

***BOB MILLER & BLAKE STEIDLER***

***When friends become your foes***

***And foes become your friends***

*Will You Trust The Enemy?*



***INDEMNIFY***

***Just Shut Up And Keep Truckn'***

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## **DEDICATIONS**

**I would like to dedicate this story to Bob Miller.**

**AKA (Big Bad Bob)**

**Bob Miller was born 05-04-2017 in the  
Lancaster County PA Prothonotary Office. There  
have been many “witches” rising above the  
law and going to great lengths to destroy  
Bob but he stays strong and  
keeps finding creative ways to resurface!**

**Stay strong Big Bad Bob, I know it's a witch hunt  
but don't let those witches “manhandle” you. Just  
keep showing off that bigger swing. They can't  
keep you away from the judge forever!**

## **Introduction**

Bob meets Laura. Laura meets Bob. Except that there is just one problem. There is no Laura. There is no Bob. When the two cross paths they eventually realize that their guises are leaving an indelible ink trail for the higher ups that might not find their reindeer games all that funny. “Bob” withstands to lose thousands of dollars. “Laura” withstands to lose her noteworthy reputation.

Who is secretly dictating Bob's welfare and why? Why is Bob so big to the ladies and does he really have a bigger swing? Why is Laura not intimidated by Bob's big swing like the other female coworkers and how is she able to coax a pencil pusher like “Paul” to deal with Big Bad Bob? Does she make it known to Paul if he wants to get paid there's a “Peter” to rob? Who's robbing Peter to pay Paul and will Big Bad Bob successfully thwart this bilking before it's too late?

Are there referee's for these psychological payroll games or was there indeed a profiling system secretly orchestrated by the CIA to maliciously attack Big Bad Bob's weekly paychecks. Is Laura secretly hiding behind Mr. Paul and can she later be trusted?

## **Indemnify**

### **PREFACE (The 2nd Inspiration After Federal Release)**

"Just do it Blakey just do it. Everybody else is".  
Chanted my Brother-in-law soaking in sweat.

I noticed that indeed the other motorists were butting in line. It was hot. Very hot. And I knew at this point my brother-in-law was seriously contemplating whether or not it might behoove his dry cleaners bill to pay the extra for a real bonafide taxi for an icy cool ride. My cherry red 99 ford escort glided like a Cadillac but lacked some very, very important amenities. All the bells and whistles were either not there or were completely broken. No interior lights, no electric windows, no CD player or electric mirrors. And what did I do for air in my little red jalopy? Why none other than the old school 460 AC. 4 windows down at 60mph.

And there sat my \$100,000 annual bread winner feeling the repercussions of the wrath inflicted by MADD. (Mothers Against Drunk Driving). It was in fact the moguls SECOND DUI. Deep inside I felt partially responsible because I was beginning to notice the pattern of my sister's previous lovers and the aftermath of those "sambuka tennis" games she insisted on playing at the park in the wee hours of the night. She had been a bar manager since her restaurant got it's liquor license and realized she could make a lot more picking up those \$100 tips left on the counter from drunk people than cutting "Mr. Family man's my wife will kill me if I tip more than \$5's hair"

I watched the other cars whiz around the slow poke tractor trailer as we crawled along the heavy summer construction on Rt.222 between Ephrata PA and Denver.

"Do it Blakey do it! He won't mind. Don't you wanna get home so we can let Chloey out?"

Just being a dog lover hearing the words "Chloey" did the trick. I thought about the pain "Momma's lil Princess" was in trying to hold her bladder as I shuttled Sam home from his Big-Wig office job. My brain was fried from all the paperwork I had to complete for the OVR program to get financial help for a new career as I had just been fired from Turkey Hill after a belligerent woman flipped out on me because I didn't know how to operate the food stamp machine for her purchase of two six packs of diet coke. I was a new employee fresh out of Federal prison for a crime at the last minute I changed my mind with pursuing. My only source of income was this soaked man in the passenger seat's twenty bucks for this 25 mile ride home.

