

Oliver, the Many-Pounded One

They call him Oliver, the Many-Pounded One. He's a bit of a D-list celebrity, famous for being the only person who is a *professional* basement dweller. He's particularly skilled at Discord moderation, enduring lengthy movie binges, and tipping his DoorDash driver when he gets his Taco Bell order from across the street. And it's all because he won the Disney Channel UK summer sweepstakes in 2012.



He's been coasting on the cash prize ever since, even with a whole room in his house dedicated to storing his many bank notes. That's why they call him Oliver, the Many-Pounded One.

Call him ungrateful, but he knows it's not easy being him. Despite his relatively light carbon footprint, it seems MI6 is constantly concerned about his activity. They call him nearly every week, telling him about strange happenings they keep tracing back to home. The organization keeps wanting to buy his property because they say it used to be owned by a villainous engineer. Oliver thinks it's balderdash. Besides, what harm is there in it now that Oliver, a civil sedenter, is the mortgage-payer? At any rate, the MI6 would constantly badger and attack Oliver's denial, like metaphorical sucker punches. That's why they call him Oliver, the Many-Pounded One.

Little did Oliver know that his very household activities were unknowingly disrupting the whole village of Sanderstead. When he would turn on his AC, frigid blasts would bring windchill and light snows to even the sunniest summer days. His lawn sprinklers would gush torrents of water into the streets. The smoke from his chimney would often blot out the sun itself. Even the doorbell that his tip-earning courier would ring for his daily Baja Blast was at such a frequency that it would send all the town dogs into a frenzy.

It was for this reason that MI6 finally had enough, and they decided to send someone to his own door.

Officer Wycliffe approaches Oliver's home. He looks around the perimeter for a discreet entry point. After quietly rustling through a bush, Wycliffe tampers

with the kitchen window. He searches in his suit pockets for his glass cutter, but when he looks back up, he sees Oliver leaning out the opened window.

"I have a doorbell, you know," Oliver remarks.

"Oliver Santhorpe?" Wycliffe nervously rises, dusting his suit and hiding his tool. "This is MI6. You're being investigated for suspicious activity."

"Well, I have nothing to hide. Come in," Oliver replies. Surprised, Officer Wycliffe heads to the front door and enters the home.

"Your home seems to be responsible for triggering numerous public disturbances. Would you care to explain yourself?" Wycliffe demands.

"I know nothing of the sort," Oliver complains. "And by the way, you're one to talk for disturbing my binge of every Air Bud film." Oliver did love dogs, after all. Especially professional athlete ones.

"Well, excuse me, as my search is legally justified." Wycliffe straightens his tie.

"You know, this machine right here seems quite suspicious." Wycliffe approaches another window and inspects the machine. "Wouldn't be some sort of ionized plasma ray, would it?"

"That's my air conditioner," Oliver informs him.

"Oh. Yes, I see." Wycliffe says, disappointed. He directs his attention to the coffee table. "But what of this maniacal gizmo? An explosive detonator, perhaps? I'll have to confiscate this."

"TV remote," Oliver says.

Wycliffe pauses. "...well, excuse me while I investigate the rest of the home." He scribbles in a notebook.

Oliver checks his phone. "Well, it seems as though my Bah-jah Blast is about to arrive. Don't mind me."

Wycliffe realizes the intense gravity of the situation. With haste, he drops everything and rushes to the door. He opens it and sees the humble DoorDasher on the porch, ready to ring the bell.

"NOOOO!!!" Wycliffe shouts. He lunges forward and tackles the man to the ground, spilling the tropical soda everywhere. He implores the man, "Don't touch that doorbell!"

Oliver goes out to the porch. "Oh, great, Officer. You've ruined my drink, and now my free points are wasted!" He grumbles. "You're worried about this doorbell? Here, let me show you how normal it actually is."

Wycliffe awkwardly tries to get up, but before he can say anything, Oliver repeatedly mashes the doorbell button, causing loud ringing throughout the air.

“NOOOOOOOOOOOO!!!” Wycliffe cries. With the door open, the repetitive chime echoes far and wide.

Finally, there is silence. But only for a moment. Immediately, a low rumble shakes through the ground. Wycliffe looks around anxiously. With no hesitation, a stampede of crazed neighborhood dogs begins to stampede through the streets, barking furiously!

“Oh, what are we to do?” Wycliffe exclaims. Oliver realizes what he has done and begins panicking.

The DoorDasher is still on the ground. “Ugh... What’s going on...?” A dog comes up and licks up some spilled soda next to him.

Oliver has to think fast. And in this moment of desperation, he does what he thought he would never do. He walks over to the Taco Bell across the street for the first time ever. Dodging manic canines on all sides, he finally makes it into the restaurant.

“I’ll take all the Bah-jah Blast you have,” he implores.

“All the what?” the worker asks.

“The Bah-jah Blast. Here.” Oliver slaps a couple fifty-pound notes on the counter and begins filling cups up at the soda fountain. He heroically brings them outside and flings the liquid onto the sidewalks. The dogs immediately lap it up. After doing this for 3 hours, Oliver finally gets all of the hundreds of dogs to calm down.

Epilogue

That was the origin of Oliver Santhorpe, public hero. The Sanderstead Stampede of 2025 gave him a change of heart from his basement-dwelling ways. What a gracious man. With so many missing dogs from the incident, Oliver founded his own chain of five community dog shelters to house them. And that’s why they call him Oliver, the Many-Pounded One.