

THE MAN WITH THE GUN

Written by Donovan Russo

He saw him sitting there on the corner of the mountain. It was large, intimidating yet peaceful. But how could it be peaceful when someone's guts were about to be spewed everywhere?

He cocked back his gun but felt compelled to approach him.

"You picked a hell of a place to die."

"Well I was tired of running," he turned around.

"Were you tired of running or did you run out of places to hide?"

"I think a little of both," he sighed.

The man walked up to him and put the gun to his head. I guess he did this to make his presence truly felt. The soon to be corpse laughed.

"You find death humorous?"

"I find it funny that you feel the need to press that gun so hard to my head. Even though you think you've won, you still find it necessary to flex your ego."

"I don't *think* I've won. I *know* I've won."

"How can you be so sure?"

"Cause when I pull this trigger, it ain't gonna be me that splatters."

"So life makes you a winner?"

The man with the gun sighed, "Where's the fucking money?"

"I spent it, every last dime."

"Your family will suffer then. I suppose I don't have to tell you how."

“My family’s long gone.”

“I’ll find them. That won’t be so hard.”

“But what if they found you first?”

“Then I guess they’d have the right to kill me.”

A shot gun cocked back and both men turned around. There stood the hostage’s wife with a barrel in her hand.

“Your words, mother fucker.” She pulled the trigger but was surprised to find that no bullet came out.

“Guess I beat you to it,” He grinned.

He shot her in the head and she went down faster than a set of bricks. Before the other man could get up, he was killed too and pushed off the cliff.

The man with a gun pulled out a pack of cigarettes and took a deep breath. He was finally able to enjoy the view.