

## **Richter Case file No. 50035.1**

It is the year 1853, during the discovery of gold in California; San Francisco to be exact. However I wasn't there for the gold. I had more than enough money and the gold that was discovered there wouldn't even add up to a small percentage of the wealth that I have accumulated over the years. No I was here for something else. Since the discovery of gold more than 300,000 people arrived in San Francisco to become rich. Over the years some did find the wealth that they were hoping for but the majority left with less or just about the same amount of wealth they began with.

I arrived in San Francisco in February 1853 just three years after California had become a state and four years removed from the signing of the treaty that ended the Mexican-American War. California had become a possession of the United States after the signing of the treaty but did not become a state until September 9, 1850. During the midst of the transition from a possession of Mexico to a state, California had become a lawless place. During that time with no laws to protect anyone many problems arose; one of the most prominent was Claim jumping.

Miners would stake a claim to a site of land to work in hopes of finding gold. However the claim would only be valid while it was being worked on. Miners would stick around and work the site long enough to determine whether there was potential to find gold or not. Once it was determined that was no potential for the site the original prospectors would abandon the site. If a previous site was abandoned other miners would begin working on this previously claimed site; this was called "claim jumping". As a result there were disputes over who really owned the land and because there was no law there many of the disputes were handled violently.

As I said before I wasn't there to find gold; I was there to help find justice for the honest miners that had gone there to find a better life for themselves and their families. However the miners would only be a small group of people that I was there to help. By the year 1853 there were laws that were implemented in California at that time but so was organized crime. Many miners were still working under the existing Mexican mining law. However by this time much of the gold had been found and the gold rush was coming to an end. However

the miners were not my concern at that time. No I was there to help protect the town and some of the merchants that had set up shops.

Corruption and organized crime wasn't absent at this time. As a matter of fact a group of so called prospectors who couldn't find riches in the gold fields decided to go another route to obtain the wealth they sought. This group of men didn't have a name but rumor has it that they were the first members of a group of men called "the cowboys". "The cowboys" would later be part of the famous shootout at the "OK Corral" with Wyatt Earp. These men started demanding protection money from the merchants of the town. However the only thing that that money was protecting the merchants from was them.

One of the merchants that were particularly affected by these men was a man by the name of Levi Strauss. Strauss was a German-Jewish immigrant that came to the United States at the age of 18. He and his family opened a goods shop in New York but with the amount of people in California they decided to open up a branch of their shop on the west coast as well. Levi became a US citizen in January of that year and headed west. He arrived in California in March and opened his shop under the name Levi Strauss & Co. He had begun selling denim overalls which for miners had become incredibly popular and in turn made him wealthy. However his success along with the other merchants made them targets and this is where I come in!

## **Richter Case file No. 50035.2**

"Why is it that you are the one that gives us the most trouble Levi? All the other shop owners have no problem paying us." One of the cowboys said.

"Why should I pay you?" Levi replied.

"For protection of course; these are dangerous times Levi. The gold is all but gone and people are trying to find anyway to make money. Paying us will ensure that you are protected and that you are safe to continue business."

"Paying doesn't protect me from anyone but you."

"Like I said Levi dangerous times; I like you Levi and I can walk away and never bother you again but I can't say the same for my men here. So it's best if you just pay us because if you don't I can't predict what they might do."

Levin tried to explain to them that they had been taking more than half of his weekly profits and if that continued that he wouldn't be able to stay in business. Levi was forced to pay more than the other merchants because he was the most profitable. Denim had become a hot commodity for miners and Levi was living the American dream until "the cowboys" decided to show up.

"I won't pay," Levi told them.

"Alright; have at it boys."

"Excuse me, but can any of you gentlemen help me?"

"What in the hell, who the hell are you?" One of "the cowboys" asked.

"Oh I'm just a prospector and I was looking for some good mining clothes and I hear this is the place to come."

"Well you heard wrong, now get out of here we got business here."

"So you can't help me find what I'm looking for?"

"Don't none of us work here but we got business here so get or Levi here will be mopping up your blood from his floor."

"I'd like to see you try," I said to him.

