

Dusty McHoofers Trots West

How one pony found a home



Chapter 1

Gullible Gulch



Dusty was glum, he was down in the dumps. The only greenery to munch in these parts was tough as old leather and sharp as a rattler's front fangs.

Dusty McHoofers decided to trot west in search of greener pastures.



Dusty was gitt'in mighty dusty. Wouldn't a lake or a river or even a little piddling stream be a welcome relief?

Well, what do you know? Dusty spotted some water, straight ahead!

WATER

But that water just up and disappeared right in front of Dusty's dry eyes. It was a mirage. Just a trick of the light in the heat of the desert.

Dusty's tummy started rumbling. He could eat anything. He was so hungry, he could eat a horse. Well.... maybe not, but possibly a prickly old cactus.

"Mmmmm. That one looks tasty," thought Dusty eyeing a tall saguaro.





Old Dusty decided not to tempt fate.
He saw cousin Marty wrestle a cactus;
it wasn't pretty.

The Golden Arches were within sight.
He heard of of those Arches before...was it true?



Why, they had a big arrow that said TROT THRU! "How can I help you?" the little box barked..

"I'd like a 10 gallon bucket of some sparkling Desert Dew."

