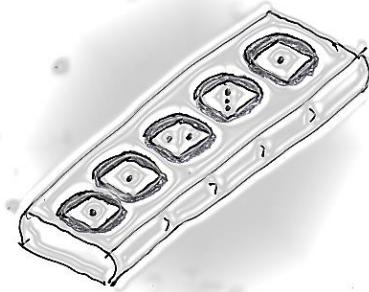


Scott Brown Tall Stories

20 Grim Tales



by Kris Ludds

& Rowan Medhurst

## DISCLAIMER

Hello, and welcome to our book about hardcore DJ Scott Brown.

If you don't know who that is, it won't really matter, you might still enjoy the book. He is a famous DJ who plays UK Hardcore... UK Hardcore and a bit of Gabba.

You will at some point suspect that we hate the mad Scottish DJ - but we don't. **We wrote this stuff because he is one of our favourite DJs.**

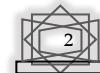
We like him a lot! This book, although it may seem it, is not really racist against Scots or anything like that. It is actually meant with a great amount of affection!

We **are allowed to do this**, definitely, as we know someone that is half Scottish - our friend Rob, who we killed. One of the authors (Kris) is Jewish. You should really read the Joey Riot book first, otherwise this one won't really make sense.

**ROB HELPED US WITH THAT BOOK.**

SO, THAT WAS TO EXPLAIN EVERYTHING.

(But it doesn't count and it was a load of lies.)



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IN HONOUR OF SCOTT BROWN



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## THE MANTICORE

a manticore is introduced as your cellmate

hi, im a manticore - he says, panting, and eager to be your friend

what are you in for - you ask

for killing scots he says you? english actor? he looks at you hopefully

"no, for being scottish" - you were found out

the manticore looks affronted



## FOLKLORE ADDENDUM

a mantichora has the body of a lion\*, with a tail adorned with a thousand spines, as that of a porcupine.

they are classed in the book of hell as 'extremely dangerous'.

\*more of a cut back and curly look to the mane. small animal.



## THE BELGIAN

### ***Birmingham* accent**

"God this cell is dreary." Scott thought to himself on his first day in prison.

"Thank fuck." he heard himself say as a guard unlocked the door.

Later that day...

"I'm so bored I want to hit him this is totally unfair aaaargh why am I being restrained!!?"

"In fairness you are as boring as I am."

"Noooo I play gabba aaaaargh"

"I play chess."



"He's too boring.. I want him to play some gabba.."



Poor Scott. The only man in recorded history to die of actual boredom. Oh boo hoo.  
Man yeah! Go Belgium! Go Bacteria! Go Brussels! Go Spain!

Oh.<sup>1</sup>



<sup>1</sup> Author was killed. No Spanish stuff. From God.

## THE ROOFIE



1. Why did Scott break the roof?
2. Is it fair on the roofie?

Call him a cunt, but Scott Brown raises a complaint **against** the roofie...

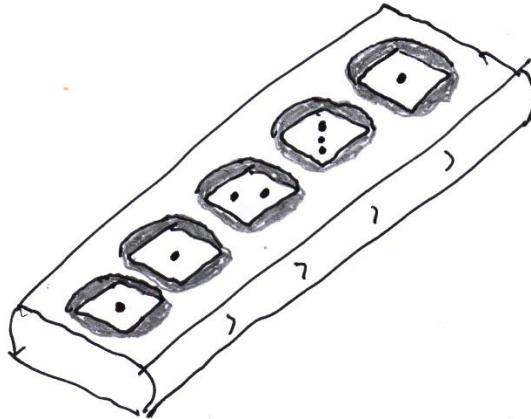
"He was trying to kick my head in the other night."

A squabble immediately breaks out about why the roof guttering hasn't been properly fixed yet.

At some point someone mentions that it is a Scottish prison anyway.

## THE SCIENTIST

Scott was trying to roll five fives on his Yahtzee dice shuffler.



"Five sixez again." he said, disappointed.

"It's not as good."

He frowned.

His new cellmate the scientist rolled five fives in one go and passed the shuffler back.

