

events only (without my thoughts)

main points of the talk (without dialogue)

- I try to talk with him, for a few minutes. He replies with a few repeated words (perhaps 10?).
- He stops talking completely.€ °
- I continue talking a little more, but eventually give up because he is not responding, and try to get away from the situation.
- He explodes, snatching the motorcycle key.
- I notice the he's upset. I try to talk again, more submitting this time, for about 10 seconds.
- He explodes again, trying to wrestle with me.

€ Note: When he stopped talking, he doesn't talk all night: including during the fight, after the fight, and even at the police station; He is unable to talk because he is clearly still upset.

(See the police interview for a more detailed dialogue. [But remember: It is clear that he is completely unable to have a conversation during that time. So, the actual dialog doesn't matter much. Only his short-temper matters.])

fight

standing (few seconds)

- I put my right hand out to receive the motorcycle keys, near his right hand.
- Something happens quickly. I'm not sure. [I think he tries to restrain me, but doesn't know how, so we play wrestle for a few seconds?]

- Suddenly, I am in a headlock!
- ...
- I think and then decide to respond by reaching my right hand for his neck, with little to no pressure, like holding a cup (as defense).
- He responds immediately (without thinking or conscious decision) by lifting and slamming my head first into the ground, while still in headlock. (The right side of my body hits the ground.)

ground (long time!)

- ...
- On the ground, I can now see the Family Mart employee and another person using his phone. I tell them, in Chinese, 「因為我沒有車牌，警察可以打我嗎！？你告訴他我住在這裡一年！他瘋了！很笨蛋！」.
- ...
- ...
- My arms [both!] are still free, so, I use my right hand to reach for his neck, again. This time, I cannot entirely reach, so I can only touch using 3 fingers, and try keep my hand there (as defense).
- I tell him 「別用力。。。因為我沒吃飯兩天我沒有力。我應該可以打死你。。好運。。」
- ...
- ...
- I take my my right hand back.
- ...
- He uses his left hand to use the radio to call to his friends.
- I flail my left hand behind his back, somehow swiping his radio!
- ...

- ...
- I tickle his left hip a few times.
- ...
- ...
- The real police comes.

events including my thoughts

my general thoughts during the talk

I generally felt that this is a rural-minded Tainanese person; Perhaps just finished a duty of directing traffic at a broken traffic light or a construction site nearby.

I generally don't feel like talking to these kinds of people because they're just not able to talk or think too much. Normally, they just ask you, 「你從哪裡來的！？，妮妮？妮妮！？妮妮！？！你在這裡幹嘛？工作？工作！？工作！？！。。。」。 .

There's no way to answer the questions because they often think what they want to think, no matter what one says to them. Talking doesn't help. In fact, talking can make them more angry (as it happened here!). In these situations, I really don't know what to do, so I just try to agree, ignore, avoid, and walk away.

For this person, *I sensed the same exact feeling* from him. That its just one of those people that I want to avoid. But this time, it's either a traffic controller or a lower-ranking cop! And instead he's repeating 「你的車子沒有車牌。你不能起！；你的證件！；你沒有證件呢！？你是從哪裡人？你是從哪裡人！？從哪裡！？！。。。」。 .

And again, there's no way to answer his questions because he is unable to listen, talk, and perhaps even think. So, for the same reason, I felt compelled to try to ignore, avoid, and ride away.

I drove very slowly to see how he reacts. I wanted to see if he's even conscious at all, if he himself thinks he's a cop or not, or if he's just mindlessly bothering me with stupid questions like anyone else on the streets of Tainan city.

He responds like an upset child, taking the key out of my motorcycle. At this point, I understand he's angry now, his temper obviously short€. So, I submit and just say 「OK，沒關係，我沒去哪裡。我們可以等警察來。只是回給我我的鑰匙」 to try to calm the person down, and appear more peaceful. I just really wanted my belongings, including the key, so that I can sit alone with my belongings and wait until a real cop, hopefully one who is able to at least speak Chinese (國語) with me and perhaps know 台語 to communicate with him, comes.

€ Note: Conincidentally, I had recently encountered similarly short-tempered, extremely conservative-minded Tainan people. (Only in Tainan, not the rest of the country.)

Although I do not understand the minds of this sort of people, I at least understand when they become upset, like a young child: they don't talk for a period of time...then suddenly explode.

