

# Rowdy Ranchers Reign on the Prairie

Friday—the last day on the trail. The stakes were high, and there were steaks to be eaten. Our red and blue drovers had toiled treacherous terrain, battled bullheaded mules, and outrun rustlers. They'd finally made it to their destination: Cowtown, the bustling livestock metropolis of the West. Our cowhands started with nothing but guts and gumption; now both teams had sizeable herds. The Crazy Cowboys acquired 245 head of cattle, auctioning them off for a grand total of \$3020. While that's nothing to sneeze at, the Rowdy Ranchers procured 340 cows, raking in \$4210, and thus outbidding the Crazy Cowboys for Texas Pete's precious parcel of prosperous property. It was a good run for both parties, and the Cowboys conceded with excellent sportsmanship. They even participated in the celebratory Funky Chicken cheer. (iykyk) Congrats Ranchers!



## Ranch Raidin'

**SPLAT!** went a water balloon. We don't know who threw it. We don't know who was the first victim. But what we can tell you is that pandemonium and all out war erupted from both sides as the tension snapped. This capture-the-flag-water-balloon battle royale left many a cowpoke with soggy trousers and wounded pride. Trail boss Julie Freeman toughed out a walloping bruise on the arm from what could have only been a tiny torpedo. Many other "casualties" were sustained, but what was baffling was the chorus of "I love you,"s heard from both the victims and their opponents after balloons found their mark. While Blue managed to snatch a couple flags, Red solidly won this challenge.







## Race to Cowtown: Chute Shootin'

Ya gotta be quicker than a sidewinder for this sudsy relay where Red slid into victory. Shoutout to Michaela "Supergirl" Boyd for defying gravity.



## Bucket Tag

Them Blue rabbits was fast, but Red outfoxed 'em.



Was it luck? Naw, it was pure determination, brains, and keen eyes that got the Cowboys major beef bucks for trackin' down Texas Pete's hidden horseshoes.



## Head 'em up, mooove 'em out!

The time has come for the herdsmen to mosey back home. They better have their ponchos on hand—might be damp on the journey. Hopefully our cowpokes get some shut-eye on the wagon train. We know their kin is itchin' to hear firsthand the tales from the Rawhide Trail. We leave the rivalry in the dust, and we'll try to always remember that "the Ranchers and the Cowboys should be friends."