I pictured the poor Basset hound trying to hold in her potties as I'm sure Chloey was utterly confused by the hold up as to why we weren't home to let her out.

I slammed it into second gear and maneuvered around the slow poke tractor trailer like everyone else in a hurry to let their dogs out. The harried truck driver completely lost his nerves at this point and began an event of road rage like I have never seen before. I'll never forget the look on that trucker's face as he violently began whiplash maneuvers trying to push any cars off into the grass that dared to pass around him. From a satellite view that tractor trailer would literally look like a snake in high pursuit.

The trucker got within inches of taking off my side mirror as I had no choice but to steer half of my escort into the grass to avoid being struck by the enraged Billy Big Rigger.

"Holy shit!"

"Did you see that trucker?"

My brother-in-law just chuckled. He found the whole incident rather amusing.

I was still off my rocker as I had never quite seen behavior like that from truckers before. My brother-in-law was a big socialite with a master's degree from Millersville university so I was used to asking him questions all the time as I hadn't known yet that Google knows EVERYTHING.

"Are they really allowed to drive like that? I think that guy was really trying to kill us!"

Sam just basked in the air a while before he answered as we were now accelerating past 30mph so the outside air could return our faculties.

"Eh. It's hot outside. I'm sure he just grew impatient watching us all go around him. Those things can only accelerate so fast."

*No. I thought to myself. Somebody is paying them to operate those trucker-cycles. There's no need to drive like that.*

I had no intentions of being a rat and reporting the road raged driver but I felt the inspiration grow in my bones as I rehearsed everything over on my mind that had just happened back there. *Don't those guys get paid the big bucks to operate those big rigs? Why such the hurry? Couldn't I have a lot more patience than that nut if some trucking company put ME on their payroll? Could this be my next career move?*

## CHAPTER 1

### THE FIRST INSPIRATION

I couldn't stop staring at the Taco Bell. Just wondering what a taco tasted like teased my taste buds like a cat chasing catnip. The only cooling sensation was the icy chains around my ankles squeezing the at the most sensitive part. The bulbs. I couldn't stop thinking about the guy sitting next to me with the wild hair. It took me literally about two seconds of "reading" him to determine if he would be a threat. His demeanor was calm so I was lucky. The puppy dog look in his eyes were none of a selfish serial killer. I had even determined by his small talk that he was definitely well educated. I felt as if I could almost portray him as my second half. I was even quite certain we were about the same age. So what really set us apart between me and mousey friend? He had 99 years to do in federal prison and I was getting out. As quiet and innocent as he portrayed himself, he was still the one that opted to end it all and pull the trigger. I guess he didn't like what crawled up in his fiancé's bed where he used to snuggle. An owner of a computer store soon to be married to the love of his life. All flushed permanently down the toilet by a simple squeeze of a trigger.

I was glad that my manacles had me cuffed in the front for this Federal prison transfer. I couldn't help but ruminate my initial arrest just two years prior by the Feds abducting me from my apartment in Reamstown PA for a crime at the last minute I had opted with not pursuing and phoned 9-1-1 instead. I was arrested by the locals before the federal abduction and Reamstown Officer Solo was sure to mention in the paperwork I was not a problem in the community. By age 16 I had already gotten used to my loose change ending up at the laundry mat and paying rent. My social security records ascertained that I was on a path to success as every year since the working age of 16 my gross earnings were more than the year before. I used to



let my neighbors include their trash with mine so they could save on their bill. NOBODY in the community had a problem with me. The Bar tender ladies found me funny sometimes. I was gainfully employed and not in jeopardy of losing my job at the mill. Prior to the 2-12-2005 arrest I had donated money to the the narcotics police despite trying to manage an apartment on my own with medical bills piling up from the aftermath of a "Frankenstein plastic surgery experiment that shouldn't be legal".

