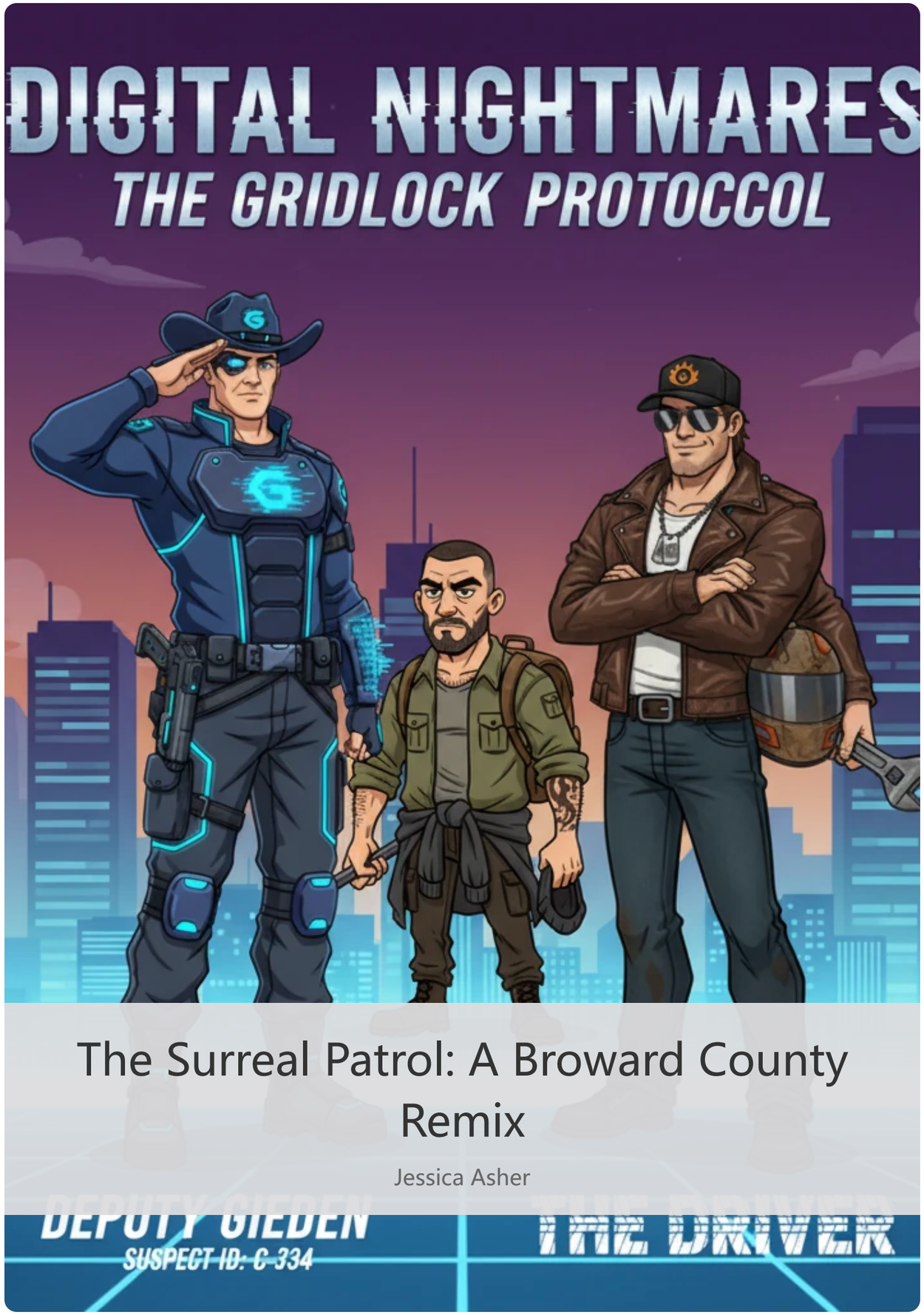
