

A Torn Mind Short

Banks

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298 Words

The road flowed like the ocean. The yellow short lines seemed to float like buoys on a rope. Bank steered the straight, lazily coasting down the stretch. He smoked a blue wrapped joint packed with the latest blueberry strand.

An irking red siren flashed behind him. His eyebrows lifted in surprised. He pulled over and gripped his Uzi in his right hand. The cop walked over to the window. Banks rolled it down.

"How are you, sir?" the cop asked.

"I'd tell you how I am, but no sense in talking to the dead," Bank said, pulling the Uzi up, riddling holes through the cop's neck.

"Shit," Banks said, "I didn't meant to shoot you in the neck."

The car lurched into drive. He took a long hit and held his chest tight. He exhaled slowly, falling back into the ocean drifting.

Bank pulled over to a gas station. He slammed on the brakes right before hitting the store front. He walked out of his car, swinging the Uzi. The bright lights in the store made him shield his eyes, playing peek-a-boo till he could see straight.

An Indian girl with crooked teeth and visible holes in her skin stood behind the counter, talking to an old woman. Banks jabbed her in the back of the head with the muzzle.

"Out."

The old woman gasped and limped outside.

"Condom," Banks said to the clerk.

She put a dusty box on the counter.

"Take one out and put it on me."

The girl shook, but didn't comply. Bank lifted the Uzi and held the trigger while he

looked over his shoulder to check his car. The girl screamed as six bullets chewed through her right arm.

"Wha'?" Banks asked. He climbed over the counter and grabbed her bloody arm.