

Forced Entry

komrade komura

Yeah, I wrote this shit. Blame no one else.

London 2013

<mailto:komradekomura@gmail.com>

komradekomura.com

Dedications

Personal: This for my best friend, komrade, and love of my life. Yes, you.

Political: Dedicated to every oppressed woman and man who ever came up off their knees with their fist clenched. Respect.

Pot-litical: To all of those who grow da herb. Whether for profit, for medicine, or recreation... thank you.

Forced Entry

Part 1

Oh fuck!

I heard the text message arrive while I was driving home to Florida. Not on my regular phone, but on the little clamshell disposable that I'd hoped would never make a sound. Today it did. I drove a few miles further to the exit, and then pulled over into the parking lot of a large, big-box convenience store off of Interstate 10. It was the only thing at that exit; they couldn't attract any other civilization around it. Some places just look better through a rear view mirror.

Burgers, pizza, freshly made sandwiches (or so they said), frozen yogurts and fruit smoothies, gasoline, junk food, beer and cigarettes – all presented before us from multiple vendors with large, plastic logo signs everywhere. Hours of effort in expensive meetings went into discussing how to have the best eye-catching and noticeable signage. But finally, it's all provided in such large numbers as to be reduced to visual noise that begs to be ignored like the hum of a florescent light. The only difference between this big multi-acre commercial oasis in the US and a similar one in Europe is the noticeable absence of prostitution here. The flesh trade is apparently less open and probably less safe in the US. But then twenty-five percent of the population of the nation is bat shit crazy for Jesus and live, concentrated, in parts of the country – these parts. So the flesh trade is frowned upon 'round here. This is a place where the cops are just well-armed thugs... all rules, no justice. Welcome to Mississippi.

I pulled my other phone from my pocket and opened the mobile browser. Then I went to my special bookmarks and a secure browser session. I usually checked my rooms three or four times

per day, and then made any adjustments to the environment remotely in the evening, after dinner.

Wireless microvalves, connecting to an IP enabled controller, were the last pieces of my dream puzzle... this is cool, technical, geeky shit, folks. It was originally intended for lawn and landscape watering systems. The online description promised, "Make your grass grow from any computer in the world." Yes please, I'll have one of those. It took about three days of fucking around with it, and a particularly rough afternoon taking over fifty measurements of the flow rates, before it was ready to go. I did a final test run ten times to ensure that it was accurate, easy to control, and any variances in the process had been eliminated: eighteen seconds of flow from the "bloom" reservoir, twelve seconds from the "micro" reservoir every three days. Finish with things up with twenty seconds of reverse osmosis filtered water, injected with enough force to stir everything up. Then thirty minutes later, a pan and zoom from the camera onto the tri-level meter showing EC, PH, and temperature to ensure everything was fine. I'm a Lucas formula grower (Google it; I'll wait).

No, you're going to have to find this one on your own. It's out there to be found,, though. Yes, on the Internet. You'll know when you've hit the model because you'll be forced to buy one entire system before they'll sell you the IP controlled valves as a replacement for a failure. That's the only part you really want.

Wireless technology has presented options that have never been available before, and they're finally affordable to almost everyone. Before, I had to go to all four houses every two days to check the equipment and replenish the reservoirs. Now I only go by twice a week and cover them all in four days. I drop by each one with a bag of garbage for the waste management truck. There are timers on appliances like a television, a stereo, and the house lights in non-productive rooms like the living room, the bathroom, kitchen, etc. There's even a recorded dog bark for the

night; it's set for different times each night.

I've never had an alert before, except while I was testing the setup of the wireless IP cameras. A sense of panic tightened in my stomach. I'm a planner by nature and have been for years by profession. This was not planned.

Worst case: it would be the cops. I would get to watch them rip everything apart until they found the last camera in the house, listening to them congratulate themselves and slap each other's back as they wildly over estimated the street value of the cannabis. They'd throw numbers about like third graders trying to estimate the size of The Incredible Hulk.

I've considered that having an untraceable conversation with pigs could be entertaining. It would be a taunting conversation at first, enjoying the sight of frustrated cops who're unable to do what they do best: beating up suspects and arresting those who do not submit to their authority and rules. After a few minutes of teasing and verbal abuse, I would then mention explosives and end the conversation using the line: "Now, Mr. Bond, I expect you to die." Then all I'd have to do is sit back and watch a room full of cops climbing over each other. They would scramble for the door and the safety of outside as if they were inside a Dunkin Donuts when Al Qaeda attacked it. Charging toward the door they'll forget civility and pig camaraderie as they shove each other aside in the mistaken belief that their lives will end in the next nanosecond. Save that shit to a memory stick and anonymously post it to YouTube – definitely LMFAO.

The best case is that it's some sort of repairman standing there with a dumb-fuck look on his face. Better take a look, but be sure to turn off my microphone first.

Whether fortunately or un, it was a teenage kid, about five foot six inches tall, skinny, wearing a dark gray hoodie, baseball cap, and blue jeans. His clothes were dirty, and his hair was

closely cut. All the miss-cuts of someone cutting their own hair with regular scissors, but has never done it before were evident. No understanding of the geometry of cutting hair, except at the front, where it still hung long over his forehead and eyes, like the drawbridge of a castle, a final protective barrier. There was evidence of a good solid smack to the left jaw within the last two weeks: new white flesh rows, absent of the scabs, and lighter skin. His face was one of those that you've seen before. He had that soft gentle flesh that won't need a razor until his mid-twenties, if even then. This is the kid in school who's constantly accused of being gay, whether he is or not, just because of the gentleness of his features. He's the kind of kids we were fortunate enough not to have been.

A huge sense of relief came over me. No pigs, just some kid who'd stumbled into more bad shit than he'd be able to handle. It seemed a better outcome... but I wasn't sure about that, just yet. Assess circumstances, generate options, assign probabilities of success to them and identify milestone actions during implementation, measure success. The habits from the decades on the corporate plantation kicked in.

There were three cameras in each room. I had one in each of the two corners, on the top shelf of rack shelving, nestled between boxes. The third camera was located in the middle of a stack of plastic milk crates, looking like hauling containers ready for use in a quick escape. However, in fact, their only purpose is to hide the camera. Nothing leaves the house except in taped and fully sealed cardboard boxes. A crate where you can see the contents inside? Fucking worthless for transporting anything from a grow house, but still good to sit on... and conceal a camera.

The cameras are capable of 320 degrees horizontal rotation and 100 degrees vertical tilt rotation. The entire room is viewable. It was the same setup in every room in the house, except for the bathroom. There were two weatherproof, wireless cameras hidden in the front garden

shrubs and two in the backyard. They're inexpensive and I figured that the security was a good investment. I bought them in boxes of three.

Here, take a look - Cool shit, huh? And not too expensive, really, not when considering what's at stake. I turned on the microphone and adjusted the car seat slightly.

Narrator: We have a problem

The kid on the screen of my mobile phone leaps nearly a foot to the left when he hears my voice. He spins around in anticipation of seeing me standing behind him.

Kid: What the fuck?!

Narrator: Don't panic... and don't touch anything! I can see you and hear you. You won't be able to see me.

It took a second before he connected that I wasn't really physically present in the room and his whirling dervish routine stopped. Then he turned toward the source of my voice and bent forward to see the camera and the small speakers. He closely examined them.

Kid: Fuck me. Cool.

The panic response seems to have quickly left him. His young mind was racing, trying to understand all the possibilities of the deep shit hole he had fallen into. It was like playing an entire chess match in his head from opening to checkmate, a staggering assembly of possible moves, but only three basic outcomes. Over the next minute, the belligerent attitude he always shows the world returns. This attitude is always betrayed too soon by a keen sense of curiosity about everything.

Narrator: Our conversation cannot continue until you expand your vocabulary a little. Please go have a seat in the chair over at the table so we can have a discussion.

Kid: I ain't never seen so much fucking weed in my whole life! Never.

He shuffles over to the chair in a stupid gangsta style walk. He sits down in the chair with his legs crossed, one over the other, as if he were being interviewed by MTV about his new album and the stylish essentials of necessary bling. He looks at the square machine taking up a large part of the right side of the stainless steel table. He reads the knobs and raises the cover.

