

OUT WALKING THE DOG

BY James Collins

Saturday morning in the Bronx always started with a trip to the local store for milk and bread about 8AM. I stepped out of the court yard of the five story brick building and saw the cars parked head to tail on the one way street. They were in straight lines on both sides of the street, in both directions as far as the eye could see. Turning as I heard my name shouted I saw a neighbor, Sgt Timothy 'Big Tim' McCarthy of the NYPD, in casual clothes. Tim was across the street standing on the sidewalk next to a Chevy with the hood open.

"Jim, can you do a favor for me?" he yelled.

"Sure, Tim what's up?" I shouted back.

"I need you to go around the corner to the police callbox and tell the desk sergeant I have a 2021(cop speak) and need a car ASAP."

"No problem I'm on it."

I ran to the corner, turned right and twenty yards ahead found the white and Green Police call box. I opened it, gave the information to the voice on the other end, and listened to the reply. Then I ran back retracing my steps and reached 'Big Tim' who was holding his dog 'Pepper' on a leash and told him a car would be there in five minutes. Only then did I notice a body lying in the street between the cars.

"Is he dead?"

"No just unconscious," responded 'Big Tim' who was folding a large, lethal looking switchblade, "but he had this on him."

"What happened?"

"Well I was just out walking the dog and I came across this guy working on the car with the hood up. He had a pair of wrenches and appeared to be taking the battery out and I offered to help."

He glanced at me and said, "I don't need no help but thanks anyway."

"I asked what's wrong"

"He said my battery went dead last night and I came to get it out; take it to the gas station and get it recharged." But he continued to work the wrench on the terminal on the battery.

I told him,"That is a tough job when the terminal is corroded. I can help you with that I've done it a million times. I work on cars a lot."

"Oh I can do it myself," he objected.

"Trust me, I want to help and with two of us to lift it out, you can save a lot of time."

“Finally he relented, moved around to the front so I could get in close and as he bent down to his work I hit him on the head with my gun. Then I searched him and found this ‘pig sticker’; saw you and called for assistance.”

“But, Tim, why did you hit him”

“It’s my car.”

THE END