

Chapter 8 - Roadkill

31 October 2010

Billy Bob has gone for a stroll around the city. A block or two away from Erwin Elementary, he's happened upon a bunch of black kids playing basketball in the street.

"Ahmza gonnza beez da nexxt Shakeel Oneel!" one of the boys says as he jumps up and tries to slam dunk the ball into the basket but ends up falling flat on his face instead.

Billy Bob walks up to the boy. "While you're pursuing your basketball dreams, I could pay you a bit in the meantime if you help me out with something," he says.

"End wutza beez dat, mista whitey?" the black boy says as he gets up on his feet again, images of gold teeth flowing through his mind.

"Well, I've got this Internet company that I'm starting up. But risk capital is hard to come by in this economy, which is why I have to cut corners wherever I can. Right now I'm in need of copper cable, but I don't really afford to purchase it at retail price. So I was wondering if you could help me get a bit of cable from that tree over there?" Billy Bob says as he points at an electric pole. "I've got a pair of scissors here you can cut them loose with and I'll pay you a hundred dollars if you get me a full-length cable."

"Deez dumm whitey izz peyeeng meez 100 buckz fur uh fahve-meenute juhb?" the boy thinks to himself. "Da gold teef ah canz bah fur dat doe!"

The boy starts walking to the pole Billy Bob pointed at and raises his finger to the sky. "Deez cabel hear izz cuppa cabel, mista whitey?" he says.

"That's the one!"

The black boy places his arms around the pole and starts climbing it. Suddenly Betty Sue walks up to Billy Bob. "What are you doing out here? We haven't bought any trick-or-treat candy yet and it's Halloween tonight!"

"Oh, just messing around a bit with the nigger kids here."

"You're gonna have to do that some other time, I don't want us to have to suffer long lines at the store just before closing time. We need to head over there right now, the kids are waiting in the car."

As Billy Bob and Betty Sue walk over to the Dodge, they hear a loud hiss coming from behind them, followed a second or two later by a thump.

"Did you hear something?" Betty Sue says.

"Might have been some dumb black kid falling off a tree," he says.

Ten minutes later, the whole Hix family is inside a candy store. Plenty of other decent American families have gathered here as well, stocking up on candy of all sorts and flavors that they pay for at the counter. But while they're in the store, Tommy Lee also observes how a group of women wearing wide black-and-white skirts with their children next to them fill up these skirts with candy when they think no one is watching. He nudges Billy Bob and points at them, then whispers to him, "what are those things over there?"

"Those are gypsies," Billy Bob answers. "I see these ones are stealing candy as we speak. You can't get gypsies to pay for anything no matter how hard you try, they're real kleptomaniacs."

"Why do they allow them in the store?"

"Beats me, the clerks might be some dumb liberals who are ignorant to the world around them."

"Do all gypsies steal?"

"Well, eventually some of them move on to being handlers for other gypsies who steal for them, but stealing is pretty much the premiere gypsy trade."

"I think we should put a sign at our house that says 'no gypsies,' just in case some of them stop by and think they're gonna steal our candy."

"Great idea, son! We'll have one made by tonight."

As they're out driving home again, Billy Bob spots a run-down house on their right. Planks are protruding from holes in its walls. "We're gonna need a bit of wood for a sign we're putting up tonight, I think this might be a good place for it," he says, parks the car and steps out. Just inside the house there are planks and slabs of wood. As he grabs a plank and a slab, he spots a black toddler who's just crawled up from the kitchen floor onto the table, and who's got a large transparent plastic bag containing a white substance in front of him.

"Looks like crack," he thinks to himself. "That's too early an age to get started on the product, even for a nigger."

Billy Bob grabs the bag, then walks around the building to see what other people are living there. In a bedroom, he finds a naked black woman sprawled on a bed, completely out of it.

"Ewww... Wonder how long it'll take for me to be in the mood for sex again after being subjected to that sight," he thinks and walks out of the house.

As he steps back inside the car, Betty Sue inquires on the bag he's carrying. "Is that a bag of crack rocks in your hand?"

