

The SRK is walking down a cobbled street (quite literally, it's on a hill), with charming one storey, old fashioned shops by his sides. Amazingly they go on and on, in a perfectly straight path for a few hundred meters. Just like in Charltonham! It's getting ridiculous, now. The street stops before another featureless hill, that goes upwards. The air is somehow Scottish. All very nice, but sadly the sky is grey. However, there are bigger things on the super villain's mind. All sorts of people walk past him every now and then and they stare at his strange tattoo of a sausage roll on the tip of his nose. It's surely only a matter of time before someone recognises him and calls the police. The SRK thinks to himself 'It's been a number of months since my chef killing rampage. I'm sure it's all been forgotten about, but there's always one, isn't there? And did I really have to eat Gary the Sneaky Sardine? Sure he turned into a pizza, but this is a new low for me.'

The SRK keeps walking and getting stared at as he rambles downhill. This time he actually TALKS to himself - Oh no. 'I simply must get some sardines as soon as possible. They really are the world's most delightful snack. Wait. That doesn't sound like me...' Those passing by scratch their heads. The SRK continues 'Not only are they delicious, they're good for you, too. They are simply the perfect food... What the hell is going on with me? I HATE sardines!' He slaps himself in the face and continues 'I wonder where the ghost of my brother Henry the Sneaky Salmon is... He must be somewhere... What are you on about???' He stamps his foot as people stare harder than ever. He screams 'What's your problem? Never seen a man go nuts before? I'll show you nuts!' He screams louder 'CHEFS WILL PAY!!' Everyone runs away in both directions.

The SRK notices a shop sign on his right, saying 'Scottish Brain Specialists'. He nods 'That's just the thing I need...' He enters the building. Here, all furniture is wooden. On the left of the establishment is a cashier. A worker in his 20s is behind that. In the front of the room and on the right are a number of shelves holding jars full of tablets. The SRK approaches the worker and comments 'I keep talking about sardines, even though I hate them. I was wondering if you had any brain meds for me?' The worker shakes 'Was that you screaming earlier?' The SRK laughs 'Sure was!' The worker rubs his chin 'Hmm... Clozapine could be good for you. I personally know a writer who takes the stuff. However, there could be side effects...' The SRK shrugs his shoulders 'Do I look like the kind of person who cares about side effects?'

The worker nods 'Of course. But I can't just hand them out to people without a doctor's referral.' The SRK furrows his brow 'I see. But what if I threatened to force feed you a special tomato with secret ingredients sprinkled on it, and made you turn into a pizza?' The worker sighs 'Well... That would be different, wouldn't it?' The worker freezes 'That tattoo on your nose...' The SRK chuckles 'Yes?' The worker backs away slowly 'Are you the Sausage Roll Killer??' The SRK sighs 'You remember the whole killing spree business on the news. What makes YOU special?' The worker sheds a tear 'Most of the people round here are simple and forgetful folk. I on the other hand am an intellectual with a degree in medicine... Furthermore, people feel fear when they see a man with such a provocative tattoo. Most want to deny there are people like you out there...' The SRK nods 'Ah. Of course.' Red lights on the ceiling flash and a siren screams. The worker looks down and covers his face 'Oh no. I've pressed the loud alarm instead of the silent one...'

The SRK grabs a tomato and a mysterious sand-like substance from his pocket, throws the stuff at the worker and strolls away. Back in the downhill street, people go on about their day as if nothing has happened. That's despite the fact the worker is heard screaming 'I'm turning into pizza!!' The SRK comments to himself, coolly 'Wow, I never knew the special tomatoes and the secret ingredients could kill people so quickly... I guess Gary was strong.' Everyone runs away again, like before. The SRK stops and looks upwards in a trance 'I must find the ghost of Henry the Sneak Salmon... I bet it would be fun checking out the world's palindromes... Somehow, I'm sensing he's into palindromes... one, one, two, four, two, one, one...' The SRK stares ahead in disbelief 'Ok. NOW I'm scared. What nonsense am I going to say next?'

The SRK continues walking. Not too far in the distance are more walkers, going about their day like everything is normal. The SRK sighs 'The people round here are MORONS...' The SRK turns back to the Scottish Brain Specialists and sees a doctor wearing a white suit with a pen hanging on the front pocket leave the building and run towards him. The SRK growls 'What do YOU want?' The doctor is calm 'You're not well...' The SRK shrugs his shoulders 'So?' The doctor continues 'Your sardine obsession... Would you like to talk about that?' The SRK looks down 'I don't know what's going on. I just ate a guy talking about the fish and now I'm acting like him...' The doctor's eyes widen 'You ate someone?' The SRK shakes his head 'No, it's not like that. I only ate him when he turned into a pizza.' The doctor nods 'Are you experiencing any other symptoms?' The SRK scratches his head 'I need to see some palindromes...'

