

“I'm late.”

Many gasped that in a bathroom, felt it swimming inside, before they saw him. Some pondered too long. Personally, he never understood waiting until the 'late term'. Surely they'd decided already? What happened? Check didn't clear, so goodbye “Junior?”

Still, he's there every morning.

Women appreciate options. He's satisfied someone unwanted won't be abandoned, growing up criminal. So he accepts the daily trials before him, the bullhorns, protesters, and judgment. Doctor Newburn has been punched, kicked, and stabbed. Last year, he was shot – just an invasion of privacy, at this point.

He patiently awaits the sermon's end, then shakes hands while hurrying outside. Over the years, some decisions made him unpopular. He braves his fear to feel part of a community.

Outside, Norm cradles the grip and nurses it closer. It chafes in the glaze of his sweat.

*God cannot agree with this choice, this horror, this travesty. Be His wrath, by your free will, set this right. What these women choose, what they believe, is a sin against life. Take that decision from them, before it grows, becomes something that shouldn't exist. Prevent the suffering, save the lives, avoid the tears.*

Inches from Newburn's head, it discharges. The bullet screams and spasms into light, borne in smoke whose limbs kick in amniotic swirls.

Interviewed that evening, Reverend Right professed he couldn't condone violence against baby-killers, but rejoiced that “thousands of lives have been saved”.

Late term abortion indeed.