

The Response
By
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The paramedics surrounded Matthews, trying to stop the bleeding from the gunshot wounds... I tried to look away, ignoring the screaming pain from my arm.

"Nathan, are you okay?" A hand grabbed my shoulder and Captain O'Neil stood in front of me. Tall, scrawny, and bushy-haired, O'Neil looked like a nerdy professor than a cop. His large glasses reflected the lights of the sirens and moonlight hid his expression.

"No," I said. "My partner is dying and those kids got away." "You did all you could." O'Neil dropped his hand and crossed his arms. "You did everything by the book."

"Fuck the book, it almost got us killed tonight." I looked over at Matthews being lifted into the ambulance.

"That arm looks bad." "Not as bad as Matthews." I snapped. "You can't do anything with your arm like that. I'm not asking you, I'm telling you to get it checked out." With that O'Neil motioned to the other paramedics. They escorted me to the other ambulance. I took a deep breath, trying to stop myself from using my one good arm to punch them.

"Can you tell us what happen?" the first paramedic, a short brown hair, surfer looking guy asked.

"I. was. shot." He looked at the other paramedic, a woman with red, curly hair. "Look, I know you're upset, but we need to know what happened to better assess your injuries."

I heard him and knew they were doing their jobs. I wanted to get back out and chase those bastards that shot us. My mind flashed back to us walking to interrogate a witness in the neighborhood. Matthews joked about him being black and me being white in a heavily Hispanic neighborhood where the Los Deimos ruled. Their hatred of anyone, who was not Hispanic drove their mantras. They were essentially the Hispanic KKK and they didn't care about laws. If they could gain firepower, they would have started another civil war.

We knocked on the door and our witness, Maria, answered. Her thin body barely hidden by the robe that fell off one shoulder. Her eyes went wide and she told us we shouldn't have come.

Then I felt my arm go limp as pain shot up to my brain. Maria fell backward as I heard shot after shot. I threw myself on the ground and when I looked over, Matthews's eyes pleaded to me before they glazed over.

"Just hurry up and get me fixed up," I said. "I have to get back out there."