

## Testosterone Traffic Project

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**By: Robin Pascoe**

A pilot project involving spot drug tests for illegally high levels of testosterone to improve performance in traffic was carried out in secret in an unnamed foreign capital. Traffic policemen were provided with portable mini-laboratories capable of testing drivers illegally pumping hormones, not iron, to enhance driving skills to the level of the Tasmanian Devil.

The expatriate consultant hired to conduct the project recently held an impromptu news conference at an accident scene to explain the nature of his assignment. A bus, motorcycle, passenger car, bicycle-driven cart and pedestrian had all conveniently collided at a typical five way intersection with no signs or traffic lights.

“What exactly have you been testing motorists for?”

“I’m glad you asked that,” replied the consultant, eager to earn the outrageous amount of money he was being paid to tell local officials what they already knew—that everyone drives too fast! “We are seeking to determine if drivers are doping themselves with illegal synthetic anabolic testosterone before driving their vehicles,” he explained.

“Say what??!”

“It is a proven fact that the exceedingly high levels of the male hormone testosterone induces aggressive behavior. We feel there is reason to believe that there is a drug ring operating in the city providing this drug to drivers who feel their traffic performance is inadequate without these hormones.”

“Can you define inadequate?”

“Specifically, it means they can’t drive fast enough. They also have reduced capabilities for cutting other drivers off and limited vision in crossing multiple traffic lanes in one go.”

“How are they taking the illegal drug?”

“We believe it is being disguised among the thousand of legal drugs contained in the typical cigarette. It can be therefore be conveniently smoked without anyone taking undue notice.”

“Who is funding this Testosterone Project?”

“It is being paid for by the local government. But the initiative came after intensive lobbying from a group of concerned expatriate residents.”

“Are you at liberty to disclose who they are?”

“I don’t see why not. The group is calling itself the Federation of Residents Expecting the Annihilation of Known Expat Drivers.”

The reporters jotted this down in their notebooks.

“FREAKED?”

“Yes, I believe that would be the correct anachronym. Any more questions?”

“Yes, I would like to ask one.”

“Are you a reporter?” asked the consultant of the man with blood dripping down his shirt.

“No. I’m the motorcyclist who just about got killed just now!”

“I will only answer questions from properly accredited reporters. Next question please.”

“Did you find any evidence to support your theories at this particular accident scene?”

“Yes we did. Someone tested positive for exceedingly high illegal levels of testosterone.”

“The bus driver?”

“No, the bus driver had a legitimate excuse for driving at an excessive speed.”

“What constitutes an excusable reason for driving fast?”

“A talent agent from Hollywood was on board, auditioning the vehicle for the role of the BUS for the third sequel to hit movie Speed.”

“Have you heard any titles for the movie?” The other reporters turned to check out the interloper. It was a local movie reviewer who happened to be caught in the traffic caused by the accident.

“Yes I have, actually,” said the expert, grateful for a diversion. “I believe it’s to be called On Speed. They are even considering casting the driver locally.”

“So if it wasn’t the bus driver, who was it? The driver of the passenger car?”

“No it wasn’t.” The expert shifted uncomfortably.

“The motorcyclist? The bicyclist?”

“No. No.”

The reporters were perplexed, although being members of the press, they were suppressing all expressions other than divine knowledge.

“It was the pedestrian. She will be charged,” he said, escorting a dazed woman to a police vehicle.

“Thank you for coming here today.”

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