

Battle at the Bodega

by Matt DeVirgiliis

"Mister Lowell...Mister Lowell...Mister Low --"

"Huh? Sorry, detective."

"I need you to answer a few more questions."

Mr. Lowell knelt down and put his face in his hands, his knees quickly covered in blood. Sobs.

"He's just a kid. I would have just given him some cash if he had put down the gun."

"There was nothing you could do," said the detective. "You had to protect your employees. We have your firearm. I'll give you a minute."

The detective left the bodega and headed into the chaos of ambulance lights and police sirens. Eyes watched from all angles.

Mr. Lowell sat by the lifeless body and held his hand. "You are not my son, but you are someone's son. I am sorry," he said as he wept from his gut.