"What did you say boy? I am gonna pretend like I didn't hear that because I can tell that you're not from round here and you don't know how things work. So I am just gonna say this one last time...Get!"

"I'll tell you what; why don't the four of you get (like you say) now and you all leave still breathing. If you don't leave now then the undertaker is going to be fitting at least three of you for a box."

"Did you hear this some bitch? Who do you think you are?"

"I'm someone who doesn't like what you and your friends are doing in this town."

"Is that so and why would it be just three of us that's gonna be fitted for a box?"  
The leader said as the four of them laughed.

"First it's 'why would it be only three of us that would need a box' you dumb shit. Second if I kill all four of you then who would go back and tell the rest of your friends that what's been going on here is over?" They all started reaching for their guns. "Trust me if you pull those pieces I kill you where you stand!"

## **Richter Case file No. 50035.3**

Being the fact that I am an immortal and even if all four men were to empty their guns into me it wouldn't even cause a dent meant that I didn't have to be fast on the draw. However I am the kind of person who likes to keep up appearances. Besides showing people back then who were already suspicious about the supernatural they would have mistaken me for a demon. I practiced a lot with drawing my guns and shooting. My speed and senses were already at a higher level than an average human being so just had to make sure that I honed the skill of gun fighting.

Just as I thought they didn't listen to my warning and their guns started coming out of their holsters with their thumbs on the hammer and their fingers on the trigger. Before the men could get the barrels out of their holsters I had put a single bullet in three of the men's heads and pointed my gun at the last. My gun was still smoking and the smell of gunpowder was strong. I pushed the barrel of my gun against the fourth man's head just above the middle of his eyebrows. I heard the sizzle as the hole of the barrel of my gun made contact with the sweat that was running down his head. He screamed from the pain until I told him to shut up.

"I said shut up" I yelled to him. "First let me say that you're lucky to be alive; second you're going to deliver a message for me or I am going to give you the same accessory that you're friends their have. Do you understand?" He shook his head yes, so I proceeded to tell him what I wanted.

"You are going to tell the rest of your friends that their time here is over. No one else is paying you or them one cent! If any of them have a problem with that tell them to come and see me, I'm not hard to miss and I sure as hell won't be hiding. Now get the hell out of here you dumb shit!" I said to him as I pushed against his forehead with my gun. He began to walk out of the shop.

"Hold it" I yelled to him. He stopped and stood motionless. I could hear his heart pounding. I probably shouldn't feel this way but it brings a warm feeling in my heart when I sense that a criminal is basically shitting in his pants with fear. I walked over to him, reached in his satchel and said "this doesn't belong to you." I had pulled out all of the money that they he had collected that day

and whatever other money he had and then told him that he was free to leave. I proceeded to do the same with the dead men's satchels.

"They are going to come back, they aren't going to stop." Mr. Strauss said to me.

"Don't worry Levi, I'll be ready when they come back," I replied.

"No offense stranger and don't think that I don't appreciate what you did but it's not you that I am worried about; you may be ready for them when they come back but what happens once you're gone?"

Levi was right; they may decide to leave all these people alone but they may also just wait until I'm gone to come back. I had no intention of staying there forever and settling down but I also knew that I couldn't leave them like this either. I thought about what he said and I realized that the only way that these people would be protected after I left was if I killed them all. Hell I didn't intend to do that but if that is what I was going to have to do then they would all just have to die! Although I was gonna do everything I could to try and avoid that.

However first thing's first; I decided to head over to the sheriff's office and find out why these so called "cowboys" have been able to basically do whatever the hell they wanted.

## **Richter Case file No. 50035.4**

It was no surprise to me that the sheriff had heard what happened so quickly. It was kind of hard to miss with all the gun shots and the morticians coming to collect the bodies.

"You're the fella that killed those three men this morning. Good thing you came in saves me the trouble of going to find you."

"It was legal, they started to draw their weapons first and I just defended myself."

"Is that so? I'm sorry Mr..." He paused, waiting for me to spit out my name but I just stared at him and didn't say a word. "All right, you ain't gonna talk, that's fine but I am gonna have to take you're weapon and put you in that there cell until trial."

