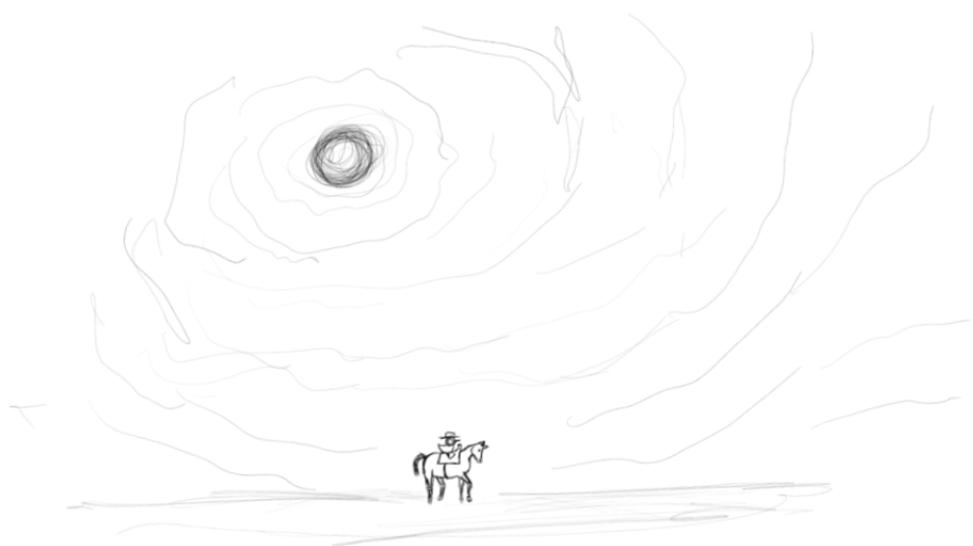


COWBOY DUCK

Blood and Dust



Written and illustrated by Philip Grantham

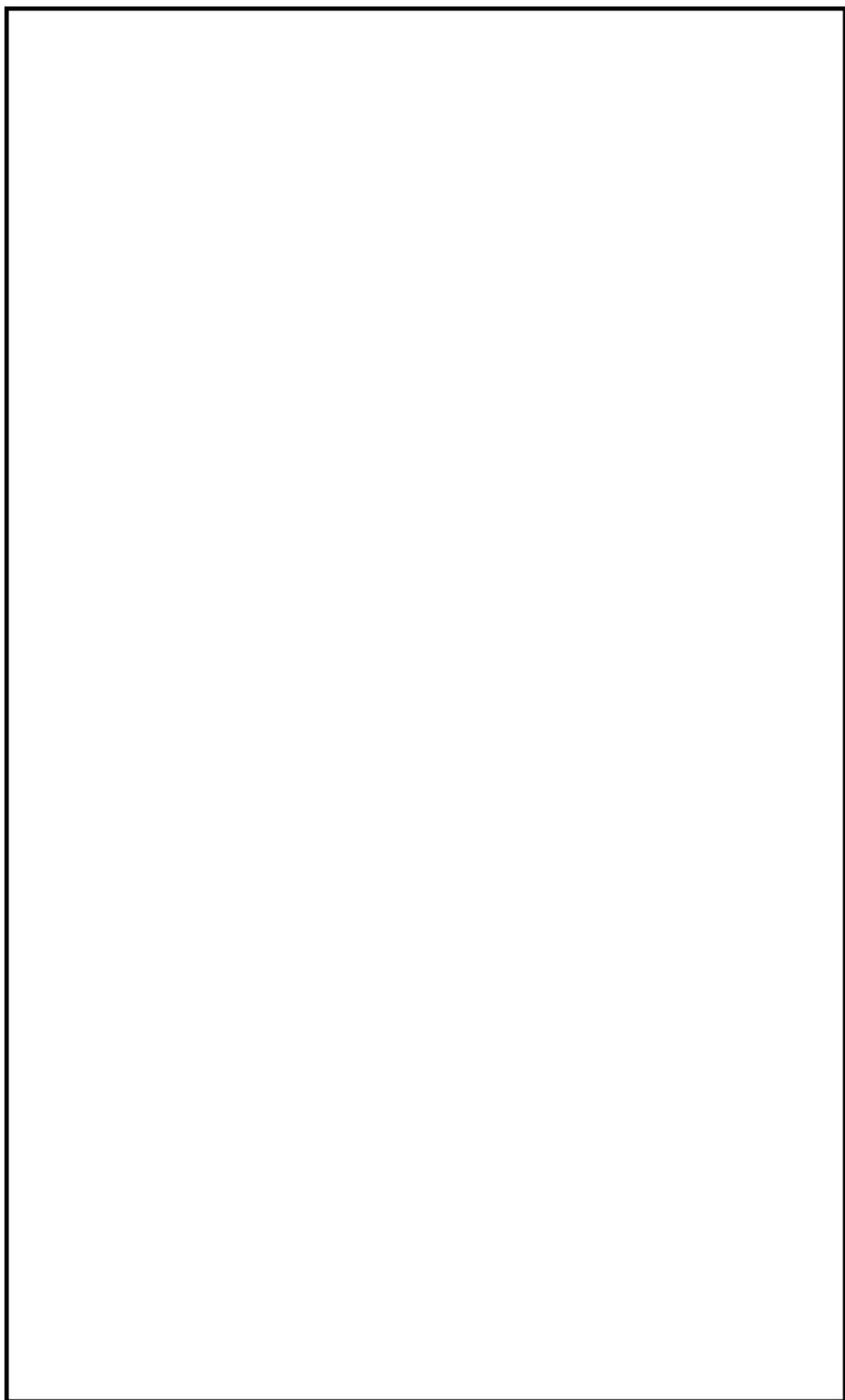


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Written and illustrated by Philip Grantham

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and
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**This story contains violence, foul language, and alcohol use -
parent discretion advised.**



CHAPTER ONE:

Knowledge and Debauchery

In the unforgiving lands of the old west, a lone gunslinger rides across the burning desert toward the dusty town of Alameda. Solemn, he searches, not for coin, depravity, or exhibition but for something darker indeed. While he once felt deep in his heart the joys of a loving family and the peace of a simple life, that time has now passed. The only remaining path for Cowboy Duck is to find those who have wronged him and the only purpose that drags his soul further is vengeance.

