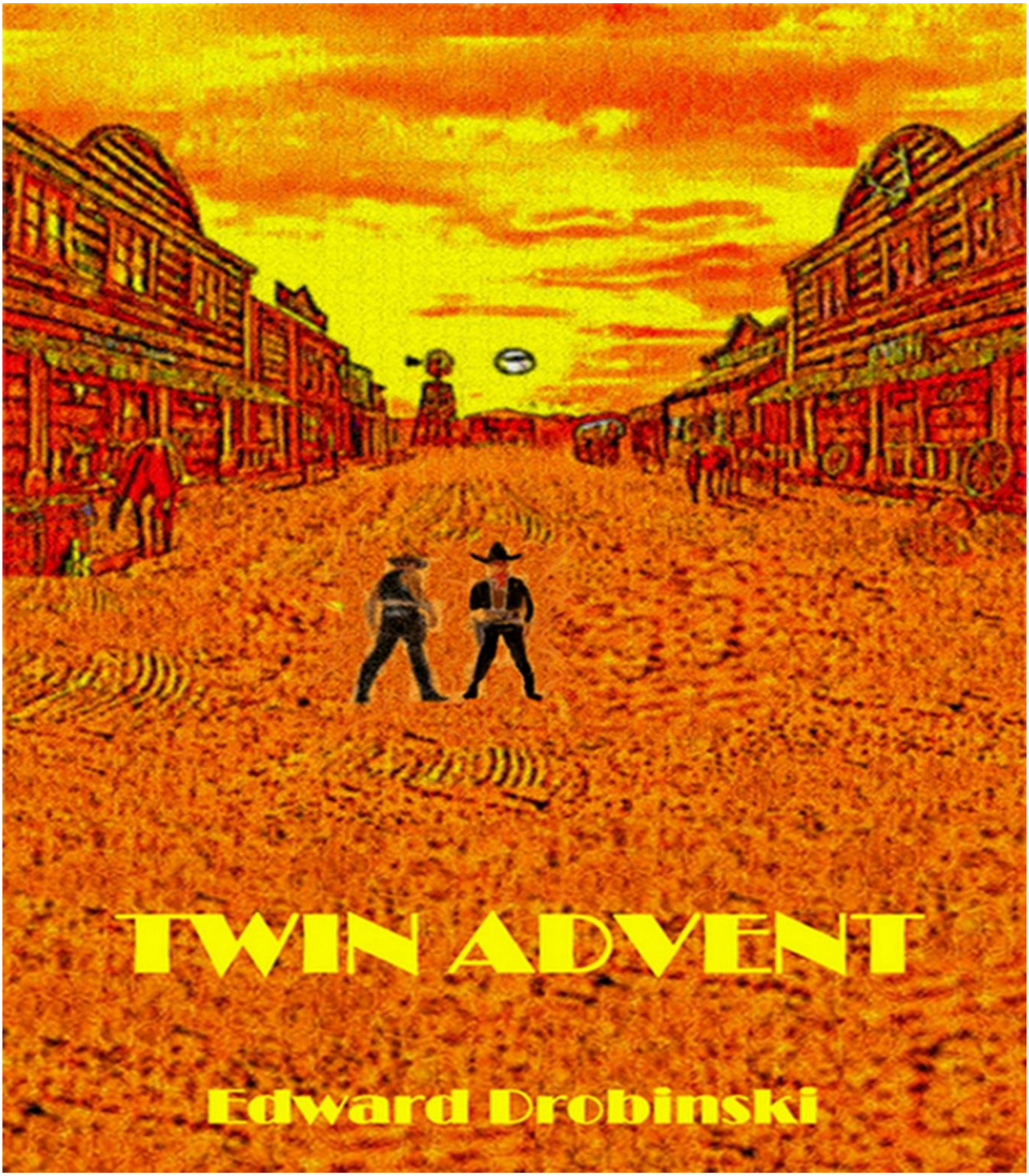
TWIN ADVENT
Edward Drobinski

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Return to Jerusalem, NM

Doc Lambert Peacemaker couldn't help smirking when he eyed the garishly dressed vaqueros and sort of smirked when he facetiously asked; "You and your girlfriend plan on having a long dance?" Their black exterior dress covered their more colorful, hidden attire. But, Doc could see through them. It wasn't hard.

Four eyes looked up at him and brightly replied; " ..... "

"You deaf or stupid?"

The "gunslingers," facetiously postured for a duel on otherwise empty Main Street, Jerusalem, diverted their attention from each other and continued to look at Doc on his horse, Big Red Bullet. The tassel studded vaquero thumbed his handle and said; "Who be wants ta know?"