Kid: What is this?

Narrator: A vacuum-sealing machine. Seals the herb in airtight bags so it doesn't smell when it leaves here.

Kid: How much weed is here?

Narrator: This room produces between ten and twelve pounds per harvest, depending on the strain grown. THIS IS NOT A TOUR! We need to focus on the problem we have and how it's going to be resolved. You're not supposed to be here.

Kid: Yeah, well... you ain't supposed to be growin' fuckin' weed.

The cocky little bastard has now returned fully. His arms are folded across his chest and his chin is raised arrogantly, like Mussolini in some old documentary.

Narrator: Valid point. We have to decide what we're going to do about this.

Kid: How about I just take all your weed and tell you to "Fuck off!"

He gets up from the chair and begins to examine the room. His gait betrays the "living large" thoughts swimming in his head. He examines the two large plastic reservoirs, noticing the markings "Micro" and "Bloom" on them. He stops for a moment to think about the purpose of each. He closely examines the valves with the little antennas on them. He traces the lines from them down into the main reservoir.

Narrator: Stealing my herb is not an option for you.

Kid: Why not? You ain't 'round to stop me.

His eyes follow the supply lines from the reservoir to the tables. He walks over confidently to one of the plants. He pulls a large bud toward him and takes a big whiff.

Kid: Damn... this is some dank shit.

He leans over to examine the pots.

Narrator: Stealing it would present you with two problems. First, this herb has just started the final flush to get the chemical fertilizers out of it. If you take it right now, you'll lose fifteen to twenty percent of its value because it'll taste like shit and it's not cured. And I doubt you would know the right people to be able to get market value for it.

Kid: I know some people, asshole.

Narrator: Your second problem is that you would never make it out of there alive. You'd just be charred remains. Your bones will be found by the fire department. You don't really want to die running face first into a series of gas line explosions, trying to see if you're faster than the Internet. I can assure you that you're not. You'll just be another grower who died in a fire, although the youngest in a long time. This will be your fate about half a second from now. Is that your final answer?

His knees weaken and he reaches out to steady himself against the grow table. His sense of panic has returned. He looks toward the door as if he wants to run through it so badly, but his brain screams to him that it would be certain death to do so. His body tenses; he's on the verge of running.

Kid: No! NO! That is NOT my final answer! Fuck, fuck, fuck, damn, shit, FUCK!

There are no incendiary devices. It's just the break-in protocol shit I developed one late stoner night. At the time, it seemed that it would either work or it wouldn't – but it was worth a try. When starting from the assumption that the entire house is lost, any activities that may

change that outcome should be considered.

Kid: No, no, no please don't! Just give me a minute to think.

Narrator: Why should I do that?

Kid: Gimme a minute, for fuck's sake!

Narrator: You broke in here and have just threatened to rip me off of tens of thousands of dollars worth of ganja. Seems to me I would be better off to cut my losses and torch it all, including you.

Kid: No!

Narrator: It's a loss for me, but not a big one and less aggravation than trying to figure a way out of this mess that leaves you alive. I walk away; you don't.

Kid: No, no, no... fuck! NO WAY! Damn it, why do I always fall into this shit!?

Narrator: (Calmly) Perhaps you should sit down.

He returns to the chair. The gansta is gone and his shoulders are slumped. It's a death-camp inmate walk.

Kid: I'm sorry. You don't know how sorry I am. Really, really sorry. I was just looking for a place to sleep. That's all, honest. Fuck, fuck, fuck, damn, shit, FUCK!

His frustration is caused by his lack of options. He leans forward and lets his head slump forward into his hands like a grief victim trying to come to grips with a tragedy in a hospital waiting room.

Narrator: Why don't you sleep at home?

Kid: I don't live there no more.

Narrator: Why?

Kid: They foreclosed. Mom lost her teaching job and can't pay for it no more.

Narrator: What about your dad?

Kid: That asshole? He ain't been around for years. He can't even remember my birthday or Christmas. He's just a worthless motherfuckin' piece of shit, and I hate him.

His face shows both the anger and the remorse for the father that doesn't care about him.

Narrator: So you needed a place to stay, fair enough.

He looks directly into the camera located near the speakers.

Kid: C'mon, I won't tell a soul. Promise.

Narrator: What's your name?

Kid: Taylor. (A second after he speaks his name, he wishes he hadn't.)

Narrator: Taylor, today will either be the luckiest day of your life or the last. It all depends on you. For the next few minutes, I want you to concentrate carefully. Forget your tough guy attitude for now. That results in an outcome you don't want. Do you understand me perfectly?

He nods his understanding.

Narrator: Taylor, you've broken into one of my houses. This isn't supposed to happen. But despite all the planning, sometimes things like this happen anyway. In this business there are no outsiders, only us and the cops. We observe simple rules. Rule one is simple: TELL NO ONE. Rule two: You talk; you die. Rule three: Only the paranoid survive. Do you understand?

Taylor: I ain't never snitched on anyone since I was seven years old, and the kid I told on beat the shit outta me afterward.

Taylor: What rules do the cops follow?

Narrator: None

Narrator: I have invested a considerable amount of time building this. I have grow systems, security. This entire house costs money to setup, but the time it took is the investment that I most

want to protect. This was my first house ever (a lie) and it means something to me.

Taylor squirms around in the seat. His curiosity has regained the upper hand in its battle with his panic response.

Behind me, another big eighteen-wheeler pulls into the parking lot of the roadside oasis. I watch it in the rear-view mirror, and then look back at my phone. There are more important matters at the moment.

Taylor: Can I smoke a joint of this shit?

Narrator: If you want. Look in the box on the third shelf of the rack to your left. Choose the one marked Satori. You'll find some rolling papers in the box.

He gets up from the chair, removes the box from the rack, places it on the floor, and opens it.

Taylor: What's Satori?

Narrator: It's a Sativa strain that enhances creativity and thought processes. but without the Sativa paranoia.

Taylor: Fuck me. OK.

He removes a mason jar containing just under a half ounce of buds. It's my personal stash for when I'm working in the house and want to get a buzz, but still need to be functional and get my work done.

Satori is the kind of strain that will give the smoker an excellent, strong, and thorough buzz, yet with complete functionality retained. This is the herb to smoke before class because you'll enjoy it more. It's the herb you smoke before going to the art museum or try painting or drawing or writing poetry. It's been my daytime smoke of choice for the last year, and it's easy to grow. Out and about, going through the daily routines, trip to the bank, the big-box hardware stores, interactions with others, not a problem – Satori is your strain. Totally baked and no one ever

knows. Even driving, something I never advise others to do while high, is a pleasant and easy task after smoking Satori. There's an Iolite portable vaporizer full of Satori in my coat pocket most days and right now.

He sniffs the contents of the jar and a smile comes to his face. He rolls a fat one, lights it, and takes several large puffs. Billows of smoke come from his exhale. After about the fourth really big hit he can feel the strong effect starting. He relaxes some, leaning back in the chair. His shoulders begin to gradually lower with his tension level. For someone in deep shit, he's smiling.

Taylor: (in a fake redneck accent) Damn fine stuff you grow here, mister. Wow!

He continues to take large hits from the joint.

Narrator: Thank you. I had to grow almost fifty plants of this strain before I found the right one to be the mother plant. You're smoking the best Satori I have ever found.

Taylor: (normal voice) This is definitely some good shit. The best I ever had. HIGH AS FUCK and not paranoid. We don't get stuff like this around the people I know. Ain't no fancy names. It's just weed. If it gets me high, that's as good as it gets. This stuff is awesome!

Narrator: Back to our problem. How old are you ... and don't lie to me? I'm not some chick you're trying to fuck and you aren't trying to buy alcohol. Honesty is the only way you'll stay alive today, understood?

He hesitates for a moment. His shoulders move up again.

Taylor: Seventeen... and the drinking age in Mississippi is twenty-one.

Fuck! A minor. I was hoping for a higher answer, considering one possible outcome.

Narrator: Can you prove that?

