

COWBOY DUCK

Blood and Dust



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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.

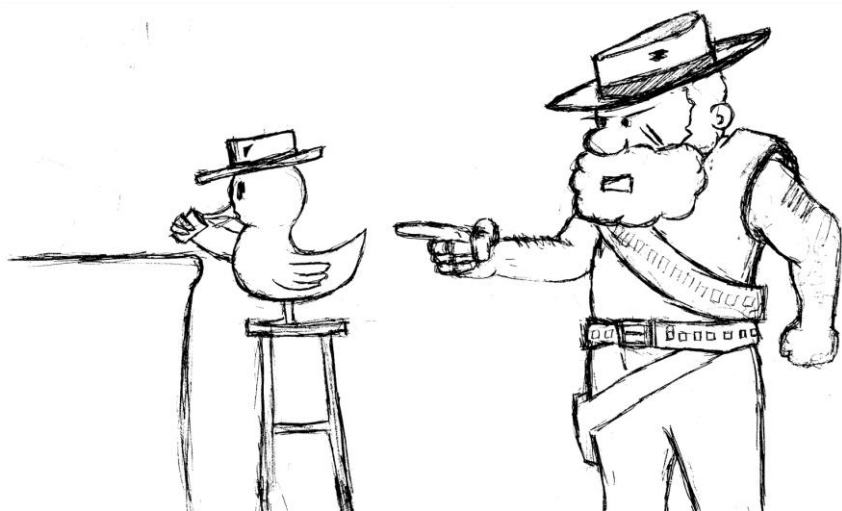
"Well, I suppose revenge is a motivator as good as any other but..." But before he can complete his thought, he is abruptly interrupted.

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..."

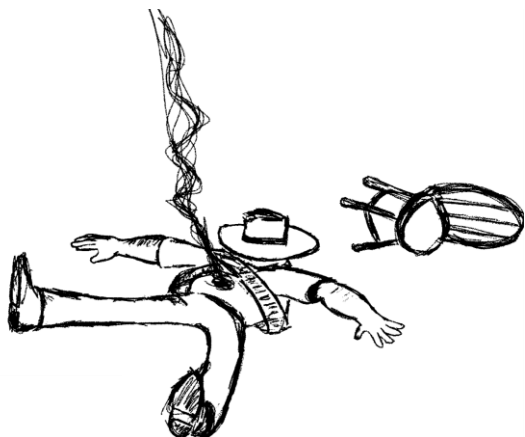
Before the halfwit stranger could belch out another ill word, Cowboy Duck draws his iron with impressive haste.



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.”



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?

