

PARASITIC
PREDATORS

Michael J. Williams

Parasitic Predators

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The fight against racism, social injustices,
and police brutality continue.

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1. Solidarity
2. The Collectors
3. Assimilate
4. The Elite

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CHAPTER ONE

Solidarity

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The loud booming sound echoes throughout the neighborhood like a bomb just exploded. Metal, steel, and Kevlar exploding into large chunks of twisted fiery balls of deadly projectiles. The large chunks of scrap metal and broken Kevlar fly through the air landing on the pavement and crashing through several windows, and doors of several homes in the area. Some of the projectiles smash through the concrete blocks of several homes causing large gaping holes in the concrete block walls of these houses.

The loud blood-curdling screams of police officers echo throughout the neighborhood as the chill of death races through their spine and through their veins. Police officers in tactical gear lay dying on the hard cold asphalt as other police officers try their best to pull the dying officers out of the line of fire.

The ripping sound of bullets rains down on the surviving police officers as the gun battle between them and the citizens of this community fight it out in the middle of the street. Rapid and automatic gunfire rip

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through their bodies killing several more police officers as the armored piercing bullets shred their police Kevlar like swiss cheese.

The muzzle flash from the assault weapons from tactical and barricaded and fortified positions around the neighborhood lights up the night sky. The police officers are surrounded and pinned down as they try to use what's left of their armored police vehicle as a shield against the massive assault on their position.

The whistling sound of a rocket-propelled grenade or javelin missile hisses through the air. The missile or rocket-propelled grenade hit the already badly damaged armored police vehicle killing the remaining surviving police officers inside of the armored vehicle. Their burning corpses only intensifies the smell of death already in the air.

The police officers returned gunfire and take cover as more and more police officers in tactical gear arrive on the scene in an attempt to rescue and save as many of their

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fellow officers' lives that were caught up in the ambush. To their surprise, the entire neighborhood looks like a war zone right here in the good ole U.S. of A.

Houses burn down as fires rage and spread from house to house at the perimeter of the community. Most of the fires started by police projectiles and flash-bang grenades and smoke grenades in the police's attempt to subdue, suppress, and then control the angry crowd of protesters. Police Swat Units swoop in to save the day only to watch as their casualties grow as many of their Swat officers are gunned down and killed in the line of duty.

A stressful and fearful call for help goes out to all police stations and substations within a fifty-mile radius by the police Sargent in charge. The police Sargent's voice cracks and trembles with fear and hopelessness as he knows and feels in his gut that this is a hornet's nest that they stirred up and now perhaps cannot control or subdue. The Sargent knows now that his police force or any other police force across America can no longer brutalize and murder

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Black Americans of this community or any other community across America with impunity anymore. The police Sargent's hands shake and tremble at that very thought as he witnesses right before his eyes. The rise of an armed Black resistance against police brutality and social injustices.

Bullets zing by the police squad cars that are filled with multiple bullet holes. Cops run and hide behind whatever they can find to use as cover from the onslaught. The neighborhood is in an uproar as the people of the community is sick and tired of the disrespect and abuse by those who are supposed to be here to serve and protect the community. They will no longer tolerate the fallacy of police officers being above the law because they wear a badge and a gun. The people of this community will no longer stand idly by and watch police officers gun down and murder young and old Black women and men. They will also no longer stand by waiting for so-called justice from the American justice system as they all know that America's racist economic and judicial system has failed them time and time again. The people of this community

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will no longer stand by and allow the media, the police, politicians, and Hollywood to vilify and criminalize their Black bodies and Black skin anymore.

They, the police force, a well known criminal organization hiding in plain sight with the help of their police union, another known criminal organization hunted and preyed on not only innocent unarmed Black men but also preyed on innocent unarmed Black women. It was a systematic attempt to rule over and control those who lacked the financial resources and political capital to enforce and secure true justice from a justice system that has long victimized the Black race since the existence of America.

