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Burning Bridges As We Go

19 April 2023

5, 884 Words

Seek, Hunt, Prey

“Hot file coming in! Watch your six!” Billy called out tossing a coded hollow-drive case file onto my desk like it was a grenade. “Stand clear and take cover. She might blow.”

“Your mother blows. No way that case is ours,” Silas retorted. “We just came off three back to backs and we’re slated for a six cycle kick over at the academy. And after that two more cycles off for good behavior. Them’s union rules. Send that file over to Miles and Walter. It’s their turn in the rotation.”

“Sorry, direct request from upstairs. Goes right to you two heroes.”

“Wonderful news. Thanks a lot, kid.”

“Hey, don’t shoot the messenger, you know. And, *btw*, if my mother blows, it’s only because your grandmother taught her how.”

Silas laughed. “Get outta here, you knucklehead!”

I was tired, but I didn’t think I could delay streaming the hollow cube long enough to get some much deserved sleep so I elected for a hyper-caFFEinated espresso vape patch to keep me going.

“Do you think the case is legit or just another *APE*?” Silas asked.

"They're all legit to the square jaws upstairs. All acute political emergencies."

"True enough. Open it up then. Let's see the damage."

I dropped the cube into the MCU port and scanned my authority clearance before opening up the electro-pulse file to read:

"Priority Scout Classification: Red

Unsub male with predominant humanoid feature

Code name John D.

Estimable age 27-35 years.

Sophisticated, organized predatory type PC207.261.187

Two zone, 5th dimension urban: Model City North

Predator-prey with fourteen confirmed sub-victim kills.

Multi-link single-species non-secreter with no established DNA construct.

TACU ready assist within five cycles approved

End of Report

Silas read the report over my shoulder exclaiming, "Well fuck a duck. That's *ALL* we need right now. I haven't slept in four cycles and nested with Margie in five. She's gonna divorce me if I keep this up."

"Ahh, no worries," I replied, "I'll run down the preliminaries which should cover you for at least one cycle. Go sleep or go see Margie. Your choice. Can't help you with which one you choose though."

“Thanks partner. I’ll take the sleep. Margie will be disappointed, but I think she’ll understand. I’ll be in the rack. Wake me if you need me. But whatever you do, don’t send the kid. I can’t take waking to that kind of nightmare.”

Silas lightly punched Billy’s arm. Billy laughed.

“Okay, *Sil*, see you in one.”

Between case cycles, I teach at the academy and tell new recruits that tracking predators of any species - whether two legged, four, six, or eight - has more to do with enlisting conceptual patterns of knowledge rather than any instinct or common sense. And that any species can learn what it takes to seek, hunt, and catch evil predators – or what my mentor used to call “bad eggs” - when they prey on society.

“As long as you know the rules and can function through your fears,” I advise.

“Your chance of success and survival improve dramatically when you ditch the ego and listen to those who know,” my mentor used to counsel.

My name is Rogers and I am an Urban Roving Scout with Model City’s Fifth Inter-Dimension Safety and Security Services Council assigned to the Multi-Zone *Tactical Assault and Containment Unit* along the eastern seaboard of Earth-2. And I hold citizen-veteran status since the early days of FIDSSSC’s Allied Planet Federation Forum of Eight Dimensions. I know, I know. That all sounds very official. But, to be fair, I work humbly and live modestly in a small nest. I am also diligent with my cases and keep an eye out for my fellow Scouts. We aren’t a large squad, especially compared to the TACU roster of muscle heads, but we do maintain a small band of dedicated life forms who live to serve their community.

*“Dedication is not what others expect of you, it is what you can give to others,”*¹ my mentor used to say.

“Can I help?” Billy asked once Silas left for the bunk room. “Maybe I can pull some background on the north zone for you? Or run down a few leads over the MCU?”

“I appreciate you asking, but no, not at the moment.”

“Okay, thought I’d ask. Hey, just so you know, I applied to the academy again. I reached the minimum cycle requirements to re-apply this week and submitted my V-Tac application this morning. Do you think I have a chance?”

“Sure, kid, I don’t see why not. You’ve put in the work. Made the adjustments you needed to. I’m sure they noticed. Sometimes it just takes a little time, you know.”

