

# Black and White

*by* Paul de Denus

Chris has a thing for cops, being his old man's one. Chris looks up to all that law-and-order crap, obeys authority and does what he's told. I don't buy it. Authority in the wrong hands can cause a lot of damage. I patiently watch Chris from the curb; he is talking to the two cops who just pulled up in their black and white. They've rolled down the driver's side window; I can hear them asking Chris about the sound of gunshots in the area.

Chris and I have an understanding. We've been playing cops and robbers all morning, running around and stirring up shit. He plays the 'good cop', and me... appears I'm playing the bad one, just like my old man. Oh yeah, he's a cop too. I took his gun this morning, the warm one in my hand, here behind my back. And yes, shots were fired; the old man never saw it coming. Guess I finally had enough of him beating on me and mom.

So, I hope Chris is telling them what I told him to say. He's playing 'good cop', and his role is to get these guys to leave. If not, I'll step in, continue playing the bad one.

