

Amos Branson-Part 6-Fini

You know how you get that feeling that you're pushing your luck? That, perhaps, "just" one more time will be a disaster?

I once had that feeling about drinking. That I was enjoying it too much and if I continued it might very well take over my life. As I walked back to my motel room that old feeling overwhelmed me. I knew I wasn't going anywhere near Amos again. Shit man, that's not your job plus what the hell are you thinking?

I decided to take a short walk around the main street of this little town; with half an idea of going to the cafe to see if I could find "Shirley" the waitress. At least, it occurred to me, I could find out her actual name and say hello, pleased to meet you. Hell, I'm not attached so it could be a great thing to explore and see what might come from it; if anything. That's exactly what I did; in a round about way.

When the sheriffs cars came back it was about an hour and a half later. The waitress, who ever she was, was not at the cafe when I walked in so I just sat at the counter and had a cup of coffee and a slice of peach pie. The cook was also the waiter so I asked him who the waitress in question was. He returned the name, Doris, so that mystery was settled. That was when the cook said, "Well I'll be damned! They finally arrested that warped piece of shit!"

Looking out the window I saw none other than Amos leaning forward in the back of a cruiser, head down, hands and arms behind his back. The cook continued, "It's way, way past time that shit, Amos, got taken off the street. Now, maybe, we'll find out what really happened to his mother and father."

#

To be continued