just have to start living your life a little differently from now on...' The SRK stamps his foot 'No!' The SRK face palms to find he now has a feathery face. And beady eyes. And a beak. THAT'S horrifying. Henry is heard again 'If you want to look scary, now you REALLY do...' The SRK is calm 'I see. I see...' His pigeon face frowns 'I'm going to kill you! This is YOUR fault!' The SRK swipes at the ghost's general direction with his wings. 'Come here!!' In a flash, the SRK shrinks in size and becomes a full blown bird, indistinguishable from any other.

Amazingly, the bird man can still speak English, he just coos in-between words 'I bet, cooo, you're loving, cooo, this, aren't you, coo?' Henry laughs 'No! Coo.' The pigeon flaps its wings manically 'I'm going to kill you! Understand?? You're dead!' Gary is heard 'Do you think I like being part pigeon?? I was once a gangster. I was feared and respected. Now look at me.' Henry comments coolly, 'Look, Sausage... Fly around the lakes. You'll enjoy it, I promise you. This is a start of a whole new life...'

And you can still poison the water if you can talk. And who would ever suspect a pigeon??' Henry gets ignored. The evil bird takes to the skies, to see other birds approaching him. The animals fly around in circles and the SRK copies them. One tweets to him, yet the SRK pigeon can somehow understand him...

'Those damn police robots killed our friends. We're going to get back at Mental and his criminal gang. Are you with us?' The SRK speaks in English 'Sure... What are your plans, coo?' The bird replies 'Ah, you speak English? Very nice. Anyway, we're all going to poo on the police and everyone involved with them. It's not much, but it's the best we can do to honour the dead...' The SRK replies 'Ha. I'm going to KILL the police...' The bird continues 'Wow... That makes me feel small... Hey... What's with the tattoo of a sausage roll on your beak?' The SRK continues 'It's a long story.' The bird responds 'Ok. Want to poo on people, now?' The SRK does a small pigeon cough 'As I said, I have bigger plans. Talk to you later...' The birds nod then fly away.

The SRK keeps flying round and round 'Hm. Not sure why I'm doing this.' He then spots a couple of people approaching the same spot he was sitting on 'Hope you don't fall in...' The bird flies off into the distance and comments to himself 'Actually, this IS pretty cool'. By another lake, the SRK spots podcasting legend, James, doing a spot of fishing. The bird comments 'What's that freak doing here?' The bird lands behind the celebrity. Oblivious, James talks to himself, bitterly 'God I hate Dan. I spent a month in jail and it was all because of him. Not me, him. Not even fishing can calm me down, what's wrong with me??' The pigeon jumps on James's shoulder. The latter turns around and screams 'Pigeon! Now I can get back at the animals with no one recording me!' James stands up and clenches his fists 'Think you're better than me because you can fly??'

The pigeon flies up in the air and hovers above the radio host. He then poos on his head. James rages and throws his equipment in the water 'Aaaaarggh!!!' The bird dashes away. Soon enough, lakes become suburbs. The high up view shows a few roads surrounded by trees and houses, and graffiti seems to be on the buildings. But rather than the roads being straight or even curved, this time they zigzag with harsh angles. THAT'S creativity. It makes driving there a little dangerous, but as long as people don't go too fast, they should be fine. The pigeon version of the SRK spots the man in white on his slow moving motorbike, with the butcher on the back. ED hovers by their sides. The SRK poos on them, too, making them come to a standstill. The man in white snarls 'That keeps happening!' ED laughs it off 'It seems people have a problem with heroes, round here. The police have gone through some terrible things, lately. I'll sort that damn bird out...'

ED flies to the evil pigeon and tries to start a conversation with it 'Cooo, coo, cooo'. (I'll translate that for you): 'What's your problem, buddy??' The hero gets ignored, as the bird flies above Dave and poos on HIM. It's starting to get ridiculous now, and the bird is running out of 'ammo'. ED goes red 'Coooo!' ('Apologise, now!') The pigeon tells ED to (expletive) off in human language. ED hovers level with the bird and snarls 'I should zap you like a bug!' The pigeon laughs 'What like the robots zapped most of the bird population here to death? What is it with you so called 'goodies' and animal cruelty?' ED coughs 'I don't know...' The bird replies coolly 'Hypocrite'. ED scratches his head 'Wait... Why have you got a tattoo of a sausage roll on your beak?' The bird continues 'Does it intimidate you?' ED frowns 'I wouldn't say that, it

makes you look like scum’.

The bird looks down ‘You might want to check on your friends. A car has crashed into them at a slow speed. Damn blind corners. Anyway, got to go. Cheers.’ ED wizzes down to his chums. The standing MiW is fine if annoyed with his smashed ride, but the butcher explains he broke his leg when he fell off. (Well someone broke it for him). However, he has managed to crawl to one of the houses with graffiti written on it. It’s an absolutely incredible palindrome: ‘13243534231’. A very interesting pattern, no? The on foot car driver should be apologising to his victim, but he can’t stay away from the numerical writings, either. ED screams at the two ‘Get away from the graffiti, now! You don’t know what you’re doing!’ He gets ignored, so he drags them both away, with necessary superhuman strength. The man in white nods.

Now facing the hero, the crawling butcher and poor driver are safe from temptation. Even so, the butcher goes on a crazy rant ‘Those numbers, those numbers! Wow! If I could, I’d stare at them all day!’ ED growls ‘Snap out of it! You’re ruining your life!’ The man in white points in the air and everyone looks. He comments in amazement ‘It’s the one green and four pink helicopters! It’s the granny’s gang coming to save everyone!’ ED scratches his head ‘Why are they opening their doors?... Oh no! Take cover!’ The butcher screws his face up ‘Why?’ ED continues ‘Just do it!’ Everyone jumps to the ground (apart from the butcher who was already on it) with their hands on their heads. ED sighs ‘They’re throwing knives, forks and spoons everywhere!’ The butcher is dumbfounded ‘Why??’ ED responds ‘A sick recurring prank. Ignore them.’

Cutlery lands all around and onto the foursome like clanging rain, for a painful few seconds. Once everything is over, the butcher crawls back to the graffiti. ED shakes his head ‘No! Not again!’ He drags the cook away. Now the driver dashes to the writings. ED sighs ‘I’m sorry I have to do this...’ He then karate chops the two on the head, knocking them out. ED looks down ‘It was my only choice...’ The man in white’s mobile rings. He answers it ‘Hello?... A couple of people by a lake who enjoy sipping its water have grown feathers and now like pecking things?... What do you want me to do?... You don’t know?... Well, I don’t know either... Just tell them things could be worse, they could have turned into pizzas! That’s not fun... Imagine the horror of people licking you to death and not being able to stop... Right, nightmare. Anyway, got to go...’

ED looks puzzled ‘Why have they grown feathers? And why did that pigeon have a sausage roll tattoo on his beak? And why the HELL could he speak English?... Something funny’s going on here...’ The man in white shrugs his shoulders ‘No idea, bro. Let’s just find the Sausage Roll Killer before all hell breaks loose.’ ED nods ‘What are we going to do with the butcher and the driver?’ The man in white rubs his chin ‘We need to heal them. How’s your Latin?’ The ED tuts ‘What is it with Latin and good and evil? I’m really starting to get freaked out by how easy it is to end all humanity...’ The man in white gives a thumbs up ‘I’m just as scared as you are. And online translator is easily available! Even phrases that are complete gibberish seem to work, which is really shocking.’ ED frowns ‘Ok, let’s chant the Latin.’