



**JEFF SOMERS**

**THE  
BOUNCER**  
a novel

# The Bouncer

30.

I racked the shotgun, but Patsy crashed into me before I could fire again. I was knocked backwards into Lisa, and we went down in a tumble of limbs. The big man heaved himself up with surprising speed and grace, and raised one massive fist over me, his weirdly hairless face twisted up in a grimace of rage.

With a screech, Jill landed on top of him, one thin arm circling his neck, the other putting the gun to his bald head.

“You brought a *fat guy* to a *gun fight!*” she screamed.

Patsy whirled, almost shaking her off, the shot going wild. A moment later he reached up and smacked the gun from her hand.

A moment later, Jill had a knife.

She plunged it down into Patsy’s back, and the giant screamed. He began moving, shuffling and spinning, off-balance as he tried to reach up and grab hold of her. As gunshots filled the air around us, Lisa leaped up and planted herself in front of him, racking her shotgun and firing directly into his abdomen.

Patsy screamed. His legs buckled, but his momentum carried him forward. He crashed into the low wall around the roof, and Jill went sailing over his head, losing her hold on him. For a moment she was framed against the tops of the weed-like trees that grew in the backyard, and then she went over the side.