"Yeah... I might be a bleeding heart, but it just didn't feel right that that welfare mother had crack right out in the open with her toddlers running around."

"You'd better get rid of that crack ASAP, it brings nothing but bad luck."

When they've reached the trailer again, Billy Bob fetches a hammer and presents Tommy Lee with the wood he got a moment ago.

"Since you came up with the idea, would you do the honors?" Billy Bob asks him.

Tommy Lee eagerly beats the plank into the ground, then takes out a nail and makes a makeshift sign out of the slab. He finishes it off by writing the words "No gypsies" on it.

"That should do it!" he says.

"Good boy! Hadn't it been for your foresight, we might have had some gypsy kids sneak up on us tonight and steal our candy!"

An hour or two later, white kids have started ringing their doorbell, dressed like skeletons, witches and klansmen.

"Trick or treat?" a white boy in a klansman outfit tells Betty Sue as she opens the door.

"What happens if I don't have anything to offer you?" she says.

"I'll chase every nigger in all of Birmingham to your house!"

"Ooh, I'd better give you plenty of candy then!" she says and fills up his bag.

After they've willingly passed out candy to these children, they're suddenly greeted by three black kids coming to their doorstep. Tommy Lee opens the door, but as they say "Twick ow tweatz," he goes back into the house to ask for advice.

"Dad, should we really be giving nigger kids candy?" Tommy Lee asks.

"Hmm... We really shouldn't, or soon enough they'll think of our trailer as the city's welfare office. But I just got an interesting idea," Billy Bob says. "I wonder what effect meth will have on a nigger kid."

Billy Bob heats up a couple of meth crystals that he inserts into a chocolate bar. "This is now officially a meth cake," he says and hands it to his son.

Tommy Lee walks back to the door and gives the chocolate bar to the black kids, who eagerly accept it. After they've left the trailer, it doesn't take long for them to stick their big black lips into the thing and start to experience the curious effect meth has on black children.

A little less than an hour later, two police officers in uniform have showed up at the trailer.

"We just encountered a couple of black kids up in Pinson sprinkling bystanders with some white substance while chanting this line over and over: 'We indeed baptize you with crystal dust unto repentance: but he that cometh after us is mightier than we are, whose shoes we are not worthy to bear: His name is Billy Bob Hix.'" the police officer

says. "Would you have any idea as to why they believe that you are Jesus?"

Billy Bob starts scribbling into a note block. "After digesting the meth chocolate, the nigger kids started thinking they're John the baptist and that the one that gave them the candy was really Jesus."

"I think they stopped by here earlier and I gave them a bit of candy," he says.

"It was nothing but ordinary candy?"

"Do you really think I'd be handing out meth candy to nigger kids?"

"Who said anything about meth?"

"You nigger-loving white police officers think all of us trailer people do meth, so I know what you're thinking."

"I'm trying not to point fingers here, but if you are indeed putting meth in the candy that you give to black children, you should really stop doing it."

"I will, sir."

"If I catch you doing it again, I'm writing you a ticket!"

Billy Bob lowers his head and looks dejected. "It won't happen again, I promise. I'm sorry for the inconvenience I've caused you."

The officers get in their car and leave the trailer.

"Oh, what did I do? I jeopardized the health of those kids because of my scientific curiosity! No longer will I do something like that again, not even against nigger kids!" he thinks.

Billy Bob walks inside the house again, picks up the bag of crack that's now on their kitchen table and starts to walk outside, intending to dispose of the drugs. But on the lawn, he runs into Cletus.

"Heya... What's in that bag?" Cletus says.

"Hi. I was just about to throw away this crack that I picked up earlier today," Billy Bob says.

"Huh? That's a bag of crack rocks you're carrying?"

"Yeah... Passed by a crack house earlier today where I scrounged a bit of wood for that sign here," he says and points at the *No gypsies* sign. "Then I saw little nigger toddlers reaching for the crack that their mother had left out in the open and figured I'd have to seize it to keep them safe."

