

## **The River Bank**

Chief Constable Kenneth Grahame was concerned. Prime Minister, Saddy Khaaant, was under extreme pressure to legalise cannabis for recreational use.

Kenneth hadn't smoked weed since he was eighteen but felt that legalising anything potentially dangerous was morally wrong and extremely risky. He believed that lowering the tolerance level for drugs would eventually lead to society accepting worse. He explained to his wife, "In my childhood kicking a ball against the wall of a house could invite a visit from the local bobby. Nowadays, even a break in doesn't always get investigated, our tolerance has elevated."

Kenneth's wife agreed, yet she felt unqualified to give an informed opinion as she had never tried an illegal drug in her life. Even two paracetamol knocked her out for the night!

As Kenneth logged into work one morning, a new constable spoke.

'Morning Sir, we have just picked up a dealer in the High Street and recovered these tablets. No idea what they are, should I count them?'

'No, I can do that.' Taking the package into his office he began counting. 'Two hundred and one.' It seemed a strange number. He checked again. He was right, so he slipped one into his pocket and made a note of two hundred on the information sheet.

Geoff took his normal route home that evening, along the river path. Reaching his favourite spot he sat under the willow tree. He felt for the tablet in his pocket, grabbed his water bottle and swallowed.

The gentle breeze tickled his cheek. He felt so relaxed that he could hear the wind whispering in the willows. Startled by a movement on the riverbank, he sat bolt upright. Looking across at him was a large Mole. It was wearing blue overalls and was carrying a pink feather duster.

298 words. Prequel to *The Wind in the Willows*.