

Just Another Night in Leopardsburg

By Cecil D. Fritz

The leader of infamous street gang The Crimson Weasels, Franklin Thompkins, was vermin in terms of both his species and his reputation for having his paws in his fair share of black market deals ranging from narcotics to firearms. Under his command, Franklin had made The Crimson Weasels renowned and feared for the trail of bodies left in their wake. As far as everybody in the city of Leopardsburg was concerned, Franklin Thompkins and his thugs ruled the streets.

Well...that had been the case until one single feline decided she had enough of living in fear of The Crimson Weasels. Nobody knew who she was, nobody knew where she came from, and nobody ever saw her face.

All anybody knew was that a mysterious feline clad in leather attire, a shotgun strapped to her back, and a helmet hiding her visage rode her motorcycle straight into Crimson Weasel territory at the stroke of midnight one night.

The next thing anybody knew, a brutal gunfight broke out in the streets. And oddly enough, the confrontation that occurred that night would go on to be regarded as one of the shortest gunfights that ever transpired on the streets of Leopardsburg. By the time the shootout was over, the body parts and spilled organs of low-ranking Crimson Weasel thugs littered the ground. Their leader, on the hand, was sprawled out on the ground and screaming after taking two shotgun rounds to the knees.

While there weren't any civilian witnesses in the streets that night, it is said that Franklin only blubbered incoherently and tried to crawl away as the mysterious feline walked towards him.

While there weren't any witnesses present at the scene...it is said that the Leopardsburg Vigilante planted her foot on Franklin's back, aimed her shotgun, and blew the weasel's head away -- splattering the street with meat and skull fragments.

While there wasn't a single soul there to provide a testimony when the police arrived, it is said that the Leopardsburg Vigilante pulled out her cellphone and dialed a number.

And most definitely, there wasn't anybody there to hear what the Leopardsburg Vigilante said on the phone:

"I'm sorry that I had to work late, dear, but I expect you to be in bed by the time I get home. Why? Because I'm your Mother and I know best, of course. Good. And remember, little one: Your Mother loves you."