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Hello APWA Staff, 11-11-20
You already have a bunch
of my stories on your site.

The Dumbest Thing I was Ever Arrested For

By Tom Kropp

I was once arrested on a probation violation for walking my friend's new dog named Foxy. Foxy was a small mutt, colored like a fox. After my friend adopted Foxy from a shelter I offered to walk Foxy in the park. At the park Foxy slipped her collar and rushed through brush to pounce like a puma on a squirrel some kindergatten kids were feeding. Foxy's gaping maw engulfed the squirrels neck as she savagely shook her head, slaughtering the poor critter. The kids screamed in shock. Foxy proudly paraded past them with the shredded squirrel in her mouth. Foxy saw me coming and fled fast in a flash.

Less than fifty yards later Foxy attacked a flock of feeding geese. She pounced pugnaciously as her fierce fangs snapped like a trap on a goose's neck. Her teeth sliced and diced bones, feathers and tissue as she wrung its neck, almost beheading the poor bird. The other geese honked in horror and rushed to bust in the brawl. It was a chaotic cacophony of commotion with flashing, flapping wings, banging beaks, and dog bites. I flew into the fray to save Foxy. I was whaled by wings, pelted by pecks, and Foxy nipped me with teeth like needles. I snatched and dashed off with her under my arms like a football and the geese honking hard on my heels in pursuit.

"You're supposed to have your dog on a leash!" the kindergarten teacher yelled at me while recording everything on her phone camera. "Look what you've done! I'm calling the cops!"

I looked back askanced at the shredded squirrel and beheaded goose and I realized I was party to the crimne of Foxy's homicides. I was on paper, so I fled the scene.

At home I realized foxy and I were full of feathers, torn fabric and fur. My hair was in wild disarray, clothes torn, and limbs lacerated. Foxy was wagging her tail and trying to look cute. She wagged her tail happily and seemed to smile by flashing her fangs up at me.

"You little, demented monster!" I scolded her.
She didn't disagree.

"You're a bipolar little witch." I grumped.

She didn't disagree.

I hoped that was the end of it. 4 nights later on my small town news report on TV they showed the kindergarten teacher's phone video of Foxy and me. The teacher did a good job recording it. She captured my facial features well. Only in such a small town would that be news. I'd moved there to escape the big city. Now I was in trouble.

"Foxy! Little witch!" I hissed while hoping my PO didn't see it. "Cross your paws we get away with this." I told her.

Foxy flashed her fangs in what looked like a sinister smile.

Two days later my PO called me in to talk. That's never a good sign. Shortly after I entered her office I noticed two cops waiting for me.

"What's this for?" I asked in horror.

"I seen the video on the news." My homely, female PO said. "What are you doing teaching dogs how to kill other animals?"

"No! She slipped her collar!" I tried explaining.

"Well, you're going into custody while I investigate this." she said.

As I looked at her homely face, complete with a wart on her forehead she reminded me of the Wicked Witch of the West in the Wizard of Oz when she told Dorothy, "I'll get you my pretty! And your little dog, too!"

I spent 8 days in jail before my PO released me and ordered me to go to anger management counseling. Foxy was the one with the violent tendencies. But that didn't matter.

Life is rough in prison, but it can be terribly unfair on parole too.

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