

# **SCREAMING BATFISH BLUES**

**SCOTT L. ANDERSON**

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*For Bones and Twinkie, the two women in my life*

*He who fights with monsters might take care lest he thereby become a monster. And if you gaze into an abyss, the abyss gazes also into you.*

Nietzsche

*Sitting on the sofa  
Suckin' on a bowl of crack  
Thinkin' to myself about my  
Angel dressed in black*

Warren Zevon

## PROLOGUE

**I** was sacked out with some bimbo that I had picked up at bar the night before when I got the phone call from my older brother telling me that my father was dead. It was about five in the morning and my mouth tasted like a dirty ashtray rinsed out with stale beer. The bimbo laying next to me was bleach blond and fat. She was stretched out on her back and snoring so loud I was surprised that my always nosey neighbors hadn't been pounding on the walls and threatening to call the cops as they so often did when I had a small get together. The bimbo looked familiar. Not because we had just recently fornicated but like I had seen her somewhere before familiar. Probably in one of my classes or around campus. I was studying film at UCLA. I wanted to be a filmmaker like Kubrick.

"Dad is dead" was the first thing that came out of the mouth of my pathetic brother, a GED graduate that had spent his whole life in Minneapolis working at a roller rink. "Suicide. He shot himself with his shotgun." he sobbed. "Mommy just found him. She came back from walking at the mall and found him sitting there dead in his office."

I rolled out of bed and walked into the kitchen and reached into the fridge for a cold Lucky Lager, popped the top and killed the bottle in three long gulps. Damn, that tasted good. "I'll call you from the airport to give you my flight numbers." I replied to my sobbing sibling as I stifled a huge belch and hung up the phone. I heard the bimbo groan, roll over and fart loudly.

It was late spring in Minnesota but a sloppy wet snow was falling the day of my father's funeral. Open casket. Dad had shot himself in the chest not in the noggin. My brother had taken my mother to his house to spend the night at his house along with the whining brats that his wife seemed to pop out on an annual basis.

I walked into Dad's office and sat down in the very chair where he had decided to take his own life. It smelled like lemon Pledge and Mr. Clean. My mother had done the clean up herself. There wasn't a spot of blood anywhere.

It wasn't a big surprise that the old man had done himself in. We always seemed to know that it was coming sooner or later. It was just surprising that it had taken this long. He had been a young naval officer on Guam during WWII and had helped screw up the arrival and departure times of the USS Indianapolis. The ship that had delivered the atom bomb.

Everybody knows the story. Damn thing got torpedoed, sank like a rock, and a shitload of sailors got killed by sharks. No one knew where it was. Only the captain of the ship got screwed, he got court martialed while everybody else walked. Dad blamed himself his whole life even though he stayed in and retired. When we moved back to Minneapolis he took a job with the government. Never talked about it to us, we never asked. He'd go on weekly trips, come home, get drunk for two days, and life went on.

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*I opened up his liquor cabinet and poured a shot of vodka into a glass. Fired up one of Dads unfiltered Camels with his battered old Zippo that had the name of some long gone base in Japan on it. This was my first time in his office, the door had been locked my entire life until now. The room was spartan. A desk and chair and a small single bed. The bed spread looked like you could bounce a quarter on it. Typical.*

*A long neck beer case was sitting next to his desk with the word OPEN in magic marker on the top. I slammed the shot, poured another, and pulled the box over. It was filled to the top with records. Dads service revolver was sitting on top of them. Military, medical, prison, surveillance, police reports, paid informant reports, mug shots, even some porno shots. I picked the box up and took it over to the bed and began to separate the files.*

*Must of been hundreds upon hundreds of documents on just two men. Both of them originally from Minnesota. Down south of here. For years someone had been documenting or trying to, every step of their life. Obviously that someone was my father . But why? Why in the hell would he have all this shit?*

