

Murderers with Badges

When I was arrested at 14 years old to be put away for life, the police of that era were a different breed than what they are now. The cops of old times had first and last names, feelings that were legit but unprofessional, and when they were mad they would lie and give you a new case or beat you into submission. They had sex with inmates, took bribes and were "corrupt" but also brought you gifts on your birthday, danced, laughed, and gave advice to those who needed it. They didn't report things they should have, almost always retaliated, and loved to use batons.

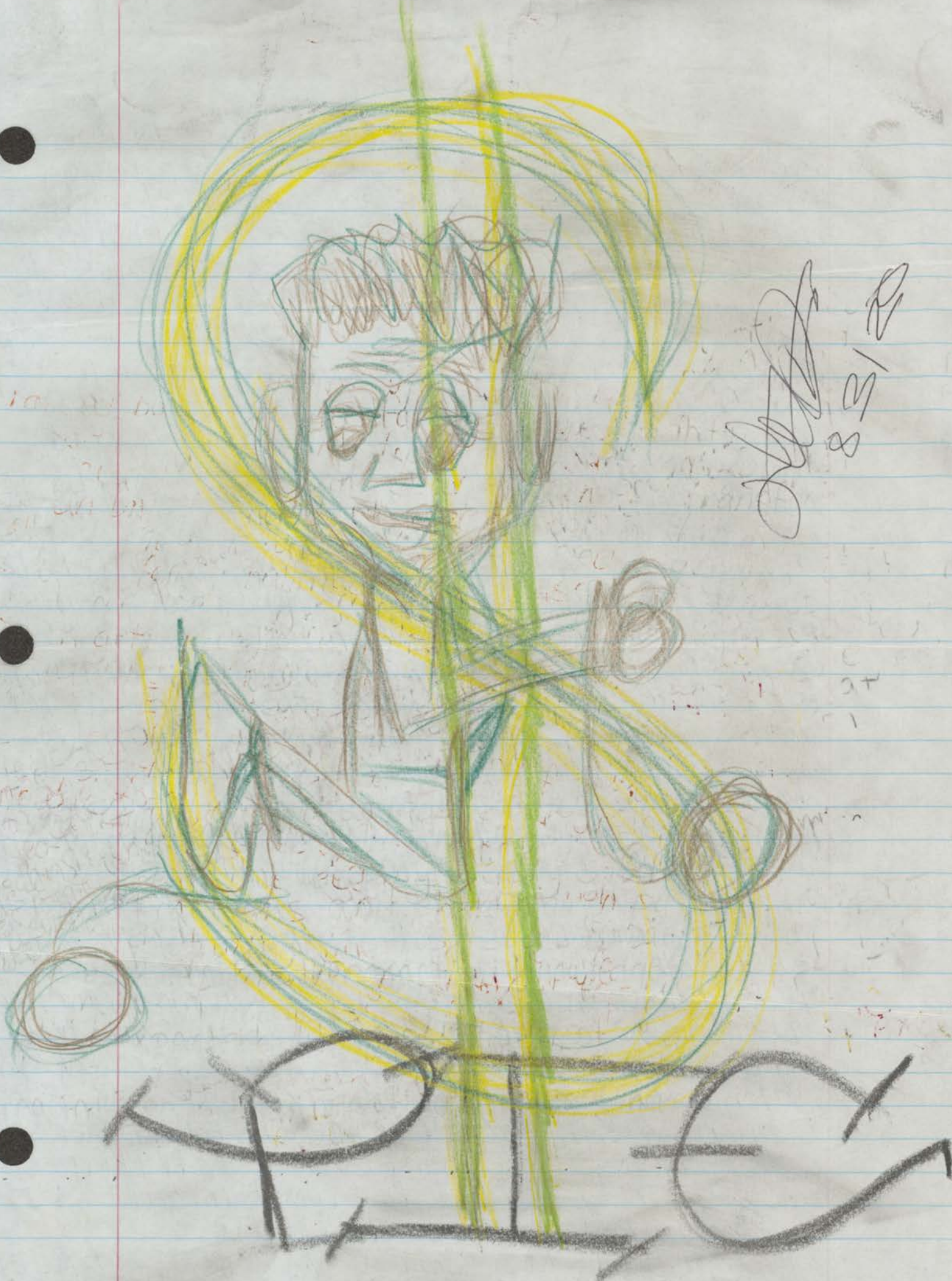
I did time in facilities run on respect and obedience. It was dependable and never changed. There was no knight in shining armour to save an inmate, but there always was another staff willing to break the rules and hug you as you wept after. There was a role model in a uniform willing to be the parental figure you once lacked.

Now things are different.

These new police are "politically correct" young women who recite rules and walk on eggshells for their pension. They are "professional" and show no emotion. Blank-faced, mass-produced robots who vary daily on expectations and approved actions. They lack the human reactions "corrupt" police sported - an identity. They are more efficient, punctual, accurate, unbiased and platonic. They don't judge. They don't feel.

I grew up with the old police who were murderers with badges. I saw many lives lost off their time. But the difference between them and I is I have no badge. But we both felt love.

Impropriety is long gone as those cops retire now and politics hire auto-replacements. Impropriety rehabilitated me



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