

# The McNulty Brothers. by HK Mayfield



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Comic number one in the series the McNulty Brothers. More to follow.

The McNulty brothers are identical twins. 26 years old, polite and intelligent. Born in 1885 in the American West, at the time of upheaval with the Red Indians, their start in life had not been an easy one. They had been orphaned at the age of six. Their parents, an Irish immigrant couple, had been killed in a train derailment accident and the twins had been shipped off to an orphanage. They stayed there for about 6 years, learning two major lessons, if nothing else: one - how to fight to protect themselves, and two - how to tell the difference between a nickel and a dime, so that nobody could cheat them.



At the age of twelve, they were adopted by a loving and caring preacher by the name of William Morton. He already had a family of his own: a wife named Maud, and two adolescent daughters by the names of Caitlyn and Emily.

They lived on a sizeable farm in a large well-built stone house with plenty of room for the family and guests. They employed a full-time farmhand by the name of Luke, who acted as a mentor, teaching the twins the ways of a farm and its stringent requirements.





Then there was Uncle Ginger, Mother Maud's brother, a favourite with the boys because of his crazy sense of humour, and his knowledgeable advice.

Another member of the household was Jacinta, a young English/Spanish twenty-two-year-old housekeeper and governess to Caitlyn and Emily. She had a shack of her own on the property for when she wanted some privacy.



Along with the preacher, Luke, the farmhand, instructed the twins on how to shoot, hunt and fish. Preacher Morton also encouraged them to take advantage of his large personal library. This they did with relish, to help overcome the long winter nights with nothing much to do. They would often stay ensconced in their bedrooms, absorbing the information.



Or they would throw themselves into learning how to play a musical instrument. This had always been a yearning of theirs.





Luke had taught them both how to play the guitar, a great way to enable them to entertain others.



What had come to light was the incredible natural hand-to-eye coordination that both boys had. They were both 'Dead-eye Dick' shooters with a handgun.



As they began to mature, they would often go into town to have a drink and play a friendly game of cards with other locals.



Occasionally, there would be an odd disagreement with a bit of arguing, leading to a punch-up. But nothing too serious. Young Dan was known as Tear-Arse the Bandit, because of his hyper-impulsive ways. He would love these incidents, as he would steam in and practice his pugilistic skills.



Michael McNulty, the elder of the twins by one hour, was known as Dirt Box Mick, who had gained his nickname because of his foul-mouthed expletives, unless in polite company, and his use of dirty tricks to escape trouble. He was as capable, but not as reckless as Dan. Then again, they were always up for a party or a dance.



They also had a very close, loyal and reliable young Indian friend named Straight Arrow. He spoke very good English. He lived close by in a small Indian community that had already accepted the position and rule of the white man. They just wanted to live in peace, keeping to themselves and being left alone.



They would often meet up at a nearby water hole to swim and ride on the rope swing.



But they would spend copious amounts of spare time together fishing, hunting and trapping, camping in the woods.



But there were times when they would have to flee from the odd angry bear.





But then again, there were times when the only way to get some real peace and privacy in the family home was to claim the bathhouse and the tub for a while, dreaming about capturing and taming a beautiful wild Palamino horse which was the leader of an equally wild pack of horses known to occasionally roam past their property.



The twins had seen the horses close by one evening when they were out fly-fishing. They could not believe the beauty of the Palamino and wished that they owned it to ride.





**To be continued in Comic Two!**