

From Six Gun Terrors by Fred Adams Jr.

On the ride back from town, Miss Sarah was as bubbly as she had been on the ride in, talking on and on about the dresses she planned to make and the occasions she planned to wear them. McAfee nodded and occasionally put in a word of agreement but generally let her run on. He was distracted by his thoughts about Penrod and the Starry Wisdom sect and by anticipation of what looked to be one hell of a storm coming up behind them. Every time he looked over his shoulder it seemed that the dark division on the horizon was just a little bit thicker.

“Oh dear,” said Sarah, “what’s that?”

Ahead, McAfee saw the Dayaks’ wagon cocked at an angle across most of the rutted road. A wheel had come off and Tulang and his men stood staring at it as if putting it back on were some impossible puzzle. McAfee would have driven the buggy around them, but this stretch of road was flanked on either side by deep gullies sure to catch the wheels.

Tulang and his men turned in unison to face the buggy, no smile nor greeting, and a warning bell sounded in McAfee’s head: Trap!

Before he could even move, naked Dayaks boiled out of the gullies on either side and swarmed over the buggy. They screamed in keening banshee voices that sounded like a chorus from hell. McAfee pulled his pistol and fired right into the face of the first one to pull himself up to the seat. The monkey head exploded in a spray of blood and brains.

Sarah screamed in terror and McAfee turned to see the horse rear up, blood dripping from a dozen wounds as the Dayaks ripped and tore its flesh with their pointed teeth. They swarmed over the shrieking animal in such numbers that they pulled it to the ground and savaged it like a pack of ravenous wolverines, eating it alive.

They sank their fangs into the desperate animal and shook their heads like terriers with a rat, tearing out hunks of flesh and spattering the ground and each other with bright red blood.

McAfee stood and fired his pistol into two of the Dayaks that had grabbed Sarah by the arms and were pulling her from the seat. Tulang stood apart by the wagon, arms folded, watching his minions do his bidding. McAfee swung his pistol and aimed it at Tulang’s head. “Die, you son of a bitch!” Before he could pull the trigger, McAfee fell from the buggy, tackled from behind by two of the sweating naked men.

One locked his legs around McAfee’s waist from behind and clawed at his face.

McAfee pointed the colt over his shoulder and fired, blowing the creature off his back, and as he wrestled the second one, a third ran at him with a club that was surely a human femur and smashed it across his forehead. McAfee staggered backward, sagging at the knees. He was nearly deafened by the gunshot, but not so much that before he passed out he couldn't hear Miss Sarah whimpering and calling his name.