

# Enough to Make the Angels Weep

## by Ernesto Patino

### EXCERPT

The killer sat in his car near a desert road that led toward the mountains. He lit a cigarette and glanced at his watch. The man was late. He'd give him five more minutes and then...he spotted a white SUV speeding toward him. It slowed and pulled up alongside him. The driver, a slender man wearing jeans and a tan sport coat, got out. The killer did the same and they stepped away from their vehicles.

The slender man spoke first, as though to break the ice. "They thought you might need some help. That's why I'm here. All they want you to do is take a break, lay low for a while."

"I still got a few things to check out, but if that's what they want..." He shrugged. "I'll bring you up to date on everything and then—"

"That won't be necessary. I think I know what I need to do."

The killer nodded. "Okay, I know the rules. I'll step aside and you can take it from here." He studied him for a second. The man's expressionless face made it difficult to read.

"They want me to give you this." The man reached into the pocket of his coat, pulled out a thick envelope and handed it to him. "A bonus, just so there's no hard feelings." He forced a quick smile.

The killer took the envelope and shoved it into his back pants pocket. "Well, I guess that's it, then." He didn't want to hang around any longer than he had to. "If they need me, they know where to find me." He turned to walk to his car but didn't get far. A bullet from the man's gun knocked him to the ground. Instinctively, he reached for his own gun and returned fire, striking the man in the chest. He fired two more times. The man dropped to his knees.

Bleeding and barely conscious, the killer got up and staggered over to where the man lay dying. He shot him in the head, then collapsed near his body.