As I sat chained up on a prison bus I rehearsed 2-12-2005 in my mind like it was yesterday. I could still replay their conversations verbatim to this day. Two federal employees taking me to FDC Philadelphia for a crime I chose not to pursue. It was a swarthy female in the passenger seat and what looked a guy straight from Mickey Blue eyes driving the big SUV. The kind with the dark tinted windows like you see in all the movies. Back then my hands were cuffed in the back as we made the 60 mile journey from Reamstown PA to FDC Philadelphia. The female agent of course did all the talking as her radio bleeped and chirped as the orders came in from a higher power above.

"No they don't want to try him in Ohio." Stated the agent.

I was very much uncomfortable as we were approaching rush hour on the turnpike.

The agent continued to chit chat with her partner.

"They'll probably drop the charges".

I didn't tell the Federal marshals that I had a very lengthy history of schizophrenia involving unusual road trips landing me in strange places. Because the agents had fed me pizza earlier I didn't even realize I was going to jail as I was already used to checking into the hospital and being issued my thin paper napkin gown. The kind that exposed your hairy ass if you didn't tie it up just right. You never had to worry about being too hot in a psychiatric ward because they never allowed you to wear clothes in the first place. Going into and out of psychiatric wards had just become another way of life for me.

Because I was lucky enough to be cuffed in the front I wrestled with the chains a bit wondering if it was at all possible to slip out of the cuffs. Could I intentionally break my wrists and slip out of my manacles? If I freed myself where would I go? What would I do for money? How would I eat?

I looked to my right just a bit to inspect my protege. Just sitting next to this man really made me feel like I was sitting next to my other half. I already had two years of mostly solitary confinement under my belt but was also learning much about the criminal system. There was this little thing called Crime of Passion. Evidently my other mousey half sitting next to me must have had a newer judge looking for big numbers because it sounded like he got a raw deal. 99 years for pumping lead into the man plowing his fiancé. I didn't pry but I think he mentioned shooting them both. I had already met other prisoners doing 20 years for crime of passion murders that evidently weren't premeditated. At 26 years old the chances of him completing all of those 99 years was pretty slim.

There wasn't much talk on the prison bus as the majority of us were just downright nervous. Friendships had to be left behind and every prison transfer was like starting life all over again. Trying to figure out a new spot for your toothbrush, getting familiar with your new cell mate and their dirty habits. Whether it be they pee all over the toilet bowl which had no seat to go over top or maybe they snore like a grizzly bear. And if they have a gastrointestinal problem? Yeah you're really in for a real treat. I had been through 22 cell mates in only two years with another two years to go. Inmates were referring to me as "the pope" because I was the only one that managed to keep from getting into a fisticuff or getting caught with contraband. Later in life a prison psychiatrist would basically describe me as a "ghost". I didn't make enough noise like the other inmates and spent most of my years hiding on corners writing my fictional stories that would never make it anyway. Even if my action packed 500 page novel "When Nightmares Becomes Dreams" made it big I would have to surrender my earnings to the Feds as we are not allowed to run a business behind bars where we profit money. It does happen but those crafty inmates have already developed a system to prevent themselves from being caught.

Finally my Robert Blake friend breaks the ice but I cannot read his face as his elongated hair is covering way past his eyes. I wouldn't be giving much thought to purchasing a prison haircut either if I was facing 99 years. The only reason at 6' 3" tall I was keeping my weight at only 174 pounds was because I figured looking motivated and portraying myself as eye candy for employers might help my odds of a possible early release. I had already given up the church gigs in jail but I still tipped my hat to the prisoners that kept false hope that giving AMAZING testimonies in our prison churches would somehow be a get out of jail free card. I guess "eye candy" was important because you just never know what sick priest might like your pretty boy demeanor and pull some strings with the right people. I was skinny just like my other half sitting next to me. And the thing we definitely had in common? We were both a bit more educated than the other inmates but the one thing we lacked? We were no "pretty boys". The chances of either one of us getting free poker chips at the table were slim to none. We had no charming smiles or baby blue eyes to dart around to get what we wanted out of life. Truth be told we were going to have to work for what we had in life.