The community had reached its apex and would no longer allow cops to avoid prosecution because of the uniform they wore. The people of this community decided that all cops willing to break the law and commit murder would suffer the consequences of their criminal actions and would no longer be immune to prosecution. The people of this community had long decided that they would hold all cops

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willing to break the law accountable. They knew that their decision to take the law into their own hands would lead to an all-out war but many of the people of this community had come to the realization that the fact that the color of their skin had been weaponized by their oppressors, that they were at war since birth. Their survival depended on their understanding of this very fact. If the judicial system would not hold cops accountable for their criminal actions then the community at large would.

As the bullets rain down from the rooftops of the apartment buildings that surrounded this community. A police helicopter hovers above. It takes gunfire from the ground and from the rooftops. The police helicopter pilot does his best to avoid the gunfire and keep the police helicopter steady. A loud thunderous bang rings out as the police helicopter's windshield is hit by a bullet. The helicopter's windshield is struck by several more bullets. The police helicopter's pilot is shot in the head right between his eyes by a bullet from one of the rooftops. Perhaps by a neighborhood sniper. A second officer inside the police helicopter

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is shot in the neck and dies instantly. Blood gushes out the right side of his neck.

A rocket-propelled grenade flies through the night sky and hit the police helicopter that is spinning out of control. Boom, the explosion is massive and lights up the dark sky. Officers on the ground look up at the fireball in astonishment. Many wonder how in the world did average normal citizens get their hands on such destructive weaponry. One officer, lying in his own blood and slowly bleeding to death wonders how such weapons of mass destruction is able to find its way on to the streets of American cities. His hand presses on his side trying to stop the blood but the bullet pierced his Kevlar and lodged in his liver. His eyes blink several times as he gasps for air. His chest expands one last time as he takes his last breath before passing away.

The gun battle continues as the firefight intensifies. The casualties are mounting on both sides. Dead police officers lay dead on the street. Several armed citizens are critically wounded and lay dying on rooftops and near abandoned and

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condemned buildings. The fiery eyes of Oscar look down at the carnage on the streets below. With intensity and fire. Oscar stands on one of the many rooftops in the community. Bullets flying by his head but he does not flinch or look to take cover. Oscar leads his community, his people with the hope that one day the need for such violence will no longer be necessary and that one day the color of his skin is not an automatic death sentence in the country he once served.

A sniper's bullet races through the night sky from one of the many rooftops spiraling down towards a police officer. An old grizzled veteran and a baby-faced police officer hurry to hide behind one of the old condemned buildings in this low-income neighborhood. With their weapons drawn. They take heavy fire from some of the people in the community that is barricaded inside of an old rundown mom and pop grocery store.

The old grizzled police officer looks on with rage and anger in his eyes. In his very being, in his bones. He thinks to himself.

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How dare anyone, any tax paying citizen, let alone a low-income poverty stricken citizen, these thugs. Have the audacity to stand up to or question a police officer. To this old grizzled police officer, any force used against these people is justifiable no matter how excessive and brutal it is. They are the law, and they determine who is innocent and who is guilty, and how punishment will be dished out. He fires several times at the old storefront until his gun is empty. The old grizzled police officer spews out derogatory and racist remarks yelling at the entire community as he quickly drops the empty gun magazine and quickly replaces it with a fully loaded magazine.

The baby-faced officer, no older than twenty-four years old, just joined the police force two months ago looks terrified. He knows that life is short. Life is precious. He knows that his life could end in a matter of seconds. A bullet from the storefront zips by his head, just barely missing his temple by a few inches. The baby-faced officer drops to the ground. He closes his eyes for a few seconds to pray to his God for help. His

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hands tremble with fear as he tries to gather and compose himself. The grizzled police officer screams at his scared young partner to get up and return fire. He yells obscenities at his young partner. The old grizzled veteran reminds the young scared baby-faced officer that the police are in charge and that they are law. They, the police determine who lives and who dies.

