The Sandman by Geof Hewitt

So I was coming around the corner and the car ahead of me has

stopped and I’m on sheer ice and my car starts to skid and there’s

this guy on the sidewalk with a shovel and just before my car

 crunches into the car ahead of me he throws a shovelful of sand

 under my rear tires and my car comes to a stop ten feet from

disaster.

Half an hour later I’m at the Xerox machine with a job I’ve

 gotta have copied in time for the mail, which leave in ten

minutes, and the machine jams and I’m trying to get the paper

out and something throws a spark and ignites the paper so smoke

 is starting to curl from the ink drum and I’m trying to figure

 whether I should run to the men’s room for a handful of water

when this guy appears with a shovel and throws a shovelful of

 sand into the machine’s underbelly and the smoke stops.