While waiting for the gate to open, and the near collision fresh in his mind, Deacon thought back to his first day on the job. It was the day he met the legendary Dirks Hamilton. That day began in the former police department headquarters. An old business office, the department had quickly outgrown its tiny home and had spilled into several portables in the parking lot. Seated at the end of the briefing room table and nervous as hell, he was praying that nothing big would happen and that the day would go smooth. His Field Training Officer (F.T.O.) sat down beside him and told him to take notes on anything that he felt was important or relevant to their assigned beat.

Five minutes into briefing, the rear door opened. The doors squealed as the poorly oiled hinges screamed in agony at supporting the weight of the massive oak door. Light flooded the room and the biggest silhouette that Deacon had ever seen entirely filled the open door. That day, Deacon discovered his Earth Science teacher in 8th grade was full of shit. The moon didn't cause a solar eclipse, a man did. The biggest man that Daniels had ever seen walked into the room. Standing at 6’8” and weighing a muscular 320, his freshly shaved bald head reflected the light beaming from the ceiling in the roof like a mirror. Sam Elliot had nothing on this man’s handlebar mustache. A good ol’ country boy through and through, Deacon instantly knew that this man had seen his fair share of Rodeos out on the street… and had won them all. He sat in the open seat beside Deacon.

“So I was driving down the hill to come to briefin’ when I heard Fire cryin’ for help over the scanner. Some pansy needed help with an ‘uncooperative’ patient or somethin’. Some hero. So I decided to do my civic duty and stop to help out those poor fire boys do their job.” He leaned over to Deacon and said, “Those are the hose draggers in the bright colored truck that have nothing better to do than bar-b-que and watch sports all day.” He leaned back up and continued, “So there I was. I walked in the door and I see this uncooperative guy. The man had to be all of 800 years old. Like so old it must have been a hoot watchin’ his old man part the red sea. So Grandpa is too much for the tough guy fire fighters to handle, and he fights to get the oxygen mask off of his face.” He hit Deacon’s shoulder with the back of his hand, nearly knocking him out of his chair. “The fire guy takes the mask off, and the dude looks at me and says, ‘When did the PD start hiring Nazis?’ Then the dude flat lines. Dead. D-E-A-D right there. So I left and came into briefin’. Sorry I’m late Sarge.”

The eruption of laughter that split the briefing room like Mt. St. Helens could be heard throughout the department. Deacon just stared at the man, mouth partially open. He wondered, “Just what the hell have I gotten myself into?” He looked to his left, and a club of a hand was extended to him. He shook it, and although Deacon could palm a basketball without any problems, his entire hand was swallowed by that bear paw. “Dirks Hamilton. Pleased to meet ya and welcome aboard. Do me a favor will ya? Don’t do anything stupid like get yourself killed. Oh, and close your damn mouth. You look like a damn F.N.G. with your mouth open like the Grand Canyon son.”