WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS

A Fastaval scenario by
Anne Ratzer & Lars Kroll

THE BOUNTY HUNTER

"Bounty"

A lock of your hair moves in the sudden breeze and tickles you on the neck. Your eyes narrow briefly in irritation, but you don't let it break your focus. You can't allow that, not here, not with the company you're in.
You can usually read others well, and determine how big a threat they are based on their reaction to you. To what you are. A female gunslinger. There is always a reaction. Something. A snort, a raised eyebrow, laugther, disbelief. The bigger the reaction, the smaller the threat.
These men, however, know you too well, and they are too skilled to give away anything you don't already know.

You gaze at the others, study their faces, their body language, the small signs that can give you an impression of the situation.
The Veteran *is not a young man anymore, but that only makes him more of a threat in your opinion. If you can live to his age the way he has lived, with all the wars and conflicts he has been involved in, you are a dangerous man. Very dangerous.*
The Gambler *is a wild card. Even know, right here, where you all stand on death's doorstep, you see a smile around his lips, a spark in his eyes. Signs that either means that he has a hand full of aces, or that he is bluffing. The same smile, the same face.*
And **the Outlaw.** *As your eyes run over his weathered face, it strikes you how many similarities there are between you, despite the obvious differences. He follows his own rules, his own code of honor, his own path, as you have done. Fate has placed you on opposite sides of the law many times, but it might as well have been the other way around.*

Your path to this place today has not been like the others. Of course. A woman's path is never the same as a man's, no matter how much you have wished it to be. Men can do what they want, settle down in a town without any questions asked, move on without any raised eyebrows. A man with a reputation for being dangerous keeps most people away from making stupid challenges; a woman with the same reputation is a provocation.
Being a woman has, however, had some advantages. You can hide better, dress differently and assume a role, and noone will recognize you, noone will guess that the pretty lady with her buttoned-up dress and laced parasol is really a bounty hunter, with a revolver hidden in the purse. Or that the woman in the saloon, the one with the low-cut red dress and the heavy makeup, has a knife pressed into the back of the drunk she's dragging away.
You have cashed in numerous bounties because your target had no idea who you were before it was too late.
You have been a bounty hunter for many years, and you are good at it. Now you have passed 40 years. You have spotted the first grey hairs, the number of lines in your face is increasing, the long days on a horseback feels more strenuous than when you were younger. How long can you go on? What will you do once the revolver no longer feels like an extension of your arm, when your aim starts to waver and your reactions become too slow?

QUESTIONS FOR INSPIRATION

- ***Do you like being a bounty hunter? Does the chase give you a kick, or is it just for the money?***
- ***Have you ever been on the other side of a bounty hunt? Been the hunted instead of the hunter?***
- ***Are there limits to what you would do to catch your target?***
- ***What did you dream about when you were younger? Have you achieved any of your dreams?***
- ***Who will miss you when you die?***