



Chapter 5: Ali Calls For Back Up

Five blocks into their trek toward Hollywood fame and fortune, Sly peed on Ali's imitation Jimmy Choo sandals. At first she thought it was rain, but then Ali remembered she wasn't in Kentucky any more – LA didn't have rain!

"Sly! That was very... very... sly of you! I'm really appalled! Shocked! And appalled! And... shocked!"

Ali sputtered, her eyes starting to burn from the combination of smog, Sly's stench and her now-ruined shoes.

"I bought these from the nice man without teeth on the corner of Hollywood and Highland this morning!"

Sly shrugged and continued walking. "Winkle needed to tinkle..." He trailed off, before collapsing onto the sidewalk in a heap of unsightly plaid garments.

"Oh! Oh! Oh, dear!" Ali exclaimed. "Help! Grissom!" She called out to the nonexistent bystanders. With no one around to rescue her and her fallen manager, Ali quickly extracted her iPhone from her Hobo bag and paused for a moment as she contemplated whether 9-1-1 was the same in LA as it was in Kentucky. Sly moaned from his fetal-like position on the cement. No time to waste, Ali dialed 9-1-1.

Twenty-two minutes later, the operator picked up.

Ali In Wonderland 5: Ali Calls For Back up

Written by Industry Nexus

"9-1-1, what's your emergency?" Asked a bored female voice on the other end of the line.

"Help! I need a CSI unit! Sly is unconscious!" Ali screamed as she bent over the poor, barely-breathing, sort-of former actor. "And drooling! I think he may have E-coli! Or Sars! Or acid reflux like Ashlee Simpson!"

"Ma'am, prank calling 9-1-1 is a misdemeanor. Go take a Xanax. I'm hanging up now."

"No! Wait!" Ali wailed into the phone to no avail. The operator was gone.

Ali walked over to Sly and stared into his dirt-streaked face. "Don't die on me, Sly! I'm going to get help! As God as my witness, I'll never be hungry again!" Ali leapt up on to her urine-soaked feet and ran toward the street waving her arms like she was at a taping of *American Idol*.
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"Help! Someone! Anyone!"

After six blue Priuses passed her by, and a not very nice person in a Hummer through an Ice Blended at her, a black town car finally pulled over. The back window slowly rolled down...