

2013-04-18.MD

My mom just got finished with a harrowing experience with the police. She was probably in there for two hours; I think they must have had the wrong person. Now she was driving me home.

"You should probably call the police and ask if you have any warrants."

Good advice, but we were about to stop at Kroger and buy some things I needed, so I decided to wait a bit first. Once we were about halfway done shopping, I got out my phone and looked up the non-emergency number for the Dallas Police Department and called them. I got an automated menu and pressed zero. A minute later, a woman answered.

"Hi, my name is Scott Zeid, S as in Star-Cat-Oscar-Tango [my legal name only has one T in it] Zebra-Ellen-Eye [I]-D as in Dog, and I need to know if I have any outstanding warrants or interdictions." I was nervous, and I was wishing I had known the NATO phonetic alphabet.

"Uh, yes, you do, actually."

I don't remember the rest of the call. I caught up with my mom in the candy section. She had put a large bag of some new white chocolate M&Ms in the cart. I wanted to get some regular M&Ms as well, but she said no.

"I'll pay for it!"

"You need the money for living expenses."

I put them in the cart anyway. It's my money, after all. We went to the register and started unloading, and that's when the police stormed in and ransacked the place. I don't remember much except that I continued to check out. I don't remember anything after I emptied the cart.

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The grocery store's Web site was hacked by some activists who posted a long diatribe about the injustices that the police committed. It was cleaned up quickly enough, and the police were also going after those who read it or talked about it. I decided to copy some of it into a file on my USB drive for safe keeping.

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$ vim -ni NONE /run/media/scottywz/Scott\ Zeid/real
Go<enter><enter><enter><enter><enter><enter><enter><enter><enter><enter>
http://web.archive.org/web/20130420103932/http://www.coollocalgrocery.com/
"If you're still reading this, you are one of the point-five percent who
actually care about these atrocities. You must share this page, get the
word out that your government is against you and that the Dallas Police
Department must be stopped at all costs. Tell your friends, tell your
parents, tell your children.

"We can do this. We can take back our First Amendment rights. We can
take back our rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.
Let's do this."
<ESC>V<up><up>gq:wq
$ umount /run/media/scottywz/Scott\ Zeid
```

I had some trouble finding a permanent URL for the Wayback Machine page. It usually takes them six months, at least, to archive a page; I was surprised they saved this one so fast. The formatting was nice, too. The page text was inside a rounded box, probably about 800x600, centered on a nice, light gray background (probably #e0e0e0—it seemed to be using my GTK+ widget background color). The box had a thin border and a light yellow background with the words "WAYBACK CONTENT" repeated across it.

Also, why can't Fedora symlink /media to /run/media/\$USER? I know systemd has a way to show different filesystem contents to different cgroups, right?

Anyway, the police were closing in on me. I had to get out of there somehow.