Cowboy Duck arrives in the small town of Alameda at its truest point of commerce, knowledge, and debauchery.



Wasting no time, he approaches the saloon's barkeep and produces a wanted poster. In a thorough description, he demands information on where to find the notorious thief, criminal, and all-around villainous gang lord known as Madman Magruder.

QUACK.



The barkeep takes up the frayed parchment to more closely observe the image and information. The well-worn document showcases the portrait of one of mankind's closest example of genuine wickedness. Despite recognizing Cowboy Duck's obvious commanding presence of a room and proficiency with a weapon, the Barkeep swiftly protests his involvement with such a venture "Gee Mister, this man Magruder is worse than bad news." He notes the horror and vicious nature Madman Magruder is known for, suggesting that the reward is not worth the tribulations of such a task "You look like you can handle yourself well enough, but no bounty is worth your life. Money ain't no good when you're dead...even with a belly full of whiskey. You're better off finding yourself another line of work."



Cowboy Duck responds sternly with righteous indignation to rectify the barkeep's misconception
"Quack!"

He clarifies that coin is not his heart's desire, for it is not riches he seeks but revenge.

"Quack, quack."

In slight agreement, the barkeep vocally ponders the prospect of potentially providing the perpetrator's position to the pursuer of the permanent punishment.

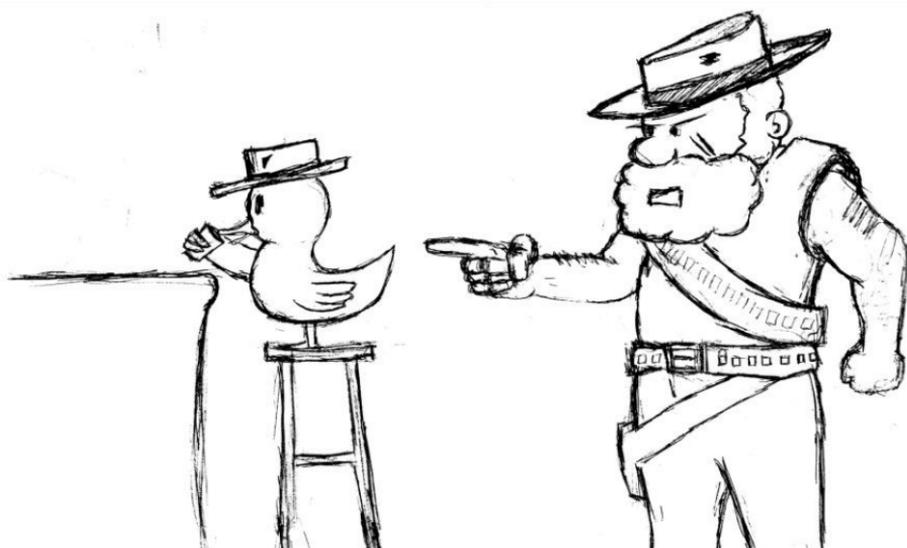
"Well, I suppose revenge is a motivator as good as any other but..." But before he can complete his thought, he is abruptly interrupted.

Disrupting the conversation, a dimwitted drunkard loudly protests Cowboy Duck's presence. "Listen here stranger, we don't care much for outsiders." The grizzly voice pours out with stumbled words from a blackened beard showing stains from meals past. "You may be some sort of cowboy who also happens to be a duck, but that don't mean you still can't be taught a lesson."

Unflapping, Cowboy Duck remains facing the barkeep, while steadily sipping his whiskey. The small-town tyrant, in obvious search for public attention,

pronounces potential pains to the unwelcome drake. The foul mouthed, stench ridden, and burdensome local sets to begin again, but this time it is he who is interrupted. "think you are a big scat, but I run this town! Now you better get on or..."

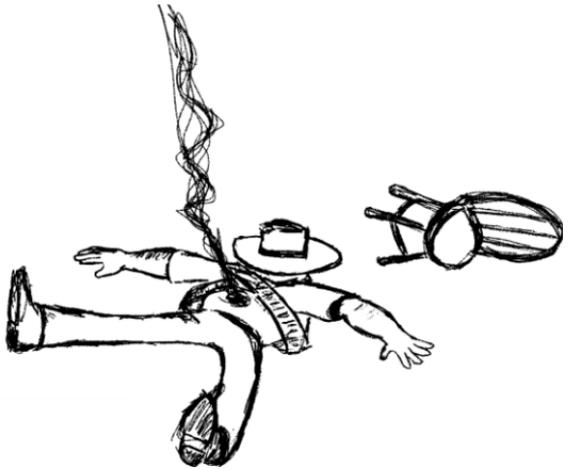
Before the halfwit stranger could belch out another ill word, Cowboy Duck draws his iron with impressive haste.



In a single shot of sure aim, the self-proclaimed 'King of Alameda' is relieved of his title as well as his life. The rotund giver of guff and now made corpse collapses slowly pushing chairs and tables to create a thunderous sound.



SLAM!



QUACK.

