

Come on, Man

Written by Fred Easter
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Nobody asked me, but the Florida Zimmermans must be Republicans. They, like the Grand Old Party, seem committed to telling one lie after another until somebody believes two in a row. And the official legal minds of Sanford, FL ought to be indicted as accessories after the fact, as well.

As the TV sports jocks would say "Come on, Man". If the police find me, with a smoking gun, standing over the lifeless body of a gunshot victim; my description of events better be consistent with the available physical evidence AND with their taped record of recent conversations with me. For example, if I say the victim pinned me down and beat my head against the pavement; I should have a bruised and bloody head OR the pavement, at the scene, should be pretty well beaten up. If I say, I managed to free an arm, reach my gun and shoot my "assailant"; the wound track should support my story that I narrowly escaped being "Skittled" to death. "Come on, Man.

Whatever you think about "Stand Your Ground" laws; if I arm myself, leave the relative comfort and safety of my home and follow a citizen, against the stated wishes of police, with whom I'm in telephone contact; I am not standing MY ground, I'm standing HIS ground. No current law, even in Florida and throughout the Old South, sanctions using deadly force when standing anybody's ground you'd like to, even Black folk. Of course, unwritten laws are a completely different story.

This account of events that is coming out, piecemeal, is clearly NOT an account of actual events; but an agreed upon account they want us to swallow whole. This is not just a flawed investigation by inept, country cops. We have been treated to a cover-up. The police, having told Zimmerman not to follow Treyvon, should have said those three little words when they arrived at the scene, "Come on, Man".

Now, we learn that the investigating Detective recommended charging Zimmerman, but was over ruled by the attorneys. Attorneys, who, I'm guessing, were on a first name basis with his Father, da judge. This scenario is the poster child for "Accessory, after the fact. Come on, Man.