The icy cold chains irritating my ankles nearly drove me insane. The bulbs protruding from my ankles are extremely sensitive and I envy the smarter inmates that go through the medical process to obtain a doctors note for the fuzzy manacles. Grown Ass Men. They like to call themselves. But if truth be told? The majority of these inmates portraying themselves as bad ass dudes squeak more than my dogs chew toy. In fact I've already seen numerous times female staff lashing out on a bunch of whining inmates and making comments like "You're all like a bunch of whining babies!" But does this squeaking actually work? Of course it does. Dr. Herbal once stated it best. When I asked him why my Hypospadias cyst removal left me walking around with a leaky faucet for nearly two years before I got surgery to fix it you know what he said? "Well Mr. Steidler it kind of works like this. Squeaky Wheel gets a greasing."

I wasn't going to change who I was in life. My parents taught me not to be a squeaker. I clearly remember when I wanted a Nintendo like the other kids on the street how that all went

down. I even tried to be Biblical about it as they had taught us the story in Sunday school about just how many times Moses had to ask Pharaoh to let his people go. The nagging technique didn't really pan out too well for me.

*"Daddy can I have a Nintendo?"*

*"No.*

*"Daddy please can I have a Nintendo?"*

*"No and if you ask again you will be getting spanked!"*

*So how had Moses pulled it off?* I wondered to myself.

Perhaps I was too lazy back then to read into Exodus chapter 14 where after Pharaoh let the Israelites go he later rescinded his offer and attempted to chase them all down. I used to have unruly hair just like this gentlemen sitting next to me in which no matter how hard I tried I could NEVER part so parting the big Red Sea like Moses would be completely out of the question for me.

Our Federal Prison bus halted at a red light. I looked to my right and when I saw the Taco Bell I nearly salivated. Prison food sucked and we had eaten the same meals over and over again. I couldn't help but wonder what a Chalupa would taste like right about now. I soon found myself doing a lot of wishful thinking. *Perhaps this bus driver could do us all a solid and get us each a taco?* Wasn't happening. For all I knew this driver had a finicky wife putting him in the peanut butter and jelly diet so her SUV payments could be made. This really sucked. It was nearing lunch and the Feds gave us a bag lunch breakfast at the butt crack of dawn so those calories had long burned off.

I slowly shifted my gaze away from the scrumptious Taco Bell and did a quick look over of my murdering friend. *They were almost Newly Weds. Smsh. Hard to imagine. What's the point of even a haircut if ya know you're never getting out?*

I didn't want to stare at my quiet little friend too long. He would catch on and it is considered impolite to stare at ANYBODY. In

fact. Watch how quickly the Brotha man will flip out on you even if he feels you're standing too close to him. I obviously didn't feel in the least threatened by my traveling partner but I was fully FOB (Federal Bureau Of Prisons) trained NOT to stare. In fact, female staffers even had the authority to discipline you for gawking at them too long. The Feds came up with a charge for that. Wreck less eyeballing it was called. This charge of course had a greater chance of being bestowed upon some creepy loser guy than some next Justin TimberLake wannabe. I of course already knew that. It's why I opted to do my entire Federal bid at 174 lbs. I had come into the Federal system years ago at 224lbs. The fat girl that screwed with my heart previous to mailing a bomb liked me at the heavier weight. I guess she felt threatened by me getting skinny. I dunno. Bridget was definitely weird. Just like the Real Bridget Jones. She even smoked them stinky cigarettes too. Nothing like kissing an ashtray I guess.

A long dark shadow caught my attention just before the light went green. I slowly turned my head left towards the window only to notice the next Dave Chapell. The first thing I noticed as the tractor trailer nosed up along side of us was the headphones. *Who in their right mind would be foolish enough to be jamming out in a big tractor trailer with headphones on their ear? Was that even safe? How would they hear somebody honking a horn at them?* I thought to myself.

