

Ursel Scheffler

Cowboy JOHNNY COOL



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<https://itunes.apple.com/de/book/bildergeschichten-mit-johnny/id541613358?mt=11>

The Bull on the Bridge

Johnny was the coolest cowboy in Bull City,
and his horse, Clever,
was the fastest stallion on the prairie.

Johnny could leap from the ground into the saddle
and accelerate from zero to a hundred
in three seconds.

Johnny knew everything that a cowboy has to know.
From a hundred yards, he could shoot a nut out of its shell.
He could spin his Colt revolver on his finger,
and pick a cherry from a tree with his lasso.

One day Johnny was following a Texas longhorn
which had already speared
more than one cowboy with his horns.

Johnny chased him to the hanging bridge across the canyon.
It was so narrow in the middle that the bull got stuck.

Johnny tossed a fat melon onto each dangerous horn,
grabbed the critter by the tail
and brought him home backwards.

That's how cool Johnny Cool was!

The Bank Robbers

When Johnny Cool slept,
he snored louder than a sawmill.

“Hey! Johnny! Wake up! Bandits! Bank Robbery!”
cried the sheriff one morning.

But Johnny didn't wake up.

A crowd of farmers stormed out of the saloon

bellowing at the top of their lungs:

“Hey! Johnny!”

“Wake up, Johnny!”

“You’re the fastest cowboy in the West.
You have to follow them.”

Finally Johnny did wake up.
He rubbed his eyes,
buckled on his Colt,
and sprang into the saddle.

Three seconds later,
only a dust cloud was to be seen.

Johnny suspected where the robbers were headed.
To the Mexican border!

One of the money bags had a hole in it,
and now and then a silver dollar dropped out
and sparkled in the sand.

Just as night began to fall,
Johnny spied riders in the distance.
The robbers!

“Shh -- slow down, Clever,”
Johnny whispered.
“We’ll surprise them in the dark.”
He guided his horse into a thicket.

The bank robbers made their camp
in the shelter of a rock wall.

“We’ll catch up with them tomorrow, Clever.
When they cross the river.”

Next morning at sunrise,
Johnny was watching the river.

When the robbers were in the middle,
he fished them off their horses
with his lasso and tied them up.

One after the other.
All five.

Then he found their horses
and delivered them all,
with the money bags,
to the sheriff.

That's how cool Johnny Coo was!

The Big Rodeo

All the cowboys from far and wide
came to the big rodeo in Bull City.

It was a popular event,
with contests and horse racing.

The farmers roasted pigs
and oxen on great spits.

The farmers' wives sold potatoes
and corn from the grill.

The girls wore their newest hats and dresses.

The most beautiful animals and best riders
were awarded medals.

Then came the last event.
Whoever could ride *Poncho*,
the wild black stallion,
for the longest time
would win the "Golden Bull" from Bull City.

Three cowboys from Texas
were the talk of the rodeo.

They stayed longer than anyone else
on Poncho's back.

And Johnny Cool?
He was more interested in the beautiful Jenny

than in wild horses.

“Come on, Johnny!”
pleaded the farmers from Bull City.
“Let’s show these braggarts!”

“Doesn’t suit me right now,” Johnny said.

“You scared, Cowboy?”
sneered one of the Texans.
“You’d have to do better
than five minutes!”

“Can you even ride?”
taunted another.

“Actually, I would like
to show these fellows up,”
Johnny said to Jenny.

“You’re a better rider
than anyone else,”
Jenny murmured.

“Five minutes?” Johnny Cool asked,
going slowly toward the three.

“For every minute longer,
there’s an extra dollar!”
cried the largest of the Texans.

“Wouldn’t have it any other way,”
Johnny sighed.
He called into the stall:
“People! Send Poncho out here!”

The fiery stallion ran into the arena.

Johnny observed him closely and waited . . .
until the animal was somewhat calmer.

Then he climbed the fence.

“The coward doesn’t even dare try,”
jeered the Texans.

At that moment,
Johnny made a daring leap
onto the back of the horse.

Poncho reared and bucked.
Johnny hung onto his mane.

Then he rode around and around the arena.
Ten minutes, fifteen.