Taylor reaches into his front pocket, removes his wallet, and then holds his driver's license a few inches in front of the camera next to the speakers. I hit the image capture button on the

control panel of the software. He hasn't lied about his name or age.

Narrator: Good, thank you.

Behind me, a police cruiser pulls into the oasis and up to the front of the box store. I watch this through the rear-view mirror. All the spaces are full, so rather than park over on the side and walk fifty feet to the store, the police car quickly whips into a handicapped parking space. Thug life (with badges). Assholes. To anyone observing, I just look like a middle aged business suit sitting in his BMW, having a conversation on his phone about some business negotiation and who's parked over on the side for quiet. Technically accurate, I guess.

Narrator: How long have you been on your own?

Taylor: A couple of months now.

Narrator: How are you doing?

Taylor: It was hard the first two weeks. Not much to eat. The only choices I could find were either rob people, give blow jobs, or steal shit and try to sell it.

Narrator: Which did you choose?

Taylor: Steal stuff. But it ain't always easy to sell.

Narrator: No it isn't. Successful thieves are rare – except in government and business.

Taylor: I tried robbing some lady in a mall... grabbed her purse and ran. But she started screaming. Bitch held on to it forever before she let it go, and then I dropped her fucking wallet. Mall security almost caught me, but I broke free from that fat ass and then there was no catching me. (Pride smiles on his face).

Narrator: Good outcome for you, even if you didn't get the money. Consider yourself lucky.

Taylor: Can't bring myself to snatch a purse from some elderly lady. She'd be a lot fuckin' easier to take it from for sure. But every time I get ready to do it – to snatch it – all I can think

about is how she'll probably break something if she falls. It stops me every time at the very last second. I am such a fuckin' pussy!

Narrator: Were you planning to steal from here?

Taylor: Mostly I was looking for a place to sleep, but was gonna take anything worth anything when I left in a couple of days.

Narrator: I appreciate your honesty. Where's your mother?

Taylor: She's living at my aunt's house with my little sister, Gina. They don't get along, but it was either that or Jesus barracks.

Narrator: Jesus barracks? Do you mean a homeless shelter?

Taylor: Yeah, crazy homeless people, junkies, and the down-on-their-luck mixed together with a lot of Jesus zombies running the place. The zombies are nice to you until they determine that you won't join their church or follow their rules. Then they look for excuses to throw you back onto the street.

Narrator: That's not very Christian of them.

Taylor: Yeah, I don't remember Jesus preaching that either.

He takes a final pull from the joint and sets the second half on the table-top.

Taylor: I would've gone with her to the barracks, but I ain't goin' to that bitch's house, not while that fucking asshole husband of hers is around. I hate that sumabitch.

Narrator: Why, what's wrong with him?

Taylor: He gets drunk on Friday nights and starts slapping my aunt around and doing nasty things to her sexually in front of whoever's around. Stuff that is supposed to be done in private, you know... like fingering her.

Narrator: In front of other people?

Taylor: Yep, then he makes them sit near the front row of the church on Sundays, all pious and shit, like he's some perfect little fucking Christian. I've seen him do that kinky shit before.

Narrator: That's wrong on so many levels.

Taylor: Yup, when I tried to stop him, he hit me and threatened to make me join in too. Said he'd make me his mouth slave. Fuck that shit. I'm better off out here on my own. He makes my mom suck him off every morning or else he'll throw them out.

Narrator (Bullshit alarm)

Narrator: That is bad. Repressive beliefs always cause weird things to happen.

Taylor: Yeah, just wish my little sister didn't have to see that shit. Don't want her to grow up thinking that it's a woman's place to let her husband smack her around and shit. Don't like her being exposed to all that phony religious bullshit either. Some lessons are too big to unlearn.

Narrator: How old is your sister?

Taylor: Eleven. She's only my half-sister, but I don't make no distinction.

Narrator: That's good.

Taylor: Mom shacked up with a really nice guy for years until he went broke about a year ago. Then she threw him out. He's the daddy.

Narrator: Until he was broke?

Taylor: Yeah, I tried to convince Mom not to throw him out. He really loved her. But she wouldn't have any of it. If he couldn't give her the stuff we needed, then he had to leave. She told me she was just doing it in our best interest. But that is just bullshit if you ask me.

Narrator: Why do you think that?

Taylor: Mom just likes stuff. She's a real consumer. I'm not. Mom's idea of happiness is a larger Wal-Mart.

Narrator: That's a shame. Possessions aren't as important as people.

Taylor: Yeah, I don't like that much stuff. The fascination wears off the more you have, like the twelfth cookie from the box just ain't that great.

Narrator: That's called diminishing marginal utility. You said your mom was a teacher before... where did she teach?

Taylor: Kingston Elementary. After my dad left, when I was little, we lived with my grandfather while my mom went to school to finish her degree and become a teacher.

Narrator: Sounds like a good plan. Education is always the smartest move.

Taylor: Those were the best times. Grandpa was a tough old man, lots of rules. But he loved us. And he never spanked me. He fed us and he made Mom do her homework. He ain't with us no more.

Narrator: Sorry to hear that. Sounds like a good man.

Taylor: Yeah, he was. Mom said the state budget cut backs to pay off the banksters hit us, and that's why she lost her job.

Narrator: That's happening all over the country. The wrong people are paying the price, as usual.

Taylor: But we already live in a poor state. Budget cuts in Mississippi is like trying to rob a naked corpse.

Narrator: Forty-ninth or fiftieth in most categories.

Taylor: But, you know, sometimes when I get high, I think that it shouldn't be as hard as it is for us. But I can never figure out how to change it. It's like we are playing cards in a game where everyone else is cheating, 'cept us, so we can't win.

Narrator: That's about the size of it.

Taylor: At best we only lose a little; sometimes we lose a lot. Now we ain't got nuthin left, and they got it all. Everything 'cept what I have right here, right now.

Narrator: Yeah, the system doesn't work properly for everyone, just for the few at the top these days.

Taylor: You ever seen a pool hustler let someone win a game or two to keep them betting? That's as good as it gets for us, the hollow excitement of a sucker.

Narrator: You don't go to school?

Taylor: Nope. I stopped when I hit the streets. Wasn't because it was hard or because I didn't like it. It was cool learning stuff and I did really good in stuff I was interested in.

Narrator: Then why did you stop?

Taylor: It was just that I'm too embarrassed to be around them now. They make fun of dirty homeless kids who can't fight.

A text message arrived from my wife:

- **Wife:** What's up? Where are you?

- **Narrator:** Service station off 10. Delayed by visitor at daughter 2's house (our code for house names, taken from our numbering of daughters as part of their childhood game where we were all robots).

- **Wife:** Is it one of her frenemies? That bitch always wearing blue like she owns the color? Fuck! Sometimes she pushes the security limits. Can't cover up everything simply by using an obvious fucking metaphor!

- **Narrator:** No some kid I never met before. homeless.

- **Wife:** Oh dear. Help him out. Be nice. Think like this Jewish mother that loves you.

Narrator: Taylor, today is your lucky day. If you follow instructions, you'll survive this.

Taylor: Fuck yeah! Long overdue, long overdue... long fuckin' overdue!

He jumps up from the chair and does a dance reminiscent of a football player who has just scored the winning touchdown, except imagine if the player was having a spastic seizure instead. It's hilarious in the total lack of coordination. I mute the microphone due to my laughter. He had better sort this out before he gets a serious girlfriend, hip and thrusting rhythm being as important as it is.

Narrator: Step one: get you outfitted.

Taylor: OK. What do I need to do?

Narrator: On the shelf above the table you'll find a box of latex gloves. Put a pair on and keep them on until you leave. Sleep with them on. Then go close the kitchen window you forced open.

He returns after a minute, smiling.

Taylor: I was able to re-lock it, but I couldn't get those contact magnet things back in place.

Narrator: Now, listen carefully. There's a fake light plug just inside the kitchen, up above the counter, near the microwave. Take a flat head screwdriver from the tool board over on the other wall. Inside of the box you'll find \$500 in \$20 bills. Put them in your pocket.

Taylor: \$500? Cool! Yes, sir. And you ain't wanting nuthin in return?

