

CHAPTER 10

“Officer how many times I gotta tell y’allsI don’t know those bums, nor have I broken any state or federal laws!”; I wailed out-to the blob of a sergeant, who sat wedged behind the wheel stuffing a bear claw into his pink wiggly jaws

It was somewhat a flashback, I sat within the backseat hands cuffed behind my back; while all my property sat upon the hood, next to my open cigarette pack

Through the windshield- standing within the driveway, his partner did interview a witness who had a HELL of a lot to say; while the victim laid upon a gurney gurney sucking oxygen, got lifted into an ambulance and and quickly rushed away

“You don’t know them other negros.....”, said the sergeant- **“..... Yet to the very contrary.....;Folks saw y’all talkin’ da jive, before they battered the mayor’s press secretary”**

“YES- I literally just got off the Greyhound bus!I haven’t even been out of the prison door- a full twenty-four.....;Ask yourself- officer ...Why in the world would I jeopardize my freedom on such a senseless and brazen low paying score?

(.....)

.....HELL NAW- I didn’t break any GOT-DAMN laws!I ain’t going back for no dumb silly ass BULLSHIT!NO WAY!UH-UN!HELL- NAW!”; I wailed out- as he reached down into a pink box, pulled out- and crammed another bear claw into his hippopotamus jaws

“Your kind would steal circus nuts!Plus your rapsheet’s longer than a War and Peace novel.....;So save it for your arraignment pal, won’t do you no good to sit there and grovel.....

(.....)

.....I got a keen cops’ intuition about most thingsAnd there’s something about your appearance that just doesn’t fit quite right.....;Maybe it’s that bright flashy clown’s outfit that your wearingOr- it might even be a case of”

“Let me guessNot being- WHITE!”

The passenger door did open, right before his dick-licking partner slid back in; he was a dark-skinned Uncle Tom house negro, a real certified Chicken George ten

With the door still ajar- he spoke up saying- **“I guess he’s actually telling the truth- SirHis story checks out thus far”**

“I don’t know about that Jackson....”,
replied the sergeant- **“....If he didn’t do this- he’s done somethingYou know how these people are”**

.....”Sir?”

“They’re mischievous- Jackson.....”, he did croon-
“.....Like that mammal- that runs in a platoon”;

“Uh’hhh ...Wolves? ...Or- maybe lions- sir?”

**“NO- JacksonWhat I meant to say was a
.....RACCOON!**

(.....)

**.....But of course your nothing at all like them
JacksonYou’re just a bit moreUh’hhh
CivilizedUh’hhhYour a whole lot more- uh’hhh
.....SPUNKY!”;**

“Like family- Sir! ..Or a good friend- Sir!”

**“NO- not quite that JacksonWhat I meant
to say was a well-trainedUh’hhhCIRCUS
MONKEY!”**

.....”THANKS SIR!”

“You da man- Home Skill’et!Now what be the word Willis- on those jive turkey sus’pect?”; tooted the sergeant- in what he considered Afro-American dialect

“Nicely done!.....”, Jackson did critique- ”.....An artist is working on their sketch as we speak.....;It seems we’re dealing with the same vagrant gangcausative of the crime surge this week....

(.....)

.....The same hobos who looted Safeway Market on Pacific, and walked out with those shopping carts full of liquor and pork meat”;

“Jackson- you mean those same shoe-less dirt-bag- cunt munchers!Who burnt down Mama Chang’s Doughnut Shop over on Cherry and Tenth street?”

“Precisely!”

The sergeant shoveled down bear claw number umpteen, and swiftly licked his digits clean; raised the radio to his pink poodle lips, and typed into his monitor screen

.....*shh’hhhhh*.....

“.....Attention- this is Sergeant BeardI want an all points bulletin out on two negro hobo Joes- without fluffy afros.....; Both suspects are dressed in filthy blue jean overalls, and were last seen headed due south- traveling on bare-feet and bare-toes.....

(.....)

.....Suspect one is short in height, with the skin complexion of a well-used oil-pan.....;has protruding teeth, and dreadlocks hanging from his chinlike a wild orangutan.....

(.....)

.....The other anorexic-looking negro suspect is armed with a trident or pitchfork, and is very lengthy in height.....;And it appears that somewhere within his past African slave lineage That there was- secret- interbreeding with a white
.....

(.....)

.....In hindsight, it appears that we may be dealing with a mulatto- if I'm right.....;Both negros are considered to be armed and dangerousS-O-S!
.....SHOOT-ON-SIGHT!"

"SIR!"

".....Correction- do not kill the mutt suspect if at all possibleBring him back to the hive- for interrogation alive";

"Nicely done there Sir!", Jackson did so praise- before he raised his dark right hand up high, to an un-reciprocated high-five

“Working together- JacksonCan you guess- what show this reminds me of more or less?”;

“Uh’hhh- Miami Vice?- Starsky and Hutch?”

“Have you seenEnemy Mines?”

“I have- SirYES!”

!

“Recall how the white man and that clicking negro with skin of leather put their differences aside- and worked together?”;

“I SEE’EEE!The alien sacrificed its life for its white friend, so that the better species- could alone survive the weather

.....”EXACTLY!”

“Officers it’s been dandy- though But I’ve really got places that I need ta go”; I chimed out- momentarily interrupting their ignorant ass puppet show

“Mister Moore.....”, the sergeant said to me- **”I’d love nothing more than to purge myself of your likes- but it’s out of my hands you see.....; Says here on my screen- hold and release to parole officerSo he’ll be the one deciding if you are to be set free”**

“Richards?”, I did ask- knowing that the old man would understand my predicament;

“NO- says right hereBill- Victors”, he replied- instantly filling me with discontent

It was a dropkick, for it appeared that the good ole County of Los Angeles had stuck my black ass with some new white dick; and the thought of kissing another white man’s ass for what little freedoms that I did have, made my stomach queasy- and sick

“So sit- BACKand shut your- TRAP!And show some evidence- that you’ve got some sort of SENSE!.....;Cause I’m all out of BEAR CLAWS!.....”, snapped the sergeant- **“.....Which means that I’m all out of- PATIENCE’EEE!”**

He then ‘*SLAP*’ped an angry palm across the dash, showing that it was definitely not the time to become verbally brash; while officer Jackson adjusted the rear-view mirror, so that he could keep me directly within sight of his eyelash

No more than a minute to dot, following the news that had made me sweaty hot; I spotted a parole vehicle, as it hooked a right into the parking-lot

.....And slowly cruise by!