“Stay positive,” as my mentor used to say. *“If you do the best you can, you have nothing to be afraid of. A defeat is not a disgrace.”*²

I teach new recruits proper techniques on how to detect “bad eggs” using the three primary elements of predator life – where they habituate, where they hunt, and where they kill. It sounds simple but does have its nuances.

It works like this. You scout a bad egg by identifying their triangle of influence within a geographical sphere of operation in order to expose their existence. Which requires a bit of concealment and cover to confirm identity and residency, along with surveillance

¹ Henry Miller quote.

² Quote attributed to Dirk Nowitzki

to ascertain the *who* and *why* they hunt. But once you have the deets, the rest comes fairly easy.

“Gather Intel, record the evidence, and take the bad eggs out of the basket,” as my mentor used to say.

It’s also important to caution new recruits how following bad eggs of any species can be dangerous. Especially if you are resistant to the Pemako 4.5 extended voice and image modulators the TACU muscle heads use religiously. Mainly because they give off strong beta-wave signals and have one or two wicked side effects. None of which are helpful when you’re scouting and tracking a killer on their home turf. They tend to take such subterfuge very personally.

“You’re damn right they take it personal,” my mentor once instructed, *“Wouldn’t you?! It confirms we’re all connected. All one species underneath.”*

“I find it better to hide in plain sight the old fashioned way,” I instruct my students, *“using behavioral analytics and camouflage modification tactics consistent with the terrain you find yourself in.”*

“If you see a bush then be a bush,” my mentor used to say. *“If a geisha, then BE a darn geisha. With good camouflage comes good surveillance which, in turn, saves your tail feathers more often than not.”*

KSBW News Flash, Cycle 18-1, Monday, 10:50am EST

“Conflict between members of the Red Brigade Protection Union and agents with Blue Bus Universal Carrier Group temporarily halted import and export delivery line exchanges early Monday morning at the Half Moon Bay Sea and Space Port in the north zone of Model City 5th. Representatives from the RBPU stated the incident occurred when the BBUCG violated terms of

their union allowance treaty by directing over watch sentinels from the 7th dimension to arbitrarily raise production and output quota demands on the already oppressed 5th dimension human capabilities. A call for intervention has been requested by FIDSSSC's Labor Secretary to be arranged as soon as Secretary Paulsen becomes available. Representatives of the RBPU issued an urgent cease and desist order demanding that until proper protocols are re-instated, no member will report for shift assignments till resolution occurs. A strike may be imminent. More to come.

KSBW News Flash vows to monitor the situation so you don't have to and provide updates for all your news cycle needs.

News Flash is a trusted source of information covering all of Model City 5th geographical zones. This news was sponsored by Ovaltine Pad Nutrition, your one-stop vape delivery system for all your intra-species nutritional needs. Vape Pad Ovaltine."

As I said, the three elements of tracking are simple. Once you've been alerted to a predator's existence, you investigate where they eat, sleep, socialize, and hunt. Then, while under camouflage, you time map their identification patterns, tag them remotely, and send up a beacon drone to a high atmo observation post. Write up your report, alert the TACU muscle head supervisor, and initiate the predator's capture. The better the Intel, the better the odds of capture.

"An experienced scout can achieve a near 98-percent success rate," my mentor counseled, "given good Intel and the right implementation of tactics to achieve capture."

In open space rural zones along Model City 5th's central and mid-western plains, where the hybrid predators roam, you don't need much to identify the mutated lions, blended-DNA tigers, and modified bear predators with their low grade enhanced IQ's. Their MO - their modus operandi if you will – remains too consistent. Essentially kill

innocents for food when their allotted vegetation growth becomes scarce.

Predominantly during colder cycles. That and because they're still animals who desire raw, blood soaked meat. Predators at heart no matter the modification. But to kill an innocent in the open, without permit, is forbidden and more than enough to prove a "general intent" crime. You just have to show that they killed and not necessarily why. Easy considering the FIDSSC preservation for certain four-legged herbivores and hydro-dwelling DNA mammals designated off limits within the universal chain of survival and protection protocols. Of course, to a hungry hybrid predator with only low grade rationalization capability, food is food no matter the consequential warnings for violating open space life conservation limits.

"Even if you feel pangs of empathy toward these bad eggs," I remind my students, "you cannot forget they are predators who kill the innocent. Innocent species, which I would also like to remind you, who have just as much right to exist as any."