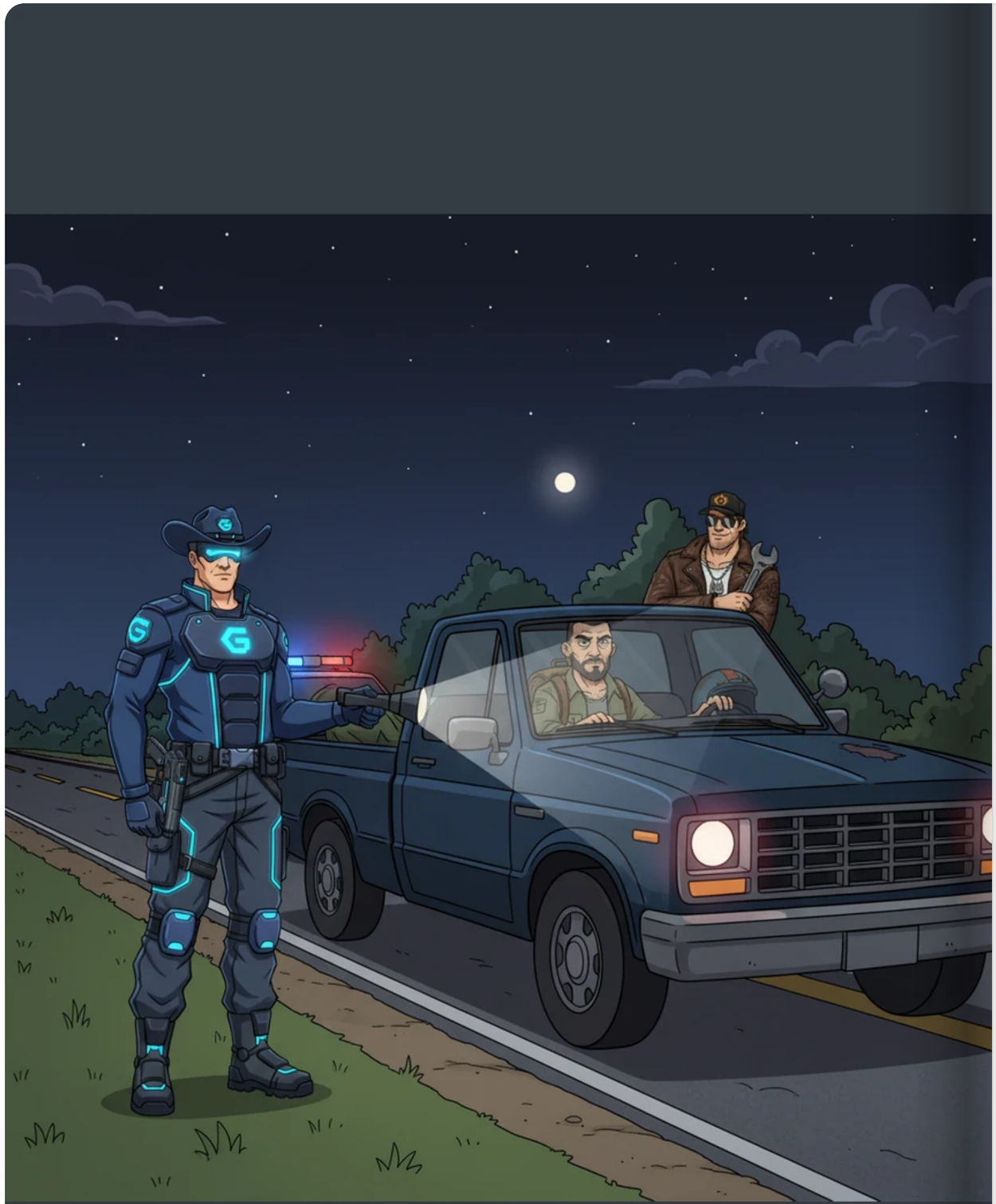