“Mister, you better hightail it outa here! If it takes knowledge on the quickest road to ruin, then I guess that’s what I’ll give ya.” The barkeep, to full astonishment, recommends Cowboy Duck’s immediate withdrawal from the premises and ensures such an outcome by providing the recently exercised gunslinger with the information he previously necessitated.

“Madman Magruder is far west of here. They say him’n his gang hold up in Ghost Canyon, just beyond the town of Possum. If you follow Desolation Road, you should be able to pick up his trail.”



CHAPTER TWO:
Firearms and Explosives

With newly acquired knowledge, **Cowboy Duck** sets out upon **Desolation Road** in the direction of the town of **Possum**. The tortured earth will delay him, the malicious travelers and town people he meets will challenge him, but he is nothing if not relentless. For **Cowboy Duck** doesn't give a quack about coin or pleasure or even justice. **Cowboy Duck** follows a darker path that will only end in blood and dust.



Word and rumor spread fast, even in the land where the dust chokes progress and achievement. Despite his ample stride, the story of Cowboy Duck's intention far surpasses his hurry. The henchmen of Madman Magruder heard rumors of Cowboy Duck in pursuit of their employer and that he has already had his metal tested. They take such tales of the gunslinger to Magruder's ears.

Upon hearing the story of Cowboy Duck's impending arrival, Madman Magruder recalls whispers of a survivor of his past atrocities. Magruder begins to suspect the likely identity of his pursuer. Without hesitation, Magruder proceeds to finalize the efforts he had made by foregone years past to end the duck's life. Magruder orders a mass of his employees to return to Ghost Canyon while sending word to his cousin to gather two wagons fully loaded with gunman, explosives, and ammunition. Finally, Magruder demands the purchase of the most efficient hunters for hire, the Harris brothers, three clever killers talented with both firearms and explosives.

While these bounty hunters might normally forgo being associated with someone such as the Madman, Cowboy Duck is said to have killed a man outright with little provocation and thus made himself a target of local authorities. Such a target allows more leeway for hunters to act with unimpeded discretion.

“I am offering ten thousand for that duck’s head, dead or alive! I want every cutthroat killer and the most dangerous madmen after that duck. In fact, get me the Harris brothers.”



In a small dusty cabin off the path sit the Harris brothers. Quietly, Ronald sharpens his massive knife while his brother Dennis cleans his rifle and Charlie takes stock of his dynamite, all while sipping tequila. They hear a knocking on the door. A cautious and shaky courier carefully hands a letter over to the Harris brothers. As the courier abruptly escapes their presence, Dennis opens and begins to read the letter. "Complete your arsenal hygienics and gather your armaments together boys. We got a genuine prospect of pure intrigue. It's duck hunting season." Dennis displays an eerie grin and addresses his brothers to announce the news in their vocational prospect.

The Garland County Sheriff's Office front door bursts open with the frantic Deputy calling urgent attention to news of a possible killer on the loose. The Deputy describes the untimely demise of Fat Stank Bill. "Sheriff Freeman! Word has come from Alameda, somebody gunned down Fat Stank Bill. They say he was shot unprovoked."

Upon hearing the news, Sheriff Freeman shifts his attention from the warrants and other such

documentation any county Sheriff might find themselves in which to be buried. He puts down the papers, takes a big puff of his cigar, and lets the smoke billow out slowly. He then chuckles to himself before correcting the record as he was sure the case of Fat Stank Bill's untimely death was, in actuality, very timely indeed.

“Unprovoked you say? Well, I highly doubt it. As I recall, Fat Stank Bill made daily habits outa mistreat'n others and he did so with an all-around stench of arrogance. I query that his existence was itself outright provocation. I further contest that it might likely be what reputable educated men call an aberration of nature, that being Fat Stank Bill lived this long.”

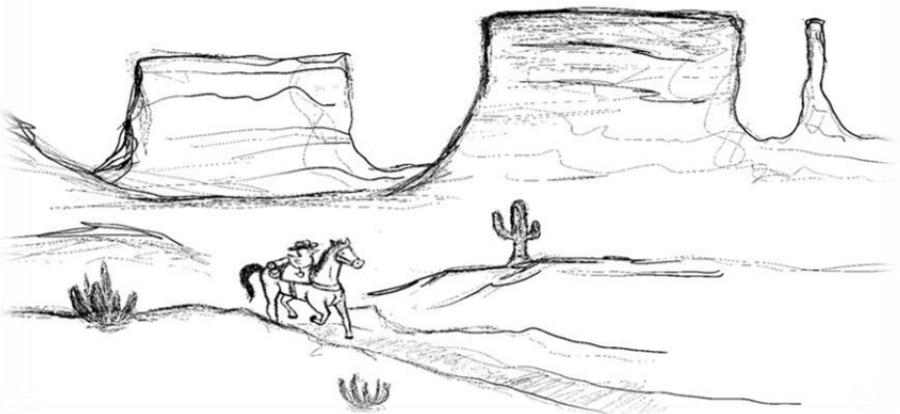


The Deputy explains what he can with the limited information he has, the events leading up to the shooting at the saloon. He expounds upon the real kicker of the situation which is that the culprit is headed towards Possum. "...But Sheriff! He's set on Desolation Road heading west!"

Sheriff Freeman sits up sternly, takes one last puff of his chewed-up cigar, before putting it out in a tin bowl sitting on the desk. "Quick, take Agides, he's the fastest horse! Try to get to Possum first and notify any law that there may be trouble coming. Anyone willing or able to take on Ole Fat Stank Bill is likely to prompt a quarrel in a multitude of conditions. Let's just hope you get there quickly enough to keep the peace." He points a firm finger at the Deputy and instructs him to head to the town of Possum in hopes of heading off the guilty party.

