

Family Rivalry  
By  
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Pistols drawn and raised to chests, the two duelists stood back to back, waiting for the count.

“One!” cried the butler, having been forced into officiating.

Each duelist took a step away from the other.

“Two!”

Another step.

“Three!”

One turned early aimed and fired. The other duelist lurched and fell to the ground, blood pouring from her skull.

“Hmmmm..... I guess Mother *doesn’t* have eyes in the back of her head,” mused the remaining duelist to his second.

“It appears not, Brother,” responded the second. “Shall I fetch Father?”

“Nah. Let’s have tea first. Must keep one’s strength up.”