

The drive to the regional police station was silent. Brule did not turn on the radio; the only sounds the two of them heard for several miles were those associated with driving: the wind whipping past the windows; the sounds of the tires occasionally scraping against the walls of the car; the wheel sounds as they drove over various types of pavements and concrete.

It was only when the two got closer to the regional station - for Shakopee had no police station of their own but shared law enforcement duties with Prior Lake and another small town on the edge of the Indian reservation - did Brule finally talk about what happened.

"I don't want to know how you did what you did to that guy...but I hope you keep those details to yourself. There are plenty of folks in there who want to know details. From my personal experience, I would ask you not to give details. Generalities."

"Okay. You are going to explain the dancing part, right?" Gussett nodded his head in the affirmative as he spoke.

"Well...yeah. Let's find a parking space, get out and wait for the police car..."

Brule found a random parking space toward the rear entrance -- the entrance used by the police -- and then parked his beaten up car. The two got out and Brule started to hit a button which would lock the car when he closed the door. He silently shook his head and just closed the door.

"Anyone wanting that car can have it. Besides, it's at a police station."

The two stood, waiting for the police car to arrive with its passenger in the backseat. The air was unseasonably warm for a spring night in central Minnesota. There was a slight breeze which caught the two as they stood.

Gussett wondered how the police station had electricity when buildings around it were all dark. He guessed the same way that the RV had electricity when all of the other trailer homes did not -- generators. Gus was looking around for the machinery keeping the lights on the building. He found none.

"Okay. About my dancing comment earlier. The dance starts with the two standing together, basically sizing up each other. You'll see that when we enter. Then the two partners get close -- not too close, there's got to be some space to maneuver around. Then, depending on the dance, the two will either mirror each other's movements or do their own movements. I recommend that you try both...it will give your partner more confidence in you and at the same time let them know that you're an individual."

"Are you talking about inside or are you talking about social dancing?"

"Both. Let's go inside and wait. And keep you ears and eyes aware and your mouth shut."

The two went inside to a large room. In the center of the room were chairs all facing a Plexiglas series of windows on a platform nine inches taller than the floor. Brule found two chairs on an empty row and sat in one of the chairs while motioning for Gussett to sit close by. From that vantage point, they could see all of the proceedings that morning.

The police officers and their prisoner came in and stopped at a window. They provided some paperwork to the person on the other side of the window, and then moved the criminal into a room with steel bars and closed and locked it behind him.

"I'm telling you that I was burned -- I was shot in the chest! I should be DEAD right now!" the man spoke.

Someone else in the cell chimed up "If you don't shut up, you WILL be dead!", which somehow calmed not just the newcomer to the jail but everyone else in the cell.

"Ah...Mr. Davis...you two can come over here..." one of the police officers spoke.

"This is Detective Harper. He'll take your statements and then you'll be free to go...can we interview the both of you together? We're shorthanded with the electric grid outage and everything..."

Hands were extended and shook. The two nodded yes and were led to a smaller room. Inside the room were a table, four chairs, and a soda machine.

"I can get you some coffee if you like," the smallish man in the suit -- no tie -- explained, placing a small stack of papers on the chair."

"I have to get an intake report from the police officers - it will take me a few minutes, not more than ten. I'll be back to talk with you two then..." He then left the room and closed the door behind him.

"Is this one of those rooms where they beat confessions from people in?" Gussett asked, looking around the room. "Doesn't appear to have one of those two way mirrors in here...."

"No," said Brule, "this isn't an interrogation room...more like a break room from the vending machine in here..." He walked around also and then plopped down onto one of the chairs.

"So. You want to know about social dancing."

"I want to be a decent dance partner with my friend Penny. My mom thinks I should ask her to the Fireman's Dance."

"And you should, Gus. But let her teach you what she knows about social dancing."

"Should I take classes like...like...I can't remember the names. You pay some money and they teach you how to do the cha-cha-cha or the rumba or something like that..." Gussett was making motions as he gave the names of dances.