Desolation Road is ever wide and stretches to the horizon. Any typical soul would find themselves diminished and of worn sanity if they were to travel the length of it in hopes of sustenance. Like the river Styx, Desolation Road numbs the spirit with the open

sun pouring heat upon its victims. Cowboy Duck is beyond the impediments of any typical soul. The unrelenting battle for retribution infests his very nature, causing his soul to be immune to such diminishment. Cowboy Duck would be willing to travel across the surface of the sun if only to first burn the corpse of Madman Magruder. So, forth, he travels. Unaware of the gathering forces set against him, Cowboy Duck proceeds driven toward the town of Possum, only to discover what is liable to be a typhoon of unrelenting aggression.



The young Deputy journeys to the town of Possum upon a considerably more comfortable path. He approaches the town at a steady pace, reciting to himself the entirety of information he believes is vital to the task ahead, listing names of the local law and the various establishment owners to question for information. While inexperienced, the Deputy plans well and devotedly serves those in need.

From an alternate direction entirely, the three Harris brothers travel to Possum. Joking and bickering, the calamity of their caravan can be witnessed from a great distance. The bulk of discussion upon their voyage entails the counting of armaments, exaggerated lude descriptions of previous female encounters, and squabbles over the remaining pork'n beans. True to their task, they discuss the many deeply depraved doings for which they might enact upon the unsuspecting victim known as Cowboy Duck.

CHAPTER THREE:

Violence Ensues

The Harris brothers slowly ride into the town of Possum, demonstrating a degree of discretion that deviates from their typical behavior. Three pairs of eyeballs bouncing their gazes in a frantic flurry as they pitifully attempt to fade into the shadows between buildings. Their rampant paranoia all but staggers their task of ascending to the top of a tall and prominent shop well centered in town. But the Harris brothers prevail as they now rest upon a high point of the town without being observed.

Laying down as if not to be seen, they pull weapons from their satchels. Ronald sets a revolver down in front of himself while checking the rotation of the cylinder, listening closely to each clicking sound. Dennis ensures his rifle repeater is fully loaded and then meticulously adjusts the weapon's site. Charlie, in his distinct nature, mumbles to himself anxious reassurances as he pulls out a pack of matches followed by stick after stick of dynamite.

Hefty amounts of dust kick up as the diligent Deputy arrives in the town of Possum. He perceives each entrance of every establishment along the town

terrace with expectation that a violent storm might be resting upon the other side of each waking door. In need of adequate information, the Deputy steps abruptly inside the central saloon and begins questioning patrons for any information regarding the Harris brothers or any other equally notable persons of uncertain concern.

Cowboy Duck rides slowly on horseback arriving in the town of Possum. People move slower, words are whispered instead of being said aloud, and shadows seem to linger longer. Every story written and published about Cowboy Duck's exploits suggests that violence and terror were inevitable. The dime books were right.

Perched upon the rooftop, the Harris brothers wait for their prey. Charlie continues to lose count on his easily observable ten sticks of dynamite. Squinting in every direction possible without drawing attention, Ronald spots the Deputy at the entrance of town's central saloon. Dennis remains focused upon the thoroughfare, with one eye closed and the other astutely open to all comings and goings. He then gasps briefly as he sees a hat upon a duck, upon a horse, traveling toward the center of town.

The Deputy, initially unaware of the fury about to transpire, slowly steps out of the saloon with disconcert that he had retrieved no actionable intelligence from said establishment. The sun slamming hard upon his face, he points his peepers around in hopes to put eyes on a prospective provider of proper information.

“Hey, you! There on the roof! Hands up!”

The Harris brothers panic. Ronald Harris immediately points his two revolvers at the Deputy, unloading every round at the saloon entrance. Bystanders still confused by the Deputy’s proclamations at rooftops are now victims of unrelenting bullets.

The Deputy attempts to push civilians aside. He fails. Numerous bodies collapse as their blood paints the saloon steps. The Deputy, unrelenting, yells at all those nearby to flee the area as he holds the left side of his torso, blood flowing between his fingers. His right hand is still clutching his grandfather’s revolver. He aims straight firing not quickly but precisely.

Dennis Harris cannot amply regulate his aim during the immense commotion. He shoots hoping to complete their objective of removing Cowboy Duck from

this earth. Cowboy Duck sees the commotion, but it is too late to avoid damage completely. An ornament of fire cuts through feathers piercing the tip of Cowboy Duck's left wing. Startled, his horse rears up in great majesty but ultimately tosses the wounded mallard from his saddle. While the steed gallops to safety, Cowboy Duck reflectively rolls behind the cover of nearby crates.

As he loads the next round into his repeater, Dennis announces to his brothers the location of their wounded target. Charlie Harris then subsequently lights the fuse of a stick of dynamite and with all his ability, tosses said fury directly at the crates concealing the legendary gunslinger known as Cowboy Duck.

The detonation from the dynamite burst the crates into a hundred pieces. While the crates took the brunt of the explosion, the blast still knocks the already wounded Cowboy Duck yards forward into the mud and dust of the thoroughfare, his back stinging of shattered woodchips.

Pedestrians fleeing for their lives, bodies bleeding out in the street, smoke rising from fire and destruction. Screams serenade the promenade as glass and chunks

of wood protrude from the irregular locals of nearby establishments and absconding victims. What originated as a cluster of shots fired between disputing parties in the town center, has now become more reminiscent of a carnage-filled warzone. Crimson lines race down below the Deputy's badge, dripping into puddles, massing upon the saloon steps. With his final breath, the Deputy rears back the hammer of his six-iron, takes aim, and fires with taxing precision.