"Do you know we are in space?" the scientist said.

"I want to escape."

"Your shoe will fit."

Scott's trainer got caught on the inside of the cell as he tried to break free. He was smashed and the prison also was smashed, to bits, as the prison collapsed and fell around him as he and it fell to the floor. In space, on the moon.

The Scientist felt good about himself - even though - he was the only person to survive.  
In the world.

"Thankyou for killing Scout."

## THE BRAIN

Scott is resting on his prison bunkbed - Hardwired 3.

He hears the guard unlocking the door.

"New cellmate for you Scott." he says, and walks in with a telepathic brain in a jar.

He puts the jar on the sidetable, and leaves.

"Hi, is anyone there? I'm a brain in a jar." the brain says to Scott, telepathically.

"Yes!!" shouts Scott, now assured in the knowledge that telepathy is real.

"This is so fuckin' cool!" he says to the brain.

"What are ya in for?" he asks.

"I kicked off in a black pub" the brain says.

"I mean...."

"It was in Jamaica. Um..."

"There was only white people in there that night." he says.

"I'm not a racist." the brain says.

"By the way..."

"Scotts are shit."

"Your name's Scott, isn't it? Hmm, yea yea, don't worry about it."

"Eh?" Scott asks.

"Don't worry about it." the brain says.

"It was a duoble insult."

"It will come in time." he says.

Three shameful days later of being told his first name **is** Scott, and he is **a** Scot, eventually crack Scott Brown's barrel of nuts.

"I'm Double Scottish!" he shouts.

"WOOOHOOO!!"

"Oh." the brain says.

Scott thinks the brain is his friend.

But he forgets all that in a bid for freedom.

No. No, he asks the brain first. He must be dead, right - what would it matter.

Three hours later Scott is being administered anaesthetic by the prison hospital's nurse.

Three seconds later he is undergoing live brain surgery - this prison has 12 brain surgeons.

"So.." three minutes later.

"The removal of Scott's old brain is nearly complete. One last snip."

Scott passes away as the last stick of brain is cut away.

"That is unlucky." the brain says.

## THE CHRISTIAN

It is early afternoon and you are sat in your cell.

You hear the guard unlocking your cell door.

"Scott" he says...

"You have a visitor."

You stand up to greet the visitor.

"Hello!" the man says.

"I am a Christian, and I am here to tell you things about God, and be annoying, and stuff."

"Interested?"

"Aye" you say.

"Very well" he says, and goes on to talk about the Bible, for 45 minutes.

He summarises...

"So, the least we can tell is that Jesus was some kind of planet."

He slaps your face quite hard...

"Do you see that? He was a planet."

"Now then, let's go for a little walk." he says.

The man teleports you both to a desert oasis.

"So you see, miracles do exist." he says.

"Aye, good." you say.

He then transports you to a clifftop viewing a wonderful sea.

"God loves Scottish too." the man says.

The Christian

man

takes a run up and

pushes you off the

cliff onto the rocks below.

He was lying.

## THE MIX

"Thanks for the trail mix."

"No problem Scott! Bye."

You munch on the trail mix as you walk back to your cell.

You munch on the trail mix as you lie on your bed.

Nice.

Uh oh!

Bloody Joey Riot left some nuclear bombs in the trail mix by mistake.

Boom.

## THE CHASE

..

..

"So..."

"How do I get through this?!"

"Aaarrrrrgghh!!"

It is your first day in prison and you are bored.

"GUARD HELP I AM BORED!!!"

"Get fucked noob." the guard says from outside your cell door.

"WHAT A WANKER!!!!"

"Get fucked. He he he-heh, he he, he he. Heh."

Three hours later and you are pretend-measuring sheep.

"This is actually quite entertaining!" you chuckle to yourself.

"I am really good at this!"

"Six sheep equals forty centimetres square sheep, times a thousand, three squared, three squared minus a thousand! Woo!"

"Fuck!"

Moments later the guard unlocks your cell and walks in with a man who looks like a prisoner.

