It was a hot morning in June. The town of Gunhill was quiet and peaceful. A man came on his horse. He wore black clothes, a black cowboy hat and a holster with two guns.

He was Pat Carson, the famous gunman. Everybody feared him.

He stopped in front of a boy and talked to him:

Hey, boy, what is your name?

I'm Ted MacNally.

Listen, Ted, I'm looking for Sam Smith. Where can I find him?

I don't know, sir. Sorry, I must go now.

Ted knew that Sam was at the saloon, but he recognized the gunman. He was afraid. Sam was his friend.

Ted MacNally ran to the sheriff's office, but the sheriff wasn't there. An old man lived next to the office. He was sitting on a chair.
Mr. Jones, where is the sheriff?

He is fishing. He left yesterday. What's the matter Teddy?

Pat Carson is in town. He is looking for Sam Smith.

Oh, poor man!

But, what did Pat Carson do? Did he go to the saloon? No, he didn't go to the saloon. He headed for the barber's shop. He tied his horse and went in.

Good morning, barber.

Good morning, sir. Can I help you? Do you need a shave?

No, thanks, I want information. Where is Sam Smith?

Well, I'm not sure. Perhaps he is in the saloon. He is usually there at this time.

The barber didn't recognize Pat Carson. He didn't know that he was a dangerous gunman.

Sam Smith was at the saloon. He had a glass in his hand.

Barman, another glass of milk, please.

Right away.
Suddenly, a shadow appeared behind the swinging doors. It was Carson. He pushed the doors and came in.

He went to the bar and asked for a drink. He drank his lemonade and then he turned to Sam.

Lemonade!

Are you Sam Smith?

Yes, I am. Who are you?

Pat Carson? The gunman?

I have something for you.

Carson nodded. Sam started to shake.

Everybody hid. The piano player disappeared. Carson put his hand on his gun and took it from its holster.

No, no, please!

Here you are. Your uncle Billy is my friend. He gave me this gun for you.

Oh, thank you.

The End