

# Black & Blue

Two unrelated true life experiences playing their rolls miles apart, one in Niagara Belt and the other in the Ottawa Valley. Two lives derailed from their paths in life; one high profile of a coloured cop unjustly accused of crime he did not commit, the other of a female farmer trampled by male chauvinism as she dared to enter a man's world; both having fallen concurrently through the cracks of society's safeguards and its unspoken prejudices. A heart-rending account of two human lives played out with indeterminate strength and determination in the face of failed trust in those that represent our judicial system, greed in the guise of Animal Welfare officials, and bully-ism beyond belief.



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<b>GENRE:</b>	Injustice		



*ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Being born in Coventry England to two (2) very well-educated parents, gave me a good start to my "to be" interesting life. Even though I was only seven (7) years old when I left England, I still recall the delicious aroma of fish and chips, which was wrapped and served in a layer of newspaper, as my mom pushed me in the pram past the Coventry Cathedral every afternoon. It seems as though I have been chasing after the elusive English fish and chips ever since!*

*As a child, living on a dead-end street, meant my friends and I never rode our tricycles to that forbidden part of the cul-de-sac. Luckily the ice cream van playing its joyful music stopped in front of my house every afternoon and that made the dead end not so scary, at least for awhile.*

*Since moving to Canada, I have enjoyed life in the country setting that surrounds me. My parents were well balanced in their lives, their work ethics could only be respected by all, and their commitment to my siblings and I, has all had such a positive impact on my life. My father gave me the strength to never give up and my mother continuously showed me the power in words.*

*I was inspired to write Black & Blue when a dedicated police officer and good friend was wrongfully convicted and sentenced to 12 years in the notorious Kingston Penitentiary. Even after serving his time and being released from prison he has continually wanted to clear his name. He has never wavered in his claim of innocence nor has my belief in his innocence.*

*Keep being reminded, as you read this book, that it is a true story still with an unresolved ending as he is still trying to clear his name.*

## EXCERPT:

The day finally arrived. It was an uncomfortable day of the week and not just because of the bright sunshine and heat radiating upwards from the pavement. There was an unsettling strangeness to what happened next. The sidewalks on route to the dump were lined with people ...people with drawn, sad faces, when suddenly sergeant Coles would yell out...

“Ladies! Gentlemen, put that book back in the trash...get back on the side walk...now!”

No sooner had the words left the sergeant’s mouth and he was forced to repeat himself.

“People, step back on the sidewalk...NOW!”

Even as his officers were waving folks back onto the sidewalks they were grabbing for anything they could get their hands on, splinters of wood and scraps of paper, just whatever.

“There is something wrong with our citizens wanting such morbid souvenirs to take home,” lamented a disgusted sergeant to anyone within hearing distance.

“This is by far the most disturbing behavior I have ever seen...the public just keep approaching the debris trying to grab a piece of wood, just anything for a keepsake!”

The traffic cops had their work cut out for them that day. **Richard** and Froats wondered as to just what ghoulish thoughts could possess these individuals of a town they had sworn to protect! It was unthinkable.

The demolition company crew, donating both their time and equipment to tear down the house, kept their professionals

working hard under the blaring hot sun, careful to load every bit of distasteful scrap into the garbage **24 Yasmin Aikman** bins. The day was long and the work messy, but the men on the Niagara police force were grateful to be a part of this because of the emotional toll on the community involved with such a project.

Being in the Traffic Unit meant you dealt with death on a regular basis. Sargent Coles understood what the toll being in this unit had on his officers. “We’ve seen many dead bodies over several years,” Coles said to Richard on one shift, then added, “Deaths are so avoidable; so many drunk drivers who just do not learn.” Coles also knew that within his relatively small group of 25 guys, two or three would not be suitable on the force and would have to be let go. The freedom that goes with the position sometimes went to their heads. Coles never had to check up on **Richard**, “In fact,” Coles once remarked to Froats, “When there is a squad party, or when someone retires, and the guys go out for a beer, Richard has to be dragged out with them. And even then, when you look around at the bar, there would be Richard sitting quietly at the back,” his sergeant added. “He is neither rowdy nor a trouble maker. Once I walked to the back where Richard was sitting and assured that I knew I could count on him for special projects, but that now it was time to relax and have some fun with the guys.” Coles turned, smiling contentedly to himself and thinking, ‘There is a good rapport amongst my squad in this room this evening...I couldn’t be happier.’

Unbeknown to Coles, just like a pot of spaghetti sauce left simmering on the back of the stove and about to boil over, no one in his unit could have guessed what was about to happen next.