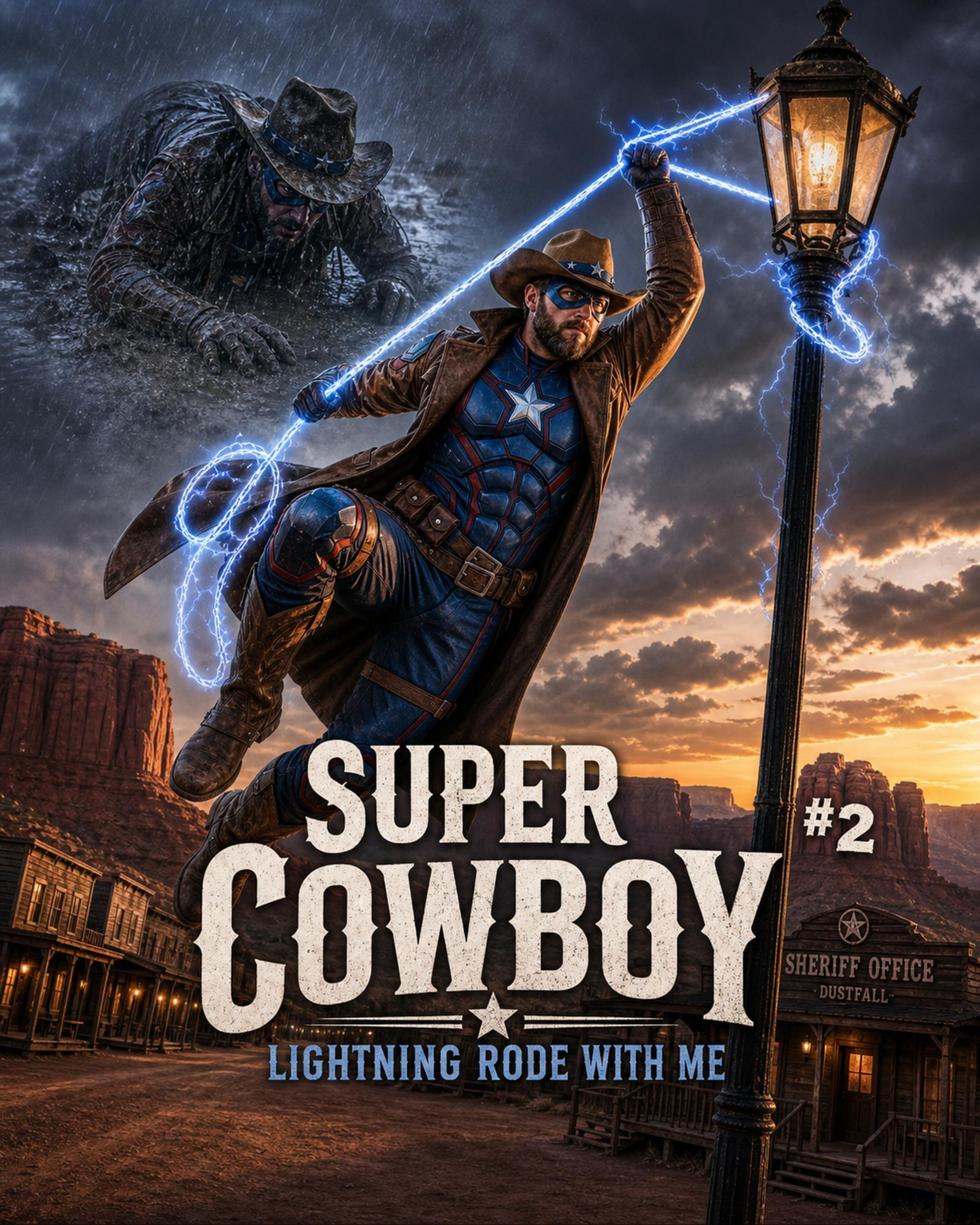




SUPER COWBOY

#2

LIGHTNING RODE WITH ME



By noon, Dustfall no longer looked up in fear when blue light crossed the street.



Super Cowboy swung from lamp post to lamp post as easily as other men crossed a porch.



He ran the rooftops, boots hammering sunbaked planks.



When he flipped over main street, the whole town cheered.



He landed
at the sheriff office
where Dustfall ended
and Red Mesa Canyon
began.



The crowd's cheers
faded behind the
creak of the porch
boards.



In his hands,
the Light Lasso
hummed like a storm
trying to remember
its own name.



It had changed
his life on the night
he thought his life
was over.



Before Dustfall
called him Super Cowboy,
he was only a lost man
on foot in a desert storm.



Rain turned the trail
to thick red mud.



Lightning struck
so close it knocked
him flat on his back.



Then blue light
shone from
the crater ahead.



The blue light
broke apart into
floating sparks.



The sparks circled,
braided, and became
a rope made of
lightning.



The Light Lasso
rose from the
puddle and dropped
into his hand.



Power surged through
him until his eyes
burned blue.



He whispered,
"What are you?
What is this
power?"



The storm
answered before
the lasso did.



Bolts began
striking faster,
each one closer
than the last.



He ran because
standing still
meant dying.



Mud flew behind him
as blue particles sparked
from every step.



A near strike
taught him the
first rule of
power: focus.



Town waited
beyond the canyon.



He ran toward it
faster than fear
could catch him.



Lightning hammered
the ground in front
of every step.



At the canyon mouth,
he leaped before the
biggest bolt could
take him.



The memory ended
where the duty began.



At his desk, Super Cowboy
looked down at the lasso and said,
"You saved my life, so now I save
the lives of others."



A woman burst through
the office door:
"Super Cowboy!
We need you!"



His eyes glowed blue.
He raised the Light Lasso
and grinned.
"I'm on my way."

