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100 word Flash Fiction

MONEY

Doofer's guy tried the door handle for himself. He was very angry. Angelo explained through the closed window how those bastards had locked him inside and taken away the key. 'I want my fucking money!'

Doofer's guy shouted.

'There is none,' Angelo said.

The guy looked really mean. 'I need that dough,' he growled.

'I told you,' Angelo whimpered. 'I don't have any money.'

The guy moved away from the window. Then he came back, hunched over something heavy and indistinct.

'Have you got my fucking money?' he screamed.

'Look man,' Angelo said. 'I'm telling you this for the last time...'

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