

Everything is red. Sirens and rushing winds are heard. Blinded, Sexy Moon Bazooka shouts to the two nurses who are hanging onto him, tight. 'We're falling at an uncontrollable speed because my cast booster has malfunctioned and I'm experiencing red-out! Can you hear me??' The nurses respond in unison 'Yes, but I can't see either! I thought red-out only happens when you accelerate REALLY fast downwards!' SMB tries to keep his cool 'That's an interesting point. On second thoughts, I think my leg cast booster has set us on fire. That would explain the unbearable pain.' A nurse is calm 'Are we going to die??' SMB is still cool 'No. There is still hope. Cast, blast us upwards right now! REPEAT, BLAST US UPWARDS!' The trio shoot upwards and slowly regain their vision. They then hover, fairly still as the booster burns faintly. It is seen that they are high above the scattered clouds and the hospital is just about seen to be on fire. The town turn is still bustling. SMB is relieved as he grips his crutches tight 'I think the fast acceleration has put the flames out.' Despite the prior flames and such, everyone looks more or less completely fine and even well dressed, SMB is just a bit red.

A nurse points to a strange man on what seems to be a magic carpet zooming towards her at an unbelievable speed. 'What in the world is that??' SMB shakes his head in disbelief 'It's Captain Mental and his special bed. He's coming to save us all...' The nurse replies 'What about your bodyguards, what about the DJs and indeed everyone inside the hospital? What about them?' SMB replies 'I'm sure Mental has already thought of something.' Mental is approaching so rapidly it seems he is about to crash into the three. They all screw their faces up and close their eyes, tight. They slowly open them to see Mental hovering just a couple of feet away. The policeman is friendly 'Hey'. SMB sheds a tear 'The people in the hospital... you have to do something. Also, when word about me leaving everyone gets out, can you make up some lie about me please?'

Mental smiles 'You did all you could. Well, maybe you made your decision to leave the area a little bit sooner than necessary as from what I can tell the hospital is still far from obliterated, but on the plus side you were thinking quickly.' SMB grins, relieved 'Yeah! On a different note, does my face look burned to you? I was on fire.' Mental is reassuring 'A bit red, but nothing to worry about. Your clothes are in good condition too, they must be expensive.' SMB nods 'Oh very. Anyway, we HAVE to stop the evil cat, AKA Prime Minister Whiskers. HE was the one who bombed the hospital!' Mental replies 'I know.' SMB continues 'If some people defending the pet make the argument that fire is completely natural and just a part of nature, as are bombs, we'll just have to start a REAL hate campaign against the animal. I just can't see what could be worse than trying to kill hundreds of innocent people!'

Mental sighs 'I know this will be a huge betrayal for you, but Whiskers isn't who he said he was. He's actually the cat form of Barry the Sneaky Sushi...' SMB's jaw drops open 'A relative on Henry?' Mental replies 'Exactly'. SMB frowns 'I took him in! I fed him! I stroked him and said 'Good kitty!'' Mental is sad 'I know.' The officer tries to be positive 'You know what animal lovers hate?' SMB still looks dumbfounded 'What?' Mental continues 'People who eat fish. If Whiskers bombing a hospital isn't enough for people, we could say the cat eats fish alive. I mean sushi is served raw, right? So that means alive? Sounds fair enough to me.' SMB winks 'That's terrible!' Mental chuckles 'Yeah. Stupid cat.' A nurse speaks 'This conversation is really weird.' The other agrees 'Remember when normal things used to happen around here? I

remember when someone who had a bike stolen appeared in the news... It was just a year ago.'

SMB ignores the two 'What if our scheme is perceived as manipulation? That will only make me more unpopular.' Mental sighs 'I see the headlines: Sexy Moon Bazooka leaves everyone to die than spreads hate campaign about cat. Or even worse, they'll be calling you 'Shifty Moon Bazooka'.' SMB is outraged 'SHIFTY Moon Bazooka??' Mental composes himself 'Look, I'll use my bed's psychic function to find out what they'll be saying about you. Bed, what will happen if we lie about Whiskers?' The bed replies 'People will say sushi isn't served alive and that you're a lying prick.' Mental is annoyed 'All that psychic energy wasted for that? We should have asked the bed something deeper.' SMB looks down 'We should have asked the bed what to do in this situation.' Mental replies 'There's time for that later I guess. I'll charge the bed up when I get home.' The nurses chuckles 'Noobs.' SMB is grumpy 'We are NOT noobs.'

SMB widens his eyes 'Argh, I forgot my booster will be running out of fuel. Mind if we stand on your bed?' Mental laughs 'Of course not!' SMB dives onto the furniture as he kicks his cast off and the nurses hold onto him as tight as ever, if not more so. He then pulls himself up with his crutches as the nurses stand. The cast is seen getting higher and higher until it disappears. Mental is surprised 'Could you have got on my mattress less dramatically?' SMB is defiant 'No. I'm Sexy Moon Bazooka, a man who...' Mental completes his sentence 'Gets the job done?' SMB nods 'Right.' Mental is polite 'Well the important thing is you're safe.' SMB is impressed 'It's a very good bed, you know?' Mental responds 'Yes, I'd use it all the time, but I get funny looks...'

