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Retribution

by Garf Collins

“Know anything about this Harry.” I said pointing out a report in the local paper;

‘Local man found dead in the Docks area. He had been killed with a shot gun. The police are seeking information from anyone in the vicinity on Saturday night. No weapon was found on the scene.’

Harry sat back in a corner of the Black Horse. He was all on edge and took a large gulp of his beer.

“I feel guilty about all sorts of things but not about topping Charlie. He had it coming to him alright.”

“You did what? Those bastards’ll want revenge for sure and now you’ve made me an accessory.”

We had known each other since we were kids. After we dropped out of school, we’d drifted into petty crime.

This just about kept us. Stealing cars and a bit of burglary mostly. I was pretty sure Harry didn't feel guilt about any of that. It was just his way of speaking. He exaggerated everything. His jobs were all mega. His women always 'lovely bits of stuff who were right up for it' with lurid details to follow.

"How would they know it was me? I made sure I had an alibi. Shorty'll say I was with him at the dogs. I even got a ticket." His phone rang. " Hang on a minute."

"Yer. Who's that? "Nothing to do with me. Wasn't even in town Saturday. Who told you that?"

As he listened to the caller, Harry's face turned a yellowish shade of white.

"There's no way it was me. He's lying. Fuck off."

That moment of defiance put some colour back into Harry's cheeks but I could see he was scarred.

"They've made Shorty admit I wasn't with him. They must have kicked it out of him. He's usually absolutely solid."

"You're a bloody fool. We've spent years under the radar but you had to have a go at what you called the big time. That ice cream van you used to deal drugs was a stupid way of invading their territory. I'm not surprised that they set Charlie on you. He's their hit man."

"He threatened to top me if I didn't get out of their manor. I told him to fuck off and he said I was a dead man walking. So I nicked a shot gun from a farmer and got in first. Good bleeding riddance."

"Maybe but now the rest of them are after you and you've got me in it. I'm going to scarper."

I was dead worried so I kept well out the way for a couple of weeks. But when I went to see me Mum, I picked up the local paper. In it I saw;

'Local man found dead in the Docks area. He had been killed with a shot gun. The police are seeking information from anyone in the vicinity on Tuesday night. No weapon was found on the scene.'