

**The adventures of Dr. Delicious**  
**(from the popular Treachery Blog [www.digitalbed.co.za](http://www.digitalbed.co.za))**  
**by André Roux Barendse**  
**Episode 1**

And so it came to pass that a middle-aged man with a beer belly jammed his head in a faulty elevator door. The doors cut off blood flow to his brain and even though medical professionals later released him as healthy... he had sustained brain damage.

This wasn't a bad thing... even though he couldn't remember his name.

A new name was thought up and he now called himself... Dr. Delicious. Not only did that sound better, Dr. Delicious was no longer afflicted by morality. In fact.. he became a real arse.

At first he slipped out 11 items in the 10 items or less queue in a supermarket. Later he risked getting more dangerous than that... 15 items. Within a week of that incident he discovered another benefit... He developed a psychic super power ...

**to be continued ...**

And so it came to be that the story of Dr. Delicious continues. So in valuable days gone past we learned of a special psychic super power. Dr. Delicious, at will, could invoke this special power and wanted to start using it for evil purposes... He needed a safe place where he could train himself. He needed practice.

He decided to start small. And So Dr Delicious found an easy, and safe first victim.

A telemarketer phoned and started to convince Dr. Delicious that he needed to upgrade his cellphone contract...

This was the opportunity that Dr. Delicious had been waiting for. He focussed his damaged mind, concentrated hard and invoked HONESTY in the brain of his weak victim. This is how the conversation ended:

"So as you can see Mr. Delicious... this deal is just as bad as all the others, with your privacy, interests and financial well-being at the very bottom of our list of priorities. We're corrupted to the bone and will try every dirty trick in the book to sucker you into buying something you already have...again.... We are human trash.... fffffffFUUCCCKK!"

DR. Delicious was tired and his evil power faded, but he was able to throw off a direct attack on his finances... The telemarketer's powers was weaker and evil won again...

The next day Dr. Delicious was on his way to the bank... As he was walking his stare grew more steady and he started to have an evil grin... He had seen the headlines on a news paper. It read:

*"Telemarketer for popular cellphone group guns down colleagues and shoots himself."*

**... to be continued**

**Episode 2...**  
**Dr. Delicious gets a supercar**

... and so it passed that the bloody "telemarketer massacre" had made an impression on the fragile conscience of Dr Delicious's damaged brain.

Thinking about the sad tragedy, the loss and the mourning of the telemarketer families, he could only chuckle to himself.

He was an arse now and he liked it. He liked it a lot.

He fantasized about being evil to more people and how he would induce his INSTANT HONESTY villain super power on others. He wanted to go visit the bank ... they had bullied him and they had lots of money in tough times. he wanted to go visit his kindergarten caretaker ... as she once turned him down when he asked for cookies ... and she still does!

For him to take proper evil revenge he would have to hide his identity and also... for this level of evil he would need to get away fast.

So it came to be that a decision was made to buy a villain super car... from a used car salesman! "*Wally Presto's sporty edge motors*" was first on his evil list. Wally sold "**Pre-Owned**" vehicles. "*Get there quickly...*" was his company slogan!

Dr. Delicious grinned his evil grin and started to plan his evil scheme... down to the last delicious detail. But first he needed to think of a good color for a super villain getaway car... his brain was so damaged.

**... to be continued**

**... and so it continues:**

The winds of change brought about another sunny day and it so happened that Dr. Delicious's physical and spiritual journey had come to a spiritual "roadblock". He couldn't decide on the color of his evil super car. Yellow, Red or Metallic Blue?

He decided to outsource the challenge and even though he had trained his evil super power for 4 hours, spanning across 2 days, he decided to ask someone on the street to help him. It so happened that he needed to walk to a second-hand car dealer. Along the way he had to cross a street, and there was an old lady needing help with her groceries.

He stopped her and asked... "What is a good color for a car?" She turned around and looked deeply into his eyes. The innocence of the question had established such deep trust, and she could only connect with him on a deep emotional level. "Well I always liked yellow". She replied. "Thank you..." He said. Before he could walk off the sweet lady stopped him and asked: "Would you be so kind as to help me with my heavy groceries to my car on the other side of the road." He looked deeply into her eyes, reconnecting on a sincere emotional tone and answered: "No" and walked off leaving her there.

