

The town of Half Moon Bay, is a humble town getting ready for its annual Halloween celebration. And if you were new to the town, and you happened to take a stroll to the town square, you would see photos on the wall, of past celebrations. Old leaflets of peoples' speeches and or causes. Or you might pick up the newspaper and read about the latest arrest count, on last week's protest of the increased fuel costs.

But then a funny thing happens; you get a vibe that is off, compared to the other towns that you have frequented. Something is unsettling happening to the town. You can see it in their eyes, when they look at you for the first time.

The way they walk down the street, you would think they were being followed. Or how they look at you with concern, when you say you're here, traveling alone. So, there is no wonder that the mayor is fighting an uphill battle on this crime spree, that is plaguing the town.

There has been calls to impeach Mayor Sherry for her, 'lack of leadership.' Something that hasn't been attempted since 1885. To her credit, she has had many experts bussed in, for closed and public meetings. She and her staff have read countless literature on the subject, which gave them great insight, but no silver bullet to fall on. But all this proactiveness, was not enough for the people of this town. The biggest fear you can have, is the fear of the unknown. Fear is a powerful gate keeper that keeps us in check.

The passion was high in the barn that night, where the town of gathered that night. There was light pushing, standoffs that resulted in an arrest and some ad hominin attacks as well. What else do expect from a town like this, where everybody knew each other's name, job location, family history and so on. There are families here that have been bickering, generation after generation.

In a town where your grandfather's long grievance, becomes your burden; is it any wonder how a town such as this, doesn't implode? Sheriff John sat calmly, drinking his lousy communal coffee made by the Boy Scouts of America, as he watched his new over achiever deputy, holding off Steven and Dwight. Two big guys, who had a bigger bark than bite. But this was a good chance for John to see how Randy would act under pressure.

Also, John couldn't help laugh to himself, remembering a time when he was a deputy of Alameda County, trying to make a name for himself. "All right, all right, knock it off you two! I want order!" yelled Deputy Randy. "Sit back down or you're out of here!" John half expected for Randy at this point, to take out his gun and fire it off into the roof; just like they do in the movies.

The two men walked back to their seats, huffing and mumbling to themselves. Mayor Sherry has been interrupted more times than not, and was about to lose her cool. Something that the town was used to; but due to the seriousness of the meeting, she refrained from yelling at Randy and Dwight, even though they were using this forum, for their fifteen-year-old beef.

All she wanted to do was lie down and nurse her three-day old flu. I mean couldn't they see the box of tissues and her bundled up like it was ten degrees, in a snow storm? "Look, I know everybody is on edge and believe me when I say, that we here at City Hall are doing everything in our power to combat this beast. We have bought many warning signs at costs and they will be posted in the morning." She gave a light nod to Al, the local hardware owner.

Some of the people shook their heads. "Signs!?" yelled one old man. "That won't stop the animal. We need shotguns to protect ourselves!" "Yeah!" the people cheered with their fists high in the air. Mayor Sherry put out her hands. "People please, settle down. Nothing is going to be solved by everybody buying a gun. We are organizing a task force to capture this animal."