

Gramps by Benjamin Brook

He knew from the moment they arrived that he was fucked.

One of him, seven of them, and even with the advantage of surprise, there was no way he was going to take them all down. He'd been waiting for this moment and now he knew that it was all over, he felt a trance-like calm; the 'when' he died had finally come.

Sliding the last magazine of ten bullets into the handle of his gun with a well-rehearsed almost instinctive movement, the beautifully engineered and painstakingly maintained weapon gave a satisfying click.

"Hasta la vista baby," he muttered in his best German accent or should that have been Austrian; how different Austrian was to German anyway? He didn't know the answer but pondered momentarily.

Gramps leaped out from behind the oil barrel he had been using as the final barrier between him and the 2nd Battalion of the Lewes bowling team.

"Take that you old fuckers!" he screamed as loud as his aged vocal chords would allow.

Firing off the first two of his bullets in quick succession, he took down the team captain, Reginald, with a well-aimed shot to the shoulder, and the vice captain, Maudlin, with a bulls-eye into the middle of her torso. Blood pumped weakly out of their wrinkled bodies. He hoped that by killing off the top brass he would have a chance of shocking the remaining five into a panic and retreat. Two did hobble away with white faces, muttering something about knowing that Gramps was a 'wrong-un' from the moment they first met him.

But he'd underestimated the resolve of Patrick, years of training in the East Sussex branch of the territorial army had laid down muscle fibre that even old age could not break down. With a curl of his upper lip causing his luxuriant moustache to splay, he darted to his left to take advantage of an old wheelbarrow that had been left at the end of winter, used frequently for moving salt from the small store at the back of the bowling club to the pathway that led up to the entrance.

Gramps' third bullet ricocheted off the base into a decrepit wall that crumbled some more under the impact of the high velocity piece of steel.

"You'll have to do better than that!" Patrick taunted.

"Don't you worry, I will, you piece of shit!" Gramps flung back a verbal grenade.

The insult caused an involuntary rush of blood to Patrick's head that belied his extensive training and he barrel-rolled out from behind the wheelbarrow, firing off a short burst from his Kalashnikov, peppering the ground in front of Gramps' feet.

"You've come up short again Patrick," Gramps said somewhat surprised that none of the bullets had hit him. "Just like when you bottled it in the regional finals last season."

Gramps then used one more bullet to pop a cap right between Patrick's eyes.

Next came Bob, an odious fat turd who had been morbidly obese all his life; even cancer had failed to remove some of the bulk from his straining middle. Like a human shield he lumbered towards Gramps holding the sawn off shotgun down low aiming to take Gramps down with force rather than accuracy.

Gramps charged, one shot taking out Bob's kneecap, his leg crumbling beneath him as his full twenty-five stones bore down on the joint. Bob pulled the trigger just as his blubber hit the floor and he took out most of Patrick's side splattering blood and guts up against the outside toilet door.

Bang, bang, two bullets just to be sure as Gramps' took his third victim.

I'm doing better than I thought.

His luck ran out as a searing pain shot up from his buttocks, he'd been hit but from where? Maureen stood behind him with a half smile. It was all she could manage following a stroke just before Christmas two years' ago.

"Why, you always were a sneaky bitch, Maureen," Gramps said as the back of his legs turned warm from the steady stream of blood pumping out of his arse.

"And I never much cared for you, Gramps," Maureen said as she fired off one more shot just to make sure.

A bit higher this time, Gramps heard his spine crack and slumped onto rough concrete.

"Gramps, Gramps," said a voice.

That doesn't sound like Maureen.

"Gramps, wake up."

Definitely too low pitched.

"Come on Gramps," the voice persisted. "We need to get you to the toilet."

"What good's the bloody toilet," Gramps replied. "I'm going to be dead in a minute."

"I think you've got a long way to go yet," the voice was accompanied by the smell of disinfectant and curried goat. "Now work with me, we need to get you to the bathroom."

Gramps opened his eyes and found himself looking at Josephine, or rather Josephine's ample bosom which strained beneath her carer's uniform.

“Fuck me.”

“Now, Gramps, none of that foul language, please,” the Jamaican accent coming through thicker now. “You knows how much it upsets me.”

“I’m not fucking dead!” Gramps shouted at the top of his voice as the final bit of shit in his bowels spilled out of his rectum to join the rest stuck to the seat of his trousers.

“It’s great to be alive!”