And that's when EVERYTHING sunk in. If they could hire somebody acting so giddy and whacked out like that then sure this could be my next career move! I knew I had a clean driving record so maybe after I got out in another few years the trucking companies could hire me! I felt a euphoric rush as I watched my silly trucker friend smile and giggle at all of us. He was in nice icy cold AC. He was just sitting on his ass making big money. *Could this be me some day? Could the Federal prisons train me to become the next BillyBigRigger?*

It was literally in my mind I could feel ALL the pieces come together. My mother had mailed articles that the textile mill had gone out of business. I remember a very disgruntled guy at the mill that we had to lay off because the company felt he was making too much money. His name was Klugie. Why pay him

\$16 an hour when they could sucker me into running those looms for only \$12? I was his replacement. I guess technically he has the right to kill me. Oh well. We did tease him quite a bit at the mill for not being very bright. I remember before I took his job as a loom operator the fun I had with him when I was a cloth doffer and HE was the one giving ME work. None of us liked working very hard for the last 20 minutes of our 10 hour shift. As a cloth doffer I was responsible for removing the 120 pound rolls of fabric he was producing and hauling it onto my shoulder like a cross.

I used to sucker him every time I wanted him to slow down so I wouldn't have to remove a big heavy roll.

*"Hey Klugie. One more time. Can you please tell me about Jesus?"*

It worked like a charm every time. It was no wonder Klugie got his CDL after I stole his job because he could talk like a lonely trucker for sure. Like magic every time I played the Jesus card Klugie had talked for the straight 20 minutes that I needed for all the looms to shut off and it would be nice and quiet in there. I was an expert at playing dumb. Nobody in the plant knew how much religion had already been crammed down my throat as a juvenile. All they knew in there for the past 4 years was that I was quite different from the other twenty year olds job hopping and experimenting with recreational drugs and gassing their vehicles on their parents dime. I even knew that boys still my age were not even on their own automobile insurance policy. Smsh. Living the life I guess.

But the story of Klugie got very funny after he got laid off and was smart enough to sign up for LETA so the government could train him to do something else. I could still hear the words from Don reverberating in the back of my mind as it was all he could do to stifle his giggles as he gave the company updates on Kluge. We all were lazy textile workers so we opted for one syllable names is it was always Kluge instead of Klugie.

*"Hey Blake I was able to hear from Kluge again."*

I still felt that I took his job. I was younger, faster, and

definitely more astute. Wasn't my fault. I had rent too like everyone else.

*"Oh yeah? How's my man Kluge doing?"*

Don passed along the news

*"You were right. He went and got his CDL but I heard his training didn't go so well."*

Kluge always reminded me of one of those strange characters in those black and white movies that did goofy things. I embraced myself for the news.

*"Oh yeah? What happened?"*

It was all Don could do to keep a straight face. He was red as a cherry.

*"Well you know Kluge. He told me he must have drove a good 200 miles before it finally sunk in that he left his trainer behind."*

Now I was busting up laughing. Only because I knew Kluge so very well that his story was quite believable. If something like that happened there was no doubt in my mind Kluge just simply forgot his trainer and now had a funny story to tell. I had worked with Kluge for so long I could literally picture the way it all went down. It wouldn't surprise me at all if he cleared a good 200 miles before it sunk in that there were supposed to be TWO people in that truck.

