

The skies are cloudy and the semi-covered sun is high above. Henry the Sneaky Salmon has bundles of hair sellotaped to his head, and is driving a military jeep at a moderate speed. Its back, kevlar covering has floppy, plastic windows to vaguely see out of. Gary the Sneaky Sardine is beside him. He has a hairy head, too. The equally hairy SRK sits cross-legged in the back, along with countless tins of fish. He bobs up and down with the occasional large jolt. Out of all windows, a burning town can be seen. Some buildings start to crumble. The SRK sighs 'Why did we have to steal a vehicle as uncomfortable as a jeep?' He gets ignored. Gary starts a conversation 'This hair you stuck on me really is getting annoying, Henry. Is it really the best disguise you could come up with?...' Henry tuts 'You're not moaning again are you? Just respect the fact I raided a barber's in broad daylight with nothing but a knife and got away with it.' Gary rolls his eyes 'WE raided, brother. WE raided'.

Henry shakes his head 'Let's just put the radio on...' Henry presses a button on the dashboard. Captain Mental is heard 'Hello! Scotland! I've been told to apologise to you for spoiling your town. Let me do so in the best possible way that I can... With a song! Here's a number I wrote called 'Do you really think I want all those crisps?' The SRK snarls 'I can't stand this moron...' Mental continues 'I can only pray that the SRK and his gang are listening, right now. I'm not scared! No one is!' Sad chords are strummed on an acoustic guitar. Mental sings 'Do you REALLY...' Henry turns the radio off and growls 'The SRK's gang?? It's MY gang!'

Gary nods with respect. Henry continues 'Anyway, when we finally get out of this hellhole, we can see Bjorn Squeeze, his three sons Cheeseburger, Lightbulb, and Potato Chip, and his daughter Cellphone.' The SRK is confused 'Cellphone?' Henry replies 'Well, Mr. Squeeze is Norwegian. He doesn't know the difference between the English and American language. It's a bit late, now. Just don't tell him. Anyway, he'll be visiting my house in England in just two days. THEN we'll have a valued member of our team. Not like you, Sausage, you're just a weirdo.' Henry is just starting to leave the wreckage and approaches a peaceful countryside road, with scattered trees on both sides.

Gary points in front of him 'Henry, look... An armed guard with an AK 47... He's blocking the road and waving at us...' Henry nods 'We better stop. We have no chance if he starts shooting at us...' The vehicle slowly comes to a halt by the guard, and Henry winds down his window. The former scratches his head. 'Why have you all got hair sellotaped to your heads?' Henry is cool 'We had a very bad experience with a barber who was completely deranged and a full-blown noob...' The guard tuts 'Yeah, there's a lot of that kind of stuff happening, nowadays...' The SRK suddenly covers his nose and sausage roll tattoo in horror. The guard continues 'What's wrong with him?' The SRK speaks manically 'Sorry, I have to sneeze. I'm allergic to burgers, and I've just had one! Just another food we all have to avoid, I guess!' He sneezes over and over again.

The guard chuckles over the sneezes 'Whatever next. Whatever happened to this place, eh?' Henry laughs 'Right, right! You know what? It's quite possible the dodgy barber was the Sausage Roll Killer. He's about twenty miles behind us, if you want to try and catch him...' The guard shrugs his shoulders 'I sure would like to, but I've been told to stay here. Just in case the SRK and his gang...' Henry interrupts and shouts 'MY GANG!' The guard steps back cautiously 'I'm sorry?' Henry quickly

composes himself 'Only joking.' The guard winks 'Very funny!' He rubs his chin and continues 'Now that I think of it may I ask why you let a madman stick hair all over your faces?' Henry shakes his head in disbelief 'We were told how attractive we looked with the so called 'makeovers' and were completely taken in by him...'

The guard looks down 'I'm sorry to hear that.' Henry sighs 'It's ok.' The guard is cool 'Just one thing...' Henry widens his eyes 'Yes?' The guard continues 'You in the back... Can I see your nose, please?' The SRK finally stops sneezing 'He's onto us! Drive!' Henry nods and puts the pedal to the metal. He accelerates very slowly. The dumbfounded and frozen guard seen in the rearview mirror eventually shouts 'STOP!' Around 10 shots are fired at the back of the jeep. However, as we all know, jeeps are tough, so it doesn't really matter. Henry removes a tin of fish from his pocket and throws it out of the window and far behind him 'Enjoy!' The guard is heard faintly 'Is it a bomb??' Henry replies 'No! It's fish! You don't enjoy bombs!'

Henry goes white 'No!' Gary is confused 'What?' Henry replies 'My fish! We should drive back!' The SRK screams 'NO!' Gary tries to reason with Henry 'Don't you think you have enough? We have enough to last a lifetime!' Henry sighs 'It's never enough! I'm turning back.' Henry does indeed stop his vehicle, then turns around. Before he drives to the gun-wielding man, the SRK lunges towards Henry and tries to strangle him from behind. Henry gives the SRK an epic Chinese burn, forcing him into submission. Even so, the SRK sighs 'I can't let you do this. We've all got so far, and you're throwing everything away...' Henry turns to the SRK and stares through his soul 'No. Throwing FISH is throwing everything away. If you touch me again, you're a dead man. Understand?'

Henry sees the guard placing his weapon on the ground, and opening the can with a curious gaze. Henry goes red 'That's MY salmon!!!' Gary face palms 'I understand how much you love the food. It's both nutritious and delicious, but we can go shopping later! If that guy shoots us, which he already HAS done, we're all dead meat!' Henry is cool 'Well he's stopped shooting, so maybe he's out of ammo?' Gary clenches his fists 'Is that really something you're willing to find out?' The SRK joins the conversation 'Look, if he loves the fish nearly as much as you do, doesn't that mean he's like you? He's your friend! So let him be!'

