

A thin 6 foot 5 man stands in a sunny field with his hands on his hips. He is eerily still and his face is stern. His clothes are tatty and covered in mud. In the field dozens of gerbils run free. Other gerbils seem to be having a great time in gerbil wheels, whilst others climb special small ladders that don't anywhere. But it's still fun. Fifty or so metres in front of him and fifty or so metres on both his sides is a continuous foot high wooden fence that separates the area from flat, grassy countryside peppered with trees. It goes on for as far as the eye can see. The man sighs, content 'Ahhh. This is living. Time to check the news again, I guess.' The man retrieves a mobile phone from his pocket, taps a few buttons and coldly reads from the screen 'There has been a breakout of Sealife Prison? Excellent. Then all I have to do is wait...' He puts the phone away and exhales deeply.

A gerbil playfully bites the back of the man's ankle. He turns to face the animal and chuckles 'There's a good gerbil. Now play in the wheels, you cheeky little scamp.' Now in front of him are a few more metres of field and beyond that is the entrance of a huge three story tall, oblong shaped building. On top of it and on the outskirts, is a short wall of upright and horizontal metal poles. By the building's sides are more field and more fence. And of course, more gerbils. The man comments to himself once more 'Something tells me everything is going to be ok.' From behind, a loud whooshing sound is heard that quickly comes to a stop. The man casually turns back to see a blue-glowing Ryu, and the blue soldiers with guns on their backs, Biff and Ken. The three repeatedly jump up and down (throughout the rest of this chapter in fact! They can fly, whereas I can see into the future) as Henry the Sneaky Salmon, Gary the Sneaky Sardine, and Bjorn Squeeze bow down with respect. The latter carries a goldfish bowl under his arm, with the fish SRK in it.

The dishevelled man smiles 'The mission has been a success, I see. Long time no see.' Henry smiles warmly 'Good to see you, Philip.' Philip looks puzzled 'It seems the SRK is still a fish...' Henry replies 'Yes, about that... These blue people here kind of cocked things up a bit and didn't bring enough special coffee.' Philip sighs 'Why doesn't that surprise me? And why are they blue?' Ryu is cheerful 'A side effect of the drug! It's some powerful stuff, it makes us jump up and down all the time. Annoying, but it can make us fly!' Philip stares through Ryu and growls 'Don't be cheerful towards me.' Ryu backs away 'Oh. If I can't be cheerful, can I at least be curious?' Philip replies 'What do you want?' Ryu 'The gerbils... Don't they like... run away? It seems like it's really easy to do here...' Philip stamps his foot 'They don't leave because they're happy here! Do you think I'm mean to my gerbils, is that what it is?? Never have I been so insulted!'

Henry puts his hand on Philip's shoulder and speaks softly 'Friend, Ryu is an idiot, but he means no harm'. Bjorn joins the conversation 'Exactly. He is one of the greatest people I've ever known. His flying is fantastic, too. He brought us all here and in super sonic time!' A weak voice comes from the goldfish bowl 'I hate Ryu, too.' Ryu laughs nervously 'Philip... Pal... I just want to get one thing out of the way... I have to...' Philip stares as hard as ever 'Yes?' Ryu looks down 'Me, Biff and Ken... We kinda... crashed your helicopter. How's that sound?' Ken shouts in a panic 'NO!' Philip scratches his head 'What was that?' Ryu responds 'I said...' Philip interrupts 'Because it sounded like you crashed my helicopter. My helicopter worth millions of pounds. Is it that what you said?' Ryu tries to keep his cool 'Yeah. So what do you think?'

Philip smiles malevolently 'Well. You know how I'm Philip the Angry Gerbil?' Ryu is curious 'Yes?' Philip continues 'Now I'm the really angry gerbil. Philip the raging gerbil. Philip the murderous gerbil in fact. How's that sound to you?' Ryu gulps 'Bad?' Philip nods 'Yes, very bad.' Biff smiles innocently 'There's more to life than helicopters. What about your gerbils?' Philip goes red "I WAS GOING TO GIVE MY GERBILS A TREAT BY GIVING THEM A HELICOPTER RIDE! HOW THE FLIP AM I GOING TO DO THAT NOW?!?!' Biff, Ken and Ryu start to shed tears and speak in unison 'Please forgive us!!' Philip covers his face with his hands in extreme frustration 'You better find a way of repaying me or I'll treat the gerbils by feeding you to them, instead.' Ryu looks innocent 'Look... I was concerned you'd say something similar to me, so I've come up with a plan...'

Philip is intrigued 'Yes?' Ryu continues 'You may have noticed I'm in 2D. How many times have you seen THAT??' Philip taps his foot impatiently 'None?' Ryu gives a thumbs up 'Right! The media wants someone who is different and I'm that person. I could be a superstar! Then I give the money to you and we're all fab.' Philip is quick 'How can you be a superstar when you're on the run from the law?' Ryu concentrates hard 'Ummm... I grow a beard?' Philip looks fed up 'Well you keep on thinking about it. Moving on, now that you've all been freed, I was thinking of turning this great gerbil farm into the world's only gerbil-aquarium hybrid. With Henry and Gary's enthusiasm for fish and their skills in burglary, the skies are the limit! I already have an absolutely massive fish tank indoors, now all it needs is to be populated!' Henry's eyes light up 'I think I'm just as excited as you are, friend!' Philip shakes Henry's, Gary's and Bjorn's hands one by one. But no one else's.

Ken punches Biff in the face. Everyone stares at the two in disbelief. Eventually, Philip speaks 'What just happened?' Biff punches Ken. Philip speaks again 'Any ideas?' Ryu is thoughtful 'It could be because the coffee is making them paranoid...'

