

CHAPTER 38

“It seems like each time that I return to this place- it’s contortingAnd becoming more of- uh’hhh”

“YES!Un-insured supporting?”;

“Not quite- JacksonWhat I was purporting- is thatThis hospital seems to be going through a bit of an- uh’hhhVERS-WARTING!”

As the pigs neared the doctor- I stealthily cracked a nearby door, and did slide inside; before closing it behind, as the Sergeant did offend the medical mans’ pride

“Pardon me- male nurse!.....”, spoke the Sergeant- which forced the doctor’s head and spinal cord to look upwards from his medical clipboard; **“.....We’re police officers here to take a crime report ...Can you please point us in the direction of the infirmary ward”**

The African man did correct the salt-caster, with annoyance that grew faster; and the last I heard as the door shut, was Jackson jump to defend his White Master....

....VIGOROUSLY!

“Karen- I need you to listen closely to my verbal decreeGet the chief of police on this line- IMMEDIATELY!.....;This heinous act of violence perpetrated against my press secretaryIS- AN- INDIRECT- ATTACK- UPON- ME!.....

(.....)

.....I want the entire force on this mission!”, barked a suited white politician; while holding out a glass of water, that he strawed to a hospital admission

The man laying in the bed wore a neck brace- bandages around his head- and a metal gizmo holding his jaw in place; he had purple contusions about the area of both eyes, and black sutures all across his pale disfigured white face

With all four of his limbs elevated, encased stiffly within thick plaster cast; I still identified the man, whose appearance was at a serious contrast

.....He was the man from the phone booth!

“.....I DON'T GIVE A DAMN IF HE'S BUSY!Have him call me directly on this line- A'SAP”, the angered politician did snap; **“.....And you tell them that I won't stand for none of that- COCK'A- ME- ME- he just stepped out of the office for a minute BULL- CRAP!”**

With the rage in his red cheeks clearly shown, he then swiftly 'SLAMM'ed down the telephone; as the injured man spoke up, with a low gurgling unintelligible moan

“.....I know- save your breath PeteFOR TEDDY J TURNBALL- WILL- NOT- FAIL- in his duty to protect his staff from transient attack!.....;I will not rest Pete- I tell ya!Until we’ve captured and convicted these lowlifes- responsible for this atrocious act!.....

(.....)

.....LONG BEACH!THIS IS YOUR MAYOR!”, Turnball did shout- as he waived both his hands all about; preaching to a non-existent crowd, causing the straw within Pete’s mouth to slide out

The straw that had been pulled from the press secretary’s lips, did quickly shoot up high- and spear him directly in the left eye; causing him to scream out in agony, as the mayor continued his address- oblivious to the man’s dreadful cry

Finishing up the speech- that he yakked, in which he gave the crowd his full eye contact; only then did he gaze back down at his staffer, only then did the straw retract

“Okay- I think you’ve had enough water PeteWouldn’t want for you to have an accident in the bed.....”, the mayor then said; before he sat the glass down upon a tray, then picked up a steaming bowl of soup- of which he spoon fed to the man instead

.....”.....How embarrassing would that be!”

The man continued to moan out, as the mayor held a small dip up to his lip; of which the patient began to slowly intake, in small controlled *'SLURP'*ing wet sips

After the press secretary had sucked down an entire spoonful of the hot soup, in no less than ten sips- bit by bit; the room phone suddenly *'RANG'* out, causing the mayor to abandon their soup feeding session- in order to answer it

**“TURNBALL- HERE!Well- well- Chief Blackstoner
.....I did not call to chit-chat- nor chew the fat.....;
.... Just what do you intend to doI got you the
job- don't you EVER forget that!.....**

(.....)

**.....WHAT DO I WANT YOU TO DO!I want
officers from here to Metropolis- out there searching
for these terrorist- A'SAP!”**; he did demand- while letting
both his hands flap, soon enough spilling the hot soup and
spoon upon his press secretary's lap

The man instantly howled out in pain, exposing his protruding jugular vein; as the mayor swung the empty bowl, still promoting his anti-vagrant campaign

.....When- SUDDENLY!

The room door swung open and in rushed a pack of news hounds, with cameras that they did ferry- for that news commentary; immediately flash- flashing- off picture after picture, surprising Mayor Turnball- and Pete- his press secretary

In the midst of the media storm- I hopscotched, deciding not to stay and watch; when I heard one newsman ask another, **”What’s that splotchRight there- on his staffer’s crotch?”**

.....“I think it’s.....it’s.....it’s- it’s.....PISS!”