

The Weird, Weird West

Funny the thoughts you get with the sky's blazing white eyeball beatin' down like a molten hammer: I imagine God out there somewhere between earth and the sun with a giant magnifying glass, focusing a ray of concentrated sunlight on my head. That would make the Almighty a sadistic kid, and me the piss ant getting flash fried. These and other deep thoughts I ruminate on as my brain bakes inside my skull.

I shade my eyes from the sun, and across miles of shimmering desert I catch a glimpse of a moving speck which I suspect is the killer runt I've been chasing for the last four months. I take a look through the Confederate issue field glass I swiped from a headless butternut Colonel--yep, it's Shorty Duvall alright, about a half day ahead of me still.

It occurs to me that maybe I am dumb as a piss ant, since here I am chasing a deranged midget across southern Arizona in mid-July. Then again, the little bastard is worth five-hundred Yankee dollars, and I like to eat.