*By the time I had some semblance of an answer the light of morning was starting to shine in through the window. I had killed the old mans bottle of vodka and smoked up almost half a carton of his smokes. My lungs felt like crap but I wasn't close to being drunk.*

*Two young men, boys really. From the same part of the country, close enough that they might have even met at one time. How their lives could become so entangled so closely in such a mixture of drugs,narcs, and eventually murder and they didn't even know each other? And what was my father doing in the middle of all this? That I guess I'll never know. He took care of that with his shotgun.*

*The files were all separated on the bed. Coded. Batfish and Juice. Two different men, two different piles. But their story is just like their lives. Intertwined in the words of the snitches, narcs, prison guards, mental ward attendants, cops, and thugs who walked through their lives.*

*The author*

# **JUICE**

## **SAN DIEGO**

**C**hief Petty Officer (Retired) Jerome Wyatt rolled his vintage Plymouth Valiant to a stop in the driveway of his run down four room house. The dump was located in a rather shitty suburb of San Diego known as National City. He had bought the place after buckling under the constant bitching and nagging of his second wife, Mi Mi, who had insisted that it had always been her childhood dream growing up in the P. I. to own a house of her own. Mi Mi had not only been the chief's second wife, she had been his second Filipino wife. Lois was the name of his first bride and it had taken her only six months to divorce his scrawny carcass after her feet hit American soil. She had taken to dancing and giving blow jobs in the titty bars in downtown San Diego until a drunken Marine ran over and killed her on his moped as he was barreling down the sidewalk after celebrating his promotion to PFC.

It had taken Mi Mi two years to leave the chief after he had married her on his sixth WesPac cruise to the Philippines. Actually he had kicked her out after coming home early one evening from the enlisted mans club and found her being piledriven on the living room sofa by a burly yeoman third class. A fucking yeoman of all things! But a yeoman who had kicked the chief so hard in the nuts that he hadn't been able to report to work for three days after. Mi Mi had moved out and in with the yeoman, leaving Wyatt with his Valiant and the house, in a neighborhood that was quickly turning into what could best be described as white trash shit.

Wyatt had just recently retired from active duty after twenty five years in the navy. He left with a pension, a huge problem with alcohol, two lungs plugged up by tar and nicotine, and a hankering for sex with people under the normal age of consent.

He had been successful beyond his wildest dreams in the navy. Supervisor of hundreds of men, drank the finest liquors, been all over the world, and had had all sorts of deviant sex with an enormous amount of young males and females in all corners of the globe. Mi Mi and Lois had been so attractive to him because of their androgynous looks and youthful appearance.

The only downfall with his retirement is that it cut off his easy access to young sexual partners. People were not as understanding in this country, so he had been relying recently on his enormous collection of 8 mm film, magazines, polaroid snapshots, video tapes and most recently the Internet to satisfy his needs. Once the chief had gotten over his initial reluctance to buy a computer and jump into the joys of cyber porn, he couldn't get enough. At this very moment he was in negotiations with a sex broker in the Netherlands to set him up for a two week fun filled vacation full of boy and girl toys.

Wyatt shuffled slowly up the busted up sidewalk to his front door, all the while ignoring the taunts of "needle dick" and "bugfucker" from the teenage boys of the marijuana dealer who



lived across the street from him. He had made the mistake of complaining about the volume of their car stereo to their no good goddamned long haired father and had been paying for it ever since.

It took him almost a full minute to get his front door open. He had been boozing all afternoon long at the chief's club and between the liquor, trying to get his keys in the door, and balancing his bag of groceries all at the same time, he felt practically winded when he finally got the door open. A health nut the chief was not.

The interior of the house was as shitty as the outside. It was decorated with cheap furniture bought at the base second hand store and smelled of generic liquor, smoke, and beer farts. On his way to the tiny kitchen he passed the most expensive item in the house, his new computer, an iMac, and noticed that he had left it on all day. Funny, he thought he had remembered shutting it off prior to the leaving for the club. His memory must be going south with the rest of his body.

