

CHAPTER 11

Bill Victors-

That uppity black muthafucka stepped from out of his vehicle with a toothpick protruding from out his goat mouth; resembling some hardcore chain gang correctional officer, straight from out of the lowest regions of the dirty south

Wearing a turtle neck sweater and spurred leather boots without a smidgen of dirt; above a pair of butt-squeezing Burt Reynold's, that appeared to really- really hurt

With much flare- he rolled his toothpick to the opposite side and placed a ten-gallon hat atop his oily slicked back hair; then spun himself around and gazed straight over into our locale, with an intimidating- *'I don't play games'*-kind of stare

He rested both thumbs below his shiny belt buckle- as he dipped his glasses low; casually eye-fucking a snow bunny, who skated past putting on a show

Following an hour of pugnacity, in which he bragged to the pigs about his higher pay and free born ancestry; he proceeded to strip me of what little dignity that I did possess, by unnecessarily re-frisking me

Throughout his convo with the blues, it was clear that Jackson had ignited his fuse; for the first thing he called him back in the car, was a- Cracker-Jack- Ball- Lickin'- Muse

“Can you believe that ole Steppin’-n’-Fetchin’- Mayberry Ass Negro!.....”, he exclaimed- ”.....His life ain’t nothin’ but one big tap show.....;His brain dun been completely washed by his European master ...And that dumb simple minded negroid- don’t even know...

.....Just- lost!”

He checked his seat position, then turned the key within the vehicle’s ignition; instantly bringing forth loud croons, from a radio country singing musician

We slowly drove away, as the blue skies above did get completely overtaken by a cloudy nimbus of dark gray; when I began to realize just how much of an asshole Victor’s was with each and every word that he did come to say

“Listen close ta what I say.....I’m a lawman who loves ta do things the Lone Star way.....;I don’t got patience for gamesSo if ya insist on playing themThen we gone play!.....

.....Do you understand me?”

“Yes- I completely understand- Sir”, was my submissive verbal yield as a light rain had begun to pelt the car’s windshield; causing him to switch on the wiper blades, as I continued to get relentlessly demasculated- jaw jacked- and grilled

.....”Ya damn well- BETTA!”