

No Other Choice
By
Jake Bible

The chamber spun quickly, Carey's eyes watching it go round and round, trying to find where the chamber with the cartridge would land.

"I ain't playin'," McAllister said.

"Been over this," Jones sighed. "One of us has to go. Only way the rest can live."

"I ain't playin'!" McAllister shouted, near tears.

Carey felt for the guy. He didn't want to play either. But with no food for days, and the snow still falling, they didn't have no other choice.

The chamber clicked home and the trapped men each took their turn to see who would be the first meal.