"This is your new cellmate, Scottish cunt." the guard says, and then leaves.

The man walks in carrying some things, and says hi.

"What ya in for?" you ask.

The man explains that his name is Billy Joy Ruck Raider - and that he has been jailed for being a fake ventriloquist. He was sued by his fans. He describes the night his life went wrong. He was performing a ventriloquist act to a group of over one hundred of his fans, who had each paid £10 per ticket.

The night was going quite well for about 25 minutes, until, one man, who Billy says had had too much to drink, he thought, started heckling Billy's act...

"Talk to yourself puppet! Ignore him! You amateur!" the man shouted.

"Pipe down bastard! We wanna hear that young lad talk to himself!" another man shouted.

"Take your hand out of that young boy's ass!" a woman screamed after a short silence.

"Oh God! We didn't know it was like this!" a shocked woman screamed. The whole audience then left.

Over the next few weeks his former fans all asked for their money back - he couldn't afford to pay them all back, and ended up in court...

"Billy Joy Ruck Raider - you are a fake ventriloquist - and you are ordered by this Royal Court to pay a sum of £1000 to the court." the Judge announced.

"I am not a fake ventriloquist." Billy muttered to himself.

The Judge immediately stood up.

"Times a thousand." he said loudly.

"He said it out aloud."

"And - prison."

"I owe over a million pounds." Billy tells you.

You ask him about the £500 fee for being Scottish - if he still has to pay that.

"Oh, they don't care about that, not the court I went to."

"Bollocks."

Later that night you have gotten to know each other properly, and you think Billy is a real nice guy. You start talking about films...

"Have you seen Troll Hunter?" he asks you.

"It is amazing... I love that film - the trolls are amazing."

"But you are really tall." he adds.

"What about Suckerpunch?"

"I have not seen that one." you tell him.

"It's about these sexy girls who are locked in an asylum, and break free. Actually, that gives me an idea!"

Later that night...

"So, we need these four things..."

"One - a map of the prison. Which you tell me is on the wall outside."

"Two - a lighter which is fine - you have one in your pocket."

"Three - a knife - which we intend to steal from the kitchen..."

"And four - some kind of sacrifice will be made - otherwise we won't be able to escape. It's simple!"

"We are bastards and we want to escape!" you sing together.

By the next day most of the other prisoners know about your plan to escape.  
They are all behind you.

At 12 midday you are allowed out for a 20 minute walk around the yard - same as usual. Billy carefully unpins the map of the prison from the corkboard outside your cell and pockets it.

"This is in case we get lost." he tells you.

You both know what you are going to do with the lighter.

You walk onto the yard together.

"Do it." you tell him.

He passes the lighter sneakily to Nigel-Scott, one of the older inmates. He knows what to do.

He passes it on. One by one the prisoners pass the lighter around the yard, until it makes its way all the way to the other side.

You take the lighter from Nigel-Joe as you walk back inside.

"Mission accomplished!"

You are both wearing your shades.

Later, at 6pm, you discuss your plans for after your escape...

"I want to run a ventriloquist clinic for ventriloquists who have been damaged in the eyes and/or foreskin, in memory of ma' da'." Billy Joy says.

"Was he a ventriloquist?" you ask.

"I don't know."

"Well, I want to open a super massive record shop for hardcore DJs where I will be seen every day! Yay!"

"And get a job in a supermarket."

"Let us go to work!"

And you leave for your tea.

"Spaghetti bolognese and beetroot in cups tonight lads!" the chef shouts.

"Cooked!"



"Yes! I can't believe it! My favourite dinner tonight AND we escape tonight too! Yeessss!" you shout.

Everyone looks at you. The chef looks cross.

As you enjoy your meal, you tell Billy Joy that he is your best friend you have ever had, and that your memories of that first sleepover at DJ Ribbz' house with Joey Riot are nothing compared to this...

"I mean, you're not even Chinese."

The chef walks up.

"Scott, Billy Joy, can you guys help out with the washing up tonight? Our washer is dead."

"No problem." you tell him.

"How did he die?"

