

Thank Ya Kindly

*Wrapped in soot and mud, he opened the door.
He thought he would be able to hide it,
but the welcoming smell of a warm apple pie stabbed at his heart.
He didn't think he had one.*

Howdy Bell.
Somethin' happened.
Ya see, Carson, he, eh...
wasn't feeling all that well.

*He tried to act cool. As if moments ago
he hadn't put a bullet through her man's head in cold blood,
as if he hadn't sold his soul,
given it willingly to the devil to mould.*

Don't ya dare!
Don't piss on mah back
and tell me it's rainin'.
I ain't no fool, ya scoundrel!

*Of course she knew.
Tears rolled down her cheeks,
bathing them in sorrow and anger.
His hands were covered in blood,
the blood of the man he called his brother.
Blood-
sharp on his tongue.*

I promise ya, it ain't like that.
Ma'am,
didn't have no choice.

*Another desperate lie.
His hands shook.
His vision bent in different hues.
He still felt that shock,
the one you get when you let loose a bullet
meant to rob someone of all their remaining time.*

I know he wasn't much of a *man*,

but he was mah man.
Ya had no right,
no right to take him away!

He didn't.
Who was he compared to God or the Devil?
Just a man in debt, a thief, a fraud.

It's 'em fellers,
I had no choice in the matter.

Shame-
If it could be seen then he was it.
If it could be smelled then he would reek of it.
He couldn't even look at her.
Each time he did,
he saw his brother's face, painted with fear.

Ya always have a choice.
I've made mine.

Click.
A familiar sound.
The sound that fetches death.
The sound that avenges.
The sound that makes you a thief.