

Scribble Rats

Presents

COWBOY DUCK

Blood & Dust

**SCRIBBLE RATS PRESENTS
COWBOY DUCK: BLOOD AND DUST**

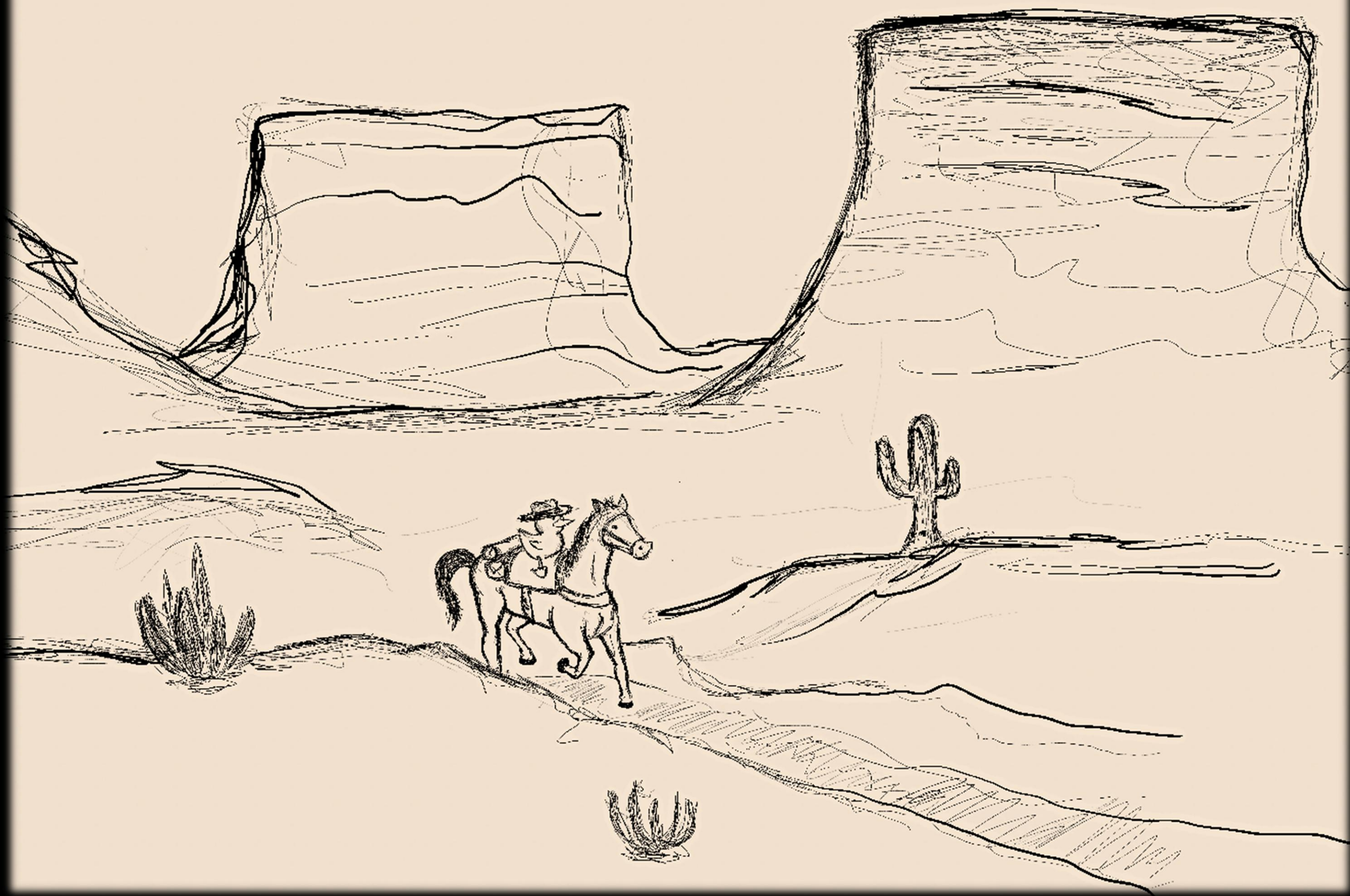
**WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP GRANTHAM
PUBLISHED BY SCRIBBLE RATS LLC**

**STORY CONTAINS VIOLENCE AND ALCOHOL USE,
PARENT DISCRETION ADVISED**



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, nor 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 had now passed. The only path that remains 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, producing 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.