"Oh well, she thought... he must be very busy" she walked off... unaffected.

Dr Delicious's damaged brain was preoccupied with his next evil scheme and his axles were now greased. He's evil powers had been growing and he was looking forward to trying them out on the second-hand car dealer. He checked his tape recorder again. Batteries were good. Evil was about to strike a devilish blow into the heart of Treachery.

Arriving at "**Wally Presto's sporty edge motors**", Dr Delicious was received with a handshake from God. It had firmness. It had trustworthiness. It was a pillar of strength in a stormy river. It came with genuine eye contact from someone who has nothing to hide... "Wally, is THE NAME. How can WE help?"

"I'm looking for something in yellow" answered Dr Delicious. At that point the dollar signs started rolling in Wally's eyes. "This little lamb had just entered the butcher's house" he thought. At that point Dr Delicious whipped out his *hypno-stare* and shouted... **INSTANT HONESTY!!! !!!**

Wally's brain froze up... Neurons fired like a lightning storm as his brain was scanning the archives for the meanings and implications of the word. Smoke started to come out of his ears and he started laughing. it was like an insane vampire, burning in sunlight... laughing his way out of this inevitably bad situation. For minutes this went on. Wally couldn't stop laughing at the words INSTANT HONESTY !!! !!! He was losing his mind altogether. At some point the second-hand car dealer recovered and started spewing random bits of information... This is how it played out

"Well champ I'll give you this... If you're buying a yellow car it's resale value and your sex life would immediately go down the drain. Its such a dud color that only old ladies and idiots drive yellow cars. Nothing spells ... I'm not getting any... Like YELLOW! This is why I go for red or black. Half my affairs are sealed on test-driving red cars. The panties just drop in a red car! If people trade in a yellow car... I usually give it to my wife. Fuck it... If you're gonna buy yellow... you might as well drive a Ford"

"I see..." said Dr Delicious "and Service records?"

Wally collapsed in laughter ... "SERVICE RECORDS? WHAHA! WHAHAHAHA! Do you see that sign up there... **Pre-owned** doesn't mean **Pre-owned**! **Pre-owned** means **Post-Owned**. **Its that car people don't want anymore!** We cheat the service records and add a fat margin to

the profit as if it was serviced. Roadworthy certificates we buy with a bottle of brandy! Those who don't end dead is sent to the insurers who are basically scum too, but we sell anyway, for a broker's margin, and let them take the heat...dishonest living doesn't get better than this"

"I'll take it" said Dr. Delicious, pointing to a yellow Audi convertible.

Dr. Delicious would drive to Wally's home on his first trip... handing over the recording to Wally Presto's wife... Some time later the Flash's headlines read "*Water-fountain Prank kills 5 men. Viagra overdose cited as the cause of 5 massive heart attacks.*"

Dr. Delicious chuckled to himself... as he had seen... "Die hard 5".

At the same time Dr Delicious was also feeling lonely... He had no-one to share his evil with... It was time for a **dark alliance**...

### Episode 3 ... the Dark Alliance.

And so the "**Flash**" predicted "Clear and Sunny" weather for Treachery, with humidity at 45 percent. Dr. Delicious thought it a good idea to go work on his evil tan and also to break some naughty rules. He had spotted quite a few that required urgent attention.

The common rule in beach engagement was that you weren't meant to stare at hot women... Not even the single ones.

At all times you had to act uninterested and cool... even when the girls tanned topless. This goodness was nice, but Dr Delicious had a far more sinister plot on his mind... He planned on wearing "**Sun**"-glasses on the beach so that people weren't able to see his evil eyes. He planned on staring and enjoying voluptuous breasts and long slim golden legs... with little sinful jewels of pearly nectar water clinging to their skins as they left the water thingy.

With "**Sun**"-glasses he could perv in privacy and still blend in like a normal person, disguised with the norms and rules of goodness.

