

# *When Beeve Demon Comes to Town*

*by: Vixxy Fox*

The buildings in the small cowboy town were mostly empty. It was reminiscent of the old television genres from the late 50's early 60's, because that's exactly what it was. It was a left over. Now, primarily a ghost town, a few special individuals still maintained residence. It was quiet, and a place where angels and demons alike came to rest up a bit from their work. As in the old west, the guys in the white hats, and the guys in the black hats needed a place where they could blow off a little steam. For them, time stood still. Every day was like the last, and stretched into the next, and into the one after that. For kicks and giggles, they'd get together and take on the guise of the old TV cowboys. One night it might be the 'Bonanza' Cartwrights vs Gill Favor and the boys from 'Raw Hide', while another night might see Josh Randal from 'Wanted Dead or Alive' having an arm-wrestling match with Cheyanne Bodie from that show.

Andy Devine sat upon the porch outside the 'Last Chance Saloon'. "Hey there Satan," he called out to the cowboy approaching on a black horse. His voice sounded a lot like a frog with the mumps. "How's my least favourite demon this fine morning?"

"Not worth a..." the devil began, but he was stopped by the cowpoke holding up a finger. "You know the rules, no cussing."

The devil's horse stopped at the hitching post next to a pure white stallion already there. "I was going to say 'plugged nickel', ya old cuss, I'm so disappointed you don't have any faith in me."

"And since when am I supposed to have faith in the likes of you?"

"Fair question I suppose. I take it God's already here?" Today the devil was Jack Palance, a well known movie bad guy whose face normally wore a snarl for a smile.

"That's his horse, ain't it?"

"I don't know... is it?"

The white horse looked at the fellow dressed all in black and snorted. The black horse smiled a horsey smile, but didn't rise up to protest. The devil, understanding they'd arrived at their destination, swung his right leg over and dismounted. "Where is everyone?" he asked good naturedly.

“Far as I know,” Andy told him, tipping forward in his chair with a thump, “It’s just supposed to be you and God.” Rising, he scratched his backside, and said, “He’s Roy Rogers today, and says you should call him such.”

“I’m figuring that’s why you’re set up as Andy Devine, am I right?”

“I jest follow orders. I could be Gabby Hayes, or that fellow who plays Wishbone the cook on Raw Hide, but you know as well as me that’s not my decision. As it is, I’m only supposed to greet you, and then vamoose my backside back to heaven. I’d invite you to visit, but I don’t think you’d like it none.”

“I think you’re probably right. At least he’s not done up as that actor George C. Scott. Roy Rogers was an actual nice fellow, and I hated him for it, but old George... well... I could have easily have been him... or vice versa. Watch this, Andy, and you tell me if I’m not right.”

The devil’s face and body changed to that of George C. Scott as General Paton, complete with the uniform and helmet. “No bastard ever won a war by dying for his country. He won it by making the other poor dumb bastard die for his country.” In the blink of an eye, Satan was back to being Jack Palance. “So what’d’ya think? He’s a shoe in, right? He and Jack went at it in ‘Oklahoma Crude’ and, of course, Jack lost.”

“What I think is, you need to be getting inside. I’m out of here. Whatever you two want to discuss, I don’t want to know. Knowing gets you into trouble.”

“Yor leaving this tea party?”

“If I stayed, I might end up talking like you. You bet I’m leaving. You and God are the only two here, so it must be important end of the world stuff. See ya later bye,” and just like that, Andy was gone.

Satan went to the swinging doors of the saloon and looked in. “The only two things you can truly depend upon are gravity and greed,” he said, quoting the old bad guy from real life.

“Yeah, I might just agree with that,” God told him from his place at the bar. He was drinking a root beer. “Now what was so all fired important you had to call me down here in cowboy form?”

Jack pushed through the swinging doors of the saloon and stood looking at Roy. “Me? There’s no World Wars going on at the moment, so why would I call you? You know I only talk to you when there’s a need; and there ain’t no need on my part.” Hooking his thumbs in his gun belt, he strode to the bar with a clinking of silver spurs. Slapping a hand upon the wooden top, a second root beer appeared. This was picked up and sipped upon before the devil turned his attention back to God. “You’re all knowing... you tell me.”

There was a squeak of a heavy weight on the porch floorboards, and both cowboys turned to look. All the notifications had been made, so absolutely no one from either side was supposed to be in the town.

“Who’s there?!” the pair said in unison, hands now placed on their six shooters.

A strange shadow passed over the swing doors, moving as the individual moved. The boards continued to squeak as the individual approached. Roy and Jack watched, both ready to chew major backside on whoever it was from either side.