"Trial; cut the shit sheriff!"

"Now you watch your mouth boy! You don't talk to a man of the law like that yer hear."

"When I see one I'll try and watch my manners," I said to him.

"Who in the hell do you think you are?"

"I'm the man that just got rid of three less headaches for you sheriff!"

"What ya did is bring down death on this town and on you." He warned me.

"Listen sheriff; you know as well as I do that those pieces of crap deserved what they got. They have been stealing money from the shop owners, taking what they want when they want it; while you sit by and do nothing."

"What the hell am I supposed to do? I'm just one man and even with those three you killed there is still almost two dozen of those sons of bitches."

"Sometimes one man is all you need." He scoffed when I said that. I told him that I could help and make sure that these men either leave or die but they wouldn't bother the people of this town again. "I want you to go out and find

men that you can trust; men who are sick of the way things are around here and who want to protect this town."

"Even if I find someone to become my deputy what can just the two of us do?"

"I don't want you to just find one man. I want you to find three or four men to become your deputies. The times of just one or two lawmen in a town are over. This is becoming a big town and even with the gold fading away it's growing. You're gonna need a law force not just one law man. Do you know anyone who might be willing to step up?" I asked him.

"I think I know a few men who might be willing but that still doesn't change the situation with the friends of those men you killed. They are gonna come back and they are gonna come looking for ya."

"I'm counting on it! I'll worry about the rest of them; you just find those deputies and find 'em fast. They need to be deputized and seen before the rest of those men get here."

The sheriff didn't understand why I needed him to complete his task so fast but I wanted to make sure that when the rest of those so called "cowboys" came back that they saw that this town wasn't going to let this continue. Whether I ended up killing all of them or not didn't matter. With the claim jumping, and broken laws going on because of those them I wanted to send a message. If there was more than one lawman protecting this town, maybe criminals would think twice about trying anything. I knew that we didn't have long, so I went into the saloon in the middle of town, pulled up a stool, ordered a shot of whisky, and waited.



## **Richter Case file No. 50035.5**

I knew what was coming, I'm not stupid. I knew that it wouldn't be long before the rest of those cowboys made their way back to the town and to where I was. However something happened while I sat there in that saloon a feeling that came over me that I did not expect. When I first entered this town I had no feelings of anything supernatural nor did I have any visions of anything that happened there but something changed. While I sat in that saloon drinking that shot of whisky a flash of something crossed my mind but I couldn't make it out. One thing I did know whatever that flash was scared me for the first time in my life. However a vision alone wouldn't do that but the voice that I heard did. I heard one of the most evil voices imaginable and it uttered two words with the vision "he's coming!" I don't know what the hell that meant but someone or something was making sure that I got the message. I have never had a cold shiver run down my spine before and I didn't like what I felt.

As if the cold shiver wasn't enough I had another vision but this one was completely different than the last. This vision didn't scare me but to say that I wasn't concerned about what I saw would be a lie. The first vision was someone definitely trying to send me a message but this one wasn't a message it was a look into the future. I can summon visions of the past but visions of the future that is another story. I know that someday I will be able to control these future visions just as I did with the visions of the past but that is going to take some practice.

The visions come fast and leave just as fast. What might seem like a few seconds to most play out to me in real time and sometimes there would be sound and other times there wasn't. The only vision that didn't slow down was the one that scared the piss out of me. I'll figure it out someday and hopefully in enough time to be ready for whatever or whoever it is that's on its way.

The vision that I saw had me in this very saloon doing exactly what I was doing drinking. It showed the saloon doors swinging open, a group of men walking in and heading over to me. The one cowboy that I let go was with them so I knew who they were. There was no sound in this vision which wasn't all that uncommon. I could see them talking to me while I kept drinking facing the bar never turning around to look at them. They pushed me a few times and I could

tell that I was getting angry because I know how I am and trust me if he was pushing then I was getting pissed.