"Chinese Flu and not being close enough to spaghetti."

"Same as the others."

You get the knife.

"So, this is it." you say as you leave the canteen.

"Too right." Billy Joy says. It is 7pm. You make your way to the top floor of the prison.

"So..." you say.

"It's top floor, then down to second floor and past our cell, down to ground floor, and then the fire exit."

"Yes." Billy Joy says.

"How exactly do we get out in the end?" you ask.

"It's all to do with the *sacrifice* - and that - I am working on. Exactly as in the film. You leave that bit to the end."

"Perfect." you say.

"Let's walk right the way to the back." you say as you arrive on the top floor.

You both casually walk to the back of the large prison building, wearing your shades.

"And, now, we walk back." Billy Joy says.

"Should we start running?" you ask.

"It's about time."

You both run for your fucking lives.

"Aaaargh!!!!"

"I wanna run along this spike!" Billy Joy screams.

"That is a handrail and you are not allowed to do that!"

"Why not?"

"Aaaarrgh guards!!!"

"Get them!" the guards shout.

"Leave the spike! Leave the spike!"

You eventually lose the guards and eventually get down to the ground floor.

"Let's run all the way down to the fire exit." you suggest.

"Ok - on my mark!" Billy Joy shouts.

"1... 2.. 3... goooooo!!!"

You both sprint.

"Let's set up a euthanasia clinic on the way to the fire exit!" you shout.

"We don't have time!!" your pal shouts.

You pull up at the fire exit and rest.

"I think I know what the sacrifice is." your pal announces.

"One of us has to get stabbed."

"Bloody hell!" you exclaim.

"Well who the fuck gets stabbed, you or me?" you ask him.

"It's you." he says...

"Well, I don't know what to do about this.."

"Are you haven't got this wrong? Is this because I have curly hair? You deserve to get stabbed more than me!" you shout at him.

"No Scott! You get stabbed! You!"

"But you've got the knife! Give me the knife!"

"I won't give you the knife Scott!"

"Guards! Run aaargh!!!"

They run for their lives.

You hide in the darkened prison yard, in the building's shadow. The guards walk past, infuriated.

Five minutes pass. Eventually...

"Scott! Scott! The prison gate is shut!" Billy Joy says.

"For fuck's sake!"

Then you hear the low grumble of a diesel engine.

You hear the guards talking to someone.

"What are they saying, Scott?"

"I don't know. Something about upgrades to the facility, or something."

The guards open the gate. Something is driving in.

"Is that a real tank?"

You watch as a large tank backs into the yard.

You see guards walking straight towards you.

"Guards!!!"

You both run - past the tank, and towards the gate. You see another guard closing the gate - and you about turn - but the other guards are still following you.

"Jump!"

You both jump onto the front of the tank and hunker down onto its roof. The two guards who were following you get to the gate, and start shouting at the other guard - but he says he saw you turn about.

That could only mean one thing...

"They're inside the tank!" Run for your lives!"

The prison wall gets shot out - and catches fire.

Some fire trucks and an ambulance arrives - but no police.

The guards let them in. The tank aims at the ambulance and blows it up. Then the tank drives off, smashing the prison gate to bits. You jump off the tank just inside the smashed gate, just to be sure.

"Scott - stab yourself!" Billy Joy says.

You both watch, terrified, as the engines put out the fire.

"Scott. We could steal that!" - Billy Joy is talking about the firehose.

The fire trucks start to leave. You run screaming out of the prison, chasing the last one. Luckily it stops a mile away to rescue a cat.

"Let's steal the cat!" - and you both start climbing the tree. It is very dark.

You watch terrified, millimetres from the fireman's face, as he rescues the cat.

The firemen eventually leave.

You jump out of the tree - and kill the cat by mistake - by landing on it.

"I'll get this!" Billy Joy screams.. "You get the hose!"

"Aaaaaaarggh!" you both scream as you begin to panic.

A small comet smashes you both to fuck.

## THE TROUBLE

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"I think I may be like, having a poo or something."

You decide to start talking bullshit to keep Joey's interest.

