

Give Blood and Thanks

By: Daniel Machal

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Chapter 14: Brotherly Love

Arthur closed the door behind him and stepped into the darkness of jack off room. John was sitting in a cheap folding chair watching Remy on a closed circuit TV monitor. They were alone.

"You need to keep your cool with this guy," Arthur locked eyes with his brother.

"For what? He's street walking scum," John said.

"Serve and protect. Not be an asshole and judge. You don't know anything about him. A file full of records only tells you so much about a person. That's the problem with our line of work. We see all the bad shit and let ourselves judge too quickly. Let people surprise you once and a while. If Dad would have learned that about me, maybe he could have been a real father."

"Don't even go there Art," John interrupted and quickly changed the subject back to Remy.

"So what do you know about him that I don't?" John said.

Arthur sighed at his brother. He knew it wasn't right to bring

up Dad in a bad light around John but sometimes he couldn't help it. It was the part of himself that he shared with all little boys who hated their fathers. The deep parts of yourself can't be contained all the time. Sometimes, you'll slip out a little bit of evidence about how you truly feel.

"I know that deep down Brody is a good man and deserves our respect. I know that he has seen a lot of really bad shit in his day. The world doesn't appear the same to him as it does you and me."

"How do you mean?" John asked.

"We still have a bit of rose colored tint to our glasses John. We can still see beauty and have hope for the future, shit like that. Remy sees life and death, always. He's a survivor. You play god long enough like he has, and you become the walking grim reaper."

John made nice nice with big brother's mediocre philosophy with a smile and a nod. This was John going into tune out mode. Arthur hated it and looked forward to the day his brother's ego balloon would finally burst. He would make a good detective after that. Learning to empathize with people and consider all options, no matter how bizarre they may seem, were the key skills in actually solving

mysterious crimes. Mysterious is an understatement given the state of things, but they weren't going to get anywhere sitting around. Time to get back to work.

"You think Smithe is up for a chat yet? He should be out of Intensive Care by now. You up for going over there with me to see what he knows?" Arthur said.

John perked up. It was rare for Arthur to ask him to come along. Arthur worked alone and liked it that way. He had more solved cases and convictions than anyone else in the department. John would be ring side to watch the master at work.

"Now you're talking!" John stood up.

"Yes, and I'll be doing all the talking. You pull any shit like you did in the room with Brody and I'll throw you out? Got it?"

Only give the pup enough leash to feel free and then remind him you're the master. Once your pet loses respect you might as well give it away or kill it. You'll find your shoes chewed to pieces and large steaming brown land mines on your path to the bathroom. No surprises and keep in control, that is the way Arthur did things.

"Fly on the wall," John said.

Chapter 15: Pirate radio station R.E.M.Y.

Remy sat in the hard plastic chair of the interview room for about an hour when his ass went numb and his knee started shooting pain up his thigh. He stood up and limped a few laps around the room to get his blood pumping. Once the familiar dull pain sat back in, he began to look around. Time to get the hell out of here. He waved at the camera box in the corner and looked into the lens.

"Hey, can I go yet?" He shouted into the camera. He waited a few moments for a response or one of the doors to open.

Nothing. He slapped his flat palm on the heavy door to the jack off room.

"Martian. We done in here or what?" He dropped his arm and waited for a response.

'Damn it. What time is it anyway?' Remy thought to himself and began wondering which door he should try first.

Door number one, the door he came in, held a guaranteed face to face with a grumpy pissed off booking cop. They wouldn't know what to do with him and they would take their sweet time figuring it out.

That could be another half a day in this shit hole if he went that way. They would figure it out eventually though and Martian would realize the mistake. Martian would take care of him, he's a good man.

Door number two, the portal to the peepshow booth, the entry way to the inner workings of cop central. Maybe he would run into Martian right away or at least someone who would let him explain the situation and let him out. A young file clerk maybe, or an old behind the desk cop on the cusp of retirement. Maybe he wouldn't see anyone and just walk out the door. That possibility was enough to make up his mind. If door two was locked he would try the other, if they were both locked, he was fucked.

