

It's a cloudy day. Again. The unbelted Chief of Police is sitting in a luxury leather chair and indeed is surrounded by luxury in his BM double U sports car. However, it's a squashed luxury - he has crashed and the windscreen, bonnet and engine look more or less fully mangled. His vehicle is still in contact with the thick and sturdy 30 foot tree he's collided with. The road is quiet, although the more poetic people may imagine the other trees both near and very far ahead and on both sides of the road sighing with relief. But they're not, obviously. Not possible. The surrounding fields are equally quiet. Behind the CoP and seen in the cracked rearview mirror is a picturesque suburban village. The Chief sighs 'That moron James made me crash! On the plus side, my car's speaker system is fully broken, so I can't phone the radio station, go on a hate-filled rant and ruin my reputation. I still have my mobile phone, though. Let's abuse James, now. No, the podcast has ended. Phew.' The Chief sighs even harder 'Time to phone the breakdown service, I guess...' He retrieves his mobile from his pocket and makes a call 'Hello? I've kinda crashed my car, can you pick me up please? It's the Chief of Police. I'm in Tree Line Road, just outside of Tree View Village... Wow, not too long a wait... Awesome stuff.'

He hangs up and comments to himself 'I guess I should play the 'Cherb my derb' game to pass the time... Here goes nothing. Cherb my crash derb. Cherb my wreckage derb. Cherb my destruction derb.' He shrugs his shoulders 'Dunno where to go from there. Maybe it doesn't really matter. No. I've got to be positive. Round two... Cherb my screwed derb, cherb my... cherb my... Oh screw this.' The Chief puts his arms and head on the dashboard and goes to sleep, it's surprisingly easy... ... An unknown amount of time passes... A 50 year old man wearing tatty jeans knocks on the Chief's passenger window. The lawman slowly sits up, opens his eyes and looks ahead. Parked in front of the two, is an everyday car with 'Savin' the day' written on the rear window. The Chief gazes at the man 'Who are you?' The man chuckles 'I'm the man about to save the day!' The Chief clenches his fists 'Epic Dave??? Get the flip away from me! You NEVER save the day, you just cause chaos!' The man backs away 'I'm sorry?' The Chief continues 'Moron!' The man replies, offended 'Actually I'm here to get you home. I work for the breakdown service...'

The Chief goes red 'Oh really?... I'm... I mean I apologise... I don't know what Epic Dave looks like without his special clothes, I thought you were him. Where's your pickup truck?' The man responds 'I'll send for one the moment I assess that you need one. There are lots of phoneyes around here. Lots of pranksters.' Now the Chief looks offended 'You thought the Chief of Police would prank you?' The man nods 'Well, the thing is... you know Constable Smith?' The Chief grins with fond memories 'Yes?' The man continues 'Well, he forgot where he lived and asked for help for at least five hours. He got all sorts of people to help him, he acted like it was some great mystery, but it wasn't, he just forgot where he lived. And since then? The force's reputation has been somewhat tarnished...' The Chief replies 'I see. I didn't know that. But NOW you can see I need a pickup truck? I mean if you need to look again, that's fine, but after that? I mean... come on...' The man focuses hard on the wreckage and rubs his chin 'Yep. You need a pickup truck.'

The Chief opens the passenger window, leans to the man and puts his hand out to be shaken. It gets shaken. The law guy then looks stern 'Look, I'm a busy man. I've got to have a chat with Smith at his house, ASAP. Not by phone, it's too serious. Can

you drive me there, now? Forget the pickup truck. Let's just leave the wreckage here, it will just be a relatively large but trivial case of littering. Believe me, I know.' The man looks stunned 'Are you SURE?' The Chief nods 'Sure as I'll ever be. Do you know where Smith lives? I forget...' The man looks even more baffled 'I do know, I know him well, but what kind of force is this?' The CoP laughs 'The best in the world! Now let's go!' The Chief pushes the driver door and it falls off 'Huh. Stupid car. Not to worry, I'm uninjured and that's all that matters.' The man stares at him. The Chief gets out, walks to the other car, opens THAT passenger door and gets in. He is impatient 'Come on, I have a very serious chat coming up. Let's go!' The man gets in his car, constantly pulling a funny face.

The Chief is edgy 'Come on, go!' The man pulls away at a responsible speed. There are no other cars in sight, and the fields and rows of trees go on further, and still in a straight line. The Chief screws up his face and points far ahead. There is a small blue road sign, but its numbers are too small to read at this distance. He comments 'A minimum speed sign is coming up, I've never seen that one before, it must be new. Do you know what speed is coming up?' The man replies 'Nope.' The Chief is calm 'Just be prepared, that's all...' The sign is now readable. It says 100 mph. The Chief's jaw drops open. He finally speaks, dumbfounded '100 miles per hour, minimum? It can't be...' The man responds 'It looks like a prank to me...' The Chief replies 'Prank or no prank, we have to obey what it says. It's a legal technicality.' The man is shocked 'Are you SURE?...' The Chief replies 'Sure as I'll ever be. Goddamn punks! Now speed up right now!'

