

Sheriff Johnson Z. Howard

He wore his usual white leather jacket and gloves, both tinged with grease and dirt.



Pandering to the audience, he trotted his horse along the crowd. His grey beard with a stark white streak across it bounced off his chest as he nodded and soaked up the crowd's ocean sized source of adulation. Finally, he pulled the reigns of his horse, and in grandstanding fashion the pale white beast rose up on its hind legs, lifting Sheriff Howard towards the sky. The

crowd once again swooned, and when he came back down he demanded silence...