

One Screwy Day 27

by

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The Sausage Roll Killer is legging it through grey sky streets on the road in a pink skirt. It's cruel and unusual punishment, for sure. I should have pointed out what he was wearing in OSD 26, but due to all the explosions and exciting drama, I forgot. Whoops. Anyway, he is constantly checking his back, with rows of detached houses by his sides. Numerous cars are parked on the curbs. He is about 20 meters from a blind corner. Well, now its 22 meters. I mean 24. Well you get the idea. From the turn, a van approaches him at around 20 miles per hour. He fully turns to face it. He shrieks as loud as he can whilst jumping up and down 'JIBBLE JABBLE JIBBLE JABBLE!!!' This causes the vehicle to crash straight into a house. The driver then jumps out of the now part-mangled but still running transport and run for his life, screaming his head off 'NOOOOO!!!!!!!! GOD, NO!!!!!!!!'

Out of breath, the SRK sprints to the abandoned van and leaps into it. The insides are a little dull, but it's better than prison. A lot better. The SRK is clearly very, very upset and many swear words are uttered, but there are no opportunities to change clothes, yet. And he's getting naked for no one. A mobile phone is on the passenger seat. He puts the pedal to the metal and accelerates at a furious speed. In about 10 seconds, he's doing at least 30 mph. Soon the streets are replaced with those winding, tree-heavy roads with occasional cottages. He parks in the muddy Charltonham National Park car park. Perhaps because of the area's recent link to crime and general notoriety, he is on his own. A thick row of trees is still behind it. Well they would be. I'm not sure why deforestation would take place after a crime, but the plants are worth mentioning again for the sake of making things simple to read. (Right? That's a genuine question).

Moving on, the SRK has a call to make. He's still quite angry and says one last... Well use your imagination. 'Henry?... Are you there, Henry?... Hm. That's not like him. He's usually so reliable and easy to get hold of...' He hangs up and places the mobile down 'I guess I could phone his twin, instead... Now what's the number for Gary the Sneaky Sardine? Oh yeah'. The SRK dials again 'Hello, Mr. Backus, it's the Sausage. I kinda just broke out of jail. To be honest, I don't know what happened. One minute I was chilling in my cage, the next I crashed to the ground and ran for my life through fire and smoke. I actually have no what idea what happened, whatsoever. I couldn't even hear anything for a while because of all the noise. It was great... You want me to come round your house?... Ok, excellent. But there's one thing I must explain first... I'm kind of wearing a pink dress. It's not my choice believe me. The police are sick!... Ok, see you later...'

The SRK places the phone down again and talks to himself 'I wonder if I can trust Gary... I really don't know him well. Word on the street is he's almost exactly the same as his twin, but all I've heard are rumours...' The SRK rubs his chin whilst looking out the windows, intensely 'I know...

I could win his respect and get him to like me by stealing some sardines for him. Try 'getting rid of me' then. He absolutely LOVES the fish. He must do, otherwise why call himself what he does?... I suppose he could be crazy. Actually word on the street is he IS crazy... Hm. Well I'm getting him some sardines, anyway.' The SRK has some more driving to do. Fortunately, the Charltonham specialty fish shop isn't so far away. As he drives, he opens a window and throws the phone as far away as he can.

The SRK has just stopped in the CSFS car park, which is far (infinitely in fact) busier than the last one visited. That's annoying, as the Sausage knows all ten or so eyes will be on him and his Goddamn pink dress. Facing his fears, he leaves the smashed and now slightly burning van and walks to the three-storey tall shop's entrance in as manly a way as possible. Unfortunately for him, his attempt at compensation fails and he gets laughed at. Inside the establishment things are no better, but at least the items on sale are safe and predictable, as explained by a staff member who looks amused yet frightened. Here, behind the checkout, three, 10 meter wide neighbouring passageways are seen extending indefinitely forwards with shelves on their sides. They go from the 5 meter high up ceiling to the floor. The many ladders are climbed by two shoppers with enthusiasm. The SRK approaches the passage on the left. Seen stacked with labels close by are African Glass Catfish, African Lungfish, Aholeholes, etc. Whether the sale of all the fish here is legal sounds highly unlikely, the fact they're all now dead and packaged for eating is particularly troubling. I don't understand it either, but all of Charltonham sounds a little funny to me.