"The truth is," my mentor explained, "bad eggs do what we deem 'wrong' often for what they call 'right.'"³

I teach my new recruits scouting and tracking predators in open spaces is as straight forward as your gonna get in any dimension. Just don't let yourself get distracted by emotion. Watch them hunt and kill forbidden prey, establish *habeas corpus*, track them back to their habitat and call in the muscle heads to take them down.

"Easy peasy, lemon squeezy⁴," as my mentor used to say.

"Sorry to interrupt, but can I ask you a question?" Billy asked.

³ Logic attributed to Brandon Sanderson

⁴ British Slang from the 1940's coined by a British detergent company

“Go ahead, Billy. What’s on your mind?”

“I know it’s not good form, but Silas mentioned how there is a precedent within the Scouting community that if an applicant recruit receives two endorsements from any active or retired members, it all but assures entry to the Academy and a junior assignment to the field training program after graduation.”

“Is that what Silas told you, huh.”

“Yes, sir. He also mentioned how he recognized all the hard work I’ve been putting in with the agency and thought I deserved my shot. He felt it unjust to know my applications were rejected for, you know, because of what my father did. He told me a father’s sins should never be visited upon a son’s shoulders and that such a thing was unconscionable in modern society. He thinks I have good potential and would make a good scout.”

“Well, I agree with that. You do have a good work ethic and good potential.”

“So, you’ll do it? You’ll give me your endorsement?”

“Is that how you want to get in? On the back of someone else’s say so? Not on your own merits?”

“No, I don’t. But I don’t think the square jaws upstairs will ever overlook my father’s crimes. And I don’t know if I can take another rejection letter. I swear I will do the work and never take anything for granted. You said so yourself I have the ethics required. I just need a little help to balance the scales.”

“You may be right, Billy. You should have a shot based on your own merit and be given the chance to fail or succeed on your own steam. If I endorse your application to the academy, you know what that means, right?”

“I think so, sir.”

“It means if you fail out, you fail those who endorse you. And we pay the cost right along with you. You understand?”

“I do. I realize what I’m asking from you and Silas. I wouldn’t ask if I didn’t think it was necessary.”

“Well, you’ll have to wait till we finish this case. Priorities come first.”

“So that means you will!? Oh, hot damn soup! You will? Thank you! Thank you! I can’t say thank you enough. I won’t let you down. I promise.”

“No, Billy, I don’t believe you will. Now give me a little space, I have work to do.”

“Yes sir!”

Urban population environmentals in the Fifth Dimension aren’t the same as open space preserves. Unlike open space preserves where the animals tend to segregate and congregate by species, urban societies mix everyone. Just your basic geographical, universal hodge podge cluster of species all eating, sleeping, working, and socializing together in one big dimensional space. We’ve been told the original Civil Rights Movement laws intended to promote equality among all species were necessary, but sometimes I wonder if they were just being short sighted and lazy. Leaving us grunts to do all the hard work trying to figure out how such blending can work while the leaders continued to segregate themselves through affluency while patting themselves on the back claiming a job well done for the best common welfare of all species.

“One big happy family,” as my mentor used to say.

Urban society mixes have infinite more problems than open space. And the predators tend to be trickier to find and track – they often display a great deal more cunning and lethality in their IQ enhancement lines than past serial killer historical data profiles.

“Sure they eat, drink, work, and socialize like the rest of the urban population,” I tell my students, “but don’t be fooled by their camouflage. All these bad eggs really live for is to hunt innocents in public access and socially dense geographic zones whether it be Earthling, Martian, Venetian, Neptunian, Saturnian, or whomever. It’s what wakes them up in the morning and puts them to sleep at night when they go off to dream.”

“Because ‘all legs’ integrate in urban zones,” my mentor used to say, “a Roving Scout needs a bit more deductive reasoning to identify not only a bad egg’s geographical triangle of existence, but the additional quaternion elements of who, where, why, and for what purpose they kill.”

“I assure you it isn’t because they’re hungry for a just one more bloody meal,” I tell my students.

For a Roving Scout to track an urban bad egg, you always start with alcohol, drugs, gambling and prostitution. The “vice” of community life. Vice is always where you find the predators since most urban innocents, especially the younger populations, have a penchant for vice and like to congregate in areas where such habits are prevalent.

