

PRIVATE LICENSE by Kevin R. Doyle

EXCEPT

They wore blue jeans, sneakers, and tee-shirts, the blond wearing navy blue and the brown-haired guy wearing bright red. Both wore their tee-shirts hanging out, and the shirts looked a size or two too big for them.

“How you doing?” the blond one asked me.

“Up to now, not bad,” I said.

The blond man continued, “Like to talk to you if you don’t mind.”

“And if I do mind?”

The two glanced at each other before turning back to me. “Going to talk to you anyway.”

I flicked my head towards the second man. “He have a voice?”

“Let’s say I’m the spokesman here, okay?” The blond tensed his arms and chest to show me he was in charge.

“You know,” I said, “flexing your muscles doesn’t do a whole lot when your shirt’s too big. You can either show off the muscles or conceal your weapons, but not both at the same time.”

Both men made involuntary hand motions towards their left hips, then caught themselves.

I smiled. “See what I mean?”

“We need to talk,” Blond repeated.

“No, you mean you want to talk. Just like I want to sit here and finish enjoying my breakfast, which isn’t going to happen if I have to take time to bounce you two bozos out into the street.”

“You think you can do that?” the brown-haired guy finally spoke up.

“Not sure,” I said. “But if you guys keep bothering me, I’m going to do my best to find out. And whether I succeed or not, it’s going to cause a ruckus, which I’m guessing your sergeant isn’t going to like too much.”