Evil was damn sexy, so an urgent visit to the optometrist was booked and a familiar looking nice lady in a yellow jersey had prescribed him photochromic lenses at half the price of buying normal glasses and sunglasses. Clearly she wasn't into optometry for the money...

So with extra money to spare Dr. Delicious headed out to the beach. He had planned it in such evil details that the low tide would eventually turn... pushing back those beauties to his strategic trap. He had a copy of "Reader's Digest" he was paging through, but his eyes stared at a lady facing him, laying on her stomach, with her full bosom expressing love and tenderness in such a way that not even gravity could further the cause any further... she looked up. Dr. Delicious thought it well to turn a page, but his eyes never left those babies! She was reading also... Well, not pretend reading, but still. they had something in common, sort of.

Dr. Delicious was proud of himself for buying the "**Sun**"glasses. He had paid a thousand numbers thingies for them and they now worked! Still, he'd turn his head more to the book ... keeping his eyes firmly locked to her soft chest... paging along at a reasonably intellectual pretend-reading pace. There was some acting involved.

He thought it best not to show off his intellect too much. Just as he thought his luck couldn't get any better... the tide washed in a long black haired beauty... She quickly came standing by him, drying herself... blocking some glare even. Dr. Delicious now had two beauties to focus on.

And so his mind was his no more...

To his left was the longest, most sinful legs he had seen in his life, and to his twelve the most radiant full-bodied image of a godly bosom. He now had a difficult act. He needed to tilt back further to give himself enough space to pretend-read the book, covering the long legs to hell, and still leave himself enough field of view to cover the breasts of heaven. But something was off. It seemed as if the twelve o'clock had radioed in the enemy, and was getting ready for a dogfight... He wasn't sure. He turned another page and turned his eyes towards the long legs and turned them back at the breasts of the lady in front of him. The one in front kept looking at him... and she seemed to be getting angry... Was she psychic? Roughly at that point the long

legs of hell slapped him silly.

"What are you staring at?" The long black haired figure tested. She had asked her question in such a way that one could tell she knew the answer... Dr Delicious was found out... because the beauty with the long black hair had blocked out the sun long enough for the photochromic lenses to clear again...

This goodness he had choked on before... It was strangely familiar... This goodness was in the lady who helped him pick a non-sexy color for his villain super car. It was the lady who helped him with the selecting of these non-sexy photochromic transition lenses!!!

He had met his **Arch-Virtuous!** She was good ... *the radiant little orchid!*

His head was throbbing. He looked up at the lady who had slapped his already damaged brain... She was from the dark side... she was sexy and she was able to read his dirty mind. And so they would form...the **dark alliance!**

#### Episode 4 – Smoking Hot Legs, Smoking Beggars

*[warning warning warning warning warning... the f word is used and your head might explode]*  
She just leaned over to switch off the radio.

At first Dr Delicious smiled, because she had good evil cleavage... but now his evil tunes was off and she was talking way too much!

Dr Delicious reflected on this and was fatigued by it. He wanted to use his **Instant Honesty** on her but he feared that she would no longer be fun in the dark and so he was building up pressure in his damaged brain. In his evil tunes he had an outlet... but no more.

Evil needed a new outlet, and for that Dr. Delicious needed better psychic powers. He wondered about the **Hypno-Stare** and the **Instant Honesty** powers. The **Hypno-Stare** pinned down his victims so nicely. Using the super words "**Instant Honesty**"... How it made those liars dance...

He fantasized about other **super words**... "**Head Pop**", "**No-Fine for safety belt**", "**Self-Choke, Self-Punch**"

And just then a beggar knocked on the shiny window of his evil yellow super villain car. The beggar was dressed as a parking attendant but he smelled of alcohol. He claimed he was broke but he was having difficulty walking a straight line. He begged for sympathy but was clearly irresponsible[go read **imaginary number dynamics on irresponsibility**]. He showed how to park but he had no drivers license of his own...

His consistent and religious dishonesty made him repulsive and Dr Delicious, with his evil honesty wanted him to explode... but not make a mess on the new car... and thats when the magic evil words came to him... "**Distant Beggars Pop**".