The accurate shot pierces the skull of Charlie Harris at the exact time that he is lighting another stick of dynamite. As Charlie's head explodes, to his brothers' dismay, the stick of dynamite is flung directly up in the air. Injured but not dead, Cowboy Duck witnesses the Deputy's performance, the removal of Charlie Harris from the living, and the dynamite's upheaval. With more impressive gunwork than even the Deputy's recent presentation, Cowboy Duck fires upon the amber stick just as it falls to eye level with the remaining Harris brothers. With furious havoc the rooftop explodes in a rage of flames flinging husks of lumber outward. The charred limbs of the Harris brothers rain down upon the town of Possum.



The violence has concluded but the town's people remain briefly sheltered, taking only momentary glances to see what next horrors may transpire. The Deputy's corpse blankets the saloon entrance, the miserable result of preparative intention, asking a few direct questions, and loudly spotting trouble just as it emerges.

As the townsfolk slowly appear from the structures like rolling fog, they come only to witness the entirety of travesties that befell their town. Cowboy Duck attempts to gather his strength and proceed with his path of vengeance, yet he soon collapses alone in the dark corner from which he took cover.

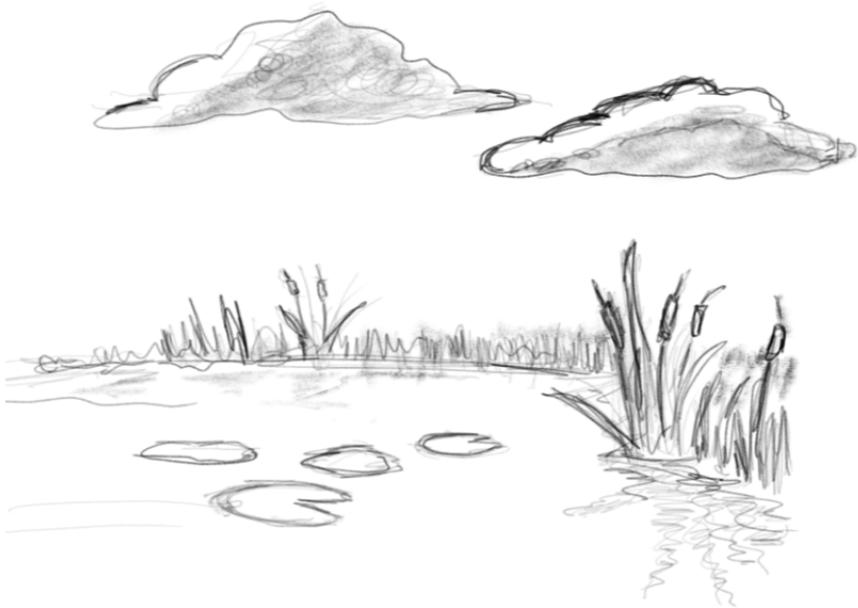
CHAPTER FOUR:
Aggravated Remorse

A sweat stained barrel of a man shuffles down a hallway with great haste. Once arriving at a closed door at said hallway's end, the bearded oaf gently taps upon the door and opens it delicately waiting for approval to proceed. After receiving allowance for entrance, the flustered man enters the room to announce pressing news to his ruthless employer.

With deer jerky and whiskey flavored breath, the henchman mumbles into bearded ears, warning of past and upcoming conflicts. In thorough descriptions, the lackey illustrates the stories abound, including the demise of the Harris brothers, a town in flames, and most worrisome of all, a vengeful duck whose presence is yet to be accounted for.

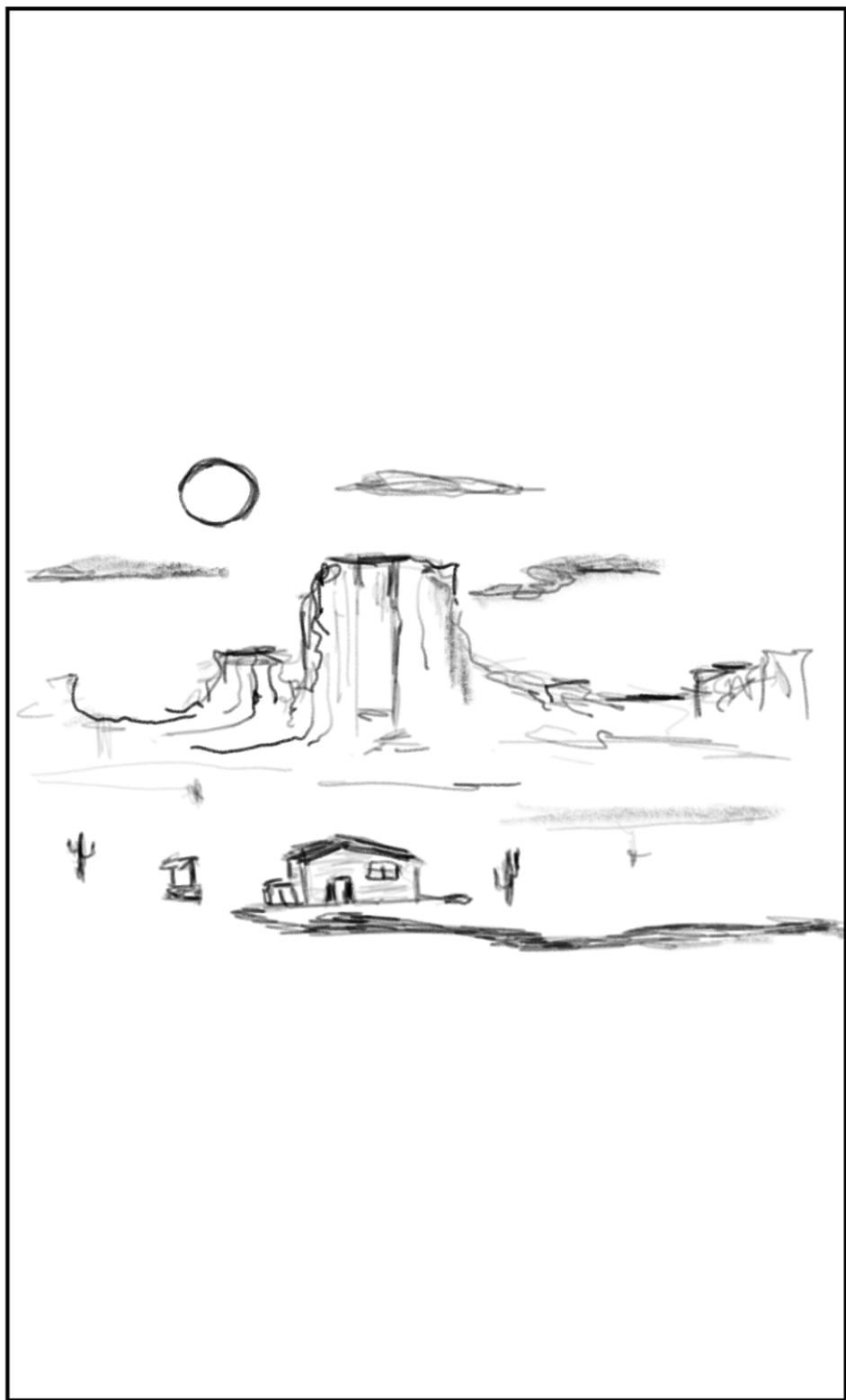
Unfavorable to such accounting, Magruder rises abruptly. Stirring with rage and concern, he demands that all remaining forces be allocated to the fortification of the Ghost Canyon entrance and questions the whereabouts of the two wagons fully loaded with gunman, explosives, and ammunition. "God dammit! Where the hell is Wayne and all the firepower he said he'd bring with'em?"