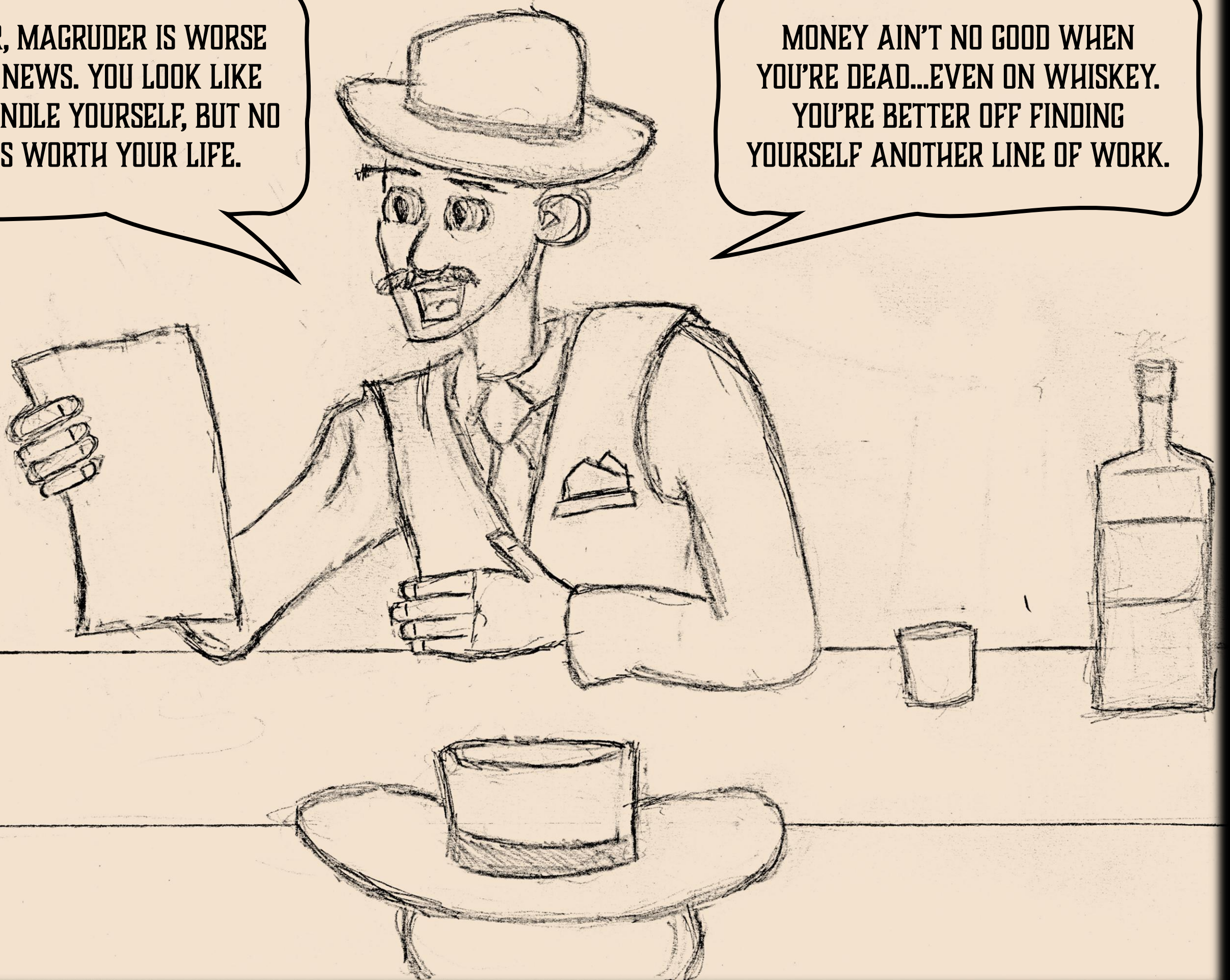
For closer observation, the barkeep takes up the frayed parchment. The well-worn document showcases the portrait of mankind's closest example of genuine wickedness.

