

## **Blickety Blam!**

By Clint DrewsKolb

Everything is fucked. Red, blue lights whirl behind shrilling; high pitch. Blood splatters the truck. Bullet holes. Fuck! Faceless men shoot at you. The money is behind, the purpose is abandoned. Go! Go! They don't cease their chase. The truck roars. Citizens watch in amusement. The black armor is hot and shot. Nowhere to go, nowhere to go. Brain says go. No going back. Too much done to return. They cry for blood like cats in heat. No mercy from them, only a cold cell. Truck jumps. Grass under tires. Dirt flies. Fences splinter. Fragments. Chaos! Children scream, scatter. Birthday hats trampled. No more games, reality. Sins coming down. From a broken home to a broken truck. Tragedy, a play played more than comedy. One is not happy till he is dead. Happy times irrelevant now. Tires grip road. Sunny day brings bright glares. Right mirror shot. Ambush, they had reached before. Road helps tires more than grass. Boxed by the faceless, bullets raining. Why? These men have no reason. They own naught the bank. They own nothing. They protect the gavel but naught the flesh. Tires burn, truck charges. Faceless dive, cars smashed. Law of mass; velocity! Carnage strews streets. A flame is set. More come to put it out. Traction lost, tires shot. Fuck, fuck, fuck! At high speeds the truck goes too fast. A swerve turns into a mid air swirl. Round, round, crunch! The big truck rests on the side, helmsmen's side. The faceless race for their wounded prey. Heat, gasoline and smoke press down on you. Out you claw out of Hades. A heavy load you bear. Faceless charge guns drawn, eager faced. Blam! Blam! Blam! Shouts your machine gun. Down they go, tables shortly turn. Leap and hard, you flee. Bullets follow, bullets fail. Still cars scream. Heave over the fence. Flowers crushed. Out of breath. Huff! Huff! Huff!

Hinges bend, the door slams. Sirens all around. They're in the front. Helicopters above. No escape. Can't slow breathing. Can't breath. Throat. Blood on floor. To your knees. Hardwood flooring. Too fast. Can't move. You need to go. Vomit flows forth. Down and in your dark armor. Acid eats your throat making it burn. There is no time. The fates have your line. Forget prison, nothing is left. In this dark armor you will die. Cursed you are, cursed from the very moment of your conception. Your mother's last cry prelude to your first. Your father shot dead when you were six. No family wanted the quiet you. No employer wanted the quiet you. Only fellow orphans of society wanted you. But they too are dead, racked by bullets upon the truck like Jews before the inquisition.

You moan.

You need water. You get up ignoring the stream of signals coming from where you were shot. Everything is slowing down. You walk into the kitchen. Clean appliances fill the small homely kitchen. You fill a clear glass with water. The water shimmers under the sun like a great lake in a reserve. Nay, the water is a pool of diamonds. No, it is as the glistening skin of a lover. The sheen of a new truck. It is everything to you; it is water. You can't drink it, killing a doe would be a lesser crime. This is your treasure now. It represents the only thing you own. You set it down and smash it across the floor. The water looks like water upon the floor amongst broken shards. You crush them under your boot. You did not like what you saw. When you withdrew your hand from the glass you saw your bloody fingerprints. A cruel reminder that what you saw in the water, you will not see again. Your mortality obscuring beauty.

The police start to yell for your surrender. They want an easy end to a hard chase. They want the easiest path for them. They had you caged and now they want to re-cage. They want the beast to submit to their will, an example, they want of you. You, though never a warrior,

understand such things as shame. You know what chains entail. You know that too much damage has been done. There is only one thing you can do now. Before you are made a prisoner to laws, or even feel its chains.

The front door flings open. Out you run into the front lawn. You see the faces of the police turn from fathers, wives and companions to the blank, faceless exterior of authority. It was then that the entire weight of the law came down upon you. The entire world's society came crashing down upon you. You have angered an elder god of humanity. Fueled by thinkers and their idiotic pawns. A terrible machine that reaps virtue and vice without discrimination. This god machine will destroy slights against it and allows evil men to thrive. It had a simple name, the very name that tightens the chains upon us. Order its priests call it. Its purpose achieved as you fall dead. A single person trying to resist his gear in life.

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