

## Capwn

Jack ran his hand impatiently along the sawed-off sitting in his lap. Any second now they should arrive as instructed. Not a minute later, headlights appeared at the entrance to the alley. In the dark Jack could barely make out three men, each wearing a pinstripe suit with matching fedoras. Jack flashed his lights at the three men cautiously making their way to his Cadillac. Leaving his shotgun resting in his lap, Jack flipped up each of the door locks. The men quickly clambered in and waited for Jack to speak.

“It’s high time we do something about Bugs. He’s cutting in our business; bootleggin’s hard enough without competing for clients. On top of that, he bumped off Patsy and Lombardo, and less than a month ago some of his cronies tried to do me up.”

“So whaddya suggest we do? We can’t just whack him, the boss won’t have it.”

“The boss is planning a trip to Florida in a couple o’ days, Johnny. He won’t know we’re hitting Bugs.”

“How are we gonna pop ‘im? Freddy asked from the back seat.

“Yeah, he can’t be that easy to rub out,” Jimmy joined in.

“Why’d ya think I called ya all here for? I have it all planned out, you just sit back and listen...”

As the sun rose on February the fourteenth, a black Cadillac rolled into the SMC Cartage Company garage. Five men, handguns tucked into matching suit vests, stepped out of the car to meet the two already waiting for them.

“The shipment arrive?” Kachellek asked, closing the driver’s-side door.

“Not yet,” replied Franky. “It should be here any time now.”

“Good, Bugs should be he’e in a little while with the dough. Guess all we can do now is wait.”

Sitting in a diner across the street, Jack and his men watched the Cadillac pull into the garage. "That was Bugs, looks like he took our bait. Johnny and I'll head in first. As soon as we're in, you guys follow." Jack and Johnny started across the road, trench coats concealing their weapons. As soon as they disappeared inside, Freddy and Jimmy crossed the street wearing their pinched police uniforms with Tommy guns in hand. They could hear shouting as they approached.

"Whaddya mean you two don't 'ave the shipment? Do ya know who you're dealing with? You don't wanna mess with us. You better get us that shipment." Freddy and Jimmy turned the corner and immediately recognized the man speaking - Kachellek, Bugs second in command. "Why I oughta—" Kachellek abruptly ceased speaking as his eyes fell on the newcomers. "You brought the heat with ya? Oh, you gonna pay for that."

Kachellek started for his handgun. Before his hands reached the holster Jack and Johnny had lifted their sawed-offs while Jimmy and Freddy raised their Tommy guns. The dim room brightened as bullets leapt from the guns, each one finding a target, be it human or stone. One by one each man fell, all in a line, screams drowned in the reverberation of igniting gunpowder.

Long seconds passed as the echoes died down, leaving the four standing men with ringing ears. They stood there for a moment in silence. "I think we've made a mistake," Johnny shouted, coughing from the smoke. "That guy isn't Bugs, he just looks like him."

"Bugs must've just sent his men to pick it up," Jack replied loudly. "Stick to the plan." Outside a throng of people had started to gather. Freddy and Jimmy pointed their guns at Jack and Johnny, and led them to their car where they feigned an arrest. Seeing the gunmen and alleged officers, a man wearing a suit vest and carrying a black briefcase slipped from the crowd.

The first real cop arrived on scene two minutes later. He warily stepped inside, immediately convulsing. At least seventy bullet casings littered the ground, along with four shotgun shells. Six bullet

riddled corpses, the wall stained with blood, lay neatly in a row. At the end of the line lay what seemed like a corpse, except for the faint groaning coming from it. The cop rushed over to it and began questioning the dying man. "Who shot you?"

"N-Nobody... sh-shot ....me..."

"You have at least ten bullet wounds, somebody shot you, now who was it? What did they look like?"

"Nobody... sh-shot.... m-me..."

"Tell me!"

"Never," and with his final breath the dying man whispered the word "omertá"