Gun Play

by Paul de Denus

In the cafeteria, the shooter takes out Mr. Hollis. **BAM!** … **BAMBAM!**… a ruler smacking a table and Hollis hits the wall and disappears down, like the floor just opened under him. The guy — it's Billy Krazik - turns and aims at Jamie Stockwell, sitting there calmly as if he's in the play or something and he takes two to the head. He rocks a little, then sits still. The fuck moves forward, looking right at me, our eyes lock and he points the gun… I peer down the black hole, see Krazik's chewed red fingernail twitch slightly to the left as he fires off a barrage of shots. **BAM!** … **BAMBAMBAM!**… tables splinter and scatter behind me; there are heavy thumps and screams and I blink uncontrollably, a deranged twist creasing my face.

And then there's Colby, backpack in hand, crossing the floor. He strides in quick purposeful steps. He looks insane. Parallel to Krazik, light as a ghost, I don't think he sees it coming.

I'm woven in a cocoon. On the soundless floor, I watch bodies twitch. Heads cover. Krazik's moved into the hallways. My chest weighs heavy, bubbling pink. Colby has nothing to say, his eyes vacant, surprised. Earlier this morning he boasted he'd brought his old man's Glock to school… just to show it off you understand. Colby was cool… just playing … but well… Krazik's crazy and he decided to swipe it and play the heavy… for real. He plays it well.

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