

Brooklyn Run AGM

Start: Atlantic Avenue Railroad Station

On-On: Brooklyn Saloon

Hares: Sheriff Fluffy Lockerman Nelson and Deputy Cardinal O'Connor

Scribe: David "The Body" Croft

Scene One

The curtain rises to reveal a windswept, barren plain a short distance from the Atlantic railroad station in the town of Hashville. Our two chief protagonists are Sheriff Fluffy Lockerman and his Deputy who is known as The Cardinal. Sheriff Fluffy's square jaw and his confident steely look show both his Scandinavian heritage and the certainty that comes with his family's long time control of Hashville. Fluffy is alternately feared and admired by the Hashers of Hashville. Some however feel that the real power in Hashville resides with the Cardinal and that behind the scenes he controls the town's destiny. The Cardinal arrived in Hashville one stormy evening several years ago. His past remains a mystery. Old Hardy, the oldest Hasher in Hashville, claims to have seen a dog collar and a pair of pearl handled Colts in the Cardinal's office drawer and swears that the Cardinal was a gunslinger who worked for a mysterious and powerful landowner, Holy Father. Most people credit the Red Hare saloon owner, Miss Aleks, with helping to smooth the rough edges around the Cardinal and propel him into a position of power. Next to the station the Hashers are gathering for the annual Hashville ritual known as the AGM.

Hasher1: "So what is this AGM thing anyway?"

Hasher2: "It's the annual run and meeting where we elect a new sheriff and deputy."

Hasher1: "Elect? Who else is running for office?"

Hasher2: "Well actually nobody. Most people around here value their health."

Hasher3: "You know there are not many woman here."

Hasher1: "I know. This is rough country. Not a place for those of the faint of heart."

Fluffy (*in a stern voice*): "Okay. Okay. Listen up. We've got a nice trail for you today."

Cardinal (*with a wicked laugh*): "Good luck, you're going to need it."

Reluctantly the hashers head off.

Scene Two

Somewhere out on the trail.

Hasher4: "What kind of trail is this?"

Hasher1: "Feels like the Oregon Trail to me."

Hasher3: "Think this is tough. My last hash was set by the Donner party. Red marks in the snow and the food they gave us. Just awful."

Old Hardy: "You guys are wimps. Back in '68, three drovers and myself led a hundred head of hash through the entire Chisholm trail, with only one bowl of grass and two pints of lager to sustain us."

Scene Three

Brooklyn Saloon. Hashers slowly push their way through the swing doors wiping the trail dust from their clothing.

Hasher1: "Bar-keep, give me a beer."

Hasher2: "That was a rough ride."

Hasher4: "Yeah didn't think we'd make it across that raging stream."

After much beer and whisky are consumed Sheriff Fluffy and Deputy Cardinal are ready to conduct the "election".

Fluffy: "Okay, we have the results here and we're pleased to announce....."

Hasher2: "Wait there was no election. I demand...."

Hasher2 clutches his chest and staggers in decreasing circles before eventually collapsing through the swing doors into the street. A small plume of smoke rises above Fluffy as he replaces his gun into its holster.

Cardinal: "I guess he understands now."

Fluffy: "Okay, as I was saying....."

Gil Bert: "Hold it a minute there pardner."

Fluffy turns to see Gil Bert standing by the bar. Gil is a fearless gunfighter who is rumored to have killed at least thirty men. His quiet demeanor belies a ruthless interior.

Gil: "Fluffy I'm here on behalf of the National Association of Swine Salesmen. They've decided to help you run Hashville. Your town can be part of our organization, think of the power, think of the opportunities."

Fluffy: “Gil I told you the last time our paths crossed that if I ever saw you again I’d kill you. Hashville belongs to me and the Cardinal and we’ll never give it up.”

Gil: “Fluffy, listen to reason. You know I’m faster than you.”

Ten minutes and one hundred stares later Gil sees Fluffy’s eyes narrow. He draws. Gil is faster than Fluffy but his bullet hits Fluffy’s badge and glances off into the wall. Fluffy and the Cardinal both empty their six-guns into Gil.

Cardinal: “Okay let’s hear the election result.”

Fluffy: “Let me see what the results say. Wow, Hashville unanimously re-elects Fluffy and Cardinal for another year. What can we say? Thank you all for your support.”

Sheriff Fluffy and Deputy Cardinal ride off into the sunset leaving the shaken Hashers to wonder if they can survive another year in Hashville. Who knows, perhaps one day Hashville will be free. Perhaps the Association will be back. But now that would be another tale folks....