

I Shot the Sheriff

Penguins of Madagascar OS

Von Oxymora

I Shot the Sheriff

Ich dachte, dass ich eine der Englischen FFs auch hier hoch lade. Vielleicht erbarmt sich ja jemand der Geschichte! ^.^

Edit (03 März 2011): I corrected the misspelling

This is what I actually wanted to post for the Writing Contest. I couldn't finish it, but after I saw Skipper in his costume again ('Wishful Thinking') I wanted to finish it.

First I wasn't very sure what to write about. Then I heard "I shot the Sheriff" on the radio and suddenly I had the story finished in my head. I don't read western novels but I hope it is still acceptable. The Spanish words are all taken from Leo.org, therefore I don't guarantee for their accuracy.

I don't want to spoil the end therefore I explain some parts in the afterword.

Hopefully you like it

Your Oxymora

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Disclaimer: All characters belong to Dreamworks or the history and the song belongs to Bob Marley.

In the middle of the wild Wild West lay a small town surrounded by high hills in the north and wide veld on all the other points of the compass. Just a few farmers had settled down and groups of adventurers passed by hoping desperately to find a treasure in the hard and dry soil. No one had ever come back to tell about their fortune or misfortune. But don't misjudge this small town by its boring cover. It also was the venue of some fights between the most famous people of the time, from which I want to tell you today. As usual the temperature was extremely high and as every afternoon the background music sounded out of the saloon. It was played by our pianist who was practising his parts. The vocals of the chanteuse were unheard, since she was still working on her appearance then on her voice. It was too early for crowds of customers to fill the saloon and the only visitors – four of the frequenter, with tequila next to each person – were

sitting around a table playing poker. One of them just gambled the money which was intended for food by his wife when Antonio's attention was drawn by the sound of the batwing door. He put the glasses he had cleaned down to welcome his guest when he froze. The poker players turned around and the music died down. A horrified expression appeared on their faces.

"Good afternoon. I will join you," one of the new comers announced in played politeness. He took the chair from the nearest table while half of the money which had been on the table disappeared into his jacket pocket. Although everyone noticed it no one was insane enough to complain.

"Or is this a problem with you?" The threat was unmistakable.

They all shook their heads in fear.

The other new comer turned towards the bar and shouted: "A whiskey! And I want a real one, you Spaniard."

The scoundrel called themselves the B&B Brothers. Their real names were Bada and Bing and her bounty was super elevated - but still peanuts. However they believed they were real villains and so did some of the citizens. Everywhere they went they caused brawls due to their physical superiority, but they were thick as brick.

Stressed Antonio poured one of the home made Bourbon into a glass and served it. The gorilla emptied it and just when the barkeeper thought everything was fine he spilled it out again all over the poor otter.

"You call this a whiskey?" He banged his fist on the counter.

"You cheater!" the other gorilla shouted. "There was an ass in your sleeve."

Of course he had been the person cheating, but all he needed was a cause to pick a quarrel. Bing grabbed one of the players and punched him right into his stomach. The unlucky koala flew through half of the room and landed at the piano. Although the pianist was a big reptile, he leaped aside and escaped towards the back crying in panic.

Antonio stooped and avoided the glass, which the gorilla used as a missile, just by an inch. It shattered behind him and the pieces covered the floor in dazzling colours.

The fight had begun.

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"Cling, clong" sounded the spurs of the sheriff when he entered the saloon. Although it was dim his sheriff badge on his front glared like a little flame of justice on the deep, black ocean of crime. Under the brim of his sheriff hat two ice blue eyes examined the battleground of broken tables, chairs and glass. He didn't even flinch when a wooden chair missed his head by a small distance.

"You will never learn your lesson," I commended while the furniture cracked behind me.

One of the gorillas turned when he heard the familiar voice and smiled: "Bada, look who's here!"

The other – already half drunk because he had made his way through Antonio's collection of liquids – turned. He had his problems to focus on me, but finally it dawned on him: "Pat Skipper! Our beloved sheriff!"

"I called him after Roger had informed me!" The chanteuse, a female otter named Marlene the Sun, entered from the back and knelt next to her boyfriend, the barkeeper. "Are you okay, Antonio? Mi amor."

Although it was a distance I could make out his smaller wounds and his shiner, but apart from that he was not fatally injured. I turned my attention back at the tipsy ape and saw that he wanted to strike out for Marlene.

