

A Mist On The Wind
By
Jake Bible

The Man With No Face stood against the blazing backdrop of the setting sun, points of light shining between the crude stitches that made up his patchwork skin.

“Stop there, Carmen,” The Man stated, his Remington 1858 revolver in his hand. “I’d say I’m sorry about this, but I’d be lying to ya.”

In one motion, Carmen pulled up her skirts and went for the knife strapped to the outside of her thigh.

The Remington barked and Carmen’s head was no longer there.

A mist of blood and brain floated on the wind as The Man turned and walked away.