Ken shouts at Biff 'Why have you been reading my thoughts?!' Ryu comments 'Ahhh. There you go. Really if the gang are to be effective, we should treat their mental health problems...' Bjorn replies 'An excellent observation. However, getting a prescription will be next to impossible.' Gary joins the conversation 'Maybe they can stay mad... Just locked away forever in your basement...' Philip is cheerful 'That could work...' Ken laughs 'Imprison me?? I'm GOD now!' Gary tuts 'You're not God, you just can't handle your caffeine.'

Ken rages 'I can't handle my caffeine?? Well you can't handle my gun!' Jumping whilst trying to take the machine gun off his back is difficult, but Ken succeeds in the end. He shoots in the air whilst laughing hysterically. Then he runs out of ammo and stops laughing. Bjorn sighs 'I really do think we should do the right thing and end Biff and Ken's hells. Look, I know how and where Clozapine is made...' Henry is fascinated 'Go on...' Bjorn continues 'You'd think it's made from chemicals, it's actually made from owl poo.' Henry says 'No way...' Bjorn replies 'It's true. You see, owls are wise. They're not the kind of animals to go mad, so it actually makes complete sense their poo is wise as well.' Biff speaks 'Oh I'm mad and have to eat owl poo?' Bjorn is rational 'Exactly.' Biff grabs his weapon and fires in the sky, too. In seconds it's all over and the weapon gets dropped on the ground. Ken shrugs his shoulders and drops his gun, too. Bjorn says 'Great, no one has any more ammo. Anyway, the owls...

Philip ignores Bjorn and sighs 'Come inside, I have something to show you all.' He leads the way to the construction and opens the door to reveal a completely straight, red and gold carpet path that must go on for about a hundred metres. Every few feet on the floor are small, dim lights shining upwards. At the end of the room, there is an oak staircase that reaches the three storey tall ceiling. The roof is made of thick glass that lets in sunlight. On both sides of the room are huge aquariums that are as high as the ceiling. They're filled with water but no animals. Henry and Gary clap with respect. Henry comments 'That's some fish tank you've got there.' Philip replies 'Thank you. Just imagine it with salmon, sardines and everything else! And the staircase? It leads to an outdoors area where you can see the tank below you!' Bjorn looks slightly nervous 'Can I put the SRK in the aquarium, please? My arm's getting tired...' Ken laughs manically 'That's a great idea! I'll make a hole in the tank so you can put the Sausage guy in it!' Ken punches the glass repeatedly as Philip gazes in disbelief.

The latter speaks coolly as Ken makes awkward eye contact 'I swear to God, if you do that one more time, you're a dead man. You crash my helicopter and now you vandalise my home? You do realise I don't really need you anymore?' Ken clenches his fists 'I know you want to kill me! I'm not being paranoid, I know you do!' Philip looks confused 'Yes I do want to kill you. Look, I'll be reasonable, you won't see me like this again.' Now Ken looks confused 'Ok...' Philip continues 'Go to the owl place and get treated. I've been doing some very quick thinking. When you're all better, we can function as a real, genuine criminal gang. Right now we're a joke, quite frankly. How does THAT sound to you?' Ken nods 'Sounds pretty good actually...'

Biff jumps towards to Ken and punches him right in the head. He falls to the floor, covers his face and screams in agony 'You PRICK!' Eventually, he rises and stamps on Biff's foot. He screams louder. Philip looks impressed 'Well, that was very entertaining but now you've been impressed by my home, you have some medicine to get hold of. Good day.' Henry is polite and cautious 'Friend, we are on the run from the law and I don't think it's wise we raid an owl farm in the day. Would you be so kind as to let us rest here for a while? Here we can really plan things out. Ignore Ken and Biff, I'll knock them out for you if they can't knock themselves out. Biff, Ken, I want you to stand right in front of me.' In a daze, the two do so. Henry then bashes their heads together, making them lose consciousness.

Philip rubs his chin 'You're very smart. I admire that. So yeah, we're a gang of me - a driven yet extremely secretive business mogul who hates buying fish for himself; we have two soldiers who won't stay mad forever; an expert although dangerously underweight Street Fighter; two fish fanatics who will do anything to get their hands on the creatures; and the most charming man on Earth, who can befriend and manipulate anybody. However, the Sausage Roll Killer? What does he bring to the table? Maybe it would be best if we... maybe... put him in a sandwich, ate him and moved on?' A feeble scream comes from the SRK 'NO!' Philip replies 'And why not?...' The SRK continues 'Look, I'm a stone cold assassin who has already killed several chefs. No one is as brutal as me! Not as feared and respected! I can prove it! Just get me some of that coffee and I can prove it to you!'

Philip responds 'The thing is, it's not really feasible getting more Ultra Lazarus.' Bjorn

raises a finger in the air 'He could make quite a good pet...' Philip replies 'Fine. Place him on the floor, Bjorn.' Bjorn does so. Philip continues 'You lot want to do some planning, huh? Well why not plan in style? Trap door open!' A large square panel on the floor a few metres away slides to reveal a lit up staircase that goes downwards. The SRK gives another feeble scream 'You're not going to just leave me alone here are you??' Bjorn is sad faced 'It's either we leave you here in boredom or you become a burden and we're forced to eat you as a snack. Look, maybe we can find something just as strong as Ultra Lazarus to help you. Maybe we can find a shady chemist who can make his own coffee, but it would be extremely experimental so we can't say what will happen if you try some. Good day.' The group led by Philip walk down the stairs as Bjorn drags the two casualties.