


# Tales of The Fly Hunter: Regrets in The Punishment Cell

 Mr Pistachio · Follow

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Photo by Ron Lach from Pexels

It was hot enough in the punishment cell when two prisoners who had recently fought all the same began to talk in order to endure the mocking environment. The man spoke first, and then the crusted lizard. Word for word, and at some point they got to talking very well...

“My story began with the fact that my father worked in law enforcement. He was an organized crime operative and I used to wear his police cap as a child.

My father was an idol for me and I wanted to protect people. Because I saw how my father fights criminals and I understood that he was doing a good job. And I also wanted to do good things. I followed in my father’s footsteps, I wanted to continue his activities, continue what he did, and do something meaningful for people. Why did he leave internal services? In 2007, I worked as an operative of the department for combating economic crimes in the city centre, I was a lieutenant of enforcers that used to escort prosecutors. Once I was summoned by the head of the department for combating theft of goods.

He called me because during the check of documents that he conducted, it turned out that there were only one documents for the cargo (there were five containers), which indicated that these were door spare parts, but when he opened the containers, it turned out that they were doors assembled. And this meant that the documents were forged, and, most likely, this was smuggling.

I arrived, I saw that, yes, the documents really differ and the cargo does not correspond to them. After that, I passed this information to my management. The authorities ordered to conduct an audit on this fact and request information about who is the owner of this cargo. According to the documents, the owner of the cargo was an organization, but no one from this organization appeared to provide documents. After some time, two sisters (I recalled how lovely their non-human voices were cherishing my ears) called me and said that they are the owners of this cargo. They said that they did not want to go to the department to see me, but they wanted to meet me on neutral territory, where lizards could feel themselves somewhat safe. Subsequently, I met them at the Magnum shopping center, in a cafe. When I entered this cafe, they were already there. They said that the cargo is theirs, they have been doing this business for a long time, with quite a poor beginning, typical for their kind, and, accordingly, they have their own “administrative resource”. These women offered me to solve their problem for a million shillings. I asked them how they imagine it, that I can solve this issue. Naturally, I was an operative and could not scare them away. Because my task was for them to provide me with documents for the cargo. To “bind” these containers to them and continue this check. I told them that I can’t deal with such issues because I’m a “little man”, I’m just an operative. Moreover, people of my position are not inclined to help “smelly dragons”. Subsequently, such a situation arose that I was sitting and talking with them. At this moment, a crowd of operatives runs in, there were also other operatives in the cafe, and one operative jumped up from her seat and told those who ran in that I did not take the money. That is, they thought that I might be a corrupt employee, which I really wasn’t. I realized more than one bribe and was in good standing. I never needed money, in the sense that I could go to such criminal acts. They gathered around me and began to ask why I was there. I said that I was checking, I had registered material on this fact and I needed to get documents from these women. There were several units that participated in my detention. All this was agreed with the high-rank officials from the centre, as I understand it. And they ended up in a situation where so many units worked, and they all failed to detain any one young operative. At that time I was 22 years old. Boy, I am 40 years old now. They took me out of the mall building and put me in a murky armoured car. The car was a dark “ten” with tinted windows. Since then I have not seen the daylight. One operative sat in front, another to my right, and a third to my right. I was on the far left in the back seat. All witnesses and participants of this event also left and stood in front of the building of the Magnum shopping center. It would have been much easier, if women lizards were not involved, but “crimes” associated with them were punished most severely.

One of the operatives began to ask me some stupid questions: who am I with, what am I. I said that I came alone for the documents, my management is aware, the department is not far away, you can go and clarify. He said that I should either take the money from them, go to my boss and put it on his desk, or it would be very bad for me. I replied that I was not brought up like that and I would not participate in this provocation of theirs, this is wrong. And anyway, why do they offer me this. After that, the operative who was sitting in front of me turned around in his seat and pulled my jacket over my head. And at that time my hands were shackled behind, behind my back. And the operator, who was on my right, began to put money in my pocket...”

Nft

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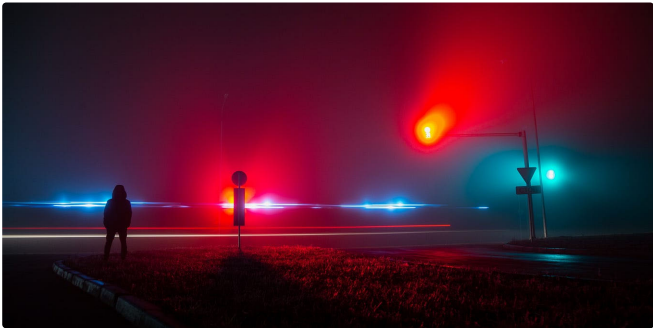
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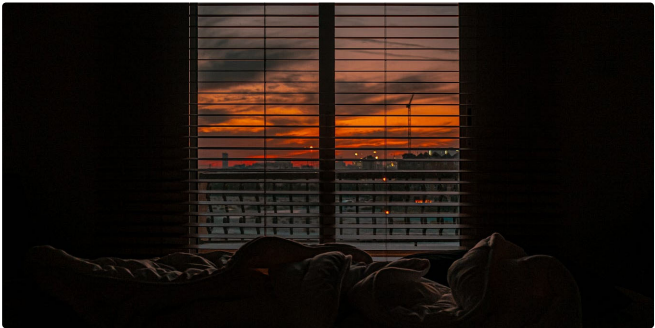


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