"Get an opponent your size!" I shouted ready to interfere.

"You maybe?" Bing, who was nearly fivefold as high and 200 times heavier than me,

laughed. He led go of the sheep poker player, who landed on probably the last sound table which collapsed by the burden.

Bada stepped out behind the bar walking as if he was on board of a ship. This condition wasn't making things easier, just the opposite. He was unpredictable in his condition.

"Now, show uz what a tiny penguin sheriff can do!" His words were slurred.

"As if I haven't done that before!"

The atmosphere was taut. The gorillas focused me, their enemy, who arrested them several times by now, but their misdoings were not enough to get them to jail for a life time. I switched eye contact between them.

"Now boys, time to get you back to jail. My deputy is already waiting outside!" I pointed behind me. "But I will give you a small chance: I won't use my guns."

"You little..!" Both gorillas attacked at the same time.

Although they had fought many times as a 'team' their timing was poor. I slipped through their fists, and used their muscles as stairs.

"What's the matter with you two?"

Their stupidity was predictable and useful. Standing between them they aimed for me. With a simple backflip I dodged them and they hit each other. A beat with that strength could have broken all of my bones, but they were too slow. I landed just one foot away and turned smoothly. These guys were no problem. But they were robust enough to take stick without further injury.

"At whom are you aiming?"

"Look who's talking!"

Bada turned towards me. He wanted to make a step but his already malfunctioning sense of balance mad him stumble. Bing passed him and stood right above me like an orca ready to kill me.

"Do you need help, Sir?" I heard my Coroner asking.

"I'm totally fine."

I picked my sheriff badge and aimed for one of the ceiling lighting.

From the corner of my eye I saw the massive foot coming down on me.

The metal cut through the attachment and the candleholder fell down, hitting the head of my gigantic opponent. Wood rained down on me as I looked at the foot, which was only a featherbreadth away from my head. He was out on his feet.

"This is how a hero saves the day," I commended and blew against the leathery palm.

The gorilla lost balance and went down backwards. The impact was strong enough for everything making a little hopper.

"One down." I eyed the other part of the duo "On left."

That filthy thug was suddenly next to me and nearly hit my side. I performed a frontflip and landed on the remains of a table.

"Always the same tactic, isn't it?" I concentrated on one of his vital points when there was a scream.

"GAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!" Some jumped from behind me strait at the gorilla.

With a load crack I saw a battle axe colliding with the head. Bada's eyes lost focus before he collapsed next to his brother. There they lay, the B&B Brothers: Unconscious and ready to be transported to jail.

"I said: No help!" I folded my wings and freed my energy and the adrenalin with my words.

Two sad looking eyes appeared behind Bada's unconscious body. The owner chuntered. Translated he remembered me, that he was in my debt and admitted that he also wanted

to have some fun.

He was a Mohawk Indian Penguin, whom I met three years ago high up in the north. First he had wanted to kill me but since I've rescued his life – my little salvation syndrome – he became my second shadow and risked his life whenever I was in danger. His real name was 'Little Bombardier Beetle' due to his love for explosives, but I named him Rico, the strong, for short. Please, don't ask me why.

"It's okay, Rico," I sighed. I'm not able to resist sad looking eyes. "Nice work!" I turned around "Private! Come, get those hoodlums!"

Private was my young deputy and an orphan. I took care of him since his parents died during an Indian attack. Sometimes I thought he was too young for this hard job, but then I remembered my youth, which had been much more painful. But that is not today's matter; therefore you need to wait until another night... I mean day.

While the small penguin arrested the B&B Brothers I waddled to Antonio and Marlene.

"Are you injured?" I asked leaning against the counter.

"We're fine. Thank you, Skip," the chanteuse answered.

Rico was suddenly by her side to help her stand up.

"Oh, gracias a usted." I thought I saw her blushing a little bit behind her fur and smiled.

"Nothing's fine. My saloon is ruined! Arruinado!" the Spanish exclaimed. "Why can't you keep them behind bars?"

"You have to anticipate with riots here in the Wild West," I pointed out and rearranged my hat using the destroyed mirror of the bar. Then I subjected the saloon to a close examination: "Actually you had luck. I've seen much worse back in Africa."

"Sir, your sheriff badge." My Coroner passed me the star shaped identification.