"Those salt cellars, they have an interesting design on, don't they no?"

"Where."

You gesticulate towards the bench with your eyes, grinning like a mad cat.

"Bored. More on. Moo on."

- - -

"Are ye off your head?" you say while rolling your eyes and grinning.

*"No go away."* the guard says.

- - -

The next day you notice the slot is open again - you sneak up behind the guard.

"You are a dice! Come on man!" you exclaim.

"I am not a dice fuck off."

"Wanker!"

- - -

"Potatoes potatoes riddle me-ree."

"Potatoes potatoes... ah I don't see at all man."

"At least there's some good in this."

"Spaghetti."

- - -

*"The guard heard ordered Scott Brown ordered to be shot - to be slain."* the guard says - who is he talking to???

In the end the guards battered him to death with a truncheon.

## THE WALL

It was one lonely October night that something started to irritate Scott Brown. Something about the opposite wall of the cell. It felt as though, hmm, quite like, the wall had something to say, and, thinking that Scott didn't know that, was keeping shut. Maybe this was for a polite reason - but - wouldn't that annoy you easily as well? It would certainly play on your mind. What if the wall had something bad to say?

In the end, Scott gave way.

"What!!?" he shouted, angrily.

"Not bothering you, am I?" said the wall.

"I am a wall, you know."

"You don't give me enough attention."

In the end the wall said to Scott that he was his friend. So they had a real conversation..

"So, are ya in prison, or?" Scott asked.

"Of course I'm inside the prison, yes. I am a wall."

"What ya in for?"

"I'm not in for anything. I am a wall."

"So, ya ain't done nothing? Do ya want me to tell the guards about it?"

"Oh, go on then."

...

"What they said is I am trying to escape!"

"Best of luck trying to escape, they said!"

"How many years were added to your sentence?"

"Fifty-nine!!!"

"At least you deserve it."

One day Scott realised the wall had quite an effeminate accent, so he asked the wall if the wall was gay.

"Of course not. You do know that I don't have a penis, do you?"

Scott looked at the old Benny Hill poster, which had been left on the wall by the cell's previous occupier.

"Yes."

One day this is what happened, that day, and that day alone.

"Did you sleep well?" the wall asked as Scott woke up.

"Actually, I did." Scott said. He did!

"The guard left this for you today."

On the table there was a pack of cornflakes, some milk, a bowl, and a spoon.

"Did you hear anything strange last night?" he asked the wall.

"No. I did not."

"I'm sure I heard voices whispering or something."

"What were they saying?"

"I can't remember - something about lego, or something. I don't know."

"Ooh. Look at that."

Scott looked at the packet of cornflakes, and saw there was an offer of a free trip to Legoland, if you collected enough coupons.

"What a shame." the wall said.

One night, it was like this...

"Shall I read to you now?"

"You mean, you are a wall? A wall that has books? Really?"

"Read to me right now!"

"Yes, I will begin. I am reading to you, The Book Of Things."

"And. And then - a thing happened. And then another thing. And another. Then, suddenly, another. After three more minutes, something happened. Then, something else....."

LATER

"Keep going! This story is amazing!"

"And, at the end of that, something else. The End."

"That was the best 5 year of my life!"

"Wow. You're really not that shallow at all. Knowing that, can I ask you something?"

"Of course!"

"Why do you want to have physical sex with animals?"

"I just do."

In the end Scott died of old age.



## *What The Guard Heard*

Here is a short amount of what the guard heard, as Scott spoke to himself again, all night, the night before his death...

"I am not an evil Freddie Mercury stop saying that."

"I'll blow ya up, that's what."

"I'll make my own."<sup>2</sup>

---

<sup>2</sup> Dynamite.

"Oh well."



## THE HYDRALISK

Scott has a new cellmate again - it is a Hydralisk.

A Hydralisk is a type of alien from the game Starcraft - basically it is a type of hideous monster with big spikey teeth and big sharp claws.

"What are you in for?" Scott asks - it is the very first thing he says to his Hydralisk companion.

