

Black Hawk

“It looks like they’re all there...no casualties...and they got someone!” Peter’s voice thick with disbelief. “Holy cow, they

have a man tied up behind Howard’s horse.”

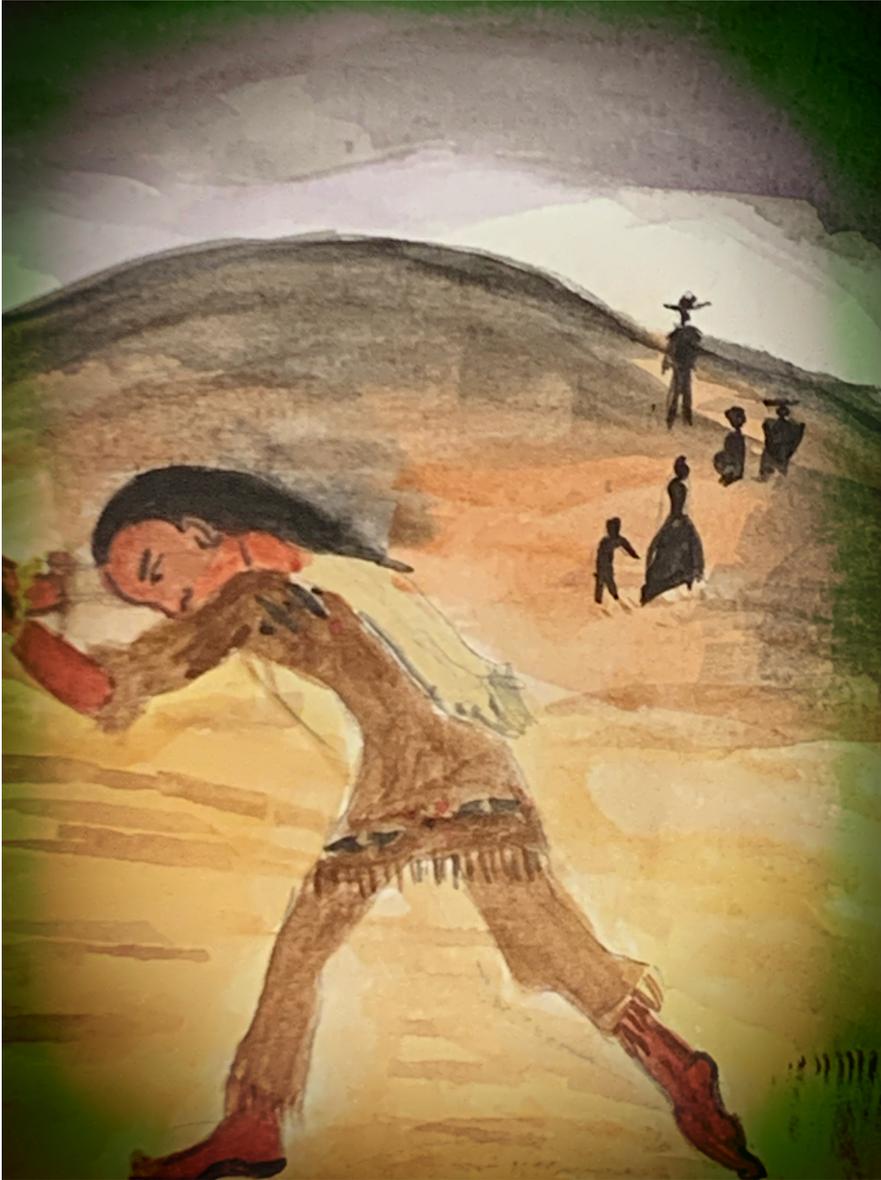
“Juss one?” Seamus asked.

“Ah, yea. Just one.”

“Only woon?” Seamus asked Sal, a hint of incredulity in his voice, “T’ink d’ey killed da’ res’?”

“Oh, it don’t matter...one’s all they need to collect the reward money from the mine companies.”

“Reward...” Seamus had not known about the bounty offered by the mining companies who lost gold at the hands of the bandit.



Sheriff Howard made it to the center of the group of citizens, nearly ten feet away from Peter, Seamus, and Sal. Then he stopped to address the crowd.

“Holy cow.” Peter declared.

“Wut? Wut?” Seamus pleaded.

“The bandit...he’s an Indian.” Peter said, finally able to see the bandit’s face, which suffered bruises and swelling at the hands of Howard and his deputies.