Narrator: No. Then take a shower and get cleaned up. Keep the gloves on at all times. Wash your hair. Don't forget to put the fake electrical box back exactly as you found it. If you try to run, you Bar-B-Que, don't forget that.

Taylor: Yeah, I won't forget. You can be sure of that shit.

As a commercial ganja grower, the best outcome for me was becoming obvious. I had always known that this day might come, the day when my life would be much better off if someone else

lost theirs. That doesn't mean I was prepared for it. You simply can't be.

About thirty minutes later, Taylor is back in front of the cameras.

Taylor: All clean now, check.

I was stunned. I couldn't believe it. I frantically opened the screen capture of Taylor's driver's license and zoomed in. Oh fuck! There it was, clearly and in plain sight, right in front of me, and I fucking missed it.

Gender: F

Forced Entry

Part 2

I was stunned. Shocked. It took me a few seconds to recover.

Taylor: Are you still there?

Her head was still wrapped in a towel and, while nearly flat chested, wearing just a t-shirt, now I noticed breasts.

Narrator: How successful have you been passing as a boy on the streets?

Taylor: Very. They all think I am a fifteen-year-old boy named Daniel. Took the name from the actor who played the wizard kid in the *Harry Potter* movies. Got to see the first one. It was marvelous. Best film I ever seen.

Narrator: Are you safer as a boy?

Taylor: Fuck yeah! If they knew I was a girl, I would've already been raped by the pervs who troll down here.

Narrator: Then good thing you can pass for one.

Taylor: There was a black girl I knew last month, Emily. She told everyone she was eighteen because she was tall, but she was really only like fourteen. She went with one of THEM and nobody has seen her since.

Narrator: Did you report her to the police as missing?

Taylor: Wow, you sure don't live in my world. No, we don't report anything to the cops! I just hope she don't end up in the morgue or at the end of a dog chain in some perv's basement.

Narrator: I understand. The police aren't trustworthy these days.

Taylor: Much safer as a boy. I've always been good at acting. Pretending to be a boy is easy

cuz they're just so stupid most of the time.

Narrator: Yes, regrettably most men don't mature until they're at least forty years old, if then.

Taylor: Yeah, well, that is sad and puts the burden for maturity on the woman. Don't seem fair.

Narrator: Fare is what you pay when you get on the bus. OK. Let's discuss a plan of action. Tonight you'll sleep here. Do not go outside. The television and stereo work and there's a decent selection of channels on cable. There's some food in the refrigerator. Not much, but enough for you to fix a good spaghetti dinner.

Taylor: Thanks. I haven't eaten today.

She walks over to the closest grow table.

Taylor: Is this like hydroponics?

Narrator: Yes it is.

Taylor: So, like, there's no dirt?

Narrator: Correct.

Taylor: Why do you grow this way?

Narrator: It's faster, produces more, and saves me from hauling in a lot of dirt. Imagine how much dirt just this one room uses. It's just over 1000 gallons. That's a lot of dirt to haul in here every few months and have to dispose of later. Imagine twenty large bags of soil at Home Depot every two months.

Taylor: Cool. So how does this work?

Narrator: The plants receive a constant flow of nutrient enriched water over the root system.

Taylor: And the netting that it grows through is to support it because the roots don't have the

dirt to hold onto?

Narrator: Yes. You catch on quickly.

Taylor: When it's interesting. And this is the most interesting shit I have EVER seen.

She's entirely dropped the bad boy punk routine. Upon discovery, it just didn't make sense to keep it up. She's like a kid: wide-eyed with wonder in the laboratory of a mad scientist.

Narrator: Remember, you're not to go out tonight, understood?

Taylor: Yes, grandpa. (She laughs.)

Taylor: Are you going to be there all night, watching me?

Narrator: Yes

Taylor: That's kinda creepy.

Narrator: Yes, it is.

Taylor: You didn't watch me in the shower, did you?

Narrator: No, there aren't any cameras in the bathroom, and I wouldn't have watched you even if there were.

Taylor: Why? You gay? Like it's okay if you are. You've been nicer to me than ANYONE in the last couple of years. So I like you, even if you're gay. Just saying.

Narrator: My sexual orientation is not your concern, but no, I am not. Underage naked girls are not my thing, regardless of how attractive. Besides, my children are older than you.

Taylor: Like you're somebody's dad? Cool! And do you do DAD kinda things with them?

Narrator: There are no DAD kinda things. And no, I was not a great dad. I was a selfish fuck that spent more effort on my career and traveling around the world than on my family.

Taylor: Sorry to hear that. Family is the most important thing, especially when you're apart. Where's the best place you've ever been?

Narrator: Paris, the Eiffel Tower with my wife at 10PM when all the lights start flickering and we kiss. Thousands of couples show up every night and do the same thing. At that moment, in that place, is something very special.

Taylor: Hmm... a romantic, I see. Where's the worst place you've ever been?

Narrator: Las Vegas, Nevada.

Taylor: What? Why Las Vegas? I heard it's pretty out there. All those casinos and flashing lights.

Narrator: Las Vegas is like huge fake breasts: nothing is real, just plastic. It's all provided with a clean veneer over the grime of its purpose: to swindle. And I don't gamble (present circumstances excluded).

Taylor: So why aren't you out there still traveling the globe, sending post cards with funny looking stamps back to the folks at home?

Narrator: Well... I just didn't like it anymore. The level of bullshit required to advance my career any further came at too high a price. Wasn't willing to give up that last little part of my soul that they didn't already own. Eventually the years of submission show on your face.

Taylor: You don't seem to be someone who likes having a boss.

Narrator: Besides, there's a new and improved, completely soulless generation coming up who are ready and willing to sell it all to advance, no questions asked. They're org chart worshipping greedbots.

Taylor: Greedbots... cool.

Narrator: I wish them well and pity them.

Taylor: Why?

Narrator: Underneath all the pretty wrapping of corporate paper promises, the box is empty.

Taylor: I understand completely. That's why I won't suck dick for money. It has to really mean something when I do it. Greedbots, I like that. Like a robot that can only say more, more, must have more.

She raises her arms and walks in a Frankenstein manner and laughs.

It occurs to me that this is just a teenage girl, with all the teenage girl characteristics, but also with a level of smarts not found in most teenage girls and most adult men. Considering that her life expectancy might be about twelve hours, it was important for me to remain detached from her as a person. I tried to forget the intelligence and occasional bursts of wisdom from the near dead.

Taylor: So I noticed that this stuff smells different from the weed stuff I smoked. Smells nicer. What are you growing here?

She sat down at the table and lit up the remaining half of the joint, took a long drag, and exhaled a huge cloud.

Narrator: On the side closest to you, the short plants are Cinderella 99, and the taller plants are Critical Mass.

Taylor: Nice name, Cinderella 99. Can I smoke some of that?

Narrator: I would prefer you didn't.

Taylor: Why?

Narrator: It'll make you very, very high and paranoid. It's great stuff to grow and sell. Flowers in less than eight weeks and is too strong for many, but for personal consumption, I don't like it. In the other rooms are Grape Ape and Sweet Tooth #4.

Taylor: Do they all have funny names like Grape Ape or Cinderella 99?

Narrator: Usually they do. Someone even named a strain Alaskan Thunderfuck. Along the

far wall are a few special plants I am growing out. They don't have a fancy name. They're just known as "zero."

Taylor: Zero?

Narrator: Got it from a friend who was growing several hundred seeds and found one mutant that grew huge, flowered fast, produced a huge crop, and had an unusual and very strong high.

Taylor: And I guess that makes it good?

Narrator: Yes. It's completely different from the rest in almost every aspect. He knows I like Satori as my daytime smoke, so he gave me a cutting. It's supposed to be Satori on steroids.

Taylor: Damn! I need some chocolate. My period is about to start. I always crave chocolate right before it starts.

Narrator: Sorry, there isn't any.

Taylor: Just as well. I don't have any tampons anyway. Forgot to "borrow" some from the Stop and Shop over on Reagan Avenue.

Narrator: Perhaps I can pick some up on my way over.

