George has some things to do before he can leave the ranch.

Notes

I wrote this for an English assignment and my teacher liked it, so hopefully you guys will like it also.

George and Slim walked on until they were out of sight of Curley and Carlson. “So where the hell are we really going, Slim?” George asked, pocketing the gun and making it so it wouldn’t be noticeable.

“I told ya George were going to go get a drink. I know Lennie wasn’t bright enough to have Carlson’s gun. I know you had it and that you shot him to save him from Curley. Just cause I work on a ranch doesn’t mean I’m stupid even though everyone else here is.” Slim looked sideways at him, but his mind was elsewhere. “After we get that drink George we’re gonna go back to the ranch an we’re gonna work for until the end of the month so we can collect our pay, then we’re outta here and Old Candy is comin with us. I’ve had enough of this place of all the damn drama. I’m sick of it and so is Candy. That’s why he is coming with us,” Slim sounded so convinced of himself, like Lennie hadn’t just died, like nothing bad had happened at all.

George didn’t say anything but continued to walk silently, after a while he spoke up again. “Where are we gonna go after we collect our pay?” George asked, stopping for a second to get a good look at Slim. He hadn’t noticed before how broken the other man looked. Slim looked over at George and stopped once he saw that George wasn’t walking anymore.
at George and stopped once he saw that George wasn’t walking anymore. "I don’t know. Okay. We’re just going to leave, maybe find some work elsewhere. I don’t care as long as we can get a job so we don’t starve to death. You know that might be one of the only bad things about leaving the other one of course is that we won’t have a place to sleep,” Slim took a deep breath after his ramble and looked around. “How did you do it George?” Slim asked George, taking another deep breath.

“How the hell did I do what? If you’re talkin bout Lennie let me tell you it sure as hell wasn’t easy. But I’m not going to sit here and talk about my feelings so just let it go and lets go get that drink you was talking about earlier,” George turned around abruptly and started walking again. He didn’t know where he was going just that he wanted to go and get that drink as soon as possible.

Slim sighed not really wanting to get that drink anymore. He just wanted to go back to the ranch and go to sleep, to forget about the events of today. But George had other plans, after he got his drink George was going to go back to the ranch and collect what belonged to him, of course it had to be as soon as he got home though. George grinned walking a bit faster with a little more bounce in his step. He couldn’t wait for his ultimate plan to come true.

Slim didn’t even notice that something was different about George. Well he noticed that George was walking faster, but he didn’t notice it consciously. Slim’s mind was elsewhere, just like it had been ever since he found Curley’s Wife or as he liked to call her, Violet. That was her name. Violet, god he missed her and he knew that he would never see her again; well he wouldn’t after they buried her.

“Curley was one lucky bastard”, Slim thought to himself. Always getting the girls while Slim was just alone the whole time, everybody flocked to Curley and once they found out what he was really like they didn’t want nothing to do with Slim either just because he was around Curley so often. That damn bastard didn’t know a good thing when it hit him in the face.

Slim sighed, and sped up a little bit to match George’s speed. “Hey why you are walking so fast, George? Got some ants in your pants?” Slim spoke aloud.

“Because I just want to go and get that drink so we can go back to the Ranch. It’s been a long day and I just want to go to sleep but I really want that drink first.” George told Slim, looking at the forest around him. “How far away is the damn town from here?” George asked, looking at Slim now.

“It’s not that far now, we’re almost there, just a couple more minutes until we get to town.” Slim answered and sure enough in a couple of minutes they were in town and going into the first bar they saw. After having one drink each George and Slim decided that that was plenty to have to drink and they walked back to the ranch and went straight to bed. Well Slim did, George had other plans to attend to.

George snuck out of his bed once he was sure that Slim and everyone else was asleep. He made sure to be extra quiet and he walked to the house silently in the cover of the night. He opened the door and crept over to the room that he thought would be the Curleys. George opened the door and was delighted to find that it was in fact the Curleys room. He took a step into the room and pulled Carlson’s gun out of his pocket and walked all the way over to the bed and held the gun above Curley’s head.

Curley’s eyes suddenly opened and he screamed. “No!” But it was too late, George couldn’t be stopped now. He pulled the trigger and Curley fell out of bed, dead.

The shot rang throughout the entire ranch. Curley’s father, the ranch owner ran into the bedroom.
with a gun of his own but before he could even ask what was going on George shot him also. The shot had awoken all of the men outside and Slim, Carlson, Candy and young Whit all ran into the room, Whit and Slim with guns, Carlson and Candy a step behind them, with nothing to defend themselves with.

“What the hell are you doing, George?” Slim yelled at him, cocking his gun and pointing it at George.

George had a crazed look in his eyes as he looked around. “What am I doing? What the hell does it look like I’m doing, Slim? I was gettin my revenge and now I’ve got it so you don’t gotta worry none. None of you have to worry bout anything anymore ok? Ok!” George was yelling now and the hand that was holding the gun up was shaking, pointing it at Slim.

Candy stepped forward. “Come on George put the gun down now. Curleys dead, it’s all over. Don’t worry bout it ok?”

George laughed. “Am I supposed to believe that? No, I’m not stupid I know that as soon as we get out of here you are going to go get the sheriff and I’m as good as dead then.” He was crying now, the tears just too much to hold in, Slim had lowered his gun and stepped toward George with his hands up.

“Come on George that’s not gonna happen we're all-“, before he could finish his sentence George had pulled the trigger for a third time and shot Slim.

“God dammit George what had gotten into you? You’ve gone crazy! You can’t just go around shooting people!” Candy yelled at him. But before he could yell anymore George shot him too. Carlson and Whit were dumbstruck. They didn’t know what to do.

“You two have something to say?” George yelled at them, looking around at the four bodies around him.

“Yeah actually I have something to say George.” Young Whit said cocking his gun while he was speaking so it wouldn’t be as loud.

“Oh, yeah. What the hell do you have to say?” George looked at Whit with a burning hatred.

“This.” And Whit held his own gun up and shot George in the head ultimately ending the madness.

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