“Predators follow prey,” I explain, “predetermined by patterns of public access to socialized geography and intra-applications of anesthetization.

Or as my mentor liked to say, *“A fool and his drugs be soon at debate: which after separates life repents him too late.”*⁵

The urban predator’s need, if you will, is at the heart of predictive scouting. Their MO simply a means to an end. But their psychopathology is what fulfills some kind of inter-species ego validation resulting in most of them standing out like an albatross.

⁵ A modification of an early 16th century English proverb by Thomas Tusser from *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie*, 1573

There are a few who camouflage extremely well, while their desire always exposes their true selves.”

“The psychopathology of bad eggs informs the habits of bad eggs,” my mentor taught. *“And their need for validation dooms them to ‘Infierno de los Siete Colores.’ The hell of seven colors.”*

Murderers, rapists, serial burglars, and select criminals with a penchant for violence, that sort of bad egg – they’re all out there like a virus infecting the health of our society. So you seek, hunt, identify, and expose the predator and leave the takedown to the TACU muscle heads who, themselves, love nothing more than to crush bad eggs like it was a buffet on Sunday.

“One good thing in this world,” my mentor used to say, *“There isn’t much sympathy for bad eggs. All species across the known universe and in every dimension agree on that one.”*

Still I tell my new recruits not to get too cocky out there despite any success they may have. Best to be humble and just get in, mark your bad egg, send up the drone, and get out. And never wait around for the TACU muscle heads to “run and gun” lest you get caught in the crossfire.

“Yo, brother, how you flying? You got my arrest warrant yet?” asked Sgt Armisen - muscle head supervisor extraordinaire - as he barged into my office. “The boys are getting restless and hungry. I need something to feed them.”

“The cube just arrived this morning, Sarge. We scouts are good, but we still need a *little* time. You know, for that pesky little thing called *juris prudencia*. Wouldn’t want to send your squad out too early like those 4th dimension geeks and have you go beating on the wrong innocent.”

“Yeah, well, shit happens.”

“Not on my watch. You and your boys will just have to just spend a little more time in the wrench house till I prove my case and mark the right suspect. ”

“Alright, but I’m getting a lot of heat from upstairs on this one. Someone’s really got a bug up their ass for this case.”

“I hear you on that, Sarge. Silas and I are on it.”

“Alright then. I got your word. We’ll be ready for your call.”

When Sgt Armisen left, Billy whispered, “What a lunk head. I bet his mother really does blow.”

I laughed. “Don’t let him hear you say that. He’ll take it personal and introduce your head to your butt. Without the etiquette involved.”

*“To a hammer, everything looks like a nail,”*⁶ my mentor used to say.

I don’t tell all new recruits this, but I do make it a practice never to mix with the “run and gun” muscle heads if I can help it. Even professionally. They tend to be aggressive adrenaline junkies who are fairly predatorial themselves - most of them being former military special force types or former law enforcement SWAT selected across a wide variety of worlds and dimensions. There are also, on occasion, a few civilians determined enough to test into the TACU ranks without specialized backgrounds, and to them I say hoorah. They give the muscle heads a bit of diversity. But most TACU muscle heads don’t tolerate civilian recruits for long and they don’t often last.

⁶ Original saying attributed back to Abraham Maslow and not Abraham Kaplan.

The Roving Scout units are opposite in philosophy and are never comprised of ex-military or ex-police. Its anathema to our mission and mentality. Instead, we recruit exclusively from the civilian ranks, selecting those with the best education and psychopathology who have yet to be corrupted by ego or adrenaline. Expectations are still high, and passing rates low, with only one or two citizens succeeding in about every fifteen cycles. But though our numbers tend to be low, our proficiency, loyalty, and dedication are of the highest caliber.

Still, after so many cycles, I prefer not to spend my time with anyone professionally or socially anymore. Everyone just comes across as far too intense, or a bit too unsettled, and no longer tolerable. Even if we all do serve society in a much needed and valuable capacity.

*"Only broken eggs make good omelets,"*⁷ my mentor used to say.

