

The murderer called for a cab from a pay phone. “Yea, I need a driver to come down and pick me up off 22<sup>nd</sup> & Sycamore St. as soon as possible,” the murderer said. “Sure, we’ll dispatch someone right away.”

When the murderer got off the phone he checked to see if any change was accidentally discharged into the silvery retention slot. He then looked north and south on the boulevard and began digging in his breast pocket for a cigarette. After fisting the cigarette loose from his crushed pack; he fetched a book of matches he got the other night at “Charlie’s On The Slug”. After several tries – bingo. He started sucking down the carbon monoxide love waiting for the taxicab to arrive.

After the cigarette and pacing up-and-down the block, the cab arrived about 10 minutes later. As the yellow machine with wheels approached, he lightly waved his arm, thus bringing the vehicle to a stop. The man behind the wheel was a black man in his late 30’s, good natured, tinted glasses, picture of Christ clipped on the sun visor and full of too many smiles for the area he taxied.

The murdered hopped into the car and asked, “What took you, man.” “Hey, I have a schedule just like you my man, I apologize for running a little late. Where can I take you this afternoon?” The murderer said, “10<sup>th</sup> & Main downtown.” “No sweat. Lean back and enjoy the ride.” The murderer was looking outside the side window in a tank of thoughts of his own. He didn’t respond. Just looked outside and was pulled forward slightly as the car rolled south down the boulevard.

“You from around here?” the cabby asked. “You could say that,” the murdered responded. “I’m Rich, who are you?” the cabby said trying to start some discourse to take up the expected 15 ride downtown. “I’m poor, but they call me the murderer.” “Say what?” the cabby said while catching a glimpse of the white man in the back seat. “I said, they call me the murderer.” “How the hell did you come up with such a non-assuming name?” the cabby asked with a playful grin on his countenance. “It’s somewhat a joke, plus I don’t want to get into any anecdotes right now. Could you do me a favor and let me swim in some silence during the ride?” “Sure, sure, whatever you ask. You’re the boss.”

Many minutes went by in silence, just as the murderer had asked. All that time, the cabby would grab a good peek at the man in his late 20’s in the back seat. Each look from the cabby came when the man in the back was looking out the window. His looks were blank, yet riddled with thoughts that shouldn’t somehow he disclosed.

“You work or live downtown?” the cabby asked. “Look, god dammit, I want some peace. Is that too much for a guy to ask for?” the murdered muttered while looking at the cabby in the rear view mirror. “No, no, no. Not at all. Just a question.” “Look, I work and live downtown. It goes along the lines of what I do for a living.” “Which is what line of work?” the cabby asked as his curiosity was beginning to get the best of him. “Man, enough. I didn’t want to talk at all. You’re driving a hard bargain up there. Why are you so interested in what I do.” The cabby started to get agitated at the belligerent tone thrown his way. “Just making a little small talk. I’m giving you silence. But a man gets tired of his own thoughts all day long. I just want a little conversation to break up the voices.” The cabby said in his defense. “Find it with someone else.” The murderer said lightly.

The rest of the ride downtown was silent. As the cabby approached the intersection of 9<sup>th</sup> and Main, he said, “Didn’t mean to piss your shit off. I apologize.” “Forget it.” The murderer responded. As the murderer reached for his wad of cash in his pocket, he took a business card from the remains of his soft pack. “Good luck with the next passenger. By the way, take a look at my card. Maybe we can do business sometime when I’m feeling more talkative.” The murdered said.

The cabby took the cash and generous tip and threw the card in the passenger seat as the murderer began slowly walking north. Red appeared in the peripheral vision of the cabby. He looked down at the card, which had a red wishbone in the middle and no writing anywhere around the picture. He turned the card

over and it was white as the low levels of sky in front of him. This cabby got more than he bargained for. His silence would and wonder would persist for some time. Especially when he would try a conversation with another passenger that day or the other days that would follow. He gave the murderer a ride. Thought it was a joke.

The red wishbone was another tale the murderer may disclose to a cabby or other unsuspecting individual, he thought, as he continued to head north up the busy parkway.