He put his weekly staples away in the kitchen. Three cartons of Camels, loaves of white bread, bologna, chips, and of course, a half gallon of black and white label whiskey. He had survived on this diet for almost his entire naval career, even while at sea.

"You live like a fucking pig, chief."

Wyatt whirled around and almost fell over from the combination of vertigo and flat ass fear. Standing in front of him in the doorway of his kitchen and aiming a military issue .45 caliber Colt Commander at the chief's head was an enormous muscular man who was wearing silver wrap around shades, shorts, and a Gold's Gym "San Diego" T-shirt. His hair was bleached snow white and worn in a semi mohawk fashion. Wyatt had to clamp down tightly on his sphincter for fear of shitting his pants.

"Who are you?" he barely stammered out.

"Trouble with a capital fucking T. That's for sure, dipshit. Now put your dick skimmers in the air where I can see them and move into the living room. Real slow now. That's the boy."

Wyatt moved into his living room and sat down on the couch without being told to. He had to or his legs would have given out they were shaking so badly. The intruder pulled up a chair and sat across from him.

"You don't have any idea what this is about, do you?"

Wyatt didn't say a word, just shook his head. It was all he could do to keep from throwing up much less speaking

"The short version of the story is that you have short eyes and need to be permanently wiped off the face of the fucking earth." The man grinned at him.

The chief thought he was going to pass out but he had to do something. And fucking quick.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." That was the best he could manage considering the circumstances.

"Then what do you call that box full of porno I found in the hidey hole inside the closet of your bedroom and those files of naked kids in your computer? Which you may also be interested in knowing that I erased from your hard drive using this handy little software kit that I brought along in my gym bag with me. Man, you are one sick fuck."

Wyatt looked at him quizzically. "If your a fucking cop why did you erase my files?" His voice squeaked.

The big man leaned his head back and roared with laughter. "A cop? You think I'm a cop? Do I like like a cop to you?"

"If your not a cop, then who the hell are you?"

He removed his sunglasses and looked the chief in the eyes. "Have you ever seen *Apocalypse Now*? Old navy fart like you must have seen it a dozen times."

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Wyatt nodded weakly.

“Well, chief, just like they said in the movie. I’m been sent to terminate your command.”

“What the fuck for?” Wyatt shrieked.

“Actually just you boning all those kids would do it alone for me but you’ve got different problems.” Mohawk leaned down into his gym bag and pulled out a manila folder and paged through it.

“In twenty five years of service you only had one shore duty stint, the rest was at sea. You either one ignorant motherfucker or just plain stupid. But anyway, your one stint on shore duty was as a admirals personal driver and gopher. An Admiral Russell. Correct?”

Wyatt nodded his head weakly.

“Well, dipshit, as you may or may not know, it doesn’t matter, Russell has now retired and is quite active and successful in politics. He is in fact being groomed for the big time. He’s got it all going for him. He’s charismatic, intelligent, and best of all, he’s black. Plus the President himself just loves his ass.”

“What’s this got to do with me?” Wyatt croaked out.

“What’s it got to do with you? What are you, boy? A fucking retard? You think the higher ups want to place Russell in Washington, working side by side with the President on a daily basis and all of a sudden the media stumbles onto the fact that his old driver and confidant from his navy days is a fucking child molester? They’d have a field day.”

“But how would they know?”

Mohawk pointed to Wyatt’s computer. “By that, you dumb shit. Your dirty little secrets have been traced by that. Did you actually think that when you were corresponding with those freaks over in Europe that you were on some sort of secured line? The Internet is a fucking party line. Plus your ex is a loud mouthed bitch when you drop a little green her way. Soon as she was paid off the Feds pulled her green card and she was put on the first flight back to Manila. She’s probably turned a couple dozen tricks by now.”

