

Marshall Piggins 2

Nathan Greway

Bob The Cow Books
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Once upon a time in the western village of Hoggington, Marshall Piggins was eating a mustard sandwich. He finished the sandwich and got up, swinging his keys and whistling on his way back to the police station from his lunch break. On the way, he passed the jail where Outlaw Oinker had been held for over four years. Handcuff Hog called out to him. "Afternoon, Marshall!" Marshall waved and continued walking, eventually reaching the police station.

He sat down and continued working on the case he had been trying to crack all week. Several lawn gnomes from the garden outside the station had gone missing, and he was determined to find out why.

The only clues were muddy paw prints leading into the woods and small amounts of a mysterious green powder. In fact, every day more cases of stolen lawn gnomes were being reported from all over town. Marshall didn't know what to make of it.

He was still deep in his investigations when Sheriff Swiner walked up to him. It was closing time. Marshall decided to wrap it up and leave with him to get a drink before turning in for the night. After locking up the station, they walked over to the saloon and ordered apple juices. The bartender, Frank, served up the drinks, but just as Marshall was taking a sip, the door burst open, and OUTLAW OINKER stood framed in the light from the full moon outside.

Frank squealed and ran out the back, quickly followed by

the few other patrons in the saloon. “I knew you would escape someday. How did you do it?” snorted Marshall, setting his apple juice down carefully. Oinker started to walk towards Marshall, who was carefully concealing his hot mustard gun behind his back. “It was a genius plan, if I do say so myself,” Oinker began. “You know those missing lawn gnomes? I’ve been putting them between the bars and filling them with gelatin, which expanded them enough to eventually weaken them. When the hog wasn’t looking, I simply broke free.”

“Yeah?” replied Marshall. “Well, you’ll be back before dawn!” He pointed his mustard gun at Oinker, but before he could shoot, dozens of Oinker’s henchmen, hidden in the shadows, walked forward, all with mustard guns pointed at Marshall’s face. Marshall knew there was nothing he could do and looked for Sheriff Swiner for help, but Swiner was nowhere to be seen. Suddenly, a vent on the ceiling opened, and before any of them knew what was happening, Swiner doused all of Oinker’s henchmen in mustard, pulled Marshall into the vent, and closed it behind him. As Outlaw Oinker shouted, they ran across the rooftops out into the night.

“Great work, Swiner!” whispered Marshall as they quietly hopped between rooftops. “You deserve a promotion.” Soon they stopped on the roof of the general store to rest. “What are we going to do?” asked Swiner. “Oinker is after us for foiling his evil plot last time!” “We’ll have to come up with a plan,” schemed Marshall. “I’ll use the new SuperSpy67 surveillance drone I just got for the station to find out what he’s up to.” He connected to the drone remotely from his phone and carefully

maneuvered it over to the saloon and through the vent. They saw Oinker on the live feed, splattered with mustard, explaining the plan to his henchmen. “These lawn gnomes will help us to rule the town! Once they’re all filled with gelatin and loaded into my machine, they’ll expand, break, and cover the whole town with lime gelatin! And then the townsfolk will come crying to me for help, for only I have a de-gelatin-er big enough to coat the entire town. We need more lawn gnomes, my henchmen. Go out and burglarize them! Bring them back to my lair!”

“This is bigger than we realized,” Marshall squealed. “We need to stop Oinker before he sets off that machine.” They snuck over to Oinker’s evil lair up in the mountains while the moon was still out and waited for him to appear.

An hour before dawn, Oinker arrived with his henchmen. As Marshall shook Swiner awake from behind some trees, Oinker opened the automatic doors and trotted inside. Marshall had to act fast. He grabbed his hat and threw it at the door just as the last henchman went through. It got caught between the doors before they could close, allowing Marshall to open them, grab his hat, and sneak inside with Swiner.