In a house full of women, you just get over it and buy tampons for them. No real need for embarrassment at the checkout as they obviously aren't for us... unless there's any men who think sticking cotton on a ripcord up his ass is a good idea. Highly improbable. Regrettably though, in a world of seven billion people, quite a few of whom seem to be bat shit crazy (and unfortunately, a smaller subset of those in charge). You just know there must be a few men out there who cherish thoughts of extra absorbency and a new enhanced gentle glide applicator.

I AM NOT ONE OF THEM! (just high)

Taylor: You're COMING TO SEE ME? REALLY?!!

Narrator: Yes.

She jumps up from the chair and dances around singing, “my daddy’s coming home,” over and over. It’s a senseless lyric to a nonsensical, improvised tune without a discernible melody. Yet another reminder that I’m dealing with a child.

Narrator: I’ll be there in the morning.

She continues her dancing and singing, holding out one of the longest lateral buds in a fake tango embrace, her face pressed against the crown bud as if to dance away with it.

Taylor: So what else are you going to bring me, Daddy?

Narrator: I would prefer you to call me something other than daddy; and yes, I’ll bring you chocolate too.

Taylor: Yahoo! Chocolate and tampons... my life is complete. (Fake Southern Belle accent) I’m simply overcome with happiness. Is it hot in here?

She holds her hand up to her forehead and pretends to faint in a total drama queen move. As she lies on the floor, a sad look comes over her face.

Taylor: So what should I call you?

Narrator: How about David?

Taylor: And when I make you hold your driver’s license up to the spy camera, will I find the name David?

Narrator: No

Taylor: Then until that time (getting up off the floor)... I’ll just call you... DADDY!

And for the next minute, she returns to the dancing and singing of “My daddy’s coming home” (spastic remix).

What was the point of trying to stop her? It might be the last happy experience in her short

life, and I decided that it wasn't for me to ruin it for her. I put my control freak, precise nature back in the box. I'll save it for some other time.

She dances over to the boom box sitting on one of the tables, presses the power button, and then the CD play button. Music comes on very loud, startlingly loud.

Taylor: What the fuck is this? (She freezes in one of her spastic moves).

Narrator: Beethoven's 9th Symphony.

Taylor: (Turning it down to a more conversational level) I know who he is! Didn't he like go deaf or something?

Narrator: Yes. The symphony you're listening to is, in my opinion, the greatest musical achievement in human history... and he never heard it, except in his head because he was deaf when he wrote it.

Taylor: Wow! But I guess people compensate for their handicap the best way they know how. Sometimes that will produce greatness. My grandpa used to tell me about a country singer with the stutter. But when he sang it was the smoothest voice you ever heard.

Narrator: Yes, that's what happened, greatness out of adversity.

Time to text the wife:

-Narrator: Honey, going to Mississippi tonight. Jackson, Marriott can you get me a room?

-Wife: Yes, of course. Nothing bad I hope.

-Narrator: Just gotta help her get back on her feet.

-Wife: You didn't say it was a WOMAN.

-Narrator: Didn't know at the time.

-Wife: How OLD is this woman?

-Narrator: 17

-**Wife**: Bless her heart, so young to be homeless. You know that's a special age for her.

I roll my eyes. Aren't they all!

-**Wife**: She's a woman but still a child. Treat her kindly.

-**Narrator**: OK

-**Wife**: Don't be so cold toward her like you can be at times. But you're great with kids.

You'll know what to do.

-**Narrator**: Will do

-**Wife**: Why don't you bring her back home? The girls have some clothes she can wear.

-**Narrator**: Perhaps you could take her shopping!

-**Wife**: Excellent idea!

Fuck, I hate texting! It fails at sarcasm every fucking time!

Big mistake too. My wife is one of those warm-hearted souls who wants to adopt every stray.

I once told her that I didn't want any more pets. She agreed, and then turned the outside window flower box over the sink into a drive thru window for all the cats in the neighborhood. She kept full bowls of food and water for them at all times. She would allow them into the house through the window, as if coming through the window allowed her to get off on a legal technicality.

I would have preferred her middle finger and a "fuck you" or at least an "I disagree." What I got was bunch of friendly cats all over the house at all hours and a happy wife. Mind you, they were affectionate and well behaved animals. They didn't tear up anything.

Subsequently, I ceased all proclamations and went back to our normal marriage operating model of anarchro-communism with its collective approach to important decisions. Not really good at being a Stalin, more of a Trotsky type. Yeah, where was I? Right, shopping.

-**Narrator**: Was not serious!

-**Wife:** But it's a GR8 idea.

Pet store alert. The I-want-a-puppy pleading is about to commence.

-**Narrator:** Not a good idea.

-**Wife:** Why not?

-**Narrator:**.....(panic).....(panic, shit!).....

-**Wife:** We need to do more stuff for others that will have a lasting impact. It's our purpose in life.

-**Wife:** Hotel Confirmation number: MS 52095 9MM

Forced Entry

Part 3

I drove towards Jackson, Mississippi. The GPS provided the location of all the Lowes and Home Depot stores along the way. Due to their obvious collective purpose, all the items I buy can NEVER be purchased at the same time or at the same store anywhere this side of Mexico.

Taylor had settled into the kitchen and was fixing her dinner. We spoke occasionally, but mostly she concentrated on the higher priority of her hunger.

Homeless children? How could that happen? Global Warming? War everlasting? Gitmo? Banksters? Has the world gone completely fucking insane? I just hope that space aliens land and save us from ourselves. Sure hope they're fucking vegetarians.

I worked through the process in my head. The 9mm was inside of the house. The opportunity to retrieve it would present itself and take less than five seconds from almost anywhere in the living room. I'll stand close to it to shorten the time. That short of a period could be as simple as her walking away with her back to me. Even if she sees me and reacts within the last two seconds, it's too late; she's not Bruce fucking Lee.

Then the biggest test of my life would start. Although agnostic, tonight I prayed there wasn't a fucking god. I was about to break the big one... smash that commandment like a beer bottle thrown against a wall from a moving car. I've never killed anyone before. Last person to bring a gun too close to me got beaten... and they weren't even being threatening, just high and acting stupid. I don't want to be a numerator in some national average. Denominators are safer.

Fuck! Get real. I don't even hunt. The last time I killed Bambi, over 20 years ago, I was grossed out. I think the joint of Colombian I smoked on the way out might've accentuated it

some... but it only heightens what's already there. I puked while skinning my kill and couldn't finish the job.

Fuck! I don't even watch gory movies. Who am I kidding? I'm not some middle-aged ganja gangsta. I'm just middle aged! Fuck, fuck, fuck! What would I lose if I just turned around and went home?

Twenty thousand dollars to set up the house + \$60,000 in almost finished herb would be the cost of just walking away forever. Nothing is traceable to me. Everything leads to a person of fiction.

But the sweet spot to the houses is the cash flow over a short period. Six months of harvest will net \$400K per house after expenses, minimum. Yeah, once in operation that's \$3.2 mill net per year. I was on month fifteen of a thirty month program. This was my final house in Jackson. I already had three operating in other towns, closer to home.

A house takes four months to setup before the harvests begin. It used to take three months, but I added another month for setting up my cover better. I'd be there every night for a week or two, waving at neighbors, using every electrical appliance that I could. The air conditioning would be on constantly, which meant sleeping with a blanket in the summer. Then I'd gradually trail off and bring up the lights. No, I don't steal electricity; I manage the fuck out of it. Every electrical outlet has a switch on it like in Europe. No background usage, none; I can't afford it.

Then a promotion at work that requires lots of travel sounds reasonable. Just another middle-aged middle manager who's been thrown out by the wife after twenty something years of marriage. I fake not remembering the exact number to establish cause.

There's sometimes a "friendly" neighbor who shouldn't be. Farting in front of them usually works after I explain that I suffer from irritable bowel syndrome. C'mon, this is a very short-

term relationship, so pride shouldn't enter into it. Oops, excuse me, there goes another stinky little devil, that one. I'm so sorry. Amazing how fast a nosey neighbor disappears after you fart and probably shit your pants in front of them. I'll be getting "poor dear" looks from all the neighbors by the end of the week. Hot, single moms looking for replacement fathers disappear quickly. At the end of the term, I'll have a tearful reconciliation with my wife, and then I'm gone. Damn, almost forgot about the \$10K in cash hidden in the fireplace bricks: insurance money... gotta add that to the total.

