

Sheriff Georgie



and the
**Rinky Dinky
Rascals**



By
**Martin
Gray**

For Michelle and our Lucy Georgina.

With thanks to my ever-supporting friends and family.



***In the far away land of Yonder, past the forest of the Flomflom trees,
there's a dusty old town named Cooksville.***

***Folks there are called 'Cookies'. Some are good, some are bad,
and some are just rinky-dinky rotten.***

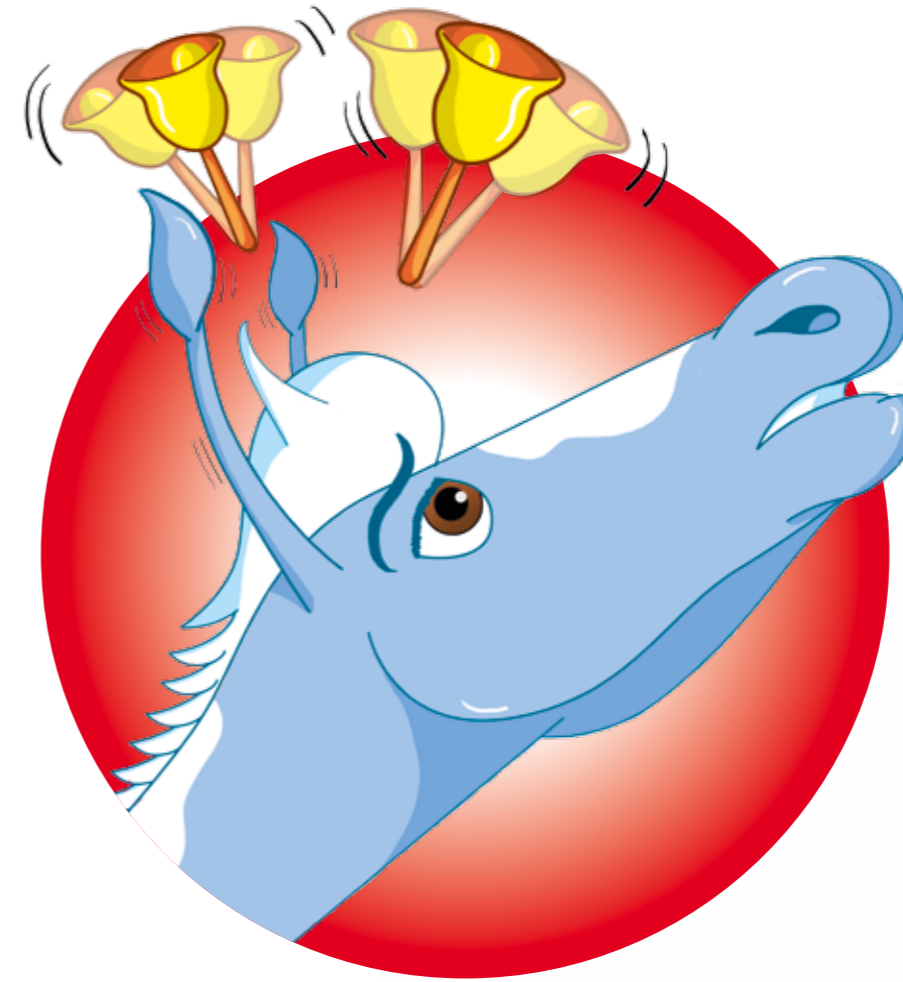
***The sharpest little Cookie of them all is Georgie Green,
and she's the town's sheriff.***

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One bright, golden morning
Sheriff Georgie enjoyed the warm
sun on her cheeks.

Everything was calm
and quiet in Cooksville.



Suddenly Bluey's ears
started to ring loud
and fast!