Remy pushed down on the handle and pulled. The door opened and he slid into the monitor room. The lights were off, say for the glowing screen that showed the camera streaming from interrogation. A strip of light was also coming from under the door leading out into the hallway. He put his ear to the wood and listened for footsteps or voices. Silence. He opened the door and poked his head out.

'Must be late or there is a hostage situation somewhere.'

He walked down the hallway until he got to a directory posted on

the wall and read it aloud to himself.

"Homicide Offices, Evidence, Meeting Room, Holding, Interrogation, Lobby, bingo."

Remy traced his finger on the map to zero in on the location of the lobby. It was just a few doors down. Right passed evidence and the meeting room. Evidence. The microwave. Would his angel remember him? Should he even bother risking a visit?

Yes, yes, yes you come and visit.

"What the hell? Who was that? Martian told me to go to the homeless shelter I'm just looking for the door." He looked up and down the empty hallways. Still alone.

No one here. You come and visit.

The voice came from everywhere and nowhere. It sounded like a small child. It sounded like his baby boy, Roger.

"Roger?" Remy said.

'This is impossible, Roger is at least 15 by now. The voice

sounded like a six year old, not an adolescent,' Remy thought to himself.

Yes, Daddy come and visit me. I'm playing with your microwave.

Remy stood frozen. It had been so long since he had seen his family or heard the sound of their voices.

'This is bullshit, someone is crossing some lines.' Remy headed for the evidence room. Cop or no cop, someone was getting their ass beat.

Remy stopped and stood looking at the door. He stared at the black placard with the white letters spelling the word evidence. He could turn around right now, say he was lost. He still had a story, he could still get out of here an honest man. That would be the right thing to do. Hell that would be the sane thing to do.

"Damnit." He turned the handle.

The lights came on when he stepped in, motion detection most likely. A security camera was pointing at the wall with the cord cut. Secure. He shut the door behind him and looked around. A row of steel wire racks held box after box of plastic bags filled with

everything from handguns to cocaine. Little scribbled hand written labels on each box indicated the date and the case number. Remy started to read the first sets of labels. These were five years old. Dates started to ascend as he shuffled his way down the rows of racks.

His eye had been fixed on the labels when he felt his footing slightly slip in the puddle of blood. The dark red surface was just slightly crusted over and drying. He reached down and touched the blood with his fingers. He was able to roll around a chunk of it. It was beginning to coagulate like fast setting Jello. Soon it would get sticky and hard. Fresh blood, only ten minutes or so old.

Remy switched gears to survival mode, kill or be killed. He knew thirty different ways to kill a person with just his hands. One powerful punch to the lower back or upper cut to the nose to spike the brain; if the opponent was a fighter something more colorful would be needed, like a full nelson, a brain buster, or a Russian omelet. The human body was a good first draft, but fragile as a crystal vase. You'll get it right next time God, unless your impeachment completely goes south. He moved slowly peering around the rows, ready to defend himself.

Through the boxes and bags he saw a small bit of flowered

material on the other side. Cautiously he looked down the row. A young woman in a white flower patterned dress lay there on her back. The microwave was on the floor at the end of the row. The LCD display was blinking the word DONE.

Remy crouched down next to her to see if she had any hint of a pulse. He placed two fingers to her throat, the blood was still warm there. Her name tag read, "Sally - Secretary." She was a pretty blonde, perky tits, full lips, grade A by today's standards. Remy had seen some pretty horrific stuff, but this was a new one. Eyes open wide in terror. Mouth open like she was about to take a bite of a sandwich that was too big. Lots of bodies find themselves frozen in shock from their last moments.

Remy could hear his Mom, "Don't make that face, or it will stay that way."

This was death for you. What got Remy was the fact that her arms were raised like she was double-fisting a big hoagie in her hands. She would of course need some hands to do this. The bloody stumps that were left at the end of her arms were the source of all the blood. Bits of white bone exposed at the end suggested some pretty heavy and sloppy, mutilation.

The door to the evidence room burst open. Remy flinched.
'Busted,' he thought.

"Down here," Remy said. "Call an ambulance." The footsteps made their way in the direction of Remy's voice.

It was the boy cop that questioned him on the curb outside Smitty's. He had his gun drawn, he took one look at the girl and one look at Remy. With a lightning fast motion he slammed the butt of his pistol on the back of Remy's neck. Night night.