

## **Out of Gas**

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Last January I was gassing up my wife's car and had just removed the nozzle from the tank when a man suddenly walked up to me and thrust a flyer in my face with a photo of a child and said the girl was dead and he asked me for money to pay for her funeral.

I lost it, jabbed the nozzle at him, and shouted at him to get the F-away from me. He ran.

My heart was hammering, and I got into my car and just started crying. I was furious and didn't know why. In my mind it was like seeing as it happening; the man and his dead-girl photo, and at the same time *the dead baby in Vietnam* and the woman carrying it. Someone was rapping on my car window and asking if I was okay. I'm not sure what was happening and drove off .

I drove home and sat in the car in the garage for some time, until my wife opened the car door and asked if I was okay. I didn't tell her what happened. I just went in the house and went to bed.

I was okay in the morning, and it scared me to think about my reaction and what it meant and if I might be losing my mind. Months later I told my friend John who told me I needed to talk to someone at the VA.

This was the second time something like this happened.