

Let Your Weapons Do The talking
By
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“You think this is over?” Mr. Connor asked as he struggled to sit upright, the bodies of his sons, his brothers, his men, shattered and bleeding around him. “Do you, Drake??”

Drake didn’t answer Mr. Connor. He had let his submachine gun do his talking and it was all out of words. Drake casually set the Tommy gun against the wall and Mr. Connor grabbed for it, but his right arm wouldn’t comply and he just flopped his hand about.

“You’re dead, Drake!” Mr. Connor shouted.

Drake pulled his knife. Turned out he had one more word for Mr. Connor.