

they think they have a hit

by Thomas Hunt

"Bobby, what we doing this afternoon?"

"Not much Ralph? Why? You bored?"

"Not really." Bobby said, as he peeled the "keep away from children" sticker off his plastic lighter and lit another cigarette. The ashtray in front of him was full of half smoked cigs.

"Don't worry. We got a humdinger planned tomorrow."

"Oh yeah? What's that."

"Here, read the file, and stop bothering me."

Bobby picked up the file off the desk. He began reading a well written dossier about a student, a protestor. The kid musta been arrested twelve times for all kinds of antiwar protests. The last one was big. He'd shut down the road headed into the base for about six hours using two VW Buses chained together. It was a helluva stunt.

"Yeah? So? Sounds like a good kid."

"Well, that's what we doing tomorrow."

"No shit."

"No shit."

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Marshall Smithson was the king of his campus. Or at least that's what the student newspaper called him anyway. He'd been arrested twenty-seven times, and each time he was released and all charges dropped. Even though Eminem has recently returned the name Marshall to a level of coolness it had not seen since Napoleon's time, he still went by his childhood nickname, Marty. Around campus the Freshmen were starting to worship him as if he was some kinda demi-god and the women fell to his feet wherever he went.

Like the other day, in Java Palace, Marty was like:

"Mocha please, Steph."

"On the house, Marty?"

"If possible, always."

"With you around, it's always possible."

You would think that life couldn't be that good, but sometimes it actually was like that. He got free coffee whenever he liked from Steph, and sometimes he got more. But he wasn't the type to brag, and most of his friends found him to be surprisingly modest, when he wasn't strutting around like he owned the place.

"You gonna hang out for a bit Marty? Give me the time?" Steph said.

"Sorry Steph, I gotta go to a class."

"Oh yeah? Where?"

"Library," he said looking down at his watch. "Shit. I'm late. Catch ya later."

"Alright Marty, later."

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Ralph was laying flat on the roof of the five story library, Bobby laid next to him, binoculars surgically attached to his eyes.

"Ralph, you sure this is the right guy?"

"You read the dossier, what's your problem?"

"It just doesn't seem right, that's all."

"The boys upstairs don't make mistakes, they're in the mistake erasure business, not the mistake business. Get with the program Bobby."

"But this kid seems alright. He hasn't broken any serious laws, he's just a rebel. He don't mean nothin to the government."

"Bobby. It's our job. Now get on the binocs and pick this kid out."

"No Ralph. I won't."

"Fine, Gimme those specs, I'll do it all myself."

Ralph grabbed the specs from around Bobby's neck, pulling Bobby toward him. Bobby responded by punching Ralph in the face. Ralph kneed Bobby in the groin, and the binocs came off Bobby's head no problem.

"Shit Bobby, you're such a pussy, now shut up and let me work."

"Come on Ralph, just let me call HQ and confirm it. That's all I want."

"Sorry man, no time for that, and a job is a job. There he is, walking right across the quad." Crack, the silence erupted and people began screaming and hitting the deck. Most of them fell to the ground instantly when they heard the noise. One of them fell a little quicker.

"Now come on Bobby, the job is done, lets get outta here, you pussy you."

"Fuck Ralph, it was just, you know, I thought the kid was alright, but shit, it's our job and all. Let's get outta here."

Ralph finished packing and the two of them walked down the stairs, while the chaos in the quad was just getting warmed up.

A few seconds later, a cell phone that had been left

behind began to vibrate, and then stopped.