Meanwhile.....(back to Federal prison bus)

The light finally went green and Mr. Jamming Headphone dude could no longer keep up with us as he had a lot more gears to shift through than us. I kept pondering whether or not being a trucker would make a good career move for me. Ever since my lecture by a Brecknock Police officer at the age of 17 I learned to keep my speed down. My very first vehicle was a 77 F-150 3-speed with a Hurst Shifter. Ugliest truck I ever saw but had balls bigger than watermelons. On the

dashboard of my very first truck was a picture of Mr. Rogers in his red cardigan sweater holding a revolver with the words "Welcome To My Hood". My friends were always playing pranks on me and when somebody put a bumper sticker "Can't Feed Em Don't Breed Em" I had every prego teenager in Lancaster PA sure to honk and give me the finger. I was too young to know about WIC and all those good time programs. The government likes to keep it that way of course. I'm lucky I didn't get shot for being too lazy to remove that bumper sticker. The country folk found it funny but the pajama crowd in the city felt very hostile towards it. I'll never forget what I told the old couple at the retirement home I worked at for secondary income to pay rent when they asked if I was married. *"I haven't even figured out how to fully support myself first yet alone try to support somebody else."* Those old republicans loved to hear a reply like that. Since I began work at age 16 I managed to pay rent, do my own wash, without ever capitalizing from any government financial assistance such as UC checks, workman's comp, SSI, etc. despite having to be inpatient treatment close to ten times. With my very first hospitalization lasting nearly 3 months because I thought I was rescuing an adolescent student from being choked to death by a plumbing teacher. After these releases for these psychotic episodes it reached a point where I tried to write Judge Judy to request compensation for lofty reinstating car insurance, security deposits for rent, etc, my Schizo-Affective disorder diagnosed many, many times had picked my pockets quite a bit over the years and it sucked starting over. Again and again. Buy new clothes. Learn a new job. The bills don't stop when you disappear they only add interest. I'd have to be a fool to hold up a cardboard sign at a busy intersection without an ostensible handicap to corroborate. I know where I fit into society by now. I'm the first that's gonna get bum rushed at a busy downtown KFC restaurant with my unfortunate "gentle giant" look on my face.

Our prison bus got more silent by the minute as we got closer to our destinations. New friends. New correctional officers stressed out pulling 80 hour weekly swing shifts and possibly venting on us all. New psychiatrists pretending to be our friends only to turn on us at the site of a hot newsy with hopes to incriminate us even more than the previous journalist. A new pastor that wants to vaunt just how much of his personal money



he's invested into his kids with hopes they'll mow his yard after college graduation. A whole new prison food menu to deal with and a prison cooking staff patiently waiting to hook up their homies with extra meatballs for more time on the weight bench.

Our prison bus made a pit stop at the Harrisburg International Airport so the Federal sex offenders could be flown away to an entirely different state. The Feds were by no means stupid. Most of the sex offenders were well educated creepy old white guys it seemed. I remember how funny it was when the tv show "To catch a predator" aired for a few weeks and all the creepy old kitty touchers opted to go hide in their cells. It was one thing to go to jail. But go in with paperwork like that? You're gonna get harassed every day. You won't be hanging out in one cell for very long and you can expect your commissary to constantly get stolen. The Feds already know this and after their trials usually group the pedophiles together so it's less work for the guards not having to constantly move them from cell to cell. Not ALL of the federal inmates getting on the plane were pedophiles. A few were just in the prison system too long and going to Admax prisons and some were headed out west at their own request because they knew their NAZI tattoos could result in some uncomfortable days and their attorneys put motions in for them to be with their own kind.

It was still interesting to watch Federal inmates get loaded onto a plane and wondering what they did. I had bumped into too many inmates during the first two years of my incarceration that I opted to just not ask inmates of their crimes. The next worse thing to being a pedophile was to be one of those what we called 5k1 mother suckers. They was the hot ones. In fact, the FDC faculty finally admitted to us that the majority of Philly Federal inmates were snitches. They all wanted that 5k1 downward departure for some years knocked off their sentences. And all the guards in there knew it and joked about it. There was a Latino guard in Philly that had a sense of humor about it. When it was time to get back into our cells he used to yell "Recall Snitches! I know a lot of you are hot!" As funny as it was I didn't feel there was nearly enough giggling support from the inmates which only ascertained his humor. Oh well. Always has to be a funny man on the block.

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