

Return Of The Nick

Nick had it all. He was a millionaire thanks to his clever property investments, and was now rich beyond his wildest dreams. He had the adulation of millions of fans who dedicated websites to him....well a few hundred computer geeks from the Nick Abbot Forum who seemed to cyber stalk him! Still not bad going for a former DJ!

But Nick was growing tired of the constant parties, holidays in exotic locations with lots of beautiful women by his side...well Carol in a drunken stupor by his side. Those lost weekends in Amsterdam were starting to take their toll on him too.

Nick started to think about the old days when he did phone-ins when all those horrible people used to phone him. He never thought he would miss them but sometimes he wished he was back there. How he missed those quality calls from the Mad Baker Boy from Romford(had he got locked up yet?), Ade Who Can't Get Laid (had he got laid yet, Nick wondered?), Elizabeth from Cheddar (who was no doubt asking some other DJ to marry her!)

An idea was playing on Nicks mind. Nick decided to give his trusty chauffeur Timo the day off for good behaviour and would have to drive himself for a change. Nick opened the door to his luxury house to be greeted his screaming fans. "Any spare change Nick?" they shouted. "Look I'm skint go away!" Replied Nick. Nick hastily ran to his Ferrari.

Nick made his way to Virgin Radio's headquarters in

Golden Green. Nick went in to see the big boss from Scottish Media Group who owned the station these days. Nick said "I'm going to make you an offer that you can't refuse!" The Big Boss nodded. "I want to buy this station." Said Nick. "And how much are you going to offer us?" asked the Big Boss. "£5" said Nick with a big smile.

Virgin had gone really down hill since Nick left and had only 2 listeners and one of them was from the Radio Authority! The Big Boss thought about it for a minute rubbing his chin. It was the biggest offer he had ever had for the station and was twice the amount it was really worth. "Yes it's a deal." he said. Nick reached into his pocket and handed him over a scabby £5 note. The Big boss got Nick to sign the contract and left the building in a hurry.

Nick sat back in the bosses chair and smiled. Now he could go on the air whenever he wanted heaven knows he may even give Robert from The Rhondda a job!

Nick knew he couldn't relax for too long - there was a lot of work to do. He fumbled his way through the radio station's PC system and after a few unbroadcastable words muttered under his breath, he finally managed to send an email out to the two Virgin listeners informing them of the change of ownership.

He sat back in his big black leather chair and pondered how to make his new station profitable. It wasn't long before he was logging onto his fan forum. "These suckers will do anything for me," he chortled to no one in particular, "and I won't even have to pay them!"

First of all, he reassigned Timo to be the station's webmaster.

While he was an excellent chauffeur, his true love was web design and if anyone knew how to knock up a high quality web site at the right price it was Timo from W2-S Internet Services.

Nick then PM'ed EMG asking them to be his copywriter and head of advertising, with Ray Murray the graphic designer. This new station needed some witty, eye catching adverts. Harrier1980 was now Nick's new agent.

Stevonzi was to create a new and exciting sound for the station, Yagi Bare was to work behind the scenes at the transmitter sites rigging up a set of new aerials for a nationwide FM service, and Ant was responsible for logging all the stations output.

Desy was the station's film and entertainment reviewer, Robert From The Rhondda was the new newsreader, and Ade was to be a thought provoking facts man and general Knight Rider expert. Professor Popcorn was assigned to keep the moral up of the volunteers.

Nick glanced at his watch - it was getting late. He would have to finish off his ground breaking new team another day.

EMG & Timo

Disclaimer: Any resemblance to persons living or dead is purely coincidental and merely part of your over active imagination!