

"Showdown"
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[194 words]

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This was the moment of truth.

There, and now, face to face, standing some distance apart, they studied one another intently, the silence so unnerving, onlookers held their breaths in anticipation.

Time felt as if it had crawled to a standstill. Moments came and went and there they stood, impassively watching and studying one another.

"Draw!", said one of them.

"You first.", replied his counterpart.

"Draw!", repeated the first, impatiently. "You don't stand a chance. I can beat you with my eyes closed, so draw."

"Not until you do."

They continued to stare at one another, while their words dissipated into the distance. In the crowd, a baby cried, and her mother tended to it. The tension was unbearable.

The blinding sun was now high in the sky but they stood their grounds, unshaken, unfazed, as the town clock sounded the motion of its hands.

On the twelfth strike, they drew, and the crowd gasped.

It was all over in a few moments. On the ground they stood, static, for all to see, to contemplate, to ponder.

The judges approached, studied, and then proclaimed. The first annual street-art competition ended in a tie.