A majestic and peaceful stream flows down an eastern mountainside, filling a serene pond where an assortment of animals calmly live together. Frogs drift along the water as red and yellow speckled turtles poke their heads into the cool water. In the center of all this beauty, a gorgeous hen duck tends gracefully to her tempestuous ducklings. What a life this could be for a gunslinger ready to retire from his old ways and settle down to start a new life. But this cannot be, for they are all dead, the pond forever lost, and all that remains is the gunslinger.



Cowboy Duck wakes up alive, but just barely. Covered in bandages, in a strange bed with an unknown woman showing attention to his wounds. In a frayed attempt to gather standing amongst the tempestuous situation, he peers around to incumber any potential adversaries, for his most recent memory is still the calamity incurred with the Harris brothers. But he only observes the woman, with long curly brunette hair and coffee complexion in a flowing dress covered in flowers, and now freshly speckled blood stains.

Though she tends to his ailments, she demonstrates no tenderness. Sternly, she changes his bandages, tightening each wrap causing Cowboy Duck, the otherwise stoic bird, to flinch and cringe in pain. "He's dead, the Deputy. Those boys you were shooting at, they're all blown to bits, along with the roof top they were standing on and half of Possum." She informs Cowboy Duck on the standings of the town, the demise of the Deputy, and the ongoing pick up of smithereens spread asunder, each sentence soaked in aggravated remorse.



The woman steps away from the mallard, dipping her hands in a small pan full of freshly drawn well water to wash him of his blood. She speaks quietly to herself to inspire strength for a task of which she is unsure. After a deep sigh, she airs her grievances and lays the full weight of her anger upon him.

“My name is Sonia, and I already know who you are. A killer on a killer’s path. What I don’t know is why you had to bring all this fury upon us.”

With grand accusation, she proclaims that all the death and destruction brought upon the town of Possum is the fault of her recovering patient. “This was a town of good and gentle people till you brought a tempest of horrors to our doorsteps.”

Unrelentingly, Sonia continues her barrage upon his presence, announcing her reluctance for her current efforts being selected to aid who she considers one of the perpetrators of offense. “I said I’d help with those injured and I got stuck with mending your ailments. We don’t need you or any of such kind of havoc where it is not wanted. So why are you here?” Her every action displays varied intention and riddled with internal

conflict as she continues to tend to **Cowboy Duck's** sufferings but doing so with sloth and a discernable amount of malice.

Cowboy Duck raises up quietly and slowly to collect his hat and revolver. He is made sluggish from the exchange of bullets with the **Harris** brothers but almost more so from the verbal assault received from his caregiver. She has worn him down to response he has been unaccustomed to in recent events, for his reaction is not one of anger or malice but of helpless acknowledgment. Solemnly he relates the origins of his campaign, reluctantly exploring aloud a history that has only been recounted inwardly up to this point.

“Quack...”

Cowboy Duck expounds upon the path that brought him to **Sonia's** care. He begins humbly with his time as a gunslinger turned lawman and his skills prior to full attainment in efforts to wane villainy across the great plains back east. With the flowery language that a poet might bestow upon a blind man in describing the most wondrous of sunsets, he regales **Sonia** with the tales of his loving wife and their three ducklings. But

his joyous memories quickly sour such as milk pouring into a fire.

“...quack quack...”

Cringing more deeply and thoroughly than before, he recounts the unfortunate demise of his family at the hands of Madman Magruder.

“...quack.”