He quickly pulled away, slightly over-revving his super motor to impress strange people... He leaned over to squeeze her long legs from hell and whispered the words... "**Distant Beggars Pop**" and checked the rearview mirror to enjoy his evil deed.

Nothing happened. He tried some other words. "**Distant, dishonest, irresponsible soulless, heartless, loveless beggar pop**". Nothing. "ffffFFFFFFUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!!!!"

Dr Delicious stopped the car, and switched on his evil tunes again. He looked at her and wondered what her name was... She was good fun in the dark. Evil tunes made her even better. In the distance he could hear sirens, but the beggar was still standing... Something was up in Treachery, but he couldn't see anything. He would buy the **Flash** tomorrow to better understand why his powers didn't work...

He revved up and looked at her hot legs, smoking hot legs, oh yes!

**to be continued...**

And so Dr. Delicious was up too early to go buy the "**Flash**" at "**the PrettyHonest Reseller**". The headlines read : "Fire Brigade saves baby kitten from scary tree". "ffffFFFFFFFAMILY PLANNINGGGGG!!!!" he shouted. It didn't work.

His evil didn't work. He took off his glasses to rub his nose... And then it came to him... The sweet lady sold them to him. The glasses must have been blocking the "**Hypno-Stare**" and that was blocking his **evil power words**.

He took the glasses off, and as he did a fine dame in a skirt passed him... He **Hypno-Stared** at her from behind and whispered... skirt flip! A gust blew her skirt up and some really evil looking legs were displayed. He tried again... "**Distant Beggar Pop**" and heard something go splat... He turned around to see a yellow audi convertible soaked in blood... with a disgusting piece of dishonest brain sliding down his rear window... streaking his window with blood. The lady with the evil legs came running out again to see, and would throw up next to Dr. Delicious... splashing little droplets of puke on his fine shoes and hairy legs.

Dr. Delicious stood there, reflecting on what he had done.

If only he had gone for the Volkswagen... he now would have had a rear wiper. It all came back to the advice the little sweet lady had given him... How much more of his evil life would she ruin with her goodness? It was time for payback!

It was time to rid Treachery of sweet ladies in yellow jerseys...

### **Episode 5. The source of Dr. Delicious's powers is found.**

**BREAKING NEWS!** Proof of a demon is found! Special thanks to "**The Flash**" for allowing us a reprint of their shocking article.

"An eerie song was discovered on one of the recording tapes of the world famous **Invisible Band**. At first this was just written off as a really good hoax, but a well known scientist in Treachery has made a startling new statement that has the world's scientific community up in arms.

He believes the tapes to be authentic, and believes that the tapes seem to be the first scientific evidence of what he refers to as... "[the other side](#)". "Demons exist and I have the proof! I've been in the ff... ffff... fffff..... forensics game for half my life. These tapes are the real (deal)... I tell you! (its) REAL! There are no signs of tampering, noise distortion or anything associated with recording misconduct."

The famous "The Invisible Band" has confirmed that the music is theirs... but the demonic vocals NOT! Dr. Bribedaswell, who verified its authenticity, has availed a transcript of one of the first tapes, of what he believes, to be the words of the demon song or chant. His transcript reads:

Here then a copy of the lyrics and a recording said to be of the demon:

<http://www.digitalbed.co.za/forensiccase43413jul12.mp3>

TRANSCRIPT by Dr Bribedaswell:

*the sun is up, the sky is blue  
evil is strong in Treachery  
the beggar popped, the copper stopped  
a bloody mess was left to confess  
the truth is out; the Flash\* has told  
a kitten was saved from a scary old tree  
there's blood his car, some puke on his shoe  
if only the rest had known what he knew  
evil has won; in Treachery  
as people sold short on their honesty  
Profit is high when God is low  
evil will harvest a dumb ass soul  
the brains are cheap; as like their food  
And Dr D is feeling rather good!  
Hypno Stare will pin you down  
the honesty ... will leave you screaming – you're the harvest!*

*Bring the scythe; lets cut you down  
bring the devil his pound of flesh  
The banker sold you off to war  
lets repossess your everything  
your mortgage, your family  
the very earth is taken dirt cheap  
Evil  
has got you good!  
you were too stupid and this was understood!  
you're the bloody food  
you're the target  
in Treachery  
Demonic laugh"*

Dr. Bribedaswell believes that the demon is trying to make contact with humans. He has not yet been available to indicate why a said demon would want to do so. Angry residents from Treachery has marched to town hall to protest and to hand over an ultimatum to the mayor. "Demons can't be trusted. We don't want demons in our newspapers or demons in our schools. Burn Flash to the ground" Another was quoted as saying.  
... to be continued as the story unfolds.