KSBW News Flash, Cycle 18-2, 2:07pm EST

"More skirmishes along the Pescadero border of Half Moon Bay Sea and Space Port sent nearly a dozen Red Brigade Protection Union members to the hospital this afternoon. Blue Bus Courier spokesman Russ Carver denied any knowledge of who these perpetrators could be but suggested the RBPU may be escalating the issues inappropriately which has, in turn, been attracting the wrong sort of species to flood to the area.

"We do not employ such barbaric tactics at the BBCC as the RBPU earthlings do. Perhaps they should look to their own single species roster conflicts before trying to assign blame to a conglomerate that has done nothing but serve it's community for nearly a century and counting."

⁷ A derivation of a 17th century French saying from Francois de Charette

I've been at the Scouting game a long time. Too long actually. And have become so ingrained and inured, I no longer remember what "normal" feels like. If I ever really did. Who's to say? I won't bore you with the details about how I got here or all the old scars I carry physically and psychologically. You wouldn't care. And I doubt I could pass any of the Myers-Brigs Psych tests I once did as a recruit. But I'm messed up for good reason. If you are still curious to know why, let me suggest Nietzsche's ancient quote as answer:

*"He who wrestles with monsters should be careful lest he thereby become a monster. And if thou gaze long into an abyss, the abyss will also gaze back into thee."*⁸

I have a partner, Silas, whom you've met. And he's a friend, but I keep him in the professional category. Otherwise, I live alone because I don't socialize well with "normals." Nor do I have companions, acquaintances, or romantic partners because it makes me too vulnerable. And I make sure to move my home residence about, in unpredictable patterns of residency here and there because, well, I already explained why. I neither want to be target nor prey. And I don't live for the work, but the work is there to be done. Now more than ever it seems.

What I have are books. Books and a nice MLT when the mutton is nice and lean.⁹

"You're gearing up. You going out without Silas?"

"Yeah, I thought I'd let him sleep another cycle."

⁸ Quote attributed to Fredrich Nietzsche

⁹ Dialogue by Billy Crystal, from A Princess Bride by S. Morgenstern written by William Goldman

“I can go wake him. I know he wouldn’t mind.”

“No, let him sleep. He needs it. Give him one more cycle before setting off the alarm clock. Then have him call me on the wave band if I’m not back by then.”

“Will do. Ah, Mr. Rogers?”

“Yeah, Billy?”

“Be safe out there in the north. I been listening to the news feeds and there’s a lot of unrest where you’re going. All kinds of skirmishes between the Earthlings and, well, just about everybody. I wouldn’t want to see you get hurt.”

“Not my first rodeo, kid. But thanks for the thought. See you soon.”

*“Thinking will not overcome fear but action will,”*¹⁰ my mentor used to say.

My new recruits occasionally ask about the changes I’ve seen over the years. Fair enough if it’s pertinent to their learning.

In the old days, before computers and electronics, when the “dinosaurs” proverbially walked, tracking bad eggs was a bit more physically demanding because technology hadn’t advanced as quickly. Nor were bad eggs as far reaching. They tended to stay in static urban zones of analog fixtured. So when it came to determining the three elements, a scout usually started with determining a predator’s funding source. Credit card receipts, bank or ATM cash withdrawals, or check cashing stores helped identify the first point of triangulation. A quick stop convenience store or gas station mart, with their late night offerings of malt beverage and cheap salty sweet foods, were often handy to identify the second. And the third, who they hunted – usually in the form of

¹⁰ Quote by W. Clement Stone

barfly, thief, or “lady of the night” often enough - explained why they hunted. Most predators, like most one dimension species back then, tended to stay within comfortable areas known to them, so a Roving Scout’s best success came from developing a reservoir of knowledge and experience in the field. And never watching the takedown.

“Never watch the takedown,” my mentor warned. “Best to hand the case over to the muscle heads and fly away like a bird on a wire.¹¹ Because if a bad egg marks you, you’re pinched for sure.”

It happened to several of my peers in the old days who stayed on to watch the coup de gras as the TACU muscle heads took down a few bad eggs. But in so doing, they exposed their own identity. And the bad egg, in typical murderous fashion, made it their mission to punish the Roving Scout by whatever means necessary to exact revenge.

“Pride has been the downfall of a great many scouts. Not only can it keep you from finding peace, but it can also cause you to lose everything,”¹² my mentor used to warn.

