

Tell Me What Happened

by Tim G. Young

Anybody going to tell me what happened? The empty faces in the crowd all mumbled on insignificant ramblings and walked out of the room en masse. The detective thumbed through his pocket sized red notebook. The notes he made, scratches more than anything, now all appeared like stick drawings. He walked away from the lectern and made for the table strewn with the remnants of coffee and donuts. He found a clean cup and managed to pour half a cup of tepid brew in there. All the milk and donuts were gone. He swallowed it in one noisy gulp and went out to his car.

The sun glanced off the windshield into his eyes. He rubbed them, found his keys in his jacket pocket, unlocked the car and stepped inside. His police radio blasted the silence of the car and he shut it off. The little boy that was killed reminded him of his own son. They were about the same age. He thought about the way his boy's face would sparkle when they would first see each other in the morning. He thought about how damn tired he was feeling right now and how the absence of one word from any and all of those possible witnesses to the crime had left him wanting to take out his snub nose and give them a taste of it.

He made the engine come to life and pulled out of the parking lot. He turned right and the light turned red. His cell phone began to buzz in his shirt pocket. He lifted it out and saw it was his son calling. He answered. The boy said, "please come pick me up dad, I saw something bad."

