

The next day brought many unforeseen circumstances. As I walked out of the inn all the towns people looked at me with discontent. After some local naysaying I soon realized they were all upset that I had whooped up on Dick Pickens, the apparent slow man of the valley. And that was the least of my worries. Dick had told his older brother that I did a lot more than what really happened. So now the Flash of the west was looking for me. Some said that just his smile or scent alone would cause the women around him to have abnormal convulsions of sorts. All the ladies wanted him but none could have him. You see, him being fast wasn't the reason they called him the Flash.

STAGING:

GUN ORDER IS SHOOTERS CHOICE / RIFLE NOT LAST

PISTOL: 10 ROUNDS / HOLSTERED

RIFLE: 10 ROUNDS / STAGED ON TABLE

SHOTGUN: 4+ ROUNDS ON PERSON / STAGED ON TABLE

STANDING AT TABLE WITH HANDS ANYWHERE SAY THE LINE: [So why are you called the Flash Whiplash?](#)

ATB:

ENGAGE PISTOL TARGETS IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER:

P1 P2 P1 P2 COMMON P4 P3 P4 P3 COMMON

ENGAGE THE RIFLE TARGETS IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER:

R1 R2 R1 R2 COMMON R4 R3 R4 R3 COMMON

ENGAGE THE SGKD TARGETS IN ANY ORDER

