

Like Idiot Father, Like Son

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By : Mike Stevens

The final story in The Blue Lion series.

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A Blue Lion Tale

He cried. Stan Sellers was standing in the pouring rain at his father Richard's funeral. 'Poor Dad!' he thought. He had never realized his one and only dream in life, stealing the statue known as The Blue Lion. Oh, how he had tried, over and over, but something unforeseen always tripped him up. So many different times his father had tried, but his dream had eluded him and he went to his grave unsuccessful. As he stood there in the rain, an idea started formulating in Stan's brain. What better way to honor his father's memory than doing what his father had been unsuccessful in doing? The more Stan thought about the idea, the better it sounded. He would steal The Blue Lion!

Stan didn't know dick about stealing; as up to that point, he'd led a boring, straight-and-narrow existence as a roofer. He figured the place to start was reading the extensive notes his father had taken. The only set of notes that were relevant was the notes taken on his father's last attempt, as The Blue Lion now resided in a museum because a front paw had broken off during one of his father's ill-fated robbery attempts. His father wrote down his thoughts while serving his life sentence in prison for the 2nd time, which was where he had died. In this particular note, and it was hard for Stan to read because of his father's shaky handwriting, his father had said he would have gotten away with it if his spastic hands hadn't tripped the alarm, and he would have gotten away but for tripping over his walker. He had said that other than those two problems, he thought stealing The Blue Lion should have been easy.

'Easy for you maybe, but a nightmare for me, for I don't know what I'm doing!' he thought to himself. Then he thought, 'oh well, judging by my father's notes it should be easy. I guess I'm as ready as I'll ever be.'

He had to be crazy! Here he was, a guy who had never stolen anything, attempting to break into a museum and steal The Blue Lion. But he wanted to honor his father's memory, and his father's lifelong dream had been the successful theft of the statue. He had succeeded in breaking into the museum and now he was having severe doubts. Using his father's notes, he had disarmed all the alarms on the display case holding The Blue Lion, and now stood in front of the of it. What the hell was he doing here? It wasn't too late to get the hell out of here; all he had to do is climb back through the broken window and slink on home in the darkness. His brain was screaming, 'Yes, do that!' but his feet were taking him deeper into the museum. He knew he had to keep going. After all, it had been his father's dream and now he, too, was caught up in the difficulty of stealing The Blue Lion.

There it was; the statue which had haunted his father's dreams. It didn't look like too much to Stan, but for his father's memory, he had to steal it. He gazed at the golden lion, and tried to figure out the best way to steal it. According to his father's notes the only way was to carefully avoid the laser beams that guarded the statue. Very carefully he reached in, and making sure his hand avoided breaking the beams, grabbed the statue and pulled it carefully towards him. It came away without triggering the alarm, and he gratefully placed it in his pocket, and made his way to the broken window and was soon walking away. He'd done it!

Stan was back home and congratulating himself for a successful robbery. He carefully removed The Blue Lion from his pocket, looked at a photograph of his father sitting on the counter and said, holding out the

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statue, "This is for you, Dad. I know somewhere you're looking down and are proud of your son!"

His heart rate was slowly returning to normal. He had been so frightened. He was hooked on the excitement and the adrenaline however, and knew he'd try to steal something again. As he was thinking this, a knock sounded upon his front door. Instantly, he hid The Blue Lion and asked,

"Who's there?"

A voice replied, "Police, open up; I have a few questions I'd like to ask you."

Oh crap! He tried to compose himself, and after a few seconds answered, "Come in."

The door swung open and an elderly cop walked through the door.

"Hello, Mr. Sellers, My name is Detective Mathews, and I just have a couple of questions to ask you, then I'll leave you alone."

Great! "No problem, Detective, may I ask first to what these questions are pertaining?"

"A robbery of a statue known as The Blue Lion."

"The Blue Lion? I've never heard of it. What makes you think I'd know something about it?"

Detective Mathews responded, "Because I had several run-ins with your father, who was attempting to steal it, and I figured the apple doesn't fall far from the tree!"

"Well I'm sorry to disappoint you Detective Mathews, but I don't know a thing about it."

Detective Mathews looked carefully at Stan and then said, "Okay, Mr. Sellers, just a couple more questions, and I'll be on my way. Your father and I had quite a history. Of course, back then, I was known as Patrolman Mathews. Thanks entirely to your father, I was promoted to detective. You know, my legs are getting kind of tired. Would you mind if I sat down on the couch?"

Stan, panicking, quickly blurted, "Ah, no; have a seat, Detective." He was panicking because under the couch cushion is where he'd hurriedly hidden The Blue Lion. Detective Mathews sat down hard and a loud 'crunch' was heard.

"What the hell was that?" he exclaimed, immediately jumped back up.

Stan replied quickly, "Oh, that crunch? Don't worry about it, I broke a glass when you knocked, and I put it under there until I could clean it up. So you see there's really no reason to look under there!"

Detective Mathews replied, "Oh, if there's broken glass under there you'd better clean it up, right now, before somebody gets hurt and ripped the cushion off the couch, exclaiming, "Why, that's no glass at all, it's The Blue Lion; I'd recognize it anywhere!"

Stan Sellers took off running, only to find himself tripped by Detective Mathews size 11 foot.

Mathews then said, "You're under arrest!"

What was it Stan's father often said? Oh yeah, damn, damn, damn!

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The End

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