The baby-faced police officer takes a few deep breaths. He finally musters up the courage to get back on his feet. He raises his weapon and aims it when suddenly, the right side of his face explodes and his brain matter and pieces of his skull hits the old grizzled police officer in the face and eyes. The sniper's bullet completely rips the top right half side of the baby-faced police officer's head off. The baby-faced police officer falls to his knees then lands face first onto the pavement. Bullets continue to fly overhead and near where the baby-faced officer is killed.

The grizzled police officer wipes the human remains out of his eyes and off of his face with his left hand as he continues to

hold his weapon in his right hand. He rubs his left hand on his pants as he resumes firing at the storefront. The loud clicking sound of his gun jars the old grizzled police officer back into reality. For a moment he was in a trance-like state and on autopilot as his survival and his training kicked into overdrive. He re-holsters his weapon and drops down to his knees. He grabs the now deceased baby-faced officer by the collar and drags him behind the building and out of the line of fire. The grizzled police officer looks distraught for a second as he finally catches his breath.

The grizzled police officer had been on the force for more than twenty years and had seen his fair share of crime and violence. He had also seen and been a part of unfair and hostile, and violent treatment towards the people in the Black community. His hostility and anger towards people of color were ingrained in him from birth by his parents and his community that showered him with racist, bigoted, and stereotypical beliefs and falsehoods about the African-American community and Black people as a whole. He hated Black people with a

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passion and was quick to let them know his disdain for them as he routinely harassed and threatened the people of this community that he patrolled. Knowing full well that no matter what, he would be protected by the police union and the police community across the entire nation. He knew for a fact that the police union and the police force as a whole, had never seen a guilty police officer, ever. Regardless of the evidence against the police officer.

The grizzled police officer's racist beliefs are now proving to be true to him, as he is being barraged by a hail of bullets. Even though his gang like tactics and thug-like behavior, and that of other police officers were the true root cause of this endless violence, along with poverty, and discrimination politically and socioeconomically that hinder the progress and potential prosperity of the people of this community. A community so threatened by the police, so threatened by the brutal barbaric behavior and horrific actions of not only the police officers that patrolled their community but also the District Attorney's office who intentionally turned a blind eye

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to the police brutality against people of color. This community under siege had to act to protect themselves from those in uniform, with badges and guns, who were supposed to be here to serve and protect.

The people of this community had to arm themselves for war. They vowed to exercise their Second Amendment rights in order to protect themselves from these parasitic predators that continuously and systematically hunted them down like wild animals. The people of this community realized that they had to legally and illegally find ways through American laws and the loopholes in the laws to arm themselves. This was to ensure that their community would be well prepared for when war with these predators who wore badges came. War had been on the horizon since the early invasion of America by these parasitic predators. War was inevitable.

More and more police officers from different police stations and different cities and counties from around the state rush towards the conflict. To their surprise, this community had been planning this war with

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the police for several years now, ever since the unjust murder of a Black teen who was brutally beaten by several police officers. The community watched in horror as these police officers were never indicted on murder charges let alone even arrested. They were put on administrative leave following police protocol but were quickly reinstated with back pay less than three weeks later.

The roads leading into the city were littered with improvised explosive devices. Set to detonate by a remote detonator that was held by a lone citizen with several spotters along the highways and local roads. The second a police cruiser or several police cruisers were within the kill zone. The explosives were detonated causing massive damages. Killing, even more, police officers and causing massive carnage and death. The explosions also destroyed the roads causing a bottleneck forcing the police officers in route to the scene to become trapped and sitting ducks for snipers with long-range rifles to pick them off one by one.

The death of too many Black women and

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men had fueled this communities rage and determination. Too many issues of racism and abuse by the police department had fueled the communities' resentment for the men and women in uniform that swore an oath to honor, duty, and justice.

The streets of this community are now filled with the blood and bodies of innocent civilians and police officers. There are no victors in this battle for justice as the police brutality will continue and the resentment from black communities across America will grow deeper and more ingrained in the minds of the people. The distrust and fear of the police will become hardened in the minds of the citizens of America that have been disenfranchised, impoverished, discriminated against and brutalized.

Unfortunately, future generations may look at this moment in time and wonder.

How did we come to this?