

This Bud's For You

by Paul de Denus

I suspect I'll make the right decision. Right now I can't say. The guy next to me in the beer aisle has a gun tucked in his waistband and he's twitchingly indecisive. He's trading back and forth between the last two cases of Colt 45 and the one case of Lucky Lager. "Hey Bud, you might wanna' grab something for yourself," he says drawing his pistol and heading for the cashier, the two cases of Colt in tow. I'm now thinking about what choice he's left me.

