

"Speed up. That's my suspect."

"I'm sorry, what?" She asked, but didn't accelerate.

I glanced through the back window and saw that there were cars that would catch up in the merging lane if she didn't get over now.

"Quick, get over or we're gonna get stuck behind people."

She turned on her turn signal and glanced in the side mirror and then over her shoulder. As she started to merge over, she suddenly pulled the wheel back.

"What are you doing? We have to get over there. Merge!"

"I can't! There's a car coming," she shrieked.

"It's at least ten car lengths back. Merge!"

She let out a frustrated noise before checking her mirror once again and looking over her shoulder. She finally got onto the highway, but we didn't seem to be going anywhere.

"Step on it. We've got to catch up to the suspect."

Ever so slowly, she pressed her foot down on the gas pedal and we slowly gained speed. The speed limit was fifty-five and cars were flying past us. I called dispatch quickly asking them to send a car out to Highway 30 after spotting the BOLO suspect.

"Why are you accelerating so slowly? A grandma in a car ten years older just passed us."

"It's not safe to accelerate quickly. That's how accidents are caused."

"Lady, you're going to cause an accident if you don't put your foot down on the fucking gas."

"Don't swear at me. I didn't sign up for car chases."

"What car chase? The fucking car isn't even in sight anymore and you have to be going at least the speed limit for it to qualify as a car chase. At this pace, a turtle would outrun you."

"I'm going to take you to the station. You can have someone else look for your suspect."

"No, I need to catch this dealer or you're gonna have a lot more drugs in your school."

"Fine." She pursed her lips and we finally picked up a little speed. We were just about to pass a gas station when I saw the suspect pulling out from filling up with gas.

"Seriously, he had time to stop for gas. That's how slow you were driving."

"Whatever. I'm going the speed limit."

"You are now, but it took you five minutes to get to that speed. Drive a little faster. He's putting some distance on us."

"I'm not driving faster. It's against the law," Lillian said primly.

"You're with a cop!"

"But I'm not an officer. I could get pulled over and then I would get a ticket."

I stared at her for a second in disbelief.
"Are you fucking kidding me?" I shouted. How did I possibly get stuck with the slowest driver in the world when I was after a suspect?

"Shit. Where'd the car go?"

"It didn't go anywhere. It's an inanimate object."

"What do you mean it's inanimate. It's moving!"

"But only because someone is making it move. It doesn't move on its own, therefore it's an inanimate object. So, it can't go anywhere. The correct way to say it is, 'where is the car'."

"Just pull over the fucking car and I'll walk. I can't deal with an English lesson while trying to do my job."

"I can't pull over. There's nowhere safe to do so."

"Then I'll jump from the fucking car."

"Now that's just silly. Do you realize how injured you could get?"

"At the speed you're going, I could probably land on my feet."

"Fine. You want me to speed up, I will."

"Thank you."

The car lurched forward as she pressed her foot all the way down on the gas and took off into the traffic. She barely weaved in and out of traffic, avoiding cars, but almost clipping a semi.

"Oh my, God!" she screamed. "I've never done anything like this before. This is so scary!"

"You're doing great. Just keep driving."

"Ahhh!" Her voice was a piercing scream and if I wasn't afraid she would step on the brakes, I would tell her to shut the fuck up. Another police car came from a side road and pulled in front of the suspect's car, slowing him down and then guiding him over to the side of the road. After they were stopped on the side of the road, Lillian eased the car over to the side of the road and put the car in park.

"Criminy Dick that was close."

"Criminy Dick? What does that even mean?"

"It's like saying 'oh gosh' or 'gee willikers'."

"Or you could just say 'oh fuck, that was close'. Even though that wasn't even nearing close. What exactly was close? It would have been close if you hadn't driven like a grandma the whole way. Oh wait, a grandma passed us! You are a terrible driver."

"I am not. I drive the speed limit. It's the law. How do you not understand that? You're a police officer!"

"But, you were driving with a police officer that told you to step on it."

"I'm sorry! I'm not used to high stress situations! Stop yelling at me!"