

## *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...*