



LIFE OF SAMPSON WARBOOT

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CHAPTER I.

“VIOLENCE OF THE STORM”

Violently a snowy blizzard whistled its venom loudly through thickening depths of falling snow upon everything, covering of these mountains, in a world of sickly freezing.

The sky showing out in a nightmare's white bleakness unfolding in sheets, lowering visability to a mere couple of feet, allowing the howling wind to be driving little pieces of snowy substances molded in a cauldron of the coldest hell, to smother like thickened clouds of unhealthiness.

Pulling apart in sheer menace what small rays of the sunlight managed to struggle through the shortened light of this awful day, watching a near dead man lead his old trusty horse called Ben, trying to get them both to safety, escaping from violent vigorousness of hounding elements, seemingly to be sitting right on top of them, of cold air they breathed.

The man, Sampson Warboot, was so close to nearing imminent failure of his waning strength, had to keep going, the end of his life was looming, looking straight at him, he thought about his Deedrie, calling to him, to find him, lost in the storm, heaven on earth was Deedrie, his woman, his adored wife, one of god's wonderfully perfect angels put on this earth for him to love, idolise, as a tear loosened itself of suddenness from his eye, before it froze to his cheek.

His chest heaved in weeping over Deedrie, he wanted just once more to have her looking at him from the warmth of his arms, Sampson Warboot wondered would he ever see his Deedrie again, or would he be left with fading scenes of her face as he died in this freezing cold blizzard.

Sampson Warboot's inner fortitude rose to the fore in taking away all his thoughts of his dying, focusing all of his intentions on Deedrie, his getting back to her arms, be held in the embrace of living, to feel her breathing, hear her sexy laugh, clearing his mind of not making it out of the storm.

Another flex in very tired, sore, leg muscles, a strive for life, was taken to lunge forward in an awkward way of struggling to keep himself erect for maybe it was only a few more miles to get out of this ravaging storm, or he would be dead, his chance to life, he would not, allow, to be blowing away in this terrible swirling snowy wind fighting him.

Sam and his horse were struggling against the beastly blizzard, driving the thrashing maniacal tendencies in utter depriving winds, intensely blowing deluges of icy clouding out the sky, yet not one little piece of sunray broke through the strangle hold the storm held over the atmosphere, light of the sun was closed off by takeover of the blizzard.

Sampson Warboot had trapsed across these ruggedly wild mountains a few times, gaining learned knowledges of hidden dangers, to almost every trap mother nature laid out for every inexperienced traveller, to befall them.

The majestic scenery of the mountains, held a sinister side to being, the cost of getting across in horrendous times, became too high for some, the payment for failure was a life, in their sometimes squandering, the things most revered to them, in their quest to safely traverse, innocent mountains.

Sam knew he had become readily acquainted with most of the safest ways to get between the passes, to use in connecting passages between trails, perfectly able to use on any reasonable day, but this was no ordinary day, it was like night had been superimposed onto the daytime, with a very dimming visibility, made by the heavy falling snow.

Faced with a conundrum, Sam knowing he was not in normal type weather, yet how did he fail to read the signs of surrounds of the mountains, even though the area he was in was snowbound, he was still a good enough frontiersman to be able to get himself out of this deadly situation, how in the hell did he become lost, queried him.

Starting to question himself, if there was something he had overlooked, or missed, which contributed in leading him to where he was now, Sam could think of nothing, not a thing, all his faculties told him he had done everything in a perfectly acceptable way, no, he was not at fault.

It becomes sadly funny, what a man will hide from himself in time's of adversity, refusing to admit his owning responsibility, until the facts speaking for themselves, told him, pronouncing, in a tiny whimper of truth struggling to be heard above the clattering of differing thoughts.

'In the sheer arrogance of ego, you have let yourself down Sam, from getting a better part of common sense, to better handle the situation, you have been easy hoodwinked like you always are, you know you are so inclined to never admit to any sort of defeat, even if it was going to kill you Sam, you are too cement headed to listen to your inner self because, yes there was a few somethings, in this abysmal mess you have gotten yourself into, that is your own fault, own up to them, try to figure our a way out of here'.

Sam would never admit to himself it was his fault, 'no I had not been swayed wrongly by my troubling ego to be out in this wildest storm, I chose to be out in this storm, be hunting down a fugitive, which is my job as marshal, why am I having this stupid conversation with himself, I must be going mad with being lost, miserably cold, near dying'.

He vastly overestimated his mountain skills, to Sam kidding himself, was a seasoned mountain man, unknown to Sam his so called skills were only average at the best of times, and those times were in good weather not in this bad squalling air sucking blizzard wanting to suffocate him.

Blind addiction to himself doing no wrong, allowing himself to be fooled into following his wayward senses of not knowing the intoxication's early madness, assured Sam, he would lead himself free from becoming lost in ugliness of the blizzard, wrongly thinking he was vastly experienced in his superiority of dealing with these simple mountains of their often eerie quirks of nature, he knew all about.

Except now he was lost, in a most destructive violent storm, in false bravado assuming he was quite capable of defending himself against this blizzard, he very very slowly struggle on, sometimes his mind would go blank, in leaving him in a stunned moment being unaware of his surrounds of forgetting for a few moments what he was thinking about.

It was so strange to Sam, how he became lost, yet no way could he figure out why he was lost in these mountains he knew so well, 'what was going on, how in heavens name did I ever become lost, having all faculties about me, why was I lost, I had never been this lost before', keep playing over, over, and over, and over, until Sam managed to break free of the holding of the thought with a great deal of effort.

Sam had no idea, then again did he, no he did not, or did he, he kept arguing with himself, until a soft breakaway thought asked him, 'are you so stubborn, you wouldn't tell the real facts to yourself', these hiding facts were already beginning their push into his thoughts, again and again, but Sam being Sam, kept dismissing them, until he couldn't.

Summarising his predicament in his mind to placate himself, bringing on his hindsight from reserve for backup, coming into the picture's equations to wholeheartedly agree with himself, saying it was perfectly ok to try crossing these favourable mountains in such rapidly deteriorating weather.

In another visit from his own vast falsified wisdom, it telling Sam what he wanted to hear in soft words spoken by himself, cleared Sam of all due responsibilities of him ever becoming hopelessly lost being his fault.

Suddenly a bright sizzling light made Sam twist his head from side to side, never expected his hindsight to hotly argue with himself, reiterating how it was so stupid of him, in attempting extremely perilous, ever so dangerous, really foolhardiness of silly actions, he had taken landing them in freezing weather very close to death.

'No one forced you to take the actions which landed us in the deepest peril, you're the only one here responsible Sam, I had nothing to do with it, you know that, it is you.

To try using the trails in such weather, blocking clear sight, it was a stupid action to be taken, exceptions given to damndest greatest biggest fool called Sampson Warboot'.

Which visably upset Sampson Warboot with himself, he resented his thinking, becoming stuck on the real why of the situation's cause, knowing it all belonged to fate, but his thinking showing it had nothing to do with fate, but fault.

Deep in his soul Sam slowly admitted to himself, to having the slightest niggling sensation, maybe, just maybe, it was indeed his own fault, he owned the responsibility of his badly faulted reasoning, leading him straight to meeting the demise of his life, in the senseless, ridiculous, all of his own stupid doing.

'Oh no it was not, it couldn't be, how the deuce could I hold myself in such contempt to even think for a moment I am to blame, no its damned fate's fault causing this storm, getting me lost'.

Sampson Warboot being such a strong willed person, a hard headed type of will, no listen character, can't be told person, rejected his own advice as to why he was in such a catastrophic dire circumstances as he was right now, to this very moment, but Sampson would have no part of it, even to himself, there was just no way was he going to shoulder the blame, guilt was not going to nest on his shoulders, Sam was so adamant to himself, even if it killed him.

