

Dead Bolt

The door was unlocked and wide open. I nervously stepped toward the door and pushed it open gently with my left hand. I looked inside, I felt broken pieces of glass crunching under my feet. The first thing I saw was a single power cord plugged into the wall where my television used to be. I looked over and saw my dog on the ground. He was shot dead. I cried and hugged my dog. His name was Bolt. I placed a blanket over him and continued to cry. I stood up and smashed a lamp on the ground in anger. I looked out of my back door and saw two men loading up my valuable items. I grabbed my gun from my side and pointed it at the men.

“Hey! What the fuck are you doing?” I said.

“Don’t shoot!” One man said.

One of the men drew a gun from his side and pointed it at me. I drew fast and shot him in the head. I killed him instantly. The other man put his hands up in the air and got on his knees.

“I am not armed,” said the man.

“Stand up,” I said.

I continued to point my gun at the person that was robbing my home. My eyes were locked on him.

“If you make any sudden movements, I will kill you. Do you understand me?”

“Yes sir,” said the man.

“Walk towards me slowly,” I said.

The man walked toward me. I put my gun to his head and made him walk inside the house with me. We walked to where Bolt laid dead. The room smelled of blood. I can smell the fear of the man.

“What is your name?” I asked.

“Adam,” he said.

I pushed Adam’s face closer to my dog. His face was inches from his lifeless body. I pushed Adam closer and shoved his face in my dog’s blood. I lifted Adam up by his hair with my gun pointed to his head. My dog’s blood was dripping from his chin.

“This was Bolt,” I said.

“Look man, the dog tried to attack us, we had no choice,” said Adam.

“You did have a choice. Your choice was the one you made breaking into my home.”

I pushed Adam to the floor and cocked my 9-millimeter. I looked at him in his eyes, they were bright blue. I could see the light from the chandelier reflecting from his right eye. I ran my right hand across his face and slapped him hard. He fell to his side. I pulled him up on his feet.

“I am going to make a choice,” I said.

“I am going to give you a second chance.”

Adam dropped his head and cried. He fell to his knees and placed his hands on his head. He looked up at me. I was still pointing the gun at him.

“So, no cops?” he asked.

“I’d rather take justice into my own hands,” I said.

“Grab the shovel in the backyard. Start digging my dog’s grave,” I said.

Adam began digging a deep whole to bury my dog. He picked up Bolt and placed him slowly inside the grave. He scooped the dirt on top of the grave until it was covered.

“Why are you giving me a chance? What is the catch?” Adam asked.

“You are going to come here every week and stand over his grave,” I said.

“You are going to come here so you can remember that you killed a dog protecting his home.”

I walked Adam to the front door that he and his partner kicked in. He stood in front of me with blood on his clothes. He looked defeated and relieved.

“You will fix this door tomorrow,” I said.

“Yes sir,” Adam said.

“I will find you if you don’t show up,” I stated.

“I will be here sir,” he said.

Adam started walking away towards his blue Cadillac that was sitting in front of my driveway. I watched him walk away. I could see his body contracting from sobs of relief. I could have killed him. I should have killed him. He opened the door to his car. I took a step towards the car. I waved to get his attention before he could get in the car.

“Adam!” I yelled.

“Yes?”

“Bolt always dug up my rose bushes. Make sure to bring a rose every week and place it on his grave.”