

## ABBY

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### Chapter 52 - Town Mayor

A new residential subdivision had grown on the other side of the Intertate Highway from us along the four lane highway that went past us. I walked over there for a visit thinking some of our staff might want to buy a new home there.

Construction trailers were clustered at a big sign of homes for sale. Lined up side by side on the far side of those trailers were dump trucks, flat bed trailers, bulldozers, and cranes all of which had been battered enough we would never rent anything like those.

One enclosed trailer seemed a little better furnished with a nice wooden stair up to the door.

I went in that one, and immediately appreciated my good red skirt-suit with a blazing white blouse.

A gruff overweight guy raised his head and eyes in my direction with a glare that freely translated as 'what do you want?'. I omitted a few swear words in my head that were probably in his.

I quickly decided he would have no, zero, interest in selling to any of our paid staff, almost all of whom had a mixed racial background. "I'm the Chair of the organization with the big service station and restaurant on the other side of the Interstate. I thought we ought to have a few common interests."

He growled. "Like what?" His tongue and lips formed the word 'little bitch', but he didn't say them.

"Uh, sir, who knows. Open ended question. Traffic control. The squealing tires on the interchange loop. Illegal drugs growing nearby. Any of that interest you?"

"Nah." He surprised me by not throwing me out. Something gnawed at his mind. I watched over his shoulder as workers came and went from his equipment park. They were exclusively white. I wondered in my head if Mansion House could take on residential construction and beat him on price by hiring mixed race.

He gave me an idea on hiring mixed race. The State had recently initiated an early release program from the prisons to reduce the numbers and cost of incarcerated inmates. They were training auto mechanics in the prisons. The mixed race former inmates could have a hard time finding and keeping jobs. We could always use more auto mechanics. We already had in place multiple psychology programs those people

would need. They couldn't buy one of these new construction homes. They would need a clean, dry place to live. Could we build another high rise? The financial numbers swirled around in my head. The word water repeated in my head. Water. Water. Water. A blinding flash of the obvious hit me. Sewage disposal. We had a sewage disposal problem and so did this raciest construction company owner.

"Uh; sir. Water supply, maybe. Where do you get your water for so many homes? Sewage disposal?"

His eyebrows told me he had an intimidating glare for people like me. Probably called us 'do gooders', whom he hated for getting in his way and disrupting the raciest status quo. "How in the dickens are you going to do that?"

His use of the word 'dickens' instead of a four letter word told me he thought of me as a woman. As a white woman. Little would he ever know. I liked my new feminine voice even more.

"Glad you asked. Interesting question. Do you know we have extensive land behind us for aqua-culture? Those ponds draw fresh water from the river. That means we own all the land between the highway and that small sluggish river. We can install a sewage treatment plant. We can draw almost unlimited water. Think that might do you some good?"

He scowled. "Never get the required approval."

"Let me look into that. Got a business card with your phone number?"

He expressed genuine hate at me as he handed me a business card.

I tensed up at his hate and wet my diaper. I would need a chiropractic session.

Daniel our inhouse lawyer quickly found all sorts of weird things. Connecting the dots in the statutes and rules found that we could form a water district, and then they couldn't tell us 'no'. Except, such a district had to have broad community support. To show that, he told me, hold an election.

I didn't ask that mean ole construction guy. I wrote him a letter saying what we were about to do, and the residents in his complex would be voting. We found out along the way he didn't even let his buyers vote in his residential association, not until, that is, all the houses had been sold.

Tara, Barbie-doll, and their third reciprocal sex toy Pat launched themselves into holding a public election. They worked with Daniel and came up with the weirdest way I had ever seen of who would be qualified to vote. They included residents plus everyone who worked in the area. They included everyone, not just qualified voters which brought in all of our immigrants, jail work release, and former inmates.

The nearby shopping center owner became thrilled with all of this. His expansion plans had run into impediments about adequate water.

The results of the election were as pre-ordained as much as if that raciest or the mob had run things forever.

Tara, Barbie-doll, Pat, and Daniel hatched another idea. Write the charter for the

water (and sewer) district as close as possible to an unincorporated town. They bestowed a new title on me of "Mayor".

I asked them to find someone else to be the Mayor.

Tara came right back at me. "Cindi! Shame on you. All the members of the Mansion House have their own little niche. We all look to you to represent us out there in the wider world. You are gorgeous complete with your long blond hair. None of us have your reputation out there such as with the railroad District Supervisor, the police, and the Judge. You have become good at delegating. Keep it up."

I felt so chastised and criticized that I put my tail between my legs so to speak. I had made myself into "it", so get used to it.

We went to the Court and asked Judge Wagner to issue an order authoring all this pursuant to some obscure statute. She did. The mob didn't catch on fast enough to object.