Desperation of moments were having Sam in a most perculiarity of time, arguing loudly with himself, reaching for his gun to shoot the storm, leaving his gun where it was, in its holster his hands too cold to work the trigger properly.

Mentally challenged Sam going in and out of strange hallucinations, thinking his hindsight was a real live person, talking to him in madness of his rapidly approaching death, Sam staving off death all he could, his mind unhinged of its mooring, wandering all over the place in grabbing pieces of nonsense, weaving into a rational way of looking at things.

Sam's hindsight spoke to himself of the total idiocy of being out in a fierce snow blizzard, yet again, an argument erupted as always in loud confrontational yelling, swearing.

Sam shouting at himself told hindsight it was none of his business what his thoughts were, “this storm would easy blow itself out in no time at all they usually do, because this particular snowy blizzard, the doozy ultimate granddaddy of snow storms, it stayed in force longer than other storms that ravaged throughout the year, it was simple as catching fish, the storm would fizzle out sooner rather than later”.

No excuses Sam put to hindsight, were good enough to convince hindsight of anything, suddenly finger-pointing at Sam, talking in rabid tones abruptly to Sam, suggesting to Sam, “that maybe it was indeed himself, making nothing but unintelligent mad fitful, really stupid dreadful decisions, to go out in a storm hellbent taking his own life, he should have reconsidered his silliest forey into this fiercest hellish storm, it was utterly reckless of him to be out in a freezing cold situation for no other reason, hold on, hold on.

Yep, that's it, could it, yes it should, must be taken as your suicide attempt on your part, to take your own life, end it all, Sammy you should have just shot yourself in the head instead of loosing yourself in snow freezing to death, what a wanker you are, dying instantly by a bullet is much better than lingering for hours or days in the snow suffering in the cold, waiting to die, come on now Sam, unwrap your large smelly loads of bullshit in becoming lost, there was no real damn lost about it, was there, it was a suicide attempt, don't you agree Sam, I know I do, and I know you better than you think I do”.

“Suicide, suicide, what the dickens, why do you infer to me I might be suicidal, are you mad, Christ above I have no reason to commit suicide, I have my whole life ahead of me to enjoy, loving Deedrie, how can you suggest suicide”.

Hindsight had told Sam before, now repeating again, 'Sam, for god's sake will you listen to me for a change, just listen, only person standing right beside you with a loaded gun to your head, making you do all the things you should not have been doing, is yourself, can't you see that it is true, take a gander at yourself, you are so real truly going crazy, Sam you are fucked up, admit it, you desperately want to commit suicide, do away with yourself and me to'.

“Oh go fuck yourself hindsight, go fuck yourself, I am sick to ever listening to your codswallop, shut the fuck up, just shut up you dorky cunt, what would you possibly know that I don't”, unbeknowing to Sam, his deteriorating sad mental state had brought him to ending point of suicide, just pulling back at the last second by the voice in his head telling him not to carry out his sick twisted brain's plan of dying out in the snow, save himself, go home to Deedrie.

Sam was responsive to be at his home resting in front of a nice warm crackling fire, cuddled up with a deliciously nude Deedrie, making love with her by a bright fire's glow, matching their own glowing, infinitely more appealing than letting himself die freezing to death in a blizzard.

As quickly as the sensible thoughts appeared to Sam, the malevolent side of his brain swept them away, replacing his correct ones with perverted damaged thoughts in taking over control of his thinking processes, telling him it was not his fault, to be caught out here in this fierce of indescribable coldest blizzard, Sam agreed, would not have any of it was his own fault, blaming fate, quick changes in weather, any number of coincidences to shine a spotlight away from his many short comings, that Sam never faced up to in the real truth, making him a strange man to have around sometimes.

“Hindsight, it was in no way my fault, it was all fate's doing, anyway who's in charge here, it is all so well, in your so fucken smart attitude, when you look back in judgement on any decisions I have made at the time, now you want to dismember all my decisions, one piece at a time, you can go get fucked, fuck yourself hindsight, you are the fucken smart arse cunt no body likes, so holy fucken smart after an event, you always turn up after the event, after the event, anyone can be a smart arse after the event has happened.

I hate you, you, you, prick, of a no good thing, if you are as smart as you make out, why the hell do you not stop something being done, that turns out to be a mistake, before it turns into the mistake that you are so self-righteous about, you truncoat betrayer of a dead piece of shit faced arsehole bred stabber in the back”.

Sam was so involved with the depth of venom to his dismissive conversation with his hindsight, he did not have any realisations he had been talking out loudly, in a yelling voice to the snow filled air, like a raving madman for the last couple of hours, loosing his grip on reality, imagining all sorts of weird things, people talking to him, his horse being able to understand his every word, expecting the poor horse to answer back, Sam had no idea he was bordering on edge of encroaching insanity, teetering on the very brink of slipping into total madness.

Unanswered awareness pushed behind out of the way, allowing seething on the inside for his having a real stupid conversations with his own personality of hindsight, was it splitting him in half, in two distinct minds of the disturbing disagreements over the same thing in question, 'but, um, ah, what was the question, aw yes I know'.

Suddenly having the deepest thought he had in such a long while, 'maybe, just maybe, it was just hindsight, who else could I be talking to, other than myself, if I am having the conversations with hindsight, what if hindsight is trying to make out I am mad all of a sudden, what if I am, what if I am, I can't be mad I am still able to think to argue with my hindsight, but arguing with, who, who was I talking too.

Trying to split me into two distinct personalities, one the most dominate, the most saner of the two, the other one, hiding, for moments to be called upon for reference, I don't remember what the hell, my mind's gone blank from subject I was thinking, what was I thinking about, it must be the cold weather playing tricks on me, my mind is blanked out'.

Sam had in no way having split into a two personality disorder, he ever so suddenly developed a bout of dreaded confusion, throwing his entire mind into seizure of disarray to his thoughts, dementia grabbing a steady firm grip on his sanity, unable to stop his mind wandering into other realms of things which had absolutely no bearing whatsoever to do with the plight he was in, not knowing who he was, or why he was, untill the debilitating bout was over for the present moment, a dim dawning was coming upon Sampson.

Having to wait on his head clearing of rampant sewer waste into dealing with a normal self, a few minutes passed unnoticed, before he could proceed any further, after a few shakes of his head, wondering about gaps in time, he could not account for or recall to his thoughts, didn't overly worry Sam because he had no recollection of the space in his mind unaccounted for he chose to ignore, but the evidence stayed hidden expanding ever so slowly within himself, to rein in havoc years down the track in uncharacteristic behaviour.

Sam thought he had been struggling through the deep snow for hours and hours, looking to find a way out of the storm, when in fact he had suffered a breakdown of mental proportions, unbeknowns to the reality of his world.

In mental illness talking very loudly, yelling insanely confused in himself, conversing with his horse as another real live person, Sam going round in same line of circles as his mind was, walking becoming easier more times he put his feet in his same tracks of circles, having no idea he had suffered a mental blockage of senses, leaving him with the strange lapses of time to account for, which had no depth in actually occurring to Sam thinking of the time having passed while he was walking in his delirium, going around in the old same tracks, getting nowhere.

It was lucky for Sam, for once he was having positive thinking for a while to his situation at hand, for some good unknown reason he stopped himself from going around in circles, to move away from where he was, looking sadly at his circled tracks disappearing under the falling snow, not believing what he saw frightened Sam, putting him in slight state of shock for a few minutes, trying to figure things out, he couldn't, encroaching mental deterioration blotted it out.

Concentrating his energy on keeping his head clear of confusing conversations with anyone perceivable as to have a relative of life, Sam regained composure to being in a dire situation, his bruised hurt mind free now from interferences he had been suffering from, clearly showing a bad outlook, was very dismal indeed, intelligently knowing if he was to keep going around in circles, he would surely perish, he had to find a track leading him out of this blizzard now his head was back to functioning ever so correctly in normality.

