

## CHAPTER 20

### Final Insult

The police have done their job. Their probing tentacles yielded nothing, and soon we will have another session. I am skipping rocks on the flowing river and just when I thought I caught a skip the water sucks it under. It is no match for a calm pond, where when a good skip is made; it seems to last for infinity. It will be a long time before the waters around me become calm, but I will battle on with the memory of the last good ripple lingering on. I have recessed to a friend's home out in the country and I am taking pleasure in absorbing the sheer beauty of what God has created. It is peaceful here for the time being, tall green trees surround me with peaks and valleys as far as the eye can see. I sit and rock in an old wooden rocker, with my mind drifting off with thoughts of the present circumstances. Amidst the clutter, I ask; where is liberty today, and equality for all mankind and who amongst us believe in the answer that is clearly undefined? If you think it is you with that clear prescription, then tell me who manipulated your mind? I fear walking into a social setting and subjecting myself to be judged like a book by its cover; yet, I will not guarantee you that I won't do it. Why should we be in pursuit of happiness? Why is that not an inalienable right? And why do

you; young and old expect me to give way; when I am in the right, and when I obliged, did you thank me? Did you realize that I avoided a confrontation that you most likely would've lost? May I ask you then, why is it when a Caucasian man had just passed, you failed to act, and now that I am in your vision you're quick to lock your car door? Think again. It is true, that is how you react. Tell me why you did not extend me the same courtesy? Oh come on now, you know what I mean. I feel ashamed for you, but it does not faze you because you are too far gone to even recognize that I have thought of you with the humanitarian charged perception. Tell me again where and how liberty is exercised. I have been psychologically manipulated and robbed of my innocence. Their cruel intentions have made me into a madman, who now finds comfort in rags just removed from an unopened, 20-year-old suitcase. And even though I deafen myself to your cries and unwanted gestures, you still are not blind to me, but my action dampens your sting and paralyzes your valor.

You've greeted me with un-applauded entrances. I am that topic of less desirable substances in your inner circle yet you find it difficult to omit me from your discussions. You say that I am a joker with a flare of the dodo bird, but with all your criticism and displeasure of my presence, still I deafen myself from you. Today I'm dead to you because I have nothing visible for you to steal, nor do I have any secrets to reveal. You would judge this book by the cover and condemn it before you look at the first page. I am blessed with a vision in my comatose mind and in my state I recognize the scent of a woman, which tells me I'll be just fine, and although the days and nights are blurred, my footsteps are calculated. I know what I have burdened and I feel the weight of my cross. Keep your eyes fixed on me and for ever wonder

why I'm not mad at you. The compass that you supplied to me is broken and the directions that you laid out did not follow a straight path. You have failed to acknowledge that I did not beg borrow or steal my way through life. Today you've insulted me once again and you are a part of that fold that is sacrilegious to humanity. It was not necessary for you to tell me that I needed to cut my hair to represent the camp; but you did. I will quote your words so that you may hear them for yourself."To be at the sales company, and the maintenance division facing the customers all the time; like a scheduling a unit and visits to existing; customers; new customers; it is important to give them the impression of Miura not only for work quality itself; your hair style is okay at the back of the factory. Can you accept cutting your hair? "... Those were the words presented to me by the devil god- heads, and to them. I refuse such blasphemous request; I chose not to lay in bed with the serpent and right then and there I knew that my only ties with them would be of revenge and redemption. The camp has closed their doors on me because I no longer fit the picture of their golden boy. My natty dread head is not respectable in their eyes; therefore I cannot represent them. I did not cast stones at their religion or lack thereof. Yet they've chosen to castrate me in a fashion that resembles killing a man in cold blood. They will defend with lies, that of which they have been accused and pretend that they are with honor, while other victims they abuse. We've seen it done before in times of old, where they have stolen a man's strength by cutting his hair. Like thieves in the night they stole his locks; then took his life by slaying him with rocks. His name was Sampson, lest we forget, with his adversary being Goliath, the one who threw the net. Now here I am in the 21st century defending my post as did he; with one simple difference, I won't allow them

to take my strength from me. They have requested my presence to negotiate this deal; a deal that would steady all protest and revolt and retract all appeal; yet both you and I know there is no solidarity in this broken wheel. I can see, like a plain glass window that you're only interest is saving face. You stretched your hands out, and in the right, are offerings of good; but your left is weighted down with all that is bad, which outweighs the good and it too is stretched out. There is no reconciliation when you squeeze one hand and give to the other and when you can only look me in the eyes while you are walking away. So I say this to you; Kimio; Yoshida; Tacki; Phil and all you other Miura deceitfuls'; look me in the eyes and you will see that I am not mad at you. Your fears are from your own self-inflicted wounds. You have betrayed the good in mankind, and you've chosen to sleep with the devil.

At the break of dawn this morning I visited his grave, and this I will tell you. The Grim Reaper is free from the shackles that bind and you are its primary target. Your names have been placed on the gallows gate and upon his exit he has ticked each one and sealed your fate. We know already what had become of Phil, the snake that we had to kill. So be aware my slopeish friends. Debacle is the word that galvanizes your legacy in the end. People will know who you were not when they read it from the tombstone of your grave. The one that sits at the foot of the hill, we have placed your final insult where Demons chill.