

The Urban Metro Camper

"I'm on it." I tweeted.

"Stay on him, E." Captain D tweeted back.

"OK." I tweeted in return.

"Good," he tweeted.

I slid the phone into its Hello Kitty sleeve and continued my mobile surveillance.

There he was, the object of our manhunt, an urban metro camper. He wasn't fooling anyone. I knew he was gonna camp illegally somewhere in the neighborhood. I could tell from his backpack. There hung the tiny gas stove, 8-inch survival knife with blood groove, floppy straw hat, high top waterproof hiking shoes, Ray Bans, and a long expanse of white leg below the Speedos.

He wasn't hiking, really, It was more like...sauntering, down East Hell Boulevard. An old Ford pickup with Kentucky plates drove by, slowing to gander at the unlikely traveler. A beer bottle was heaved through the open window, bursting against the curb, spraying beer foam all over the camper. Tires smoking, the truck sped away, the theme song to "*Deliverance*" fading into the mass of traffic headed toward Quaintsville for the weekend.

The phone blurped once, then flarped twice. Captain D.

"Status report?" he tweeted.

"Suspect soaked in beer." I tweeted back.

"WTF?" he sent back.

"Rednecks." I answered.

His retweet was fast and furious. "Better not f**k up this bust."

"OK boss." I tweeted back.

I looked up. The urban metro camper was gone, my bust was fucked up.

I tweeted my wife Delilah. "What's for dinner?"

"Get it yourself, loser. I've got a date," she tweeted back.

I turned up the radio. Guitar Shorty was yelling out his blues anthem, "*I'm Gonna Leave You.*"

I took a deep swig from the bottle under the seat, tossed the phone out the window and drove into the setting sun, ninety miles an hour into that sweet pink darkness where senses disengage.

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