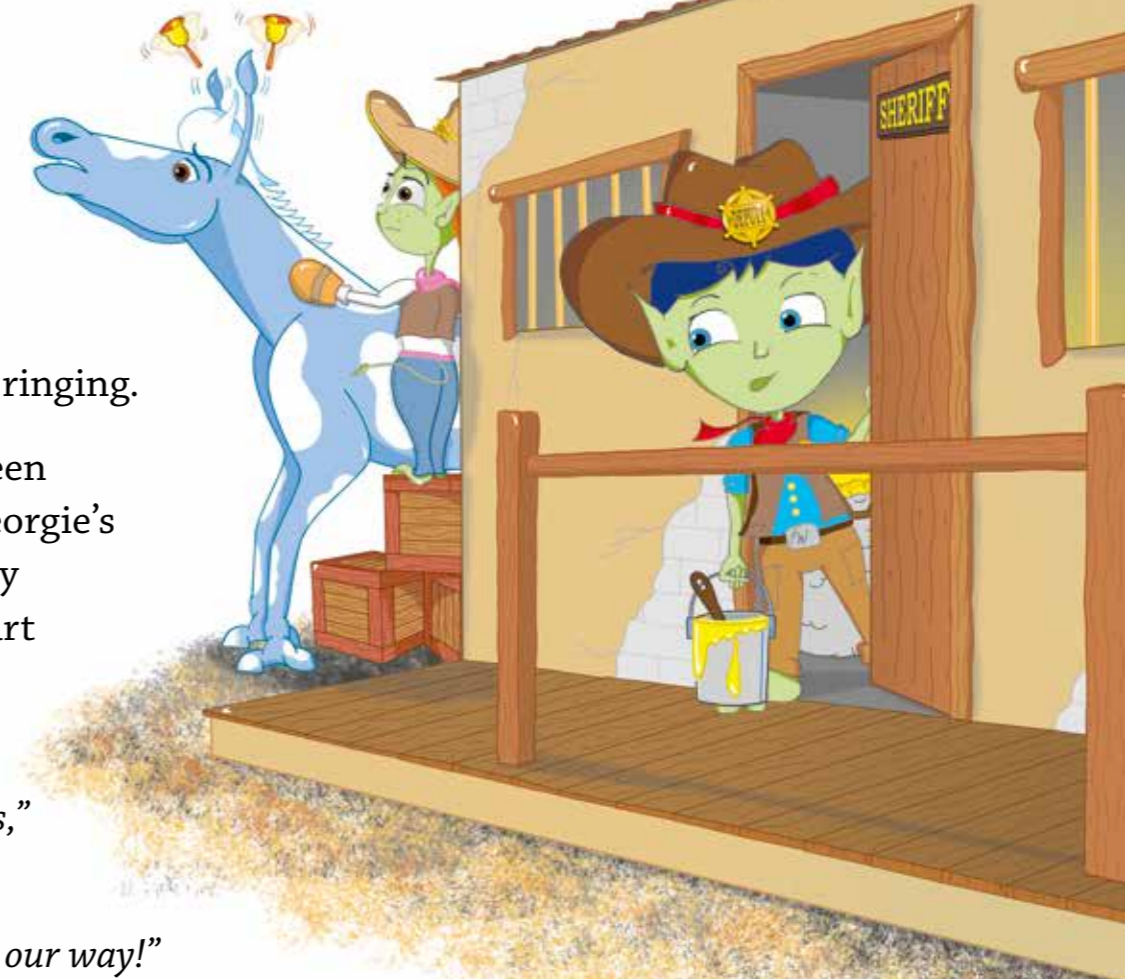
A pony-pung's ears
only ring when
trouble is on its way.

"What's wrong?"
Deputy Will asked,
when he heard the ringing.

Deputy Will had been
painting Sheriff Georgie's
office – it gets dusty
and dirty in this part
of town.

*"I can see the pesky
Rinky Dinky Rascals,"*
said Georgie.

"And they're coming our way!"



PLOP!!



... straight into
a heap of
hot, steaming,
ponypung dung.

Ralph laughed.

He laughed so much his
jelly belly **WOBBLED.**

It **WOBBLED**

and

WOBBLED,

until his old lady
skirt slipped down.

