

## Eyes Filled With Surprise

By

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9mm Glocks fired in a parking garage bounce sound in a rolling thunder that you can feel. It is deafening and speaks of lethality.

My eyes flash open and I see the boy's eyes squeezed shut and his mouth contorted into a grimacing grin. He drops his gun and presses his fist hard just below his breastbone and begins bending forward, staggering directly toward me.

Then, he looks up, stretching out a hand, groping for help, fear etched in his eyes, begging eyes, begging for help.

I take his hand, pull him into my lap. Under the loose, baggy, hoodlum uniform I feel the warm boney frame of but a child - a boy quivering in pain, quivering with fear.

His lips move as if trying to speak, his eyes fill with tears, looking into mine, longing to know, seeking assurances, assurance that he will be ok.

With a shallow gasp, the life in the boy's face relaxes into a blank gaze and his head rolls gently onto my shoulder. His body goes still. His eyes went **dull**, into a bland stare as if switched off.