

In a grave without slab looms the bald head of a rogue screaming blue eyed. Aside him an Indian prays on knees pummeling the ground and waving arms to the black sky. Six riders on their mounts beheld the burial. The owl hooters somewhere, shrilled growls and wild stomps stirred their horses. 'Ho-ho-shoot...' They turn to gawped on the porch of a rickety hut the buried corpse shuffling with mad guttural motion towards them. 'Ho-ho-shoot... Ho-ho-shoot...' The riders shoot at him clamorously. A woman screams under the brushing fire, a black rider galloping upside down above the red-orange moon across the desert.