Doc Lambert Peacemaker smirked and figured there was no point in telling them his name if his reputation and wanted posters had not yet reached them. There are so many imitators, they'd likely think it was one of them. So he just said; "You're in my way," which didn't seem particularly true on Jerusalem's wide,

otherwise sparsely occupied Main Street. Doc continued; “You got five,” and started reverse counting; “Five, four, ... “

The two ground dwellers made moves for their guns, but before they could draw them from their holsters, Doc pulled his and filled their heads with more lead than was there previously. Doc dismounted Big Red Bullet, and just to be sure that he had done his job and was safe, he put another bullet into the heads of each of the bodies staring stupidly at the red sky with their mouths open. He mumbled his trademark to each; “You’re fine now,” and he meant that sincerely as he did every time.

He took Big Red Bullet’s reins and walked him across the quiet street, tying him to the post in front of the Wildfire Saloon. He pocketed something from his saddlebag and walked right in through the swinging doors hearing the creak make another effort to settle itself. He walked past the bar and everyone pretended not to see him. But he detected a few eyes at twelve o’clock in the clouded wall mirror behind the bar.

He continued on to the full table of eight at the rear. He tapped the grizzled man who was sitting at the corner furthest from the entry on the shoulder and said; “If you don’t mind I’d like that chair.”

The seated man was surprised by the semi-polite entreaty. He wanted that seat as it was the safest one in the place and had gotten there early to claim it. While his mind ambled around Doc stepped up his request a bit, putting the index finger of his right hand on his gun handle and saying; “You’ve got five to get out of that chair. Five, four, ... “

The grizzled man held up his empty left hand, palm forward, stood up and took a step away. Doc said; “Much obliged for your kindness.”

Doc sat and surveyed the room. Right across from him was a kid who appeared as if he couldn't be more than 16 years old. A waitress approached and seductively asked if she could get him anything.

Doc said; "I'll have some of the whiskey that hasn't been watered down."

"That'll cost ya."

"I'm golden," Lambert Peacemaker said smiling and pulling a doubloon from his pants pocket.

As she stepped away the kid called out; "Me too." He looked right at Doc and said; "You killed Negrito."

"Was that their names or their colors?"

"Yeah."

"There's some point here, junior?"

"Negrito was top gun here."

"Right. Was."

The waitress brought their drinks. Doc inhaled over his to determine its strength and the kid copied him.

An ancient stranger two seats to Doc's right said; "What the kid's trying to tell ya is that nobody in this room has any problem with you killing Negrito. Just that you probably don't know what you got yourself into. Negrito was Lefty's top man. Kasmeyer ain't gonna be happy."

"Kasmeyer?"

"Lefty Kasmeyer, the sheriff and mayor."

"Oh well. Lefty's gonna get me. I'm so scared."

"Fed appointed sheriff. If he gets dead they'll just send another. And Lefty's not going to confront you directly. He'll have some vaqueros do it. He might even offer you the job of being his top gun."

"Job?" Doc chuckled. "I got the job. I beat the top dog, and I'm in charge."

"Used to be that way until the feds moved in two years ago."

Doc hadn't heard about that and hoped the man was wrong. He said; "I see that the place became a talky one too."

"Forget it. I was just trying to be helpful."

The waitress was back again. "Enjoy your whiskey?"

“Was alright. Bring me one more.” He turned to the ancient stranger and said; “Where’s the card game here?”

“The name is Buck; Buck Carter. There are many card games in town. All of them are run by and fixed by the feds through their purchased vaqueros.”

“None here?”

“Nope, not allowed and no interest.”

The waitress returned with Doc’s drink. He paid her and slid it to the stranger. He said to the kid; “You ain’t old enough to drink,boy.

A portion of the preceding event was reported by the local monopoly press run by flunky Mark Silverberg as follows.

The Jerusalem Fake Face

All the News That’s Fit to Print

Since 1864

Early evening yesterday an unknown White Christian assailant entered town on horseback and shot to death two of our finest citizens, Chief Deputy Negrito Sanchez and Assistant Deputy Luis Ramirez, who were on routine patrol for your safety. This is being considered not only two murders, but an act of domestic

terrorism as reports indicate that the assailant was shouting racial epithets before firing upon the two public defenders.

Sheriff “Lefty” Kasmeyer considers this to be as flagrant and cold blooded a violation of Jerusalem’s democracy as he has seen in his two year tenure here. He is requesting information from anyone who knows the identity and/or whereabouts of the multiple murderer to be reported to him. Any failure to do so will be treated as aiding and abetting the violation of our democracy and will be dealt with accordingly.

The bulletin board at the Wildfire Saloon contained the following anonymous message.

“The number of mestizos and mulattoes has grown so much in these realms, and so have the excesses and crimes that they commit every day, striking terror to the heart of the population, who is unable to do anything about it, because as Vaqueros they ride on horseback with guns, desjarretaderas, and scythes, and they gather in gangs and nobody dares to confront them. His Supreme Majesty would remedy this by ordering that none of the aforementioned be allowed to be here, much less be able to carry such a weapon in a town or in an uninhabited place under the penalty of death by hanging, preferably with agonizing torture preceding.”