Tara found people in the restaurant kitchen to talk to our immigrant community, our hotels, the truck drivers, the auto mechanics, and more. The truck drivers alone could swamp the voting.

Of course the South Side Water District won its election, and I became the elected Mayor.

My sister-wife Kittie supervised preparing the expected financials for the Water District, and visited the bank. After several trips back and forth the Mansion House had to guarantee the bank loan. The members enthusiastically voted yes. The bank tentatively approved the loan secured by the revenues.

The environmental people drove us crazy. Solving one problem always seemed to cause another. We went from primary sewage treatment to secondary sewage treatment. We add a trash and dried sewage incinerator that generated electric power. Then tertiary treatment of the now clear waste water. The bank pointed out that for just a little more we could have fourth stage water treatment which resulted in distilled quality pure water. It would be less expensive to pump that uphill than to treat the available river water. We did that, but didn't broadcast it.

We hired an experienced supervisor at a fancy salary. The bank liked that, but didn't like our troubles hiring the worker bees. Until we thought of the prison release men. Our psychologists Tara, Christina, and their students worked with those men. In exasperation Christina called the prison for help. Instead, they took a two day course and returned much relieved. This isn't rocket science. Most of the men stayed with us. At times we didn't like the way the prison release men talked, but they kept themselves clean both showering daily and not too much drug abuse.

We, more myself, received a threatening letter we would sell the water district to the letter writer, or an unspecified or-else. That seemed like the mob to me. They had wanted to hurt us ever since we had run them out of the old Mansion House.

We called the FBI. They reported back the "J" signature had been used before by a mob boss named Giacotta.

The FBI asked if I would be the nominal victim. "Yes; but not so nominal." I

explained why.

All five of my sister-wives begged me not to go. They all thought this had become way too dangerous. Dr. Christina agreed with them. Tara understood the guy hidden away in me. Tara explained me as a guy having staked out a position and would defend it at all costs.

We arrived at the glitzy expensive entrance with a well landscaped curving drive way to the front door. Tara drove our van with Barbie-Doll as her assistant. Everybody had long ago forgotten that under her feminine exterior Barbie-Doll had always been a guy. Our two resident police officers came along dripping with their equipment and their powers of arrest.

Behind us were two of the noisiest trucks I could remember having ever heard with ugly black exhaust. Those were U.S. Army ten tire trucks known as a Deuce and a Half for their being rated as carrying two and a half tons of cargo across fields without roads. Behind them followed a yucky duck-do colored sedan from GSA, or Government Services Agency. It carried the FBI Senior Agent Mr. Brandon and an assistant.

By prior agreement I went in first in my best and newest skirt-suit. The seamstresses had made it from burgundy wool with a light peach blouse.

Not too far behind me followed a U.S. Army Infantry Platoon in full combat uniform, helmets, flak jackets, bayonets in sheaths hung from their pistol belts, and M-16 rifles. The sound of their boots marching in cadence intimidated me even though they were protecting me.

Even with all this combat power I carried my 44 revolver under a spare diaper in my shoulder bag.

A senior concierge guy in an almost tuxedo tried to intercept me.

I already knew where I wanted to go. I walked past him and that marching platoon brushed him aside.

That platoon shed and left behind a string of what they called fire teams of four or five soldiers each. They fixed their bayonets on their rifles. They stood at attention with those bayonet equipped rifles held across their chests.

We went up a grand spiral staircase to the second floor. Up there the main office entrance could not have been more obvious.

A receptionist attempted to intercept me. I ignored her as I had the men downstairs. The platoon marched behind me with the same effect of she retreated to her desk. She picked up her phone. A sergeant slammed the handset back in the cradle and held it down until she withdrew her hand.

I led the way into an inner office where the telephone attracted the same attention.

I led the way into Mr. Giacotta's secretary's office. This time a soldier had his hand on the telephone handset before his secretary could.

I paused at the door to Mr. Giacotta's office for my inhaling a lung full of air for

settling myself. I opened the door. I had picked up on the infantry's cadence and marched in followed by an Army Captain, a Lieutenant, and eleven of their armed soldiers. Their two most senior sergeants came up and stood beside me. Those two senior sergeants were tall and intimidating.

Mr. Giacotta leapt from his chair, screamed at me, and continued doing so.

I kept my new feminine voice level. "May I introduce Mr. Brandon. He is the senior FBI agent in this case."

They took Mr. Giacotta to jail with his hands handcuffed behind his back.

I went to Court the next business day and watched lawyers argue for a monetary bond.

At another Bond Hearing, the Court made its ruling that Mr. Giacotta would remain in jail in only two words. "Bond denied."

Our water district hummed in all of its glory. The trash smelled. House sales increased. The shopping mall grew. Our two resident police officers caught a few cheaters who had fiddled with the water meters.

Best of all, that nasty real estate developer became nice to me.