

Marshall Piggins

Nathan & Jonathan Greway

Piggins Books

Once upon a time, in the somewhat peaceful town of Hoggington, there lived a marshall. Marshall Piggins was his name, and capturing crooks was his game. One day, Piggins was hungry. He got on the phone with the Sandwich Shop and ordered a cheese sandwich with extra mustard.

Piggins hung up, knowing that not ordering mustard was considered a serious crime in the western village of Hoggington. Besides, he loved mustard.

One nap later, the sandwich arrived

at the doorstep. Not hearing the doorbell, Piggins kept on snoozing. But as the sandwich guy walked away, an evil presence lurked out of the shadows! It was Marshall's arch nemesis, Outlaw Oinker! He laughed with an evil grin, and snuck over to the sandwich. Carefully unwrapping it, he took a napkin and he maniacally... diabolically... WIPED off the mustard with a single swipe! He snuck away, off to commit more horrible crimes...

Meanwhile, Piggins woke up. He saw the sandwich on the doorstep and grabbed it, taking a big bite out of it. He thought it tasted a bit odd, but didn't think much of it. Piggins went to the facilities and his jailer, Handcuff Hog, came by. He took a look at the sandwich, and noticing it was cheese, wanted to see if it had any mayonnaise on it. He opened the top bun and gasped loudly! He saw the most horrible sight he ever saw! There was no mustard.

Outlaw Oinker was strolling around town wearing a clown nose.

Everyone passing by tipped their hats, not recognizing the criminal.

Suddenly, Handcuff Hog came running out out of the police station shouting, “MARSHALL PIGGINS AIN’T GOT MUSTARD!”. At

first, the townsfolk were too stunned to speak. But then one shouted, “We can’t let this monster destroy our mustard-loving ways!”

The townsfolk immediately grabbed pitchforks and torches and marched towards the police station.

Marshall was just leaving the facilities when he looked out the window. “Hm?” He oinked, “Is the daily Mustard Parade starting early today?” Sheriff Swiner burst through the door and snorted, “Marshall! The townsfolk think you don’t like mustard!” “But I do!” exclaimed Piggins. “This must be the work of Outlaw Oinker!” Now, at this very time, the notorious Outlaw Oinker had made it to his lair, and was now watching the chaos erupt through his Snorty Ultra-Epic 47K HD Supreme TV.

“Bwah ha ha!” he laughed through his Cheese Snaps, “My evil plan is working perfectly!” Suddenly, the short segment ended, causing the story to move back to Marshall Piggins and Sheriff Swiner.

Swiner and Piggins ran outside to try to catch Oinker, but stopped suddenly when they saw the angry mob. “Quick! To the train station!” squealed Piggins, and they rushed there just in time to see the last train of the day rolling out of the station! “We’ve no time to lose!”

yelled Swiner over the noise of the train. “Let’s hop on the back!”

They did, and quickly made their way to the top of the train, just in time for the mob to jump on the back. “GET THEM!” someone shouted, and the mob began to run towards the train. “Let’s go!

They’re after us!” oinked Piggins, running to the front of the train, followed closely by Swiner. They reached the front just as one person in the mob reached the top. Piggins and Swiner started climbing the smoke stack, with the mob running

towards them. They were trapped! Their only hope was to jump. The train was heading toward a lake, so Marshall and Swiner leaped off the train. Marshall did a cannonball while Sheriff Swiner flailed wildly and ended up doing a belly flop. The mob was stunned, but not for long. They jumped after Marshall and Swiner, but they had already swam to shore and climbed a tree where the mob couldn't see them. They waited until the mob got tired and went home, then fell asleep.

The next morning, Marshall woke up and devoured all but one of his mustard packets. Marshall realized that they were roughly six feet from the town border. He shook Swiner awake, before jumping down from the tree and onto a bush, followed by Swiner. Suddenly, a net fell down onto both of them, trapping them. The angry mob of townsfolk leaped out of the other bushes and trees and tied them up. They were brought back to town and thrown into the Jail for Mustard-Hating Citizens.

There they sat awkwardly until Handcuff Hog brought them to a large warehouse. An enormous cauldron filled with a boiling hot liquid stood in the center of the room. They saw someone squirt a bottle of spicy brown mustard into the cauldron. Marshall noticed a window and quickly hatched a plan, as they were tied to a long rope and hoisted above the mustard. They were slowly lowered as the crowd chanted, “SAC-RI-FICE! SAC-RI-FICE!” They were about to be dropped into the pot, when Marshall

grabbed his pocket knife and quickly cut the rope. He and Swiner grabbed it just before they fell, and dangled there. The townsfolk started squirting boiling mustard at them so they would fall! Marshall started swinging back and forth. When they had gotten enough momentum, they swung through the window, shattering glass out into the streets. The mob crashed through the door of the old Sandwich Shop. Marshall and Swiner ran as fast as they could, but the townsfolk flung spoonfuls of

spicy mustard at them until they were forced to surrender. They were taken to the railroad tracks and tied to them. As the townsfolk readied their boiling mustard cannons, Marshall asked if he could have one last meal, and pulled out his last mustard packet. He tore off the top and squirted it into his mouth. The crowd erupted in cheers! But suddenly, Marshall saw a train coming towards them! When it got closer, Marshall saw the conductor was Outlaw Oinker. Handcuff Hog tried to untie the

knots, but they wouldn't come undone! Suddenly, Gus from the Sandwich Shop had an idea! Everyone took out every last mustard packet in their pockets and simultaneously squirted them at the train. The mustard gummed up the engine, and the boiler exploded in a mustardy mess! All the townsfolk cheered once more, and Handcuff Hog cut the rope with Marshall's pocket knife, setting him and Swiner free. Marshall jumped on the train and arrested Outlaw Oinker! The townsfolk hoisted

Marshall and Swiner on their shoulders and paraded them back to town, while Oinker was unceremoniously dragged in a sack behind the group.

Back in Hoggington, Marshall got some mustard and ate the rest of his day-old sandwich with it, and all was well. Meanwhile, Oinker was hatching up an escape plan involving a box of lime gelatin, a blender, and sixty-two lawn gnomes...

The End