



## Now Is Not the Time to Talk About Gun Control

After her honeymoon, Katie returns to work. She makes sure to back her truck into the lot so her *Oregonian* sticker is visible to us all. Keenan, the new hire, asks where to go in the event of an active shooter. *These walls are all windows.*

In the team meeting, Katie does not cry when she tells us how, the night they arrived back in the States, her new husband *was stupid just the once*, blew away his right knee cleaning a loaded gun.

*I'm lucky I was home*, Katie says. No one asks about the safety, if he checked the chamber after he dropped the magazine. Later, at our desks, winter sun glares across our screens, dares us to look outside. Keenan pulls the blinds. *At least*

*we would see them coming*, he says. He taps the glass, lowers the shade on Katie's tailgate, *Just Married* still soaped on the black paint.