

I SHOULD BE DEAD — MIKE JONES

I stopped at a mobile office one night after dusk. The air was thick, and the cloud cover was heavy. Across the street was a Boy's Club that had a safety lamp that automatically turned on. Boys could hang out and have fun while still being monitored. Gang members hung out there too.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw a flash, like a flicker of electricity. I couldn't figure out where it was coming from, but somehow I knew it was for me. Someone was lying down as he peeked out from behind a nearby brick wall. The flicker of light was the safety lamp catching the lens of a rifle scope. I called for backup, and they quickly showed up, and we quickly pursued him...

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