"Thank you." I put it on its proper place.

"Errr... sir. I'd like to..." He was interfered by the scream of my deputy.

All of us turned around to see him in the fist of Bing.

"He is more bull-headed than I thought," I thought loud.

"One move and I will kill him!" he yelled.

Some of you may have heard that they say I'm drawing and shooting as fast as Lucky Luke. Well... that's a lie. I'm faster.

Before the gorilla could notice my intention he had two darts of narcotic in his arm. With a triumphant smile I watched him. But nothing happed.

"Put away those shooting iron... and the smile!" he demanded, still not feeling that he was already hit.

"Kowalski?" Not only was he a Coroner, but also a hobby scientist and had invented the new agent, which could 'anesthetize a full-grown water buffalo' in seconds.

The tallest penguin answered: "He will collapse..." – he produced his abacus out of nowhere – "approximately...". It took him just a few seconds before he looked back at me: "Now!"

The gorilla, which had eyed us baffled, tumbled down and Private could escape. He lay next to the gigantic primate panting for air.

"I was worried! Why did it take so long?" He could see that I wasn't enthused by his new invention.

"Perhaps because of the bash on his head?" he guessed, but I was not convinced. Neither was he. "I try to find out."

"Rico?"

The Mohawk nodded.

"Help Private, please."

"Sir?" Kowalski started again. "About my wind-powered sledge?"

There are those days when I think my Coroner was insane and the days I thought he finally cracked. He was a good person, but sometimes he forgot his duty and started inventing stuff nobody needed... or wasn't working at all. Since weeks he was bugging me with his 'ground-breaking', new invention.

"Listen, Kowalski. If you want to sail, go back to the East and charter." I shook my head. "A train with canvas. What will come next? A giant, green jell-o like blob?"

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The B & B Brothers were too stupid to understand, that they won't never match with me. But everyone else knew that I was the toughest living creature in the Wild West and no one was able to hold a candle to me. Well, everyone except of...

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While my team and I were waddling back to my office we heard the sound of shattering glass and screams.

"Private, get the brothers behind bars. Rico, Kowalski, you come with me."

"Yes, Sir!"

We arrived at the crime scene, the bank, five minutes later. The bandits were already gone and all we run across where two banker, Phil and Mason, and two citizen.

"Is someone hurt?" I asked and eyed them.

"No... no. But they..."

"They took Julien with them!" exclaimed one of the citizens, named Maurice.

"The feeeeeeeet," the other shrieked.

"Calm down, please. Did they take something important?" I asked and was sure that after almost three minutes they would let that spoiled lemur out.

"YES!" a cat answered screaming, his face was all panic. "They took HIS belt."

"A belt..." I was uninterested as if there was a buffet of salad in front of me. "They broke into a bank and all they got was an annoying prosimian and a belt?"

"That was not any belt," explained Mason. "It was Joey's belt. Joey Stallone!"

I still didn't get it.

Kowalski whispered in my ear: "He is a boxer. The trophy in this sport is a belt. And by the way... Joey isn't someone you want to make angry."

"You mean there is someone who is more dangerous than me?" I asked him glaring in his eyes and making my thoughts clear.

"Of course not, but... do you want unnecessary difficulties?"

"I have enough of those due to your inventions." I turned towards the victims: "It's my duty as sheriff to investigate this matter. Rico, tell Private to saddle the horses..."

Finally I found the hint that caught my interest. There on the door of the vault was a piece of leather, once belonging to a water buffalo, with a brand shaped like the head of one.

"He was here! The thieves were lobsters and their leader a dolphin, right?"

Kowalski laughed. "Now, who should visit the sea?" He stopped immediately when I glared at him.

"Yes indeed," the cat replied.

"How did you know?" The others were surprised.

"My old archenemy. He is back, although I told him to leave the land!"

"Your old archenemy?" Kowalski and Rico looked at each other in puzzlement. "Who is he?"

I looked at them mysteriously and answered after a small dramatic pause: "Blowly the Calf!"

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"Why did you leave that sign? They will know it was us!" one of the lobsters asked looking behind him, afraid that they were already tracking them down.

"I want Skipper to know it was me." The evil dolphin rubbed his flippers. "Today will be Pat Skipper's funeral."

"I didn't know he died."

