



Forum: Challenges & Duels

Topic: Duelling - Throw down the gauntlet and have at it.

Subject: Re: Run... Bok...Bok...Bok...

Posted by: Guest

Posted on: 2004/10/14 21:10:14

So my challenge letter wound up in Jr????????s junkmail box as spam eh? That????????s actually pretty funny????????depending on how you look at it????????

The stocky man in the trail-worn raincoat flipped the dust off the brim of his earthen hat. The crowds pressed in around him, churning like ocean chop and making about as much sense.

???????M0rgag3 Rated???????? ???????V1a5ra best p r l C 3 5!???????? ???????Free Ru\$\$ian sati11itE???????? ???????Last chance for you may ha74 already W O N!???????? ???????Bridge for rent!????????????????

He shoved his way back on his shoulders into the press of them and drug an ???????X???????? before him in the trampled dirt with the toe of his boot. A rifle rose to his hip and [fired into the air](#). The crowd froze for a heartbeat at the rifle????????s report.

????????Junior!???????? He bellowed as the cacophony broke around him. ???????I????????m calling you out!????????

And then he turned, and walked away, the crowd of salesmen parting before each of his slow, deliberate steps.

The old town????????s saloon doors screeched open. An orange head popped out, haphazardly decked in a wisp of orange hair.

????????WAT???????? The little gremlin screeched as he dropped from his chair to the crowded boardwalk. ???????Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!???????? He waived the cackling sales folk off with a gnarled stick as he waddled out into the dirt street. ???????Whachuwan, losty????????

The highwayman turned, raised his rifle back down the street.

Salesmen scattered at the sight of it.

He pulled the trigger.

????????Clack!????????

And nothing.

The little gremlin????????s face-wide toothy grin quivered.

????????HA!???????? The orange man spat. ???????Nuuu bullets yoo bringin! Me show you, dumpy dust-eater!???????? He began to grumble and stomp, waving his walking stick about wildly.

Storm clouds began to gather overhead as the stranger sheathed his rifle, turned, and began walking away.

????????Sho you vagrant!???????? The orange man continued foaming at the mouth, his spell slowly winding up. ???????Dare call McDEATH I tell yoo????????????????

The stranger continued walking.

????????Own town!????????

Wind rising through the stranger????????s coat.

Slow, deliberate steps.

????????Friggin bumbs!????????

Walking.

????????Sho yoo!????????

Thunder curling off the horizon.

Walking.

Time froze.

Alright, the street is set. Jr and I've agreed on the following terms: Powergirl, any model, any pose, regular gallery (non-adult), 2-month time limit, may take any liberties with the costume so long as the judges can recognize her as "Power Girl" at a glance, 100k file size limit.

Let fly the madness.

Ok, who wants to judge this? Billy's partial (having beaten me in my last duel, my win against Jr. would up his pecking-order rank too). The rest of you 'usual suspects' are all game.

-D.M.