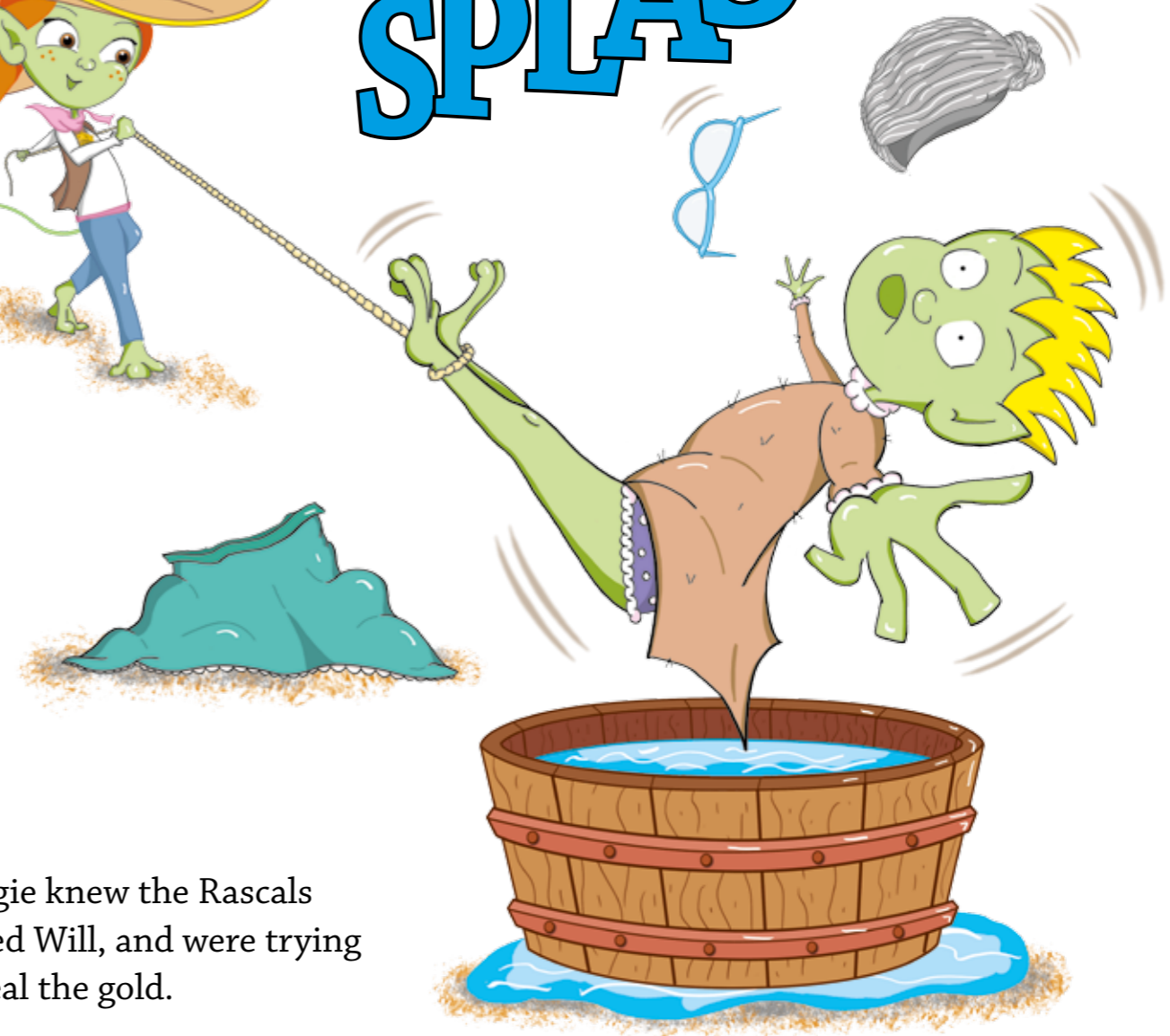


Sheriff Georgie saw Ralph laughing and quickly lassoed his legs.

She pulled the rope...



SPLASH!!



Georgie knew the Rascals
tricked Will, and were trying
to steal the gold.

*“Get outta here you tricky
tricksters,” she laughed.*

“And pull your skirts up as you go.”

But Sheriff Georgie knew they would be back. The Rinky Dinky Rascals do not give up easily.

The barrel hit the cart's front wheel with perfect timing.

Dirk shot out like a bullet.

Shot out of the cart.

Shot out of his dungarees.

Shot up high into the air...



SCREECH!