

“Well,” replied Chester, “I guess you two wasn’t watchin’ me good enough. Even a hawk’s eye can’t see everything. I’ll just take my money you unlucky snibblin’ cry babies!”

“You best watch your mouth Chester!” yelled Virgil, “Or I’ll put my boot in it!”

“I’m gonna take a nap, Zach and Virg,” replied the cocky Chester. “I’ll be smilin’ in my sleep about my winnin’s, and the next haul a’ money I’m gonna take from you two dummies. Wake me up when we get to that Fairfax area.”

Chapter 6: Yellow Jackets

Chester Courtz napped on the roof of the passenger car. He cradled his money filled leather pouch. Virgil and Zachary were steamin’ mad but managed to have a quiet conversation about Chester’s next fate. The train came to a slow stop in an area of today’s San Anselmo Hub.....known then as “The Junction.”

Sparsely populated and quite serene, “The Junction” was a short distance from San Rafael. San Rafael was the center of Marin County and a group of private investors in the North Pacific Coast Railroad would be picked up.

Conductor Codoni switched tracks and headed slowly into San Rafael. As the train headed towards the San Rafael depot, Virgil and Zachary managed to pull off Chester’s pants and shirt and left his bare ass in the hot sun with only his dirty socks left on.

The onlookers from some of the vintage four story buildings that were built next to the railroad tracks were hootin’ and a’ hollerin’ at Chester. Chester was sound asleep, workin’ off his permanent hangover... and Virgil and Zachary

were laughin’ with the crowd. Chester’s grinnin’ face while snoring made the crowd laugh even more!

It was becoming a bellowing rukus of laughter... and then, from out of nowhere a little ruffian threw what was left of a recently removed yellow jacket’s nest onto the top of the car where the three poker players were hitchin a free ride.

Virgil and Zachary were jumpin’ up and down swattin’ bee’s off of em’! Yellow Jackets were everywhere!

Chapter 7: The Uppercut

Chester woke up to a bunch of bee stings all over his butt and private parts! Chester’s clothes were nearby and he picked them up while swattin’ bee’s and swearin’ at the same time.

Chester, Zachary and Virgil ran from train car roof to train car roof to escape the stinging awakening. Meanwhile the train had gathered the laughing Marin County Power Brokers and headed towards the Lord Fairfax area. The yellow jackets were gone and the threesome on top settled onto another passenger car roof... and resumed their poker play.

The card cheatin’ game went on and on and soon Chester was losin’ his previous winnin’s... that’s how poker games go.

Then a big hand was dealt to all three. Beedy eyes were on beedy eyes and the three bet all they had! Virgil had 5 Queens! Zachary had 5 Kings! Chester won with 6 Deuces!

Chester was laughin’ and with further agitation said, “*Deucesnever looses!*”

Chester had won it all and gathered up all of the coins from his partners in crime! Virgil and Zachary didn’t feel like partners in crime with Chester... tempers were about to boil!

The train location was west of the Lord Fairfax area where development was non-existent except for the fifteen-foot-high berm built with Chinese labor for the laying of the train tracks. A small pond formed in this area, to be known in the future as Smith Lake. Then a wrestlin’ match broke out!

It was Chester against Zach and Virg! The three angry drunken ex-Confederate soldiers were fightin’ like the Civil War never ended. Southern fists of pride were being unleashed! Chester would land a tremendous haymaker of a punch to every three he was receiving!

It was brutal savagery between Chester and the other two... heads were poppin’ out of the passenger windows for a ringside view as the serenity of a virgin land was the centerpiece of a barnyard brawl on the roof of a passenger car!

Virgil rocked a stomach punch into Chester that broke six of his ribs! Chester doubled over! Zachary picked Chester up by the back collar of Chester’s shirt and with one last mighty upper cut that broke several of Chester’s teeth... Zachary knocked Chester off the train. Chester landed just outside of the railroad tracks on the edge of the fifteen-foot high berm and rolled down. The ears of Zachary and Virgil heard one last faint sound... the sound of Chester’s body making a small splash into a west Fairfax pond.

Zachary and Virgil had managed to wrestle the leather pouch of coin from Chester during the rooftop battle. They split the coin. The card game went on. They laughed and cursed at the fate of Chester Courtz. A punch to the gut....and one final uppercut.

“Your deal Zach!” said Virgil.

“Let’s play some cards!”

To be continued...

This is the third installment in a series Russ is writing for our Parlor and the Canon Club community.