Inside the lair, Marshall was stunned. Treasures stolen from a thousand robberies lined the enormous hallways. “So that’s where my spatula went!” mumbled Marshall, grabbing it as they walked by. They passed the integrated Sandwich Shop and found a map of the lair on a kiosk. “Look, Marshall,” said Swiner. “It says You Are Here.” “Aha!” he exclaimed. “At the end of the hallway is the Gelatin Machine room. That must be

where he's keeping that gelatin machine. But look! Guards." Lining the hallway were dozens of Oinker's henchmen, with mustard guns at the ready. "Don't worry, Marshall! I can take them all out," boasted Swiner. "No, Sheriff," replied Marshall. "There are too many of them. We'd be blasted with mustard and standing handcuffed in front of Oinker within the hour. I've got a plan."

They took off their hats and badges, stuffing them in their pockets. Then, with the utmost confidence, they appeared in front of the guards and started walking past. "Hey!" shouted one of them. Swiner looked pale as mayo. "Did you hear? Free sandwiches in the break room tonight. Oinker's throwing a party." "We'll be there!" Marshall stammered nervously, speeding up his trot. They reached the end of the hall without issue, coming across two big hogs standing in front of the door. "No entry right now, pig. Oinker's orders," said one of them. "Ah," replied Marshall, thinking fast. "We're on special assignment from Oinker himself! He sent us to check if the gelatin is mixed." The other hog looked suspicious. "The gelatin's already mixed. Didn't you see the email?" Marshall was frightened now. "Um, no! Must have missed it!" he murmured. "I see what's going on here..." said the hog. "You're new! Not on the system yet, huh? You guys gotta see Jerry about that during lunch. He'll get it sorted out. Come on through!" Marshall couldn't believe his luck. He quickly trotted through the doors, Swiner a half-step behind.

As the doors closed behind them, they gasped. There was the machine, larger than THREE Sandwich Shops stacked on

top of each other. It had a huge gnome-shaped container filled with lawn gnomes and a gun pointed down at the town. Behind it was a cauldron filled with bubbling gelatin. But Marshall realized something wasn't quite right. He looked up and saw Outlaw Oinker on top of a huge cage suspended above them! He let out an evil laugh as the cage came down on top of them, with no way to escape.

“Well, well, well, who do we have here?” Oinker chortled. “I knew you would come. I thought those hogs might let you in, so I devised a little trap of my own just in case. Looks like it paid off!” “You’ll never get away with this, Oinker!” snarled Marshall. “Not in a million years!” Oinker snorted and said, “Oh, but I will. As soon as this gelatin is finished boiling, I’ll pour it into the gnomes and shoot it out of my machine, covering the entire town. The townsfolk will have no choice but to make me king of Hoggington to get rid of it. See you in an hour for the big launch!” He pressed a button and started a one-hour countdown timer on the wall. Oinker trotted out contentedly, his plan finally coming to fruition.

Marshall and Swiner were left alone. Trapped in the cage, there seemed to be nothing they could do. Marshall sat down and whimpered. “What are you doing, Marshall? We’ll get out of this,” said Swiner. Marshall sighed. “Not this time, Swiner. He’s really got us trapped.” “Nonsense!” Swiner said with a smirk. “Look what I’ve got!” Swiner opened his hoof to reveal a shiny golden key. “Wha- how?” gasped Marshall in disbelief. “We have the same model of cage down at the station!” Swiner replied. “They all come with the same lock.” Swiner quickly

unlocked the cage and opened the door. They were free.

“Outstanding work, Swiner!” oinked Marshall. “You’ll get that promotion!” They made their way over to the cauldron of gelatin. Swiner turned off the burner, and it stopped bubbling. Marshall realized there was a problem. There was no way to dump out the cauldron. There was no drain, no bucket, and it was too heavy to move. The only way to get rid of it would be to pour it into the gnomes and shoot it over to the town. But Marshall was determined to find a solution. He ran towards the gun and changed the setting from “Jet” to “Mist.” “We’ll shoot all the gelatin to the town, just like Oinker wants,” squealed Marshall. “But we’ll redirect it to only one place! I have to make a call.”