A hand reached up and gripped the swing door on the side of approach. It was extremely large, and bore brown fur. The tip of a long horn could be seen, and Roy glanced at Jack, nodding a nod that said it was obviously one of his minions since there were no wings.

That thought lasted about the two seconds it took for the huge bovine face to come into frame. It wore a huge tan coloured cowboy hat and it was not smiling. The hard squinting eyes reflected the experience of inhuman abuse, and as much as both cowboys wanted to draw and fire, they had enough curiosity to hold back. No one... absolutely no one could possibly be interrupting them like this.

The beast turned its head sideways in order to get one of its horns through the doorway first, and this was followed by the creature’s huge body as it continued to step through. The huge hand disappeared as the doors swung inwards, and when it reappeared, along with its mate, both were holding onto the largest shotgun either of the cowpokes had ever seen. Though this was aimed at the floor, that would only take a Tombstone second to rectify.

“I am glad to see you two fellas still hold to the honour of answering your communications,” the creature said slowly. Its voice was severely bass sounding and yet so smooth you could ice skate upon it.

Roy made to speak his indignation, but stopped as Jack placed a hand upon his arm. “I’m not going to ask who you are,” he snarled in that Jack Palance sort of way, “But I am going to ask what you are.”

The Bull smiled a smile that more made fun of the implied threat. “I have been called ‘beeve’, and am yor worse nightmare,” he replied.

“Waking up without my penis is my worse nightmare,” Jack quoted from ‘Loaded Weapon 1’

The Bull patted his shotgun and replied, “That can be arranged.”

Roy glanced at Jack and whispered, “That wasn’t part of the movie, compadre.”

“I’m not your friend,” the snarly old villain whispered back.

“But you do value your penis, so you might want to ask him what this is all about.”

“I say we slap leather... he can’t get both of us.”

The Bull’s hearing was apparently very good. Inching the shotgun’s barrels up just a bit, he said, “Just in case you’re wondering, this thing is loaded with broken glass, rusty iron bits, lead balls, and just for insurance, some of that radioactive stuff your hoomuns developed while trying to wipe each other off the face of the planet.” He then chuckled softly. “You do realize, that if they did that, you boys would be out of a job?”

The Palance lookalike growled, and would have drawn his six shooter but for the fact Roy’s hand was placed upon his arm, and it squeezed real hard.

“What’s this all about?” the good looking hero type asked.

“It’s about us animals,” the Bovine growled in that velvety bass voice. “We’re tired of what your hoomuns do to us. We’ve been killed for sport, skinned for our hides, eaten, made into boots, fancy purses, frozen entrees, and dog food. We’re called things like varmints, annoyance, crap on four legs and we are randomly disposed of. We get sick, and we’re destroyed, not fixed, and the flip side of that coin is we’re born just to be used as subject matter for yor mad scientists.” He paused and then added, “How would you like to be branded a ‘Mad Cow’ just because you’re sick?”

“Now wait just a moment,” Roy demanded, “Adam already made that joke. That’s what he called Eve when she was angry with him for something or other.”

“Do I look amused?” the Bull asked. “So you know, and you would have if you’d asked the resident cow at the Garden of Edin, she was not happy about it either.” Now he lifted the barrels of his huge shotgun so it was pointing directly at the pair. Further, he cocked the hammers back.

“Now, very carefully drop the shoot’n irons to the floor, and kick’em over this way.”

When this was done, the huge Bull backed out through the swinging doors, after which the saddles of the horses God and the Devil had ridden in on were pitched through the space above the door.

“Enjoy your walk home gents!”

As the leather riding accoutrements hit the floor, John Wayne’s eyes opened from a sound sleep. He was on set in a small western looking town, sleeping on a cot in what was the town’s saloon. Swinging his legs over the edge of the small bed, he reached out and grabbed his pack of

cigarettes and thumbed one up. Lighting it, he called out loudly for the movie's director. When the man was standing in front of the movie's star, the Duke blew out a lungful of smoke and then asked him, "Is Roy Rogers still alive?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Never mind, it's not important. No more animals get hurt filming the movie."

"What?"

"You heard me. No more injured animals, killed animals, no horses off a cliff, none of it."

"But we haven't done that in years," the man protested, "And I fully agree in any case. Today's stunt is to be done by an actual stunt horse; it's trained to do what it does."

"Good. Any animals get hurt, and I'll walk off the set."

"I'll make sure to have a word with the stunt people."

"See that you do."

The director made to leave, but The Duke stopped him. "You ever hear of someone named Jack Palance?"

"Matter of fact, I have."

"Is he working here?"

"No... not that I'm aware."

Wayne took another deep drag on his cigarette, and accepted a cup of coffee from an assistant.

"If he is," the King of Cowboys finally said, taking a swallow of the coffee to get his brain working, "Fire him."