

(Download pdf ebook) The Clot Thickens: Things Mom Never Told You About Street Animals (Homicidal Humor) (Volume 3)

The Clot Thickens: Things Mom Never Told You About Street Animals (Homicidal Humor) (Volume 3)

Sgt. Brian Foster

*DOC | *audiobook | ebooks | Download PDF | ePub*

The Clot Thickens

Book #3 in the Homicidal Humor Series



**Things Mom Never Told You About Street Animals
and
Modern Day Gunfighters**

**Sgt. Brian Foster
Houston Homicide (ret)**



DOWNLOAD



READ ONLINE

#3119878 in Books Foster Sgt Brian 2011-06-07Original language:EnglishPDF # 1 8.50 x .85 x 5.50l, .95
#File Name: 0983707324374 pagesThe Clot Thickens Things Mom Never Told You about Street Animals |
File size: 30.Mb

Sgt. Brian Foster : The Clot Thickens: Things Mom Never Told You About Street Animals (Homicidal Humor) (Volume 3) before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Clot Thickens: Things Mom Never Told You About Street Animals (Homicidal Humor) (Volume 3):

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five StarsBy Tom D.Great book, you will enjoy it.1 of 1 people found the following review helpful. so true!By pj thompsonBrian! great job and I am looking forward to more stories and books!PJDeputy Sheriffup North in VA !!0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Life (and death) in the Fast LaneBy JNHSgt. Brian Foster spent 27 years as a Homicide Detective in Houston which is why this book has the clarion ring of truth. This isn't a Joseph Wambaugh novel, this is life on the streets. The book doesn't just cover Foster's career, but spans the decades between the notorious Bonnie and Clyde up to now. Although the book deals with serious, real-world crimes, Foster manages to inject humor into his stories (one of my favorites was called Professional Mourners), but be warned, this is the type of humor police, fire and other first responders use to protect themselves from what they have to do and see every day. If you're easily offended it might be better to read something by J.K. Rowling. This books is a collection of stories that don't take long to read. But they will have you laughing and shaking your head. Highly recommended!

Welcome to the world of urban police legend and lore. Homicidal Humor offers a glimpse of life through the eyes of a homicide detective, whose ability to see the funnier side of tragedy has helped keep him sane. These fictional short stories, inspired by real cops and real cases, are set in areas along the Texas Gulf Coast and include historical facts and interesting tidbits about the city of Houston and its police department. All individuals, as well as locations alluded to, are fictitious. You might say the names have been changed to protect the imbeciles. (Note: This book contains adult language and some police scenarios that would be rated at least PG-13.) Street life, history and blarney mixed with gunpowder and cold steel A behind-the-scenes introduction into a world I hope you never see up close. This book contains stories of killers, con men, street cops and detectives, covering the days of Bonnie and Clyde to the present. What readers are saying about The Clot Thickens: "As a rookie detective, Brian was my first partner. He once told me that we were just human trash collectors. 'We pick trash up off the streets. The courts process them and the prison system recycles them.'" -- Sgt. W. L. Andrews, Houston Police Department (Ret.) "These stories come across like they are being told across a kitchen table. This is the knife and gun club that I know all too well." -- Dr. Robert Jordan (Medical Examiner's Office), Las Vegas, Nevada "This book gives me flashbacks. Reading the stories you cannot only envision the beer joint, but you can almost smell the tobacco smoke, the stale beer and the blood." -- Officer Harry Womack, Houston Police Department (Retired C.S.U.) From The Clot Thickens: I was called to take photos at a traffic fatality scene. It was a Sunday afternoon major auto/motorcycle wreck and traffic was backed up into next week. A nineteen- to twenty-year old on a crotch rocket motorcycle plowed into some innocent Sunday driver, ruining his day and ending the life of the cyclist. I parked behind two women who were also headed to the death scene. I did not know it at first but they were professional mourners. Both women were corn-fed and chipmunk-cheeked lovelies. Either one of them would have field dressed at 250 pounds on any given day. The ladies in question stepped from their car and each slung a rather large purse over her forearm. They both wore wide brimmed straw hats and waddled toward the wreck site as they visited and adjusted their panty girdles. As they conversed politely among themselves I walked about fifty feet behind them. They walked a full block and a half until they got about fifty feet from the wreck site. You could make out a motorcycle wedged under the side of a 10-year old Buick. A sheet was draped over what was obviously a body that was awaiting the medical examiner's office to arrive. It was at this point that both women stopped and threw their arms in the air. The first bellowed, "Oh Laud Sista, das June Bug layin' in duh street. Laud have mercy!" The second followed up with, "Sweet Jesus duh po' sweet baby boy daid." First one and then the other would wail and carry on and then the other would chime in with a follow-up. They wailed and caterwauled for the news cameras for several minutes, trying hard to make sure they'd done enough to make it on the evening news. Then they gathered themselves up and waddled back to their car.

About the AuthorThere are now seven generations of Fosters who have made their homes in Texas. They first came here when Texas was part of northern Mexico and the Mexicans wanted a group of Anglos to act as a buffer against raiding Comanches from the high plains. My ancestors lied and claimed to be Catholic in order to receive a land grant in what is now part of Austin and Washington counties along the Brazos River. Members of the Foster clan participated in the revo-lution of the Texians versus the Mexican army. One an-cestor was captured as a prisoner of war along with James Fannin after the battle of Goliad. That Foster patriot was murdered by means of a firing squad at the mission of La Bahia. The murdered man's father (though he was in his seventies) orchestrated part of the Runaway Scrape (as it came to be known) from Austin County by directing the escape of women and children from the advancing Mexican army. My great-grandfather was asked to resign from the office of sheriff of Austin County after he shot and killed three men in front of the county courthouse for "back-talking" him. His actions were deemed too outlandish for those of an elected official. He was not indicted for murder, however, because the three men he killed that day were all trash and the world was a better place with-out them. His son (my grandfather) fled to Houston as a fugitive from justice following a shooting near the Washington-Waller county line. He went on to become a wealthy man but never returned to Austin County, Texas. I spent twenty-three of the thirty-four years I worked in law enforcement in the Houston Police Department's Homicide Division. I preferred to work the physical parts of the

murder cases I was assigned to. I personally averaged twenty-five to thirty-eight actual murder scenes a year. That does not include the cases I assisted in by taking witness statements, confessions or in executing warrants. Working in a homicide division exposes you to the most human side of life. You see into the private lives of others and must detach yourself from any emotional feelings and consider everything as evidence. If you internalize what you see it can consume you.