

KILLER TALES

14A

**HOW
NOT ALWAYS
MURDERED**



HOW I WAS NOT MURDERED



(a true story)

My first apartment in New York was 106 Charles street in the Village. It was a four flight walkup rent-controlled tenement building. The apartment opened into the kitchen. The rent was fifty dollars a month and I was making fifty dollars a week, very appropriate indeed. I was a year out of the Army and still kept in touch with a few members of my old platoon. One of them, Dave Burkett, called me to ask if his cousin, who was coming to visit relatives in the Bronx, could stay overnight with me the next weekend. He couldn't afford a hotel. I said yes.

He arrived Saturday morning saying he was going to visit his family, and probably wouldn't get back until midnight. He was very thankful for my hospitality. The doorbell rang at about midnight and I assumed it was my guest. I buzzed him in and got back into bed, leaving the apartment door ajar. I realized the lights were off. I got up a second time to turn the lights on and by force of habit shut the door.



There was a noisy din, which turned into shouts coming from the hall. I peeked through the peephole and saw a crazy, large man yelling and growling. He came to my front door and began to pound on it. I cowered. After a few minutes he went up on the roof and began shouting and stomping. I could only imagine what would have happened had I not closed and locked the door in time. I'm sure they would have found pieces of Duane strewn all over the apartment, ruining my rug.

The NY Post would have reported:

**GAY MAN
MURDERED
IN THE VILLAGE!
NO FORCED ENTRY
RUG RUINED IN MELEE**

My guest never arrived that night,
instead finally returning the next
day at noon. He apologized and said
it made more sense to just stay with
his relatives overnight. Yes.

*Oh what murders
we conceive
With bloodied rugs
we weave
On the stroke
of midnight's eve*