He rode and rode.
The Texans were long since silenced,
and even secretly impressed.

That’s how cool Johnny Cool was!

The McRoy Gang

Once a band of horse rustlers
came to Bull City
and stole Farmer Ray’s horses.

“That was the McRoy Gang,”
growled the sheriff.
Dangerous fellows!
Get Johnny Cool.
He’s in the saloon.”

“Doesn’t suit me right now,”
Johnny Cool said.
“When I’m winning so nicely.”

Then he pushed his cards aside.
“Sorry, boys. Duty calls.”

At the horse corral,
Johnny found the footprints of five men.

The blades of grass

were still bent toward the west.

But the tracks leading from the river
were almost dry.

“Well, my friend,
they have a three-hour head start,”
Johnny said.
He and Clever
headed out over the prairie.

At a watering hole, they took a rest.
Clever drank the river half empty.

Then they continued at a gallop.

They startled some vultures
gnawing on a carcass.

It was late afternoon
when Johnny finally discovered the rustlers.

They were camped next to the ruin
of an old pony express station,
cooking chile for supper.

“I’m going to make their chile a little spicy,”
Johnny grinned.

He reached into his saddle bag
for some little orange pills
he used to tame wild bulls.

Johnny loaded his Colt,
aimed, - and shot the pills
into the middle of the chile kettle.

McRoy’s gang sprang up.
But all they saw
was a dust cloud
disappearing in the
distance.

“An Indian who wanted to scare us?”
McRoy wondered.
“We’re in Apache territory
here.”

“Should we go after him, boss?”

“Nah. The fellow’s long gone over the hills!”
McRoy said.

Hungrily, the men dived into their dinner.
They drank their sarsaparilla,
gobbled their chile,
and told stories until the sun sank behind the mountains.
They could hardly stay awake.



They rolled themselves in their blankets.
All but a watchman,
who climbed onto the roof of the old postal station.
They were soon sound asleep.

When they were happily snoring,
Johnny came back.
He pulled the watchman off
the roof with his lasso.

Then he took the weapons
from the other bandits
and undressed them
down to their flannel underwear.

He packed up their boots, weapons, and clothing.
Before he rode off,
he looked with satisfaction at the sorry band.

Before they reached the next town,
they'd have blisters on their feet
and a very nasty sunburn.

Farmer Ray was first to see Johnny return.
He cried: "Johnny Cool's back!
With all my horses!"

"Johnny, you're the best,"
laughed the farmer's daughter Jenny
and gave him a kiss.

"It was nothing," Johnny said.
"I could practically do it in my sleep."

That's how cool Johnny Cool was!



The Search for Proof

A jail wagon bumped through Little Town.
Curious, Sheriff Stone came out of his office.

Two border rangers climbed down.
“Do you have smugglers in the wagon?”
Sheriff Stone asked.

The rangers looked him and laughed.

“No! A bunch of half-naked renegades!”

“Are you crazy?
The whole town will be in an uproar,”
cried Sheriff Stone, shocked.

“No, no! It’s McRoy’s band.
Burned bright red, with blisters on their feet,”
grinned the border rangers.

“Holy cow! Look what you’ve corralled!”
cried the sheriff as he saw the half-naked gang.
“Lock them up! Immediately!”

“Hey! My name is Rabbit.
I don’t know what’s going on,”
McRoy swore.

“It’s all a mistake!” claimed the others.

“A masked man robbed us!
Here’s his neckerchief.
That’s the proof,” cried McRoy.

“Oh my goodness!” said the sheriff.
“That neck scarf belongs to Johnny Cool.
Bring him in.”

Fast as lightning, Johnny Cool was there.
With five pairs of boots.

“These are the boots of the thieves.
They exactly match the footprints
in Farmer Ray’s corral.”

“But these boots don’t fit us!”
said the robbers.
And it was true,
because their feet were so swollen.

But Johnny kept his cool.
He whistled for the sheriff’s bloodhound and told him:
“Search, Snooper, search.”

Snooper sniffed one of the boots
and found the owner immediately.

“There’s your proof, friend,” Johnny said.
“It’s your boot, all right.”

That’s how cool Johnny Cool was!

