

Copsn'dogsn'badassnarls

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...Not a quiet night is this night but quite like so many others just passed...breezy and cool...June...and all those stars...snuggly smuggled behind the haze of Midwest Industrial Waste....blanketed....like corpses we lie below Milwaukee's nighttime nuclear glow...orange and soft...low...aloft about me as I step out onto Locust...amid shrieking wails from tiny metalbellies of sirens screaming shrill and lost...all seeming to be seeking each other as here erupts one there echoes another...security in the night for the man...

...and all I have is a beer in hand as my partner and I tool South down an alley to visit an ally who had just moved into the neighborhood...on Wright Street...minding our own business...'mongst the honkhonkhonkscreechslidesplash of crazysleds and motorjunk with demons driving all-out mad in steetsymphonicimprovtheater...an automated open jam at eight miles an hour...complete with breakdance and ringshout no extra charge...

...so we certainly didn't expect trouble...at least...not from *them*...we'd heard stories...about them...but you know how those stories go...you never think it will actually happen to you...well...you hope it won't...but...uh...sometimes...uhh...you can't...uhhh...well...you'll see...

...you see...I drink my beer fast because it's the only way I can make the little bubbles tickle the perpetual itch I have on the back of my throat about two thirds of the way down...and further...so I finished my beer well ahead of my partner who cares not to drink fast have gas and belch...getting that coolwet draught of suds percolating back through the nasal cavities...'cause she's a lady...

...but I'm no lady and never have been and when I saw the punkassgang graffiti on the garage doors I should have known..."27 boys where (sic) here" on this side the alley says and "27 boys suck" says the other...I guess I should have expected something...but as I said...you never expect it will happen to you...not until...uhh...

I don't know why I carried the bottle empty in my hand down the alley past the dogs with the teeth and the growls and the badasssnarls..."Grrr" they go..."Keep your ass that side o' the fence'r I'll tear it up...Arrgh"...you'd swear these beasts were trained by Brier..."Later dog"... "Grrr".

...so just as I figure it's time to alleyexit and go sidewalking I pop the top on one of those big green garbagemonsters and drop in the bottle...*tinktinkadink* it goes...'cause it's empty...good thing too...because there *they* were...REALIFE...and it's always better that the bottle's empty should you run into them...just incase it has to be used...incase things get heavy...incase...uhh...

...they're out on the street at the end of the alley covering our exit like a stone on a tomb...the one closest me yells – "*Heywhuddyathinky'rdoin*" in a voice puffed inflated and tough...I turn to my partner..."Looks like there's only two" when suddenly they hit us...SPOTLIGHT

...I let the light dance across my body like an Elvin nymph...bathing me in superhotcool luminescence...I follow the lightspot to my face and beard ear and earring...blinding me icily...and as all this is happening I do a totalmentalbodysearch of myperson...Drugs?...no not thisnight...not even a roach...Weapons?...nix...TopSecretInformation?...why hell I didn't even have my codebook...so I knew I was cool as I stepped toward the van and the man with the spotlight stabbing me...

...*"Come out here where I can see you"* barks one of Brewtown's best...his partner in the van at his back...*"Git y'r hands where I can see them"*...I put my hands in the air where he can see them...I think See these hands?...Aint these dandyhans?...a fine pair I figure...

...actually...I probably wouldn't have gone for my piece even if I had been packing it...the last thing I wanted thisnight was to get into a firefight with the cops...not with my partner around...she don't stand for gunplay...'cause uh...like I said...she's a lady...

...*"Whudd'ryoudoin with that garbage can, huh?"* he growls...my partner comes to my side wondering what's going on...*"I was throwing away a bottle...empty"* I say...*tinktinkadink* I think.

...the rolypoly officer puts his bigbelly next to my littleone and mutters, *"Think y'r funny'r something?"*...quite...I imagine...at certain times I guess...but now I'm more curious than funny thinking maybe this guy has me mistaken for some badguy...

...*"No"* I say in answer to his question when my partner breaks her silence aside of me...*"What's the matter officer?...We weren't doing anything wrong"*...all this somewhat

excitedly...I look down on the round pudgy face with the 'stache and breath beer moist upon it...as if to say She's right you know...

..."Whudd'ryoudoin'round here?" snaps the man..."I live around here" answer I..."Where're you going?"..."To see a friend"..."Where'sat?"..."Over there" when just like that two guys interject having heard what was said and seen what was happening and speak "What's the problem officer?...We've been walking behind them in the alley for the last three or four blocks...They weren't doing anything" ...so the husky littlefellow with his partner at his back and me with mine aside exchange mean glances...his to say *Don't ever do it again* and mine to say I know what you are...scared...more than anything I think...

..."What's y'r name?" he gruffs of me..."(This)"..."What's h'r name?"..."(That)" and with that he turns toward the van with his mind on the names and the hair on his neck all up like a dog's when I say "What's yours?" thinking Isn't this fun?...We're all getting to know each other now...

...he snarled something Polish and I wasn't supershocked as he didn't appear so tough to me as scared...out of the Southside and into the Darkness where all things seem different and worse...and two dark figures at a green garbagemonster need Laceylike attention at least...lest this sort of thing should continue...get out of hand...infest the rest of this GreatCity...maybe even some of that GreatLake...or possibly even all of ThatWorld...

...why hell if we don't crackdown...git those dogs in the kennel where they belong...where they c'n...wheredey...wh'r...

...uhhhhh.....