The doctor coughs 'That's... different...' The SRK's eyes go completely white, making him look possessed 'I'm Henry the Sneaky Salmon. I know you're there, Gary. I'm checking out some palindromes with my new buddies. I swear I saw one twenty numbers long. It was absolutely fantastic with an incredible range of digits.' The doctor covers his mouth 'I don't know what's going on, but I'm scared...' The SRK continues 'Henry! You're there?? That SRK asshole flippin' ate me!... He ate you? I honestly expected better from him... I know right, what a whackjob.' The doctor approaches the SRK with caution 'Sausage... I'll get you the help you need...' The SRK punches the man in the face, knocking him out. He then takes his pen and writes on the shop door '1, 2, 3, 2, 1'. He then comments to himself 'Best I start small and build my way up... I'm sure Henry will be supportive of me...'

'It's Henry again, Gary. That palindrome was a cliché, but it was aesthetically pleasing. I'm with my pet budgie again. I'm happy now. Visit me in Charltonham, we'll be a team again.' The SRK headbutts the door, cracking it. He growls 'Get lost, Henry and Gary. No, I'm not going to Charltonham. I have my own goals.' The SRK looks up in a daze 'And what goals are they, exactly? Pizzas have been banned. You won't be able to kill any more.' The SRK stamps his foot, still sky-gazing 'What?? Why???' Taking things even further, he now stretches his arms out by his sides like a bird. I don't know why 'Smith and Mental sussed it all out.' The SRK is still in the eerie position 'Smith? That idiot?' He now stands on one leg. He continues 'How are you contacting me, anyway, dearest Henry?... Gary! We're brothers! We always will be!... Ok, that makes sense. I'm new to this whole ghost business...'

The SRK slaps himself in the face again 'Will you two shut the hell up??' After quite a

long period of complete un-self-awareness, the nutcase looks all around. He then stops, facing up hill. A crowd has gathered. Everyone stares in disbelief. The SRK coughs 'Sorry about that. Just went a bit mad.' A door next to the brain help shop opens. Out of it comes a raging chef in a white apron holding a meat cleaver. He screams at the SRK 'YOU! YOU'RE the one who killed all my chef friends in Charltonham!!' The cook charges at the SRK with his hands in the air and ready to attack. The killer simply trips the chef up and pushes him down the hill. He quickly rolls away into the distance. The SRK wipes his forehead 'Phew.' He briefly looks to the sky once more 'Anyway, sardines...' The SRK pulls himself together 'Not that nonsense, again. Anyway, what do you think you're all looking at?'

There is an icy silence. A pedestrian finds the strength to confront the SRK 'Who do you think you are?' The SRK simply ignores the man, and walks downhill. Everyone else goes back to their own business like nothing has happened. The SRK THINKS to himself this time (it's for the best) 'I wonder if me eating the pizza version of Gary will turn ME into a pizza... It really was one of those spur of the moment things, I should have thought about it instead... No, I'll be fine. I mean I ate a pizza man, not a plain pizza. Big difference. Still though... I need to be sure. I'm certainly not going to wait for the doctor to regain consciousness, that would be awkward... It's Henry again...' The SRK face palms. He hears him a further time 'You're a freak, Sausage. How DARE you eat my brother??'

Sirens are heard in the distance. The SRK talks to himself 'Crap, the police! What do I do, Henry?... I suggest you roll downhill, so you get away quicker... And then what? Where do I find medical help??... You were right earlier. You ate a man pizza, not a normal pizza. You should be fine. Now get rolling... Ok, Henry... If you say so... I do say so. Roll away...' The SRK bites his thumb nervously then gets on his knees. He then lies on the ground and pushes himself downhill. Again, he gets largely ignored, though people move out of his way. After a couple of spins, he hits his head on a stone, knocking him out.

The SRK is in a strange world. Everything is black. Gary the Sneaky Sardine and Henry the Sneaky Salmon hover in front of him. Henry's pet budgie is on his shoulder. Gary breaks the silence 'Join us, Sausage. You'll like it here...' The SRK sighs 'And what is there to like being in your crazy world? Let me guess... pretty numbers...' Henry tuts 'Pretty numbers? You really have no idea, do you?' The SRK face palms 'What's that supposed to mean?' Henry replies 'Palindromes are life.' The SRK rolls his eyes 'What?' Henry is annoyed 'Open your eyes. Can't you see?' The SRK looks down 'I really heard better things about you, Henry. You had a badass reputation, if not a BIT of a weird one... I never expected you to turn out like this.' Henry sighs 'You've disappointed me. You'll never understand the beauty around you, as you're too foolish. I hope one day you'll see sense.'

The SRK wakes up at the bottom of the hill, next to his chef nemesis. Fortunately he is out cold and can't attack anyone. Sometimes the sirens get louder, sometimes they get quieter. It seems the police are lost. The SRK slowly gets up, gives the chef a light kick in the head, and opens a small, wooden gate in front of him. He then runs for his life up the other hill, leaving the town - hopefully for good. He hears voices again 'Hey! It's Henry again! Hope we didn't get off on the wrong foot! How's THIS for a palindrome?: Five, eight, nine, nine, eight, five! Note how they're unexpected

digits! Not like the one's from before! I still liked them, though, Gary.' The SRK continues running, now out of breath. He sighs 'Is this what I have to put up with, for the rest of my life??' The voice of Henry replies 'Yes!'