KSBW News Flash, Cycle 19, 12:07am EST

Late night skirmishes continue with BBCC vowing to break any picket lines illegally established by the RBPUI before the Secretary of Labor makes an appearance scheduled for Cycle 20. KSBW News Flash has learned a squad of 7th Dimension Razors have been diverted to the Half Moon Bay Sea and Space Port to end the strike and have been authorized “alea jacta est”¹³ to handle all problems till a resolution is had.

¹¹ Title song by Leonard Cohen off his 1969 album, Songs From a Room.

¹² Quote attributed to Chris Lumpkin

¹³ Latin for “the die is cast”

“We do not give in to ruffians and their narrow minded, species-centric phobias,” BBCC Spokesman Russ Carver advised. “And we will not tolerate our citizens’ all important, life affirming goods being held ransom when we have promised delivery schedules by next day source. These Earthlings have gone too far, are behaving in a criminally negligent manner, and need to be dealt with appropriately and with finality.”

KSBW News Flash vows to monitor the situation so you don’t have to and is a trusted source of information covering all of Model City 5th geographical zones.

This news report was sponsored by Bennington Espresso Beans. When you need pure energy, you need Bennington.”

Scouting has changed over the course of my career and has slowed me down some. Not any less effective, mind you but I do miss “the good old days.” I guess I’m getting a little too sentimental.

Modern recruits take to these new blended tech-internet tactics almost inherently since FIDSSSC first adopted the Universal Universe U-Web of Internet Technology and Streaming Consolidation agreed to by the Fifth Dimension All-Citizen Council of Care. They were born into it. Grew up on it. Practically weaned with it next to the bottle. And therefore I let new recruits know they should feel free to seek new techniques of detection, along with fresh avenues of tactical element protocol, and not consider my instruction foolproof. Its more their world now than mine.

*“No idea is so antiquated that it was not once modern. No idea so modern that it will not someday be antiquated,”*¹⁴ my mentor used to say.

All most modern Roving Scout really need nowadays is a fast twitch MCU database processor to gather and filter the three elements of Intel, and a way to stream that Intel to the TACU muscle heads. It’s amazing.

Even the bad eggs are changing with the times. Where the old bad eggs liked to take sadistic physical trophies from their innocent prey, these modern predators simply stream everything they do on their porta-cells. As though they were historians preserving important historical information. Then they upload their kills to “the cloud” for all the universe and dimensions to see just for a few “likes.” It’s very self-masturbatory. They never seem to consider being clandestine anymore. And even have the unmitigated gall to seek “subscribe” viewership among the very species they prey upon like some Mad Hatter’s Tea Party¹⁵ of sadistic entertainment combined with masochistic purpose.

*“We don’t catch the smart ones,”*¹⁶ my mentor used to say.

Every now and then, a more challenging case comes across my desk, like the one I am on now. It doesn’t fit the patterns of old or new predatorial psychopathology, which means I may even be tracking the first of a new kind of bad egg. And its making me uncomfortable. A sophisticated urban predator, a bit smarter than the average, who is difficult, dangerous, and scares the stoicism right out of me? Now that’s trouble I don’t like.

¹⁴Quote from American Novelist, Ellen Anderson Gholson Glasgow, who won the Pulitzer Prize for her novel, [In This Our Life](#), in 1942.

¹⁵ Mad Hatter’s Tea Party from Lewis Carroll’s 1865 book, [Alice’s Adventures in Wonderland](#).

¹⁶ A common law enforcement colloquialism from the 20th century.

I don't prefer this case, but I have a professional code of conduct. And a somewhat rare and specific set of skills most don't. So I believe it would be unethical for me to turn such a thing down. I do have one or two younger peers - whom I trained - I could farm this out to, but again, I have an ethical code. Bad egg predators cause all kinds of damage to our society. And doing my part to stop them is not only important, but the right thing to ensure society stays safe.

"You have to put some skin in the game,"¹⁷ is what I tell my new recruits, "Otherwise, your reputation and success are meaningless." So I never refuse an assignment or beg off when called upon to work a case.

I am an Urban Roving Scout with Model City's Fifth Inner Dimension Safety and Security Services. And I am here to serve.

