

## Hungry Hungry Cops

by Tommy Farr

Derrick and Clive Somerfield were the closest of brothers, inseparable one could say. They did everything together. Laugh, cried, even on a few occasions, shared girlfriends! They were each others light and dark, ying and yang. They went through college, getting the same grades, even getting a driving licence at the same time. They were as close as two brothers could be without getting weirdly close (know what i mean?!).

They'd fall out occasionally as young boys do, but never for long. Then on one amazing day, after months of hard work they landed their dream job. It was an achievement like no other. Derrick and Clive had managed something that people like themselves could never hope to do. This is because Derrick and Clive are special. Derrick and Clive are Siamese twins!

Derrick and Clive were joined at the hip, sharing one set of legs. However they did have one difference, a very large one, Derrick was morbidly obese. That's right, he would eat and eat all day long. Clive would often complain, as he had to endure the sounds and smells of Derricks bathroom breaks. To make up for this Clive would maintain his figure, regularly running and weightlifting whilst Derrick was asleep or tucking into a Twinkie (I'm really sorry, I'm English and had no concept of a Twinkie until watching the epic Zombieland, so I naturally felt compelled to include it!). This helped Clive with the ladies, as it would take him twice the effort to allure a member of the opposite sex to his boudoir with his glandularly challenged neighbour.

They had a common goal in life, and that was to help people as they had been helped all their life. Army was out of the question, as was any other of the armed services. They couldn't react quickly enough as paramedics as they would have to get out of the cab of the ambulance, walk round and open the door to reach their patients. They were just too slow. Tragically the fire service refused them entry as they looked terrible in the uniform. This left the police. Derrick and Clive made a great team, Derrick taking the paper tests and Clive dragging them both through the exercises required to take on active duty. They were put under added scrutiny due to their condition, but eventually, they were accepted.

Working was easy for the brothers, they'd take it in turns doing everything. Derrick would drive and file papers, Clive would chase the perps and cap the pimps. Life was better than they could have ever imagined.

After a report of unidentifiable light up in the hills they took off to investigate, in case they ran into Rambo going all first blood style they tooled up. Shotgun and pistol each. It was an especially dark night. Full of wonder and in equal measures, dread. They stalked the woods for well over two hours, never quite managing to shake the feeling they weren't alone. They caught a glimpse of luminescent light further into the woods and headed for it. When they reached the clearing all they found was a great big

crevice. They could hear nothing but their own breathing. Then a crash in the trees directly behind them. They turned and raised their shotguns as they were hit by a large green blob. It plucked them from the ground and dumped them into the crevice.

Derrick was the first to wake up, he shook Clive who awoke with a start. Using their torches they surveyed their surroundings. Nothing but rocks and the two of them. They were covered in a strange green slime, thick and sticky, it didn't taste too good, but they really didn't have much choice.

They spent the next three days calling for help and trying their walkie-talkies. They tried to climb out, but Clive simply wasn't strong enough to pull them both up. Eventually, after two weeks of the occasional woodlouse and rain water, the talk turned desperate. They realised only one of them was going to make it out alive. The most obvious candidate was Clive, he'd be strong enough to lift himself out and he knew it, however Derrick didn't like what he was hearing and drew his gun. Clive returned the favour and then started the stand-off. Neither of them sleeping for fear of being murdered as they slept. They had a couple of fights, they even tried to handcuff each other, in doing so they lost their bargaining chips. The guns. They fell out of reach. With nothing to keep the peace, or to kill each other they came up with a new plan. They would wait and see who naturally perished first. Darwinism at it's simplest.

After the third week of no food, Derrick's greed got the better of him. He decided to just take a small nibble as his brother slept. He picked up Clive's hand and started to tuck in. Clive however, merely thought he was having a bad dream, then the pain hit him and he woke to find Derrick sucking the meat clean off his fingers like he was eating chicken drumsticks. Shocked, he lashed out at his closest friend in the whole world. He put his hands around his neck and started to squeeze. Derrick fought for a while, but they were both so weak by now. Derrick eventually succumbed. Distraught, Clive cried the next two days straight.

Clive tried to climb out, however his brother was too much dead weight, so he did the only thing he could do. He ate him. He started with the arms, moving on to his head, then down the rest of his body. He rested till he felt his strength had returned until attempting to climb out again. After two failed attempts he managed to establish a base. During the night however he started to have nightmares, followed by a terrible stomach ache. The next half of the climb took him twice as long, he'd double in pain every few yards, stomach cramps like he'd never felt before.

Reaching the top he felt a massive rush of relief. He'd made it. Then the guilt hit him like a steam train. He'd lost his brother. Then as if his brother was speaking from heaven, he heard him.

"Well we made it then?" spoke the distant, muffled voice.

"Yes I did. I'm sorry for what happened, I don't know if I can go on without you at my side." Clive said softly.

“Fair point. You were a bit of an arse. At least I’m still with you!” The spirit muttered cheerfully.

“Like a guardian angel” Clive spoke hopefully.

“Not quite you Muppet, undo a few buttons, its getting a bit stuffy down here!”.

Clive undid his shirt, one button at a time, and there, where his toned six-pack once lived was his brothers twisted face staring up at him.

Clive screamed. They got talking and derrick forgave him, he did take the first bite after all. They spent the rest of the day arguing about where they’d left the car. Derrick was now clearly frustrated with no arms or body to speak of. The one thing the two brothers could agree on though. Is that they were both hungry, Very Hungry,

**HUNGRY HUNGRY!!!!**