

Sixes Wild: **THE
BLUFF**



TEMPE O'KUN • SIDIAN

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Wolves're civilized folk, but only just. For the rougher sort, modern times just mean bigger, steel claws. Pair this up with their keenness to run in packs and you'll find few willing to dust off with them. Even fewer who live to do it twice.



Sheriffs never seemed much fun—least that's what I thought as a wide-eared little fluff. That opinion's faded in the Arizona sun since shooting this one. He came out of it fine. Shooting's just a way a' saying hello, really; though I aim to be the one to say howdy first.



"GET UP."



"MISSED THE FINE COMPANY."

"DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE COMING BACK TO TOWN, SIX."



"YOU'D BETTER LET US HAVE THE BUNNY, SHERIFF."

"YOU DON'T WANT HIM."



"SCRAWNY LITTLE THING WOULDN'T GIVE YOU TEN MINUTES OF DISTRACTION."



"HE'S OURS, SHERIFF. HE CHEATED US."

"IS THAT SO? SEEMS HE LEFT YOU A GIFT TO APOLOGIZE."

Wounds me some to see all that money go. 'Course, those wolves'd wound me more if Sheriff Blake hadn't met the going price of their honor. The bat's been through too much lawsome schoolin' to keep from using his silver tongue. Not that I mind terribly...



"BARKEEP, BRING THESE FINE LUPINES A ROUND."



PLACE HASN'T CHANGED SINCE I LAST PAID A VISIT. I WONDER IF BLAKE'S SEEN TO FIXIN' THAT LOCK?



"JUST LOCKIN' ME UP? NOT EVEN A TRIAL?"

"IT'S FOR YOUR OWN PROTECTION. THOSE WOLVES'LL BE GONE IN A FEW DAYS."

CLINK



"FOR MAH PROTECTION, OR YOURS? SEEMS YOU LIKE KEEPIN' ME LOCKED UP."

In all my years a' thievery, I've only seen the inside of one cell. Last time, I had to remind Blake which side of the bars we're meant to be on. How in tarnation the lawbat keeps track of his own trousers is beyond me.



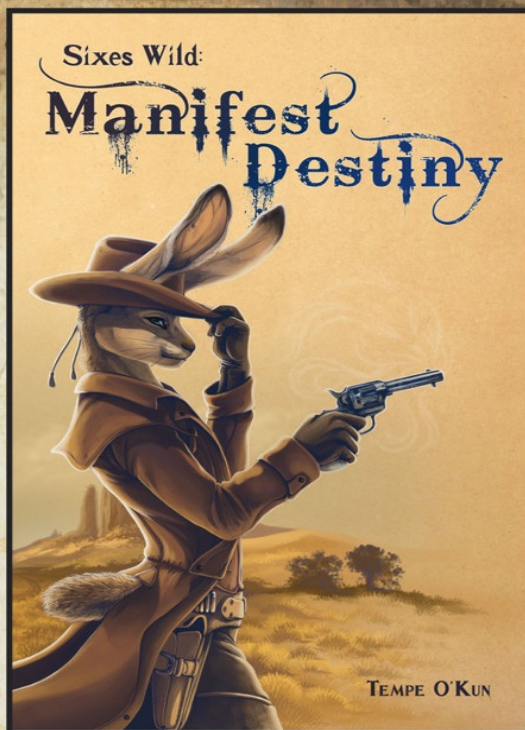
Never been the sort who needs protectin', though now and again the wings of a certain lawbat do make a bunny feel safe. Seeing as how I dynamited half the local landscape last time I spent any real time here, I'm nine kinds a' fool for coming back. But then, I've never been the reasonable sort.



The dead echo through heirlooms of the living, stronger here than back East. Some say it's because death runs close as a shadow in these parts. My father's ghost echoes through these guns, leading me to all manner a' trouble. Funny, then, that the biggest trouble of all didn't need the help of any echoes.



I'm trouble. I'm a thief, a gambler, and free as wind over sunlit sand. But no matter how gone I get, I end up back in his wings.



On the Frontier, death runs close at hand—so close, some say the dead linger on as echoes in family heirlooms.

Armed with her late father's guns, a sharp wit, and a quick pair of paws, the gunslinger known as "Six Shooter" is drawn to the town of White Rock seeking what she thinks is another easy bit of larceny.

Instead she finds a power-mad lion with a vendetta against her dead father and a disturbing interest in mining rock with some very dangerous properties.

Now on the run, her only chance at survival is to work with the local sheriff, a handsome fruit bat who knows her secret. Together, they must fight to uncover the mystery her father left behind, or watch their luck—and their lives—run out.

Read more about the shared history of Six and Blake in the novel *Sixes Wild: Manifest Destiny* by Tempe O'Kun, with cover and interior illustrations by ShinigamiGirl.

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