Ten thousand dollars is my best guess at the cash price of a pig shutting the fuck up and letting me walk away empty handed and without any new holes. If a lone cop stumbles onto my grow house because he has the wrong address for a 2-11 in progress at Starbucks and finds me at home, cash in pocket. The next day he can do a re-enactment and bust a house full of weed with nobody at home. Prisons are full of numerators.

She dances to the nearest camera.

Taylor: Why are some of the lights red and blue and some are just really bright and yellow?

Narrator: The colored ones are LED lights. They use much less electricity, but might not be as good as the yellow ones.

Taylor: If they aren't as good, then why do you use them?

Narrator: Because a house that uses several thousand dollars of electricity every month attracts attention. It already looks like a family of seven or eight lives here.

Taylor: Why don't you have them moving on those tracks like the yellow lights?

Narrator: Because if the yellow ones are that much better, then I want to make sure that as many square inches as possible get exposed to their light and optimize the exposure. The movers help with that.

Taylor: How?

Narrator: Think about how your shadow moves and the feeling of the sun on your face during the day if you stay in the same place. The movement of the sun means that more of a bud site gets direct light at a high intensity. And since it's moving, I can keep the lights much closer without risk of burning the top buds. A closer light is a more intense light and cannabis is a light loving plant.

Taylor: Cool. Bet you got good grades in school.

Narrator: Yes. That and I was too busy to set up another light moving system for the LEDs.

Taylor: Where did you learn to do this?

Narrator: Growing? From my mother's rose gardens. I was her gardener.

Taylor: Child labor?

Narrator: Not as much fun as kicking a can at first. Eventually it becomes interesting, and then it becomes fun, and then I got good at it.

Taylor: But there's more than just growing plants here.

Narrator: Setting up houses? I learned that from the Project Management Institute while I was working as a software project manager. It's just an organized way of planning and doing things, and I've used it for years. It's always the details. So is this.

Taylor: Like what kind of details?

Narrator: For example, I had to learn some electrical wiring skills because most houses have too many appliances on a single circuit, drawing too many amps. Then I come along and overload it with all the lights. Can't keep the lights on, can't grow.

Taylor: What's that room with all the long boards at different heights?

Narrator: I was thinking of adding another flowering room, but wanted to try a stadium

grow because I may be able to produce significantly more that way.

Taylor: Stadium grow? What's that?

Narrator: Why just cover the floor with plants if you can cover both the floor and the walls. That's the basic idea behind it.

Taylor: You were good at geometry, weren't you?

Narrator: I find it interesting. But I changed my mind, and I'm doing that somewhere else instead. It's working well. I'm shutting this house down and just going to run the pipeline dry now.

Taylor: So what happens tomorrow? What's the plan, mister project man? You gotta have a plan.

Narrator: How would you like to go somewhere else? Escape?

Taylor: Sounds nice to me, as long as you ain't a perv.

Narrator: All humans are pervs. It's just the particular type of depravity and the level of achievement that differs. However, you're not on my menu.

Taylor: Good. But how do I know I can trust you?

Narrator: You can't know for sure.

Taylor: That's my point. How do I know you ain't gonna do something bad to me?

Narrator: I've put money in your pocket and given you food and a place to stay. So far my record is pretty good, isn't it?

Taylor: So far. So where are we going?

Narrator: Not we, just you. I was thinking that you'd really like California.

Taylor: Cool... sunshine and surf

Narrator: A good friend lives out there. We both do the same kind of work.

Taylor: He grows weed too?

Narrator: Yes. My thoughts were that maybe you could go out there, and he could put you to work.

Taylor: Why can't I work here, with you?

Narrator: Because I work alone.

Taylor: You're a loner, aren't you?

Narrator: There are only two people who know what I do. Only one of them knows where I am and who I am today... and she can't be forced to testify against me in court. I prefer to keep it that way.

Taylor: What about your BFF? Does he know?

Narrator: No, he thinks I only grow enough for personal smoke, a couple of plants every few months.

Taylor: That's not fair that you know about him, but he doesn't know about you.

Narrator: I don't think he would mind too much. When we meet up, it guarantees he'll always have better stories.

Taylor: Do you have trust issues?

Narrator: Yes.

The conversation about the business continues on for a few more minutes, and she finishes her meal and cleans up. She walks back in front of the camera.

Taylor: You still there?

Narrator: Yep, still here.

Taylor: So, I was wondering... is this what you wanted to do with your life, be a ganja grower?

Narrator: No. I was just putting the skills I possess to use so we can escape the plantation.

Taylor: Plantation? Thought that was a slave farm thing.

Narrator: It was. These days they've reinvented it, and it's called a corporation.

Taylor: But I thought corporate jobs were supposed to be the best kind.

Narrator: No. That's why I do this, to escape from the corporate fields. What's your goal in life?

Taylor: I don't really have one.

Narrator: If you could be anything at all, besides a rock star or a movie star, what would it be?

Taylor: I'd like to work at NASA.

Narrator: An astronaut?

Taylor: No, although going into space would be really cool. I want to be one of those really smart people who figure out how to make a spacecraft land safely on a planet millions of miles away... and come back safely too.

Narrator: Well, that'll take many years in school. You'll need a Ph.D. to do that sort of work.

Taylor: Yeah, well, as soon as I get past this bad patch, I'm going back to school.

Narrator: Good.

Taylor: And I'm good at math.

Narrator: Even better.

Taylor: Yeah. Did you know that in order to escape the gravitational pull of the Earth, an object must travel at a speed of 11.3 kilometres per second?

Narrator: No, I didn't know that.

Taylor: I want to be one of the people who work on that sort of stuff. And I want to work on the trajectory required to put a spacecraft into orbit around another planet before landing. That sort of stuff just blows my mind, so I definitely want to work on that kind of stuff.

Narrator: Great. I hope one day there will be a Taylor Oswald Jet Propulsion Laboratory.

Taylor: Me too. But I don't want to do it to be famous. Most famous people are dicks from what I can tell. Soon as they become famous, they think they're better than the rest of us and start treating people like shit.

Narrator: Yeah, seems like that's the case all too often.

Taylor: Agreed. I want to be famous for what I do, not how big of a jerk I am.

Narrator: Well, I hope you're ready for a lot of learning... and college tuition.

Taylor: Yeah, well, that's why meeting you might just be the best thing that's ever happened to me.

Narrator: Why is that?

Taylor: Well you're going to send me to ganja growing school, and with those skills, I can make enough money to pay for the best education.

Narrator: True, it can be lucrative... if you don't get caught.

Taylor: I won't. I'm learning from the best.

Narrator: Please don't use cheap flattery on me; it reduces my level of trust in you.

Taylor: Oh ,yeah, I forgot who I was talking to, Mr. Trust No One.

Narrator: Exactly.

Eventually Taylor decides to watch some television. After about thirty minutes, I recognize the mouth fluttering sounds of a slight female snore. Out like a light. Good outcome.

I had decided that there was simply no way I could kill her and that \$90,000 wasn't the price

of my soul. Obviously, there would have to be some sort of resolution. California was the best option. But then there was the wife. This girl was the perfect age for her since she still needed that motherly help through the final awkward years. Fucking swans!

Oh well, perhaps she could stay a few days until I get everything set for her to relocate. Fuck!

Forced Entry

Part 4

I was sleeping in my room at the Jackson Marriott when, at 1:17AM, they kicked in the back door. The sound woke me, and ten seconds later, I started recording everything, all cameras, all rooms. The bank of terabyte drives back in Florida would get a work out tonight. At first I thought it was the cops... then I thought it was rippers... then I realized that it was cops in ski masks... two of them. One was tall and fat, and one was about 5'10" and normal shaped, but it's hard to tell a normal shape with the big black vests on.

A startled Taylor rose from the sofa.