SMB nods 'Anyway, the cat. We'll have to kill him.' Mental is concerned 'But he has so many bodyguards...' A nurse joins the conversation 'We could take him to the vet. Then we put him down.' Mental replies 'We'll need a convincing reason to do so...' The other nurse speaks 'Stomach issues are very common for cats. We feed it the popular brand 'Tom's Tasty Mega Yum Yums' but it's poisoned and the vet is an assassin.' SMB is confused 'Why not just poison him without the vet?' The Nurse's face lights up 'Even better!' SMB has a question 'How do we get close enough to poison him though?' Mental smiles 'You know how the Squeeze family can befriend anyone? We learn the skills for ourselves, get the guards to trust as then feed the cat the toxin. Then we make someone else a temporary Prime Minister whilst you heal from your wounds.'

SMB is positive 'I think a cockroach should be Prime Minister. We just need to attach wires to its brain and project its thoughts onto a scr...' Mental interrupts 'No. Let's just practice being excessively nice now... So... Sexy Moon Bazooka, I really like... your... shin...' SMB looks unimpressed 'Meh.' The nurses shout 'Keep trying!' Mental tries again 'How about... nice... alphabet... spaghetti... shoe... Oh this is hopeless!' The bed speaks 'Energy running low. Energy running low.' Mental goes white 'Oh no.' SMB laughs nervously 'What's it mean?' Mental is calm 'It means brace yourselves...' The bed plummets fast as SMB and the nurses scream. The beds falls through the clouds and towards the town. Mental closes his eyes and speaks 'Bed... take us to... errrr... somewhere...'

A blinding green flash lights up all surroundings. Suddenly it's very hot and the sound of crackling is heard. Once the strange, colourful light fades, it's seen the four are in the back of a burning, partially smoke filled room. Five rows of seats in the centre are all on fire, a vending machine at the side of the room is starting to melt and plants are burning to death. SMB sighs 'Well this is great isn't it? You've teleported us back in a hospital waiting room, the worst place imaginable.' Mental is sad 'It only gets worse I'm afraid. There isn't enough power to teleport again. Anyone fancy a can of pop? We can just take some.' SMB is desperate 'Oh so now we're going to die thieves? Is that what you're saying?' He looks down 'Your bed... Why isn't it burning?' Mental gives a sad smile 'It's made of something not of this Earth. Now that we're all going to die, I can tell you the truth...'

A helicopter is faintly heard. A nurse jumps for joy 'This room is the highest in the hospital, there is a chance we can be saved by the rescue teams! I hear them coming!' SMB sighs 'Oh great. First we leave people here to die, then we go back to this hell hole and get rescued! I'm just wondering if there's anything we could do to make things worse. We can rob the place as Mental suggested, or maybe we could start MORE fires. I'll get to kicking the walls down right now!' SMB marches to the wall and attacks them with his feet, hard. Mental tuts 'Look Sexy, I know this is embarrassing, but everyone makes mistakes...' SMB continues kicking and shouts 'Mistakes??? Mistakes??? This has been nothing but a complete disaster! Come on, kick the place down with me, we can do this!'

Mental groans 'Look, if you're going to destroy something, destroy the ceiling so the helicopters can find us...' SMB keeps kicking 'I'd rather die!' Mental continues 'Fine.' The cop picks up a burning seat and throws it forcefully at the ceiling. Bits of it fall to the ground. The nurses join in. SMB looks to the three, finally sees sense, and starts throwing the objects as well. The centre of the roof starts to give way and the four move back to the walls, safe(-ish) from danger. Now sunny skies are seen again along with a chinook helicopter not so high above. Mental and the nurses jump up and down as SMB crosses his arms. The former three people shout as loud as the possibly can 'Hey!! You there!! We're here!!'

The helicopter slowly gets lower. Its door opens and a man in camouflage throws a rope-ladder out of it for those trapped to climb. Soon enough, the ladder gets close enough to do so. SMB is defiant 'I'm not leaving.' Mental laughs 'Come on, don't be silly!' SMB growls 'Fine. But we can't leave your bed here, it's far too special.' Mental agrees 'I'll leave last, I'll carry the thing with me, it's surprisingly light. As I said, not of this Earth...' SMB responds 'Fine, whatever. Ladies first. At very least I can claim to have done at least one good thing.' The nurses agree and get climbing. SMB climbs next, then Mental puts the mattress under his arm and climbs with his other. It's not long before everyone is in the chopper and its door gets shut.

It's very spacious inside, if featureless and metallic. It's like one large, boring and noisy room. Dozens of cramped together nurses/patients/possible hospital trespassers, etc. sit crying. The bed leans upright against a wall. The standing soldier seen a few moments ago has a question 'What's with the bed?' Mental is awkward 'It just means a lot to me, that's all.' The soldier is curious 'You like it so much, you risked your life saving it? What can it do?' SMB butts in 'You wouldn't believe him if he told you. Look, it's very important to me if you don't tell anyone what

just happened, with you saving me from a burning building and me not doing much to help people and all. Say, has anyone ever told you... you have... nice... duck.... bird....? Oh forget it.'