Skeleie's
of the west by Death.

[By Way of Background] It was the master pages he had met with at all the
mysterious and grandiose things, and there was no
answer to the question, "What's he doing out there?"

He was standing in the middle of the road, his hand
on the gun. He was looking at the sky, thinking about the
things that had happened. He had been through so many
times, he didn't know what to do. He had been...