



Crystal Gunslingers


A purple tumbleweed flees the red-bricked town as a sole rider on a rusted black horse with a blueberry brand arrives. She wears a red bandanna, concealing a scar beginning at her eyebrow. Her boots clink as she jumps from her horse and walks along the rickety walkway towards the hotel. A dust devil kicks up in the middle of the road.

She pauses. A man in gray walks out of the hotel, whistling. Her eyes water. They both know why she's there.

The crystal gunslingers draw. Red and gray lightning cracks from their guns. Shop windows shatter. The man in gray laughs, then feels his chest. Oil spills out, as his eyes flicker and shut down.

The stranger releases her clenched fist. A gray crystal drops into the dirt. She stands and brushes herself off, ignoring the town's stares. Another bullet in the gray man's head ensures he won't be repaired. She mounts her horse and rides into the starry night.

Two Automaton Gang members down. Five to go.


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