Brule shook his head while smiling. "Only if you want to get beaten up by her...from your recounts, she seems to have a pretty strong fist!"

"So what if she doesn't know how to dance..."

"You will know it from her."

A few minutes passed, and then the detective returned to the room, almost out of breath. "Okay. I think that I've got just about everything. "

The detective looked at Gussett as he sat down in a chair beside Brule.

"The first thing I need to know is did he harm either of you; and are you going to press charges?"

"He didn't have a chance to hurt either of us," Brule spoke first. "Yes I want to press charges. He needs to be sent far away from my mom and me," Gussett responded.

"Not gonna happen. He's nuts. He says that you burned him..."

"I did."

"The two police officers stripped him, took Polaroids of his arm and wrist where he said he was burned by you and could not find anything. Not even any wax. Are you sure you burned him?"

"That's how I got him to drop the knife he was going to use on my mom -- and me..." Gussett stated, looking at Brule and then back at the police detective.

"Okay. We did find some burnt cloth on his right sleeve but the material must have been thick enough to where he thought he would be burning...but you didn't burn him. Now Mr. Davis, you said that you shot twice."

"Yes, I did fire my shotgun twice."

"Sorry to say, you really need to take some training on how to use that shotgun of yours..."

"But...he shot..." Gussett started to say, but he was interrupted by Brule's stare. "...in the air. To scare him off from us..."

"The man alleges that he was shot in the chest...and that he was pouring out blood before the police arrived."

The two remained silent.

"We couldn't find anything which even gets close to a gunshot wound in his chest, belly, nowhere. He's got some blood on his shirt. Lots of it. But he's still saying that Mr. Davis here shot him and he was close to death...and that you did or said something and his wound was healed right now."

"I said was that if he ever came back and attempted to harm my mom or me again, that I would harm him first. That's the truth..."

"I know son. He told us that also, and he wants us to transport him as far away as possible from you. He thinks you're possessed."

The police detective paused, and then placed his pen down as he looked at the two victims in the break room.

"Yeah. When I saw the videotaped statement from him, I can see a little kid with glasses leaning over him, like Harry Potter or something... I've got pretty good vision for an old man, and I couldn't see a scratch one on him. So either you're a wizard or something -- or he's a candidate for the looney bin. He's not drunk, not on anything from what I can see...the blood tests will reveal it but I doubt it. I've been doing my job for 16 years and in all my years I've never seen anyone so off in the head as this fella..."

Brule smiled.

"I just can't figure out where he got the blood from. We've sent the shirt to the lab to see who's blood it is...but you say that your mom wasn't touched..."

Gussett and Brule both said "no."

"And he thinks you're some sort of cop or Army Ranger or sharpshooter or something. He says that it took some doing to shoot him the way you did."

Brule raised and lowered his shoulders.

"Sign these. This is a summary of what you stated to the officers at your home. Mr. Davis, the address you have on your license bounced back. You need to get a new license with your current address on it -- state law -- and you need to provide that address on this piece of paper."

"I don't have a residence. I stay at the church listed there."

Gussett looked at Brule. "I didn't know that", Gus stated. Brule just looked at the floor briefly, then signed the statement without reading it.

"And do you have another piece of ID?" The detective waited for both to sign the statements, before taking the social security card from Brule. "Photo ID?"

Brule shook his head in the negative.

"And do you have an address of the last place you lived?" the detective turned to ask Gussett.

"This is the first permanent address we've had since we moved from Nebraska. Everything else are post office boxes."

"Okay. Give me an address in Nebraska."

Gussett thought a minute and then gave the street address for the cemetery where his dad was buried.

"Let me make copies of these and I'll be right back," the detective spoke, gathering the papers and exiting the room.

"Nebraska huh." Brule looked at Gussett.

"Living in the church, huh?" Gussett smiled at Brule.

"Dancing. Highly overrated." Brule stated.

"Agreed. Thanks for the lesson."