# Wheelie On Your Prat

Hee-hee! Hee-hee! I didn't hear it coming, only see them! Whether or not there was an audible warning signal about the cops' arrival, it didn't damage my eardrums! But… When I usually hear bullets whistling by, I always try to keep a low profile. I immediately take off my hood and remove anything flashy. Ahem, then…

Very urbane, civilized—with a cryptic spit in mind… I adjust my gait if I'm on foot, or put the bike on its stand if I'm on two wheels, and—whenever possible—I adopt the language of so-called normal people: the ones who fit the mold, the ones programmed like department store PA systems or that fucking radio !

Bleep! Bleep! Bleep… Radio static bleeps! Bleep! Bleep! Couldn't Fry and Doughnut have their own shit on one side and their prong collars on the other? Here we go. There… Cops signal me to stop, so I pull my two-wheeler over to the side. One of them then asks me to get off my scooter. At least, that's what they claim. The assumption is always that the young people from the neighboring neighborhood are looters! Ah! Geez! They claim a lot, these days! As for me, I was simply vibing a damn good, heavy-hitting rap track through my headphones! Not AI-generated dehydrated soup… I wasn't going to admit that I couldn't hear the traffic at all.

Don't get me started on stress! I just caught a glimpse of a roof-mounted lightbar reflection in a shop window! Be patient, punchline goes. They put it in strobe mode! All in white, and whatever. Light, light, light! The whole story. Starsky and Hutch show—or rather, the Laurel and Hardy one. Ha-ha-ha! But not all that funny.

They hadn't turned their roller on. I think. Just because they are cops. D-I-R-T-Y ones! One looks so fatty it resembles a doughnut, and the other looks like a sprat. A french fry, if you prefer. Nothing was recording! And I was out of frame for the onboard camera—which isn't exactly playing fair on their part, is it? But who said or thought the police were playing fair?

Crackling of the walkie-talkie… "Exit the wheels!" the compulsive liar screamed. Which is foolish to claim, as it stems from faulty vocabulary. Here again, neither the screen nor the sound was on. Um… but let me caveat that. While one was shouting, his hand on his expandable baton, the other already had me in his Taser's sights. The one with his hand on his baton snaps at me, "Do you have anything to declare?" I tell you, that guy was a former Customs and Immigration officer! And since I rather have a ball mimicking the ridiculous side of grown-ups—especially when it involves a veiled insult—here goes a sort of petty squabble in the form of a clever jab!

"It would be, if you please."

A polite response, delivered in formal language, infuriates them to no end because it drags them back down to their own level—the gutter. Oh-oh! Those two were already salivating over it, clearly. Because for the cops, any flashy young guy riding a two-wheeler can only belong to that three-letter category: M.U.G. Honestly, I really thought they were going to search my asshole. And, in a way, that's what they did!

One had "Enjoy your day" written in neon letters across his forehead! It was the French fry—with a bit of mustard that was pouring down from his nostrils! I have to say, my cheek was a real mess—like a slab of raw meat—thanks to a nasty spill, a stupid accident. Later, they said I was zigzagging right in the middle of the road. Really? Middle-of-the-road my dick! I don't listen to generic rap on Trump's disinformation channels! Oh shit, I completely forgot to polish the punchline!

There it is—stunningly banal.

"Music mainstream my ass and zigzag-my-butt on it too!" Oh, damn—no, that's not it. Let me rewind and start over. There—yes, finally—that's the right sound edit: After handcuffing and searching me, they let me go—just like that—without anything, not even a ticket. They let me go my own way—and them theirs—with my bar of Nigerien hash!
So I sped off, popping a wheelie.

Lyrics: John Dees & Lou-Hellen Drought.