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Dexvirement

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# *Honorarium.*

So, you played it a little too close to your chest this time, didn't you, Blake? Avon thought as he gazed down at the vacant, blood-spattered face staring up him.

The Federation troopers moved slowly to encircle him, and he turned slowly to face each one in turn. He glanced down at Blake again, then moved to straddle the lifeless body sprawled beneath him.

We have faced death together on many occasions, Blake, he thought, raising the laser rifle and drawing his aim on the reactor housing across the chamber. A slow smile spread across his face. It is fitting ... our death are linked somehow ...

Slowly he pulled the trigger as the troopers pulled theirs. His eyes closed gratefully as his shot found its mark. Our deaths are linked somehow ...

*-Deborah M. Walsh*