

In the cloudy weather, a road goes straight ahead for many miles, as do surrounding green fields. Lone houses are scattered in the distance. Cheeseburger, Lightbulb, Potato Chip, and Cellphone Squeeze are standing squashed together on Mental's special flying bed and are riding it at great speeds, about two metres above ground. The wind rushes. Cheeseburger smiles 'I can't believe we robbed a policeman's house! Of all the people in the world!' Potato Chip replies just as excited 'Yeah well, if he didn't keep going on about this totes amazing... whatever you call it, he wouldn't have any problems. He really was asking for it.' Cheeseburger nods 'My thoughts exactly. It was his fault. Technically speaking, I mean.' A car is seen far away on the opposite side of the road, rapidly getting closer and closer. Cellphone retrieves a piece of paper from her pocket and starts a conversation 'Are we all sure of the bed's instructions? Remember it takes 50% of the bed's battery to teleport and 25% to use its psychic function...'

The car passes and an angry driver is heard shouting what sounds like 'WHAT THE...???' Cheeseburger rolls his eyes 'I think we're all familiar with how this thing works. Who do you think we are?' Cellphone responds 'Just checking.' Cheeseburger sighs 'Anyway, who pulled all of our speed signs down? That's vandalism! Kind of makes our crimes seem small, doesn't it?' Lightbulb agrees 'Oh our opinions of how cars should travel are meaningless, is that what the vandals are suggesting? We live in a democracy. We may be small children, but that doesn't mean we have to be controlled by the thought police!' Cheeseburger nods 'Couldn't agree more, brother.' Cellphone looks serious 'I think we should use the psychic function to find out what the Chief of Police is doing right now. See if the police are on to us, yet...'

Cheeseburger replies 'Good idea. Bed, what is the Chief of Police doing right now?' The bed replies 'The Chief of Police is at Constable Smith's house. He is telling him off for being an idiot. He's also secretly putting some of Smith's possessions in his pockets and is planning on stealing them. Perhaps as revenge. He's just stolen a pen.' Lightbulb has an idea 'Wouldn't it be funny to phone the Chief and say we know what he's doing?' Cheeseburger's eyes light up 'Oh. My. God. Yes.' Cellphone comments 'You'll be needing the Chief's number. Fancy Mental leaving all of his friend's details just lying around...' Cellphone retrieves another piece of paper and tells the number to Cheeseburger. Cheese takes a phone from his pocket and dials. Lightbulb is proud 'Great stealing, sis...'

Cheese then talks into his phone 'Hey Chief. Having fun stealing from Smith? Do you like... pens??? What, is that your way at getting back at him?... Who am I? I'm just a citizen who has the same rights as everyone else! I'm also a thief.' Cheese sighs 'Dammit. He's hung up. He sounded freaked out, though.' Cellphone is cool 'On second thoughts, wouldn't our time be better spent zooming instead of confusing people? I mean I get it, it was funny, but was it really worth 25% battery life? What if we need the energy, later? And I mean we have enough jet fuel for ages! Isn't that better?' Potato Chip replies 'Exactly my thoughts. And let's be real here, when we get bored, we can return the bed, maybe? Sure our dad is in jail now so he can't exactly punish us, but what if Mrs. Squeeze finds out?' Cheeseburger looks confused 'Mrs. Squeeze? But she's in Norway giving some of the country's best friendly lessons. She'll never know...'

Potato Chip replies 'Yes, you're right, she'll never know. Ever. Fair point. I'm sorry for contradicting myself like Cellphone just did, but I'm just trying to put some thoughts out there, we have enough battery to be psychic three more times! Isn't that more interesting than flying? Mankind has been flying for over a hundred years. It's getting boring, no? But being psychic? THAT'S new.' Potato Chip laughs 'But whatever we do, DO NOT teleport to where the Chief is now! Imagine that! We wouldn't have enough battery to teleport out! We'd be stuck!' Cheeseburger responds to his inconsistent sibling 'Teleport to the Chief?' The four children continue standing on the bed, but the fields, skies etc. are gone. They have been replaced by spinning blues, greens, reds, and yellows. Strange whooshing sounds are heard. Cheeseburger looks scared 'Oh no. I think we're teleporting to the Chief...' Potato Chip sighs 'You told it to! Dear God, be careful!'

The colours start to fade and are replaced by a cosy living room. It's a bit messy, there are some pens on the floor, but on the whole not too bad, not too bad. More normally, there are some sofas behind an off television, and out of the windows on the left is a nice suburban view. There are roads that go off in several different directions which is confusing, but if you have a Satnav? Not too bad. Behind the seats, the Chief is busy shouting at Smith at two metre's distance, as the bed and four children on it slowly start to materialise in between them. Both policemen look absolutely stunned. Cheeseburger breaks the silence 'Hey...' The Chief growls 'Why are you four children standing on Mental's special bed?' Lightbulb is cool 'We don't know.' The Chief continues 'You don't know. Do you have any idea?' Lightbulb replies 'No.' The COP replies 'I see. Well then. I guess you better give it back?'

