

Philip opens a door to reveal a fifteen metres long, oblong shaped room lit up with blues that softly merge into greens and back again. Super cool. In the centre of the area and hanging on the wall, is a massive, off flat screen TV. On both of its sides a huge amount of firearms hang, from pistols to machine guns to bazookas. On the floor are two speakers and a number of games consoles and their controllers, from retro to modern. Countless leads go from the computers into the TV. Facing all that stuff are a row of leather sofas. Philip is cheerful as he walks to the seats and sits down. 'Come in!' Henry the Sneaky Salmon rubs his hands with enthusiasm as he approaches the homeowner. Gary the Sneaky Salmon looks around in wonder, the still vibrating Ryu nods with respect, and Bjorn Squeeze smiles as he drags the two unconscious, vibrating soldiers. Philip speaks again 'Sit down!' The group do so as Bjorn carefully places the soldiers, upright on the sofa. Philip looks puzzled 'Leaving them on the floor would be fine...' Bjorn casually pushes the soldiers off the seat.

Philip looks even more puzzled but positive 'Anyway, who wants to play some games??' Ryu's jaw drops open 'Is there any SNES Street Fighter??' Philip is confused 'Would the game work now that you're not in it anymore?' Ryu replies 'Sure. You just won't be able to play with my character, that's all.' Philip responds 'How about something a bit more modern? How about the latest Immortal Fighters game?' Ryu sighs 'Fine. But the 3D graphics don't have the charm of retro 2D games...' Philip is casual 'Yes, I was going to talk about you being in 2D. If you want some protein shakes or whatever, all you have to do is ask.' Ryu folds his arms 'I'm fine, thanks.' Gary looks scared 'Ryu! You can't talk to Philip like that! Show him respect!' Philip stares through Ryu's soul and speaks coldly 'Yeeeah.' Ryu trembles 'Yeah?? What's that mean??' Philip continues 'It means 'yeah'. Now let's play some games!'

Philip walks to the most modern console and turns it on. The TV shows the words 'Immortal Fighters' in a dramatic font as two characters in stunning graphics beat each other up. Ryu looks thoughtful 'You may think those two characters are A.I., but actually they are very hardworking, real people. Much like me. The only difference is... well, they're 3D...' Philip doesn't look impressed 'Good, now let's get down to business!... Actually no, I have a better idea. Everyone go crazy and shout how much of a great time we're having. Just so the SRK upstairs hears and gets ultra jealous!...' There is a nervous silence. Philip continues 'Well, go on!' Henry cheers 'Wooohoo! Great times!' Gary shouts 'No way! This is even better than I was expecting! Beyond my wildest dreams!' Bjorn shouts 'I've died and gone to gaming Heaven!' Philip claps 'Well done. Very funny.'

The two soldiers gradually regain consciousness and stand up, sluggishly. Ken mumbles 'What's going on? Why is everyone partying?... Oh never mind that, I've just remembered I've gone crazy...' Biff gets approached by Ken and punched on the nose. Biff yells 'What was that for??' Biff punches Ken. Henry shouts 'Look! If you keep fighting, Philip will feed you to the gerbils! Do you understand??' The soldiers sit down, but at a distance from each other. Very wise. Henry coughs 'Philip, I hate to interrupt your excellent gaming session and perfect festivities, but maybe it's wisest to save the best things till last, so to speak...' Philip is curious 'What do you mean?' Henry continues 'I'm just saying, how about we discuss what to do with the mad soldiers and the fish SRK and THEN get into the gaming?' Philip nods 'Of course.' Henry continues 'Great.' Ken and Biff shout 'Woo! Great times!' Philip stamps 'SHUT

UP!' They do so.

Philip is calm once more 'As you were saying, the owl farm raid should be at night. Biff and Ken clearly need the antipsychotic owl poo ASAP before they kill each other. The fact they have countless guns immediately in front of them is very chilling.' Everyone coughs awkwardly. Philip continues 'The Ultra Lazarus is clearly still having effect on those who have taken it, it will most likely continue giving the ability to fly for the rest of the day, but time is running out.' Bjorn has a question 'What should we do about the SRK? Surely we can't leave him as a fish. He has a spirit in him that could be valuable... I'm SURE there are local chemists who can help him...' Philip replies 'You are very kind for bringing up the subject of possible side effects, earlier. I however, don't care. What I do care about are results. I agree with you that the SRK can be valuable, but we need to test him to find out.' Philip looks blank. The others look worried.

Philip continues 'Before that, however, there is a more pressing issue, that of my crashed helicopter. So... how will it be paid for?' Bjorn tries to smile 'Oh don't worry about that... We're the most badass gang in the whole of the UK. We could simply go into a jeweller's and ask for all of their merchandise. Then sell it on.' Philip looks impressed 'Good thinking. Pressing issue dealt with, I suppose...' Bjorn continues 'Yes. Anyway, I was thinking we could place really crazy minimum speed signs near the owl farm so people panic, not knowing what to do. That will make robbing the place easier.' Ryu gulps 'Yes, about that. There are rumours that Epic Dave is back roaming the streets of England after taking a mysterious hiatus. He is also said to be flying around, enjoying the crazy fast speeds and isn't at all phased by them. What if he takes advantage of the speed signs planted by us and spots us?' Philip points to the guns on the wall in silence. Ryu simply says 'Ah.'