"He didn't!" Sometimes Calf wasn't sure whether Red Bob was really a good addition to his team. "But he will today!"

"Is he sick?"

"Surely the greatest difference between intelligence and stupidity is: intelligence is limited – stupidity not," the villain thought, but remained silent.

"For sight-seeing it is unprofitable to sit in a bag!" Julien alluded his kidnapper.

"For the last time: This is no sight-seeing. You're a hostage!" Blowy shrieked. Then he thought: "I'm surrounded by idiots!"

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After three hours of pursuit we were in the middle of the plains. Long time ago the city had disappeared behind dusty air and the hills had grown higher and higher as we rode towards the north. One of the pros of an Indian is his formidable way of spoor identification. In addition to the direction the villains were heading, Rico also told us that there were eighteen horses, two of them heavy loaded, and one donkey. But the villain dolphin and his companions last unseen. Instead a shabby old farm came into sight.

"Let's ask the farmer whether he has seen someone," I suggested and noticed Rico's angry face, "That doesn't mean I'm not convinced of your skills, but we don't know this regions very well."

Getting nearer we discovered a squirrel working on a field. His motions were extremely slow and his field was overcrowded in weed while little, drouthy trees sprout out.

"FARMER!" I called him. "Hey, farmer. Could you give us some information as to some cowboys who passed by?"

The squirrel looked up and needed feeled minutes to discover us. "Oh... hello?"

"Hello." I dismounted. "Have you seen anyone passing by on horses?"

"Yes, I did."

"Fantastic. Where are they?"

"Right in front of me," the squirrel answered in his monotone way of speaking.

I smacked my own forehead. "No! Not us. Were there any other cowboys beside us? A dolphin or lobsters?"

"I thought those live in the sea."

"Yes, they do."

"So why should they pass by? Is Global Warming that fast?"

"Okay... you haven't seen anyone." I turned back to my companions, before I would lose my temper.

"No, but I heard a group of people riding on horses. They were heading in the direction of the mountains. And I heard a very strange sound. As if someone was in pain."

"That has to be Julien!" exclaimed Private.

"Why didn't... well. Thank you very much!" I mounted my horse and we headed towards north.

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After one hour we finally reached the foot of the mountain. On a path that led into were fresh hooves marks.

"Do you also hear those hissing sounds?" Kowalski asked.

"Snakes!" shrieked Rico.

And indeed, suddenly we were surrounded by sludge-coloured reptiles.

"Retreat!"

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"Oh, it's you again," the squirrel welcomed us when we returned to his farm. Perhaps I was mistaken, but I couldn't see any improvement on his field.

"Why haven't you told us about the snakes?" I asked angrily.

"You haven't asked. I wondered whether I should tell you, but I didn't want to bother you."

"Nice." In my head I already played the image of how I could kill the squirrel. "Now. Is there another way or do you know how we could pass those snakes?"

"Yes. There is a plant that holds the snakes off."

We waited for further explanation.

"And?"

"No. Not 'ant'? It's a plant!"

"I believe we have to ask, Sir," suggested Kowalski.

"Oh right. Where can we find that plant?"

The squirrel eyed the mountains. "It's growing on the left hand... or was it the right? No... it was the left hand side of the path before you enter the mountains."

I wanted to leave, but then I bethought it and asked: "Is there something we have to watch out to?"

"No. Well, use only the blossoms. The rest is toxic."

We turned our horses and continued our pursuit, hoping that we would be able to find Blowy.

The farmer laid down on his field and watched the clouds drift by high up in the sky.

"Perhaps I should have told them to use the red flowers. Well... never mind. I still have to find out where I had buried my nuts." He dozed off.

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After a longer search, the sun hung not far above the horizon in the west. Finally we found a place where flowers bloomed on a meadow.

"Come on! Those are nearly 10 different plants!" I shrieked in frustration. "I go back and kill that farmer. The world will thank me!"

"You're not allowed. After all you're the sheriff," remembered Private.

"Your deputy is right," agreed Kowalski. "Although the squirrel is a pain in the parson's nose, you can't harm him."

"BUT!" Of course I knew there were no 'but's.

"Wa!" Rico pointed out to a red coloured blossom. "Dada!"

"Looks like our Indian friend knows the plant we need," remarked my Coroner.

And after we rubbed us and the horses in with the blossoms, we returned to the path guarded by the snakes.

