

The Great Pettit & Martin Lawyer Snoot

It was a quiet afternoon, much like any other in the Financial District. At around 2:55 in the afternoon on the Thursday, things are pretty slow. Everyone has been sated by lunch and entering that slow two-hour drag before time to leave for home. The drones are droning along, things are running as usual. No one expects anything to deviate from the usual grind of the day.

If you have any idea of the amount of people that pass through a lobby through any given day, then it's easy to realize how simple it is for the sweaty, overweight man to simply walk on by unhindered. Most building security, the guys in the spiffy uniforms, are looking for the obvious. Their main function is to weed out the people who absolutely don't belong; the homeless guy looking for handouts, the lookie-loos who don't seem to have any purpose in their wanderings, the guy who is making a lot of noise & their disturbing others. A sweaty fat guy is not going to attract that much attention; they see that everyday.

He walks on in and gets on an elevator. Probably alone; there's not as much usage at this time of day. He presses the button to the 34th floor. As the doors close & the car rises, he quickly looks around, maybe for a hidden camera. It's quite possible they could've put one in. He glances at the valise he's carrying. Not now. He'll wait until he gets out. Wouldn't do to have the whole deal blown at his point in time.

He gets off at the 34th floor, pressing the EMERGENCY STOP button as he does so. There's an alarm ringing, but so what. What he has to do won't take that long. He looks down the hall, at the glass wall of the conference room, sees the people inside. And the rage, which he has been banking for all this time, flares up for an instant. The bastards, are probably planning how to screw their next sucker. He knew how these lawyers thought, had first-hand experience. How they were so quick to give advice, then laugh their asses off in meetings with their cronies on how they stabbed you in the back. Oh, he knew, alright.

He opened the valise, pulled out the .45, stuck it in his waistband. The two 9mm semiautomatics he held in each hand, discarding the valise. Who's laughing now, he thought as he opened fire, spraying a sheet of lethal lead at the now-collapsing forms in the conference room.

No, this isn't the new issue of ~~Murder Can Be Fun~~ and I'm not John Marr. Since one of the themes of this particular issue is that of The Big Ugly, I thought that it was the appropriate time to exploit this tragedy. For those who will take the moral high-ground in disapproving, I do have some minor claim in jumping on the bandwagon. I was employed at Pettit & Martin for over two years, 1990 through January of '93. As it so happened, I was booted from the firm six months before the above occurred. It wasn't a tearful good-bye; I was very unhappy (a condition shared by the majority of those employed by Pettit) and was planning to quit, if it hadn't been for a particularly underhanded set of events by my supervisor. [But that's another story].

They did me a huge favor, as things turned out. Nothing like a rain of bullets to immediately change your perspective. Luckily, I didn't need such incentive. An acquaintance who had been having problems with them for months was booted a mere week before the shooting - was watching the thing on TV when it vent down.

DO OR DIE.



Killer a textbook case of murderer

ASSOCIATED PRESS
Gian Luigi Ferri, seen in a DMV photo, felt victimized even by the makers of Campbell Soup.

Highrise Gunman Kills 8, Himself

So you're saying by now, "If you weren't there when it happened, why are you writing about it?" Well, true; I wasn't there. However, as more information came out about the gunman, one Gian Luigi Ferri, and about the sheer randomness and horror of the shooting, there are things that were going on at the firm that make it rather interesting as to why it occurred. Since sudden, random violence combined with the sense of powerlessness is a feature of The Big Ugly, it makes sense to examine it as a true-life case study. That, and the exploitation factor, as I mentioned before