

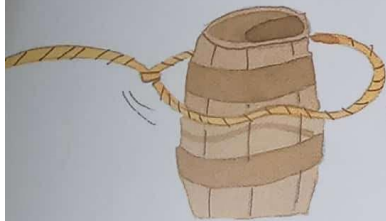
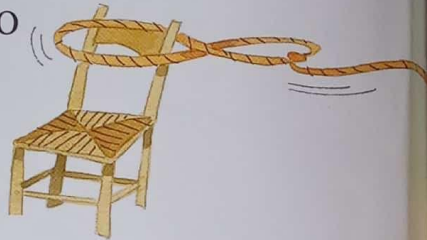
## Chapter 3

# Wanted!



Chuck Parker wanted to be a cowboy on a ranch. Every day, he worked with his lasso.

His pa, the sheriff, wouldn't let Chuck lasso cows. So Chuck had to make do with chairs...



barrels...



fences...

and even Dusty,  
his dog.



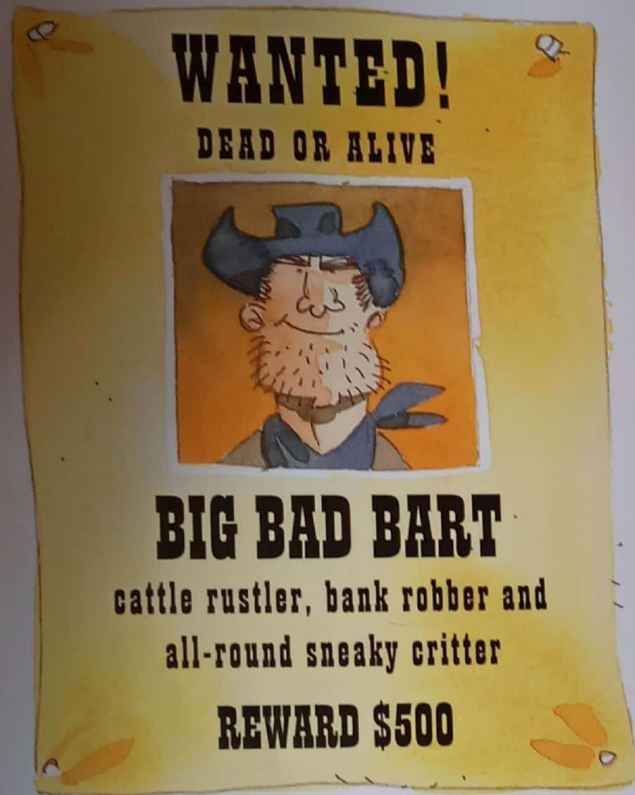
Yelp!

Sheriff Parker didn't want his son to catch cows. He wanted him to catch crooks.



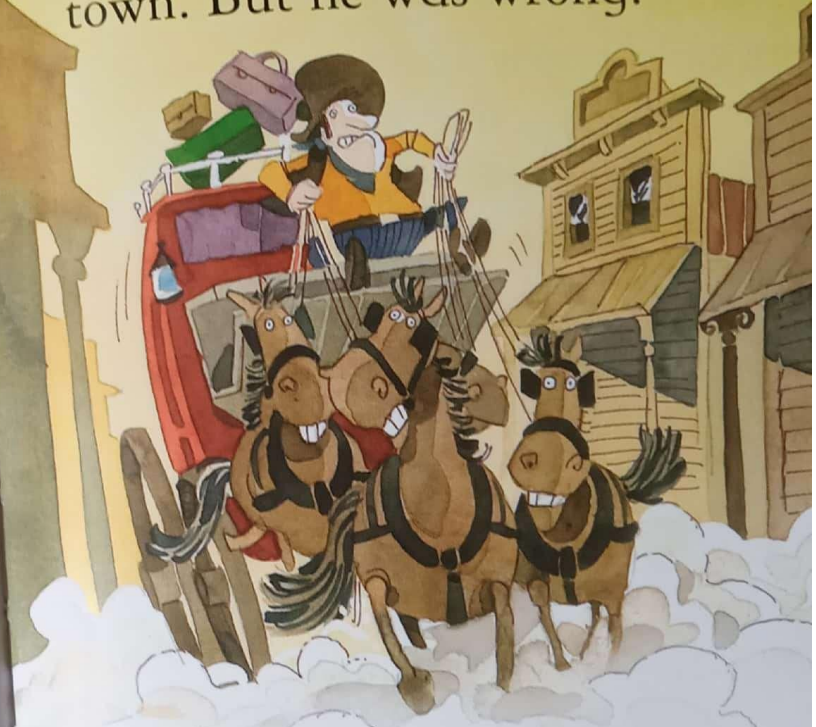
"Stop wasting your time with that rope," he moaned one day. "Take a look at this."

Sheriff Parker pinned a poster to the jailhouse wall.



“Keep a lookout for this varmint,” warned Chuck’s pa. “He’s wanted all over Texas.”

Chuck didn’t think Bad Bart would ever visit their sleepy town. But he was wrong.



The very next day, a stagecoach pulled into town. The driver ran into the jailhouse and grabbed Chuck’s pa.

"I've just been robbed, Sheriff," panted the driver. "He got away with six bags of gold coins."



"What did the robber look like?" asked Sheriff Parker. The driver turned to the poster. "That's him."

Chuck gasped. Bad Bart was on the loose nearby. "He headed for Snake Creek," said the driver.



"I'll get your gold back," said Chuck's pa. He climbed onto his horse and rode off.

Chuck waited for his pa to return. He waited all morning...



