

BACK AWAY FROM THE WATER BOTTLE...

BY Timothy J. Muise

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I remember when I was growing up the heyday of the "Police Action Show" was in its prime. On Adam 12 you had youth groups with "chains and knives" which needed to be quelled. On Dragnet they elicited the "Truth and only the truth" from violent felons. Good ole Joe Friday must be spinning in his grave knowing what the latest police show depicts. It is filmed right here in God's Country, Shirley, Massachusetts, and it stars the biggest bunch of degenerates and losers ever assembled on one stage. The difference being that these dregs are not the black hat bad guys of old, they are the ones wearing the tarnished badges.

The stars of this new drama (in all reality it is a tragic comedy) have interesting names and idiocyncracies. You have "Crash" Crowley who has more ticks than a Bulova Grandfather clock. He is Chief Detective in Charge of Water Bottles. Like cocaine or heroin, Poland Springs water is ruining the neighborhoods of MCI Shirley. Crash twitches his head like Danny Glover in Lethal Weapon and forms a perimeter around the plastic blight. Never fear Crash Crowley is here. Next you have Alvin "I have a dream" Notice. His dream is to rid all prisons of peanut butter jars. He fills trash bags like speed loader clips with the yellow topped demon containers. The dreamer Notice cares little that they just sold you these peanut butter jars, nor does he care that the men who leave this joint go on to commit more severe crimes. He rids the set of these jars like Elliott Ness rid Chicago of Al Capone. One of the biggest players in this Water Bottle Task Force is Karen "The "Italian Scallion" DiNardo. Clad in her Sketchers Beach Combers she repels in like Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible and scoops up your clothesline faster than Kojac would scoop up a case of blowpops. Your sentence is dirty clothes until the day you exit ShirleyWorld with \$125.00 in your pocket and anger in your heart. The Italian Scallion smiles in your face while she delivers her "Kiss on the Cheek", and quicker than a guard jumps on overtime your chances at successful reentry are gone.

The final player in this macbre special unit is Kelly "The Boot" Ryan. She is the boss of bosses here at ShirleyWorld. Her main job description is to play dumb when you come to the oxymoronic "Happy Hour". You kiss her ring and tell her that Lt. [REDACTED] just took the sneakers you have had for two years and she ensures you that she will look into it. This is the same way Strom Thurmond looked into the race issue down south. The same way Hitler looked into the jewish issue, and the same way Bin Laden was looking into the shortage of pilots. We know how those investigations turned out. Expect the same from the Boot.

The state pays this "Task Force" \$361,000,000.00 in salary. They walk the toughest beat in the state, as they say. Water Bottle felons, peanut butter jar hoodlums, and clothesline bandits are their life's blood, blood drained straight from the taxpayer. I just cannot envision Steve [REDACTED] saying, "Drop the peanut butter jar and back away from the water bottle." Can you???

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