Henry laughs 'Nice try.' Against all reason, he drives to the seemingly likeminded individual and stops. He spits his words out the window 'Enjoying my food? Is it yummy? Is it yumyum in your tumtum?' The guard laughs involuntarily 'I'm sorry??' Gary joins in 'You've stolen my brother's goods...' The guard is defensive 'But he gave it to me and told me to enjoy it...' Gary replies 'Would you take your gran's bungalow if she offered it to you and told you to enjoy it?' Henry is quick 'Right! Or her life's savings??' The guard is confused 'What?? It's just a can!' Henry grits his teeth 'Just can. Just a can.' In a panic, the guard picks up his weapon and points it at Henry. The gun clicks.

Henry is cold as a stone 'Well, well, well. What are you going to do, now you have no more bullets? Friend?' The guard stutters 'Errrr... I... I knew I had no ammo. Just a prank.' Henry leaves 'his' vehicle without saying a word. So does Gary, and eventually the SRK. They march to the guard then stop dead. Henry puts his hands on his hips 'Any last words?' The guard shrugs his shoulders 'Can I have some more

fish?' Henry stamps his foot 'My fish again! Big mistake bringing that up!' The guard backs away nervously 'Would you like some fish? I can get you some...' Henry shakes his head 'Too late.'

Henry punches the guard in the face, knocking him out. Gary nods in approval once more. The former then drags his victim to the jeep 'Hold the back entrance up, Gary...' Gary does so and the gang leader tosses the foe inside the vehicle. Gary asks a question 'What are you going to do with him?' Henry responds 'Let's take him to Mr. Squeeze to see what he has to say about him...' The SRK is confused 'But he's supposed to be friendly...' Henry replies 'Yes. To us. Friends stick together. Well, friendly to me and Gary. Not to you. You're a twat.' The SRK is bitter 'All I ever do is help you, and this is what I get. One of these days I'm going to team up with THREE long lost relatives and then I'll gang up on you, and call you and Gary pricks. Ohhhhhh! How does it feel??' Henry sighs 'Just get in the back of the jeep.'

The SRK does so, and Henry and Gary enter through the same doors they left. The guard wakes up in a daze 'Fish... fish everywhere...' The SRK stares into the casualty's eyes 'You're going to have to get used to that. But take some for yourself and things will be even worse for you. Right, Henry?' Henry turns to the victim 'That's right. We're all taking you to Mr. Squeeze and his children Cheeseburger, Potato Chip, Cellphone, and Lightbulb... You're in for it, now!' Once the ex-guard regains more consciousness, he starts to have an uncontrollable laughing fit. Henry growls 'Oh, is that funny to you? I should squeeze you right now!' The guard slaps himself in the face and talks calmly 'Please no. Please don't take me to Cheese Squeeze and his family. I'll do anything.' The SRK then puts the guard into a headlock from behind.

Henry is calm 'We'll see.' He then starts the jeep and pulls away. The guard starts a new conversation as he struggles to speak 'A really nice lake is coming up soon. Say... how do you like the sound of all of us doing a spot of fishing? I live nearby... I have a set of fishing rods...' Henry's eyes light up 'Is that a fact?' Gary covers his face in frustration 'Just ignore him! He's trying to get out of this situation! Can't you see?? Let's just pass the time by putting the radio on...' Gary presses a button on the dashboard to hear Mental once more 'Here's a number I wrote called 'In my sleep, I snooze...' Henry shouts 'Turn that crap off!' Gary reluctantly does so.

The guard tries to reason with Henry 'I have my own family too, you know? I have responsibilities. My children need me. There's Typewriter, he's five, there's err.... Fridge Magnet, she's six, and there's... there's Backflip, he's... eleven.' The SRK shakes his head 'Do you expect me to believe that? They're the dumbest names I've ever heard...' Henry responds 'No, no, let's give him a chance... Do you have a wife?' The guard smiles 'Yes. She's called E-Scooter...' Gary shouts triumphantly 'Ha! E-Scooters were only invented a few years ago! You're saying your wife is under five years old?'

The guard screams 'Dear God no! I made a mistake! No, E-Scooter's is my baby's same. My wife is called 'Car'. Cars have been around for ages!' Gary is doubtful 'You can't remember your baby's name, properly?' The guard is quick 'He never does anything interesting...' Gary responds 'I see. Maybe you should give him something fun to do...' The guard gives a thumbs up 'That's what I keep saying.' Henry makes a point 'Actually, I think E-Scooters were invented many years ago...' The guard rubs

his chin 'Right, right. But that's still not my wife's name. As I said, boring baby. In my life, I've also saved the lives of countless fishermen! Good, no??' Gary sighs 'Just ignore him, he's full of crap.' Henry nods and focuses hard on the road.

He then gives a super wide smile 'Want to hear about the time we raided the barbers?' The guard is curious 'Yes please...' Henry continues 'Yeah, we were like 'Give us all your hair!' Then the people couldn't stop laughing, so I pulled out a knife and demanded the hair again. Then we filled our pockets with the stuff. The barber said it was the weirdest thing he'd ever seen in all his life.' The guard replies 'Who stuck it to your heads?' Henry responds 'We then raided a stationary store. Our demands weren't quite so out there, but it was still a fairly odd raid, and that was pointed out as well...' Gary joins the conversation 'Don't go thinking we're small time, whoever you are. We're some of the most dangerous people you'll ever meet.' The guard nods 'Understood.'