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.

He notes the horror and vicious nature Madman Magruder is known for, suggesting tribulations of such a task are not worthy of the amount listed on the document produced.

GEE MISTER, MAGRUDER IS WORSE
THAN BAD NEWS. YOU LOOK LIKE
YOU CAN HANDLE YOURSELF, BUT NO
BOUNTY IS WORTH YOUR LIFE.

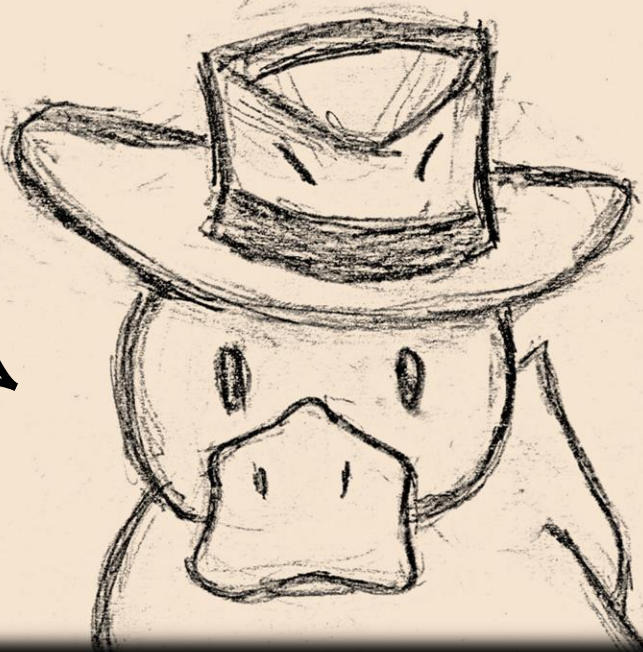
MONEY AIN'T NO GOOD WHEN
YOU'RE DEAD...EVEN ON WHISKEY.
YOU'RE BETTER OFF FINDING
YOURSELF ANOTHER LINE OF WORK.



Cowboy Duck responds sternly with righteous indignation rectifying the misconception. He clarifies that neither cash nor coin is his heart's desire, for it is not riches he seeks but revenge.

In slight agreement, the barkeep vocally ponders the prospect of potentially providing the perpetrator's position to the pursuer of the permanent punishment. But before he can complete his outspoken thought, he is abruptly interrupted.

QUACK!
QUACK!



WELL, I SUPPOSE REVENGE IS A
MOTIVATOR AS GOOD AS ANY OTHER BUT ...