#### **Dr Delicious Episode 6. A demon crashes an ANTITAX rock concert.**

**BREAKING NEWS!** An ANTITAX concert went horribly wrong in Treachery on Friday after the crowd tried to rush-vacate the gigantic RIPTOFF BANK stadium. Hundred and fifty people were injured and 18 were killed. The **Flash** reported that some of them even died twice. It is not yet clear what happened. The crowd claimed that a too real looking "sing-along demon" robot had spawned and startled many, forming a deadly stampede. Others claim the demon was real. ANTITAX wasnt willing to comment at the time of this print. The robot spawn occurred during the performance of the [controversial, mammoth, giant, galactically successful super smooth cheesy hit song about compound interest: "DEMON BLUES"](#) . Some claim it is so successful because the song is about bank charges... Others believe its just good singing. Either way... we were able to pirate you a copy for download.

It made headlines just months ago when a Dr. Bribedaswell leaked a transcript to wikileaks. Citizens were outraged as an agreement was struck with the mayor to not print demon thoughts or articles in their newspapers. Here's another copy of the stellar lyrics:

" **demon blues**

*how does a demon compete when there's banker on every street ?  
You see it in the faces you meet... that evil is hard too to beat!  
I spend my life trying to scare YOU. You laugh at me off as if i'm not there  
I flash a blade and you say its better than debt!  
somebody cut these bankers down,  
they suck all fun out of demons town  
Evil used to be some scary shit*

*but there's a darker pit  
but there's a darker pit  
but there's a darker pit  
in Treachery  
its gonna be*

*the end of me*  
*please won't you see*  
*a Demon's having a hard time,*  
*keeping up with banking charges*  
*God, these bankers are sucking them dry... Oh mama!*  
*a Demon's having a hard time,*  
*keeping up with banking charges*  
*God, these bankers are sucking them dry... Oh mama!*  
*Bring back the ghouls, trolls and torture tools – we need breath back some love into SLACK.*  
*A demon needs fun, he needs them to run, but they're sucked bone dry, they're taxed to the sky*  
*What's a demon to do*  
*in Treachery?*  
*its gonna be*  
*the end of me*  
*please wont you see*  
*a Demon's having a hard time,*  
*keeping up with banking charges*  
*God, these bankers are sucking them dry... Oh mama!*  
*a Demon's having a hard time,*  
*keeping up with banking charges*  
*God, these bankers are sucking them dry... Oh mama! “*  
 ANTITAX, with the help of The Invisible Band, Performed the song, and defended it by saying it was freedom of speech. The lead singer... Bozo had this to say: "Demons also have a right to be be at a rock concert... fuck!"  
 a copy of DEMON BLUES: [http://www.digitalbed.co.za/DEMON BLUES.mp3](http://www.digitalbed.co.za/DEMON%20BLUES.mp3)  
 (Excuse the poor vocals )Stay tuned...