"I eat Scots - it's a way to honour them." the Hydralisk says.

You forget yourself and agree.

"That is fair enough - it could be a way to honour them." you say.

The Hydralisk then eats you.

Is it really a way to honour them? Really? At all?

No - it's not. hahah nice one Scott - thanks for being Scottish you cunt.



*"It's a way to honour them"*

## THE BASILISK

"Do you know that I am basically the same monster as a Cockatrice<sup>3</sup>, and that I can turn into one if I want?"

"But... I am not going to turn into one."

"Why not?" you ask.

"Because you are a bellend."

---

<sup>3</sup> Lie.

## **BASILISK / COCKATRICE FOLKLORE**

According to Alexander Neckam's De naturis rerum (ca 1180), the Cockatrice was the product of an egg laid by a cock (a male chicken) and incubated by a toad.

A Basilisk is basically a small flighted dragon. A Cockatrice is completely different and is hideous.

It has the head of a cockerel and makes a 'gobble' sound like a turkey, which is its first induction of terror.

It's second induction is its tail which rattles like a rattlesnake.

It's third induction of terror is its hideous stench.

It cannot fly.

But, like I said, they are the same creature, one can turn into the other, and so forth. The Basilisk is the unit Dragons use when sending a messenger (as done before a war).

The Basilisk continues...

"You see... you are simply not worth bothering with... you are perfectly objectionable... but... I simply cannot be bothered. You are beyond the pale."

"Well - I don't mind really - I don't wanna die!" you point out.

"That is disturbing," the Basilisk says. He makes a note of what you said in a notepad.

"Disgusting," he writes and says at the same time.

"Simply disgusting."

And he goes to sleep.

Fourteen days later the Basilisk wakes up. You were just about to drop a banana skin on his nose. He sidesweeps your feet from under you, and you break **your** nose.

"My dear fellow." he jokes..

"What **is** your problem?"

He begins to pace around the room. You seem distressed.

I WANT QUICK OUT OF THIS CHAPTER QUICK.

You die in your sleep.

Up yours.

## THE RICE FARMER

- - -

"What are you in for?"

"For illegally importing drugs to the UK. Me just rice farmer!"

"You don't like drugs Joey!"

- - -

Eventually the Chinese man explains that he actually lives in China, and that he has a paddy field.

"Fish... what the fuck."

"Dude, this dude has a massive base. I am freaked!"

- - -

"I'm not fighting Joe Pasquale! That's as hard as it gets!" he says.<sup>4</sup>

"I didn't know he was involved.<sup>5</sup> You're on your own pal." - and he hangs up.

Scott Brown then died due to *distortions of spacetime*. See footnotes. To DJ Joey Riot - thanks for killing a genuinely great scottish DJ. Thanks a lot.

---

<sup>4</sup> Meaning - tiny fish.

<sup>5</sup> Meaning - invisible stuff.

## THE OTHERS / THE GUARD

One day you hear giggling outside your cell door. It is the guard, Brian-Craig.

"Come 'ere, Scott, I've something to tell ye." he says.

You walk up to your door and he pulls back the slot.

"Scott - guess what?" he says, winking.

"What?" you ask.

"My real name is Scott too. Scott Brown! I'm called Scott Brown as well!"

"Oh?"

"Yes I am! Haha! Let's go for a walk and tell the others!"

So you are walking up and down the prison strip, but no one seems to be in their cells. As you reach the recreational area of sofas, cushions and a pool table, you realise why. They are here.

"Oi, everyone!" the guard shouts.

"He doesn't know yet!" he shouts.

"We're all called Scott Brown as well!" they all shout.

"Oh, nice." you admit.

"What, in honour of me? Cos I'm the real Scott Brown? The famous one, I mean."

Oooh, not a good move. Scott Brown the Robot walks forward.

"GET LOST" he says.

The guard takes you back to your cell.

"You are now called Chris." he says.

"Chris Ayoade."

