

## You People Burn My Ass

By Eric L. Marsh

Excuse me, Mr. Chairman, we are not children here, our petition simply asks for the hundredth time to have a stop light installed at Oak and Pine streets. We are sick and tired of being told there is no need, one time, then told there is no money in the budget, then told again; it is under a study. There will be no more excuses, we demand that work commence this week on the installation or a patrol car be stationed there during daylight hours seven days a week. Two children; as you well know Mr. Chairman have been seriously injured in the last year, we are fortunate they weren't killed. Now what say you Mr. Chairman?!

I'll tell you what I say, a stop light is not needed, and all the whining from you fools is beginning to burn my ass and that of the Chief of Police too. Hearing the arrogant bastard say that; a loud rumble started swelling up from the angry petitioners in the hall. The chairman banged and banged on his gavel, yelling at the top of his lungs for them to stop. Finally he ordered the Chief of Police to clear the hall, calling the meeting and members out of order. Adjourned!, adjourned!, he yelled. The spokesman for the petitioners rose to speak; the Chief took him by the arm attempting to lead him from the hall. I'll have my say Mr. Chairman, we'll leave, but you and your thieving henchmen will rue the day you came to power. Your reign of terror in this town is over, finished, and ended. You think we burn your ass now; just wait my good man, just you wait. With that said he shrugged off the fat ass chiefs' grip and then led an orderly and silent procession of the petitioners out of the Hall. The Chairman and his cohorts stood in their own stone silence each one trying to make heads or tails out of what just took place. As the last man left the hall, he pulled the massive oak doors shut behind him. A loud click was heard by those now locked securely inside.

The morning newspapers and other media outlets reported the firestorm that engulfed the meeting hall in the small town. Many bemoaned the fact all the town leaders had perished in the inferno, and questions were being raised as to why the fire apparatus had malfunctioned in the firehouse less than a mile from the scene; and were unable to get to the fire in time to save the men inside. Even more baffling to some, is there were no witnesses. It is claimed they left after the meeting broke up everyone claimed they were home and knew nothing of the fire until after it had burned down the town hall.

Burn my ass indeed, the spokesman was often heard to say from that night forward.

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