

My Momma is a Fugitive from the FBI
A humorous short story by dehanna bailee

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Based on a True Story

My Momma lives in a nice kindly small town deep in the heart of Louisiana. You know the sort. The one with long lazy summer days spent listenin' to the creakin' of peepers down in the ditch an' watchin' the white egrets lifting effortlessly from the puddles left beside the road.

She's a good woman. Takes care her family the best she can. Actually, gets run quite ragged on most days. And you know these are the days you just stay outta her way, for nobody messes with my Momma.

She's wanted by the FBI.

Now I know you're asking yourself, how on earth does a good woman in the heart of the most beautiful country in this land get to be wanted by the Federal Bureau of Investigations. Well, it's quite simple actually.

She mailed herself out a box of goodies to some friends up north.

Now these weren't just no ordinary goodies. No sir-ree, these was Mardi Gras beads. Contraband. Dangerous goods. It seems like her friends were opening themselves a little place of there own. A little beer and good times place for the neighborhood. They needed something special for their grand opening on the Saturday comin' up.

Well, they called my Momma, already knowin' what a good woman she is, knowin' that she'd do what she could to help, and lo and behold, she was more than happy to lend a hand. Told them it would just tickle her to death to be able to chip a little into the pot for their successful opening. She'd pack 'em right up a big ol' box of goodies and so forth plumb full of this-an-that's an' what-cha-ma-bobs. The whole kit and caboodle.

Well, that's just how she is.

So, she packs herself a nice little care package, loads it up in her pick-em-up truck, and heads off for work. She does construction for a living. Not just any construction either, vinyl siding to be specific. Best contractors on the north side of the lake in my opinion.

Anyway, she heads out, running around like a chicken with her head cut-off, a-goin' here and there, makin' deliveries, an' loading up the goods. Even stops and cuts a few squares of siding up for the guys to hang. And for them not so job-site oriented, them squares means a ten by ten foot area of wall-space for that sidin' to be hung on.

Told ya', she's a good woman, does her job well.

So, she gets done a cuttin', chucks her tools up on the front seat of the truck, right next to that box of goodies, and heads on down the road to the local post office where, just like everywhere else in this small Louisiana town, everyone knows exactly who my Momma is. She chit-chats a few with the woman behind the counter, pays the a-mount due to mail the package, and heads out on her merry way. No big deal. Does it all the time.

And after one other quick errand, she runs on back to the house and figures since the man of the house is gonna' be gettin' in soon she'd better get to cookin' some dinner.

An' here we find her, minding her own business, doing her wifely duties an' so forth, when she hears a knock at the door. Now she knows that's odd. You don't gotta knock when you go to my Momma's house. You just as welcome as can be for there ain't no such thing a stranger.

Anyway, she goes an' gets the door, and who is standing there but the po-lice. Now not just any po-lice, for like everyone else in town, they already know who my Momma is and they wouldn't be knockin' anyhow. No, this is the big important Po-Lice and they've gots themselves them postal inspectors and all what not with them.

And they want to know what she was a mailin' in that big brown box.

So, she says, "Justa buncha of beads, a couple photos, and a short note. Why you wantin' to know?"

It turns out that her box was seeping some 'unknown white powdery substance'. Now, I know my Momma is a child of the sixties, but I'm sorry, she don't mess with no white powdery substances that I know of. So now, she's a-standin' there a-lookin at them like they plumb done fell off their rocker and wonderin' if she could she give 'em a hand back up as they just keep on questionin' her like she's some international threat. As if she had nothin' better to do with her day but mess with the Postal system for the entire southeastern United States.

Well finally, they go on out and search her vehicle, white gloves an' all, lookin' like some investigative television show done landed right smack dab in the middle of her front yard. Hell, even the old tomcat moved off-a the hood of the truck, that's how much commotion was going on.

Now would you believe it? The cry goes out. That there foreign substance has been found in the seat of the vehicle. It's a madhouse. Here they start runnin' all around, gettin' out their little dishes and plastic bags, ready to go to town - them bein' all scientific an' all. Well, they also call my Momma out the house to identify this unknown substance.

So, she goes on out an' about keels over laughin' an' a-hootin' like a madwoman right there in front-a everyone present and now, they're all standing around, looking at her like she's crazy, thinkin' they got their hands full with this woman who's not only sendin' white powdery substances in the mail, but is also crackin' up over it like some lunatic.

Well finally, her sense kicks in an' she figures before she starts cryin' from laughin' too hard she'd better identify the so-called dangerous powder they're all so tore up about, so she calls the head man himself over there to explain to him all about it.

"It's siding," she tells him. Vinyl siding dust to be exact. Did they need the manufacturer's name?

So anyway, to make a long story short, my Momma was not arrested for her contraband plastic Mardi Gras beads, nor was she fined for the white powdery substance found on her person and in her vehicle. She even asked them scientific folks if they wanted something to drink a-fore they left, being the good woman that she is.

The postal workers and po-lice apologized for inconveniencin' my Momma, an' wished her a good day as they packed up their latex gloves and plastic baggies an' loaded up in their official po-lice cars an' left. Even, the cat got his sunnin' spot back on the hood of the pick-um-up truck.

But, as a personal last note on this story, I wanna add that as strange as it all may have been, it's nice to know that the people out there who are supposed to be protectin' the innocent persons in the country today are doin' their job. And doin' it very well at that.

Even if it might make my Momma a fugitive from the FBI.

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A freelance writer living in North Carolina, dehanna bailee is the author of the paranormal romance "True Nature" and the ever-popular "A Basic Guide to Fee-Based Print-on-Demand Publishing Services", as well as a contributing author in "Barn and Snow: A Holiday Poetry Anthology", "to wound the autumnal city: a dyingdays.com 9-11 anthology", "Cooking by the Book", and "NUW Roads Travelled". She has also served in the position of Editor for both "The Source" and "The Notebook and Pen", and still serves as the Host of the Original POD Database, recently named one of the Top 101 Best Websites for Writers by Writers Digest.

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