"Let's find out if these flowers work." I took point.

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In a camp next to a cave Blowy the Calf coughed again. During their travel through the vast land of Wild West he had shouted a lot and that had bad consequences on his health. In addition his temper reached the climax of 'extreme pleen' and he was nearly about to kill his hostage and Red Bob.

"If this wasn't about Skipper, I would..." the dolphin muttered to himself.

"I finally understand this," commented Julien who sat in a cage near the entrance of the cave. "You love me and therefore noblemannapped me."

"Not even close," the bottlenose mumbled and turned in the direction of his prisoner. His

eyes caught sight of the belt which laid on a blanket next to Julien's cage. Blowy remembered the fight between him and Joey Stallone. The trophy would have been his if a certain penguin sheriff hadn't been interrupting them. But because Blowy the Calf had to give up that day and took flight – otherwise he would have been forced to leave the country – the Aussie had won.

"Skiipper..." he gnashed his teeth. Blowy watched the hills which shone resplendent in the evening sun, but no one was in sight. "What are they doing? This takes longer than I expected."

He wanted to leave his lookout to get something for his aching throat when a single horse strayed in sight from behind a rock. Blowy reached for his spyglasses and noticed that two snakes followed.

"They couldn't have fallen for the snakes... no... I wanted to kill Pat Skipper with my own flippers." He baled them. "Purple!"

Immediately his loyal follower stood next to his boss. "Yes, Sir?"

"Find out what happened to Skipper and his team!"

"I'm on my way." He moved in the direction of a group of lobsters. "Ruby and Brick, come with me."

From his look-out Blowy watched his inferior leave and disappear behind the rock. Meanwhile another lobster captured the lonely horse and guided it towards their own mounts. He searched the bags and sniffed at the legs.

"Sir... it smells like the flowers and the bags are empty," he informed.

"He isn't dead. What could this mea..." he froze while his thoughts were ahead of his mouth and already found the answer to the question. "Everyone on his position!"

"Too late!" My fist hit the dolphin hard and he landed on the stony soil. When he opened his eyes again I stood on his belly. "You should have left my territory when you still had time. I knew you well enough. My coroner is already in the cave to destroy your machine." In that very moment Kowalski passed us screaming: "It's not a machine! It's not a machine! Someone help me!"

I turned and beheld four seals moving in our direction. They were smaller than usual but their flippers were beset with metal claws. It was easier for them to push themselves off from the ground and moved faster than usual. I didn't even want to think what those weapons might cause to a penguin.

"I knew you would think that I had invented a new machine therefore I experimented on living creature... again."

"You're mad!"

"Insanity and ingenuity are both sides of a coin!"

"Rico! Help Kowalski!" I ordered because one of the seals was nearly about to hit my coroner.

"Aye Aye!"

"You should worry about yourself!" The dolphin sneered and raised his flipper to strike a blow. In the last second I could dodge and felt the draft ruffle my feathers. I grasped the flipper and executed one of my famous judo-throws. But Blowy wasn't a beginner. He pulled out of the dive with a turn of his body and landed on his tail fin.

"You need better moves, Skipper."

"What about this one?" I jumped in the air and saw with a glimpse that one of the seals were unconscious and having a huge bulge on its head. Rico stood next to it smiling satisfied with his axe in one flipper while Kowalski looked as if he had aged twenty years in the past minutes. Meanwhile brave little Private was fighting one of seals on his own, evading the blows – the claws carved into the stone behind him and left deep marks –

and trying to hit the sea mammal with a dart. I decided to tell him that he would have been cool if he hadn't shouted in fear and wore a terrified expression. I turned my attention back at Blowy knowing my men were fine and performed a kick.

"Lame." He caught me as if I were a toy ball and threw me twice in the air before he slung me in the direction of a stone. I hit it heavily and slid down. "You're not having your best time today, have you?" He laughed at me while the world rotated around my head. My flipper, though, found hold on a stone. I jump in standing and aimed for my enemy. He caught it with his mouth.

"To stop your babbling." I shouted flying down from above facing the deep blue sky and hit his head with my heel. I heard a loud crack when some of his teeth broke.

"OUCH!" he shrieked.

I landed smoothly on the ground with arms akimbo. The dolphin rolled on the floor. I looked passed him and noticed Kowalski fighting with a sword. It was very effective against the claws.

