

## Footprint

July 30 2017 by Harry Zirkelbach  
Stars and Sun 348

The early morning winter shift of the Police Department roll call and briefing complete, the Squad Cars left the station, all motored to the nearest coffee house in their District. A light snow was falling that 3:00 AM the city quiet. Two of the eight precincts were manned by cars with two officers. Then cars began a routine drive through their business areas. Saw nothing suspicious. Snow continued to fall. Their cars made fresh tracks on the roadway.

Then a radio call: a report of someone braking into an establishment near the main east-west drag of town. The Officer in that car responded. The front door had been forced open. the Officer requested the owner, whose phone available, have a Detective in the snow, left the store, and almost immediately apartment house.

The detective arrived short time the Detective youngster, fully dressed, to jail the suspect, write



Before leaving his Patrol car, that the Dispatcher to call # on the window, .And if meet him. The felon's prints veered across the street, climbed up steps into an

first, followed the trail. In a exited with a handcuffed and headed to Headquarters a report.

The owner arrived, cursed the damage, surveyed the loss, called for boarding of his business. It was apparent what appliance had been stolen. The owner provided a full description, even serial numbers..

The Patrolman returned to the Precinct Office, typed a formal report.

Having nothing else to do, he visited the Detective at Headquarters, and found that the foot-printed youngster had mentioned taking the same object, which the Detective held as evidence.

The Patrolman returned to his Precinct, and a scheduled Breakfast with a fellow Officer, learned that all other patrol had been routine. Nothing amiss.

They had a good laugh at the expense of that youngster. Probably the dumbest young man in the city, Certainly a boy-man without a criminal mind.

The Detective and the Courts now obligated to keep him out of the round-robin criminal justice system. Somehow get him to understand in most elementary terms, we ourselves decide what we are now and what we intend to become.

And make that decision, become responsible, one choice at a time.

Open the invisible footprint away from the criminal justice.

People have been plodding the grounds of Windsor Gardens for almost 60 years. Have left no footprints, lots of hand prints, and a few nose prints. Still not a visible clue to who has been here. And that, the basic history of civilization on this orb.

We of the Writers Group are blessed, not totally invisible.

We are provided an venue to record our presence.

Simply give Dennis Knight the piece read aloud weekly  
for inclusion in the ethereal wg-wg.

In the future, any with a computer or equivalent,  
can follow our mental steps, word by word,  
open the door to our mind, read.

Without a footprint left by anyone.

Not unlike a walk through the endless sand dunes of time.

No hint that anyone has been there.