Reversal

by Gary Hardaway

The three were up early to await the deer with rifles, ammunition, and coffee.

Despite the camouflaged outfits, they were clearly visible in the scope. The graybeard's head exploded first. The stunned son knelt to understand then fell, his heart shredded by the hollow point. The grandson stood and screamed for the brief second before his left lung's lower half, and the blood, spattered the other bodies. A faint steam rose to grace unseasonably cold November air.

The sniper packed his tools and headed for the next deer lease where, his information had it, the online self-anointed queen of the hunt planned to demonstrate her skills before her small camera crew and a few, enthusiastic, paying guests.

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