

Closet Thieves

“Move over. I need to stretch my legs again.”

“Seriously, Jack? You just stretched them half-an-hour ago.”

“Troy, the only reason I’m here, is so I can kill you. If you talk to me like that again, then I don’t care if I get caught and go back to prison. I will choke you out until your face turns purple and your eyes bulge out of your skull. Got it?”

“Loud and clear, Jack.”

Troy shifted his body closer to the door. Jack used the new available space to stretch his legs in the tiny closet they were hiding in. There was barely enough room for them to crouch, and they had to move all the coats to one side to even be able to do that. Troy’s leg started to cramp because of the awkward positioning. He brushed it off and pressed his ear to the door. He could hear muffled explosions coming from the nearby living room.

“They’re still watching TV, Jack.”

“Uh huh,” Jack muttered while drawing small circles with his legs.

“It might be a war movie. Damn, when the hell will they finally leave?”

“You should be grateful they’re still here, Troy.”

“Why?”

“Because, Troy, you’re living on borrowed time. The second they leave... is the second that your time officially runs out.”

Troy scoffed “Yeah, looking forward to it.”

“Not as much as me. I’ve been waiting eight years for this day. I’m so close to finally achieving my goal, but fate just *had to* intervene. They must *love* you, Troy.”

“Sure, doesn’t feel like it,” Troy mutters.

The closet goes silent. The only sounds they hear are the gunshots from the TV. Jack sat up and puts his back to the wall. He tried to get a good look at Troy, but the only light coming in was from below the door frame. Troy still has his ear pressed to the door; he didn’t want to talk, especially not after Jack has repeatedly threatened him. He felt very irritated at the situation, and deep down inside, he felt scared.

Jack wiped the sweat off his brow with a rag he brought with him. He wished he had brought a bottle of Rum instead. He originally planned to go to a nearby bar after the deed was done. Drink away his problems. He watched Troy's shadow squirm in the darkness. Jack could tell that the increasing pressure was getting to him. He watched in amusement and a smirk crept onto his face. He chuckled to himself.

“What the hell is so funny, Jack?”