With his intelligence at pull pace rectifying insanity, not having mood swings of a man in confusion altering in sickness, Sam regained his brain's control after being told in affected parts of his brain, 'there is only death waiting for us up somewhere along a bit further, hope you're beginning to think of death as would be glad to this happy blizzard'.

Sampson accepted he must have suffered some sort of fit or seizure, his knowledge of a mental breakdown was about as good as his knowledge of human anatomy, but at least he was feeling much better, the best he could having not the vaguest idea to what he had been doing for the last few hours.

Struggling along in a clearest thinking, headlong in a forward straight course, he was glad not to be going around in those large insane circles anymore, slowing him down in sapping his regained strength, suddenly slapping himself on the head for doing something he couldn't work out why.

Sam hadn't seen any signs of where there likely might be a proper track to guide him out, kept following where he thought the best way out of this hellacious blizzard would be found, leading old Ben loosely along for Ben knew his way over the mountains nearly good as Sam did.

Loud wildest snorts suddenly erupted from old Ben's nostrils, with a stopping shie from Ben, made Sam take a much firmer hold on the reins, something was bothering his horse, what the hell was it.

Something the horse could smell or see, only old Ben could pick up, Sam saying in a ragged breaking voice of a whisper, clearing in spitting the forming offensive puss like sputumous from the slight infection in his respiratory tract, brought about by the freezing weather chilling him.

Muck from his throat had a terrible taste to it once it was in his mouth to be spat out, his nostrils were beginning to leak a lot more than usual, Sam knew he had to get out of the cold wind, the snow, or he would die, it was simply fact.

His body was telling him to get out of this wretched storm into some beautiful warming sunshine while he was wrestling with the reins holding a startled, frightened, Ben, saying to Ben, “what the fuck is wrong with you Ben, you damn near pulled my arm out of its socket, what is wrong Ben, what the hell is wrong with you.

Aw come on Ben, what's up ole fellar, what do you sense that I don't, is it something to be afraid of, we'll just have to keep our eyes peeled, ears open, I can not sense one single thing, come on Ben, don't play up on me now, I'm not in the right frame of moods to be jiggered about old fella, I am nearly ready to collapse, I've just about had it, it is only the thoughts of my lovely Deedrie keeping me going”.

Sam hardly finished talking his slowing sentences to old Ben, when Ben blew a louder rush of air from his horse nostrils, urgently stopping his every movement, looking at something partly buried in the snow, scaring him to reacting the way he did, 'what was it thought Sam, causing Ben to act the way he was', Sam peering trying to get his vision to focus up ahead, yet he could see nothing obscured in wildly blowing particles of snow.

Having a very hard time in pulling Ben to follow him the reins stretched so taughtly, at snapping point, because of the surrounding cold on the leather, Ben reluctantly forced to follow Sam proceeding really carefully, not knowing what was up ahead waiting for the, Sam surmised it might be someone waiting to dry-gulch them, kill them.

But quickly realised the futility of these scenarios, as how would a person hide themselves out in the open snow, granted there was some bits of trees here and there.

Sam could not see anything untoward, nor anything so frightening, it was just piles of falling snow, “what the hell are you on about, Ben, there in nothing there to jump out and grab you, you stupid animal, sometimes, Ben, you do try my patients, I will look closer if it makes you happy, you silly old fool, but if I find nothing, I swear I will make your life hard, I will not feed you for a week, how does that sound Ben, a whole fucken week”.

Marshall Warboot would never ever mistreat a horse, especially old Ben, nor would he not feed him for a week, it was just Sam's way of talking to his horse, in keeping Sam company on his sometimes very lonely rides cross country, it was also to hide his own growing nervous state, not really wanting his system developing further than it was already.

Tiredly, aches in most of his joints, Sam was so tired, so very tired, the energy expenditure he had to use just to keep walking forward, it took a lot of great sustained effort from him to keep moving, let alone to locate the exact spot where Ben's gaze was properly fixed of staring at.

After peering carefully trying to see what it was that was upsetting old Ben so much, Sam saw the partly covered snow buried remains of body bones, ripped clothes, lying in between some old limbs of fallen branches, the bones from a distance looked to have been disturbed or pulled around.

The branches having tumbled down in a criss-crossed formation creating a sort of cavity, providing a little safety's protection, from being buried over with falling snow flakes, coming in thicker, trying to cover the bones out of sight.

Sam thinking to himself, 'the body must have been able to somehow drag itself to hide among fallen branches, perhaps seeking shelter from some attacker, the worsening snow falls would have the bones covered completely for the winter, the bones would not be on show till the spring thaw, if ever, I'd better get a move on, stop dilly-dallying around'.

Sam and Ben were lucky, unlucky, coming upon the bones when they did, much longer with the snow falling as thick as it was now, the bones would no longer be visible.

Not really wanting to, but knowing some evidence of who the bones belonged to, might result from searching the body of bones, something may be found to be recognizable amongst the remaining clothes, to positively determine who the bones belonged too, forced Sam to begin.

Sam began to scouping away the thickness of built up snow where old Ben was glued to looking, Ben being more than nervously frightened in wanting to pull away and run far from this spot, held tight by Sam's tying the reins to one of the small trees growing on the mountain near the bones.

Howling wind strewn streaking snow making it very difficult for him to move, Sam's slowly lethargic dwindling strength caused his hand movements to be awkwardly in his movements at clearing away the snow, building back up as fast as he pulled the snow away, loosing the battle with the snow, not clearing enough snow away in time to enable him to search the body bones, becoming useless fighting driven snow, if he didn't hurry in clearing constantly falling snow from what he wanted to examine, he had to work faster.

Hurrying as fast as his tired body would let him dig, unncovering a cadaver's bones with no real telltale signs of what had happened to the body, Sam was totally exhausted.

Sam stood upright with great effort panting from the exhaustion of forcing himself to dig the snow away so fast from the body with his gloves on, not having taken off his gloves from his hands as it was far too freezing to be doing something ungloved if you didn't have to in the cold snow.

Standing there panting for breath in the coldest of air, his rag cover over his mouth restricting a good air flow Sam needed, caused his gasping for more air, it had Sam panting for each breath, until his heartbeats settled down allowing his lungs to function properly, to get breathing under a strict control not being compounded by the stresses of his body in muscles overworking themselves more than was needed, so with a finishing look at the bones, ripped clothes, surmising in his head, he patched a probable scene of what happened.

'No evidence of bullet holes, nor shot marks in or on any of the bones, especially around the head area to indicate the body had been shot, no wallet, no name tag, nothing, I found absolutely nothing what-so-ever in among the ripped clothes, nothing, the bones probably belonged to some old trapper, prospector, or could be someone not used to these mountains, nor anything to indicate who's body it was, with no visual evidence to give a clue, there was however some strange scruffed chewed bones with teeth indentations on some of the bones, indicating a bear, or some other type of animal had feasted on the flesh of the carcass, wheather it killed the person or came upon a dead rotting body, began eating it, was open to conjecture, I wish I knew what really happened to put the correct end to a story, for my report'.

Sam tantalizingly perplexed in not knowing who did the bones belong to, played with a couple of scenarios for a while in his head, inexplicably saying to old Ben.

“Well, Ben, here's what I think, you may not agree, in there was no signs of bullet holes in any of the bones, body was obviously not shot, clothes were torn to shreds, bones are devoid of most of their flesh, which would more than likely indicate an attack by a very strong animal or animals.

There is no available evidence I can see to tell whom the person was, I in all my vast experience as marshal I will make an educated guess that the body had been in the latter throws of dying on the trail, pulling itself awkwardly under branches protection from the snow to die, a wild animal, or animals as I have stipulated, had found the fresh dead body, eaten the flesh off the body, dragging bones about, leaving tiny bits of scrap bones in their carnivorous gorging, by the looks of the teeth marks on the bones, I would further say it most probably was a bear, it would most likely come back later, to be chewing on the bones when hungry.

