

We better take this inside

Sometimes when it's quiet, I remember what my life was like back in Chicago, victim less crimes, insurance fraud, bookmaking, some numbers. I also did body guarding and collection work. When the economy took a dump, we got paid by owners to boost their car, get them out from under. We even burned a house under water. Took down a failing business. Nobody got hurt. Made good money. Then Jimmy went off the rails.

James "Psycho Jimmy" Ballien was already a psychopath when I met him freshman year at the catholic high school. Jimmy earned the rep for having the stones to do just about anything. We became fast friends, made a lot of money through high school before we graduated to the big time. But, Jimmy was always a hothead, easy excitable, not one to think things through.

A few years back, he got into a pissing contest with a guy. Wouldn't let it go. Even after I explained to him his vendetta could hurt business. But Jimmy wasn't haven't any. He rigged a bomb to the guy's car. Unfortunately, he blew up the guy's wife and two kids. Of course, the guy went ballistic, came gunning for Jimmy, literally. They shot it out right in the middle of the street. Jimmy finally killed the guy. With the papers making a big deal about an innocent family being blown up, they were desperate to bring this one to justice, regardless of what they had to do. Jimmy had to go down hard for the crime.

Meanwhile, Jimmy went nuts locked up.

Under duress, I testified in open court about what I knew. As I left the stand, Jimmy screamed a litany of profanities. He described what he would do with my body if he ever found me. The lady in juror number four's seat fainted dead away. Probably never knew such things could be done with the male anatomy. Even the judge cleared his throat while he pounded his gavel and threatened to have Jimmy gagged. I defiantly walked by his table, told him he did this. Jimmy started to rise up, but his lawyers held him down.

The feds thought it best to set me up with a new identity. As part of the deal, I had to reveal my stash, my ill-gotten gains they said, which of course they confiscated. Fortunately, I still have other stashes. All safely tucked away. With three separate identity packets, one American, one Canadian and one British. Passports, birth certificates, the whole nine yards. Twenty-five large for the set. Put together some time ago. In case I need to get away quickly.

My real name is Douglas St. Germane, "Dougie Boy" to my close associates. My father tagged me with the handle. He was killed in a car wreck. My mother died ten years later of breast cancer. Hell, everyone smoked to extreme back then, it's no wonder. The doctor said she probably had the disease for some time. By then it was too late. Frankly, I don't think she wanted to live anymore after my father passed.

I had a girlfriend, the daughter of. Well, I better not mention the name. When she wasn't drinking, she was everything I ever wanted. But, when she drank, pick a fight with anyone. Say things make your skin crawl. About five

years ago, she got drunk, went the wrong way on the expressway, did a facial with a semi. All they found was pieces. With nothing left to hold me there anymore I agreed to the deal to get out of town.

The feds gave me the name Raymond Havershaw, a retired military full colonel. I have papers from the DoD and a couple of other agencies with initials to cover my tracks. Those very papers you saw when I signed the loan documents for this place.

He turned slightly, faced her for the first time. She was his age, give or take a year. Widowed, with an adult child who lived in another state. He had grown very fond of her over the last few months.

“So that’s the story I promised to tell you if we were together more than six months. Really, I’d understand if you got up, walked off this porch and never came back.”

“That’s it? That’s your story?” She shook her head in disbelief. “You expect me to believe any of your fable? Or, do I believe you created some mystery to hide your real background? You probably were just a clerical nerd that never saw any action. But if it is action you want?”

Slowly a smile formed as he looked at her. He noticed her lower lip quiver. A look he remembered from the first time they met at the bank. Stretching out his leg during the process, he came in contact with hers, which is when he first noticed her lower lip quiver. Before he left, he jotted his cell number on a scrap piece of paper.

“In case you want to get a drink later, or coffee, just call me.” He said.

She called two days later. They have been together ever since.

She looked down, then up, a smile formed on her face. She reached over and placed her hand on his arm.

“Your fable actually excited me. I’m of a mind to show you some action right here.” Her lower lip quivered again.

He took a moment to scan the view in front of him. He knew the old lady watched through her closed blinds. The house at the end of the street had the For Sale sign back up. Until two weeks ago, an unmarked sedan parked in the driveway day and night. He often wondered which agency posted the watch and checked for a sedan parked in another driveway. The rest of the neighborhood looked quiet. A smile formed as he put his hand over hers and spoke softly.

“We better take this inside.”