The man puts the pedal to the metal. The required speed soon gets reached. Trees are a blur. Thankfully the road is still straight and easy to drive on. The man screams 'We have to stop!!! This is against the law, I know it is!!!' The CoP is eerily calm 'No. Us stopping is against the law. Look. I know this situation seems mad to you, but drive like you've never driven before or we're both going to jail.' The man screams again 'You've just illegally dumped your car!!!' The CoP sighs 'That was in a place with no cameras. I'll get someone to deal with the wreckage later. Right now, you need to do some very skilful driving. Can you do that for me?' The man is wide-eyed 'I'm not sure I can!' Just ten seconds ahead, the road bends to the right. The CoP starts to sweat 'Listen, we have to take the corner coming up at AT LEAST this current speed, or we are in VERY serious trouble.' The man clenches his teeth as he takes the turn. The new scenery is similar - more fields and trees. A turn to the left is 20 seconds away.

The man puts his hand tight on his chest, with his other on the wheel 'I'm... I'm having a heart attack!' The CoP looks defeated 'I'll get you help, trust me, ok? But... we need to keep going. Please. Will you just try?' The man gasps for air 'O.... Ok, then...' He goes white. A new sign is seen coming up. Now the Chief goes white. He looks completely stupefied. It says 120 mph. Minimum. The Chief can't believe what he's seeing 'Friend. Buddy. Can you take the corner coming up at 120 miles per hour?' The man nods, passively. Wheels squeal as he does so. Thank GOD the new road goes straight ahead for many miles. On another plus side, great scenery. So many fields! So green! Lone houses are scattered, far into the distance. Some sicko has erected countless more signs, but on the plus side, they're the same speed. Imagine things getting worse. A few cars are seen approaching the two at the same rate. The Chief looks sad 'How ya feeling?' The man gasps harder than ever 'I'm...

I'm dying...' The Chief tries to keep cool 'Hang in there, buddy. Look, I'll call for help right now. There's nothing to fear. Ok?'

The Chief retrieves his phone from his pocket and dials a number. 'Hello? I need an air ambulance right this second. Some FREAK has put up ridiculous minimum speed signs that we're forced to obey, and the poor guy driving me is having a heart attack!!... You've tracked my phone's location and you can be here right away? Great news!' He hangs up, smiling broadly. 'Friend? Keep driving. You'll get help almost immediately! I'm sure there will be a place to stop, soon.' The man looks sleepy 'I can't... I can't do this anymore.' The car slowly starts to decelerate. The Chief starts to lose his cool and shake 'Oh my God. This is it. We're going to jail. We're going to jail!' The man manages to park on the side of the road before passing out. The Chief pulls himself together 'You'll be fine. Trust me.' He looks down and exhales deeply. He then sheds a tear. 'Now it's time for me to finally do the right thing. Yes, you can jail me, but if I'm protecting the freedom of this great country I know that deep down, I'm doing the right thing. Me and my mood swings. My word.'

The CoP leaves his car with his head held high and pulls down the sign that is nearest to him. As he throws it to the ground in disgust, he notices the back of the sign has a child's writing on it. He kneels down and examines the writing closer. He then scratches his head 'Cheeseburger Squeeze woz ere'. He yells 'Cheeseburger! Oh, you're in for it now!' He pulls down the next sign and notices the writing 'Potato Chip Squeeze rulz'. The Chief tuts 'You're just a family of criminals, aren't you. I'm not going to jail because of you, you don't have a leg to stand on!' The Chief sighs 'But you do, that's the thing. I'm the one in the wrong here. All you've done is offer a legal opinion on how others should drive. As dumb as that sounds, I have to respect you.'

A helicopter is heard from behind. The Chief turns and looks up to it 'Thank the lord! The driver is saved! Now I have to come up with a story that explains my vandalism... No. There are no lies that can explain any of this. I have to come clean.' A car is seen ahead, pulling over. A man gets out of it and shouts to the Chief 'You're pulling down the signs??? You STAR! You would not BELIEVE the level of stress they've put me through! I nearly crashed three times!!!' The Chief yells back 'Don't get me started! Look, what I'm doing is very much illegal! We need to keep quiet about this, ok??' The other guy runs to the Chief and continues conversing with him 'Let me help you before there is a serious accident!' The Chief smiles 'Words cannot express how grateful I am! Really!' The two get to work bringing down the rest of the signs.

The helicopter is seen nearby and getting lower and lower. Soon enough it lands and a trio of medics run out of the chopper to the Chief and ask him a question 'What are you doing to those signs? Why are you vandalising this lovely place?' The Chief is nervous 'I'm SO sorry, but you must understand I'm doing the right thing. I know the common man or even child has the right to his opinion about how others should drive, but this situation is plain dangerous. The medics wink 'Of course. Were's the casualty??' The Chief looks sad 'He's in the 'savin' the day' car. Please hurry!' The medics do so. They pull him out of the vehicle and carry him to the helicopter. A medic gives a reassuring thumbs up, then the crew fly away. It's all over in an instant. Very pro. The other guy chats with the Chief 'I don't care if I have to spend

the whole day here, we need to get to work!

The Chief replies 'I admire that, I really do. Please, allow me to make a quick phone call.' The other guy smiles and tears down the rest of the signs. A car approaching soon speeds past. The driver looked horrified. The Chief gets his mobile out again and dials a number 'Hello?... Smith?... What do I want? Well... you really are a muppet aren't you? Fancy getting lost outside your own house, you're a grown man!... You've been under a lot of stress, lately? I don't want to hear about it! You want to know stress? How about being driven at 120 miles per hour by a man who's having a heart attack! THAT'S stress, my friend! And how about the stress of me going to jail? Because that's what will happen if I'm not VERY careful!... No I haven't robbed a bank you damn idiot, I'm tearing down road signs in the interest of the public. I'll be visiting you later for a proper chat, so you better work out in your head what you're going to say to me!