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Memoir

One day after school, my mom took me to get something to eat. We went to this fast food restaurant called Cook Out, and after that we headed home. We took our usual route, but we started to pull up on tons of police cars near a hair salon. We were curious to see what was happening because this was the quite part of town and crime rarely happens in this area. We pulled over in a parking lot, and other civilians were sitting in their cars watching, wanting to know what was going on also. Everyone was confused as of why all this commotion was going on. This was community where people walk their dogs, ride their bikes, and jog on a daily basis. Some time went by and people eventually got out of their cars and began to stand near the police cars, and we decided to stand with them also. Walking towards the police tape, we saw a woman lying on the ground. We were close enough to see her face (about thirty feet) and she was no older than forty.

She had a hairdresser smock on which meant she worked in the hair salon she was lying in front of. There was blood on the sidewalk leaking onto the street, and no one was doing anything about it. I guess since it was a crime scene no one could touch her. The paramedics and police was just standing around looking. This made me sad because it was as if no one cared. Her eyes were still open and her body still looked warm. We wanted to know what had happened and why no one was doing anything about it. Eventually some officers put down evidence markers where bullet casings were and outlined her body with chalk. I usually see stuff like this in movies, or TV shows but for it to happen in front of me was surreal.

I’ll never forget the way the officers just did this like it was nothing. I know this is their job and they deal with crime scenes everyday but they could have been a little more compassionated. While the police was doing this, a black car pulled up and everyone including the police were suspicious because the car pulled up very close to the caution tape. The door of the car finally opened and two women got out running towards the dead women. They began to cry hysterically. These women were obviously family or close friends to the victim. The police pulled them off the women and took them off to the side. I have never lost anyone close to me and I could only imagine what they were going through. While some officers were trying to calm them down, one women was yelling at the officers telling them to do something and was swearing at them and the other one decided to make a phone call and this changed everything. About ten minutes later, another car pulled up but this time it was a little further down the street but still close enough to draw attention. A tall man got out of the car and was holding something black in his hand. I couldn’t make out exactly what it was because it could have been anything. I thought he was just another person coming to look on like everyone else, but he wasn’t. As he began to walk closer, from his body language and from the way he was holding this “black thing” I figured out what it was. As soon as someone yelled “he got a gun” he began to shoot at the police officers near the crowd where my mom and I were standing.

He shot an officer and everyone literally ran for their lives. When we got back in the car, we could see the shooter being placed in handcuffs. I put two and two together and realized that one the women called that man that shot the officer. The women that called him probably didn’t know that he would be looking for revenge. I don’t know if the man killed the officer, or not but it was crazy how all the attention shifted to the shot officer. It was as if the lady and her family didn’t matter anymore. More police pulled up to the scene and surrounded the officer that was shot. We felt like we had seen enough plus the roads were being blocked off so we left. This is one of my most vivid memories, and every time I pass by the street this incident happened on, I always think about this day.