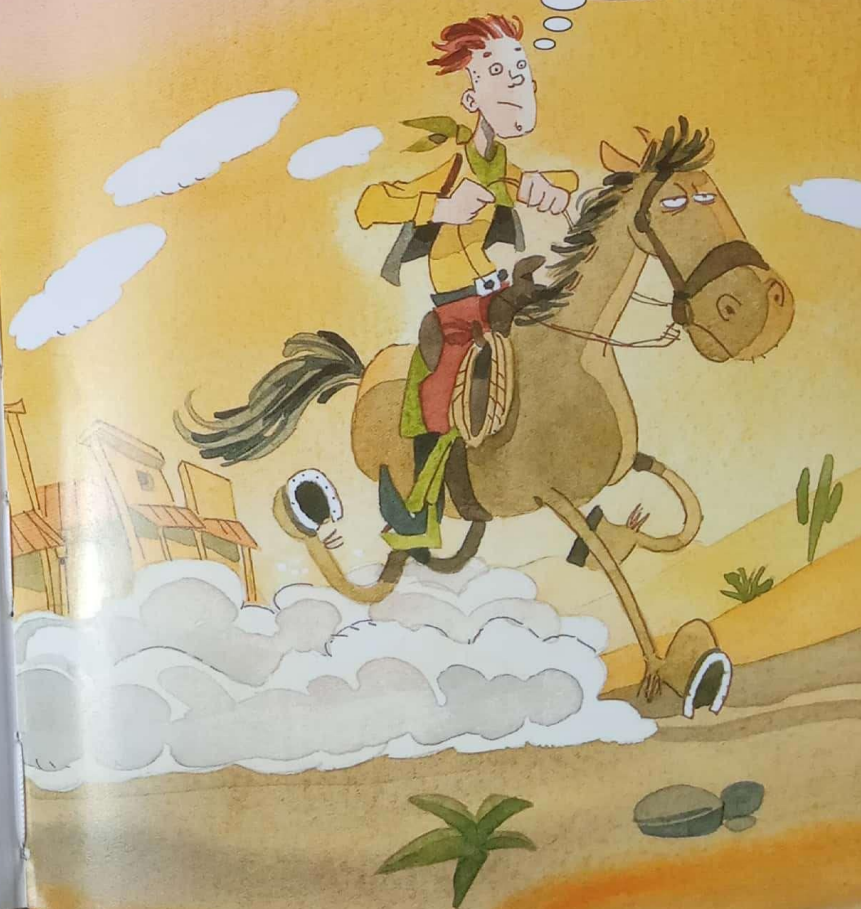
all afternoon...

and all night.



The next day, Chuck was too worried to wait any longer. He rode to Snake Creek as fast as he could.

I just hope Pa is okay.



Snake Creek was a spooky, lonely place. Chuck looked behind every rock and cactus. There was no sign of his pa.



Chuck had almost given up when he smelled smoke.

The smell led him to a small campfire. His pa sat nearby, all tied up. Chuck ran to him.



"What have we here?" growled a scary voice. Chuck turned to see Bad Bart towering over him.

“Okay Bart,” said Chuck nervously. “Let my pa go and hand back the gold.”

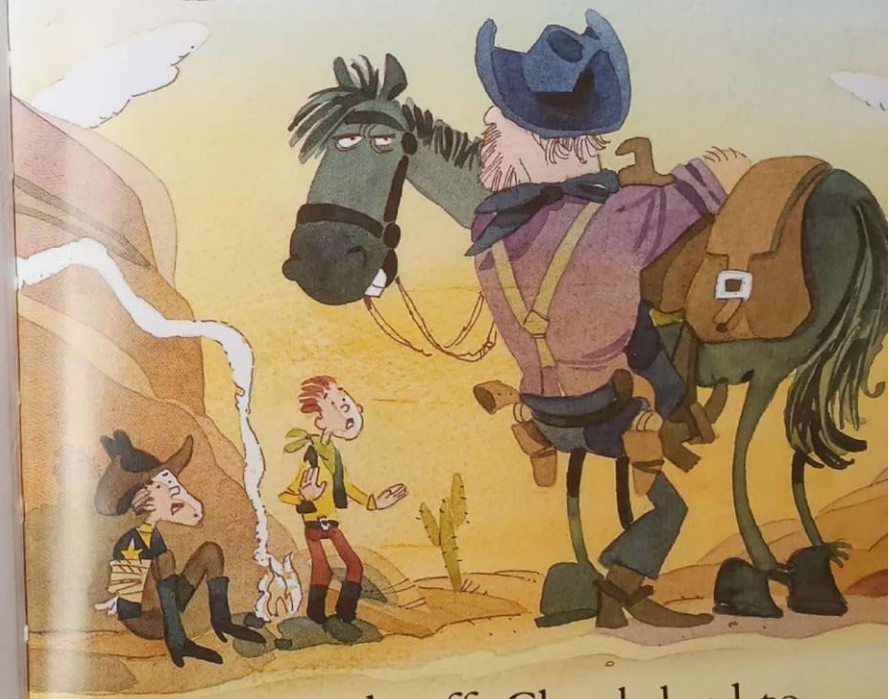
Bart roared with laughter.

Ha haa!



“Or what?” He chuckled. “Your pa couldn’t stop me and neither will you.”

“Time for me to leave camp,” Bart shouted, shoving bulging bags of gold into his saddle bag.



Bart rode off. Chuck had to work quickly. He untied his pa and made a loop in the rope.

Chuck swung the lasso and threw it over Bart. With a sharp tug from Chuck, Bart came flying off his horse.

Waaaah!



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Bart ended up in jail. And Chuck decided that catching crooks was even more exciting than catching cows...



especially after his pa made him Deputy Sheriff.

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