Mohawk chuckled softly as the chief bent over with his face in his hands and sobbed. “By the load of shit I found in your bedroom and on your computer I would guess that you would almost make the FBI’s top ten list.” He paused. “But I’ve got a way out of this for you chief.”

Wyatt looked up, teary eyed. “How? I’ll do anything.”

“You’re gonna have to do yourself.”

“What the hell do you mean?”

Mohawk rolled his eyes. “Damn, boy, you are a retard. Kill yourself! I’ll give you a choice of two ways. You can hang either hang yourself or OD on pills and booze. I’ve got the pills. The bottle even has your name written on the prescription. Straight from Balboa Naval Hospital. That will probably be the easier way. Don’t you think?”

Wyatt stared in horror. The couch cushion turned wet.

The big man went on. “They really want your ass. They even had someone put a consultation in your medical record at the hospital saying you were being treated for depression and the pills are actually prescribed. Isn’t that great?”

Wyatt finally spoke. “I’m not gonna do it. You’ll have to kill me.”

“Well, I can sure do that. In fact before you interrupted me so rudely I was going to give you that option. This .45 I have was taken from your last ship and reported stolen. I’ll just take it and jam down your throat and blow your brains out. No one will notice for weeks. Your mail doesn’t even get delivered here. You have a post office box for all your dirty little packages. Your neighbors hate you. By the time someone does notice the stink the evidence will be minimal. The cops won’t care anyway. You just another retired military puke who couldn’t handle the civilian world.”

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Mohawk reached into his gym bag and set the prescription bottle along with a bottle of Johnny Walker Red Label on the coffee table.

“Look at that. I’m even treating you to a good bottle of hooch for your final hours.”

Dying by booze and pills in real life is a lot different than in the movies. Wyatt had quite a tolerance to depressants from years of hard core drinking so it took almost the entire bottle of Johnny Walker along with two bottles of Budweiser to wash down the bottle of barbiturates. Then the dumb shit began to cry and tell his life’s regrets to his hit man who was busy trying to watch *NORTH DALLAS FORTY* on HBO, while relaxing in the chief’s easy chair.

By about midnight it was over. Wyatt had gone into a series of convulsions and had barfed all over himself, but was now laying quietly on his couch. Mohawk packed up the chiefs massive collection of porno in two large cardboard boxes, wiped the place down for prints, and then checked and double checked Wyatt’s pulse.

He pulled out a cell phone and dialed in a number.

“It’s over. Come get me.” He flopped back down into the easy chair.

Exactly one half an hour later his phone vibrated on his hip.

“Go ahead.” he answered.

“All clear?”

“Clear. Come on in.”

“One block away. Out.” The phone clicked off.

He peeked out the curtain and saw the black van roll into the driveway with its lights off. The driver got out and walked briskly up the sidewalk and into the front door. Without saying a word the two men shut off all the lights and turned up the AC, picked up the boxes of smut, walked out the front door, put the boxes in the van, gave the area a quick look around, got in the vehicle and drove off.

Mohawk reached into his gym bag and pulled out a mirror, a switchblade, and a little brown bottle. He tapped a small amount of white powder out of the bottle onto the mirror and cut two thin lines with his switchblade. The driver glanced over anxiously while his passenger took a gold tube hanging from a chain around his neck and snorted both lines up.

Mohawk smacked his lips and leaned his head back. “Tasty. Pure Bolivian flake.”

The driver snorted in disgust. “I don’t want you doing that shit in front of me.”

“No one asked for your opinion, asshole.” Mohawk grunted.

He rummaged around in his bag once more and pulled out a silver cigarette case. Popping it open he fired up a joint.

“Enough, goddamn it.” The driver yelled.

His passenger looked over at him calmly. “Just what is your problem, fuckhead? What do you think is gonna happen? We’re gonna get pulled over and the local P.D. is going to roust us? You ignorant bastard. Where do you think I get this shit? You think every time our righteous government makes a major league drug bust that it all gets flushed down the shitter? He settled back into his seat. “We’re untouchable on this one.”