The killer laughs to himself 'Ha. If I didn't know better, I'd say all the fish in the world are sold, here. What a strange place to put a mega store. I guess it's a bit of a secret as some of these fish are definitely illegal'. (Yep, I agree). A lot of time goes by. After a bit of swaggering through another straight passage and a bit of growling deeply to a family in front of him, the SRK reaches the sardine section. No ladders need to be climbed as they are perfectly grabable on foot. Maybe he can get some Sargassum Fish, too. No. He has to be sensible. He picks up the treats and puts them under his dress with no emotion on his his face. That alone makes him look shifty, but no one is looking anyway, so it's fine. Why are there no CCTV cameras? Obviously because the police are so trusted. He continues trekking; he flexes his biceps; talks about how much he likes football and rugby; and says how much he's looking forward to having a nice cold beer. Soon he's in the carpark and is boasting about all the people he's beaten up in mixed martial arts contests. Still people laugh at him and call him a girl. He rips the van door open and drives away.

As he rides a now front-blazing vehicle along a different peaceful country road with trees by its sides, he spots a large iron gate in front of him, in the distance.

Soon enough, it's not so distant which is lucky as the SRK may not have long to live. Behind that is an extensive gravel pathway and more impressively, a mansion. Tall stone statues of sardines are scattered. Silly, I know. He leaves the vehicle with a singed dress and presses a button on the left of the first entrance. He then talks into a speaker 'Hi there, Gary. I got some sardines for you...' After a short pause, the gates open. He gets back in the fireball and drives on and off to the very large house. He gets out again, takes his can of fish from his clothes and knocks on the door. It opens to reveal a 60 year old man in a blue tuxedo. He speaks with a warm tone 'Hello, my friend, nice car. I bet your cold in that girl's dress.' The SRK nods with respect 'You have no idea.' 'Would you like a new suit? As a well earned gift for escaping?' The SRK gives Gary a businessman-like hug 'That is so kind of you. Here, take my food.'

Gary smiles 'Ah. My favourite. Come inside. Let's talk work.' The SRK rubs his hands with enthusiasm and shuts the door 'Great!' The two walk through the long, gold and silver wallpaper hallway featuring more statues. With two other entrances by his side, Gary opens one in front of him to reveal a huge dining room. In it, fancy chandeliers hang. The two face the long side of an extensive table with a white cloth, napkins and incredible utensils on it. It seats around 40 but the two are alone. The house owner comments with respect 'Take a seat.' The SRK does so as the gangster walks round the room to sit facing him. He places down his gift and clasps his hands on the furniture. 'So... Why did you contact me?' An explosion is heard from outside. It gets ignored. The SRK sighs 'Unfortunately I was unable to contact your brother Henry. I wanted to give him a gift for old time's sake and talk of new schemes. I sort of forgot to buy one, soz.' Gary looks concerned 'Hm. That's funny. He's always so reliable.' The murderer looks blank 'I was thinking the exact same thing. Anyway, how about we get busy on a new sausage roll costume so I can go on another rampage?'

Gary nods 'That IS a good idea, but my priority must go to family. Let's see if I can get hold of him.' He retrieves his mobile from his pocket whilst looking serious. He dials a number 'Hm. He's still not picking up.' The SRK looks solemn 'I don't know if he did or not, but it's possible Henry the Sneaky Salmon busted me out of jail. All I know is, I asked someone to get his help and the next thing I know, the police station is completely obliterated. Maybe your brother has been caught by the police.' Gary sighs 'It seems to me like one of his bazookas was used.' The SRK replies, looking down 'Do you think... maybe... the robot that was guarding me could have blown up Henry?'

Gary shakes his head 'No, no, no. That doesn't sound correct at all. On the subject of robots, according to my sources, they can build things ten times faster than people can. Watching them is quite incredible. However, they're getting cocky and say they should be in charge of the police'.

The killer is intrigued 'Why?' The oddball continues 'They keep letting felons get away; they're too focused on pizza; they don't work hard at all; they're constantly silly; they can't handle being called names; all sorts of reasons, really. One wonders how long the droids will be employed with that attitude.' The SRK butts in 'Maybe the forces will employ the robots to do everything, whilst they sit back and do nothing?' Gary looks impressed 'Yes. That's exactly what I wanted to hear from you. I agree. I gave you a test. With more armed bots on the streets, you dressing up as a sausage and mowing people down isn't going to be as simple as it was a few months ago.' The SRK looks thoughtful 'I'll think of something'.