"That man was far too long surgeon. But he has a nice technique!"

"Help!" shouted Private. I noticed him being cornered by two seals. I already wanted to approach when Rico jumped at them, his tomahawk in both flippers. Although one of the seals noticed him he hit one. In the next second he was in front of Private, defending him. The sharp ends of the claws pointed at the Indian, ready to pierce him. But he smiled and pointed underneath the seal. It looked down and noticed a red stick of dynamite. Shocked it turned back at Rico.

"Bye-bye!" He waved with his flipper and the stick exploded. The seal flew high up in the air and when it came back it landed on four lobsters.

"Thank you."

Rico shook his head with a smile. This fight delighted him.

"Looks like your army is nearly finished off," I commented and looked at my archenemy. Right in time I saw the huge tail fin coming down on me. I guarded me with my flippers and prepared for impact. It was worse than I had expected. But I didn't want to lose my face. "Is this all you've got?"

"No!" He lifted his fin again and it crashed down a second time. But I was faster. I jumped to the side and slid in the direction of the cave. I needed a smaller place for the fight to use his strength and height against him. I passed a cage.

"Sheriff! Did you come to rescue me, because you missed me?"

"Julien! They really took you with them?" I stopped and looked for the lock.

"I think he likes me. But I don't like fish."

I turned and saw Blowy following me. "Listen, I'll be back. Rico has to open it. But I need to finish him off first."

With two jumps I disappeared in the darkness of the cave.

"Where are you?" the dolphin shouted.

"Here!"

"Here... here... here," it echoed.

Blowy pressed his flippers on his ear openings.

"I haven't thought of that weakness." I sneered, hiding behind a stalagmite. "Come and get me!"

"Get me... get me... me... me..."

"Stop talking!"

"Talking... talking... ing... in..."

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Red Bob watched the fight. The penguins had eliminated half of his brothers and three of

five seals. He had to ask his boss for order and a plan to finish the penguins before they finished them. He searched the camp and noticed the dolphin moving inside the cave. "Sir!" he shouted and followed.

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Kowalski was standing with his back at a wall the seal directly in front of him. He had only one chance to avoid the end of a snack. He poked his sword in the direction of his enemy and pierced the soil above.

"Missed me," the sea mammal laughed. "Now... be a nice dinner and let me eat you."

"Only over my dead body."

"That's my aim!" The seal made a movement in Kowalski's direction. The coroner pulled out his sword and made himself as thin as possible.

"You can ma..." The seal was interrupted by the deep sound. "What is that?"

The mammal concentrated on the direction of the rumble. There was something above it and it grew bigger and bigger.

"Rockfall!" The seal wanted to jump aside but it was too slow and got buried.

"Brain is better than brutal force after all." Kowalski pulled his gun and shot a dart with anesthetize agent at the last seal that tried to wound Private and Rico, who were also busy with the remaining lobsters. It collapsed immediately.

"Kowalski!" Private cheered.

The coroner joined his friends and they formed a circle facing the crustaceans.

"Where is the sheriff?" he asked.

Rico explained the situation with weird noises and pointed in the direction of the cave.

"He is up against Blowy and one armed lobster in there?"

The Indian nodded.

"I'll follow them. You stay here!" Private said.

"Fine. We come as soon as we finished these enemies," agreed Kowalski.

"No one will go anywhere."

The Deputy fixed the enemy. "Are you sure?" He jumped and landed exactly on the speaker and then waddled towards the entrance while his companions hold the lobsters up from following him.

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Blowy and I were wounded though I had the upper hand meanwhile.

"This is the last time you will terrorize the Wild West," I informed him.

"This knows only the future!"

We exchanged blows until he hit his head on one of the stalactites. He landed on the floor.

"This isn't fair."

"Life is never fair, bottlenose!" I pulled my gun. "Fun is over."

"It's not loaded," the dolphin laughed.

"Of course it is."

"Then why didn't..."

"...I pulled it earlier? I thought it might be much cooler to fight a little bare handed. It's better prestige."

"You're joking."

"No, I'm not." I smiled over his unbelieving facial expression.

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"There he is... oh no. He is about to shoot the boss! I can't let this happen!" Red Bob pulled his own gun, which was loaded with real bullets.

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"Surrender and swear me you will leave the region immediately."

"I won't."

