WHERE THE TRAIL ENDS

A Fastaval scenario by
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THE OUTLAW

"Trigger"

Here you stand, the four of you, facing each other with piercing gazes and loaded guns. It had to end here, like this, with the four of you. There are things you can turn your back to and leave, and the Devil knowns you have done that, more times than you care to think about, but there are also things you cannot run away from, if you want to stand by your name and call yourself a man. Things like those that are between you and the others. Things that have to do with death.

You look around to get a sense of the others
The Veteran *is older than you, but deadlier than a rattle snake. He has done this for so many years, fought battles you don't even want to think about, and he has yet to meet his match. You have to respect him, even if his view of the world is old-fashioned and will end up being his doom.*
The Bounty hunter *has survived by being underestimated by men. You would never underestimate her. That she hasn't caught you yet is more luck than skill on your part. And maybe today your luck has run out.*
The Gambler *smiles. Of course. He thrives on thrills and danger. He probably thinks he has a lot in common with you, because you both don't care much for rules, but deep down the things that drive you are not the same.*

You struggle to control a growing sense of unease. The others are good, really good. You could most likely handle one of them alone, but there are three of them, and they probably all have good reason to fire at you first. If nothing else, then for the amount of bounties on you, that have accumulated over the years. You just hope some of them have better reasons to hate each other and pick a different target.

You have always hated rules. Any kind of rules. Laws, norms, expectations - Rules are like ropes. Ropes that end up tightening around your neck, in more than one way. As you see the world, there aren't many rules that are actually useful, so you prefer to follow your own. And it has brought you in conflict with the law more times than you can count.
You have tried to live a different life, one where you don't have to run all the time, looking over your shoulder. But everytime something has gone wrong. Either you have felt the rules sneaking up on you, winding around your hands, your feet, holding you down, or your past has caught up with you and shown you that you don't belong among ordinary, law-abiding citizens. So you pack your bags and move on. Sometimes without a fuzz, other times in haste, with bullets flying around your ears.
This day, with the other three, you feel for once a sensation of belonging. Despite the grudges between you, despite what will inevitably happen. The only rule that counts here is that the best of you will win. You can live with that. Also if the best of you isn't you.

QUESTIONS FOR INSPIRATION

- ***What kind of outlaw are you? Are you a ruthless bandit, with no limits for what you will do for your own benefit? Or are you a Robin Hood who breaks the rules only to help those who deserve it?***
- ***Can you work with others, or is it too hard for you to fit into a group?***
- ***What have you done that triggered the biggest bounty on your head?***
- ***Which dreams did you have when you were younger? Did any of them come through?***
- ***Who will miss you when you die?***