Gary smiles 'Forgive me. Do you mind if I eat some of my sardines, now?' The SRK widens his eyes 'Sure... Go ahead.' Gary picks up a fork and stabs it violently into the can, making juice fly everywhere. He speaks with an eerie calm as he peels off the sliced up parts of the lid from the centre 'Excellent'. He proceeds to eat a sardine. After he gulps it down, he speaks again 'Let me just Gooblebooble the news with my phone. Hopefully my brother hasn't done anything stupid.' The crook does so. There is a pause and then a teardrop falls from his eye. Sausage looks down 'Is he ok?' After more silence, Gary speaks coldly 'Henry is dead'. The SRK looks Gary in the eye intensely 'We must get vengeance.' Gary nods 'Obviously.' The latter stares more intensely. And certainly more evilly 'Tell me... Why didn't you do anything to save my brother?'

The SRK starts to shake. His confidence is gone 'With all due respect... Sir... if I knew he had been zapped, I would have fought that damn robot to the death. Again, at the time I didn't really know what had happened.' Gary pulls himself together but is still frosty 'It's ok. There's a way you can make it up to me. I want you to kill every damn robot that's working for the police. Then the police. When you're out doing so, I'm going to smash all my computers up. A war between man and machine has already started.' The SRK shakes some more 'But... We need computers... Not just for information but for recreational purposes'. Gary eats another sardine and continues 'Of course. You're a very wise man, my Sausage. And computers don't exactly kill people do they? Computers are fine. Gotta love video sharing sites and all, eh?'

The SRK rubs his hands more thoroughly this time 'So, about my new suit...' Gary eats again then replies with an offended but reasonable tone 'Sausage... How would you like to be known as the robot/cop killer instead?' Uncomfortable, the SRK backs away a little on his seat 'Umm... I don't know... I mean, it's not really me is it? Everyone knows me because of my chef hatred. I'm sorry, but I simply can't change my persona. Not for anyone. Please, accept my apology.' Gary is understanding 'Of course. You know I admire your dedication to your cause, even if I don't necessarily agree with it.' The SRK relaxes in his chair 'Thank you, my friend.' Gary replies 'Let's drive to Henry's house right now and get some weapons.'

Then I'll make you a new suit. I promise.' After eating another fish and wiping his mouth with a napkin, he leaves his seat. The SRK copies him. Gary smiles 'Come with me to that van of yours.' The SRK coughs 'Errr... Do you mind if we go in your car?' The house owner puts his hand on his acquaintance's shoulder 'Got you! I know it's exploded.'

After a bit of driving in a much better maintained BM double U, the duo reach the deceased's house. They stand on the gravel pathway with their hands on their hips. Gary breaks the silence 'Smash the door in.' The SRK scratches his head 'I'm not sure I have the strength...' Gary sighs 'I'll do it, then.' He does an incredible flying, spinning karate kick that brings to mind Ken/Ryu from Street fighter. The SRK's jaw drops open as the door smashes into pieces and splinters fly everywhere. The boss lands in the house with the grace of a ballerina and shouts 'Hadouken!', even though he didn't produce the expected fireball from his fists. He then comments nonchalantly 'That wasn't so bad was it?' The SRK gives an impressed thumbs up. The two walk through the messy hallway then enter the living room with the table, chairs, TV, dead budgie and of course, the bazookas.

Gary smiles at the SRK 'I really admire you, you know? The way you're going to risk your very life just to avenge me.' The SRK coughs 'I can't blow the droids up from a distance?' 'Yes, but there may be lots of them by now.' 'I'll be very careful.' 'No, it's almost certain death. You're very brave.' 'But I'll have lots of ammo, right?' 'Yes, but it won't be enough. They'll be robots everywhere. You legend.' 'Ahem... Maybe with the right planning...' 'No, no planning.' 'Why not?' 'It needs to be done ASAP...' 'Ok. But with the right common sense...' 'No. No common sense, either.' 'Why not?' 'Because you need... Er...' 'You want me to die, don't you?' 'No! I'm just saying.. Y'know...' The two continue arguing for a very, very long time...