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"Sheriff... " Private entered the cave and instantly saw Red Bob aim at Skipper. He waddled in the direction of the lobster to have a better chance to hit him with a dart.

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*"Watch out, Sheriff..." I heard my Deputy shouting. "Skipper! Skipper!"
Then there was a loud bang.*

"SKIPPER!" Private screamed.

"What?" Skipper jumped to his feet ready for offence. "I will get you, Calf!"

"Calf?" Kowalski looked puzzled at his commander. "Did you dream? Of calves?"

"What the crustacean!" He shook his head. "Obviously it was a dream. Not of calves though, but of Calf. I nearly won. Hopefully you have a good reason to wake me up." He looked at Rico who was covered in smut. "Is there a possibility for me to make a break without you demolishing the zoo?"

"Ah, well I'm sorry about that," Kowalski apologized. "I was distracted due to this note. I'm sorry, Rico."

"Nada."

Skipper looked at the cassette tape recorder. "What is it about?"

"Blowhole's new plan. Perhaps you should listen to it." Kowalski pushed the play button.

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An indefinite distance away from the New York Central Park Zoo a dolphin awoke. He needed some time to regain his memory.

"Did I just pass out?" he asked himself. "This is impossible. I'm a dolphin and dolphins never have deep sleep."

Dr. Blowhole in his capacity as a diabolic, genius bottlenose dolphin reached for his vehicle.

"Sir! Sir!" A lobster entered his laboratory. "A short caused your already finished announcement to be transferred to the penguins. The sea gull already left for Central Park Zoo."

The dolphin turned towards his new invention. It was a machine that caused sleep and all the people that were in its range would start sleeping when activated. During their fight back in New York he had implanted a devise into Skipper to check whether it also worked over distance when there was a receiver. He had wanted to check out whether it worked and sent out a gull to observe his archenemy.

The experiment might have overloaded the power supply line and therefore caused the short and his sleep. The strangest part of all this was his dream. He never dreamed before – he actually never really slept before – and now he had fought his archenemy Skipper in Wild West.

"Crimson One, start immediately with the reinstallation of the energy. We have to be finished before the penguins move out."

"Aye, Sir!" The lobster left.

"Red One..." Blowhole waited for response. "Red ONE!"

Then he heard someone humming. He followed the sound and found the lobster lying on the floor sleeping and listening to music.

"Was he also affected by my 'Sandman'?" He read the label of the CD: "Bob Marley. Never heard before." With his flipper he took of the earphones and listened to the song, Red one was humming in his sleep: "I shot the sheriff..."
--Fin--

I know there are some impossibilities in this story. Normally I hate that, but obviously this was just a dream. And we all know: Things are possible in dreams that are impossible in reality.

As some people may noticed I referred to some books and historical person in this story. There are 11 references, can you find them? ^.^ The solution is posted below the cast!

The cast:

Skipper.....
...Pat Skipper
Kowalski.....
...Coroner Kowalski
Rico.....
.....Little Bombardier-Beetle
Private.....
...Deputy Private
Dr.
Blowhole.....Blowy
the Calf
(King)
Julien.....Nobleman
Red One.....
.....Red Bob
Badaand Bing.....B&B
Brothers
Marlene.....
...Marlene the Sun
Antonio.....
...Bar Keeper
Fred.....
.....Farmer
Rodger.....
.....Pianist
Joey.....
.....Joey Stallone
Maurice.....
...Nobleman's butler
Mort.....
.....Nobleman's lad
Max.....
.....Rich businessman
Mason.....

.....Banker

Phil.....

.....Banker

Chameleon, Leonard, Ostrich, Randy.....Poker players

1+2. Pat Garrett, the sheriff who shot Billy the Kid

3. Mr. Mudge ('Around the World in 80 Days' by Jules Verne – I adore this story!)

4. Referred to 'Monkey Love' (He's a pirate *Hans Zimmer's music intone*)

5. Referred to 'Jiggles'

6. Rico's feather style and his love for explosions ^.^

7. Marlene and Antonio as Lola and Tony from 'Copacabana' by Barry Manilow

8. Sylvester Stallone as Rambo ('The Expendables' were awesome!!!)

9. 'The Treasure of Silver Lake' by Karl May

10. Arnold Schwarzenegger

11. 'I shot the Sheriff' by Bob Marley (which was obvious)