

Wilson's Loss

It's been a while since I shared a Wilson tale. I thought of one while writing my latest post on my prepping blog.

It's possible I have written about this before, but I didn't find it.

Years after Wilson disappeared I happened to run into him in another tourist town. He was living in the area and working at a hotel.

Things hadn't gone his way since the last time I had seen him.

Back when he lived across the river from me, he was an ammunition hoarder. When we went out to shoot, he took 3 or 5 cartridges for each of his two firearms. That was it. He bought ammo with each paycheck, but he wouldn't use it. He just stacked it into a nice wall of ammo in his house unheated shack. He said he didn't want to use what he might someday need.

But, after he left the area, things went south- according to what he told me.

As many of us tend to do, he got into a relationship with the wrong woman. She got angry at him and called the police to report him as a danger. Keep in mind this was well before "red flag laws" were all the rage with antigun bigots, so I guess they aren't "necessary" after all.

But the cops did what cops do: kicked in his door, tackled him to the ground, cuffed and kidnapped him... and stole all his guns and ammo. Back to square one. But he didn't end up in prison.

I didn't ask if he'd yet managed to rebuild his collections. I knew not to pry too much.

I guess it's a good idea to have a secondary stash, in case the Blue Line Gang steals your primary one.