Rex the Redbone Coonhound

Doc named the dog Rex. Shortly after he arrived in town the dog started trailing Doc around. No one had ever seen him before, but he looked rather healthy and well fed, as if he had been once part of a loving White family.

A Redbone Coonhound is an American breed of hunting dog. As a coonhound, the Redbone is primarily a hunter of small game that hide in trees, such as coons, opossums, and squirrels, but is also capable of handling big game like bears and cougars. Its hunting strategy is to tree wild game where White human hunters can then shoot the target, rather than directly hunting and subduing the prey.

The breed dates back to pre-Civil War from the Southern United States, and its foundation stock derives from bloodhounds and foxhounds brought by immigrants from Scotland. Unlike other coonhounds which are primarily bred for hunting skill rather than appearance, the Redbone is characterized by its rich red coat in addition to its ability to track game trails for longer than other breeds.

Rex had a particular dislike for Mexicans, the darker they were the more drooling teeth he had. This was likely the result of the fact that his White human family was wiped out by the

Kasmeyer supported Mexicans. They also strangled his brother "88," and his mate Eva, for no discernable reason, other than cruelty, while he was out foraging.

Rex now followed around Doc and Big Red Bullet, whenever they were in town. Once he saw how Doc had easily mowed down the two vaqueros at the outset of his first visit, he considered Doc to be a kindred spirit.

Trip

Doc Lambert Peacemaker had been riding Big Red Bullet through the southwestern desert, mostly the Chihuahuan for five fall days and nights, with a sixth approaching. He was getting as far away from the Coffeyville, Kansas jail cell from which he had just escaped as Big Red Bullet would take him.

In the golden heartland of Kansas, under the vast, stretching skies, a lone rider named Doc prepared for a journey that would test the limits of endurance and spirit. With a sturdy horse named Big Red Bullet, a map of the stars, and a heart full of adventure and a yearning to return, Doc set out from the sunflower fields towards the distant horizon where the land met the sky.

The days were long, and the sun was relentless, but the nights brought cool relief and a sky full of stars to guide their path. They traversed the rolling prairies, where the wind whispered tales of the old frontier, and the only sound was the rhythmic thud of Big Red Bullet’s hooves against the earth.

As they approached the edge of Kansas, the landscape began to change. The flat plains gave way to rugged hills and valleys, and the air grew thinner. They were entering the No Man’s Land, a stretch of territory that was as wild as it was beautiful.

Doc and Big red Bullet encountered herds of bison that roamed freely, their massive forms casting long shadows in the early morning light. They crossed paths with prairie dogs that chirped warnings to each other as the travelers passed by their burrowed towns.

The journey was not without its challenges. There were rivers to ford, storms to weather, and the constant threat of bandits and wild animals. But Doc was resolute, and Big red Bullet was unyielding. Together, they pressed on, finding solace in the silence and solitude of the open trail.

As they neared New Mexico, the air grew warmer, and the scent of sagebrush filled the air. The terrain became a canvas of reds and oranges, painted by the setting sun. They had entered the land of enchantment, where ancient pueblos stood as monuments to the past and the spirits of the ancestors seemed to linger in the whispering winds.

Finally, after weeks of travel, Doc and Big Red Bullet arrived at their destination. They stood atop a high mesa, looking out over the sprawling desert below. It was a moment of triumph, a testament to the bond between rider and horse, and the enduring call of the wild that beckoned them forth on this long ride.

He had spent two of his twenty-something years in the Coffeyville, Kansas jail as the result of a federal charge and conviction for the "crime" of inciting a riot, more technically identified as having conspired to incite an insurrection against the government, whether that insurrection occurred or not. In particular Lambert Peacemaker had drunkenly expressed to an undercover federal agent that he thought that the last mayoral election was fixed, and should be ignored, primarily because twice as many votes were counted than there were registered voters.

Doc preferred riding to walking for many reasons, one of the least of them the fact that he limped on his left leg, the result of a fed planted trail explosive, encountered while alone prior to his incarceration. He'd of killed the perpetrator if he knew who that was.

The sun was either setting or the moon was rising. Whatever was happening, it was causing an eye catching mix of reds and yellows in the sky as well as on the ground, which didn't provide any warmth.

On his trip, he had bypassed signs directing him to a few towns in Kansas, Colorado, and Oklahoma which Doc knew were fully

under the control of the feds and the US Army deployed to partner with Mexican cattle rustlers.

It was 1866. New Mexico Territory had not yet been taken over by the feds, though they were making unofficial incursions. The territory was still an area claimed by many, but controlled by none. Authority’s tenuous confusion was what Doc liked.

Doc decided to stop in Jerusalem, a town he used to know and liked in his youth.