Evening had come to the small, one stoplight, town of Overdone. The bars were bright with patrons, their neon lights pulsing inviting visitors to come from all over. Inside the bar, games were being played. Poker, Blackjack, Solitaire. Whatever a fella could find they got.

Eugene walked into the bar. The doors swishing closed as he entered. Looking around, it reminded him of a mid eighteen hundreds saloon. Something that didn’t belong in the 25th century. An old style bar was near the back wall. A man stood behind the counter wiping it down. Hardwood floors with splinters visible spanned the ground. There was even a staircase leading upstairs where the ladies of the night would be waiting. Around the room were chairs and tables with people seated at them.

He had grown accustomed to the fads of the times. People wanted to be cowboys again. Who could blame them? The government had taken all of their land. Seized it, and redistributed it among the rich. The former owners of the land could work on it for the rich. Of course that required a price. Slavery. Eugene wasn’t fond of the idea. So at the first chance he got, he upped and went.

He looked around the saloon. It was of simple design. No electronic devices in sight. Stepping further in, there was a sign that read leave all mechanical devices at the door. Eugene looked to his arm. Sighing he reached up his sleeve and twisted the arm. It twitched as it detached from the rest of his body. He placed it in a locker and walked up to the bar.

The bartender looked at Eugene in disgust. “Don’t serve your kind.” He said.

Eugene nodded. Pulling out a generous coin purse, he set it on the bar. “How much for you to look the other way?” He asked. “All I want is a drink.”

The bartender looked at the coin purse. Lifting it up, he felt its weight. Setting the purse back down on the bar he smirked. “That will do.” Everyone had their price. “What will it be stranger?”

“Whiskey” Eugene said. “Straight up.”

A moment later the bartender came back with a shot glass of whiskey. He took the purse, withdrew a few coins and put them in the cash register. The rest, he pocketed. Returning the purse back to Eugene he smiled. “Enjoy your visit. Just don’t get too close to the games. They’ll rip you apart.”

Eugene nodded. “Thanks.” Shooting the glass into his mouth he swallowed. The whiskey burned down his throat. Eugene let out a slight gasp and then chuckled. He’d order another but he was here on business. Couldn’t stand being drunk on official business.

Standing from the barstool, Eugene walked over to a card game being played. He watched as the players enjoyed their game of blackjack.

“Twenty-One” The dealer said. “Sorry folks.”

Several men stood from the table and left. The dealer looked to Eugene and smiled. “Didn’t the bartender say your kind isn't allowed here?”

Eugene nodded. Moving his coat aside, he flashed his gun along with a badge attached to his belt. “I’m here on business.” More men stood from the table and left at the sight of the badge.

The dealer nodded gesturing to a chair. “Have a seat lawman.” He started to deal cards.

Eugene looked at his cards. Two tens. Separating them across the table he tapped it.

The dealer dealt a ten on the first card. Eugene waved over the card, indicating he wanted to stay. The dealer then dealt another ten on the second card. Again, Eugene waved his hand over the set of cards.

The dealer flipped over his cards. Two face cards stared back.

A push.

“We tie.” Eugene said.

The dealer nodded. “We tie.” Picking up the cards he nodded. “What can I do for you lawman?”

Eugene reached into his pocket and placed a picture on the table. “I’m looking for a runaway.” The picture was of a woman in her early twenties. She was dressed in elegant attire. Something one would wear to an opera or a ballroom dance.

The dealer picked up the picture and looked it over. “She’s kinda fancy to be around here, don’t you think?” He continued to stare at the picture.

Eugene nodded. “Yes, but I was sent to cover the outlying colonies. Leave no stone unturned type of thing.” He started to stand. “If you see anything out of the ordinary. Especially if you see her come in here, let me know. I’ll be staying at The Starcaster for the next week.”

The dealer nodded. “Alright.” He went to hand the picture back to Eugene who shook his hand letting the dealer know he could keep it. “What’s in it for me? I mean is there a reward?”

Eugene pointed to his missing arm. “Let’s just say, you’ll be saving me an arm. I’d be in your debt.” Turning around, Eugene picked up his arm and exited the bar and went on his way back to the hotel.

The dealer continued to study the picture of the girl. She had blond hair, from the looks of it died, and bright blue eyes. Pressing a button on the picture a holographic view appeared and hovered over it. As the figure turned around more data displayed. Five foot three. No tattoos. Last seen at the capitol. Rich people. The dealer shrugged. Always finding a way out of where they’re supposed to be and getting into trouble. They already have it all, why bother us?

The bartender walked over to the dealer. “Saw you talking to that man. What did he want?”

The dealer pointed to the hologram. “Missing girl from the capitol. Lawman is looking for her.” He said.

The bartender looked at the hologram. “Damn rich people.” He said. “Haven’t they done enough to us?” Picking up the card he deactivated it. “If you see her, let me know before you go telling him. I want to see if there’s profit to be made from this.”

The dealer nodded. “Of course boss.”

The bartender walked back behind the bar and continued to pour drinks. He would do that for the rest of the night until closing time. It was a simple job, but he enjoyed it. Making people happy as he filled their drinks. It was something that brought joy to his life. Something one couldn’t get easily these days.

Stepping out of the bar, Eugene continued on his way to the next bar, and then the next until all of them had been notified of his presence. He had a long journey ahead of him.