

The Police Car

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A man travels from NZ to Australia in search of happiness. But he finds something else.

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It was 2007. And a man named Mel Tamanika had just landed in a plane somewhere in Melbourne to start a new life. He had been a Lawyer in New Zealand for four years but didn't enjoy the work. So he decided to move to Australia and live off the money he had earned for a while. He was not from a wealthy family.

He was aged thirty-six and life seemed to have passed him by. He felt a bit like that guy Zac Effron played in the movie 17 Again. He was not happy with how his life had turned out.

There was just one small problem with his plans. He wasn't legally allowed to stay in Australia for very long because he was a New Zealand citizen. So he was hoping to meet a nice lady and marry her. That way the Government would be forced to let him stay.

Four days later, he left his motel apartment to go for a walk somewhere, and he felt a bit sick. Not sick enough to go to hospital but sick enough to see a Doctor. He was wearing a short sleeved black shirt. He walked into a GP's practice and asked if he could see a Doctor later on in the day if there was time. He had a pain in one of his kidneys.

"No. No you can't see him today. He's busy" an unhelpful Receptionist said.

"Well, I might just go somewhere else then" he said.

"Oh well, that's your prerogative" she said back to him.

"You fuckin bitch!" he added as he walked out.

"What's that?" she asked. But it was too late. He had already left.

He walked for a few blocks until he found a cafe. He went in there and ordered a small cappuccino. He sat down at one of the tables and thought to himself that his kidney might start to feel less painful as long as he didn't drink any alcohol for a few days. Maybe he was imagining things. The pain in his kidney might just be exactly that. A small pain.

The coffee was brought out to him a few minutes later. He added one sugar, and waited for it to cool. He started to laugh about what he'd said to the Receptionist. He thought the whole thing was funny. He then pulled out a cigarette and lit it. But just as he was about to start inhaling the smoke, the young woman from behind the counter said that it was not allowed.

Aw, fuckin hell !! Is there anything I can do in this country? He thought a few angry thoughts but did not say anything this time. He just put the cigarette out and started to drink his coffee.

He then realized that he would not be able to afford staying at a motel for much longer if he was to stay in Australia. He would have to start looking for somewhere to rent. He had a friend in a Biker Club who could help him survive if things got bad. His friend told him he could sell drugs if he wanted to.

The club was known as the Bandidos. They were well-known in Victoria. But they seemed to keep a low profile too. About five minutes later, he was finished with the coffee and had already left the building. He then pulled out his cigarettes and lit one.

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A police car pulled up beside him and two officers got out. One was a man, and one was a woman. They were acting aggressive. Mel thought they were going to have a word with him about the way he'd spoken to the Receptionist but they didn't. They walked past him and entered the cafe.

"Well, have you got it or not?" Officer Reilly asked the young woman. Reilly was the female cop. She was on the take.

"No. I need a few more days. Business has been slow" the young woman said.

"Oh, that's a shame because I have to break your wrist. You are already two weeks late" Reilly said.

"Come on ! I need to be able to work" the young woman argued.

Reilly pulled out the baton she had near her hip. She was going to hit the young woman on the left wrist to teach her a lesson. She was not happy that the woman would not give her the two hundred dollars.

Mel could not hear what they were saying. He was watching from a distance. He found the situation to be bizarre. So he kicked in the left indicator on the police car. It smashed. The officers turned and saw what he had done. They were not impressed. Mel started to run. They were quick to react. They chased after him. When they eventually caught him four minutes later, they belted the crap out of him and took him down to the station to have him charged.

"Do you know who I am?" Mel kept saying. He thought he could bluff them by stating that he was an important person. But it didn't work. He was charged and kept in custody for three weeks.

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