How's that for some brilliant deductions Ben, not any wonder you like coming along with me, learning something everytime, its a pretty good theory, what-do-you think Ben, am I right or what, what's that you say, I'm correct, course I am, I don't make mistakes, someone not as brainy as myself would be prone to mistakes, but someone highly intelligent as myself, it would be near impossible for me to make even the slightest mistake, Ben, you should remember that, Ben I have told you so many times before, why do not you listen to what I tell you, silly damn clunk headed old fool Ben”

Sam knew from his own experience, tangling with a rogue killer bear three years ago, still sending shivers down Sam's spine, thinking how close he came to be killed by the grizzly, able to shoot the bear as the last drop of energy left his body, as the grizzly was sinking long teeth into him.

'This killing is most likely the work of another killer bear, I can't catch a break, I just can not catch any sort of an even chance to get out of here in one piece, looks like we're done for, without me finding a way to safety, we might just become an animal's dinner very soon'.

“Great Ben, we are not only fucked, lost, nearly dead, we're going to be swallowed up in this ungodly hell storm, as well we will probably be eaten by a rogue bear before we are dead, just wonderful, just fucking great”.

No determinations arose in Sam's thoughts as to who the body belonged to, really annoyed him, it was impossible to tell whether the scattering of bones were either female or male, Sam's limited knowledge of the anatomical structure of a human body, how the bones fitted together to reveal of what sex the bones came from, irked him even more.

Suddenly having a most lively disturbing thought to a simple fact, his own stale human scent as well as his horse's odour would carry for a very long way right to a predator's sensitive nose, he would have to be on the wary lookout for any attack their smell might cause, if a big grizzly was still patrolling for something to eat, he would sacrifice old Ben if he had, to saving his own life, that was if the bear should attack them, it was not a pleasant thought for Sam, but one had to face what the outcome of meeting a hungry grizzly in the snow would be.

Sam began to try putting some distance between the body of bones and themselves, his drained body fighting so much against allowing him free movement, his joints didn't want to be used, preferring to be kept still, not overtaken by his really deeply unsustainable effort of energy spenditure he was using to get away.

Now he was going his joints becoming more freer the more he used them, Sam still chastising his own body parts for not working properly to help him as they should, he was very cranky, but the moment he stopped to look back, to see nothing was coming behind them, his joints locked up solid.

Every thing that moved in his body ached in such vile pain, Sam was reduced to tears in terrible agony, unable to move a step further, pain was overwhelming in all his joints every little slightest movement seemed like someone was smashing his muscles, his bones to pieces, his joints were aching unlike they had ever been before, Sam had no idea what he was suffering so suddenly from.

Unable to go on any further, deepest breaths Sam had ever breathed were trying to replenish fresh oxygen into his lungs, bending over in so awful pain from his joints on fire, hot molten coals in each joint, Sam imagined, 'this is what its like to die, then so be it, just stop the unbelievable agony in my joints, I don't want to die crippled up not being able to get my fucken joints working, just let me die in peace'.

Sam collapsed from exhaustion of his painful joints, in escaping from the body area, awaking to his senses some time later noticing his joints were not throbbing, aching, as bad to movement as they were before, the cause of his tears having abated somewhat, pushing forward his joints were still very sore in useage, casting his thoughts onto what he knew could happen if a grizzly came calling.

Shaking the build up of snow from on himself Sam found he could trudge along very slowly his joints still not wanting to work, but willing to give him a little movement to keep the going away from where he was, each desperate footstep was a step closer to safety.

At last he was game to stop walking, to look behind them again to make sure they were not being followed, his joints were extremely tender but still working, Sam forged forward with old Ben, continually trying to taking his mind off his joint pain, speaking aloud to Ben, once more.

“You know Ben, if we died in this freezing terrain, it would preserve our bodies for ages, forever, we have to get away from here farthest we can, in case the animal comes back looking to dig up food, finding us two to eat alive.

Anything else Ben, you know of, to be thrown at our surviving, stopping our crossing over these lovely, at times deadly, wait a minute, just wait a mo, fuck me, I am starting to talk more and more to my horse, now we are lost, well I suppose no one is here to hear me talking to my horse, what a dope, as long as Ben doesn't start talking back, then I am in trouble, I wonder if horses do really know what we are saying and just keep quiet, are they as dumb as they look, are you as fucking dumb as you look Ben you stupid cunt”.

Ben stood there with a stupid glaze over his eyes, if he did understand what Sam just said to him, Ben was quiet doing a very fine job of not letting on he could understand what Sam was saying all these years, 'but herein lies a very big clanger, what if old Ben did understand exactly what I was saying, who then would be the stupid cunt, me'.

Sampson feeling the strain of struggling violently in make headway against this once in a huundred years storm, chills into every one of his bones, feeling ever step he made sinking into the snow, was like pulling a weighted footstep up as heavy as a ton weight, badly hurting all his leg joints, every footstep fraught with pain, Sam knew that if he didn't get out of this snow very soon it would kill him.

Reaching his limits of physical endurance against the oppressive chilling cold of near death, Sam awkwardly in a cumbersome manner kept going, every single step he took Sam had to struggle to pull his foot up to take another one forward, it was a slog in a fight against nature and pain.

Through his protecting himself from the coldest of air reaching into his lungs, by the of piece rag, actually it was his old sweaty bandana he wrapped around his large head to allow some needed heat into his breaths, unlike Ben who seemed to breathe the freezing air quite well, having no side affects on bovine's makeup as opposed to humans, which a very despondant Sam had noticed in his self preservation.

Sampson had been caught out in this never ending of an anomaly blizzard, blowing freezing winds that seemed to go through any amount of warm clothes, Sam knew he was dying, kept telling himself what the hell could he do about it, he was trying all he could to get the fuck out of this evil snow, why was he caught up in such a disamenity situation.

Sam's blood was beginning to feel like it was starting to coagulate from the inside of his body, getting harder for his heart to pump blood around his length of veins, slowing Sam down to a snail's pace of trying to get home, to get out of this bad storm baying for his demise.

When of all things, Sampson Warboot began having sexual thoughts about his wife Deedrie, Sam didn't know if this was a prerequisite before his death, telling Deedrie how he had always felt about her, how he had never so much as once taken to thinking of another woman, was it all true, or only life's final justification to living before dying, for Sam there was another insight into his secret thoughts Sam kept hidden away in his subconsciousness.

Sampson Warboot was just like a lot of other men on earth, seeing a beautiful woman, then the imagination's own unruliness takes over the impossibility of scenes acting out.

Sam had just such annoying temptation come into his wayward mind, of him have a lot of sexual encounters with local school teacher, the lovely Claudis Ookens, Sam often thought what he would love to do to her, be doing with her, Claudis most welcoming his amorous advances, weather or not Sam's feelings were reciprocal was of little importance in Sam's imaginative dreaming, giving him a stiffy hard-on, suddenly his thoughts snapped closed to enacting his sexual fantasies with another woman.

Concentrating on his love for his wife, to take away pangs of hunger from him, Deedrie was the only woman he had ever had sex with, "Aw come on, for fuck, fucken, sake, for the love of Almighty God, Ben, why the fuck, in a stale situation as desperate as this is, my mind suddenly goes off think of having sex with Deedrie, how fucken silly, can any man be on the threshold of dying, and behold the only, the only thing, I can think about, is fucking Deedrie, in my last minutes of breath, is spent thinking about fucking Deedrie.

Christ, christ, I do not know why it is, my simple sad brain seems as though its taken a fit, raced totally far away beyond my understanding, why would a man on the cuspice of his death, only think of sex, surely, surely, there are a lot more important things to think of when approaching to my untimely death, than sex, my mind bewilders sometimes.

