

THE BLOODY RED CARPET

Hugh Grant had transformed himself into his full-sized form, 500 feet tall, and was smashing buildings with his fists. Above him, Dame Judi Dench flew about, firing bolts of laser death vision. Lauren Lavern was turning people to liquid flesh with her death touch, while James Corden had grown three extra heads, all the better to eat his victims.

It was the fifteenth annual TV Quick Awards and death was in the air. The Cast of EastEnders, thwarted in their bid to win Best Continuing Drama by Emmerdale, stood on the bloody red carpet, roaring in their blood lust. Danny Dyer held Marlon Dingle's scooped-out head in his hands, and was drinking the soap legend's brains from it. Ant from Ant and Dec was trying to restore peace, but as he had shrunk himself to the size of an ant, he only screamed in tiny death as Rita Ora accidentally trod on him.

Nobody knows when, or how, celebrities began to acquire super-powers: the first inkling was when Ed Sheeran, annoyed by a snarky question, burned Jonathan Ross's face off with his fire breath. After that, all bets were off. The BAFTAs were marred by a fight in space between Stephen Fry and Emma Thompson while Martin Sheen, using his shapeshifter skills, managed to sneak off with no fewer than 47 awards, all intended for other people.

And now we live in the shadow of the super celebs. The cast of Gogglebox tremble in fear as they review the week's shows, unable to say anything rude about Jane MacDonald's Cruises or even Time Team. The government are powerless, the Army too, and even the Queen is helpless, trapped in Buckingham Palace by Paddington Bear in his three-dimensional manifestation.

We try to carry on, ignoring the fights above our heads as Nick Grimshaw and Greg Scott fight it out for the breakfast show, looking at our feet as Harry Hill holds yet another badger parade down the Mall, and grinning pathetically as we are forced to agree with Russell Brand's latest deranged podcast.

But there is hope. Fame doesn't last for ever. Last week two of S Club 7 fell out of the sky and were killed, their powers ending at the exact moment their celebrity did. Steve Wright, recently retired from his radio show, just disappeared in the middle of Waitrose. And just last night all of Boyzone were beaten to death by schoolchildren in Rhyl.

So we wait. We wait and we hope. Because tomorrow is another day.