Gary puts his hand in the air. Philip says 'Yes?' Gary replies 'Here's an idea: Why not just give lots and lots and lots of very strong, but easily available, regular coffee to the SRK? It may not be Ultra Lazarus and it may not have been developed by genius mad scientists, but it must do SOMETHING...' Philip replies 'It's worth a try, I guess. It almost certainly won't work, but I am curious to see what happens. Bring the fish here, Gary, I want to speak to him.' Gary strolls out of the room. Philip points at the screen as more A.I. warriors fight each other 'Just look at those graphics. Absolutely incredible. Henry is jovial 'Best graphics I've EVER seen...' Philip replies 'Oh, easily. The players are super responsive, too. It's like you ARE them.' Ryu shrugs his shoulders 'Meh.' Philip looks mad 'Meh? They'd rip you apart. Literally, because you're 2D...' Ryu looks down in shame 'No they wouldn't.'

Gary enters the room with a goldfish bowl under his arm. It gets placed on the floor in the middle of the room and the man sits back down. Philip is at least slightly friendly 'Good to see you, SRK. Look, I've been doing some thinking and we'll only turn you back into a human with that Ultra Lazarus stuff if you FINALLY kill a chef or a delivery driver which is basically the same thing, right? It's always 'I hate chefs, I'm gonna kill a chef, just let me get my hands on a chef!' with you. Well, you keep talking about it, why not do it?' The SRK speaks, high pitched and feebly 'Oh. Cool. But how??' Philip replies 'That's for you to work out. Jump out of the bowl, into his mouth and choke him, make him believe the guns on the walls are toys with no ammo and that we'll give him a billion pounds if he puts a gun to his head and pull

the trigger, the choice is yours.' The SRK is energised 'Will you make me a new sausage roll costume for when I'm human, again?'

Philip is stone faced 'It's the least we can do. Now, let me call a takeaway company for you.' Philip retrieves a mobile from his pocket and dials. He then puts the phone by the goldfish bowl. The SRK speaks 'Hello?... Right, I would like the most unhealthy meal that you do... Why? Because I LOVE really unhealthy food. I don't blame you, you know? For making food addictive and for giving me health problems, it's... it's cool! Groovy... I sound mad? Mad like the Sausage Roll Killer? Ha, no! I LOVE sausages! I certainly don't blame THEM for being unhealthy. Fish and chips, battered sausages and all that stuff? Fantastic!... You can get me some battered Cars bars? That sounds great!... Why is my voice so strange? Good point. It's complicated, to be honest, I'm not 100% sure myself. Crazy times, basically. Anyway, yum yum! Bye!'

Philip bows down 'Well done, my friend, well done!' The SRK replies 'So... now that I've proved myself, you'll turn me into a man, again?' Philip replies 'Well, homemade Ultra Lazarus could have some very serious side effects, what will happen when taking it is impossible to say...'. The SRK replies 'How about you just give me loads and loads of regular coffee?' Philip scratches his head 'Were you been listening to the conversations we were having when you were out of the room?' The SRK replies 'No, I just heard how much of a great time you were having. Can I join in, please?' Philip is cold 'No. Ok, I guess giving you normal coffee might work. Really, I just want to see what happens to you.' Philip walks to a nearby, foot wide, hidden panel on the floor and slides it open. He reveals several jars of coffee beans lit from the bottom with cool red lighting that fades into yellow then back again.

Ryu looks baffled 'Why do you hide your coffee?' Philip sighs 'I haven't hidden my coffee, I'm not mental. That's just where I keep it, there are loads of similar mini doors in this room. Now, let's grind the beans up for you.' Philip picks up a jar, opens the lid and pours the beans all over the floor. He then stamps on them repeatedly and comments 'There you go, all ground up.' Philip gathered the tiny bits of coffee with both his hands and then pours them into the goldfish bowl. The SRK nibbles on them until they are all gone. Everyone stares, looking fascinated. The fish spins round and round with an incredible energy, jumps out of the bowl and into Philip's mouth. The latter coughs him up. The fish flaps on the floor helplessly and grows bigger and bigger. In mere seconds he grows to one metre long. He then stops expanding. With a deep voice, the fish says 'Please help me...'. Gary stares hard 'Can you... breathe out of water?' The fish says 'Yes, but I'm not loving life too much, right now...'

Gary replies 'I have an idea, when the delivery guy gets here, you can just drop on his head! I'll lift you up!' Philip rolls his eyes 'That's not exactly the crime of the century. Even so, the plan can do with just one alteration: The fish jumps on the man without you helping him. He has to kill on his own. Otherwise he is nothing more than a big mouth poser. Practice jumping now, fish.' The fish bounces up and down repeatedly, but can only manage to jump a few feet in the air. Philip puts his hands on his hips 'You'll have to try harder than that, you'll have to crush him from very high up...' Gary chuckles 'Imagine that being the last thing you ever see!' Philip laughs, too 'It would be a bit surreal, wouldn't it?' Ken stands up, walks to Biff and kicks him

off the sofa. Biff punches Ken. Philip shouts at the two 'Not this again! Stop fighting and be sane!!' He walks to them and bashes their heads together, knocking them out. He then mutters to himself 'What kind of a gang is this?'

Bjorn is warm 'I know. But we'll all be fine soon enough. You're really good at bashing people's heads together, by the way. Very efficient but not lethal. You really do use just the right amount of force!' Philip smiles 'You're a good friend, Mr. Squeeze. Now... Who's up for some gaming??' Gary, Henry and Bjorn cheer. The fish turns to and stares at the TV with wide open fish eyes and speaks with that creepy deep tone 'Those graphics... they're incredible!' Bjorn stares harder 'They're so good, we've forgotten to pick the controllers up!' Philip replies 'Well spotted. Seems like a first rate plan, to me! Everyone grab the controllers and let's get fighting! But no button mashing, it takes away the whole point of the game, which is skill!' Ryu replies 'Oh, definitely. Back in my SNES Street Fighter days, it was humiliating for me when I was fighting an opponent who could well have been drunk or half dead. Happened all the time.' Philip nods 'Exactly. Now let's go!'