

White wooden drawer, inside, twelve rounds, organized neatly into foam holes their exact size. *Click*.

23:24. Windows boarded up. Light source: a small gas lantern beside him. *Click*. The flimsy wood door, sealed shut as best possible, another lantern next to it for visibility. There is no light facing the dried blood, “*good*,” he thinks out loud. The doors to the rest of the house are all closed, just his bedroom at the end of the hall. Moonlight does not peer through any windows, the forest outside is silent. *Click*. He does not move. He stands against the wall. *Click*. Back of the log bedroom, floors creak with each slight move, he steadies himself, they creak no more. Eyes facing forward towards the hall. *Click*.

00:34. He sits down, sliding his back against the wall slowly. He steadies, the floor creaks no more. His legs forward but together. *Click*.

00:40. *Click. Click. Click. Click*. 6 rounds in his pocket.

00:50. No sound, just *Click*.

01:30. *Knock, knock, knock, knock*. The steel in his hand seems to weigh greater.

The door opens. *Click*, the chamber cycles a round.