

KILLER SMILE

Average, he thought smiling, that's just how I look.

He took a sip from his pint, putting it back down with an audible sigh.

"Told you we serve the best pint of Guinness in the land," said the old, weathered barman.

"Well, you sure weren't wrong there!" replied the man, lifting his pint, in mock salute, while flashing a killer smile.

"Sean's the name," said the barman, wiping his hand on the front of his Aran jumper before extending it.

"Pleasure to meet you, I'm Jack," said the dark-haired visitor with the warm brown eyes. Pulling his right hand from his pocket he made sure his handshake was perfect; not soft; but not a tight, finger-crunching grip either. *For once, father would have been proud.*

Jack shook out the newspaper and scanned the articles. No mention yet, of...

"And what brings you to these waters then?" asked Sean, "would it be business or pleasure, eh?"

Jack didn't hesitate. "A little of both."

"Well, we could sure do with the business," laughed Sean. "And what about that Obama fella?"

Father always forbade any talk of politics or religion!

Jack finished his pint. His hand returned to his jacket pocket, where his thumb and forefinger resumed caressing the thin rope nestled inside. The noise in his ears pounded as he relived...

"Well, I hear they have a lead on that poor girl who was strangled last Saturday," said Sean, taking Jack's empty glass. "About time too."

Susan Condon is a member of Platform One, Rua Red. Susan's short story 'The Tan-Tastic Four' was featured in InTallaght late last year.

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