The Surreal Patrol: A Broward County Remix

Jessica Asher

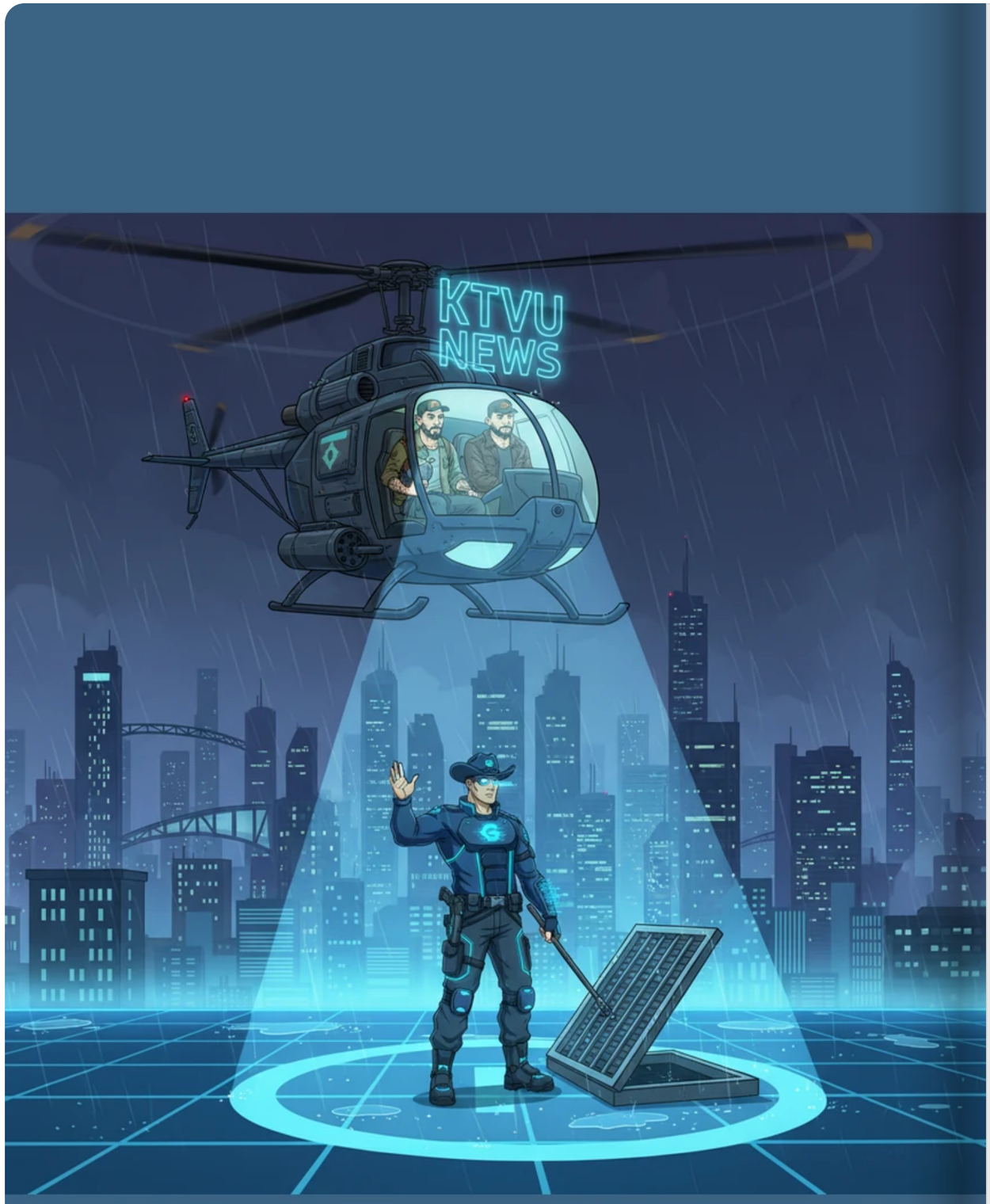
The sun sets over Broward County, casting a warm glow that flickers like an old cathode-ray tube television. Deputy Glitch sits in his patrol car, waiting for the night to begin as the air hums with the faint sound of digital static.

As the deputy turns on his sirens, the world begins to stutter, and the blue and red lights expand into vibrant neon fractals. The sound of the siren loops into a rhythmic dance track that echoes through the palm-tree-lined streets.



He pulls over a suspicious vehicle, but as he approaches, the car's wheels suddenly turn into giant spinning donuts. The driver greets him with a voice that sounds like three different people speaking at once, creating a chorus of nonsensical greetings.

Deputy Glitch tries to radio for backup, but colorful word bubbles float out of his mouth instead of sounds. Each word bounces off the pavement, leaving behind a trail of sparkling pixels and bright geometric shapes.



