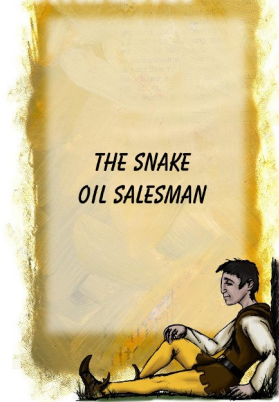
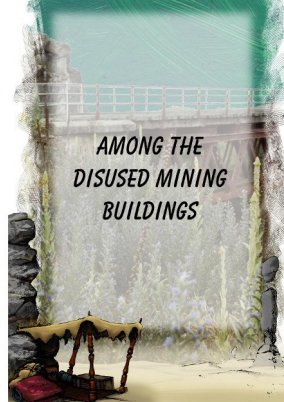


# Example - Wild West

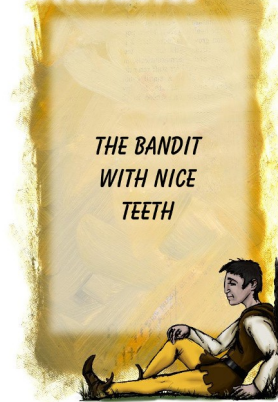
Character



Location



Character



Event



*Dirty Steve glanced out of the grimy window and ducked his head back, breathing heavily. That one glance had told him enough. They would be here in ten minutes. He hadn't realised they were so close on his heels. There was no where to run now. He cast his eyes desperately around the disused office; the bare wooden chair, the dust covered desk, the woodworm riddled wardrobe with its door half off. His eyes focused on something in the wardrobe.*

*Maybe he could bluff his way out. He pulled a dusty suit out of the wardrobe. It was well worn, but luckily the moths hadn't been at it. Quickly he put it on, brushing off the worst of the dust.*

*When Dirty Steve first entered the old mining site, he had noticed a door marked, "testing". Grabbing an old dented briefcase as he left the office, he quickly scuttled over to the building where he guessed the test laboratory was. Inside was a shambles. Abandoned equipment lay everywhere, but there were a few flasks and some very basic chemicals, that was all he needed. A dab of boot polish in his hair, a quick scrub of his teeth, and he set to work.*

*Sheriff Woodleigh surveyed the abandoned mine buildings. "Be careful boys, he could be anywhere. Remember, we want him alive. Check all the buildings."*

*"Sheriff." a deputy hailed him from near one of the buildings. Two of the sheriff's men were leading a man dressed in a dusty suit and stained shirt from one of the buildings.*

*"Good day to you sir." said the man, smiling widely and brightly revealing very white teeth.*

*"Good day to you to." replied Woodleigh. "Now please tell me what brings you to this abandoned mining site."*

*"Well sir." the man in the suit shrugged off the deputy's hand. "I was just travelling on to Big Bull Gulch down the road there awhile to see if I could sell some of my patented medicine there. I didn't have much luck in Armadillo back there. Anyways I thought this would be a good place to stop and rest and also make up some more of my patented medicine. Stocks are a bit low you understand."*

*"Have you seen anyone pass through here?"*

*"I've been kinda busy making my medicine so I ain't taken much notice of what's been happening hereabouts."*

*"OK. But keep an eye out will ya. There's an outlaw on the run and we believe he may have take refuge in here."*

*"Thank you sir." the man bobbed is head politely. "I'll do just that."*

*Dirty Steve breathed a sigh of relief. It looked like the Sheriff had bought it.*

*His thoughts were interrupted by one of the deputies who had dragged him out of the lab.*

*"Sorry 'bout that mister."*

*"Don't worry about it." said Dirty Steve.*

*"Say. You haven't got something that will cure, y'know, the "trots"" he asked hopefully.*

*"Oh sure. I have something here." Dirty Steve pulled out a bottle of a black liquid which he had created in the lab a few minutes before. "This is my patented medicine. It cures stomach pain from gas, diarrhea, and indigestion, and also gives you sparkly teeth to boot. That'll be a dollar."*

*Dirty Steve returned to the testing laboratory and gathered up his equipment. He quickly gathered up a pile of the charcoal he had used to make his medicine and put it in a jar to take with him. He was just about to leave when the door burst open.*

*"We have you now Dirty Steve." said the Sheriff.*

*"Who's Dirty Steve?" asked Dirty Steve, putting his bag down trying to hide the jitters.*

*"You sold one of my men one of your patented medicines."*

*"Er...yes."*

*"He's feeling better than he's ever felt and his teeth are stunningly white."*

*"Yes?" said Dirty Steve. "A happy customer then?"*

*"A happy customer, yes, but everyone knows Snake Oil merchants like you are just bottling up mixtures of cocaine and laudanum and giving it a bit of colouring.... and their cures don't work. And nor would you just charge a dollar." He turned to a deputy and said, "Search his bag for laudanum, cocaine and the usual medicinal materials."*

*"No Laudanum." said the deputy tipping the contents of Dirty Steve's case out into the dirt. He poked through the pile. "Charcoal, boot polish, turpentine, sugar. Nope. No laudanum, cocaine, or alcohol."*

*Dirty Steve squirmed and started to sweat. "I ran out."*

*"Dirty Steve." snapped the Sheriff. "You're under arrest for banditry. We may also add charges of attempting to undermine the health system of this great country of ours by pretending to be a charlatan and selling remedies that work for affordable prices."*



Events:	Someone sells something
Characters:	The bandit with nice teeth
Challenges:	The truth has been discovered
Objects:	A heavy iron door
Challenges:	Someone had already been there.

Events:	An official announcement
Locations:	Among the disused mining buildings
Characters:	The snake oil salesman
Endings:	When asked about it later they denied all knowledge
Endings:	It was too much to resist



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