

A Necessary Evil

by sara t.

He sat in his cop car, shielded from the rain and snow, coffee in the cup holder, heat going full blast. He didn't enjoy this part of the job, sitting on the side of the expressway, stalking morning commuters on the chance they were speeding, or using the HOV lane with less than two plus passengers. But it was a necessary evil and one he'd made peace with, easy to do when he arrived home each day to the comforting touch of his wife, his home. He still smelled her on him from that mornings intimacy and he felt lucky. When the battered Maxima in the HOV lane registered ten above the speed limit, he hit the lights and eased in behind it a short blast of his car siren slowing the driver down. Getting out of his car, he thought about what he would get for breakfast, perhaps an egg and cheese, yes that sounded good. He walked over to the stopped vehicle and requested drivers license and registration please Maam. He waited a moment, two and when he peered in again he saw her slowly rifling through her purse and then she handed it to him and looked up. He registered the tear drop first then the pools of tears in the blue eyes. He went back to his car, went through the motions of writing up the speeding ticket and walked back. As he handed it to her he said "It's only a ticket, Maam, no need to cry, next time watch your speed." Her eyes still flushed with tears held him, full of sadness and grief and she said "You, you were the last straw".

