

# Demon Revolver

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Demon Revolver  
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# *Dry Gulch, Arizona*

1895

Day after day I sit here, hands drawn, ready to withdraw some sort of story from the depths of my mind.

I am a scribe, if you can call it that. I work for a meager wage at the ramshackle of a paper, the Dry Gulch Post. I have now for the last five years conformed to the realm of a penniless world. This very saloon, where the local ragtag group of wannabe gunslingers cohort, has become a lexicon for an evil fraternity and wily upbringing.

To our own jaded merit, our town Sheriff, the incorrigible Clay Obsidian, rampages around town with a drunken destructiveness, smashing anything and anyone in his destructive path. His unique demeanor has caught the attention of our newly corrupt Mayor, a Mr. Randolph Larkin, a man born from the belly of the truest robber baron. His wealthy family spawned from the richest railroads and oil fields. Now, he extends his limited knowledge and power to our lazy town of Dry Gulch, which by sheer irony, sits atop prime real estate. It has been heard through our generations that several gold mines lay beneath our surface, waiting to be extracted. The recent gold rush of 1848 has brought many people to our area in search of the prime medal. However, our grizzled Sheriff has made a statement of no new visitors and has clamped an iron fist of justice around our town.

I am stuck within a remote and desolate place which rests a compass twirl south of civilization. In this rustic time, our town is faced with an incredible uncertainty. Our town's mayor, Randolph Larkin, has turned to the darkened coin of corruption, running the local gambling scene and whorehouses, turning a tidy profit. Our very own Sheriff Clay Obsidian spends too much of his life drowning in the local bootlegged liquors that are offered inside our very own saloon. Now comes word that a rogue gunslinger has set his sights on our dreary town. Our very own grizzled Sheriff urged the restoration of justice in the wake of this gunslinger's arrival.

The reward for his head has ballooned to 50,000 dollars, with many bounty hunters falling prey to his lightning-quick revolver.

The story unfolds that Derrick "Lightning" Coyle, a brutish, cocky gun-wielding sonofabitch, had grown accustomed to the wealth of gold hidden beneath our surface. His legacy has been storied for the last few years. Word had it that his possession of a demon revolver which never missed its target had fueled his murderous legend.

Our Mayor had sent word to another gunslinger, one long retired, in restless anticipation of his assistance. Crayton "Bullseye" McKenna had spent the last few years weathered and drinking up more than his fair share of bootlegged liquor in our prized saloon. At one time, he held his own with the one and only Billy the Kid, the notorious Jesse James.....even rode with Coyle until the youngster turned the tables on McKenna and shot him down cold, seizing the fabled revolver from his bloodied grasp for his own. Our Mayor needed muscle to protect his own agenda, and if McKenna could eliminate Coyle's threat, our Mayor would have the gold all to himself.

Talk about ironic conversation.

Coyle was expected at anytime and as I sat at a cracked wooden table with several stained

rings from my own glass of murky Scotch, I took notice of the aged gunslinger sitting at the bar, with a half-filled glass of amber liquid likely the same as my own in one hand and a bullet in the other. I summoned the fortitude to walk over and introduce myself.

As I frigidly approached the looming gunman, I took notice of his left hand which continued to jerk about wildly. The small etched bullet twirled and spun as the man's fingers kept it dancing about the pine wood bar. His dress was anything but professional: a well-worn stretch of pants, blackened boots with spurs dangling from the heels, and a simple frayed blue-striped shirt, tucked beneath a dusty maroon-colored vest sporting three large scratched gold buttons on the front.

"Are you gonna just sit there, or you gonna ask me a question?" His stringy voice provided the deflating prick to the swollen balloon of my expectations.

I fumbled for the right words. Of all the one-night stands with various ladies whose name I can never remember even if I tattooed them across the back of my hand, I always had a choice discussion for never calling them back. But, for some strange reason, I couldn't find the period at the end of a sentence sitting next to the aged hero I held in such high esteem.

"I ain't gonna be here all day," his voice again bristled against my psyche like cactus thorns. "I'm waiting for someone." He again drizzled Scotch down his large throat, his extended Adam's apple bobbed horizontally like a cork in water. And with that last lick of the grimy glass, he rested it on the bar and spun the bullet once more between his well-worn fingers.

"My name's Preston, Preston Wincott."

"Are you the scribe?" he asked me.

"Yes, yes I am." I always had a habit of repeating words under the pressure of extreme anxiety.

"I need a scribe to write my memoirs," he said with a grim tone. "I have many stories to tell, but only one will emblazon my legacy."

"I understand. I understand there's a potential problem in town," I inquired.

"That would be correct. This demon goes by the name of Derrick 'Lightning' Coyle." His eyes shifted about the saloon. "No sign of 'im yet." He went back to spinning his bullet.

"You want me to write your story?"

"Something like that. Listen kid, I can't offer you anything with monetary value," he paused. "however, you will reap the benefits tenfold once my story's published."

"I will write your story, Mr. McKenna."

"Very well then," he responded with a hearty slap on my right shoulder. "tell me what you know of my story."

I took in a deep breath and relived every piece of information I'd collected on the gunslinger, all thirty years worth of information. I ended it with the most intensely grotesque fact of them all: Coyle's arrogant disrespect for McKenna when he shot him cold, pilfering that prized revolver of his.

"Son, you definitely have my life story down to the ridges of a nickel," McKenna saluted my in-depth account. "But you still have one more story to tell."

The ink was still wet on my diary's parchment, waiting to finalize my words. "When do we leave?" I asked, adding a few more twists and turns into my staggering prologue.

