

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.