

Half Measure

I used to be a Cop, long time ago. And I'd get called out on domestic disputes all the time. Hundreds over the years. But there was this one guy, this one piece of shit, that I will never forget. Gordy. He looked like Bo Svenson. Remember him? Walking Tall? You don't remember? Anyway, big guy, 270-280, but his wife, was real small like a bird. Wrists like little branches. Anyway, my partner and I would get called out there every weekend, and one of us would pull her aside and we'd say, "C'mon, tonight's the night we press charges." And this wasn't one of those deep down, he loves me set ups. We got a lot of those. This girl was scared. She wasn't going to cross him. No way, no how. Nothing we could do, but pass her off to the EMT's, put him in a car, drive him downtown, and throw him in the drunk tank. He sleeps it off, next morning out he goes, back home. Now, one night my partner is out sick. It's just me. And the call comes in, and it's the usual crap, she broke her nose in the shower kind of thing. So, I cuff him, put him in the car and away we go. Only that night, we're driving into town, and this sideways asshole is in my back seat humming Danny Boy. And it just rubbed me wrong. So instead of a left, I go right, out into nowhere. I take him out of the car. I kneel him down, and I put my revolver in his mouth, and I told him, "This is it. This is how it ends." And he's crying, going to the bathroom all over himself, swearing to God that he's going to leave her alone. Screaming, as much as you can with a gun in your mouth. And I told him to be quiet, because I needed to think about what I was going to do here. And of course, he got quiet. Goes still. And then real quiet. Like a dog waiting for dinner scraps. Then we just stood there for awhile. Me, acting like I'm thinking things over. Him, prince charming, kneeling in the dirt with shit in his pants. And after a few minutes I took the gun out of his mouth. And I say, "So help me, if you ever touch her again, I will such and such and blah, blah, blah." It was just a warning, of course. Just trying to do the right thing. But 2 weeks later, he killed her. Of course. Caved her head in with the base of a Warring blender. We get there, there was so much blood, you could smell the metal. The moral of the story is, I chose a half measure, when I should have gone all the way. I will never make that mistake again.