

LUCK OF THE DRAW
(working title)

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dedicated to those with the wisdom to keep ancient knowledge and traditions

EPILOGUE

Mike stood across from Oleg at the pool table in Oleg's basement with his phone to his ear.

"Yeah. I get it, Steve."

"I'm not sure you do. The guy's willing to testify."

"I can take care of that, you know."

"I don't want to know, and no. You can't take care of this one, Mikey. And neither can I. There's just too many strings and I'm out of favors right now. You and your buddy need to just lay low for a while."

"How long's a while?"

"A long while, like a year or more."

"A year or more! Steve, I might as well go back East."

"You said it. Not me."

"Come on, man. You can't be serious."

"Totally serious. Get the fuck out and stay out for a while and don't bother calling me again for the next five years. And you better not go home either. They have Mom under close watch. Now, I'm gonna hang up. Just talkin' to you could cost me my ass. Five years man. Five years, at least. Got it?"

"Yeah yeah yeah. Five years and stay away from home."

Steve had already hung up before Mike had even finished the sentence. Oleg watched Mike expectantly.

"So?" he asked Mike.

"So, what? You heard what I said. We've been advised to move. Things are hotter than we thought."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, that faggot went and got himself shot and now he's ready to testify against us and evidently they got DNA evidence at one of the girl's places and Steve said he's not willing to go to jail for me."

"We could just have someone take care of that Doug-guy."

"No. We can't. It would just keep us here longer and be one more to add to the list. You do what you want, but I'm going home and grabbing my go bag."

"OK. Where we going then?"

"Detroit. I got an old friend I hear is out there now."

"Cool."