Short Cop: Freeze, police! Move and I'll blow your fucking brains out!

Fat Cop walks through the house quickly, surveying the rooms, leaving Short Cop to deal with the unexpected occupant.

Fat Cop: Hey, I thought you said it would all be harvested already, bagged up and ready to go?

Short Cop: It should be. The cycle is right for him to have chopped it already. It should be hanging up drying at the very least.

Fat Cop: Well, all I fucking see are rooms full of TREES that are READY to be chopped, but NOTHING bagged and tagged.

Short Cop: Fuck!

Taylor: When did cops start wearing ski masks?

Short Cop: Shut the fuck up, bitch, and get down on the floor.

It's chaotic and tense. Ripper cops finding their prize unharvested presented an edgy circumstance. Taylor is now on her knees with her hands behind her head. I watch all of this on

my phone, flipping from camera to camera to get the best view of what's happening.

Fat Cop: So what're we gonna fuckin' do now, Tom?

Short Cop: You dumb fuck!

Taylor: Yeah, he's not very smart, is he, Don?

Fat Cop: Hey, he has plenty of those thick contractor bags in here. Gag and cuff the skank and come in here... we can still take it; it'll just take some time.

Short Cop walks over to Taylor and puts his cuffs on her.

Short Cop: Hey, I know you. You're that girl who got away when I tried to bust you for hooking a month or so ago. Yeah, I remember you. You were sucking off that fat old man between the Dumpsters behind Stein Mart.

Taylor: Yeah, and I lost my \$50 when you showed up, asshole.

Short Cop: Well, if you're good, I will let you gimme \$50 worth later.

He grabs his crotch.

Taylor: No, thanks, pig. My daddy's coming and he'll fix you. He'll shoot you dead. Just you wait.

Short Cop hits her. Actually, he knocks the fuck out of her, really knocks her. It's a hard right cross to her left cheek... a big impact punch, his body leans fully into the punch. She goes down hard onto the floor, falling with the unmistakable limpness that indicates she's unconscious before she hits the floor. I heard a cracking sound when he landed the blow, but couldn't distinguish if it was the sound of broken teeth or a broken jaw or a broken neck. I dress quickly in dark clothes. Fuck! The 9MM is inside the house, and I won't get five seconds with these two.

Fat Cop: Quit playing with the skank and come help me. You're the one who fucked this whole thing up, so you're gonna put in half the effort. Now ain't the time for your kink shit.

Short Cop takes off his ski mask and, after a few seconds, slow Fat Cop has his moment and does the same.

Within fifteen minutes, I've parked around the corner and begun to work my way toward the house, moving from hedge to hedge across the street. The car is not a police vehicle, but a personal one, a minivan.

Flipping from camera to camera, I watch for fifty-two minutes as two of Jackson, Mississippi's finest harvest the crop by chopping off the terminal buds and any large lateral buds, of which there were a few. They shove them into the big thick walled plastic bags I use for stalk and root disposal. No precision, just big bud whacking, as if filling a shopping cart in a timed contest. Get the best and fuck the rest. They leave a couple of pounds on the stems. It's a sad sight. Those once majestic plants are reduced to a bald, near dead stalks, like a cancer victim in the final month.

Their conversation consists of Fat Cop whining to Short Cop about everything from his slow harvesting speed to his improper police methods. But mostly he complains about having to harvest a crop that was supposed to be ready to go already, a ten-minute operation tops. Fat Cop also keeps bitching about the girl complicating a simple rip and go operation. Short Cop basically takes whatever is said to him without argument or comment. Fat cop sounds like a nagging wife.

Taylor has remained an unconscious mess on the floor the entire time. Blood is coming from her nose and mouth. Her body lies in a twisted, unnatural pile on the floor.

Short Cop: Bring the van into the garage. I'll finish up in here while you load the van.

Fat Cop: Fuck you! You move the van and haul the fucking bags. I'll finish up in here. Remember who fucked this thing up.

My security has always been tight. How the fuck did they know about this? The one thing I know is that they messed up the date, so they must've calculated it and made a calendar mistake. Oh fuck! I've kept the electricity bill nice and stable... high, but not too high. Nothing was traceable back to me... nothing! Fuck me, how did they find out?

As the van backs into the garage, I noticed the Mississippi plates on the van: Rankin County ... outlying area around Jackson. Cheaper real estate prices, generally, except for those rich folks who've attempted to recreate the antebellum mansions of the past just outside the city. Yeah, the arrogant fuckers with the black face ceramic lawn jockeys, as if their racism just couldn't contain itself. You know them. They're the ones who use terms like "heritage" and "history" with a smile. Assholes. I capture the image of the license plate. I watch from the cameras as they load the van. Fat Cop collapses the third row seat and fills the cargo space with bags of buds.

Fat Cop: We gotta get this vehicle back to the impound before your buddy goes off shift or we're fucked.

Short Cop: Don't worry. Twenty minutes to the deep freeze, and then fifteen to the impound... we still have a couple of hours.

Fat Cop: Whatchya tell him this time?

Short Cop: He still thinks I am fucking some hot married bitch. I borrow this and we go fuck in it.

Fat Cop: If it ain't broke...

Short Cop: That's why I always ask for some sort of van, and then squirt a little perfume in it.

Fat Cop: Well done, bro.

Short Cop: I tell him a few juicy details every now and then. He likes to hear about anything

kinky, involving pain. So I tell him I pull her hair and slap her while I fuck her in the ass – that sort of shit.

Fat Cop: Really? No shit.

Short Cop: I can see the boner in his eyes whenever I talk about her crying.

Fat Cop: Damn, never figured Barone for a perv.

Short Cop: Don't they do screening to keep sick fucks like us off the force? Guess not.

Hahaha.

Fat Cop: Damn straight.

Short Cop: I picked this van off the street this morning. Got a friend in Parking to drop the ticket and clamp it. After the owner finished his mini-drama melt down and stormed off, all pissed off, he towed it for me.

Fat Cop: How did you get him to help?

Short Cop: Told him I was helping out a relative with a divorce.

Fat Cop: Cool.

Short Cop: Do you know this one has a Bose sound system and even an iPod connector? It'll also play movies in the back seats. Me and my fuck bunny can watch porno together. Hahaha.

Fat Cop: Sure glad Barone likes you.

Short Cop: C'mon, it's just one cop thinking he's helping out another. That's what we do, ain't it? And it's about pussy. He'd have to be a queer to say no.

Fat Cop pushes the last bag into the cargo space and lowers the rear door. Short Cop walks back into the house with Fat Cop a few steps behind.

Still slumped on the floor, Taylor is now, by my assessment, in need of serious medical treatment. A pool of blood has formed around her head.

Fat Cop: Fuck me! You still got the punch, bro... ain't seen it in a while... but you still got it, though, as good as ever. You fucked up the skank, big time. Well done!

Short Cop: I still got it! Protect and Serve muddafuckers!

He holds up his hand for a high five. He gets it.

Fat Cop: Looks like she's barely breathing.

Short Cop: Guess she won't be questioning my authority no more. We'll leave her for Mr. Connolly to deal with.

PP (Papers Please) gave me up! I gave that nerdy fucker \$40K for two complete sets of documents for me and for my wife: Canadian passports, driver's licenses, national health insurance cards, and residence permits for a European country. May he choke to death on prison cock!

Short Cop grabbs Taylor by her hair, now a blood coated mess, and raises her head.

Short Cop: Fuck, there goes the blowjob. I had my heart set on drowning her sorrows, or at least her vocal chords... hahaha.

He turns loose of her hair, and her head thumps hard on the floor.

Short Cop: Go wait out in the van for a few minutes.

Fat Cop: C'mon, you aren't going to start your sick shit now, are you?

Short Cop: Go wait in the van!

Fat Cop: No! We got a van full of stolen weed and a badly injured skank and you wanna stop to get off? Are you fucking kidding me?

Short Cop: I said, GO WAIT IN THE VAN!

Fat Cop: Remember last time? Homicide's talking about a fucking serial killer in the area, but it's just your dick gone out of control!

Short Cop explodes in anger.