I don't get it Ben, I'm badly flabbergasted, don't know about you old Ben, I'm just really flabbergasted Ben, I wish you had sense to understand me, then I might get a decent straight answer, to get us out of this awesome pickle of shit.

I have to wonder if a woman my age, of any age for that matter, were to know she was about to die, out in the loneliness of snow bound in the mountains, lost of knowing where to go in a direction to safety, what would she think.

What do you think old mate, you reckon she would have the same silliness to her thoughts, of sexual thoughts, as I am having right now, in I do suppose her things being equal as mine, in a crazy mind as mine, she would, pity the poor woman, I guess we are all the same when it comes to dealing with our premature deaths, we must all get the same strangest thoughts, but sexual, come on, I mean.

Heaven, help me, here I am Ben, as fucked as I have ever been in my life, with not a sane thought about saving myself from the storm, why the hell would I be thinking of fucking Deedrie at such a dramatic time, I am going to most probably die shortly, and all I can think of is madly fucking Deedrie, aw come on now head, don't be so fucked up, help me, not hinder me with your nonsense.

Ben, do you know what death is, no I suppose you don't, you are so lucky that you don't, what a total dick head I am, with a silly man's thoughts, instead of striving to stay remaining alive, to get out of this mess, I get to have sexual thoughts of fucking Deedrie, great, just real fucking great, Sampson Warboot, you are by far biggest fuckwitted cunt in the entire world, what is wrong with you, fuckhead.

How the hell, could a man, this braindead zombied of a man, me, Sampson Warboot, be lost in dreaming of sexual activity, when my death is upon me, what in the blue blazes is wrong with me, I shouldn't be thinking this way, I should be thinking of getting out of this fucken killer storm, Ben, I, HEY, I'm talking to you Ben, are you listening to me cunt”.

Sam looked at Ben for some type of answer from his horse, but as usual Ben didn't respond to human talk, he did know some commands, a few rudimentary words registered with Ben, as a whole Ben had no response to most words.

Ben showed not one tiny spark of intelligence in ever being interested whatsoever, in what Sam had to say to him a lot of the time, he couldn't comprehend human speaking.

It was sufficiently normal for Ben in having a so far away glaze over his horse eyes, thinking of nothing except water, food, how tired he was from all the strenuousness of the burden of a saddle to carry someone, at least Ben didn't have the loaded weight on himself of Sam upon his back, so thankful the snow was far too dangerous for Sam to be up in the saddle, with Sam having to walk, Ben was compelled to follow his master through the falling snow flakes thickly, hearing sounds in the air of Sam's weird deranged utterings.

While Sampson was having ludicrous thoughts about sex, amid short episodes of some debilitating early stage of his mental's confusing illness of dementia, not to any great degree that he had really noticed yet, he did become ever so slightly aware of the fundamental issues happening to him.

Sam assumed it was simply a case of him being tired, becoming forgetful to do with his weariness, nothing to get worked up about, putting it down to having so much on his overworked mind, 'everyone gets a little bit forgetful when they have something else on their mind, naturally it causes some concern to forgetting', Sam reminding himself angrily.

His attention taken over by his sexual thoughts to his Deedrie, trying to forget about little bouts of forgetfulness, Sam had walked out of the storm's fearsome path, his eyes were begot of the storm's fury clearing.

The wild storm had raged itself out in giving way to a rainbow's widest smile, the view he most wanted to see, his fading strength reinvigorated itself to a stronger strength to continue carrying on pulling himself together, leading his horse to the safety of end of the storm, back to Deedrie.

Leaving the long swerving dividing line of pine trees, protecting each other in their growing against the ravaging blizzard snows of freezing winters, sometimes invaded by a once in a hundred years storm as this mighty upheaval of weather had brought on this unexpected drama to the area.

“Well Ben, we did it, made our way out of hell, I told you I would lead us to safety, now what have you got to say for your self, sorry, I didn't hear that what did you say, sorry very good job Sam, you saved us both, sorry, I thought that is what you said, Ben, never doubt me again”.

Ben didn't flinch at the sarcasam Sam was using on a smart animal's intelligence, Ben just shook himself loudly, if as much to say, “go fuck yourself Sampson Warboot, you only led us to safety by sheer luck, nothing else”, remaining with a look on Ben's horsey face showing only melancholy to occasioning animal's indifference to the world around.

Sam had not expected any such storm whence he set off on his official rounds of marshal between the towns, he had an easy life of leisure lately, knowing what the weather was going to be like, yet this storm so nearly took his life.

Back in the saddle riding away from their very close brush with death, Sam went over the facts in his clear mind trying to piece it all together, of what had happened back in the violent snow storm of him having been hopelessly lost, for, it was not the first time in his life, Sam chose not to be able to remember, some of his numerous shortcomings.

What he did clearly remember was he became unable to find shelter from the raging snow blizzard, no lonely run down old delapidated hut, nor structure, no remains of any sort of tree materials to make some sort of protection, there was nothing but endless howling blizzard snow, somehow, he became lost out in the elements wanting to take his life away from him, he willing to give it.

How could he have been so reckless in his intentions of following the fugitive from the law, having brought him out in such gale force winds blowing about a snow blizzard, causing him to trundle over the knees height through killing snow, waiting to claim another victim, him.

Sampson Warboot knew his position as town marshal called for some going out in unsavoury weather at times, to other towns, going out into the wilds to bring some wanted criminal to justice, traversing over mountainous trails, was an accepted dangerous part of being a law officer, however, going out in this kind of dire atmospheric situations was far beyond the call for any lawman to do, Sam dirty on himself, admonishing himself for being so stupid, with his boofhead up his big arse in an attitude, he knew led him this time into death's arena, he was so very lucky to get out of.

After a bit of moroseness on his part of thinking was it a lot of his own fault in becoming lost in the predicament he had found himself in, because being wrapped in his own self importance of position as marshal, he could not see the water for the stream, had caused it all.

Completely blaming himself for everything that had occurred, he harboured no doubts about the why he became hopelessly lost, what was nagging at the back of his thoughts were all the imbecilic thoughts he had suffered, why.

The ones he could vaguely remember, his inability to act as a heroic man he told himself times over repeatedly he was, unable to properly function as a responsible marshal of the law, what had happened to him back in the deep snow.

Sampson Warboot knew he had blundered about the mountains absolutely sure he would be able to arrest Blite, it was out of base character for Sampson Warboot to act in any ways dangerous to himself or those around him, there must have been a reason Sam took off the way he did.

Unbeknown to Sam, but in the deepest hidden valleys of his brain, were spreading the growing out in first signs of a horrible degenerative sickness into some safe hideaways of Sam's infected mind, growing by yearly insidiously slow calculated means, were all the unanswered silent queries to Sampson Warboot's, at times, very peculiar actions of total forgetfulness to himself, gliding in and out of his conscious state of mind for the briefest seconds, like a stale visiting breeze, here one moment, next instant blankness long gone, without reference to it.

Those seconds Sam had no memory of who he was or what he was doing, the episode was over as quickly as the onset, giving Sam no idea what he was suffering from, he just put an episode down to the stresses of his position, with being overly wearisome, that was that, no deep quandries as to why, Sam thinking he was perfectly normal.

His mind's vault had not yet opened to the extent to which Sam's dementia would free heavy exposure, as to the why Sampson Warboot started acting the way he did, with the thoughts he had, these thoughts, some sexual, caused by an underlying secondary illness of encroaching insanity, a sad double whammy if ever there was one.

Nature of life gives most people choices when they have to deal with their sickness in one way or another, yet some ailments have no easy outcome except death in a sad systematic downhill spiral when their sickness becomes far in excess of what a body is able to cope with, thence sadly, requiring constant medical attentions.

