

Frisco Eddie's Revenge: The Return

A series by Balboa Ron Schweikert

(In last month's episode, "Tacoma Tim" had a gun pointed at his head by a guy Lil and Eddie thought was one of Dollar Dan's hired hit-men. They all thought this was the end....)

The tension in the room was beyond description. The "hit man" had told them he would get some real pleasure when he "blew away" Tacoma Tim -- because Tim had tried to get the drop on him earlier.

He had a sneer on his face as he cocked his revolver. The sound of that "click" spelled doom for Tim. He had a jumbled mass of parts of his life flashing through his head, and at the same time, he was trying to talk to God. Then came the terrifying loud sound!

The loud sound came from Lil's terrified voice! She screamed out: "Hold it, for God's Sake! Do you know who Tony Russo is? He's my ex-husband, and you'll never get away with this! Don't pull that trigger!"

The scar-faced man turned to look into Lil's eyes, but he still kept the revolver to Tim's head. He made a reply then: "I'd like to know what the hell's goin' on here. If I don't 'do' this guy right now, I'M in a whole lot of trouble -- from your 'ex,' Tony Russo! This here guy tried to do me in outside the house there, and he works for a guy called 'Dollar Dan -- the Money Man.' I should think you'd be happy about this!"

The lump in Lil's throat was almost keeping her from getting the words out, but in a very deliberate voice she said: "Put that damned thing down right now. That man next to you happens to be one of my very best friends!"

The man slowly lowered his revolver and in a soft voice said: "Well, now, that's really nice to know, Ms. Lil. We almost made a little mistake here, didn't we?" He looked down at Tacoma Tim, who had huge beads of sweat pouring off his forehead. Tim lowered his head then....and he gave thanks.

The man turned his body toward Lil as he backed away from Tim. He looked into Lil's eyes as he said: "I don't know what's goin' on here, but I'll tell you this. Originally, I never intended to pull the trigger. Tony's instructions were to scare the living hell out of anyone who may have bothered you because of the deal down in Texas. You know he wouldn't get anyone dead for a lousy \$10,000."

He went on: "I really don't know what would have happened if you hadn't shouted out when you did, though, 'cause I was thinking that I might be dead now if I hadn't second-guessed our man Tim here. Of course, now I feel foolish, and I hope you won't fault me with Tony over this."

Lil questioned the man then: "We knew that you were following us to and from the restaurant. You must have seen three people together, didn't you? I'm amazed that you didn't know who was who!"

The man replied: "If you knew I was following you, you must also have seen how far back I was parked at the restaurant and back here. I saw three people alright, but I certainly couldn't identify Tim here. And besides that, I saw the two of you on the porch, talking to someone inside the house. Of course, I figured that the person inside was the man who owned the house and was the same one who was with you in the car. I figured that when Tim and I had worked our way out front that the 'mystery man' had taken off and was long gone. How would I know any different?!"

Lil looked him square in the eyes then and said: "Look, I don't even want to know who you are, but two things are going to happen here. You're going to disappear out that front door for one. But, before you do that, I want you to get on your knees and look Tim in the eyes -- and give him a serious apology."

The man wasn't used to this kind of humility and he hesitated for a moment. The look in Lil's eyes, however, told him that he had better follow the instructions. After he got on his knees, Tim finally raised his head. The man apologized and it sounded very sincere. Tim didn't reply right then, but after the man had gotten up and was about to leave, he did say, in a very shaky voice: "You know, I never intended to shoot you either -- I just wanted to scare you off." Then he added, kind of as an after-thought: "By the way, before you leave, drop my rifle off on the front porch, O.K.?" He couldn't say anymore.

The man didn't look back as he exited the front door. The three of them were left speechless now. They were just exchanging looks. Eddie didn't say anything, but his mind was doing a lot of talking. It was telling him that this latest ordeal had settled everything for him. He was OUT! This wasn't a game any more. He would take the first flight home. It was finished.....It was over now.

-- CONTINUED NEXT MONTH --

Attention Readers:

If you are enjoying Balboa Ron's "Frisco Eddie" series, we encourage you to let him know: Balboa Ron Schweikert, 8301 W. Charleston Blvd. #1050, Las Vegas, NV 89117.