

We are "locked down" today on account of the solemn mourning of all the grief-stricken piggies over the loss of their fallen comrade. And how did he fall? Well... it turns out that this upstanding pillar of the community was en route to his life's great joy of keeping humans in cages, when he unexpectedly drifted over into the oncoming lane and hit another vehicle head-on. Such things will happen from time to time, though, when you race around blind corners on two-lane backroads at twice the posted speed limit. Yes, this cop was driving too fast and too carelessly, so he killed himself and also badly injured an actual human being as well. Big shock... or is it?

In my admittedly meagre experience, no clearly identifiable category of people drives with less respect for laws or fellow drivers than cops. Whether they're on duty or off, they fully expect that their bebadged brethren will see them off with a smile and a salute if they're ever stopped for speeding or any other traffic-related transgression. I've watched police cars carom through a residential neighborhood (not a wealthy one, of course) at top speed, no lights or sirens, just the screaming of overtaxed engines and squeal of tires as one of them — no joke — skidded right up and into the front lawn of an occupied corner home. Anyone could've been in that yard or on the sidewalk, but that qualified-immunity-shrouded psychotic public servant didn't care. No doubt he was in hot pursuit of a doughnut thief, or even one of those wretched villains who looks at yucky ~~photos~~ <sup>photos</sup> on the desktop computer ~~in his mother's basement~~ <sup>in his mother's basement</sup>, so of course any collateral damage would've been entirely justified in his squinty little porcine eyes.

I've listened with disgust as one off-duty winker described to another how fast and furiously he routinely drives around town (a conversation I got to overhear in a college ethics class, of all places), but how it's ok because he is convinced he's an "exceptionally good pursuit driver." Great — sure makes me feel better. How about you?

Finally, I've actually been IN a car with one of these maniacs absolutely flying through the streets, barely even honoring stoplights let alone speed limits, and I'd wondered what could possibly make the guy drive so fearlessly on populated roads at 8pm? Later, my friend Daniel explained that the driver, his uncle by marriage if I remember right, was in fact a local cop. He hadn't told me earlier because, as Daniel put it, he knew I wouldn't go if I'd known the dude was a popo, and he was right but we desperately needed the ride as we were stranded with flat bike tires many miles from home.

All of this is just to say that no, I'm not at all surprised to hear a cop killed himself and injured someone else by driving stupidly. That's what they do. I'm far more surprised that we don't hear such things more often, though that may be explained by how our local news

stations originally stated his occupation, but by the evening news ~~we~~<sup>they</sup> were just referring to "a man from Galt" who'd had an accident while driving to work. In any event, now I and every other captive here is locked in, unable to do whatever menial things we had planned for our menial existences today, simply because these worthless pukes intend to milk this pseudo-tragedy for all the ~~points~~<sup>mileage</sup> they can squeeze from it. Yay.

Meanwhile, when an inmate dies (which happens MUCH more frequently), there's rarely any acknowledgement at all, certainly not any "grief counselling" or a day's respite from the usual slavery — not even when the death is caused by these cops themselves. For example, a few months ago a not-terribly-old man died right in front of two callous pigs who sat at their desk as he begged them for help. Apparently they didn't believe he was really in distress because, you know, all inmates are of course liars and manipulators. When he said his chest hurt and he was having trouble breathing, no doubt the mendacious old criminal was just angling for some Vicks Vapo Rub, so these guardians of public ~~safety~~<sup>safety</sup> just insisted he "take it back to the cell." (Take what back, one wonders... his diseased heart?) Ultimately he collapsed. They told him to get up. At first they mocked and laughed at him, then they got angry and, threatening him with a write up, they finally called for a nurse to come collect him. He was pronounced dead at the scene.

How do I know this? Only because it all occurred quite openly and the story is consistent among the many witnesses. Still, everything proceeded as normal that day, at least it did after the officers finished the critical work of sweeping the facts under the rug by crafting their well-coordinated and ~~thoroughly~~<sup>thoroughly</sup> exculpatory incident reports.

My point is, cops are scum, and for the most part they only care about their own and each others' lives, though I admit I've also seen a (very) few exceptions to that rule as well. Either way, today I'm locked in this cell for the foreseeable future, listening to the almost orchestral flatulence of five people I really don't like, and it's all because some reckless asshole with a badge wanted to play Speed Racer on public streets. Awesome.

I really hope his victim sues.