

## Killing Peebs

Tensions had been building for years, but the last one had been the worst. As if old man Peebles hadn't been bad enough, he'd up and died; leaving his devil's spawn of a son in charge of the business. Peebs, as they called him, was a foul-mouthed slug who repulsed the office girls and needled the craftsmen crew with constant criticism.

No doubt about it, Peebs had to go. And they weren't about to wait for this one to die, they were going to hasten his demise. A timid guy named Paco had a gun but not the nerve. Everyone else on the crew had the nerve *and* the urge so they had a secret drawing for the lucky shooter. The shooter would choose which day.

When two explosive shots rang out one particularly tense morning a joyous cheer went up in the warehouse, gleeful hoots were heard from the office. Triumphant high-fives slapped above comical victory dances while, in the mechanical room where a forklift tire had just blown, Peebs wondered what the hell the ruckus was about and Paco lay dead on the bathroom floor.

*diedre Knight*