

Security in the Library

By Robert Coleman

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I went to the right while he ducked behind a row of books. But a stack of books won't stop a 9 mm. I shot through the bookcase and books. I hit him with the fifth and sixth shot, and the third one was down, but how many more are there? As I thought about it, two more came into the adult reading section guns blazing. They shot randomly not knowing where their target I could easily see my targets. I fired hitting them both then my slide locked back with the last shot. About a month ago I took a job with a library as a security guard. I am certified to carry a gun, and I also have my carry concealed license. Just in case there is a problem. After taking the courses, this was the first real job I could find. The pay isn't the best but who goes to the library for a gunfight. Well, I guess these guys came looking for a fight. I grabbed my cell phone, no signal. The library has a sophisticated cell phone jamming system in place to keep it cell phone free.

It started in the children's reading section. I was called to back up the lead security officer on duty. Before I could open the door, gunfire broke out. The door to the reading room was clear glass. I could see seven armed men and several people on the ground including my boss Sam something or another. I just transferred to this shift, and I don't know every name. They saw me through the door and opened fire. I bolted to the right while drawing my Glock 17. As the glass shattered, I went into the stacks. I came out at the end of the aisle and went right again toward the main door. There were three guys at the door. The door was closed with the security door a metal rolling door the secures the outer door in place down. We were trapped inside. No wait, there are other doors. The loading doors will be closed for the night, but the back entrance would be opened. Also, there are the many fire exits. If I run I will survive, but what about the other people in the library? They pay me about nine dollars an hour for security, not suicide. Why would they lock themselves in? What could they want here? Why shoot everyone they find? There were at least thirty more people here tonight with a special book club. Luckily the children's reading room was filled with adults attending an alcoholics anonymous meeting. Well, not so lucky for them. They paid for the security I guess they are getting the suicide for free.

I figure I need to stop them and get the others out. Let the police figure out why later. The people come first the questions second. I engaged the slide and loaded a round into my gun. Yes, I know it's bad tradecraft to carry what was essentially an unloaded gun. I'll say it again library security guard. The biggest thing I saw here before this was a fight over a new Stephen King Novel. No guns, knives or even brass knuckles just fists and angry words. I saw a cart by the return desk loaded with books. Like this was some sort of library. I pushed the cart to get their attention. One came over and stopped the cart. I pointed my gun at him, and I made the shushing sound while putting my finger to my mouth. He in return raised his cheap little automatic at me and went to fire. I shot first. Just like Han. My shot hit him center mass and spun him around. He kept firing as he spun. Three of his shots hit one of the others in the face coming out the back of his head with most of his teeth and a chunk of brain matter. The third one bolted, and I followed. We exchanged gunfire until he ducked back behind the stacks.

The library officials in their infinite wisdom decided while we can carry any gun we want we should be limited to ten rounds in a magazine. I, however, wasn't one for the rules. In a pocket, I have a magazine with all seventeen rounds. I dropped the spent magazine and loaded the new. I also took the Kel-Tec P11 the last guy had on him with three magazines. Well if things got bad, I could throw the gun at the bad guys. I could either try for my locker and more ammo or take a chance on using this gun I don't know to defend people's lives. Time was wasting. I figured they were looking for someone in the AA meeting and when they didn't find them, they shot everyone there to cover their tracks. Ok, that doesn't make that much sense. Multiple murders to cover a search? It doesn't matter. I knew there was another group up in the big meeting room. Its why the AA meeting was down there. On the last gunman, I found a picture. It was a girl sixteen maybe seventeen years old. She was in a gray hoodie with a black jacket over the hoodie. She had blonde hair with black tips and black lipstick. I guess this was their target, so I took the picture.

Using a set of service stairs, I made my way to the meeting room. I opened the door to the fourth floor. It looks like the gunmen hadn't made it up here yet. They are searching the library for people hiding. Up there I found the people from the meeting all standing around

looking for what the noise was. I tucked the Kel-Tec in my jacket pocket and told them to make their way to the west side of the building. At first, they just wanted to use the elevators, but they were powered down. I got them into the service room in the back when three gunmen came through the door to the main stairs guns blazing. Using the Kel-Tec, I emptied the magazine at them. All ten rounds. The girl they were looking for came up behind me, drew my Glock and shot six times hitting all three with perfect aim.

I had to ask, “*who are you and why are they killing everyone they find to get you?*” She said her name was Christina and her father was Angelo Monroe. He was an enforcer with the Russian mop in jail on ten multiple murder convictions. He was ready to name names, and the Russians can’t have that. She was in hiding from them, but she wanted to attend this lecture. A well-known writer was talking about his new book named **Violence isn’t the Answer**. She figured they were sending her father a message. Take her and kill everyone in the building as a warning not to talk. She asked me my name I slipped and said second Bob which is what they call me here because they already have another guy named Bob. I then said, “*Bob Coleman.*”

At the end of the hallway, we found the security door. It was locked, and the fire release wasn’t working. I asked, “*does anyone know how to pick a lock?*” Surprisingly they author said he knew how to do that. He pulled a very nice set of lock picks and opened the door. Well, I guess we all have our secrets. As everyone else went through the door Christina and I stood and watched for any new gunmen. Outside our cell phones finally found a signal. Within ten minutes the police arrived. The remaining gunmen killed themselves rather than face justice. I guess with the Russians, failure isn’t an option. As everyone went from the library roof to an adjoining roof, Christina turned back. She said she was eighteen and would find me once this all blew over then she kissed me. Not a thank you kiss. One with a lot behind it.

The FBI took Christina into custody and eventual witness protection. The FBI also told local law they couldn’t talk about Christina or why this happened. So, I was fired. The local paper went with the idea that a security guard started a gunfight in an AA meeting killing twenty.

Even when the truth came out, the local paper went with their original story ignoring all the facts and evidence. I was painted as a nut with a gun. With the mounting pressure, the library fired me. I eventually found work again at a warehouse just outside of town among the corn and cows. On my third night, I was walking the perimeter when I found a person squeezing into an opening in the fence. It was Christina. She had ditched her security and somehow found me. She was in black skinny jeans and a loose-fitting gray tank top under an open black hoodie that left little to the imagination. I thought to myself, “*now what?*”