

Blind Man's Buff

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Prolog

The man who burst through my front door not only sounded mean, he was mean. An inch shorter than I, he was at least two inches wider in the shoulders and a good five inches broader in the chest. Maybe he'd got those shoulders working in a prison laundry, maybe he just worked out.

He wasn't much for conversation. "Where is she?" he said and batted aside the hand I reached out to stop him. The next thing I knew he was in Marcie's bedroom having gratuitous sex with her closet door. "Where is she, damn it?"

The children, silent, for once, that afternoon, began to cry. Before I could say anything to console them, our unwanted friend stormed back into the room and grabbed me by the collar. Bad mistake. I faked a jab to his head with my right hand at the same time that I swung up with my left seizing his elbow. Pivoting, I walked forward with him out the open front doorway. He fell down the stairway, those broad shoulders clanging against the guardrails each step of the way. I hoped his fall wouldn't increase my insurance premiums.