## Episode 7

### The Vicious Bite of the Saucy Secrets

Dr Delicious had some saucy secrets and was looking for a secret place to hide them. The problem, he felt, was in that he needed a place for dirty thinking, such as plotting revenge against old helpful ladies in yellow jerseys, and a place where he could listen to Elvis Presley records in privacy. The evil dream didn't stop there... He pictured himself enjoying *alcohol induced brain damage* and spent many dim milliseconds enjoying the blurry fantasy...  
 How civilized and fashionable it was to be a careless idiot.  
 He summoned a professional Estate Agency that very minute and they were professional. They facilitated, coordinated, project planned, engineered the erection, the rubber hammering and the subsequent locating and removal of the "For Sale" sign. They relocated this "For Sale" sign swiftly and a sugarcoated "Lock up and Go"-waterless property was to be transferred from one imaginary owner to another. Riptoff bank provided imaginary finance by providing Dr Delicious an imaginary loan from his own pension fund and massively deceptive compounded interest was charged for allowing him access to his own money. This common scam tripled property prices all over Treachery. As a result one needed finance to buy a shoe-box with no productive potential, also rendering one's pension worthlessly inflated, as was again going to be the case for Dr. Delicious.  
 It was time to celebrate!  
 Soon after Dr. Delicious was moved onto his own imaginary kingdom and it so ensued that a housewarming party was planned... with alcohol. Self induced brain damage was a hit, a precursor to parties that were fun in the dark and also a precursor to great pop songs. The party was ripe for champagne, "Tutty Fruity" and "Jailhouse Rock".



Dr Delicious was mesmerized... The people were getting drunk and speaking HONESTY, without him having to cast his evil INSTANT HONESTY super power. They were giving up the most sauciest of secrets that would embarrass them in the morning... He could feel his power and influence grow with their drunken HONESTY. But their powers were growing also... It was time to shut up... but he couldn't help it. He felt innocent and void of sin,,, he WANTED to talk and share his naughty ideas...

The alcohol tricked them all into believing they were something and they wanted to share their worth... *because they cared!*

Just then the doorbell interrupted. He opened the door. It was her; the old lady with the yellow jersey. The *radiant, goodie-two-shoes, little orchid*... She was wearing perfume... and Dr.

Delicious secretly liked it!

... to be continued.

### Episode 8. Dr Delicious makes a friend

Dr Delicious's damaged brain found a spiritual and emotional crash. He was trying to create friends but not like this. There stood the sincere vulnerable goodie-two-shoes lady... in yellow. She clearly wanted in on his sneak, yet kick-ass, rock and roll party.

Making friends is important for an evil super-villain

He had planned on having reckless drunk intercourse with the black haired lady with the sinful legs and *this cold witch's tit* surely wanted to chat about "supperware"(tm) . "What was her name again?" he thought, thinking about the long legs. Still, he liked the soothing smell of the old lady's perfume. It brought within him a stillness and a faint association of spaciousness, flowers and not walking into a bear trap, or clearance sale. She was thick, but open and allowing.

"Can I come in" she asked. He looked deeply onto her sincere eyes. Clearly she was to be his neighbor for life while he had to be very tactful about his decision. His damaged brain had difficulty picturing the bloody convertible in the garage... but from what mind pictures he could retrieve, it was well hidden. He remembered... and so in the slow thinking and awkward silence she thought it smart to break the ice for him.

"I brought you a gift... for your housewarming"

"Thanks" He said. "But you're not welcome at my housewarming." She looked at him but didn't understand. How could he be so cruel? He could clearly see the destruction setting in her self-esteem.

"It's strictly for people I don't trust...or people I want to screw over." he finished. He closed the door in her face and she stood there wanting closure. She knocked again and he couldn't leave her unattended... so he opened. "Thanks for being honest" She said, forming an alliance in eye contact and then turned slowly to walk back to her home. All she wanted was to be a friend.

Dr. Delicious was puzzled. Why didn't her head smoke in the face such evil honesty? Why was she liberated by the deliberate? She had power over his power. Who was more powerful? She smelled nice like free flowers ... Yuck!

"So what do you do for a living"... a female voice asked from behind... "I'm a Doctor!" He answered... Knowing that such a lie would get within striking distance of an irresponsible shag. "Really. That's so amazing". she said... "What kind of a Doctor?"

"... I save little children" He lied again ... Dr. Delicious grinned devilishly and turned around to face the long legged beauty... but what was her name again?

"Hello friend" He tested. She smiled. He walked over to the music system and played some tunes from "**The Invisible Band**"... and so the deed was sealed. They would get drunk and be reckless in the dark...

To Be continued. Watch [www.digitalbed.co.za](http://www.digitalbed.co.za) for updates in Treachery



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