

Dynamite and Snoose

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Dynamite and Snoose

by [Planxty](#)

Summary

The DTI sends Maya back to Alaska at the peak of Klondike Gold Rush to observe and watch for interference

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

James Muir described Skagway in the year 1898 in as an ant hill that someone disturbed by stirring it with a stick. He was close, but didn't do justice to the chaos and strange nature of this little Alaskan port. At the head of the fjord, the narrow valley was surrounded on all sides by mountains, and the streets swelled with both hopeful dreamers and folks coming down the mountain either despondent over going broke in the gold fields or eager to show their new wealth. There was no in-between, and these people solved their disagreements with hot lead. Maya was only here to observe, but still felt more like her life was in danger than when she spent time at the peak of the Eugenics Wars.

The St. James hotel was a welcome respite from the madness of Skagway's streets. Maya sat in a plush chair reading a novel, but she paid little attention to the words on the page, as she waited to see that a chance meeting would go smoothly. She was dressed in the fashion of the era: a flared navy blue wool skirt and a shirtwaist with voluminous sleeves that Maya had a hard time believing anyone would wear willingly.

"Excuse me," a deep male voice spoke. Maya did not look up from her book. "You know, it's not right for a proper lady to be out alone at this hour."

Still, Maya did not look up. "If I see one, I'll be sure to let you know." A moment later Maya felt a jolt of panic, afraid that confessing to not being a 'proper lady' in this era could be misconstrued as admitting to being a sex worker. She laid the book in her lap and looked the man dead in the eye. "I've killed at least five people, and I've got a six-shooter strapped to each thigh. I'd appreciate a little less attention, and a little more privacy."

The man shook his head and held his hands in front of him in defeat. "Well, pardon me for being polite."

As he stormed off, Maya kept her eye on the front door, and the man she was waiting for marched in: Big Mike, The Irish Prince, The Boy Conductor (a name the tall, broad man had since outgrown). Micheal James Heney had been hiking up and down the mountain all day, but was still full of energy and bold confidence. He showed no signs of fatigue, and the only evidence of a day working hard outside were the wrinkles on his clothes and the mud on his boots. As he crossed the lobby, another man trotted in from around the corner. He had kind eyes and a half smile, but he looked exhausted. Maya lifted her book as if to read, but she listened carefully and occasionally stole a glance at the pair.

"Evening," Heney called as he passed the man.

"Evening." The other man answered. "You seem awful cheery. I take it you just came back from Dawson loaded down with gold?"

"Ha! I know admitting to that in this town is a good way to get a belly full of lead." Heney slapped the stranger on the shoulder. "I'm no prospector. I'm a railroad man, and I've got a plan, I just need someone to pay for it."

"Good luck with that!" The stranger teased. "You can't build on that grade, and even if you could, no one would fund it."

"What makes you so sure? You a railroad man?"

"Erastus Hawkings, Pacific Contract Company."

"Micheal Heney. I'd like to share my plans with you tomorrow, I'll buy you a drink."

Maya looked up to see Hawkings shake his head as he replied. "Can't. I'm leaving town tomorrow morning."

"Then I'll buy you a drink tonight. Hear me out."

Maya looked back down to her book and smiled to herself. This chance meeting was playing out the way the history books described. She glanced up once more to see the two men leaving the hotel. Heney gave Hawkings a playful slap on the upper back. "If you give me enough dynamite and snoose, I will build you a railroad straight to Hell!"

End Notes

This is based on a true story. Heney borrowed money to get a ticket from Seattle to Skagway, hiked up the trail and back in a day, and had a chance meeting with a contractor who was about to cut his losses and go home the next day.

The quote about dynamite and snoose is real. Not sure when Heney actually said it, though.

Snoose is chewing tobacco. Makes sense why you don't wanna light up a cigarette working with explosives!

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