

Momma Can You Hear Me?

A Novel By Ty Keenum



Copyright © 2016 by Ty Keenum

All rights reserved. This book or any portion thereof may not be reproduced or used in any manner whatsoever without the express written permission of the publisher except for the use of brief quotations in a book review.

Printed in the United States of America

First Printing, 2016

Chapter 1

Rec Room

Posted on 16 July 2015, 10:49 am

“Hello World” from the Rec Room here at the TackyToo Trailer Park. If you haven’t guessed already, I am new to this sport of blogging. It doesn’t take a Kreskin to see that there are going to be a lot of logistical issues that will need to be resolved. My foggy memory and arthritic fingers will be just a couple of them.

Currently, we’re allowed fifteen minutes at a time on the community computer. This means that when I sit down, I’ve got to type fast to tell my daily story. The sign up list for the computer here in the Rec room is always a mile long.

Apologies for the lack of a photo, I know all blogs are supposed to have a photo so the reader can relate better to the person doing the talking. Sadly, there is but one photo of me available after my wife Mulva pitched what can be best described as a monumental hissy fit. Mulva’s fit of destruction was a result of my last arrest, which we’ll get into later.

To give you a mental image of me, think of Nick Nolte in the movie “A Walk In The Woods.” My booking photo looks like that character with the look on his face from Nolte’s booking photo in the Hawaiian shirt. You might say that I’m not really at my best in the photo. It’s for sure I don’t want this photo used for my obituary in the Blairsville

Times when that time comes. I promise I'll post a photo representative of the new me when I'm allowed more than a hundred feet from my trailer.

Fortunately, I live in lot Number Two, which is just across the driveway from the Rec room. "Number Two at TackyToo" is how I give my address to people giving me a ride home. It's an accurate description in more ways than one.

The terms of my release from my most recent incarceration include attempts to address my problem's "root core", as opposed to just dealing with my behavior. Wearing an ankle monitor and writing down my "feelings" for a year allow me to live outside of the county jail. It seems like a very doable solution to me. In fact, you might say I'm chopping tall cotton. Since we already had an AA chapter here at TackyToo, I'll be able to attend my court ordered meetings without imposing on family or friends for transport.

The silver lining to my most recent dark cloud is being released from the weekly trip to Walmart with Mulva on Friday and attending services at The Full Gospel Original Church of God on Sunday. Now, it's true that both events are not without amusement. I've got Mulva's promise to document any mishandling of the snakes at the church. Any Blue Light Special where people get trampled, or other extraordinary stuff at the Walmart, and Mulva will be my eyes and ears.

Well, the line is growing longer and longer behind me. Since consideration for others is in my top ten areas of personal improvement, I'll sign off before I lose my cool. I promise to return soon, the courts say I've got to.

Chapter 2

Early Release

Posted on 17 July 2015, 02:04 am

‘I’m Baaaack!’ Since an appointed bedtime was not part of my parole, I decided to take advantage of my position as park custodian here at TackyToo to open up the Rec Room for my daily post. The parole requirement is that I post every day. Nothing was indicated about what time of day to do the posting.

Before we discuss the events precipitating my new designation as blogger, I should probably discuss the results that we want my blog to achieve. By “we”, I mean my family, the court system of the great state of Georgia and myself. I do not understate when I say that we all expect great things to come from this experiment.

Apparently, I have what is referred to as “anger management issues”, coupled with a “contempt for authority”. The judge, and a couple of shrinks, felt that by encouraging me to release a little steam daily, I would avoid the seismic eruptions of the past. We’ll see.

Judge Baldwin Rood decided to give me one last chance, even after me snickering “Bald and Rude” when he was introduced to the court. Fortunately for me, Judge Rood chose to be the bigger man, and didn’t add a contempt charge to my laundry list of crimes. Good for me.

The terms of my sentencing were fairly simple. Six months in County followed by one year of parole, if I behave. The terms of the parole are fairly simple. In exchange for following whatever “wellness plan” the psychologists recommend at the time of my

release, attending AA meetings regularly, and wearing an awkward piece of jewelry, I get to avoid 2-5 years in the custody of the state of Georgia. Sweet. Did I mention that the jewelry buzzes like a hornet's nest that's been stepped on when I get more than 100 feet or so from my house? It is an inconvenience, but not as inconvenient as sharing a toilet with three other dudes.

For all of those who might think that three hots and a cot is an easy row to hoe let me share with you what my public defender told me. "In twenty two years I've never defended anyone who didn't prefer freedom to jail". In spite of the fact that Mulva and I might benefit from some quality time apart, two to five years in the State pen was definitely not the way to go.

Now, almost eight months after the incident, I can see how releasing my feelings to the cosmos and getting the resulting feedback from professionals could help me gain perspective on my life, my family, and even my assorted addictions. I sense that breaking my pattern of behavior is necessary to keeping this old man from spending his final days in jail. Maybe this high IQ these shrinks say I've got will get used for something better than figuring point spreads, who knows?

Well, butter my butt and call me a biscuit, it is 2AM. Guess I'll head back over to Number Two and see what kind of reaction I get from Mrs. Lyte. She's not used to seeing me come back in after midnight sober. Could be a hoot.