

# Dab, The Midget Hitman:

## A Little Dab Will Do Ya

By Mark Edgemon

Dabert is my real name, but all the other mobsters called me Dab for short...because I am short...3 feet 2 ½ inches to be exact. Because I am shorter than most midgets, the other mobsters called me a smidget.

People making fun of my height have always made me mad, ever since I was a little fellow. I could tell the other hit men looked down on me.

I tried many things to fit in, I got a tattoo, started smoking cigars, shaved my head and other affectations. I would have worn tough looking clothes, but I would have to shop for them in the children's department.

When I finally got a contract for a killing, the intended victim almost laughed himself to death. It is terribly embarrassing to be laughed at while you're trying to kill someone.

However being short did have its advantages.

Disguising myself as an end table was easy. I would just put a tray on my head and drape some fabric around me. I once hid inside an air conditioning duct while waiting on the person I was watching to go to sleep, until the air pressure built up enough force against my butt and shot me through the vent, across the victim's bed and out the window onto some bushes below.

Insult was added to injury, while standing on the street corner one afternoon. The head of one of the city's crime families pulled up in front of me and stepped out of his big, black limousine. I thought he was offering me a ride, until the mobster got out of his car and tried to put change in me, thinking I was a parking meter. As I stood there in disbelief, a stray dog hiked his leg on me, believing I was a fire hydrant.

With urine soaked pants legs, I walked stiff legged back to my apartment and started to hang my pants out the window to dry, until suddenly, I saw a pretty girl walk by on the street below. I was so taken with her, I forgot for a moment I was standing in my underwear.

Because I was so embarrassed, I dropped my pants, which floated to the street right at the pretty girl's feet. The only thing she could see now was a midget in his boxer shorts, waving at her from a second story window.

She called a cop, so I ran and hid under my bed. As I lay there, I reviewed my life's purpose and realized, things were not working out so well. Was I too short to find my niche in society?

I tried to come up with job options for a person of my height; a paperweight, a pawn in a life size chess game, a human mailbox; none of these jobs sounded too appealing.

There was a meeting at the Confederated Mobster's Union Hall that afternoon to choose a crime boss for the purpose of consolidating power in the city. I knew it meant trouble. United and without the usual mobster infighting, the city was in for a blood bath of racketeering and corruption. I decided to resign and leave town.

By the time I arrived, the voting had begun. They wouldn't let me in because I was late, so I went downstairs and sat in the break room and waited for the meeting to end.

As I sat there, I thought to myself, 'the true measure of a man is doing what has to be done, no matter what the cost...no matter what'.

I took a deep breath and picked up the heavy microwave in the break room and carried it down another flight of steps to the basement, setting it on the ground near the gas pipes, plugging it into a nearby receptacle. I found a wrench from a nearby toolbox and loosened one of the connector pipes until gas began seeping into the room. There was a box of small propane tanks in the corner and so I placed one in the microwave and set the timer for ten minutes. I hesitated wondering if I would get out alive and then pushed the start button and ran as hard and fast as I could up the two flights of stairs and out the front door.

My hips were hurting. I wasn't made for upstairs running.

Two minutes after I was out the door and around the block, the union hall blew sky high like a nuclear explosion.

Every hitman in the region was dead.

The cops were watching the building as they saw me running from the crime scene and although they questioned me about the explosion, they couldn't arrest me without evidence. They believed I did it and in a way, was glad. Even so, they were afraid of me. As the word began to spread, mobsters in every city became afraid of me or more accurately, my reputation.

In a strange way, short people were proud of me, because I was the first of their kind to be so feared and respected. Proud or not, they too were afraid of me.

Everywhere I went, people jumped when I spoke. I was now a big man in everyone's eyes. No one made fun of me anymore. No one dared. A twist of fate had changed everything.

After a series of terrorist attacks overseas, the president threatened to send me to seek out and find the terrorists wherever they were hiding and unexpectedly the attacks stopped, which only strengthen my image as a powerful hitman.

After that, no one ever was short with me again...so to speak.

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