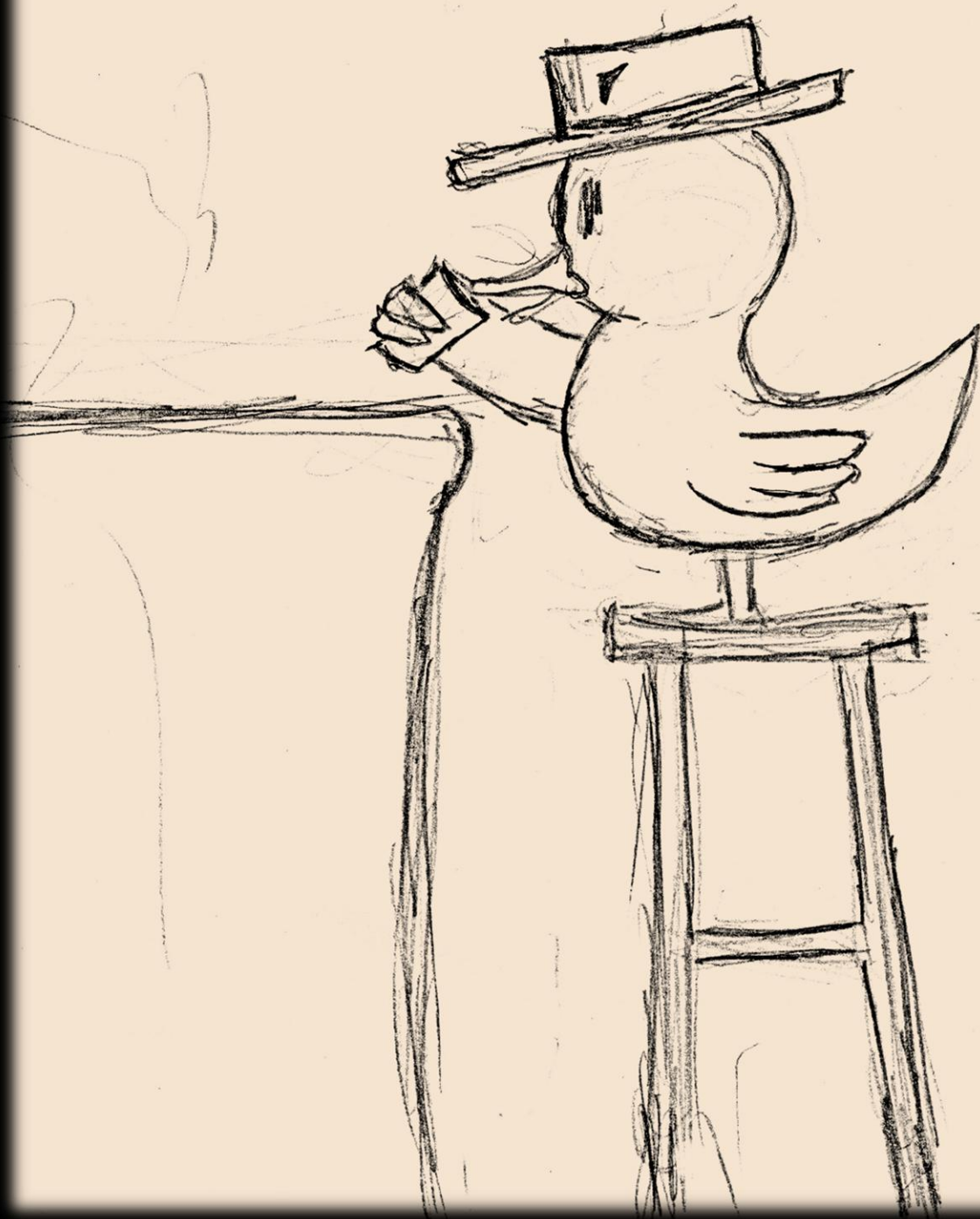


Disrupting the conversation between the barkeep and Cowboy Duck, a dimwitted drunkard boasts loudly in protest of Cowboy Duck's presence. The grizzly voice pours out with stumbled words from a blackened beard showing both freshened and elderly stains from meals past. The small-town tyrant, in obvious search for public attention pronounces potential pains to the unwelcome drake.