From what I could see in the vision there had to be at least a dozen cowboys there. Many of the people that were in the saloon except for the bartender and one of the servers had gone. I thought to myself that this was good. If they shot and tried to kill me that I would be able to turn around and take em all out with only two people seeing what happened. No one would believe a bartender who was probably tipping back a couple and a bit tipsy and everyone would think the same thing about the server too.

The vision continued and I could tell that I was getting aggravated. I could see that the other cowboys were egging him on to continue. The leader of those men put his left hand on my shoulder pulled out his gun with his right and shot. There was a flash of light and I fell in the vision but what I saw wasn't supposed to happen. When I looked down in the vision at myself I was on the saloon floor, bleeding out of back and I was dead!

## **Richter Case file No. 50035.6**

I couldn't understand, how the hell did that vision show me dead? I had to try and figure it out before it came true of course that was going to be difficult considering the cowboys were walking in just as the vision had stopped. It started to play out just as the vision did. There were a dozen of them and they came up behind just as the vision showed, however this time I would be able to hear what was said.

"You boys want a drink, I'm buying?" I said to them.

"You know damn well that we didn't come here for a drink. You killed three of my men and threatened the fourth..."

"I warned them not to pull those pieces. They didn't listen and the fourth guy; well he is lucky that he is alive."

"I heard that you're fast but that won't matter this time. You're outnumbered and fast on the draw or not won't save you." The leader said to me.

"I'm not too worried; hell if I was a betting man I would put my money on me that I walk out of here while all of you get carried out."

"I think that you are putting too much faith in yourself." He leaned into my back placing his head just behind my left ear and spoke again. "I know what you are!"

I froze; I didn't see my reactions in the vision because my back was facing the bar. Although I did see him lean in I didn't know what he said to me.

"If you are so confident in yourself then why don't you do something about it?" He said to me as he nudged me in the back. Just as the vision had shown from my body language I was getting aggravated. He nudged me again and just like the vision he pulled out his gun, cocked the hammer and said the one thing that tipped me off that would allow me to change what I saw in the vision. He called me by name; "Goodbye Richter!"

I spun around, raising my left arm, wrapping it around his shooting hand, grabbing my gun with the right and sticking it right under his chin. He dropped his gun, and I turned him around and used his body as a shield.

"All of you back up now," I yelled. "I said back up or the bartender is going to be scraping his brains off the ceiling. Get out all of you, now." He shook his head and they all walked out. I instructed the bartender and the server to leave too so that I could have a little conversation with cowboy's leader.

I sat him down on one of the stools and told him not to move. I picked up his gun and emptied out his bullets. There was nothing special about the gun at all it was nothing than a normal pistol. However the bullets were something else. As I emptied out the bullets into my left palm I could feel something coming from them. I needed to see what these bullets were connected to but I needed to make sure that this piece of shit couldn't run out on me either while I was looking into the past.

There was only way to make sure that he wouldn't try and run while pulled up my vision so I shot him in his right thigh. He let out a scream like you wouldn't believe. "Don't go running off now," I said to him. The vision wouldn't take more than a few seconds but the fact that these weren't ordinary bullets and his friends out there might be armed with the same ammunition I had to give myself and incentive that he wouldn't run out and no one would come in.

## **Richter Case file No. 50035.7**

Pulling up this vision was a lot easier than what I saw earlier. The other visions came to me but I was pulling this one up myself. I could see the leader of the cowboys who now bleeding out of his leg beside me talking to someone but I couldn't see who it was. I could hear voices in this vision and what was being said and I know that he was speaking to a woman but again I couldn't see her.

"How do we get him there?" He asked the woman.

"Things have already been set in motion that will cause him to head to the town. All you and the others have to do is establish yourselves there. He will think that he is doing nothing more than going to stop a few criminals. Make sure that you have some men that are dispensable because some of them will most likely be killed. You and your men are to terrorize that town and the people as much as possible and as hard as possible. Trust me when he hears what is going on it won't be long before he shows up there."

"Are you sure that these will hurt him? From what I've heard he can't be killed." He commented to her again.

"Don't worry; the ammunition you have will do what it's supposed to. It won't kill him but that is not what you are there to do. Those bullets will hurt him and cause him to be unable to move or fight back. He will appear to be dead but trust me he won't be." She told him.