That's exactly what happened, twice.

fight {with my thoughts during the moment}

standing (few seconds)

- I put my right hand out as a gesture to receive the motorcycle keys, near his right hand.
- Something happens quickly. I'm not sure.

- Suddenly, I am in a headlock!
- ... {Great. The stupid rural child's temper blew up! Now what? This feels really weird...something's wrong... Is he really this weak? What is he doing? Why isn't he talking? Why the hell am I in a headlock!?!? He fights like a child!}
- I decide to respond by reaching my right hand for his neck, with little to no pressure, like holding a cup (as defense).
- He responds by lifting and slamming my head first into the ground, while still in headlock. (The right side of my body hits the ground.)

ground (long time!)

- {...What the fuck. Traffic cops definitely aren't supposed to do that! Did he know I have a helmet on before doing that!? What the fuck? No. He's definitely did not know; He's too stupid, and upset. He's just an angry child. What the fuck am I supposed to do to a stupid angry rural Tainanese cop? Let him attack me? Who let this idiot become a cop!? Is he a cop?}
- {I suddenly see people, and somehow feel safer. I hope they call some real cops. I hope there is a video camera.}
- On the ground, I can now see the Family Mart employee and another person using his phone. I tell them, in Chinese, 「因為我沒有車牌，警察可以打我嗎！？告訴他我認識你一年！他瘋了！很笨蛋！」.
- ... {I quickly decide these two people are stupid Taiwanese by-standers, the type of people who will just stare at you while you are dying in a car crash. They will not help. Also, how can that person be messaging on his phone right now!?!}
- ...
- My arms are still free, so, I use my right hand to reach for his neck, again. This time, I cannot entirely reach, so I can only touch using 3 fingers, and try keep

my hand there, in case he uses too much force (as defense).

- I tell him 「不用力。 。 。 因為我沒吃飯兩天我沒有力。 我應該可以打死你。 。 好運。 。 」 {I say it somewhat jokingly and somewhat seriously. At this moment, I also really hated him for slamming my head into the ground like that. I felt I should be allowed to fight back. But then again, because I had a helmet, nothing hurt. So I wasn't too sure. Plus, there were people around now, so I again decided not to actually fight back. I really wanted to say, "I'm really really weak right now, but I should beat the fucking shit out of you" (for slamming me like that). You're lucky (that I'm nice). (Note: Although I'm quite calm, even I can't talk so clearly when in a headlock and somewhat unhappy, especially in my third language.)}
- ...
- ...
- {I'm still unsure what this person wants, but, with two people nearby, and, because he's not using much force:}
- I take my my right hand back.
- {I still can't believe he would slam my head into the ground! I kept thinking, "If I didn't have a helmet, what would have happened, and, what would I have done? He definitely did not think before slamming my head. The helmet prevented further fighting.}
- ...
- He uses his left hand to use the radio to call to his friends.
- {I hope it's real, professional cops, and not some more stupid untrained Tainanese traffic cops. Even professional gangsters are fine. This is just stupid!}
- I flail my left hand behind his back, luckily swiping his radio! (I think it was behind his back anyway, behind his left shoulder.)
- {At this point I don't care. I'm just waiting, passing time.}

- ...
- I tickle his left hip a few times.
- {I don't know why... I think I just wanted to keep him busy. Also, tickling is not considered fighting, so it felt okay.}
- ...
- ...
- The real police comes.
- {I hope they don't slam me into the ground again...}
- Several real police take off my helmet, inspect my body, and pick me up.
- {Wow! They didn't hurt me. Amazing. Finally, some contemporary, professional people. And thank god it's not anymore stupid provincial traffic cops! I really need to get out of Tainan! What a crazy situation: **What are you supposed to do to a cop that behaves (talks and fights) like a short-tempered 4 year old with an adult female body?...**}

the answer and conclusion

You treat him the same way you would treat a short-tempered 4 year old: You restrain him and teach him how to talk and behave like a peaceful human being. Please send this child to time-out!

Why did this "cop" not use proper restraint techniques? Why did the "cop" lack emotional awareness? Why was the "cop" so easily anxious? Why was the "cop" upset all night? Why is the "cop" unable to speak a whole sentence!?

Because he's not a cop. He lacks basic human experience and police training .

All fault goes to the people that allowed this uneducated, anxious, emotionally-

unaware, child to become a cop: the police systems.

Whats more dangerous than an easily-upset child in an adult body with a police uniform and a gun?