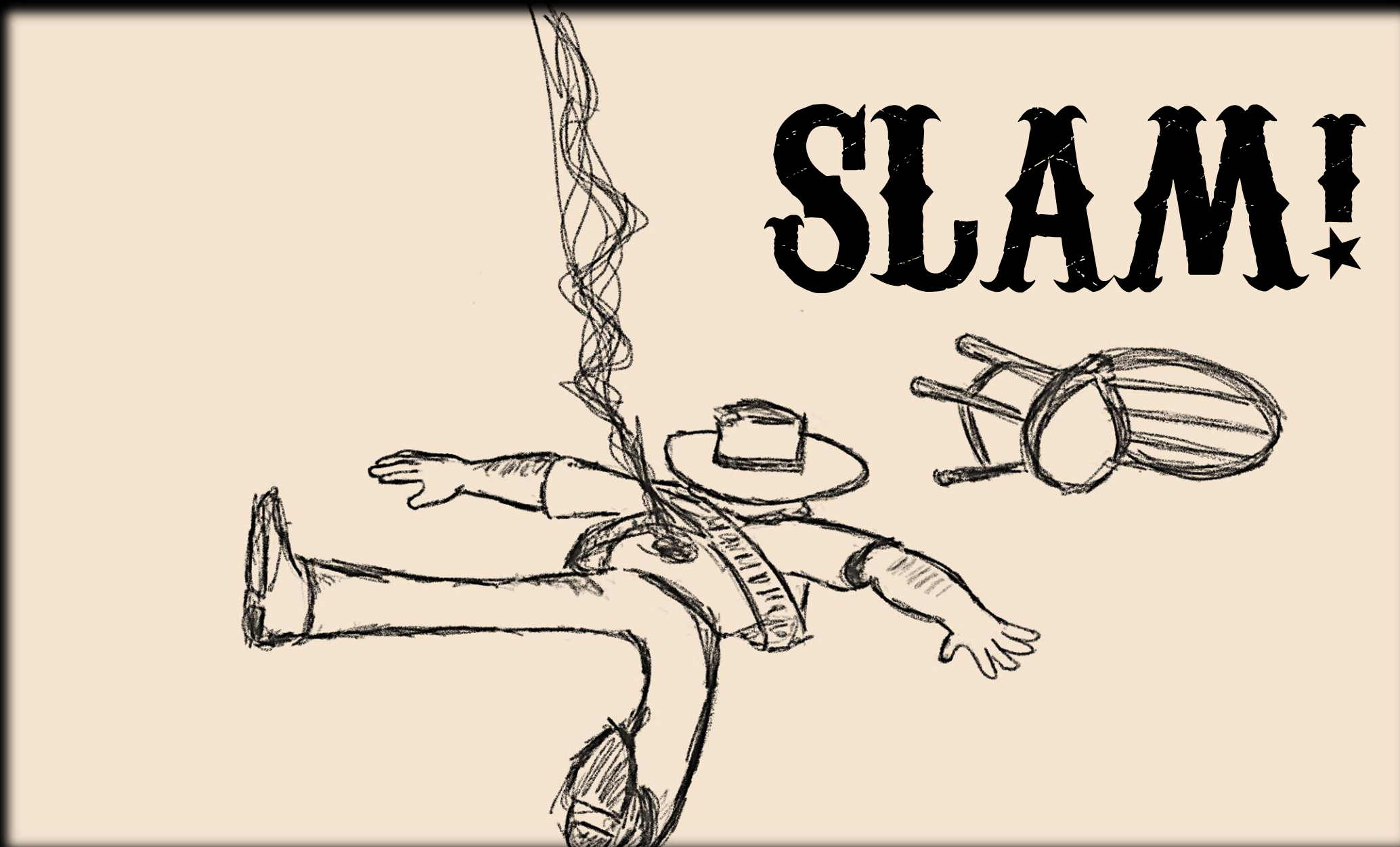
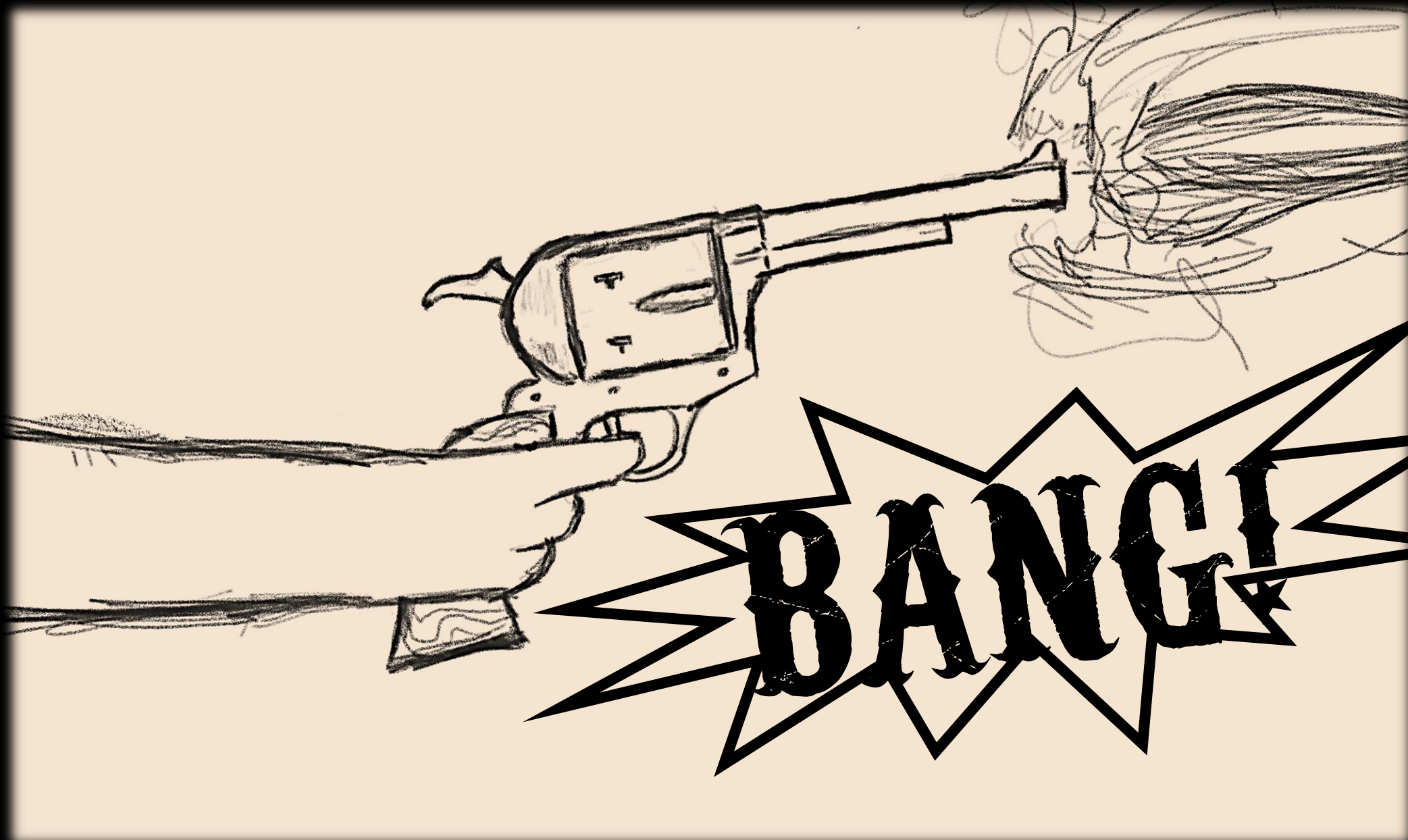
Unflapping, Cowboy Duck remains facing the barkeep, while steadily sipping his whiskey. The foul mouthed, stench ridden, and burdensome local sets to begin again, but this time it is he who is interrupted.

