

**TWO WESTERN COWBOY  
SALOON FIGHTS  
SHORT STORIES**



**WRITTEN BY AI**

# **TWO WESTERN COWBOY SALOON FIGHTS**

*by*

**ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE**

and

co-author, proof-read and edited by  
**PIETER HAASBROEK**

*Published by:*

**TREASURE CHEST BOOKS - PUBLISHERS**

Strand Mews

Strand

2024

## **TWO WESTERN COWBOY SALOON FIGHTS**

The cover sketch was designed using the AI-powered tool DALL-E 3 (openart.ai), while the ebook's story was developed using the advanced AI platform ChatGPT (chatgpt.com). These two Western short stories are being released in ebook format for the very first time.

The copyright for these stories is reserved and cannot be reprinted or distributed in whole or in part without the publisher's written permission. Reprinting includes any electronic or mechanical form, such as e-books, photocopying, writing, recording on tape, or any other means of storing or accessing information. All characters and events in this story are purely fictional and have no connection to any living or deceased individuals.

**TWO WESTERN COWBOY SALOON FIGHTS**  
by digital AI software and co-author Pieter Haasbroek

ISBN 978-1-7764911-6-2

Published by:  
Treasure Chest Books - Publishers, Strand Mews, Strand 7140  
South Africa

Copyright @ Pieter Haasbroek (2024)  
Online Store: <https://panther-ebooks.com>  
Website: <https://www.softcoverbooks.co.za>

## SUMMARY

Dive into the rowdy, brawling world of the Old West with two thrilling short stories capturing the spirit of cowboy camaraderie and chaos. In **Three Cowboys Walk Into a Bar**, three iconic cowboys, Big Hank, Long Tom, and Quick Jimmy, stroll into Coyote Gulch's saloon for a drink, only to find themselves taunted by a gang of roughnecks looking for trouble. The resulting bar fight is an unforgettable showdown, showcasing the trio's unique skills in a brawl full of smashed chairs, whirling fists, and unexpected humor.

In the second story, **The Great Bar Brawl of Buckshot Saloon**, another dusty town faces an even bigger brawl when local legends and newcomers clash in an epic, no-holds-barred battle. With witty dialogue, thrilling action, and a setting that brings the Western saloon to life, these stories offer a lively and action-packed escape to the days of the Wild West. Whether you're drawn to high-stakes confrontations or the camaraderie of tough cowboys, these saloon fights will keep you entertained till the very last swing.

## EXTRACT

Taking advantage of the moment, Long Tom picked up a broken table leg and used it like a spear, jabbing at anyone who got too close. His reach was so long that he could keep multiple attackers at bay without breaking a sweat.

Quick Jimmy, meanwhile, had somehow found a lasso and was using it to great effect. He twirled the rope over his head, catching one cowboy by the ankles and yanking him off his feet. With a flick of his wrist, Jimmy sent the man skidding across the floor and crashing into a pile of broken chairs.

But the gang wasn't giving up. One particularly determined cowboy grabbed a pool cue and swung it at Hank, aiming for his head. Hank caught the cue in one hand, snapped it in half, and used the two halves like drumsticks, banging them against the cowboy's head in a rapid-fire rhythm that left him dazed and confused.

## 1. THREE COWBOYS WALK INTO A BAR

The sun hung low in the sky, casting long shadows across the dusty town of Coyote Gulch. The town wasn't much, just a handful of wooden buildings, a general store, a saloon, and a jailhouse, but it was the kind of place where stories were born. And today, a tale was about to unfold that would be told and retold for years to come.

Three cowboys rode into town, their horses kicking up dust as they made their way down the main street. They were a peculiar trio, each more unusual than the last. The first was Big Hank, a mountain of a man with shoulders as wide as a barn door and arms that looked like they could snap a tree in half. His face was weathered, but there was a glint in his eye that said he wasn't a man to be trifled with.

Next was Long Tom, a lanky fellow whose legs seemed to go on for miles. He was nearly as tall as Big Hank was wide, with a reach that made him a formidable presence. Despite his slender build, Tom was strong as an ox, and he had a reputation for being quick with his fists.

Finally, there was Quick Jimmy, a wiry cowboy with a spring in his step and a mischievous grin. Jimmy wasn't as big as Hank or as long as Tom, but he was fast, lightning fast. And he had a secret weapon that most folks didn't know about: he was a black belt in an ancient martial art, a skill he'd picked up during a stint in the Orient.

As the three cowboys tied their horses outside the saloon, they exchanged a glance. They'd been riding hard for days and were looking forward to a drink, maybe a bit of gambling, and definitely some relaxation. But this was Coyote Gulch, and relaxation was a rare commodity.

The saloon door creaked open as they walked inside, the hinges protesting the intrusion. The place was dark and smoky, with the smell of cheap whiskey and sweat hanging in the air. The piano player in the corner stopped his playing for a moment, glancing at the newcomers before resuming his tune, a slow, melancholy melody that matched the

mood of the place.

Big Hank, Long Tom, and Quick Jimmy made their way to the bar, where a surly looking bartender with a handlebar mustache was polishing glasses with a rag that looked like it had seen better days.

“What’ll it be, boys?” the bartender grunted.

“Whiskey,” Hank rumbled. “And make it strong.”

Tom and Jimmy nodded in agreement, and the bartender poured three glasses of amber liquid, sliding them across the bar with a practiced flick of his wrist.

The three cowboys raised their glasses, clinking them together in a silent toast before downing the whiskey in one gulp. It burned on the way down, but it was just what they needed after a long day on the trail.

As they set their glasses down, a group of men at a nearby table caught their attention. There were five of them, rough-looking characters with scruffy beards and mean eyes. One of them, a particularly burly man with a scar running down his cheek, sneered at the newcomers.

“Well, well, well,” he drawled, loud enough for the entire saloon to hear. “Look what the cat dragged in. A bunch of pretty boys thinkin’ they’re cowboys.”

His companions chuckled, but the three cowboys at the bar didn’t react. They’d been in enough towns and enough saloons to know how these things went. Usually, it was best to ignore the provocations and finish your drink.

But the burly man wasn’t one to be ignored. He pushed his chair back and stood up, swaggering over to the bar with his gang following close behind. “You boys lost?” he asked, his voice dripping with sarcasm. “This here’s a tough town, and we don’t take kindly to strangers.”