Some people choose to bravely ignore their sickness, in their way of what they don't know will not harm them, all is very well for a while hoping it will disappear, all illnesses have an ending, good or final.

Escape from a most certainly demise gave Sam a few moments of quite conjecture, then he washed the why's, the how's, of his escape from the storm, completely out of his reinvigorated thoughts, instead concentrating on the what of he would report to his time away on the official business his position called for, an evil devilish thought popped into his mind with an unexpected answer to what he could report in his file when he got back to his office, to protect his decent standing as a prided town marshal, after all a marshal's paid actions had to have a report filed to give full answers to any questions that may arise.

Sam's deep wondering about wheather to proceed on with his unlawful thought, brought him to his underhanded reliable conclusive, in explaining fully why he went out in a dangerous howling blizzard in the first place, it all just fell neatly into place.

Feeling happier than he had for yonks, with all added weight lifted off his shoulders, allowing him to think again straight, they had been hurridly in leaving the high country behind them, the miles from the edge of snow faded into an oblivion of a wanted to be forgotten bad memory.

Sam began to enjoy the rugged beauty of the land he was riding his horse through, looking around admiring the outline of the hills left behind him, the abundance of many leafy trees, growing thickly in warmer temperatures away from the cold snowline.

Old Ben stepping with a renewed vitality to walking on almost level ground, Sam himself able to appreciate the surroundings he was riding through, little things seemed to gather his imagination in hold for a few minutes till he went by to another moment of focus took his attention.

Reminiscing over the eerie stormy events as he made closer to the safety of town, giving way to the abouts of the landscapes he lived in, a land filled with diversity of towns, cities, huge tracts of grasses, inventions, streams, rivers, big and small, alluvial flood plains, startling picturesque beauty of the country, factories, so on and so on describing a vastly growing continent.

As much as one could praise the whole landscape, it was also filled with some very unforgiving terrain, restless natives, outlaws, wild animals, amid being lashed in violent weather sometimes, over all it was god's country.

The closer he got to town the more Sam began having vivid scenes of him and Deedrie in sexual excitement, Sam encouraging the scenes, enhancing the fantasy with pleasure feeling the early stages of lubrication pushing out the end of his very hard penis, so wanting to be at home with Deedrie right at this very moment, telling himself he must go to his office, write out a report while facts were still uninterfered with by any other thoughts, especially of him lusting after a goddess like Deedrie, he had to settle himself down before reaching town, get his mind back on being a marshal.

While his mind was being made up to go to his office first, write out his official report of events, before seeing his Deedrie, Sam suddenly had more than a little overbearing, overwhelming, unbending rigid idea come into his brain, a much nicer thought for himself, to satisfy his lusty cravings.

'Fuck this, I will go to see Deedrie before I go to my office, I can go there any time, after all is said I am going to falsify my report to suit me, I just have got to see Deedrie again, touch her skin, smell her being, fuck the report it can wait, Deedrie fuck me, I so totally adore you woman'.

Edd Smeetar sitting on the verandah in the cool shade talking with Don Maddle, about nothing really, chewing the conversation over and over, suddenly driven to burst out in a knowing laughing just between themselves, "Don, I guess our marshal is in a great deal of hurry to get inside, I do not know what ever reason that could possibly be for, do you".

"Nah, well yes, I think it has something to do with his lovely wife, I can't be sure, but I do think she would be the only thing pulling Sam back so hard to be with her, do not you agree", both men having a really funny filled giggle at how marshal Samson Warboot's romantic antics never did seem to wane for Deedrie, as if they were perpetual newly weds, except Sam and Deedrie had been married for ages.

"Hey Don, Sam and Deedrie's fucking like wild cats all the time, it reminds me of ourselves when we both were randy younger men, trying to root every woman we got the chance to rub up against, whether they liked it or not".

"Oh hell, don't remind me of that, I got myself into so much trouble, some many scraps, fights, now I would rather forget about them days, why did you have to bring them old days up for, you know they are better left alone"

“Uh, talking of the old days, do you still remember a great looking woman, what was her name now, ah, I just do not, can't think what her name was Don”.

“Fucken bullshit Edd, you know very well what her name was, you rat fink, we both know what her name is”.

“I love making you remember Shirley Goodsey”

“I know, I know, I know, what you are going to boast about Shirley, we both wanted Shirley, and yes I admit it, I was the one of us two who missed out with Shirley, you are a real smart arse cunt, you know that Edd”.

“Hey Don, seeing Sam race into his house, made me remember back to the days when we were younger men, we would go real nuts for a bit of quim in the old days, I often remember back to when we had the strength in our body to get our cocks stiff, give a woman a good time in bed, now it would probably surprise either of us if we would be able to get hard if we wanted to, showing the new world just keeps rolling on by, your turn on the draught board to move”.

“Aw Jesus Edd, where did that time go, now we are two old farts sitting on a verandah watching flies do not get in our drinks, laughing at a man rushing inside his house to take good care of his wife, wishing for all money it was us rushing inside to have a gentle woman, ah well that's what life comes to be all about I guess”, both men slow returning to their daily ever boring conversations about nothing.

Sam didn't know it but he had been seen by Edd and Don, nearly jumping out of his saddle the very moment he was home, nearly breaking the front door down in haste, the rest surmised to their old imaginations, of a love struck man rushing inside, taking Deedrie by suprise, holding her in his warmth as if he really hadn't been with her for some years.

If Don, Edd, could have only witnessed the real truth of the matter, they would have been astounded by what they saw of a town marshal break down in his wife's arms.

They would have seen Sam's heartfelt declaration of love to Deedrie, they would have heard their tough as nails marshal shedding a tear over the woman he thought that he might never see again in his life, all very well for a man to miss his wife, but this was vastly different.

What no one ever realised sadly, is their very likeable rough, tough, hard as boot leather marshal, was becoming a disturbed man, his mental state eating away from the inside of his head, beginning to leak his toughness into a kind of a soft dependance on his wife, in his early warnings knowing he was growing more timid to the things he never thought about, just so used used to going fixing them up, but now in moments of panic he had real hesitation, till he overrode his timidity with his bravado, seeming quite normal again.

Sam's head slightly clouding over some days, in other days he was perfectly fine, his down days he felt as though he needed to stay cuddled up in Deedrie's loving arms for the protection she offered against the bad world coming to get him, he was scared without Deedrie to hold him.

Sam telling her absolute gospel truth, deeply valuing Deedrie's being more than his own, telling Deedrie his need for her, "Ow God, ow God, ow heavenly God, how I have missed you Dee, I thought I might not ever see you again, my worst darkest nightmare came to haunt me never being again with you, let me just spend some minutes feeling you, cuddling you, I never want to be in thoughts of losing you ever again, I so love you Dee I really do, I swear I do, you are my whole life, the only reason I have survived so long".

“Sam, honey, it seems like you have missed me more this time, I know I miss you each time you have to go away on marshal buisness, did something bad happen on your trip you want to tell me about, Sam, I'm all yours, always have been always will be, I am all loving ears to listen, talk to me I sense something is wrong, bothering you Sam”.

“Well yes, sort of, I was caught out by a deadly killer freezing blizzard, I did not think I would see you again”.

“Oh Sammy, Sammy, you have promised me that you would always come back to me, you wouldn't just say that to make me feel better, have you, would you, you promised you would never lie to me, is that promise still intact”.

“Dee I could never lie to you, you must know that”

Sam sat down telling her his greatly sanitised version, the one he would officially report, everything was changed to fit a great story of him tracking a vicious mass murderer through a howling snow blizzard, finally coming across the remains of the criminal's bones, flesh had been eaten away by a grizzly, able to identify the remains of the body by the clothes Blite was reported last seen wearing in his getaway that led to his death out in the mountain snow.