"What? You were actually concerned about a bunch of nigger kids? Have you become a bleeding liberal or something?"

"Well... They'll probably get started on crack eventually, but at that age it's way too early even for them."

"Was that why the police were here? I saw a squad car as I drove in here."

"Ah no, that was because I had given some older nigger kids a bit of meth candy after they had knocked on our door."

"You wasted your good meth on nigger kids?"

"Seemed like an interesting experiment at the time, but the police gave me such a hard time about it when they found out."

"Oh, this really has to stop! First you're saving nigger kids from crack, then you're giving them meth for free?"

Cletus pauses for a moment, then comes up with an idea. "You know what we should do? We should hit the Birmingham streets right now and sell that crack you got to nigger kids! That way you can prove to me and to yourself that you've not turned into a liberal fag. We could make a bit of money too."

Billy Bob contemplates the proposal for a moment, then answers. "You're right! That police officer treated me like absolute dirt! In his eyes it was like I was a child killer or something! I'm gonna get every nigger kid in Birmingham started on crack just to show him!"

Soon the two of them are driving around the Erwin area with the crack bag in the backseat.

The next couple of hours, the duo sell a gram here, a gram there, to kids in their early teens, though some of them even younger. On rare occasions, they run into kids who haven't used the product yet and have to supply them with paraphernalia as well, but thankfully Billy Bob still has a bunch of pipes left from last month's party.

After a couple of hours of selling crack, a bulky, grown black man with his cap on sideways walks up to them just as they're about to finish a transaction with two black kids.

"What are you doing, you white maniacs? Are you selling crack to these little children?" he says, flailing his arms around as he gesticulates every word.

"I think it's time to head somewhere else," Cletus says. The duo run for the Dodge, and soon they've left the man behind.

Cletus starts counting the cash they've made so far. "150... 180... 200... 240... 275... 310," he says. "That's a pretty nice profit from just two hour's work. Don't get how these dumb kids can have all that money."

"I guess they must have snatched their mothers' welfare checks," Billy Bob says.

Driving through the neighborhood, they happen upon a black boy flying a kite near a power line.

"That boy looks like he'll buy lots of crack," Cletus says.

They get out of the car and approach the boy.

"I've got a special offer just for you," Billy Bob says. "I'll give you 3 grams of crack for a mere 100 bucks."

"Joooh zel crakk, mista whitey? Ah foht whitees onlee zold meff."

"Well, we got a shipment of the stuff that we had to push somewhere, and white people just don't use crack so we can't sell to our own kind."

"Wuh joooh zeleeng ad dis cheep pwize? Stweet pwize izz lyke fiddy bukkz uh gahm."

"We thought you looked so lonely here so we figured we'd give you a bit of cheap product to lift your spirits."

The boy takes a wrinkled hundred-dollar bill out of his pocket and trades it for three grams of crack rocks. Then he starts smoking them and is as high as his kite within seconds.

"Uh beez Soopermen! Uh canz flie!" he says and runs out into the nearby road with his arms flapping. Just as he does this, an SUV has been racing through the area at a speed of 60 mph, and the moment the boy is in the middle of the road, the car makes impact with his body, sending him flying a good 20 yards away.

"Wow! Did you see that?" Cletus says.

"Yeah... That's something you don't see every day, that's for sure," Billy Bob says.

While the SUV drives away, they walk up to the boy's body. It's now in knots, and the boy's face isn't recognizable any longer.

"Look at that roadkill!" Cletus says.

"Going to be hard for the authorities to identify the boy," Billy Bob says.

Cletus ponders for a moment, then comes up with an idea. "Maybe we should take a picture of the kid and walk around the neighborhood here to see if we can find the boy's parents. Might be fun watching their reactions when they see this unrecognizable body and wonder if it's their own kid," he says.

"That sounds like an excellent plan! Take a couple of pictures, then we head over to your print shop and have them printed."

Cletus gets to work having the boy's picture taken from a couple of different angles, then they're back in the car again. Half an hour later, they've printed the photos at his print shop and have returned to the same area. They get out and have a look at the body again, which is still in the place they left it.

