

One Screwy Day 23

by

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Smith is in the pouring rain on the central reservation of a busy motorway. The skies are grey. His police van is on the left on a hard shoulder. The hard shoulder is grey, too. Lightning and thunder claps are common. With a huge, half-full black plastic bag by his side, he is collecting forks, spoons and knives as motorists throw even more cutlery at him. He is knee deep in the stuff, in fact. Tidying the whole area will take hours if not days. Believe it or not, cutlery goes on further than the eyes can see. Consequently, he sighs and looks down. After slapping himself in the face and pulling himself together, he grabs more items and bags them. He does so until he can see at least a little bit of mud and grass below him.

Smith's eyes widen when he notices what looks like an ordinary dinner fork. But there's something about it. He stares at it, the way someone would stare at a U.F.O. opening to reveal an alien. Smith gasps to himself 'That fork... It's mesmerising. As someone threw it away, I guess there's no reason I shouldn't keep it for myself... Maybe I could show it off at dinner parties... Smith scratches his head. 'But what if the fork was stolen from someone. I mean why would ANYONE throw THAT thing away... It's the best damn fork I've seen in my life!' Smith looks around, shiftily. He then puts the fork in his mouth as his eyes light up 'Oh my God, that was amazing.' He puts the fork in his pocket.

From his other pocket, he pulls out a mobile and makes a call 'Hey Mental, what's up?... Just chilling at home and watching the news? Great, there's something I want to talk to you about... The thing is, I've just picked up this fork, and quite frankly, it's the most magical fork I've ever seen!... Right, before today, I'd never heard of a magical fork, either!... What do you mean you're concerned about me? Listen, if you saw the thing, you'd be amazed, too!... No, I'm not hearing voices!... You want me to describe it? Sure, it looks just like any old fork, but it's not! Know what I mean!... Look, I'll talk to you about it more when my shift's over. I can't have you speaking to me like this, bye...' Smith pockets his phone and looks annoyed.

All of a sudden a King Henry VIII lookalike appears in front of Smith with his hands on his hips. The apparent royalty starts a conversation with the cop 'Say, this is a lot of cutlery we're standing in... I bet it really sucks for you the way you have to pick it all up... How about I do it for you. Of course, I will be wanting your favourite item, too.' Smith looks puzzled 'The fork in my pocket?' The king nods. Smith rubs his chin 'How do you know about it?' 'I can sense it. I've been around forks my whole life. That's given me a sixth sense - the sense of forks. Mind if I have a look?'

In a daze, Smith pulls the item from his clothes and holds it tight in front of his awestruck face. The king comments 'Wow... That's a real beaut. I have one that looks exactly the same as that in my fork facility.'

I would even say that was the fork I owned if I was paranoid about security. Fortunately, my establishment is impenetrable. Still though, I would be very interested in owning that, too.. .' Smith backs away, now carrying the item by his side, casually 'Sorry, if you can't prove it's yours, you can't have it.' The king snarls 'You can't have it either...' Smith raises his chin 'Well I can certainly keep it until I've tracked the owner down...' 'I bet you're not going to. Or you will, but so lazily you'll basically be doing nothing.'

Smith snarls back 'How dare you! I'm an honest officer with an outstanding reputation.' The king sighs 'You don't have any idea as to who could have designed the thing?' Smith shakes his head 'No idea.' The king responds 'It couldn't have been just anyone...' Smith looks thoughtful 'You're concerned you have a rival?' The king replies 'I'm concerned there is someone out there with unbelievable powers who could be capable of anything...' Smith coughs 'Oh come on. You're making it sound like the person who designed the thing is evil!' The king responds calmly 'If he's anything like me, he is...' 'What's THAT supposed to mean??'

The king puts his hand over his mouth and points behind the cop 'Hey, look over there!' Smith laughs 'You're not going to trick me with THAT technique!' The king claps his hands sarcastically. Smith smiles, smugly 'You wait till I tell Captain Mental! He'll be so impressed!' The king puts his hands on the sides of his face and jumps up and down in a panic 'Oh my God! Now you SERIOUSLY have to look behind you! Oh the humanity!' Smith only looks more pleased with himself. 'It's not every day I outsmart a king!' The king chuckles 'Actually I'm not King Henry VIII, I get that all the time. I just like his aesthetic.'

Smith nods, pretending to understand 'Anyway, how did you get here?' The king looks pleased with himself, this time 'Just takes practice, that's all...' 'Can you teach me how to teleport?' The king tuts 'Let me finish! It takes practice and you need to be alien! Dear God! Anyway, you looked shocked when I teleported. Do you think I caught people's attention a bit too much?' Smith squints his eyes 'I think it MIGHT have done...' The king gives a thumbs up 'Ah. Of course. I've been a foolish King Henry lookalike. Anyway, if you don't look behind you this time, you will die. That's how serious the situation is.' Smith does so 'Dear God! Why??' The king snatches the fork and disappears. Smith falls to his knees, surrounded by those countless utensils 'NOOO!'

After he wipes his eyes, he finds the strength to rise to his feet. He makes a call 'Sorry to bother you again, but you would not believe what I just saw... What do you mean you suspect it's something crazy? Look my mental health is just fine, you just have to be open minded, that's all.'

So, King Henry VIII who is actually an alien teleported in front of me and said he had to have my fork as it was too evil for me or whatever, I don't know, then he stole it from me and he disappeared into thin air!... Yes, I know that DOES sound crazy... Well I wouldn't say I was IN LOVE with the fork, but maybe something similar... No, wait! You would be too!... No please don't section me! Are you still watching the news? I'm sure the guy will be on it, it's not the kind of thing people ignore!'

There is a very awkward, silent few seconds. Smith hums, nervously with his mobile by his ear. He gives a huge sigh 'Oh thank God, you believe me... YOU'RE spaced out? How do you think I feel??... Yeah, just another day policing I guess, jeez. Oh yeah, and although I got tricked eventually, I was on to the guy a good couple of times! Anyway, got to go. The amount of cutlery I have to clear up is insane. Maybe you could section this whole situation... No only joking, just a thought. I was trying to make a joke, it backfired. Anyway, ciao!' Smith wipes his forehead and tidies again. Sadly more forks, spoons and knives get thrown at him.