“That's about it Dee, I'll write it up after I spend some time, some quality time with only a woman who knows she means the world to me, I love you Dee”.

“I love you too Sam, I have always been in love with you, ever since we originally met, you seem a bit different, are you alright, something more is bothering you, isn't it”.

“No I feel just great, well yeah Dee, I, am a bit strung out, from my brush with my destiny, it can kinda get to you after a while, its something I will get over in the little while, but you know, you know, what would fix me up no end”.

“And what is that, Sampson Warboot”.

After a long enjoyable episode of sexual intercourse, they lay together, the world was a far off place, did not exist in these very tender moments, where just the two of them in staring deeply into each others eyes, showed a contentment of eternal love, except Deedrie detected the ever so slightest change in Sam's manner, not in his wonderful lovemaking, it was more in his percieved slightest strangeness to her, his speech only just discernable very occasionally, catching in her very smart ability to pay attention.

Something she could not put her finger on, perplexed her for a while about Sam, causing her some constination in her thinking of the situation Sam had just told her about.

Realising she was lucky to now have Sam back home safely with her, and if that was all she had to worry about, it made all her worries so really inconsequentail in the every day of life, but there was another huge facet of her being a woman of conceiving age, she was not impregnated yet.

They could get over almost anything thrown at them, if only she would become with child, began seeding doubts in her mind, as to her ability to become pregnate, Deedrie in deep quandary with herself when Sam spoke to her.

“Dee I will have to go, I have got to write my report”.

“I know big boy, cuddle me again before you leave, I want another kiss before you leave, come on with a kiss for me to wait upon your return, I am really ready, willing to go again, Sammy do it to me again, make me with child”.

“Only because you asked so nicely, you know don't you Dee, I am really trying my best to make us both happy with our first child, every time I fire, I say a little prayer, let this hit the mark to make my Dee with our child”.

“I do feel that little extra push you give as though you are trying to put yourself in further, but you know as well as me it doesn't work that way, I will fall pregnant shortly, the way we are feverishly fucking every time we are together, it would be a sure thing, let's give it a little longer I am sure I will fall, you just keep it up to me Sam”.

“You now that is exactly what I want to do Dee”

Dee didn't believe what she had just said to Sam, Dee beginning to blame herself for being a woman to be pitied with something wrong in her reproductive system, how was she going to tell Sam of her concerns, he might well blame himself for not being able to impregnate her, then what.

Dee pulling the curtains ajar peering through one of their house windows, looking at Sam making his way to his office, Deedrie watched Sam striding in those big paces he took when he was happy, 'how could the big bastard feel so happy with me not yet impregnated', making her sadly feel the deep longing in her womb which was having undesired effects on Deedrie, starting to confuse her rightful thoughts.

Deedrie had trickles of tears run down her soft cheeks becoming forlorn in her thoughts, suddenly pulling herself back into sensibility watching Sam go into his office.

Sam disappeared into the place of his office come jail cells, with the dry dusty smelly wooden rooms noticeable of the confining lived in aromas of a marshal's office, looking for his deputy, then remembering his deputy was out doing checking the rounds of the town.

Having just come from sweetest scented smells of his lovely Deedrie, their own house alive with its own unique niceness, Sam could not but be aware of the rank staleness belonging to many odours in surrounds of the wild west.

Not offensive smells, just everyday's common smells, lingering there about waiting to be aired out along with the holding cells, the whole place needed a good woman's clean up, removing the town dust, smells, Mrs Kargill was due to give the marshal's office a fortnightly clean any time, while Thad Mouklm came in and cleaned out the bucket shitters daily from the cells when occupied, there was an outhouse connected to the marshal's office but that was kept for good people, not low life criminals locked up in the cells.

Sam wrote out his report, stating of his knowledge as town marshal, "The scattered chewed bones found at the horrific scene undoubtedly belonged to murderous outlaw, John "Teffy" Blite, wanted for three ruthless killings Blite was charged with.

Blite whom I was on the trail of, having been given a very clear discription of his latest appearance by witness's seeing him escaping lawful custody, in stating Blite was wearing a old coat over his blue shirt, with thick dirty denim trousers, his most recent recognition of clothing, the very same that I marshal Sampson Warboot, could clearly identify as Blite's ripped clothes among body bones.

The partial remains undoubtly belonged to John Blite, eaten beyond recognition, no flesh on the bones scattered about in ripped to shreads cloth, the same cloth Blite was reported to be wearing, were clawed apart by a wild animal or animals who attacked him, Blite had no guns nor bullets to defend himself with, explained by Blite's quickly robust departure in escaping from lawful custody, this was bodily remains of the outlaw John Blite", signed Marshal Samson Warboot, 3rd day of December 1884, case closed, Sam read through his official report of events, to make sure it was correct.

Sam's face pulled a wry smile, his corrupted mind in back-pedaling for a few unguarded freed instances, flicking immediately to real true events, then washing all reminding bad memories of being trapped in a howling blizzard from his cerebrum's frontal brain's cortex in self protection.

Sampson Warboot filed his official report extremely confident with discription of his chasing Blite, matching the clues pointing to a body being discovered, no one ever did, or was ever bothered to question sworn validity of said file, Sam looking at date on the paper reminding him Christmas was not that very far away, a few days it would be the time of nativity, for Sam a time of joyous occassion.

For Deedrie, months were flowing fading in pregnant footsteps walking away from her, it was beginning to look to Dee, like she was never going to be able to be fulfilled as a happy new mother, hurting her very deeply, Deedrie could not understand, come to any sort of sensible basic terms, of her inability to fall pregnant, 'I am certainly getting enough of Sam's seeds to make two women pregnant, then why am not I, then why am I not with child'.

Dee would get down on herself so much at times she cursed at herself, 'being a barren bitch unable to conceive a child, I suppose it will just be my fate to die a ugly withered up old woman with my useless cunt, that could never pass a living baby', quickly becoming morose in despondency, the more she let herself think about it, the more bitterness filled her, she became hateful of Sam in her unspoken silence.

Cursing these thoughts of herself, at every time of the month when she found she wasn't pregnant, uncharacteristic ideas were becoming a demon to Dee, flicking her thoughts about in her mind at these very emotional times.

Of taking another man, any other man, to help make her with baby, Deedrie hoping this was just stupid monthly hormones talking, not her, then all of a sudden having a real quiet sneaky thought, was this the only way she was going to have a baby of her own, cheat on Sam, imposing thought lingered far longer than it should have.

No, Dee told herself she would never be unfaithful to Sam, even if it meant her never becoming a happy mother in a natural way, there was something else they could do not so appealing to Deedrie right at this moment, but an option.

Adoption was a new thought making infrequent calls of appearances in her mind, Dee did not dismiss the idea all together, Deedrie knew her time was running out, she told herself she would be an old hag in a couple of years, highly exaggerated by her being down on herself, telling her Sam how she felt about her life's disappointment without a child to share all the love Dee and Sam had to give.

Some months Deedrie would almost forget about the fact she was not pregnant yet, other months her mind was ablaze with the undue enormous weight she was placing on herself to become with child.

Dee was confusing herself, sending herself to search among the fantasy's tormenting her for the unanswerable.

Finally finding her usual sense, Deedrie would gently broach the touchy subject when she thought Sam would be most agreeable to the suggestion of adopting, she still had time, but as usual time was always against her, her nemesis, or so it seemed to Deedrie wishing to God, praying to holy Lord, to let her be with child, pregnant, she wanted nothing more from life than to feel being a mother, asking God had she done wrong against him, why was she being stopped.

Sam was aware of his wife's fixation with becoming pregnant, even though Deedrie assumed him being a man, would not be privy to any such knowledge as to a woman's state of mind each month, trying, hoping, for a child, except Sam was a lot more switched on than Deedrie realised.