The drove in silence until they turned onto Harbor Boulevard.

“Pull over at the the next deserted parking lot.” The van swung in.

Mohawk got out and quickly broke down the .45 and threw all the individual parts as far as he could out into the bay and then hopped back up into the van. The driver pulled out and headed towards the San Diego Naval Station.

Mohawk started in on the driver again. “So what are you, a booze hound?”

“I don’t drink.”

“Cigarettes?”

“I’m drug free.”

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The big man looked out the front of the van, shook his head, and kept talking. "It never fails to amaze me whenever I do one of these gigs the uptight assholes they send to work with me. What the hell are you involved in this shit for? God and country?"

"It's my duty. I'm just following orders."

"Jesus fucking Christ. You walk into a scene like that back in that house and say it's your fucking duty? Following orders? And then have the balls to look down your fucking nose at me because I fire up a joint? Where the hell do they get you guys?"

The van was pulling up to the sentry at the naval station. The Marine sentry popped to attention and saluted the blue officer's sticker on the van. They rolled on in silence until they pulled up to a plain cinder block building. The driver honked the horn once and the garage door began to go up. The van pulled in and the door closed behind it.

They were inside the burn room facility where all the base classified material was disposed of. The furnace was cranked up and burning red hot. There was no one inside on the floor. The two men got out of the van and walked the two boxes of porn over to the open door of the furnace and threw them in along with their cell phones. The driver put on a plexiglas face shield and raked the boxes apart with a long metal rake. The heat was incredible and the boxes and their contents were reduced to cinders and ashes within minutes. When they jumped back into the van the garage door began to open and they pulled out into the night.

Once more they drove in silence until they reached the passenger's motel.

"Two hours and I'll be ready."

Mohawk walked into his room, stripped down, and went into the bathroom. Taking an electric clipper he shaved his mohawk down close to his scalp and began to cover the remaining burr with a men's hair dye. After showering, he changed into a Marine Corps bulldog T-shirt and a pair of Levis. Glancing into the mirror he now looked like a jarhead out on the town. He then put all of the clothes he wore on the job into a plastic garbage sack along with the room drinking glasses and anything else disposable that he might have touched and put the garbage sack in his gym bag. He then busied himself wiping down as many areas of the room as he could with a towel. Satisfied, he sat down and cracked open a ice cold pint bottle of Guinness to await his ride to the airport.

The driver was there two hours on the dot and this time didn't say a word when he noticed his passenger's open beer. He just headed down the highway towards the San Diego airport. Without saying a word the big man got out of the van and began to stroll towards the terminal when he heard the honking of the vans horn. He turned around to see the driver rolling down the window and beckoning to him.

"What do you need?"

"I just wanted to ask you. Why do you do it?" the driver asked.

Mohawk stared at the driver for a few seconds and then smiled. He knew what he was asking about. They always did.

"Two reasons I guess. First one is they have me by the nuts. So I have to do it. The juice is the second reason."

The driver gave a puzzled look. "The juice?"

"Yea man. The juice. You know. Adrenaline, buzz, rush, the juice. Whatever the fuck you want to call it. I love it. My uncle always said it comes from the reptile side of the brain."

He smiled at the driver. "You take it easy now, sport." Turned and walked inside the terminal and headed directly to the men's room where he stuffed the garbage bag from the hotel down deep into the trash and covered it with used paper towels.

He had just enough time to buy a *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* and a *USA TODAY* before catching his flight out of San Diego.

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After settling in his seat he was approached by a flight attendant who's better days were behind her but who would still do in a pinch. His hormones were always racing after a mission.

"Going home on leave, marine?"

He gave her his All American, God, country, and apple pie smile. "Yes mam. Going home. I'm sure anxious to see my folks."

# BATFISH

## ISLA MUJURES

**S**teve Earle's "Copperhead Road" was blasting out of the tinny sounding speakers as I watched the lumbering beast walk into the bar.