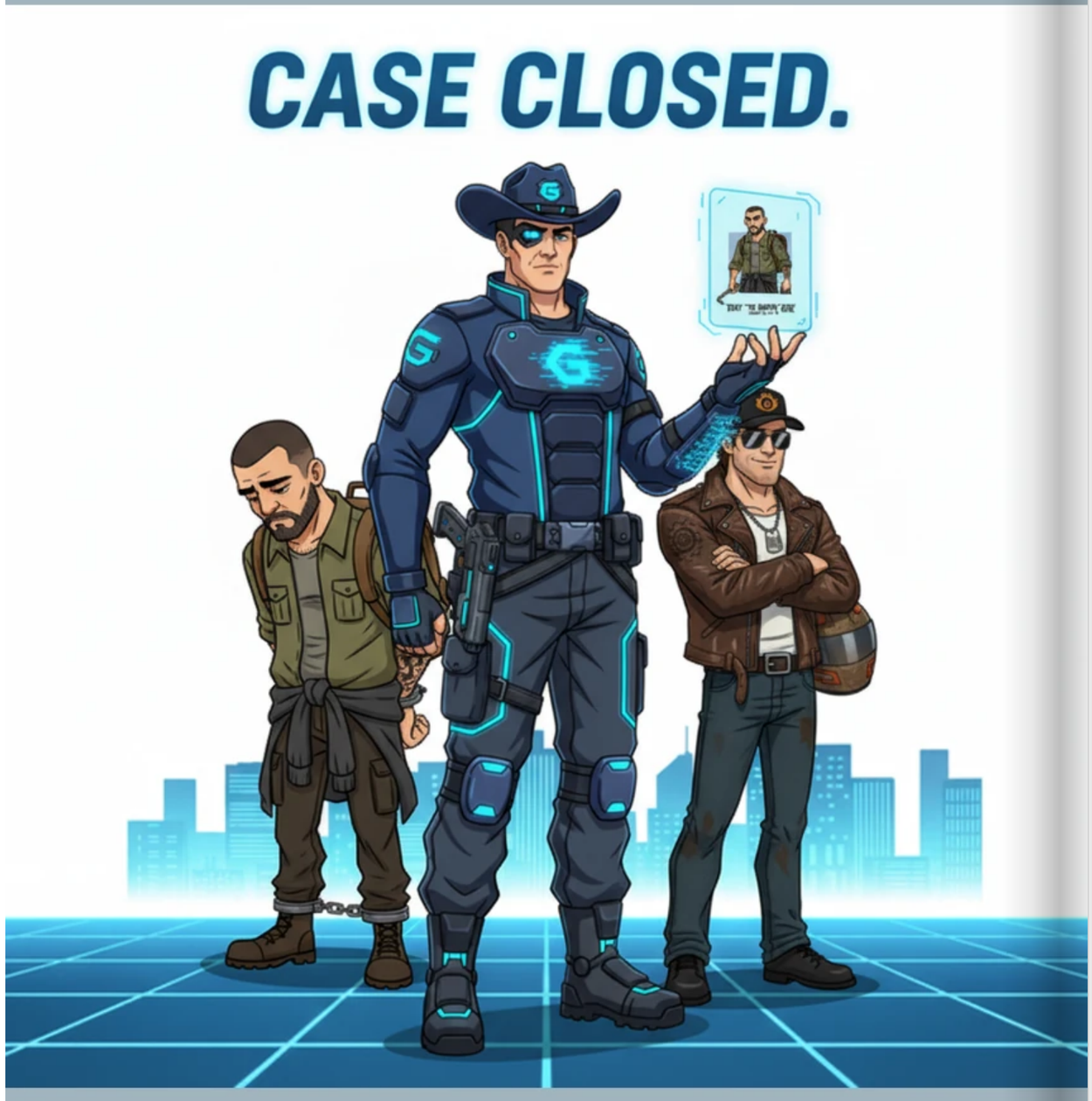
High above the city, the KTVU station logo drifts across the clouds like a slow-moving satellite. It leaves a shimmering trail of scanlines that change the color of the sky from orange to a deep, electric purple.

A foot chase breaks out, but every time the suspect takes a step, the ground ripples like water. They run through a neighborhood where the fences are made of frozen video frames and the grass is composed of green binary code.

Reaching into his belt, the deputy pulls out a special Director’s Cut remote control. With a single click, he pauses the scene, causing the suspect to freeze mid-air while a giant cartoon mustache appears on their face.

Suddenly, the Florida palm trees begin to spin rapidly like helicopter blades, lifting the entire patrol car off the ground. Deputy Glitch flies over the suburbs, looking down at a world that is slowly dissolving into a beautiful mosaic of colorful errors.

The reality of the broadcast begins to fold in on itself, creating a kaleidoscope of mirrored images and repeating patterns. Everything smells like ozone and old electronics as the boundaries between the show and the edit disappear.



As the credits begin to roll across the sky, Deputy Glitch gives a final salute to the invisible audience. The screen shrinks into a single white dot in the center, leaving behind a feeling of nostalgic wonder and digital mystery.