Soon, Marshall got off the phone with Mayor Porker. The mayor called a town meeting and explained what Oinker was trying to do. “He means to cover the town! But thanks to our marshal and sheriff, we’re going to foil his plans.” He called all the townsfolk, big or small, young or old, to stand at opposite sides of the town, waving their arms to direct the gelatin mist to a great pool in the center of town. He gave Marshall the all-clear, but just as Marshall was about to hit the button, the countdown reached zero, and Oinker walked through the door. Seeing that they had escaped, he tried to call for his guards, but Swiner had already closed and locked the door behind him.

“What is this? Get back in your cage!” exclaimed Oinker, angrily moving towards Marshall. “I won’t stand for you and that sheriff ruining my plans again!” “Well, you’re too late,

Oinker,” said Marshall. And he hit the button, sending a fine spray of lime-green gelatin straight towards the town. “Haha-ha!” snorted Oinker. “You started my machine! My plan is in full effect! I’ll be king before sunrise!” “Not so fast, Oinker,” Marshall said with a smirk. “Take a look.” Oinker snorted and looked out the window, only to see the mist of gelatin above the town growing smaller before his eyes. The townsfolk were leading it towards the pool in the center of the town. “No! It can’t be! My gelatin... all my careful planning...” cried Oinker, staring out the window in defeat. But as Marshall was closing in to arrest him, Oinker turned around. “You’ll never catch me, Marshall! I’ll be back, and I’ll become king of Hoggington!” He jumped on the windowsill and fell down towards the mountains below. Marshall quickly looked out to see Oinker headed for a giant trampoline directly below the window.

But before Oinker could reach the trampoline, a helicopter appeared, and he fell straight into it. Handcuff Hog was there with a fresh pair of handcuffs, and he wasted no time in fastening them on. “Don’t worry, Marshall!” he oinked. “We’ll take care of him! Want a ride?” Marshall jumped in, followed by Swiner. They rode down into the center of town and got off by the pool, which was now full of lime gelatin. All the townsfolk were gathered around, and they started cheering for Marshall and Swiner. Handcuff Hog brought Oinker to a maximum-security prison, where all he had to eat was lime gelatin.

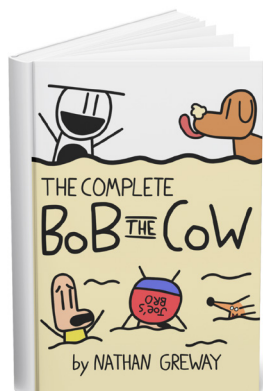
Mayor Porker walked up to Marshall and handed him the Key to the Town. “This town owes you, Marshall! You’ve stopped Oinker twice now. And Sheriff Swiner, how about a

promotion?” The townsfolk cheered and threw mustard in the air. It was time for the daily mustard parade, and the mayor asked Marshall to lead the parade. “No thanks, Mayor Porker,” Marshall snorted. “I need a mustard sandwich and a new case to crack.” He walked past the townsfolk swimming in the gelatin pool and towards the Sandwich Shop, which was glistening gold in the sunrise. Marshall licked his lips as he walked inside. “I’m gonna get EXTRA mustard today!”

The End



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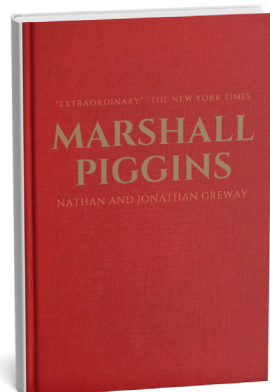


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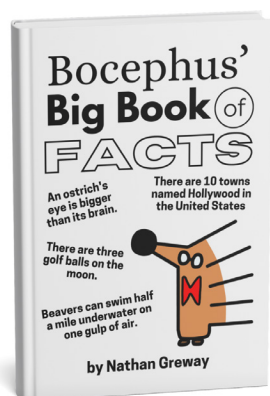


Marshall Piggins

Nathan & Jonathan Greway

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