"Dumb niggers," Cletus says. "Don't they take care of their own kind?"

"Apparently not," Billy Bob says. "But let's see if we can find his parents now. Even though we're not one of the niggers, surely performing this service for them is the least we can do."

Billy Bob and Cletus now start going through the front doors of the nearby apartment blocks in a methodical manner, ringing the doorbell everywhere they go. The first one that opens is an obese black woman in her 40's, sporting a gigantic hair weave, dressed in tights a couple of sizes too small. Her shirt is too short, and consequently, her belly is sticking out.

"We happened upon a boy killed in traffic an hour or so ago and was wondering if maybe this was your boy," Cletus says and hands her the photo. She begins to have a look at it.

"Might dat beez my Tyrone?" she says out loud.

"How does your son Tyrone look?" Cletus asks.

"Well, he's in his late teens. He's usually wearing a Crimson Tide sweater and a baseball cap. I think he likes to

hangz out at the basketball court."

"Oh! That description fits him perfectly! I saw him leave the court just before the car hit him! His baseball cap must have been lost in the accident," Cletus lies.

"My Tyrone!!!" she yells.

"I'm sorry about the loss of your son, lady," Cletus says and feigns sympathy.

The woman starts to cry.

"We're terribly sorry about this death in the family, miss, but I guess we'll leave you to your grieving now," Billy Bob says and they exit the apartment. Next they ring the door of the next-door neighbor and repeat the procedure.

By the time they're done with this particular building, they've informed of the passing of one Marcus and one Leroy too, with the accompanying lamentation.

"I bet before the night is over, we'll have convinced at least a hundred nigger women that their sons have died," Cletus says.

"Oh, those stupid niggers," Billy Bob says. "Don't get how they can even figure out how to make babies."

"A nigger has two brain hemispheres - one for sex and one for violence. I guess when half their brain is dedicated to that one task, they're able to somehow."

After working their way through house after house, building after building, the two have soon lost count of how many dead-black-boy stories they've concocted. Grieving mothers tell them things like:

"Muh Abraham wuz gonnga bringz hoam all diz NBA basketball cache! End nuvv his gonn!"

"Noooo! Nutt muh Frederick! Uhl! hee needzed wuz dis reckord kontrakt end he wuz gunna likez beez bringzing home da big mune tu hiz bigg momma!"

"Ferst Malcolm dyed een uh gangz shewtutz. Denn Rasmus dyed frum uh crack owerdoze. Samuel wuz muh lazt hoep fur zeeing uh memmer uff ower femilee feenich hi skuul. End nuw his dedd tew!"

As the sun is about to set, they once again park the Dodge outside an apartment complex and start working this building as well from the top down. They ring the doorbell of the first home they come across on the topmost floor. As the door opens, a bulky, grown black man with his cap on sideways is suddenly standing in front of them. "You!" he yells and picks up a baseball bat he keeps next to the door. The two immediately start running out of the stairwell with him chasing them. As they reach the car, Billy Bob gets into the driver's seat without problems, but when Cletus tries to close his door, the black man is in the way. Billy Bob hits full throttle and speeds out of the neighborhood, and after a block or so, Cletus finally manages to push the man out of the car.

"Whew... That was the guy we met earlier, the one who was upset we were selling crack to the nigger kids," Cletus says.

"Yeah, it was. Quite an adrenaline rush we got there."

Cletus yawns and starts looking a bit spent. "I'm beginning to think we've had enough fun for one day, don't you agree?"

"Yeah... Might be a good time to hit the sack."

"Oh, I almost forgot about the cash we made," Cletus says, takes out his wallet and starts dividing the proceeds. "We made 410 bucks today, so that means 205 for you."

"Oh, don't worry about splitting, I'll just take two hundreds."

"I bet if the two of us had been a couple of niggers, we'd kill each other over this money,"

"Oh yeah, I can see the headlines before me... 'Black man kills best friend over 200 dollars worth of drug money.'"

As they're back at the trailer, Cletus hands Billy Bob the money and they part company for the night.