 The thief took a glance over the counter at the two bodies.  Both very old men.  Older than you normally saw around these days.  They almost looked identical, even in death.  Their bloated and flabby chests and backs had been blown open, like something had torn its way out of them.  Their hearts taken flight.  Near their bodies were a pair of small, simple handguns.  Matching snub nosed, brass pistols.

He spat on them for their sins and tucked his gun back in its holster.  There was no threat here anymore.  His partner had seen to that with his dying breath and a strong aim.  There was nothing but corpses behind the counter now.  The bullets are turned them into fresh produce for the right kind of desperate monster who would soon come calling.  There were plenty of those around now.  Another breed of vulture, although still not the one that most men feared.

The thief left them lying there and turned to his fallen partner.  He squatted next to the dead boy, looking briefly over the dirt and blood covered floor.

“I told you the plan wouldn’t work with two,” he said in a low voice.

    He immediately regretted the rebuke.  Another graceless moment.  He bowed his aching head.  The adrenaline draining away and leaving a hangover of sorts in its place.  The boy had two holes in him.  Wild shots.  One had struck lucky.  He wouldn't have felt much.  It was a hollow consolation.

“I shouldn't have let you come in here alone.  This is my fault.”

He took the dusty old hat off his old head and let his long, grey mop of hair fall loose over his face.  He sat it on a shelf and closed his own eyes for a moment.  He muttered something appropriate, if a little stale, and then opened his eyes again.  He made the gesture of the cross with his gun hand before pulling the rifle out of the dead boy’s grip.  He'd forgotten how weighty the damn thing was.  He rested it against a nearby shelf and stood up off his haunches with a groan.  He cast an eye over the almost bare shop.  Three dead for this.  It didn’t seem right.  Still...

“No point wasting it,” he figured, explaining his thinking to the dead.  He'd have to watch that now he was alone.

 He took the canvas bag off his partner's unresisting shoulder and flipped it open.  He loaded it with as many cans as he could, not checking to see what they were.  The cold cut to his bones as he worked.  There were ghosts already brewing in this room.  He could feel them shifting into being.  He could feel them watching him closely

“A man has to eat,” he said to no one in particular.

    As he kept loading the bag he noticed a tin of fuel behind the counter.  *I’ll finish this up*, he thought, *then I’ll burn this place to the ground.*

He kept working.  He kept filling the bag.  He could easily sell what he didn’t need and one mouth was going to be easier and cheaper to feed than two.  A silver lining, no matter how thin it was.

When the bag was nearly full he dropped a tin.  It rolled away from him.  The man stopped, breathless, overridden with greed.  He watched it lumber underneath a stack of shelves.