Sonia can barely control herself, shaking in surprise to the horrendous and unfathomable cruelty described in unrelenting detail by Cowboy Duck when reciting the demise of his wife and children at the hands of Madman Magruder. “I...I had no idea! I am so so sorry! What dreadful horrors and such a depth of darkened occurrences you have been subject to. All the stories we’ve heard, and the recent ungodly commotion to reinforce preconceived notions. But to lose a family and in a way of that...”

Her previous stone-like demeanor has all but completely withered away as she sinks under the waves of sadness. She elucidates that her previous abrupt and discourteous commentary were made in structure on what she has now concluded to be a false judgement.

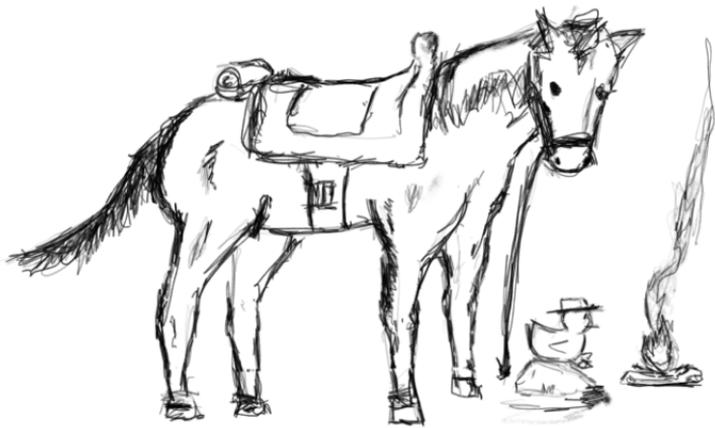
For news of the killing of Fat Stank Bill were consistent with tales of Cowboy Duck's violent past. From an onlooker's immediate observation, Cowboy Duck and Magruder were the same, both whirlwinds of violence that would forever take up and cast asunder the masses of innocents who never did no others no harm. It was not thought that one killer is simply the victim of the other and that such a world makes the common mistake of treating opportunity for vengeance if it could serve fitly in the placement of justice. Nor did she ever believe such an usher of death and damage could have set aside the ways of havoc and collected the components of concord among the worlds. All the efforts she made to heal his body, but after hearing such a soul shattering tale, she wonders to herself could ever a creature be anything but broken.

Cowboy Duck eventually follows her apology with one of his own. "Quack" acknowledging that despite her being unaware of the entirety of past events that transpired between himself and Magruder, she had been, at least to some degree, correct in her assessment.

He was set on a desolate path of retribution and reprisal that would only come to fruition following the unleashing of Cowboy Duck's furious reckoning.

He cared little for those in his way and for the many who had paid the price. Yet revenge remained and would remain his only goal. Cowboy Duck knew that well situated in the Ghost Canyon were a few hundred downright vicious men in their own right and that after what had transpired in Possum, they would likely be waiting in expectation and armed to the teeth. More to the point, he knew that Madman Magruder was there, and he would massacre a thousand men just to see Magruder choke on his last breath. Time was wasting.

He thanked Sonia again as he prepared his horse. Reluctantly she wished him luck knowing she could do nothing to stop the violence any more than she could hold back a tornado. While Sonia returns to the remaining concerns of the town in hopes to repair and heal what she can, Cowboy Duck once again rides off in the heat of the unrelenting desert but this time little stands between him and Ghost Canyon.



CHAPTER FIVE:
Certain Victory

Ghost Canyon had been home to an abandoned mine for years, but in more recent times had become the Magruder outlaw hideout. Though thoroughly utilized, it was seldom maintained. The canyon now lay covered in tents and roving gunmen. An eight-foot tall poorly constructed wooden fence surrounds the area with a single gate. At the top of the North end of the canyon was a half hazard tower that served as the best venue for the outpost. Through the scope of his Rolling Rock rifle, a keen scout posted along the tight end of the ridge eyeballs stacks of dust kicking up along the highland. Three large wagons tear earth in full stampede towards the camp. The scout hollers below down to Magruder, letting him know he recognizes the distinct wagons as Magruder's family.

"Finally." Magruder exhales a sigh of desperate relief. Pleased with the arrival of his long-awaited cousins, Magruder smirks to himself with the depraved thoughts of all the horrors which he plans to curse upon the vengeful mallard. Shall he have the duck stuffed, or his head mounted on plaque to be hung on a wall for others to admire? Or even better yet, how

about adjusting the remaining skull to be utilized as the frequent vessel of bourbon to a victor's lips? A twisted grin curls slowly on Magruder's face. For he knows that the Cowboy Duck will eventually find his way to Ghost Canyon but now with more weapons and men, Magruder assures himself of certain victory.

Through a second glance from the scope, the scout peers something of a peculiar nature. He notices the pace of the wagons only hastens as it tumbles towards their encampment. In efforts to ascertain what could be the evidence for awkward accord, the scout focuses on observing the Magruder cousins helming the chariots. Spotting more clearly the pilots of armory, the scout sees the truth of nature in grimmest and dismay.

While sitting behind the steeds of fury, both Magruder cousins were tied down. Neither cousin shows signs of wriggling or squirming, likely because life has already been drained from their bodies. Not only are they tied down corpses, helpless behind the horses charging, but they are noticeably strapped down with sticks of dynamite with a single flame lit lantern arched above them. Shots fired bursts open the lantern causing

fire to catch and ignite the explosives. The scout shrieks out in attempts to warn the entirety of the hide out, but such an effort is in vain. The inevitable calamity ensues.



CHAPTER SIX:

Madness from the Earth

The explosion from the first wagon catches the second wagon and kills many that were attempting to flee the destruction from the first wagon. The restraints strapping the horses to the wagons burn away as the fearful beasts flee to safety. All that remains are enormous flaming capsules laced with corpses of Magruder's requested reinforcements and their adjoining explosive devices soon to ignite.

