A WESTERN TALE, OR AN OUTRIGHT LIE

SHERIFF JED BOWLEGS RODE INTO TOWN RIDING A TIRED OLD NAMED
BUCK. THE SHERIFF WAS COVERED IN AND RAN DOWN THE BACK OF HIS
NECK. ALL OF THE TOWNS PEOPLE STARED INTENTLY AT THE TWO (S)
HANGING FROM THE SHERIFFS BELT.
THE TOWN WAS A TYPICAL OLD WEST TOWN WITH A STORE DISPLAYING
IN THE WINDOW FOR 14 CENTS FACIL THERE WERE MANY DIFFERENT COLOHDER
IN THE WINDOW FOR 10 CENTS EACH. THERE WERE MANY DIFFERENT COLOURED
(S) TIED UP AT THE RAILING IN FRONT OF THE RATHER RUN DOWN SALOON.
THE SHERIFF ENTERED THE SALOON BECAUSE IF THE OUTLAW JOSE BANDITO WAS
IN TOWN, THIS IS WHERE HE WOULD BE. THE SALOON WAS DARK AND SMOKY. THE ONLY
LIGHT WAS PROVIDED BY BURNING WITH A YELLOW SMOKY FLAME. THE
SHERIFF WALKED UP TO THE BAR AND WAITED FOR THE BARTENDER TO COME OVER. ON
THE BAR WERE BOWLS OF TO EAT IF YOU WERE HUNGRY. THE SHERIFF DECIDED
HE WAS NOT AND NEVER WOULD BE THAT HUNGRY.
"WHAT'LL YA HAVE?" MUMBLED THE BARTENDER.
"", REPLIED THE SHERIFF.
"ALL OUT." SAID THE BARTENDER
"HOW BOUT A?" ASKED THE SHERIFF
"AIN'T GOT NONE."
"WELL WHAT DO YOU HAVE?" ASKED THE SHERIFF
"SARSAPARILLA."
"ANYTHING ELSE?" ASKED THE SHERIFF THINKING THAT HE REALLY DIDN'T LIKE
SARASPARILLA AND THAT HIS THIRD GRADE SCHOOL TEACHER WOULD HAVE LOVED TO
GET A HOLD OF THIS GUY.
"NOPE!" SIGHED THE BARTENDER.
"OH ALL RIGHT, I'LL HAVE THE SARASPARILLA. WHAT'S THERE TO EAT?" ASKED THE
SHERIFF
" WE HAVE STEW, FRIED, OR SCRAMBLED" SAID THE
BARTENDER, LOOKING LIKE HE WOULD RATHER BE PLAYING WITH HIS PET
"I'LL PASS ON THE FOOD!" GULPED THE SHERIFF.
JUST THEN A DEEP VOICE RANG OUT FROM BEHIND THE SHERIFF, "DON'T TURN AROUND!
I HEAR YOU BEEN LOOKING FOR ME!" IT WAS THE VOICE OF JOSE BANDITO, WANTED
FOR TAKING FROM BABIES, STEALING(S), AND WORST OF ALL, FEEDING
(S) AT THE ZOO.
"IF YOU'RE JOSE BANDITO, I'M HERE TO TAKE YOU IN - KID." CALMLY REPLIED THE
SHERIFF.
"FAT CHANCE OF THAT SHERIFF!" LAUGHED JOSE, "I'LL SEE YOU ON MAIN STREET AT
NOON, WE GONNA HAVE A SHOOTOUT." WITH THAT JOSE BANDITO RAN OUT OF THE
SALOON BEFORE THE SHERIFF COULD REACT.
WHEN THE TOWN CLOCK SIGNALED THAT IT WAS HIGH NOON, THE SHERIFF SLOWLY
WALKED OUT INTO THE STREET WHERE JOSE WAS WAITING FOR HIM. BOTH MEN EYED
EACH OTHER INTENSELY WAITING FOR THE OTHER TO MAKE THE FIRST MOVE.
SUDDENLY BOTH MEN JUMPED, THE STORE KEEPER ACCIDENTLY TIPPED OVER THE
BARREL OF PICKLED(S), BUT NEITHER DREW THEIR WEAPONS. AGAIN THEY EYED
EACH OTHER WAITING. THE BANDIT DREW AND PULLED THE TRIGGER, UNFORTUNATELY
HE HAD ACCIDENTLY LOADED HIS WITH WHICH MEANT THAT HIS WEAPON
EXPLODED AND SCATTERED PIECES OF EVERYWHERE. AMAZINGLY, NOBODY
WAS SERIOUSLY HURT . ALTHOUGH TWO INNOCENT WERE BADLY BRUISED.
THE SHERIFF POINTED HIS AT THE BANDIT AND SAID, "YOU'RE BUSTED JOSE,
AND YOU'RE COMING WITH ME." THE SHERIFF THEN DRAGGED JOSE OFF TO JAIL.
THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IF YOU'RE ACCUSED OF STEALING(S), MAKE SURE
YOU LOAD YOUR WITH