KSBW News Flash, Sunday, Cycle 24, 2155 2:04pm EST

"A senior veteran Roving Scout with Model City's Fifth Inter Dimension Safety and Security Services was killed on assignment this morning by the denizens of the Red Brigade Protection Union when the agent was mistaken for a Blue Bus Courier trying to infiltrate the North Dock Working Zones of Half Moon Bay Seaport. Upon trying to evade capture, the Roving Scout eschewed camouflage revealing his self-identity as an avian humanoid of the Aarakocra Chozo civilization from the 3rd dimension Egyptology. He was subsequently captured and beaten to death by unknown members of the RBPU.

The president and founder of the Red Brigade Protection Union, Dreg Joffrey Barrique, condemned the incident and offered his official condolences.

¹⁷ Origin of the phrase is uncertain but may have come from golf 'skins' games played at IBM in the 1980s.

'We do not encourage our people to harm other species unless it is a matter of severe provocation in which our members are simply defending themselves, their fellow brothers and sisters of the union, or their families. I regret this incident occurred but believe it a direct result from threats being perpetrated by agents of the Blue Bus Courier Division at the BBCD's direction.'

KSBW News notes Dreg Joffrey Barrique has been notable of late for stepping up strike and picketing measures along the Half Moon Bay Seaport, with security provided by the Red Brigade Protection Union under the stated purpose of disrupting any and all non-union, non-human activities attempting to take place in the North Dock Working Zone.

The Blue Bus Courier Division currently oversees all sanctioned operations in the North Zones of Model City, including oversight at the docks, and has come under fire for accusations of engaging in subversive tactics preventing the formation of single species union within their established zones of influence.

'We regret such conflict," the BBCD released in an official report to their members, 'but we at the BBCD will not tolerate such selective hostility to any single one of our operational zones nor any activity which hinders our ability to serve all zones across all worlds within all dimensions by all members of our community.'

Mr. Barrique released a press statement in response. "We deserve fair treatment among all known species including the right to live free and be paid a decent living wage without harassment. To work and live among our own species as we see fit. And to have the right to control our own destiny without being subjugated by non-human parameters of induction only deemed appropriate by the BBCD. The same evil empire whose intent to subjugate every species within every known world among every dimension. Do not be fooled by their rhetoric of lies and power mongering ways. They wish to control us all starting with the Earth communities who have been inhabitants since time immemorial and the original citizens of this planet and dimension.

That said, I am truly saddened by the death of the honorable Roving Scout Rogers with the IFDSSSC. Had the Blue Bus Courier Division been honest and honorable from the first, and not tried to engage in such subterfuge including the reprehensible tactics of deceit and murder, this good scout very well would still be alive. I centrally hold the executives of the Blue Bus Courier District responsible and encourage the estimable members of the IFDSSSC to look into this tragedy of justice. I will direct all RBPU members to fully cooperate with any and all investigate matters.

My thoughts and prayers go out to the family and friends of this greatly misused hero with Model City's PACU Roving Scout Unit. The RBPU will therefore donate two thousand bit coin in the name of Roving Scout Rogers to any preferred charity directed by his agency. May R.S. Rogers rest in peace.'

KSBW News Flash brings you the news so you don't have to and is a trusted source of information covering all of Model City 5th geographical zones.

"Well, fuck a duck!" screamed Silas after Billy woke him from his rest cycle to tell him about his partner's death. Angrily Silas pinched back his feathers, tucking them under his Pemeko 4.5 hat and vowed, "I'm gonna make those bastards pay."

"Me too! I'm in," Billy said, "Rogers was my friend. What do I gotta do?"

"Grab some gear," Silas said, "I'm gonna put a call into Sgt. Armisen and get him and his muscle heads moving. R.I.P. my tail feathers! We're gonna put the fear of Armageddon into those Earthlings in the name of Senior Roving Scout Rogers!"

The End.

P.S. Author's Note: This story idea started in a very cliched fashion. I woke up thinking about "how to hunt bad guys" as a story. Which I believe both originated from my experience as a police officer "hunting bad guys" in Santa Cruz for twenty years (from the 90's till the 2010 decade) and from having recently watched Luc Besson's under-rated 2017 film, "Valerian and the City of a Thousand Planets" before I went to bed last night. Not sure how great the story is, but I liked how it turned out.