

MILITIA MAN
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Winfield Bolt was already skittish when a loud crash rattled him as he sat by the side of his pool. Nine weeks had passed by since the execution spree had begun and it was clear that there was intent and malice. First it was the president of the NRA. Two weeks later, it was the CEO of Winchester and three days after that it was the CEO of XX Munitions. All had been shot in the head with a single shot at long range by the same high powered sniper's rifle, and with matching bullets. After the third shooting, the executioner was given the nickname, Militia Man in the liberal press, in reference to the 2nd Amendment. The FBI had found the man who sold the gun, but the sale had been conducted in such an anonymous manner, that they could not obtain any useful information about the buyer.

Since that third execution Winfield had only grown more skittish. A shot might come at any time, from anywhere. Winfield made sure to make his appearances scarce. He stopped jogging outside his property and found a chauffeur who was a marksman. He also installed security cameras all over his property and along the tall rock wall bounding the property.

Immediately after the crash, Winfield raced to the monitor installed near poolside. The crash sounded like it hit the wall just opposite the pool and about 100 feet from the gate, so he switched to the camera covering that location. An SUV, with steaming radiator had apparently veered sharply into the wall. It had been raining and was now overcast and sticky warm and still wet, but the car had veered so abruptly that it could only have been done intentionally.

Winfield's first thought was that this was a setup meant for him. He grabbed his sawed-off shotgun and continued watching the monitor as a nasty scene began unfolding. A man emerged from the driver's seat. A woman, who had been sitting shotgun followed on the passenger side. She opened the door behind her and pulled out a toddler. The woman appeared to breathe convulsively and Winfield saw that the toddler was bleeding from the shoulder. The couple began screaming at each other, moving in such a frantic way that you never saw in the movies. Then Winfield noticed the man was brandishing a handgun, pointing it at the woman. The man kept screaming but the woman turned stone silent.

Winfield didn't know what to do, but he was a man of action. He called 911, describing the situation as urgent. He was sure that this was a domestic squabble gone haywire, but it could also be a setup. His thoughts raced. The toddler seemed to be bleeding profusely and in need of immediate attention.

Winfield made an executive decision. He left his shotgun, raced to the gate, opened it, and approached the couple. When the man noticed him, he pointed the gun at Winfield, who put his hands in the air. Winfield experienced a strange sense of complete calm amidst the panic. "We need to stop your baby's bleeding. I promise you everything will be OK, but there's no time to waste. Please let me help. I'm a qualified paramedic."

Winfield kept talking, ever more softly. Somehow, Winfield managed to diffuse the situation to the point that the man allowed Winston to approach the woman and the toddler, though he still held his handgun. Winfield wasn't a qualified paramedic, but he knew that direct pressure on a wound could at least slow, if not stop the bleeding. The poor toddler's shoulder looked like chop meat. The man must have shot his own child.

Winfield said, "I called 911, so please put down the gun before they get here. You can put it in front of you if you need it but you won't. Everything will be OK, I promise. I know the local police. They're good folks. They understand."

Winfield was relieved when the man put down the handgun.

Two minutes later the police arrived and a minute or so after the paramedic vehicle of the firemen pulled up.

Everything was handled with impeccable professionalism. Winfield promised the father that he would help with anything possible. The toddler and mother raced away in the paramedic vehicle and the father was handcuffed, put in one of the police cars and driven off. A few of the policemen stayed with Winfield to get his testimony. He informed them of his security camera system and that the event had been recorded. He would send them a copy of the tape, and they could have the original whenever they needed it.

The police complimented Winfield on saving the child's life and likely both the mother's and father's lives as well (murder – suicide). They all shook hands and the police drove off. Winfield walked back along the stone wall thinking proudly, "While I am constantly being accused in the liberal press of being a mass murderer, they should see how I saved one and possibly three lives." With this happy thought, as he crossed the threshold of his gate, his head jerked to the side, his skull exploded, and he dropped to the ground like a rock.