

“Dispatch says we’ve got a 586 on the corner of 5th and Lombard,” said Theo, the bald officer in the passenger side of the cruiser.

His partner Dave said, “I can’t understand you with that stupid sucker in your mouth, Theo.”

“Come on Dave, first the booze and now I can’t even enjoy a good ale-flavored sucker? Fine!” He removed the lollipop and said, “Dithspak siss whrv gal a filv-enty-slichs on Filvth ant Lawbrard.”

“Oh, a 586. I bet it’s Eugene causing trouble again. Well let’s get to it,” said Dave.

Dave switched on the police issue lights-siren-ham device and shot out of the alley and onto the sidewalk. “Did you read that great humanitarianism piece in the Times?” Dave asked as he ran over a group of three pedestrians fleeing from the ham on top of the cruiser.

“Yrgh, ert wusn a bety gerd rid,” Theo said. He absently put the sucker back into his mouth then looked out of the side window to make sure none of the pedestrians were still hanging on to the car. “I understand that people will make a movement out of anything, but honestly – we all eat humans so it just seems like a waste of time. Oh! Sorry...” He removed the sucker again and said, “Serms lak a werst ouf teem.”

Dave chided him and said, “Theo, you really should be more in touch with pop culture. I never feel more alive than when I’m enjoying a good bit of art or literature.”

They exploded out of the lobby they had been driving through and Dave slammed on the brakes a block later when they reached 5th Ave. The flashing lights projected pictures of smiley faces onto every surface in a pattern specifically designed to send at least 30% of bystanders into petit mal seizures. As several onlookers collapsed, Dave turned to Theo and said, “Looks like we’ll have some 507’s to take care of once we’re done here.”

Theo shook a brick he had picked up at the rest of the crowd and shot them a menacing glare. He spoke into his radio. “Despeeth, re nerd a crerd contrel vaen at Filvth ant Lawbrard.”

The dispatcher radioed back. “Copy that Theo, an eli-van is on its way.”

With this bit of crowd control resolved, Dave and Theo advanced toward a man who was draped over the curb. Eugene had obviously been unconscious for some time – various bits of litter had been placed on his back as if he had been mistaken for a garbage can. Theo crouched next to him and picked up a ruffled tutu that had been soaking in some unidentifiable liquid.

Dave said, “Maybe there’s hope for him yet, Theo.”

Theo replied, “I dernt thig sa. He wartn werink it Darv.”

Dave said, "Yeah you're probably right. I was just hoping the treatment had finally gotten him over his issues."

Theo shot an appraising look at Eugene while he put the tutu on and adjusted it around his police issue Gucci purse. He looked at Dave who said, "Welp, I guess it's wakey-wakey time."

Theo nodded and stuck the lollipop in his mouth long enough to build up a good bit of spit. Then, sticking it into Eugene's ear, he shouted, "Frangthahl grumbleblurts!"

Eugene convulsed away from the offending object and then opened his eyes. When he saw Dave and Theo he shrieked and tried to execute a backwards somersault into the street. Not realizing he was lying on his back, he only succeeded to the point of a flailing lurch which caused him to insert his head into the gutter. After righting himself and getting on hands and knees, he lifted his face and stared wildly at the two officers.

Eugene shouted, "You stay away from me you lunatics! I'm not going back to that place, I'm a doctor!"

Theo said, "Derklers dernt egsit. Yer nalt doong yersep erny fivens sprutin tha kernt erf ninsers."

"What did he say?!" Eugene was jerking around spasmodically. "I'm a doctor! I was sent here to observe you all and decide the kind of treatment YOU would be getting!"

Dave began to speak in a reasonable, reassuring manner. He said, "Eugene, the judge sent you to Happy Valley to cure you. The happiness technicians there could help you a lot if you'd just let them. I mean, look at Theo here. He hardly ever thinks he's a 'real estate agent' anymore. It's done wonders for him! And it only took what, two or three months?" He looked at Theo who nodded in agreement.

Theo said, "Lerk ant me. Irm a pronducive mermer erf sonsietee egeren."

Eugene's eyes bugged and he said, "That - that's what I'm talking about! He only talks nonsense! Those freaks broke him!" He spun around wildly and saw the storefront the officers had driven out of.

"He's gonna make a break for it," Dave murmured.

Theo readied his standard issue horse tranquilizer and toggled the safety off. Before Eugene had made it five paces, a dart whistled out from Theo's direction and hit him in the left buttock. Eugene was down and unconscious again within seconds.

Dave said, "Hate we had to take him down again, Theo."

Theo nodded and said, "Est fern tha berst."

They stood for a moment and surveyed the scene, fixing it in their minds. A thief stealing the breathalyzer out of their squad car. The eli-van picking up convulsing crowd members with its huge trunk and placing them in a dumpster tethered to its withers. People in surrounding buildings staring nervously at the ham on the roof of their cruiser. And finally, the unconscious man with a dart sticking up from his buttock. The man who called himself a 'doctor'. The man who had the gall to say that everyone else was crazy.