



Assumptions in the Old West

Omniscient

By: Ella S.

Once upon a time there lived a cowboy named West. He was the sheriff in town. He lived in a town called Old Canyon. He had been hearing for days now about a bandit who could possibly be coming to his town. The bandit was the one and only Bad Bart. He had been famous for robbing banks and saloons.

After a long day of patrol Sheriff West and his trusty horse Bucky decided to take a quick break for a bite to eat and to throw back a cold one. There was no where else in town to go except to see Ms. Oakley at her saloon the Rusty Spur. Ms. Oakley served the best pork and beans this side of the Mississippi. When Sheriff West parted the wooden doors to enter the Rusty Spur, he saw a face that he didn't recognize sitting at one of the dark tables in the corner. Being Sheriff, he knew everyone in town, and this surrley character he did not.

Sheriff West took a seat at his usual table, and asked Ms. Oakley for a cold beverage to quench his thirst. Eyeing up this suspicious fella, Sheriff West decided to go over to talk to him. Sheriff West slowly approached the table where the gentleman sat and asked him who he was and what he was doing in Old Canyon.

The stranger said his name was Bart, and he was in town doing some research. Upon hearing that, Sheriff West drew his gun and pointed it at Bart. Sheriff West assumed that Bart was here to cause trouble.

Bart was taken aback at the Sheriff's aggressiveness. Bart told the Sheriff he wasn't looking for any trouble. Bart explained to the Sheriff that while when he was younger, he earned a bad reputation for causing trouble. However, as he got older, he changed his ways. He was doing research on banks to deposit his money. He wanted a bank that he liked in a town that he could make a new home in.

Sheriff West apologized for his assumption and gave Bart the name of the bank manager to go talk to in the morning. Bart thanked the Sheriff and the two decided to have a meal together. Sheriff West and Bart became life long friends.

1st Person

Once upon a time I was a Sheriff, Sheriff West, and lived in a town called Old Canyon. I had been hearing for days now about a bandit who could possibly be coming to my town. The bandit was the one and only Bad Bart. He had been famous for robbing banks and saloons.

After a long day of patrol me and my trusty horse Bucky decided to take a quick break for a bite to eat and to throw back a cold one. There was no where else in town to go except to see Ms. Oakley at her saloon the Rusty Spur. Ms. Oakley served the best pork and beans this side of the Mississippi. When I parted the wooden doors to enter the Rusty Spur, I saw a face that I didn't recognize sitting at one of the dark tables in the corner. As I was Sheriff, I knew everyone in town, and this surrley character I did not.

I took a seat at my usual table, and asked Ms. Oakley for a cold beverage to quench my thirst. Eyeing up this suspicious fella, I decided to go over to talk to him. I slowly approached the table where the gentleman sat and asked him who he was and what he was doing in Old Canyon.

The stranger said his name was Bart, and he was in town doing some research. Upon hearing that, I drew my gun and pointed it at Bart. I assumed that Bart was here to cause trouble.

Bart was taken aback by my aggressiveness. Bart told me that he wasn't looking for any trouble. Bart explained that while when he was younger, he earned a bad reputation for causing trouble. However, as he got older, he changed his ways. He was doing research on banks to deposit his money. He wanted a bank that he liked in a town that he could make a new home in.

I apologized for his assumption and gave Bart the name of the bank manager to go talk to in the morning. Bart thanked me and we decided to have a meal together. Bart and I became life long friends.

