

Murray Barnes

## Robert Rankinesque Story Thingy That's Very Crap

"Hello"

"Hi"

"Can I have a minute of your time?"

"Yes, here you go"

"Thank you. Now my watch is at the right time, I lost a minute earlier when I went for a piss. "Can I ask you some questions?"

"No"

"Thank you. How old are you?"

"I said 'No'"

"What's that in numbers?"

"Look you moron, I said 'No'"

"Sir, I'm afraid I can't count that high"

"How dare you, I'm not a sir. I'm a Prof"

"Oh, I do apologise sir"

"I'll cut off your head"

"I'm sure you will sir, now, how old are you?"

"Old enough to get respect you young whippersnapper you"

"This story isn't going anywhere, is it?"

"No"

"Oh well, the author has just magically turned you into a beautiful naked woman"

"So he has, I have nice tits"

"Yes, you do"

"Get your hands off 'em"

"Sorry sir"

"Ma'am"

"Oh yes, ma'am, sorry sir"

*(Cuts off his head)*

"Bloody men"

"Quite"

"Who are you?"

"I'm an irrelevant passer-by here to make an awful joke about how he is actually a bloody man now you've cut off his head"

"Get on with it then"

"No"

"Why the hell not?"

"I'm fascinated by your lovely tits"

"So's the author"

"He's a pervert, I'm a lesbian, let's have lesbian sex"

*(they have lesbian sex)*

"That was nice"

"No it wasn't, I lied, I'm not an irrelevant passer-by, I'm your wife"

"I'm married?"

"Yes"

"Oh, ok then. That explains why I have a ring on my finger"

## Murray Barnes

“Can I kiss your ring?”

“Ooh, good innuendo there. That author really is a pervert”

“I quite agree. Let’s have sex again, but with a banana”

“I quit”

“You can’t quit, the author created you, if you quit you don’t exist”

“I don’t care, I want a carrot, I’m afraid of the colour yellow”

*(They have lesbian sex again, with a carrot)*

“Oh look, you’re a redhead”

“No I’m not”

“No, you’re not, but you do have red hair”

“How dare you, it’s strawberry blonde”

“Would you like some cream on your strawberries. I hate this perverted author”

“Sorry dear? I wasn’t paying attention, apart from to your lovely tits”

“They are lovely, aren’t they?”

“Yes, can I touch them?”

“Oh, go on then. Damn you author”