## JESUS AND THE LIONS

So one day you are eating your lunch in the canteen. You are alone, because you were asked to help paint the ceiling of the guard's mess room. So your dinner is a bit cold - but, to be honest, you are enjoying the solitude. You take a bit of time out to think - when has life ever been this peaceful before? And you enjoy your soup.

As you sit alone with your last piece of bread, you become thoughtful. Perhaps you should take that five hundred out of yer ... oh

A man sits next to you.

"Hello, friend." he says.

"Who are you? You seem familiar." you comment.

"We have met before... in long forgotten lands.. on other seas and other ports.. because... I am Jesus, and you are Scott." the man says. His eyes and smile seem to be glowing at you, and, because of you.

"You know I'm a nice person then?" you shyly ask.

"You will remember. I have to go now... uh, nah I can stay." Jesus says.

"What do you want to do?" he asks. He already knows what you want to do.

Second helpings of soup.

If you are wondering why the character Scott seems so at ease with the man, not shocked or really surprised, many people are like that with him, then afterwards wonder why. This is a magical unconscious effect known as an 'aura of

confidence' .... but it only happens when you have met someone many, many times before - often in other lives.

Jesus talks about this with you, at length.

"That makes sense, actually - you do seem very familiar, huh-u-huh." you say.

You do remember!

"Do you also remember, Scott, the time I saved you from the lions? One of Us had to be taken - I gave myself to the lions so that you could live. Many, many, times have I done this for you, Scott. And I will again. I know you are a kind man, Scott!"

"And I have to do this same thing again now."

You are suddenly standing above a pit of lions.

Jesus pushes you

into

the Lion Pit, because

you

are multiple Scots.

He was taking the piss.



## THE RIOT

The prisoners are having lunch - a standard English lunch of broccoli and spaghetti hoops, with mince.

Scott Brown plays with his food with his fork and spoon, lifting it from the bowl, and dropping it back in, not really interested in it at all.

"No one likes this grub." he says to himself.

"I mean, it tastes good." says the man sat next to him.

"But it's not mince and haggis."

"I love mince and haggis." he says.

"I really want some haggis right now." Scott Brown says.

He decides to make a stand.

He stands up...

"Nooo!" he cries.

We want neeps, tats and haggis right now! Noo!!"

Another man stands up.

"Haggis!" he shouts.

"I- want- haggis as well!" someone screams. "Nooo!"

"Nooo!" you all cry in unison.

A fight breaks out, the prison kitchen is infiltrated and burnt to the ground, and eventually, a riot breaks out.

Fourteen hours later, Scott Brown stands on the top of the roof, with a hundred other prisoners. They are all screaming about Haggises.

Some guards are watching them from the yard below, smoking.

Suddenly, a shadow appears on the top of the roof...

It's Joey Riot!

"I am the DJ Joey Riot, and I don't know how I got here!" he shouts.

The prisoners turn to look at him.

"Scott!" he shouts, and starts running down the roof toward his friend.

"Scott!" he shouts, and rugby tackles his friend off the top of the roof, by mistake.

They both fall to their death.

## THE CENTAUR

One day you hear what sound like ponies footsteps walking up the inside of the prison. They stop outside your cell door.

You hear the guard say this..

"Ok so your cellmate is called Scott and he is a prison DJ. Ok so in you go! Enjoy your stay with Baltic sir. Good lad."

He unlocks the door.. and in walks in.. a Centaur!

The body of a strong but short horse, the torso and features of a muscular, handsome, middle aged man. He cheers at you!

"Hello friend!" he says.

"What are you in for?" you ask.

"Unpaid fines and stealing a car!" he boasts.

"I only towed it! Lol!"

"So I hear you are a prison DJ, huh? That is very posh." he continues.

"I used to play out, actually." you admit.

"Wow! In nightclubs! What kind of music?"

"Mainly Hardcore, UK Hardcore, Dutch Har-"

"That is so posh." the Centaur interrupts.

"You look quite posh too!" he says.

"Love the hair! Nice ponytail!"

The Centaur has quite a refined but strong and deep, classy English accent. He is a real gent it seems! Could be a good friend?

"Thankyou."

