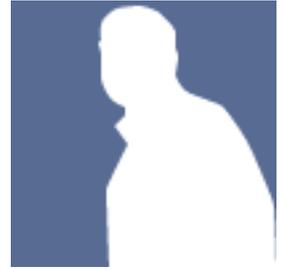


Fastest gun in the west.

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Published on Stories Space on 17 Nov 2014



No one beats my 44's to the draw.

<https://www.storiesspace.com/stories/humor/fastest-gun-in-the-west.aspx>

Fastest gun in the west MF Burbuaugh short story My name is Brentwater, William Brentwater. I have spent most of my life defending myself because of my size. Most people think because I am small I am some pansy. Far to many just called me Wee Willy behind my back and snicker. From sunup to sundown I spend every waking moment making my peacemakers sing deaths song. A few thought they could take me, they found out they were wrong. Just the notches on my grips was usually enough to send smart people scurrying to get out of my way. Word came into town one day in June. A guy called Big Jake had laughed at my claim of being the fastest and I was going to add another notch to my 44's. He would pay dearly for that. I headed for Tombstone the next day. The time was noon as I entered the windblown and dry streets. Nothing moved but a sagebrush blowing here and there as I made my way to the saloon. I bucked myself up to my best height, with my boots I made it almost to five foot. I entered through the two swinging doors, the light was low and it was hard to see coming off the hot Arizona desert. My eyes slowly adjusted to the gloom of the smoke filled barroom. Sure enough, I spotted him in a second. Twin 45's strapped to his hips and holsters tied down. All the rest were farmers or something, most were unarmed. I walked right up and found out his six foot put a strain on my neck to look up at. I noticed his steel blue eyes, he never blinked as he stared back at me with absolutely no fear, almost no caring at all. That was when I noticed the red stained floor about 20 feet from him. Someone at the bar just said, "He has no fear, nor will he talk much. As you see others have tried and failed to beat his hand. He always lets them draw first before he kills them. "Well, I am the fastest gun in the west and no upstart will live to claim otherwise as he will soon see." I told the stranger at the bar never daring remove my eyes from Big Jake. I moved to the spot in front of him and wet my lips. I suddenly felt a tinge of fear as I stared into those totally empty eyes. I very slowly moved my hands down and unlatched the hammers of my 44's. I heard a deep raspy voice, he was very clear and I found I was a little bit more afraid than I had been. "Last chance to go home and live kid," he said to me. I lowered my hands and flexed my fingers, we would now see. I was ready to go. I swear I had barely started my play, I saw the whole thing in my mind, damn I was slow. I just cleared leather and both his 45's were leveled at me and spit smoke. I know I saw them as I felt the impacts on my chest. Not only was he fast, but deadly accurate as well! I looked down as two red spots formed in the middle of my chest. I dropped my guns and fell to the floor with tears in my eyes.

He holstered his 45's and almost smiled saying nothing but, "Nice Try." I looked around at the sad faces at the bar as I heard a familiar voice come to my ear. "You need another dollar to try again dear?" my mother asked. Paint balls reloaded and Jake was ready to go as I stepped to the line. This time I wouldn't be so slow!