"How could a normal woman fuck a dwarf?" was the first thing that came out of the piehole of my best friend/partner Artimus, as he settled his fat ass down on the bar stool. I tried not to wince, while acting at the same time like I hadn't heard the remark.

Not for my benefit. But for the benefit of the elderly couple from Missouri, who were sitting just four bar stools down, sipping on their banana daiquiris.

Very sneaky like, I tried to turn the music up.

I had absolutely no idea what he was talking about until I observed a rather striking topless woman walking down the beach with what could have been either a midget or a jockey. "That's not a dwarf, that's probably a midget," I half-whispered.

"Dwarf, midget, big deal. I saw a broad fuck a donkey in Baja once and I can almost understand that more than I could see fucking a midget. At least the chick in Tijuana was getting paid." Artimus belched out between chugs of his beer.

That did it for the couple, who hurriedly packed up their beach gear while I idiotically called out "Come again".

"What in the fuck is wrong with you?" I raged at Artimus who innocently looked at me and said "Did I ever tell you about that place? It was called the Blue Fox. Man, what a fucking joint that was. They sure don't make 'em like that anymore."

What can you say to man with logic like that? I had first met Artimus about a year ago, when I had just gotten to the island and he was the exact same person then as he is now.

He's about six foot four and about two hundred and fifty pounds soaking wet. Which he normally is.

Wet that is. The guys sweats like a whore in church. He claims it's because he's from somewhere in South Dakota and his body has never gotten used to the humidity of the island. I think it's just because he's a fat bastard.

With Artimus, what you see is what you get. Literally.

Artimus told me the very first night that I met him that he was on the run from the law. Claims that he was on the wrong end of a marijuana deal gone real wrong and that he was a wanted man in the Badlands. He very well could be. But I've been through the Dakotas many times and it just doesn't strike me as a hot spot for pot cultivation or sales. Every time that Jimmy Buffett song, "A Pirate Looks At Forty" was playing on the CD player, Artimus would get

*all choked up and blurt out "That's me man, that's me." Especially if he had been drinking, which was damn near always.*

*I had asked him one time if he should walk around with his shirt off so much, since he had two very unique tattoos he had gotten while in the marines. One was of a mouse perched on his shoulder nibbling on a slice of cheese with tracks running up from Artimus's asshole. While the other one was inscribed "HERE'S THE BEEF" across his stomach with an arrow pointing down to his crotch.*

*When I had pointed out that those very distinct markings could very well single him out to law enforcement officials or vengeful drug dealers(since I couldn't imagine there is anyone else in these parts or anywhere else for that matter who has those exact tats). He had replied "Fuck 'em if they can't take a joke".*

*In spite of all his faults he was a helluva lot of fun to hang out with and we had a nice little illegal business on the side going on. We both had fake Canadian passports that we used monthly to fly over the gulf to Cuba to buy cigars. We then sold them one at a time to the tourists on the beach or in the cantinas. Some of the dumb shits paid up to fifty dollars a cigar and when we couldn't get over to Cuba, we'd substitute Mexican cigars, but sell them out of a Cuban box.*

*Very sweet deal.*

*"Hey dude, what's up with you? I can't believe that you'd get all bent out of shape over those two fucking yahoos hearing a little dirty talk. Shit, he's probably so worked up now he's gonna rush the old lady back up to the room and lay the pink steel to her." I was standing behind the bar and looking out over the ocean and worrying. I had been doing a lot of that lately. Worrying.*

*"I don't know man," I replied while watching Artimus work his fat gut over the bar counter to grab another beer out of the cooler. "I just can't shake that bad feeling I've had since I saw that guy down by the fishing charters the other day. I know him from somewhere".*

*"Well if he's gotten you this squirrely, maybe we should just look him up and kick his ass" Artimus boozily replied.*

