

DEATH SHIFT

He works the 12-8 shift.

A half hour lunch and two fifteen minute coffee breaks
amount for all the time he will not spend at his machine.

He makes bullets.

He makes bullets with as much precision as modern machinery
will allow.

Tonight

He alone will ship out 4,387 possible deaths.

It is a new plant record.

The machinery stops for a moment as the Foreman
gives him a gold-plated .50 caliber shell.

He tries to make a speech but is overcome by tears.

The men in the plant applaud loudly.

His first bullet of last week has reached its destination.

It is used to execute a prisoner.

All around are moved to silence.

Then it's 8:01

and the day goes on as if nothing happened.