The guards mount up behind the hideout gates misunderstanding the nature of trouble in route. The thick wooden gate bursts open with the appearance of the Devil's own caskets blazing and thus followed swiftly by Hell's total wrath. The burst of each wagon sends wheels, and splinters, and corpses flying in all directions.

Any gang members not lit ablaze with the destruction have lost their focus. Many begin to run for the hills. In a reckless panic, Magruder flees hastily to the entrance of the abandoned mine, seeking safety.

At the precise moment of their full disorientation, none other than Cowboy Duck rides down the canyon in full force as if to be Oden sent. Such as the Norse God

Thor, he cast waves of thunder as the blasts from his rifle repeater echoes throughout the canyon. Shot after shot, he unloads the repeater, before returning it from which it came, only to then brandish two six irons.

Cowboy Duck's speed and veracity is matched only by his precision as each shot fired slashes through the craniums of Magruder's men. After twelve shots fired and twelve more men dead, he holsters the revolvers as he comes closer and closer to the remaining foes.

Believing the duck to be out of ammo and out of luck, a few foolish fellows forego their apparent failure and rushed the horseback mallard. Remorseless and entirely prepared, Cowboy Duck unsheathed a double barrel sawed off shotgun and like a flame from the tip of a wand, he ignites his adversaries. The Magruder gang is torn asunder.

Under siege, the mine soon becomes unstable. The internal structures set in the canyon cave begin to collapse causing a cascading effect upon the canyon and all other primitively established structures of ill intent. Nearly half the Ghost Canyon begins to collapse on

itself.

For any who were able to avoid the flames or their organs soaked in lead, have now become drowned in the dust of the abandoned mine that once gave them shelter. Henchmen struggling to breathe above the dirt mounds, scratching the sand from their eyes only to realize no one.

A ghastly realization was taking hold for all those anguishing in despair, the same who so recently considered themselves ally to a madman and adversary to a mallard. The living henchmen now envy those who had fallen victim to the hot lead from Cowboy Duck's six iron. For any remaining tenuous lives not cut in an instance, were left to struggle in slow agony, one of whom was Madman Magruder.



In searing pain and gasping for air through the blood and dust, Magruder crawls away half dead. Barely escaping from sure destruction, he drags his pitiful corpse from the unbelievable devastation only to find Cowboy Duck calmly reloading his revolver.

Demonstrating his unrelenting judgment for his veritable adversary, Cowboy Duck comments on the desolate situation of the wicked creature before him and how a lifetime of horror perpetrated is likely what brought him to such a situation indeed.

“Quack.”

Being full of contempt until his dying breath, Magruder belches out some benign threat before quickly being quieted forever. “You think this will...”

Uninterested in the foolish musing of the malevolent man, Cowboy Duck empties his revolver into Magruder’s appendages.

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

BANG!

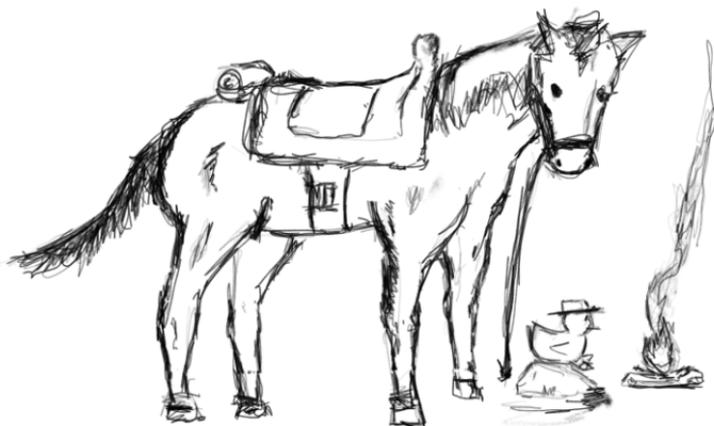


While Magruder contorts in pain, Cowboy Duck unsheathes his knife. As Magruder flails and screams, Cowboy Duck finishes what he started and severs the madness from the earth.

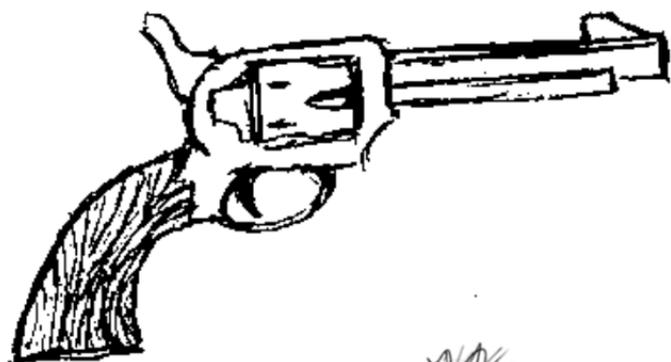
Cowboy Duck acknowledges through internal contemplation that this is not justice but the path complete. Having added a few more ghosts to the canyon's namesake, Cowboy Duck departs. With a blood-soaked sack containing the head of Madman Magruder strapped to his horse, corpses abound, and flaming rubble in his wake, Cowboy Duck rides off into the sunset. In the unforgiving lands of the old west, a lone gunslinger rides across the burning desert.

POSTSCRIPT:

Concept Art







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DEAD OR ALIVE



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MAD MAN MAGRUDER

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The story of Cowboy Duck is a gruesome tale of blood and dust. When an otherwise peaceful duck suffers a great tragedy, he takes up his old gunslinger ways to seek vengeance against those who wronged him. With each life he takes, Cowboy Duck loses a bit more of his decency. Can he exact his revenge without losing his soul entirely?

