

Part 1

Meza Zimegeuka: Tables Turned

Dead bodies scattered around the ripe cotton fields in curved rows of a reconstructed 21st century Mississippi plantation. The bloom of natural harvest gave a sweet smell to the rotten air that invaded spring. Helicopter propellers cried out yonder alongside the chilling groans and cries of frail white people running amok. They wore grunge potato sack garments, and their heads were shaved. Children wandered about the dusty fields with tiny hands waving above their heads for help, crying with snotty noses. It was a scene of immense sorrow and bewilderment. A terrible fate that tempered over Mississippi's bleak skies.

Landon was pale, robust yet short in stature. He was in his 50s and by no means simple on the eyes, but his prosthetic leg gave him character. Underarm sweat stains decorated his shirt from the intense southern heat as he drove his unmarked truck along the cotton fields of the crime scene that imprisoned the President of the United States, U.S. congressmen, and their families.

After driving a short distance, Landon spotted Moses wounded and groaning from a discharge twisted shot in the stomach from a marksman. Moses was in his 30s with brown skin, doughy eyes, handsome, tall, and well built. He and his devotees were America's worst nightmare. Moses was the infamous militia group leader, S.L.A.V.E.S. (Silent Libertarians Avenging Voices Excluded in Society), and a marine turned extremist. Some people thought he lost his mind after he discovered that his father was hired as an informant by the F.B.I. to take down the Black Panthers during their movement. His followers believed he was chosen by God to free black people from the oppression of white supremacy. Whether one saw him as a saint or a menace,

Moses unleashed hell on America, and veteran detective Landon Bryson was determined to take him down.

Moses hunched over to stop the bleeding from his wound but struggled to stand fully erect. Local Sheriff officials followed Landon with sirens blaring, and rescue vehicles raised hell through the southern dirt looking for victims and suspects. Landon exited his truck with his weapon drawn and limped towards Moses.

"Moses!" Landon yelled with a southern accent and kned him in the gut.

"Fuck you! Said Moses.

Blood dripping from his mouth, he let out a grunt and then attempted to retrieve his gun on the ground. Landon kicked it away and socked him in the face. Moses shouted out in agony from the blow. Nearby backup officers positioned their guns in unison and pointed them at the suspect.

"No! No! No! Don't shoot! I want this black son-of-a-bitch alive or maybe I'll kill him myself."

Moses let out a sly smirk but was clearly in pain.

"Hit me again! Finish me! This ain't no fair fight now, ain't it?" Said Moses.

Landon punched him in the ribs. Moses kicked Landon in his prosthetic leg and head butted him. Landon's head was bloody but he did not backdown.

"Where's the President? Are there anymore plantations?" Said Landon.

Blood and spit from Moses' mouth showered the air as he plopped down.

"Fuck you!" Said Moses.

Landon yanked the dog tag from his neck, tossed it to the ground. Moses attempted to recover it, but Landon smashed his hand into the ground with his boot breaking his knuckles. Moses screamed!

"Where's the president Moses?" Landon yelled.

Moses let out a dry hack followed by a raspy uncontrollable cough.

"Is he alive? What about the others? congressman?" Landon continued.

"There's no indication that the President is dead or alive, sir. Coroners haven't identified the bodies yet. We found the senator's children." Said one of the officers at the crime scene.

Crisis responders tended to onsite injured victims while car units tore through the plantation grounds pouring fuel, obliterating the cotton fields.

"Why are they dousing the fields in gasoline? The President may be in there!" An officer yelled.

Landon pressed his gun against Moses' brow and prodded the trigger.

"Two seconds. Where is he? One second. Where's the President?"

Moses chuckled.

"Kill me! You're no better than me."

"Where!" Said Landon.

The remaining fields of the Plantation went up in flames. The once freshly bloomed fields were no more. Moses clinched onto his chest as if life was escaping him, looking into Landon's eyes with labored breaths. Emotionless, Landon retrieved a pair of handcuffs from his backside and secured them to Moses's defeated wrists. His eyelids slowly closed, giving way to an inevitable capture.

Part 2 coming soon