LISTEN HERE STRANGER, WE DON'T CARE MUCH FOR
OUTSIDERS. 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. YOU MAY
THINK YOU'RE THE BIG SCAT, BUT I RUN THIS TOWN!

NOW YOU BETTER GET 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 collapses slowly pushing away all previously present chairs and tables to create a thunderous sound.



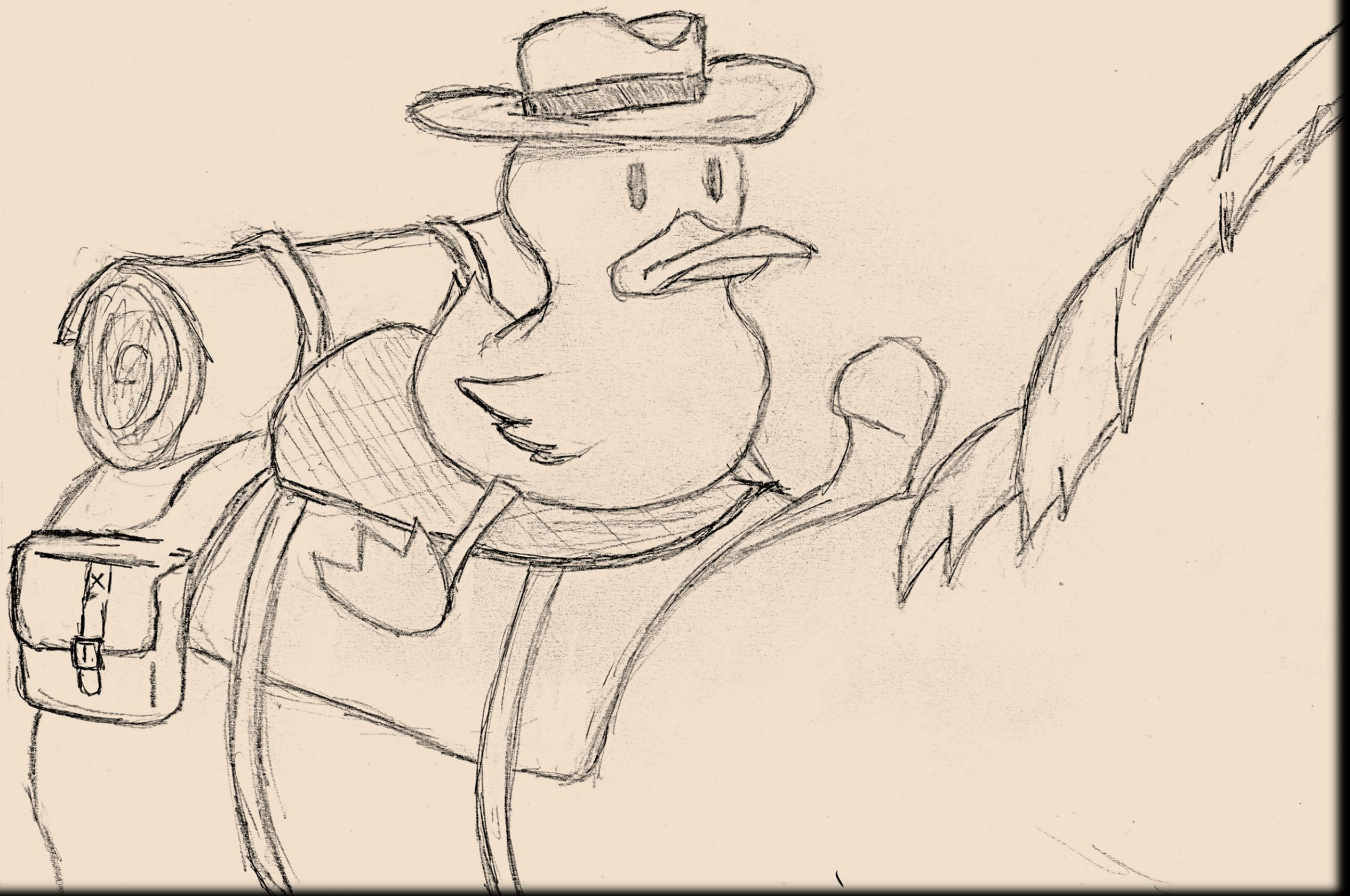
All saloon patrons not previously paying attention were now fully aware of the scuffle that had ensued. The barkeep, to full astonishment, recommends Cowboy Duck's immediate withdraw from the premises and ensures such an outcome by providing the recently exercised gunslinger with the information he previously necessitated.

MISTER, YOU BETTER HIGHTAIL IT OUTTA
HERE! IF IT TAKES KNOWLEDGE ON THE
QUICKEST ROAD TO RUIN, THEN I GUESS
THAT'S WHAT I'LL GIVE YA.

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
PHEASANT'S ROAD, YOU SHOULD BE ABLE
TO PICK UP HIS TRAIL.



With newly acquired knowledge, Cowboy Duck sets out toward Pheasant Road in the direction of the town of Possum. The tortured earth will delay him, the malicious travelers and town persons 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.



to be continued