

PROPHECY — Big Bob & Bullets

By Jim Golden — Chapter Two

"I can't help myself Betty. When I think of another man touching you or even talking to you I go crazy!" These were the repenting words "Big Bob" spoke to Betty just after he had beaten her policeman suitor to a pulp. Bob was normally a "gentle giant" but some secret demon or mysterious dark power rose to the surface when any man showed her the least bit of attention. It wasn't that he wanted to own her. It was beyond the realm of definition or explanation.

This scenario seemed to be a trigger that brought about some type of strange metamorphosis. Like his TV counterpart, Dr. Bruce Banner, Bob would change into an eerie creature filled with rage and super-human strength when ever he felt his relationship with Betty was threatened. Though this relationship wasn't a two way street, in Bob's mind, Betty was his.

Doris and her infant son were living in a small three room, second story apartment situated over a local "watering hole". It wasn't anything fancy but it was clean and the neighborhood wasn't that bad. It was a typical community in Washington D.C. in the late forties. Country music was still popular then and the city seemed to have a "country" small town flavor.

It was getting close to supper time when Bob exploded through the apartment door. Out of breath and turning quickly he slammed the door shut and through the dead bolt to the locked position. Leaning with his back against the door he cried out for Betty. As she came running from the bedroom leaving Doris and Sonny, she noticed that Bob looked afraid for the first time since she had known him.

"Betty, just tell me you love me!" Bob gasped as he sought to recover his breath. "Bob, what's wrong? What have you done now?" "I can't believe I did it," Bob said. Betty could see a far away look come over Bob like some ghostly unseen shadow, enshrouding him. "Bob, tell me what you did!" Terrified, Betty pleaded with him to leave when he said, "Betty, I just killed a cop."

Doris overhearing his confession joined with her mother in begging him to leave the apartment. "I have a baby in the other room, please leave." The glazed look in his eyes said it all. Like a big cat cornered by its keepers, he was desperately seeking an avenue of escape within his mind. He had determined, long ago, that he would never go to prison again. Suddenly an almost peaceful resolve came over him, as though his fate had been revealed to him. One thing was certain, they wouldn't take him back to jail again.

Deep down inside he knew it would never work out between him and Betty, especially now. He knew it was only a matter of minutes before the unavoidable knock would come at the door, followed by those familiar words, Police! open up! What a perfect end to a miserable life. Maybe Betty would finally believe that he truly loved her. Maybe, at least, she would never forget him. He was going to lay his life down in front of her. Bob wasn't going to commit suicide, he still had four rounds left on his revolver.

"Get back into the bedroom Doris, he's got a gun," Betty pleaded. BAM, BAM, BAM, it was to late. Bob would never get to deliver his last mournful love sonnet to Betty. Betty

would never get a chance to flee into the other room with her daughter and grandson. Doris would never get a chance to object to being treated like a child and told to hide in the bedroom. No sooner had the word police penetrated the apartment door than the last four cartridges in Bob's revolver spent their load, hurtling four chunks of hot lead through the door into the hallway, killing another policeman and wounding two more.

The apartment door literally disintegrated before their eyes as the deadly rain of police fire filled the air. Bob's hulking body, seemed to be suspended in the air by some invisible force, as his already dead form was torn to shreds by "friendly fire".

The funny thing about shock is the way it seems to protect us and get us through times of almost unimaginable horror. Shock is what Betty and Doris were in. The walls were riddled with bullet holes. Several rounds had penetrated the room where Doris and Sonny were. Two rounds splintered the headboard of Sonny's crib where only moments ago he lay. Fortunately Doris had instinctively grabbed him and covered him with her own body.

As mother and daughter looked at each other and realized that they were alive they began to shake almost simultaneously. Doris suddenly ran to the bathroom as the reality of what happened hit home with nauseating effect. After many hours of questions and answers, the last policeman said as he was leaving, "Sorry for the mess ma'am, we didn't know anyone else was in here.