

Working Title Wild West By Kevin Stillwater

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which means Stillwater layed the tracks in +/- 2057, if my math is right

this is part of my
Broken Stories Unfinished Dreams
series

Stillwater never did finish it.
Which means, I'll never finish it.

Feel free to enjoy it for what it is or turn the page at your own discretion.

Like what you see?
Want to finish it?
Or transform it into something else?
Let's work out a deal.
Continuation Rights are available.

www.Paufler.net

Brett@Paufler.net
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#

They say to start right in the thick of things, to start with an action sequence.

They say not to get bogged down in the backstory, to let it work itself out, to let it emerge organically.

They say it's what everybody wants -- anyone who is anyone, at least.

Apparently, they say a lot of things -- a talkative bunch. But who am I to argue.

Me? I say, give the biologicals what they want. In the end, they're the ones footing the bills, writing the code, and powering the grid. And if they want action? I'm just the guy to give it to them.

#

Rockets flare.

Smoke fills the screen.

It's total carnage as the cliff walls crumble and crash down into the canyon below.

Action enough?

But maybe you'd like a little more context?

#

Bull Run.

The Bull Run.

The link is live, give it a ride.

Or just follow the bouncing ball and I'll show you how I got high score on Gold Dust Days, the educational sim.

Legendary.

Unsurpassed.

And the moment of truth?

#

In the rocket's red glare.

N'yetalia (or whatever she's going by these days, maybe I'll just call her Natalia to save on the syntax), is working a mining rig -- some space age sim, Leper Colony if you must have a feed, but don't quote me on that. She just showed up with it.

"I like to win," her sole explanation for porting the abomination into a historical sim.

Over-under lasers, ballistic back-up, and a rack of smart rockets, unlimited ammo, low settings... like low. She couldn't miss. She wouldn't miss. Difficulty set all the way down, the win was guaranteed.

#

Jump in the action.

N'yetalia (Natalia, Nate, Nicole, clearly I'm stuck on the N's, but other than that I can't decide) is

5-10-14

Brett Paufler

Now, there's something you don't see very often, a sentence so contorted, rather than completing, the author (or dreamer in Kevin's case) simply aborts, pulls the plug, and decides to go no further.