WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS

A Fastaval scenario by
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THE GAMBLER

"Lucky"

You feel the familiar rush of blood in your veins, all your senses are alert, all muscles ready to burst into action. Right now, face to face with death, is when you feel the most alive, when every part of you is at its best. You are ready. Very ready. The wait has already been long enough - how long are you going to stand here and stare at each other? You just want to get started, you want to feel the weight of the revolver in your hand, feel your finger squeeze around the trigger, hear the shot, see the bullet fly, and most of all you want to know how it ends.
You know you are the fastest, you always are. Your revolver will be the first one up, and your bullet will be the first to fly trough the air towards your target. But where should you aim? Who is the most dangerous? Who do you hate the most? And is anyone going to aim at you? Does one of them hate you that much?

You look around at the others with quick glances, maintaining the overview of the situation. Here you are. The strongest cards in any hand. Ace, King, Queen, Jack.
The Veteran *is the King. The oldest of you, and also the most famous… or infamous, depending on who you ask, and which side you have been on in the many wars he has been in.*
The Bounty Hunter *is the Queen, of course. So much more deadly than you would think. You have never been in a shootout with a woman, and the thought fascinates you, but you will not let that blind you to the fact that she is just as dangerous as the others.*
The Outlaw *is the Jack. He only respects the law when it suits his own purposes, and you know that his skills with a gun have been enough to keep him alive so far, despite the countless bounties that are on his head.*
And the Ace? A smile flickers across your lips. The Ace is in your sleeve, where it belongs.

For as long as you can recall you have sought thrills, excitement, the unknown, danger. Life must be felt to the bone, it must hang by a thread, or you can never really appreciate it. You want to feel the blood rushing through your veins, feel your heart pounding. You have taken chance after chance all your life, bet it all on one horse, and so far you have been successful. Some say that you must have been born under a lucky star. Personally, you think that luck is something you make for yourself, so that is what you have done. Gambling, betting, duelling, impossible tasks that noone else has dared taking… You have done it all, and luck has been on your side, because you have had the skills and the guts to make it so.
Maybe now is when you will die. Maybe that is the hand that you have been dealt today. The thought makes your heart beat faster, but it does not scare you, on the contrary. It sharpens your senses, makes you even more deadly. You are ready. So ready.

QUESTIONS FOR INSPIRATION

- ***Is there anything (or anyone) you would not risk losing?***
- ***Do you always play by the rules and the skills you have, or do you cheat when you can get away with it?***
- ***What is the most dangerous thing you have done?***
- ***What do you dream of in life? Have you achieved it?***
- ***Who will miss you when you die?***