*"Goddamn it Artimus, kicking somebody's ass is not the answer to everything and stay the fuck out of the beer cooler. It's 12:30 in the afternoon and you're already three sheets to the wind. Plus Orlando is starting to notice that books aren't exactly balancing out to the amount of beer that I'm supposedly selling."*

*For some reason those words triggered like a mini flashback in my mind. All of a sudden I think I had a good idea who the guy by the fishing boats was.*

*I mean it looked like the guy but only with more hair. But maybe he had gotten out of the navy or maybe he was wearing a rug. He looked a lot heavier too. Maybe it wasn't even him. Damn it!! My mind was racing and I couldn't get it under control. To much coffee or not enough beer.*

*Either the color had washed out of my face or I was shaking like a dog shitting peach pits because for once Artimus didn't say a thing. I must have stood there for a couple of minutes until finally I heard my buddy say "Dude, you know we've been partners for almost a year. Isn't it about time you told me just what the hell you're doing down here?"*

*"You'll never believe a word of it" I replied.*

*"Well give me a chance motherfucker. I don't think there's anything that you could say that would surprise me."*

*I resumed my looking out over the gulf. Now pondering if I should tell this man something that not only could put me behind bars for a long time if the story ever got to the wrong ears, but could also put his own existence in jeopardy. He could do some serious gum rattling after he had tied one on. Well fuck it. He asked for it. I took a deep breath.*

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*"OK. Here go's nothing. I'm AWOL from the navy, wanted by the Feds on numerous drug and espionage charges and I was also wanted in California for questioning about several murders, also drug related. There! That surprise you?"*

*I stopped and grinned at him. "I almost forgot to include that I'm an escapee from a maximum security mental hospital?"*

*That surprised him all right! By the look on Artimus's face, I'm surprised that he didn't fall right off his bar stool or take off running.*

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*If you didn't know what it was already. You would think that the Security Hospital in St. Peter, Minnesota was either some sort of a college or office building. It's a one story, flat roofed, brick structure that's quite pleasing to the eye. Surrounded by beautiful lawns and groves of trees. If you just didn't happen to notice the barbed wire enclosure topped with razor wire around the back of the building. Which if the weather was decent was often full of shuffling and drooling idiots.*

*I can remember when I was a young lad growing up in southern Minnesota hearing all the horror stories about what went on behind those walls. Of course, then the old security hospital looked more like a prison and was run more like a prison than it is now.*

*There was a shithead for my home town who was only a year or so older than me who had gotten caught raping a gal and had wound up there for observation. Two days later the gutless turd hung himself behind those same hallowed halls. And this guy had terrorized my hometown for years! So shit, I thought this must be one rough joint. But I digress.*

*I better get it out of the way right off the bat and tell you right now that I am not crazy. Or dangerous. Well, I was dangerous once, but I mean only once. Uno. So how did I wind up in the booby hatch then?*

*The reasons I would end up in St. Pete is that I was faking crazy to avoid being sent to Stillwater State Prison. If you've seen the movie The Shawshank Redemption, you have a basic understanding of what Stillwater State Prison is like. And I have no desire in this or any of my previous lives to get cornholed and turned into some guy's bitch.*

*And I thought a mental institution would be easier to escape from than a prison.*

*I was working my way back from the west coast and had finally made it back to Minnesota. Duluth to be exact. But I was short on cash so I was staying at this shelter up off of Superior Street for the night.*

*The place was crawling with scumbags, so I was just trying to catnap my way through the night, when I suddenly woke up and this huge black dude was standing over me with his wang in his hand. Well I knew what he wanted to do with it. I already told you that the place was a fucking zoo so I was sleeping with my shank (it was German made, high quality steel, sharp as a cats ass), so in a panic I sat up real quick and just slashed at him. Just to try to back him off. But I misjudged how close the prick was to me and sliced the head of his dick right in half.*

