



The Rebel Speaks

GOVERNMENT ANTAGONIST AND HUGUENOT

It's been a while since our last story... so I thought I would take you on an adventure with the Reb and his partners. Hope you can ride and have a good pair of spurs! We've got horse thieves to hunt down. A couple of Texas rangers and a scout out of Fort Worth are coming along for the ride and will deputize us. It's been six days, by butt is sore and our scout says he found 'em.

Turns out there is more than six. It's more like fifteen! They have our horses along with some from other ranches, maybe close to a hundred head pinned up in an arroyo with a couple of riders sitting watch and the rest camped at the entrance. We're going to circle them from tow sides when it gets dark. At dawn Big Bob will shoot the lookout at the entrance, then the rest will open fire.

"Big Bob, can you handle the chief's buffalo gun and can you hit anything with it?" He says, "If it rides, it dies."

"OK." Turns out Big Bob was a sharp shooter in the third Alabama. Sunrise! "Are you ready, Big Bob?" Boooooom!!! That lookout dropped like a rock. Now the rest are opening fire. Look at 'em scatter! Some made it to their horses and headed right for us. "Pump lead, boys! They're coming straight for us! Throwing lead back at us!"

"I'll take the first on the left. You take the next one," the third comes straight on; Bob is standing up and reloading that old gun. I'm reloading myself. Cool! Calm! Look at Bob take aim! A bullet just ripped through his right sleeve, another through his hat! He says, "Got you dead to rights!"

Boooooom! "I believe you blew a hole through that guy big as my fist at about fifty yards, Bob." He turned, there's

another one getting away.

"He's not going anywhere," says Bob as he reloaded, laying that big ass gun over my shoulder. "Hold your breath, captain." Boooooom! One, two, three seconds out the get-away rider's horse is down. "He wont be hard to round up." says Bob!

The boys are rounding up the rest still alive, along with the herd. A couple got away, killed 8, caught five. We will tie these sons of cows on their horses backwards and start home. We've got a few hangings to take care of! Now, that didn't hurt, did it? You came out without a scratch! I think my ears will be ringing for a couple of days after being next to that big gun! How about you? Like that Henry of yours ! Nice gun!

See you on the bridge!

P.S. Hillary-Dillary-Dock is so insanely incompetent and physically and criminally unfit to be anyone's president. The only thing she needs to preside over her is her own demise! Hillary has no plan for our future except our complete destruction. She has to have the usurper himself campaign for her because she is unfit and if we get lucky, she will have an embolism and drop dead! Was that a doppelganger we saw? She looked a little chipper than a woman who is supposed to have pneumonia and suffering from post symptoms of a concussion! "A?" Wagging the dog comes to mind.

P.S.P.S. Isn't it time we elect a new sheriff and hang the back-shooting horse thieves now trying to elect an insane fascist? Hillary-Dillary-Doc, the mouse ran up the clock!! With the help of so-called republicans?

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