"If these bullets can hurt him then why don't you just have us kill him?"

"First; although those bullets will hurt him there is no way of knowing if they could kill him. Even if all of you shot him and used all the ammunition there is no evidence that it will do nothing more. No man made weapons can kill someone like him except for the weapons held by one family. The spell put upon that ammunition will be enough to incapacitate him. Second; no one kills Richter but the master. Is that understood?"

"Yes Deathcry, understood," he said to her.

The vision ended and although I knew what my previous vision showed about me being dead on the floor was about it still left me with questions. In the last vision I thought I was dead and of course I would think that. I saw myself on the

floor of that saloon bleeding and I just assumed I had been killed. However now I knew that I wasn't dead but unconscious. I was to be delivered to someone but I had no idea who although I had a bit of an idea.

I still didn't know what the woman in my vision looked like nor did I know who the hell the woman was. He said her name "Deathcry" but I had never heard that name before. There was one thing I did know. From the way that she spoke I knew that she was a witch or sorceress of some sort and a powerful one. Now I have had my fair share of run in with witches and sorceresses in my life time and some real strong ones but no one who could do what she did.

One of the reasons that our race of people was called Mystics is because we know magic. It was something that every Mystic learned growing up. The reason for that is because we could sense and feel it. However I couldn't sense the magic that was on these bullets and this woman was able to keep herself hidden from me in my vision.

## **Richter Case file No. 50035.8**

Now although I could feel magic and sense it I couldn't perform magic. My power was a part of me. All mystics had some power that they were born with but 99% of them learned magic and that was the base of their power hence the name or my race. However with me it was different. Many of the powers that I displayed; healing, visions, telepathy, above average strength, speed, intelligence were all things that I didn't have to learn. All of the powers that I had for other Mystics were all based on magic which meant that they had a weakness that could be exploited. One person found that weakness and slaughtered every single Mystic including my mother but not me. My powers have never been based on magic it has always been me and I am still developing new powers.

"Don't think that my boys out there are gonna let you leave here on your own two feet." The leader of the cowboys said to me.

"You so sure about that are you?" I said back to him.

"I know who you are and what you are. I know what you can do, we all do. Don't think that I am the only one that is armed with those magic bullets. We were all given those bullets and by now my men are surrounding this place."

"Is that right," I said to him.

"Yeah that's right; my boys are there aren't stupid. They are gonna make sure that you get carried out of here."

"Who is Deathcry and where was I going to be taken to?" I asked him.

"I ain't telling you nothing but don't worry son, you'll find out soon enough."

"Son of a bitch," I said angrily.

"Feeling the pressure are you Richter? I bet you never thought that you would be into something like this huh?" I turned to him with an angry look. However he was right I never expected to be in something like this. Someone wanted me dead and although those bullets wouldn't kill me they would hurt me enough to take me to the place where I was gonna die and the person that was gonna kill me.

I walked to the window and looked out front and a few of his men were in front of the saloon with their weapons drawn. I pulled myself back into the middle of the saloon and could see the rest of his men surrounding the rest of the building just like he said.

"Like I told you Richter there is only one way out of here," he said to me again.

"You're right," I said to him. "So I'm gonna give them exactly what they want!"

There was another gunshot from inside the saloon and all of the cowboys lifted their guns and pointed them at the building. Out of the shadow of the Saloon emerged the leader of the cowboys.

"He's inside, pick his ass up, load him up and someone get me something for this goddamn bullet wound in my leg."



## **Richter Case file No. 50035.9**

"I told you that there was nothing to worry about. The ammunition worked just as I said. The famous Tobias Richter; how pathetic."

A gunshot ripped through the air and a loud hideous scream followed. Deathcry had been shot and fell to the floor in pain. She turned to see where the shot came from and was surprised to see that it had come from none other than the leader of the cowboys. She turned to him and spoke. "Clanton, what the hell are you doing?"

"He is doing exactly what I told him to do. "Deathcry turned in the opposite direction to see who had said that. When she turned she was surprised once again but this time by the man she thought was incapacitated, me Tobias Richter. "Surprised bitch?"

