

The Shattered Door  
By Phillip Hall

As Jake approached the front of his office building, he saw the glass door had been shattered. He shook his head in disgust. Every morning he drove into work he would go under the I-35 underpass and see the throngs of homeless people huddled together. He had always thought one day some homeless guy would try to break into his office. It appeared today was that day.

“Stupid homeless people. Should go find a stinking job, but you probably can't, because you look like trash and smell like it to,” Jake muttered under his breath.

Just then a security guard carefully opened the broken door from the inside.

“Hello, Mr. Thompson. Watch out for all of this glass. We haven't had time to clean it up yet.”

The guard held the door wide so Jake could come in. Jake crunched over the glass, hoping none of it scuffed his shoes. He shook his head again, thinking about the stupid homeless people under the bridge. He knew it was only a matter of time. One of them probably mugged someone then bought a bottle of wine and got drunk, then came over here looking for more money. He was glad that his security guard had been here all night. This particular guard had worked for him for a few years now but he could never remember his name.

“Well, I'm just glad you were here to stop those scumbag homeless people from stealing anything from my office building,” Jake said with venom in his voice.

The guard hung his head and looked at the broken glass. He started to speak but the words wouldn't come out. Jake could tell something was wrong with the guard.

“What's the matter... uh.. what was your name again?” Jake spit out carelessly.

The guard took a step back and finally looked Jake in the eye.

“Mr. Thompson, I quit. So you're gonna need to find a new guard. Well that is if you can afford one after today.”

With that the guard walked out. Jake was instantly furious.

“What!? You don't quit. You're fired! I never liked you anyway. Why don't you go down to the underpass and live with the homeless people, because you're going nowhere in life, you scumbag, piece of trash.”

Jake was shaking with anger as he continued.

“Oh and I'm sure as hell not gonna pay you for this week, either!”

With those final words the security guard stopped and turned around. Jake jumped back thinking he was about to be pummeled, but the security guard just stared.

“You can keep your money, Mr. Thompson. I've got plenty of money now and truly the only thing I really care about is that my two children grow up to be nothing like you. You're a cowardly, bitter, hard hearted, vile little man. I know you don't give a damn about what I'm saying either, but just to set the record straight, those filthy, dirty, scumbag homeless people didn't bust your glass door.”

Jake was even more furious now.

“Well who in the hell did?”

There was a crunching noise behind Jake.

“I did.”

Jake turned around quickly and was staring at a slick looking man holding a handgun with a silencer on it. Jake turned to run but was shot in the knees. He fell to the floor, cutting his hands on the shattered glass all around. He was crying.

“How did you find me? How?”

Jake's voice was weak. The slick man smiled.

“You know it's pretty easy to locate someone when you're offering three million dollars to anyone who will give you their whereabouts. Let's just say that your guard Vince that just quit, well, he can take care of that family of his real nice with that much money. Oh, plus I made sure he took with him a disc containing all the information about your business and gave him the number of a guy over at your rival who's willing to pay a cool million for it.”

Jake sat on the glass covered ground.

“Why kill me and give all that money to some lousy security guard? All I did was take two million from your boss.”

The slick man stood still for a moment thinking over the question.

“Retribution.”

With that he pulled the trigger.