Cheeseburger is equally calm 'Teleport us out of this house.' The bed replies 'There is not enough battery to teleport.' Cheese continues 'Oh yeah. Chief... any ideas on how we escape?' The Chief goes red. Cheese looks sad 'No? Then Smith?' Smith looks down, passively. Cheese continues 'Go on. Please.' Smith responds 'If you don't do the right thing, right now, all four of you are going to a jail for children. Understand?' Cheeseburger laughs 'Oh come on! Everyone commits crimes these days. Just now I saw that my speed signs had been taken down! The person who did so will be in deep trouble, I bet it was you!' The Chief starts to sweat and mumbles 'Errrr...' Cheese widens his eyes 'It WAS you?? The police are nothing but crooks!' The Chief growls again, just not quite so intensely 'Well... you were being completely unreasonable. I think I did the right thing...' Cheeseburger shakes his head 'Oh so the opinions of children don't matter??? I never knew YOU were a fascist!'

The COP nods with respect 'Fair point. I'm sorry. I mean that. But at the same time, YOU need to accept responsibility for what you did... Thief.' Lightbulb shouts 'Bed, fly through the walls of this house at max power and take us to safety!' The bed replies 'I'm not smart enough to take you to safety. There are too many cops. There's too much evidence against you...' Cellphone bites her thumb 'Then just smash through the walls!' The bed responds again 'Well..... ok.' The Chief and Smith stare blankly at the four. The bed halfheartedly bashes the wall opposite the TV as it gets ridden. The COP sighs 'You're going to have to do better than that...' Cheese looks baffled 'Why is the bed rebelling against us? It's never done that before...' The COP chuckles 'Looks like you don't have a chance in hell...' Cellphone smiles 'Any advice?'

The bed's alarm sounds and the whole thing repeatedly flashes red. It then says the words 'Stolen bed, stolen bed! Deactivate!' on loop. The COP grins 'It seems Mental is onto you already and pressed his alarm button that you clearly don't know about!' Cellphone rubs her chin 'This is a pickle...' The COP agrees 'You four little devils need to do the right things, and the first thing you need to do is let me handcuff you. But I don't have my handcuffs on me, so I'll have to use my taser in my pocket. But that's morally wrong, so I guess I'll have to ask you nicely to sit on the sofa as I call for backup. Can you do that for me?' The children sit on the sofa in silence. The Chief nods 'Well done.'

The COP's phone rings from his pocket. He takes the call 'Hello, Mental!' The Chief smiles more than ever and continues 'You've just been to the shops and when you got home you noticed your special bed was gone? You've phoned a number of your friends and they said they can't imagine who would do such a thing? Well it's funny you asked, because actually the bed is with me right now!... No, I haven't stolen it, the four Squeeze children have. They teleported here and can't escape!' Cheeseburger stands up and walks to the COP. The COP continues his call 'Hang on a sec, one of the children seems to have an important question for me...' Cheese looks sweet and innocent 'Chief... I just wanted to say... I just wanted to say... I really like the way you're holding your phone. I mean REALLY. The way you hold it... It's simply magical.'

The COP looks stunned 'I'm sorry?' Cheese continues 'Can you teach me?' The COP shrugs his shoulders 'I'm not sure!' Cheese continues 'Please do. It would mean the world. Can I hold your phone please? Then you can really teach me...' The COP hands the item over. Cheese mimics the COP's body language then speaks 'I do it like this, right?' The COP nods 'Looks pretty good to me...' Cheese looks elated 'Oh joy! As we're such good friends now, how about you let me and my siblings leave without any trouble?' Smith looks concerned 'Er, Chief? He's trying to manipulate you...' The Chief chuckles 'No, no, no. He's just being friendly.' Cheese continues 'I'll make my own way out. Come with me, you three!' Smith is urgent 'Chief, I really do insist. Please don't let them leave...' The children do so.

The Chief twiddles his thumbs happily for a while, then finally goes white 'Oh no.' Smith looks serious 'I warned you.' The Chief is calm 'Smith, please let me strangle you.' Smith stutters 'W-why?' The Chief continues 'Don't ask why. Never mind that, just let me strangle you. It would mean a lot.' Smith backs away slowly 'No.' The Chief puts his hands around Smith's neck 'It's ok. Don't fight it.' Smith speaks as best he can 'Ch—Chiiiiieef. You'reeeee hurrtrring m-meeeeee. The Chief nods as cool as a cucumber 'It will all be over soon. Smith mumbles 'Behhhhind youuuu. A criminaaaaal.' The COP turns his neck around, still attacking his coworker. Smith then karate chops the Chief on the head, knocking him out. Not knowing what to do, Smith looks around the room in a desperate attempt at looking for clues. He then faints, probably because of stress and guilt.

The four children are strolling on a suburban pavement with detached houses and trees on both their sides. The road is very quiet. Ahead of them is a mini roundabout and roads going in four directions. Lightbulb is concerned 'Wow... four roads to go down? We could get lost...' Cheeseburger nods 'We could. Just gotta be careful, that's all.' Potato Chip joins the conversation 'Rumour has it, Smith got lost outside of

own house around here...' Cheeseburger replies 'Oh Smith doesn't have a clue what he's doing. He looks respectable, but deep down he's not normal. A very odd person.' Cellphone is curious 'Where are we heading to, anyway?' Cheeseburger is confident 'We can go to our not so distant Norwegian relative, Hans Hugs. All we need to do is catch a few buses, a few trains, and we can go living just like we always did...'