Short Cop: GO WAIT IN THE FUCKING VAN... DO IT NOW! Remember who made you a fucking multi-millionaire... and you remember that shit right now! Who got you all those safety deposit boxes full of hundreds? You got over five because of me. And who saved your ass when you killed that old nigger man down in the Damp year before last? What about that jeweler when you panicked and shot him in the head when he argued? NOW GO WAIT IN THE FUCKING VAN!

Short Cop places his hand on his service revolver... the final appeal to reason from a madman.

Fat Cop drops his alpha male role instantly, as if his mother has walked in on him with his dick in his hand. He shuffles off to the garage like a naughty child: head down, admonished.

From across the street I watch from my phone.

The twenty minutes that followed were the worst of my life. Some events just can't be told well as language is limited and purposely not designed for the horrible. But rage flowed through me as strong as the sickness powering the animal in that house. With each thrust, I hated him more. With every crude and filthy phrase he spoke, I only wanted to paint red with his blood. Every fiber of me longed to rush in there and beat this fucker to death or die trying.

My brain flashes a neon sign inside my head: You move, YOU DIE! I felt the tears of rage in my eyes, and my fingernails drew blood as I buried them in my hardened fists.

Fucking Coward! You move, YOU DIE!

Fucking Coward! You move, YOU DIE!

He grunts loudly when he makes his final thrust into her body. Afterward, **Animal Cop** wipes the sweat from his forehead and yells out to Fat Cop: Start the engine... you drive.

Fat Cop ... now **Submissive Fat Cop**: OK... just hurry up.

Animal Cop pulls up and fastens his pants. He walks over to the sofa and throws two of the cushions onto Taylor's limp, naked, semen filled body.

Animal Cop: Well darlin'... (he clears his throat and begins to sing):

I'm so glad we had this time together

Just to have a laugh or sing a song

Seems we just get started and before you know it

Comes the time we have to say, 'So long'

He chuckles at the end of each line, and, with each chuckle, I long for his death. The acid in my heart pumps is now even more toxic, one hundred percent pure. Before, I had hesitated and couldn't go through with it, the killing of a child. I'd been proven human. Now I have hatred... a desire for his blood rushes through me like a fucking freight train. I want to cut his fucking animal heart out, throw it on the ground, and stomp it into fucking red jelly. Fuck redemption... I'll gladly go to hell if I can take him with me.

I had never seen an animal in human form before or become one before. In wartime, there're orders, and there's a cause. It's wrong almost every time... but, still, there's a belief behind it, fucked up as it always is. This had no beliefs at all. It's primal. The helpless are his supermarket.

Maybe it was my rage, maybe it was the cushions that caused it... but I never heard the gunshots. I saw it, both on the screen and the flash from inside the house. Five seconds later, the garage door opens and in a few more, the van pulls out into the driveway. Animal Cop presses the door controller and runs under it as it's lowered.

He jumps into the van. He holds up his hand for a high five. Submissive Fat Cop does not respond

Forced Entry

Part 5

Taylor Oswald was buried, mid-morning, out in the countryside near the Barnett Reservoir. Wish it hadn't been named for a racist bastard like Barnett, the Mississippi version of George Wallace. Wish I had thought of something nice to say about her when I covered her body with the freshly dug earth as the Southern sweat soaked my shirt. But I didn't. Wish none of it had ever happened, but it did.

I drove back to the house. On the way back, I kept thinking that the house contained too many bloodstains and other evidence that could cause problems. I pulled into the garage. Latex gloves protocol followed by a bleach bath for everything. The cameras and laptop were removed and put into the trunk of the car. Everything else was left behind. Before leaving, I shut off the air conditioning unit and plugged in a faulty 1000 watt, magnetic light ballast. It had been shooting sparks and smoking the last time I plugged it in. I had saved it to take apart and understand better. Around it, I shoved some gasoline soaked newspaper. As soon as the first puff of orange sparks and smoke appeared, I left. It would take a little while for the right spark to hit.

The following day, the fire made the Jackson paper, *The Clarion Ledger*. Fire officials made the lazy assessment I had hoped for... bad ballast burns down major grow operation.

The Clarion Ledger is the largest paper in the state and the most widely read. It has a long heritage, a large part of which is as a racist turd vendor. But now, at least they don't scream it so much, and it comes in code words. They deny their own history at every opportunity, like an elderly German. No matter how many awards you now give to the dark-skinned citizens of your state, that won't make up for your history. You own it. But Mississippi was never gonna give the forty acres and a mule... they don't cotton to admitting they're wrong.

Three weeks later, *The Clarion Ledger* broke the largest story in the state that year: Jackson's Killer Cops. As agreed, they didn't permit anyone other than the chief news editor and one sub to view or know of the existence of the video file until publication. It was transferred via a secured file site accessed from a Tor session, somewhere in the darknet. The last traceable IP address was in the Ukraine.

By nightfall, all of the state's television stations were carrying the story with the clips provided by the newspaper, and, as agreed, the face shots of the pigs without masks. Submissive Fat Cop was arrested at his home that night around 10PM. Animal Cop was arrested closer to midnight at a local bar.

It took four months before they finally went to trial. They had been granted bail at \$1 million each; the judge thought that on a cop's salary, and even with family help, that they would never be able to come up with that kind of money. They both posted within five hours. They hired a team of lawyers from the best criminal firm in Jackson. It's also the best connected.

Within one week of the start of the trial, the judge disallowed the video as evidence despite opposition from prosecutors and public outcry. No warrant, unknown source, no proof of authenticity, inadmissible. A year later, a distant cousin of the judge used the money he received to endow a chair with full professorship at the law school of Ole Miss. It was named after the judge.

"Injustice" was the headline the next day in *The Clarion Ledger*. The prosecution's case unravelled. The judge granted them an emergency overnight continuance in order to see if they had anything else to offer as evidence. They didn't. No weapons, no body, only inadmissible video evidence. The cops walked out of court free men a day later.

Nine months to the day after the death of Taylor Oswald, a high performance Japanese motorcycle was stolen. It was outfitted with stolen plates. The rider dressed in black leather clothes and wore a black visor helmet.

Two hours and forty-seven minutes later, Submissive Fat Cop was shot twice, once in each knee as he got out of his vehicle to go into Wal-Mart. He didn't know his assailant, who had demanded his wallet (for good measure) and escaped on the motorcycle.

Twenty-three minutes later, Animal Cop was examining the unexplained Japanese motorcycle parked in his driveway. He felt the steel of the 9mm as it was shoved hard and painfully between the cheeks of his ass an instant before it fired. He was then shot twice in the back of the head by an unknown assailant.

Every morning at 2:52AM I wake up in a sweat, struggling to breathe.

So don't look for us. We don't live there anymore... or there either... we exist somewhere else as some other people.

FIN

Hope you enjoyed it. This writing stuff depends on several things, one is reviews. So, yeah, submitting a review would help me.

You can do that here: <http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00JT2LCN4>

If you want to get an email when the new stuff is available, join the fucking newsletter list.

You can do that at my site:

www.komradekomura.com

You can follow me on twitter: @komradekomura

Update: November 17, 2014 The next part is coming soon. Stay tuned.

Who the Fuck?

komrade komura was born against medical advice in mississippi. Life removed him from there as a child, before he became infected. He's been running ever since. He saw places far and strange as a child and many more as an adult. The great adventure has taken him to almost every continent. He has kissed another komrade at the Eiffel Tower at 10PM when the blinking lights come on. He stood at the Great Pyramids of egypt. He listened to Marilyn Manson while visiting the vatican because he didn't have enough gasoline to burn the fucking place to the ground.

Fuck this 3rd person shit.

I was extruded from the universities of the evil empire with a master's degree, yet remain a slave. Paid attention in economics, math and literature classes, but was disruptive in history class and sucked in biology. If you read these stories you know a one thing about me already. I don't like authority or rules.

People like me aren't bad.. Nor are we the evil ones that others claim us to be because we question their power. We are just humans in our natural state of freedom. Beat us, cage us or kill us is all they can do to us because our compliance is never going to happen.

- london 2013 (former evil empire)

<mailto:komradekomura@gmail.com>

