

# A Specialty Service

*My Life Behind the Gun*

Everybody likes Gun-Fu Fighting

Thanks to John Woo and movies like John Wick more and more people in our industry are training in this idea of Gun Fu. A mix of martial arts and gunplay. I don't know about you, but I have never been in a fight that was choreographed like a movie. A movie fight is planned with a winner in the script, but real life isn't a movie. I have plenty of friends that would have had better reads and better ends if they had a script. Also, a fight is rarely fair and never pretty. People die ugly in real life. A man that was a mythical killer would have been shot dead from a distance long before he went on a killing spree over a dog. Having said that, it was a good movie.

I used to run a Specialty Security service back in the day. We were ethical mercenaries, and no that really isn't an oxymoron. You can do what you think is right and get paid for it, but as someone once said, "*that was yesterday and yesterday is gone.*" I now run a conventional security company in Hawaii. Yes, we left the desert behind, and the snows of Ohio are just a bad dream. My old friend David and his wife TC another old friend moved to Hawaii. I asked TC if she would consider learning how to fly a helicopter, but she just told me, "*I'm not driving for miss Daisy white boy.*" It's nice when people get the Magnum P.I. references.

We were taking another contract, and we needed some new people to fill in the night shifts. This meant the interview process. You would think that a job that paid well over minimum wage for a minimum amount of work and the ability to pass a background and drug test wouldn't attract nut jobs. You would be wrong. Ask somebody to carry a gun is like asking somebody to act tough or explain why they will shoot anyone who comes close to the job site. One guy laid out an entire scenario on how he would kill looters or vandals and make it look like they started it even if they were unarmed. So many nuts so little time. Too many think it will be like the movies where you have these intense gun battles than fuck a supermodel. Most of the employees don't even pull their guns. One guy, I had to fire fashion a bong into a gun shape so he could smoke on the job. My favorite to date must be Swastika Boy.

This man came into the office with a full goose-stepping Swastika adorned Nazi uniform. I think it was the only thing close to formal attire he owned. He was proud of his hatred and

bragged how he would kill any “rag head” that came to his job. I am a non-practicing Jew. My wife is a non-practicing Muslim. And yes, the holidays are interesting in our house. Here was this foolish little man in the uniform of the men who killed most of my extended family back in the day. Only my grandfather and grandmother made it out alive with my grandmother nearly dying in a concentration camp. There is this thing going around saying we should punch Nazis. I would rather sterilize them, but that would be a Nazi thing to do. Having said that it pains me to say he was the most qualified of the bunch. Most couldn’t pass the drug tests. Yes, a job that requires you carry a gun will require you take a test to see if you are on drugs. Silly me not wanting to arm addicts.

That brings me to today. I called the Nazi. He said a filthy Jew’s money spends the same as an honest American’s money so he didn’t care. I had nothing to say to that so I said we would be in touch. Then I tossed his resume and contact information into the trash. Three guys came in. They looked promising. That is there wasn’t a Swastika in site. One of them said, *“I am Dave Thomas this is Ronald McDonald and that his Bill King.”* And just like that my expectations ended. I was Born in Ohio and everyone there knows who Dave Thomas was. Also, what kind of deranged parents named their son Ronald if they have the name McDonald. Dave spoke up, *“I can see what you are thinking but my name really is Dave Thomas and Ron wasn’t named for the clown. His older brother was saved by the Ronald McDonald house and they named him for that.”* The three men knew each other from the army. They became the fast food boys because of their names. I said, *“assuming you can pass the piss test and a background check then consider yourselves hired.”* Dave said, *“wow just like that.”* I said, *“I know the C.O. you mentioned here so as soon as you go I will call him.”* The three shook my hand and were off to piss for the job.

They left, and two more came in. They said very little. One of them looked like he was on edge and maybe a little high on something. I asked what was what when the window to the storefront I was working out of exploded in. Gunfire filled the room from a van out in the parking lot. I grabbed the two guys and pulled them over the desk. Then I kicked the desk over. It was steel and heavy. Under the desk, I had two Sig P229s in hidden holsters. Yes, it may be a little illegal, but like the Yankee Marshals says, *“I would rather be judged by 12 then carried by*

6.” I took both guns in hand and did the stupid double gun thing. I shot into the area of the van. It helped stop them long enough so we could get up and make it into a back room.

One of the two said he couldn’t catch his breath. He had an angry red hole in his shirt. I told the other guy to grab the first aid kit off the wall. We keep a medic’s first aid kit at every job site. I told him, “*you have been shot. We need to treat you but first, have you taken anything that may work against the morphine?*” He looked dumbfounded. I said, “*it’s not like the movies.*” Soon the pain found him, and he just about passed out. The other man turned out to be his brother. He said, “*ok we’ve been robbing drug dealers, but who cares about drug dealers.*” I said, “*well I think the dealers themselves care a lot.*”

The gunfire stopped. I turned on a security monitor hooked to a camera in the outer room. Three men came in with Tech 9s. One of them opened fire on the back wall. The two on the floor ducked. I said, “*there are three inches of steel and a concrete wall between them and us.*” As if to answer me a round ricocheted off the steel wall and caught one of the gunmen in the head. He hung there for a second like he heard something in the distance then fell dead. The other two resumed fire on the wall resulting in not a damn thing. A door opened. The brothers were on their way out. I said, “*they will most likely head to the back and catch you in the alley.*” He closed the door, and I secured it with a steel reinforced inner door. The unhurt brother asked, “*ok what would you do?*” Instead of answering I pulled out my phone and called 911.

Just before the paramedics took them away, I said, “*life isn’t a movie. It’s never fair or just. If you want the job, then go here and take a piss test. If this little fiasco doesn’t disqualify you from being able to carry a gun, then we can talk. I didn’t actually start off on the right side of the law either.*” I gave him a card with directions to the clinic we use. He said his name was Ike and his brother was Tim. Ike and Timmy Turner. Parents suck. On the way out, I realized that while I didn’t hit the van or any of the gunmen, I did hit my car. A red Ferrari 308 GTS just like Magnum’s car. Windshields are hard to come by for an exotic sports car from the 1980’s.