

The Policeman

The lost story by Brad Blueberry

It was a pleasure to deport.

It was a special pleasure to see families rounded up, torn apart, and *changed*.

Montage grinned the fierce grin of all the men whose grin was inspired by the flame.

He recalled with pride the day he had graduated from The University, been given his brown shirt and recited the oath: “I pledge allegiance to the flag of the Divided States of Amerika, and to the Republicans for which it stands, one nation UNDER GOD, divisible by ethnicity, with liberty and justice for all rich white men.”

It had been a long day of reclamation and resettlement, having done his patriotic duty making Amerika white again. As he turned the corner he was certainly in no mood for the young girl loitering there as she had been every evening for a week now. She was as out of place as a liberal in politics, dressed from head to toe in a white beekeeper’s suit, just her face visible, identifying her as “one of them.”

Like all of those her age she was tapping away on her Handphone, attached now shortly after birth, awkward but still more practical than the disastrous Eyephone. He noticed with a sneer that it had been misplaced onto her right hand.

“Damned leftist,” he smirked as his own phone chirped. He deduced (although most were forbidden to do that now) from the timing and the odd salutation that it was her. He responded, “Of course, you’re the new jihadist who moved in next door.”

“And you must be---the policeman.”

“How oddly you text that.”

“Do you mind if I walk home with you?”

“As long as you stay six paces behind me.”

“My name is Shabada.”

“Strange. You remind me of my wife Kellyanne. Except she’s older and taller and dresses better and she’s...”

“What?”

“White...And my name is Montage.”

“Just Montage? Sounds French.”

“It’s actually Guy Montage, but they started putting up posters that said ‘You can be happy but can you be Guy’ only they spelled it ‘G-A-Y,’ which is unfortunate given my line of work, so I just use the one name now.”

“Like Cher and Madonna.”

“Yes.”

“Or Hitler.”

“Sure.”

“How long have you been a Policeman?”

“Ten years, since I was twenty.”

“Didn’t Policemen once help and protect people instead of prosecuting them?”

“Not since the Mandatory Firearms Act, which pretty much resolved all disputes. ‘More Guns, More Safe,’ became our motto.”

“Do you ever talk to those you round up?”

“Of course not. One, it’s illegal and, two, most don’t have the Tongue anyway. It’s fine work. Monday deport Mexicans, Wednesday detain Muslims, Friday lock up LBGTQRS.”

The rest of the way passed in silence, just as The Order dictated between them. When they got to her house she sent him one last message: “R U Happy?”

It was such a strange meeting and such a weird conversation. He remembered nothing like it except when he met that toothless old man in the park and they had talked. Well, he had talked. He couldn’t understand anything the ancient mushmouth had said...except his name. What was it? Fuhrer? No...Faber? No...Furby? That’s it

The next day at the station Captain Beedy launched into yet another of his “lectures” no one really listed to anymore (but important here for exposition).

“You ask: when did it start? This movement of ours? Some say it was back about the time of the Civil War when we lost the right of self-determination. Came close before World War II. Then that damn amendment gave the women the right to vote. That was the first mistake we were able to correct.

“Once there were only a few who were different from us. We could afford to be generous. But then they bred and the world got full of them---with their eyes and elbows and mouths and cars on blocks in their front yards. All those minorities with their children to be kept clean of our true history.

“Then decent white men began to lose low-paying factory jobs and all the minor minorities got their piece of the pie, and suddenly we looked around and there was no more pie left---just quiche.

“School was shortened from five days to four, then one. All the kids were home-schooled online, only getting together when the teams needed to practice.

“We got lost among all the nattering nabobs of negativism with only one cable network that dared to keep the truthiness for us.

“So it was all there before the takeover. No dictum or order and certainly no Declaration. Just feminism, mass exploitation and minority privilege that set the stage for our resurgence.

“Deport all! Deport everyone! Ignorance is bliss and stupidity supreme! That’s our motto.”

“I thought it was More Guns, More Safe,” muttered Montage.

Montage was confused. More confused than Montage normally was. Shabada had raised some uncomfortable points that made him question his core values. And Captain Beedy, as usual, made absolutely no sense. Thus his confusion. So he would seek out the only other person with whom he had ever had a serious conversation. He couldn't remember his name...but he knew where he could find him.

And there he was...sitting alone on a bench talking to his hand puppet, a ratty old sock he had named D. Duck. But there was something different about him. It took a while before he realized that he had found some teeth. This looked promising to Montage.

“Furby, look at me. I'm not happy.”

“Who is?”

“But shouldn't there be more? Nobody listens anymore. Talking heads blathering about nothing...the same nothing they were talking about last week...not an original thought. Every face melted into vanilla tapioca.”

“It's not ideas you need, it's some of the people who had different ones. The magic is in what people say with their quirky accents, how they stitched the patches of the universe together into one garment for us. Like my coat.

“Do you know why people like that are important? Because they have pores and features and colors. The comfortable people want only wax moon white faces, poreless, hairless, expressionless. Like Ann Coulter.”

“Furby, I just can't put up with this anymore. All those people gone because we were afraid of difference. My job, my wife, my Amazon Rewards—all gone.”

“Montage, not all of those people are gone. If you take a right on Second and go straight on till morning, you’ll come to where the Good People are.”

“The Book People?”

“The Good People. Who the hell would want to become a book? ‘Hi! I’m Fifty Shades of Yada Yada.’”

“Who are they?”

“Those who were rounded up and vanished or released. People who look different, dress strangely, worship against The Order. And you will fit in perfectly. You have embraced your inner difference and can never go back. And when you get there they will give you a new motto to live by: We’re still here!”

“Hot damn!”

to be continued...until 2020