

Kevin's eyes fly open to find the little girl hovering high above him. His back is flat against a table, he thinks and his body feels really hot. The ruckus around him starts to pull him out of his dazed state. A sweet cinnamon odor fogs the surrounding air. Then, he hears "Order! Order! Order in the playroom!" Kevin tries to roll over, but the movement isn't coming to him. The girl's enormous black flats cast a shadow over his small frame, encasing him in a coffin of sorts.

"Shhh! Look, he's waking up." A single bright bulb looms overhead and the light pours harder into his eyes as the girl floats left a little. He tries to close them, but he can't. His eyelids feel as if they're glued down to the top of his eyeballs.

When his eyes finally adjust, he skims the circle of solid-colored entities surrounding him. The first one he spots is Big Bird, who opens his beak and smiles that demonic smile of his. For some peculiar reason, Big Bird looks enormous. His red eyeball must be the size of Kevin's body. He towers over him and Kevin realizes either the bird grew bigger or he shrunk to the size of a doll. Big Bird's styrofoam teeth jut out in various sizes, wide gaps in between. He looks normal enough though. Well, kinda. His face isn't covered in red crayon anymore, but he's wearing a long black robe and his yellow feathers peek out of the sleeves.

Barney is next to Big Bird on the right, still taking down notes with his tiny clipboard and giant pen. He looks down at him and nods his big, blocky head disapprovingly from side to side. He wears a little tuxedo and small, round spectacles. Oscar the Grouch is at Big Bird's left, sticking out of a silver trash can, the lid dangling on top of his green head like a baseball cap flipped around. He continues to slap a wooden rolling pin into his left hand. Unlike Big Bird, he doesn't smile. He stares. He does not look happy. Elmo peers over the table, too short to see Kevin. An oversized chef's hat slips on and off his eyes as he jumps up and down. Red, scruffy strands of fur litter his face.

Then, there's the Teletubbies huddled next to each other on the other side behind Kevin. He has to stretch his eyeballs to see them better. Their antennas jiggle around on top of their heads. Dipsy is eating a waffle with a brown smiley face burned into it. He belches and pieces of soggy crust fly out of his mouth. "Excuse me," he giggles in a deep voice, covering his mouth. Lala lifts her hand and waves it in front of her face, gently blowing on it as if she's just done her nails, but Kevin sees a musty, green gas drift out of her mouth.

Po's just standing there looking bored. Sleep fills her eyes. She yawns and scratches one arm. Then, she reaches up and snaps off her red, lollipop-shaped antenna. She begins biting off pieces as if it's a pretzel. The crunch-crunch sound fills the circular dome up above. Tinky Winky is hopping up and down, an impatient frown on his face. He looks like he needs to pee, really badly.

"Kevin Theodore Crapshoot, do you know why you are here?" Big Bird asks him sternly.

"I'm trapped in a nightmare, aren't I?" Kevin responds in a groggy voice.

"Hmph, a nightmare he says," Big Bird mocks as he turns to look at Barney. "Let's proceed. Barney, as Josie's attorney, would you please provide the jury with the collected evidence?" Barney stops writing in his clipboard and looks up at the Teletubbies. Dipsy burps again. Po yawns some more.

Barney opens his briefcase on the table and gathers the proper documents. Then, he clears his throat. "Gentlemonsters of the jury, we find Kevin Theodore Crapshoot guilty of murder in the second degree..." Josie swoops down to stand next to Barney and glares at Kevin. "Exhibit A." Barney gestures to the transparent, little girl. He waves his hand through her. "See? Dead. A ghost. Why you ask? I believe the reason lies in front of you."

"We didn't ask," Tinky Winky whines, hopping up and down, squirming, but Barney pretends he didn't hear him.

He rummages around in his briefcase again. "...as well as vandalism of library property on several different occasions... Exhibit B." Barney holds up a Marvel comic book and flips it open. He shows the jury Spiderman's face with the cartoony mustache and devil horns.

Then, he puts an arm around Big Bird's shoulder. "Not to mention coloring over my pal's face here..." Red color magically seeps through the yellow on Big Bird's face. ".....AND my personal favorite, slander of the Barney theme song." Barney says this last bit bitterly. Then, he looks down at Kevin and nods disapprovingly again.

"Murder?! Slander?!" Kevin manages to croak out.

"Oh, don't play innocent with me like you don't remember. You used to sing this all the time when you were an even littler brat."

♪ I love you. You love me.
Let's go out and kill Barney
with a shotgun, boom boom,
Barney on the floor.
No more happy dinosaur.♪

Barney looks at Kevin and shouts, "How dare you practice free speech?"