Purge

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Purge

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Abstract

nihil, nego, nada, non irr, ill, un, in: good-bye kikes and jigs and nips and chinks and wops and spiks and this the yes men call their creed...
the old queer now that Lobo's dying. I'll get another dog. And I'll train him to kill. You hear that? I'll train him to kill, and I know how to do it. There won't any of you come near me for the rest of my life."

He became rigid. For several minutes he stood motionless. A rising whine bit into him and he wheeled. He moved tensely toward the sound of the dog's breathing. The eyes became visible in the darkness. He moved closer, and the outline of the body came into view. He raised the gun and aimed at the eyes. He hesitated, then fired. The shadow rolled backwards and went into convulsions.

"Die damn it, die!"

He pumped the gun and fired into the hulk. He fired a third shot, then a fourth. When he looked down, motion had ceased. The form lay still.

His strength began to drain away with the animal's blood. He stood motionless for some time and finally turned and moved away a few steps. The town was gone, and the stars had disappeared under a blanket of clouds. Only the square of light from the kitchen window remained. He took another slow step and pumped the last shell into the chamber.

**Purge**

*by Michael J. Leonard*

*English, Sr.*

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