"How is this possible?" she asked as Clanton's gun was pointed at her face.

"You're not the only one who can play a trick or two. We have some things to discuss."

"I have nothing to say to you, and if you think you can make me you are mistaken." She said.

"Clanton, give me your pistols." He gave me his guns; I emptied the magic bullets out of them, loaded them with regular ammunition and gave them back. "This is what you are going to do for me now. You are going to go outside, tell the rest of your gang to give you their weapons and you are going to pile them up in front of the door so I can pick them up when I leave. After you do that I want you to shoot as many of them as you can without killing them. Then I want you to get the hell out of town and don't come back. Do you understand me?"

Clanton shook his head yes and proceeded out of the room. A few minutes later I could hear the guns being piled being set down in just beyond the door and several gunshots and screams. Once that was over I turned my attention to Deathcry.

"I don't understand, how did you do that? How did you appear to be shot, incapacitated, and make that fool do what you wanted?"

"I'm the one asking the questions here bitch not you. I want to know who set me up, why was I brought here and who you were going to deliver me to?"

"I told you that I will tell you nothing."

"You're gonna talk, or I am going to empty both of these pistols into you and rip your head off. Trust me saying that I will rip your head off it isn't an expression."

"You don't have the power to do that and I doubt that you would be ruthless enough to shoot me."

"Oh really," I said to her and then shot her again with my gun that was now filled with her magic bullets right through her left hand. She screamed again. "Next time it won't be your hand that I shoot. If you don't start answering my questions I am going to aim just a little bit more to the left."

## **Richter Case File No. 50035.10**

Don't think that I don't have the power to do what I said. I just made it look like I was shot, took over that idiot's mind and had him shoot you and the rest of his men. I don't know who you are working for or what you think you know about me. Obviously you know what I am but trust me I am not like any other mystic. My powers aren't based on the teachings of magic.

"If you are so powerful, then why do you need me to tell you who my master is?"

"Actually I don't; not anymore that is. You seem confused, oh he didn't how different I am or maybe he doesn't know. Mystics are born with the ability to be able to use magic better than anyone but they need to learn how to first. All the magic that you know and almost all of the magic in the world originated from the first Mystic. I am different from all the others that ever lived. All other Mystics had to learn how to use their powers but I didn't. I am real magic. The spells that you and others learned were created to regulate magic; I am not just a Mystic I am the Mystic! My people were waiting for someone that they called the True Mystic. This Mystic would have the ability to control all the powers that any of us ever had; that one Mystic would be able to do almost anything without the use of magic."

"That doesn't make any sense, Mystics were magical beings. Their lives were based on magic. How can you control all the powers that they ever had without the use of magic?"

"It's simple I wasn't born of magic, I am magic. I didn't have to learn how to use these abilities because they are a part of me. However that's enough of the history lesson about me and my fallen people. This is what you are going to do. I am going to let you leave here and you are going to tell your boyfriend that he will have to do better than to send an aging witch to try and trap me."

"You bastard," she screamed to me as the brightest light I have ever seen blinded me for a few seconds. When I was able to see I saw a beam of energy headed toward me. I put up my right arm in front of me to block the beam. I absorbed the beam and shot it right back at Deathcry. She absorbed the beam herself but did not fire back. I raised my left arm in front of me and pulled the vision of Deathcry that I did not expect.

"You aren't just a witch are you? No, you are the oldest witch to ever exist. You're older than my brother or me but you aren't just a witch. What the hell are you?"

She laughed and disappeared. There was a new player in town and my brother was pulling her strings. She is more than a witch but no matter how hard I tried I couldn't get the answer. I headed back to the town to see if the cowboys had really gone. The threat of the cowboys in this town was gone and everyone was able to get back to their normal lives.

I have to give my older brother credit. He used his head on this one. He sent the oldest and most powerful witch ever to recruit regular men to lure me in so that he could find a way to kill me. He didn't think that I would be able to see it considering how powerful she is. It didn't matter because I did see it; eventually the True Mystic sees everything.