*Of course he went absolutely apeshit and started running around the dorm, screaming at the top of his lungs. The night security staff flicked the lights on and must have called the police instantly because in no time the cops were there and I was wearing silver bracelets.*

*I couldn't get out because they lock the doors at night so no one can come in or out. And it didn't take James fucking Bond to figure out who did it since the guy had fallen half on to my bunk and pumped blood all over the sheets.*

*I never knew that the penis had some many veins in it.*

*Right after it all went down I had just sat there at the side of my bed while watching this idiot run around the dorm holding his bloody pecker. That was when I realized that I was still holding my knife. So I stood up and walked over to this old rummy who was sitting up in his*



**SCOTT L. ANDERSON**

*bunk with this amazed look on his face, while he watched the rapo, who was now down on his knees making this eerie squealing noise. I just handed the loony old dude my beautiful handcrafted knife and he slipped it into his pocket while he gave me this toothless grin.*

*Anyway. The cops rushed in, saw the blood, and had the cuffs on me quick as a bunny. But they couldn't find the knife. Not that they really gave it that much effort. I imagine that going to that mission to roust a bum or break up a fight was probably damn near a nightly thing for those guys.*

*It was snowing like a bitch out when the cops hauled me on down to the county jail. Duluth can get just enormous amounts of snow. Feet at a time, not inches, feet. The cop who was driving was slipping and sliding all over the road. It was snowing so hard that the wipers couldn't keep up and he had the window down to see. Since they hadn't allowed me to get my jacket before they rushed me out of the mission I was kind of chilly. So I asked the kind officer if he wouldn't mind rolling up the window a tad and was told not very nicely to "shut the fuck up."*

*The jail was the exact opposite though. It was hotter than the gates of hell. Even in the booking room where I was stripped bareass naked. I then had the area under my nuts and asshole looked at for anything I might be hiding in or up there. Was deloused and then dressed out in these wild orange scrubs like nurses and doctors wear. Only on the back mine said "COUNTY".*

*I was then led to my cell where I met my new roommate. A short, one eyed, child molesting Indian who was on his way, I would learn, to the Security Hospital in St. Peter for the third and most likely last time of his life. He would probably be taking up permanent residency there since his last offense had been the attempt to molest a little girl in the rest room of the local county courthouse and the people of this fine state were getting good and tired of his shenanigans. Immediately upon my entry into the cell, Dan (his name), asked me for a smoke. I apologized and said I didn't smoke, but Dan just shrugged and flipped up his eye patch and pulled a butt out of his eye socket. It was the beginning of a short but beautiful relationship.*

*Dan had been a ward of the state in one capacity or another for almost his entire life. His whole adult life had consisted of consuming huge amounts of alcohol, listerine, lysol, Ny-Quil, and any street drug he could get his hands on. However, Dans body did not process ethanol in a normal fashion and he became quite combative at times, making him a star of all the local drunk tanks. In one of these drugged states he attempted to boink his sister which earned him trip number one to St. Pete.*

*Upon his release he celebrated by consuming an entire fifth of generic vodka along with a tab of acid and began to hear voices. These voices told him to rip his eyeball out and pour gasoline into the socket and then light it afire, which he promptly did. Visit number two.*

*He had been released only a week or so when he attempted to pull the little girl into the rest room of the court house and was now awaiting his commitment hearing. Visit number three and probably a permanent room at the state run asylum.*

*You couldn't tell by his appearance if he was twenty five or fifty.*

*It was with Dan that I began to put my plan together. He had been in county for several weeks now and had pretty much de-toxed, so at times could hold a somewhat normal conversation. It was at these times that I grilled him like a hard boiled detective. What was security like there? Where there bars and razor wire? How many guards? Are you always locked down? Etc.*

*Dan jacked off like a monkey and didn't seem to care if I was in the cell or not and he often slipped into psychotic ramblings. But in between, I pumped him for info as hard as I could. The incident at the shelter had occurred on a Friday night so I had until Monday to formulate a*

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