

Tyler Brown

Two men sit outside on a back porch shooting BB guns at some bottles.

“You know we have to find new jobs soon, Nathan,” Axel said.

“I know,” Nathan responded.

“Do you think we made the right choice? Maybe we shouldn’t have left—”

“We couldn’t stay. We said that we had a few conditions we would never break and he asked us to break them,” Nathan cut him off, shooting a bottle.

“Maybe he didn’t know,” Axel suggested. “Maybe...”

“Axel. Daniel knew that there were families there. That’s why he didn’t send us alone. He knew that there was no way of getting past the security without us and he knew we wouldn’t go if we knew we were slaughtering families,” Nathan replied.

“Well what did you expect? We were mercenaries; it’s not the most ethical job. They give us money and we kill people,” Axel retorted.

“But the people we normally kill aren’t innocent families,” Nathan said.

“Well now all that’s over with,” Axel remarked.

“Yeah, no more murder, no more guns—”

“Well, I still have the warehouse full of weapons,” Axel quipped with a hint of a smile.

“I thought you turned all those in to Daniel when we quit,” Nathan said.

“I only turned in ten guns,” Axel laughed. “Did you really think I only had ten guns?”

They both laughed a bit and then Axel went on home and Nathan went to bed.