

THE LIAR

Joe Cummings has been a police officer in Naples, Florida for 28 years. He only has 2 months to go till his retirement.

On his dinner breaks he would sit in his patrol car and read the brochure about ‘Look Out Mountain’. This was a log cabin style community in the hills of North Carolina about 50 miles north of Greenville.

All the retired cops from his department were now living in Look Out Mountain. They asked him to read the brochure and pay them a visit. If he did, they were sure he would buy a cabin there and settle down because it was very peaceful.

The police dispatcher came on the air and said, “All units, take a fight in progress inside Joe’s Bar, at 248 Bird Road. The manager says at least 7 men with broken beer bottles are going at it.”

Cummings put down the brochure, turned on his blue lights and siren and sped in the direction of the bar. Four minutes later he joined other officers arriving at the scene.

James Paul Ellison

They arrested all the men. One officer was slightly hurt breaking up the fight.

“You’re going to miss being a cop,” said Officer Drake as he lit a cigarette.

“Not one bit,” said Joe. “I plan to play golf, fish and just relax in my log cabin on Look Out Mountain.”

“That is what Officer Mitchell said to me as well. It lasted 4 months. Now he is back on patrol.”

“Not me, Drake. When I leave here I plan to just relax.”

“I will check up on you in 4 months to see if it’s true.”

Cummings was walking back to his patrol car when the dispatcher called him on his radio. “Unit 26. Unit 26.”

“Unit 26, Qsk.”

“Take a ‘44’ sleeping in the lobby of the Holiday Inn, located at 3922 Lake Drive. See the night clerk; he will show you where the ‘44’ is sleeping.”

“Unit 26, Qsl.”

Ten minutes later the desk clerk walked the officer over to a leather couch by the closed bar and pointed to a man snoring loudly.

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“I was cleaning up when I heard him. He wasn’t snoring till just a few minutes ago.” The clerk then returned to cleaning up the lobby.

Cummings bent over the sleeping man and could smell a strong odor of whiskey as he did so. He shook the man awake and ordered him to stand. The drunk in his forties did as he was told.

The officer asked the trespasser for identification and ran him on NCIC, but Bob Butler was clean. “Where do you live at, Sir?”

“685 Broadway, apartment 5, Officer. Can you take me?”

“Sure can.”

“I was visiting some friends in room 1224 when they kicked me out for being drunk. I was going to walk home when I spotted this couch.”

“Tell you what. This time I will take you home, but next time ...”

“There will be no next time, I promise.”

“Hop in the back of my patrol car and I will take you home.”

“Thank you, Officer, thank you.”

James Paul Ellison

On the ride over to his apartment Bob asked a question. “Can we stop at the 7-11 store? I want to buy a pack of smokes.”

Joe pulled up to the store and opened the backdoor of his patrol car. The man’s trousers were wet and he smelled.

“Did you just pee in my car?”

“Sorry, Officer. I could not hold it.”

“Give me the money and I will buy the pack of smokes for you. What kind do you want?”

“I have no money on me. I can give you the money as soon as I get to my apartment. I smoke Cools One Hundreds”

Cummings walked into the store, bought the drunk his pack of smokes and walked back out.

“Here are your smokes. You owe me \$5.”

The accomodating officer drove Bob to the ‘Pacific Palace Apartments’ and let him out of his patrol car. “I will wait here. Go inside and get me my \$5,” said the trusting officer.

“Thank you again, Sir, for the ride. Sorry I went to the bathroom in your patrol car. I will be right back with your money.”

Cummings waited and waited but the drunk never did come back. The officer walked into the building but there was

no apartment number 5. The officer returned to the Holiday Inn but room 1224 was a vacant room. He drove around the area but Cummings never found the drunk liar that night.

For the next few weeks Joe responded to every drunk call on his shift. He was hoping to find the drunk liar that stole his money and urinated in his patrol car.

One night, he finally got lucky. Sitting on a wall behind a closed business were 4 drunks. Cummings exited his patrol car, shined his flashlight in Bob's face, and said, "You are under arrest."

"Just me?"

"Yes, just you, and do you know why?"

"No, Officer."

"You don't remember me, do you?"

"No, Officer."

"I spent \$5 buying you a pack of cigarettes and all you did was pee in my car and lie to me about paying me back. I waited and waited for you to return but you snuck out the back of that apartment complex I took you to."

The other drunks sitting on the concrete wall said, "So you were the officer?" They started laughing.

James Paul Ellison

Cummings placed the liar in the back of his patrol car and said to him as he closed the back door. “You better not pee inside my patrol car this time.” He drove him straight to jail.

LESSON 1. DON'T LOAN DRUNKS ANY MONEY.

LESSON 2. SAD YOU CAN'T BE NICE TO EVERYONE.

THE END