"Does everyone in here know that you are a **real** DJ, and quite posh too?" he asks.

You don't think so.

"Got an idea!" he tells you.

*Let's go.*

The Centaur proudly and boldly clops out of your cell with you on his back. You are sat on him sideways wearing a crown. The expectant prisoners wait at their respective cell doors to be seen.

"How do you do?" you ask Paul.

"How do you do?" you ask Pete.

"How do you do?" you ask Paul.

"How do you do?" you ask Pete Simon.

The Centaur carries you to the centre of the central walkway, and pulls out his sword.

The Centaur stabs you with his sword. He was lying.

## THE PRYST WYTCH

The Pryst Wytch lived in a ditch. She didn't know a lich and wasn't rich and wasn't a bitch. What a stitch.

"This is bollocks" she says. And then, she turns you into a macaroni cheese.

Which was eaten later that night. By Macaroni Pete. He's someone who shouldn't really be working in the prison at all.

AAAARGH screamed the dead macaroni. Yes. Welsh.

## THE SAYANOSAURUS

It is an August night, and you are cold.

Sometime after 10pm, you hear keys unlocking the door to your cell.

It is Mistress Sayanoa, the Prison Governor.

"Scott, I need you to come to my office. I need some help with my computer."  
she says.

You agree and follow her to the office.

"The guards are going home soon, but don't let that worry you." she says as she  
sits down.

"I am trained in all martial arts.." she explains.

"I am 9th Dan in Jeet Kun Do and Karate." she says.

"Ok." you say - Scott Brown is a black belt in Karate.

"Would you like a drink?" she asks.

- - -

Several whiskeys later, she powers up her laptop - then - pauses as if thinking.  
She puts the lid halfway back down.

"Scott." she says.

"Say I know Dougal and Gammer... does that make me their friends in real life?"

"So what."

"Say I know, a bunch of MCs - does make me their friend?"

"It probably would."

"Haha." she says.

"You know, I really like your music!" she adds.



You smile.

"How old do you think I am, Scott?" she asks.

"35."

"Wow. I'm actually 45." she tells you.

"Really? Wow!" - you want to say she looks amazing - she does - but that would probably make things a little awkward, you'd think.

You try and lift the tension...

"So, you know *all* martial arts?"

"17 actually." she says.

"Cool!"

"I only know Karate!"

"Lol." she says.

2 hours pass....

"So, say I know a load of people in certain organisations... - like, SSUA." she proposes.

"Could that be useful to me?"

"How?" you ask.

"Basically, Scott - and, all the guards have gone now.."

"I'm going to let you out!"

- - -

"But why?" you ask.

"I like you Scott, that's why. You don't deserve to be in this prison... you're cute, that's all! Honestly, I'm surprised I'm not blushing!"

She smiles at you.

"I'll take you to the front exit now." - and she does.

- - -

"Bye, Scott!"

She waves.

Curiously, the front gate of the prison leads onto some woods.

You walk into the darkness.

As you reach the edge of the wood.. you see.. a gang of 40 Gorillas.



## GOD

One day God teleports into your cell.

He explains that he knows you are a nice guy, that he knows what you're trying to do with the hardcore and all that, and that you're a very spiritual person.

He offers to grant you **A WISH**.

- - -

"Anything?"

"Anything at all?"

*Is there anything you'd like?~*

"Invent a new type of monster!" you shout!

God thinks for three seconds, then says..

"Got it! It's a Cyclops, but with three eyes! It's called a Triclops!"

"That was really easy actually.." he says.

"You get that one for free!"

"Anything else?"

"Well, I would like you to repeal the law on Scots, and get me out of this bloody jail!"

"Ah."

God shoots you in the eye with a revolver because you are a cunt.

SHOT DEAD.

AYE.

TAKE IT.





## JEW - BONUS CHAPTER

You are a jew and you get killed.

By Hitler's moustache.

Because there's not enough room on Jupiter.

For Richard Hammond.

Because it **hasn't** been used as a massive Jew-pit.<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>6</sup> This line was allowed to be written by a Jew.