Sampson mulled over Deedrie not being pregnant, it was a constant reminder to him, often taking up much more time than it deserved, he kept challenging himself to put a seed where it was supposed to go in Deedrie, stop all doubt of things that might be causing a lovely gentle woman such as Dee to be slowly going around the bend.

For the very first time in their relationship over many years, Sam seemed as though he was becoming plagued by Deedrie's insistence of every time he came near her he had to be ready to have sex, it was absolute perfectly wonderful yesterday, but that feeling of such utopia seemed like trying to hold the wind in his hand today.

He was not deeply aroused by Deedrie anymore, felt like he was standing on the edge of a loud echoing canyon telling him to be careful, 'you are failing Deerie in your role of a male inseminator, Dee would cause you intense pain if you can't make her pregnant in a very short time frame, she will get some one else to give her the baby she desires, she doesn't really love you, she's just using you to get what she wants, open you eyes man, stop being her fool'.

His corrupted mind continued to built wicked notions of Deedrie's present evilness, thereby not allowing him to distance himself from a raging insanity of entertaining such ideas, beswoggled by the noise in his head, Sam listened in sadly loosing this round of fighting with the dire darkness of his mental illness taking charge.

Rearing up like a very large sleeping snake awoken to promote addled thoughts about Deedrie, hearing a single voice among a crowd of background voices, begun telling him of his needing, 'a really decent break from the constant fucking ever second of time you are with Deedrie, she was an ulcer on your well-being sam, you need to get rid of her, she is no good, you already know that don't you, what are you wating for, for her to tell you to fuck off, come on'.

Sampson able with crankiness at himself he could not explain, managed to shut off the gymnastics in his strangest head to have cease for a time, until the next invasion of his thinking went haywire again, in miss-mash of sane thoughts crashing into Sam's increasing mire of unknown madness.

Causing him to be loosing his strongest desire for his wife, it was something really easy for Sam to accept in the miserable clinging states of deepening turmoils erupting in his head, because his breaking brain pedaling false issues to the reason of him loosing feelings for Deedrie, causing his inability to always get his penis erect whenever he wanted, due to Deedrie's unpleasantness in her overbearingness.

Demons conspiring against Dee in his head, kept on having very dark conversations with Sam, in such deviantly keeping up their blather telling him vile unjustifible things about Deedrie already having another man to her bed.

“Listen to us, listen, Deedrie blames you entirely, you know she does, she knows your really just a little man not a big man, she needs someone who is capable of giving to her what she most desires, a baby Sam, Dee thinks it is all your fault, that your just weak, in bed, as a man, she is going to leave you, get someone to fuck her properly, who can give her a child, you should put her in line with a good beating.

Especially now letting another man have a go at her dripping wet cunt, causing you to fail to get a stiff cock, it won't be too long before you are on your own, Deedrie who you only think you love so much, will be getting fucked by another man, you'll be out on your arse, think about it, you know its right, you'll catch her in a compromising situation, she will just laugh at you, you know it true'.

Convincing Sam, 'he really needed to take a short sabbatical spell from Deedrie's constant alluding so nastily at him, why she was not with child yet again, Deedrie was becoming annoying with it getting into your conversations after sex, always reminding you, she was not pregnant yet, Sam, Deedrie is becoming total boring, a real nasty type of shrewish woman, you are better without'.

Sam answering his mind demons back, was the worst thing he could do, as only the poor affected people knew of such trauma in trickery to speaking to your demons, giving in to their falsehoods, brought nothing but unrest, pain, lies.

He should not have given any indication of a slightest acknowledgement to his demons, Sam did not know he was at the mercy of his head demons, 'if Deedrie had any such thoughts of revelations to her problem with my inability to fertilize her, then she kept it well hidden from me, now that I can think of it, in the sour manner of her speaking, its well obvious who she thought was to blame, even though in her ways, always snidely putting it to me, Sammy, it was no big deal I'm not falling pregnant yet, what a lie, damn lies'.

First time since his brief encounter with his death this time, it sure felt different to Sam, in his line of work he had faced death before, not as sure of certainty to his dying was the other times, but this time really scared him of his death.

Sampson now contemplated death like he never ever wanted to before, finality of life began to play with his sick weak affected mind.

He always gave impressions he was invincible, things had changed since he was lost in the wild snow blizzard, his mortality was haunting him highly, getting worse with each one of his thoughts about his death laughing at him, seemed so real in his mind setting the scenes of himself dying.

In sadly deranged worsening states of mind, Sampson Warboot was convinced Deedrie had developed a sickening mania for sex every time he was around her, it driving him further and further away from her.

The other side of the coin saw a bewildered Deedrie doing everything she could to keep Sam as close, as loving, as she could, making sure she did everything in her gentle womanly way to stimulate Sam's urges back to her, without the success a woman searches for.

Sam thoughts told him, 'deedrie's attempts to rekindle your waning urges towards her, was only Deedrie's sneaky justification of her nymphomaniacal, overbearing want, to her being a sexual deviate'.

Deedrie had reservations about Sampson, ever since he came back from his latest trip, of his beginning to be less demanding in the amount of weakening sexual ardour Sam was showing to her, Deedrie knew something was so wrong with Sam, she just could not figure out what it was.

Deedrie knew Sam had come back a sort of slightly changed man, getting worse by the weeks, she was trying to reach out to her lover, husband, only man whom Dee ever wanted to have children with, Deedrie was at a loss of what else to try to get Sam to love her like he used to do.

Dee thought to herself, 'where is the strapping man who spoke constantly of his want, his desire, vowing to his undying love for me, the only woman he said he would love after death, where have you gone, I am left to wonder, what has happened to you my Sammy, I love you dearly, love me back again, do not treat like this'.

Sam begun keeping away from Deedrie, staying out on the range alone, longer and longer, in guise of his work taking him away, Sam thought he was being so very smart, but he wasn't, the only one he was fooling was himself.

Deedrie's huge full growing suspicion things were not exactly right with Sam since returning from his last journey, kept thinking to herself, 'Sam what happened to you, please come back to me, let me help you'.

Out on the sometimes very lonely range, with a lot of spare time to think about things, Sam found the time spent away from Deedrie was not doing wonders for his slowing libido as he assumed it would, he had figured out the why, but stuck pondering what to do about the answer.

Sam very tired from his long weary day in the saddle, was so glad to finally be resting in his bed roll, finding not the peace he was looking for, tossing and turning on his old earthen bunk, with his dirty worn old blankets for company against the cold of night.

Trying to get some sleep next to his campfire, but the slow crackling of the gathered wood put on his fire sounded like shots from a gun going off very close to him, had Sam about to get up move his bed roll further away from noise of the fire, whence he was suddenly dreaming remembering to his yesterday when he would have constant thoughts of his wife, causing him to be sexual in his starry night bunk.

Sam was back being with lovely Dee, his penis rising to the occasion, he couldn't stop his deeply perverse erotic thoughts, he knew he was so lucky to have Deedrie to come home to, oh when he would see her again, with her dazzling smouldering eyes that every time she looked at him he felt as if she was reaching into his soul with the touch of an angel to his manhood, he was just so plainly mesmerised as a man could become in her loving presence.

His mental illness became a host for his avid want of Deedrie in her timidity, allowing him to be a complete boss of the bedroom, where he was always sexually sated by his Deedrie, showing him how strongly was her love for him.

Sampson Warboot, his strange never ending urges for his loving Deedrie, in the midst of a terrible turmoil of life threatening cease, felt as if he was going to explode until he did explode deep inside Deedrie, enjoying her vivid sexual adventures with him.

Sam's wayward fantasies with Deedrie continued on unabated, in Deedrie reciprocating with all she had to give of herself fully unto Sampson, hoping that Sampson would impregnate her, no luck as yet, she was working very hard on the private subject, so was Sampson with the scrumptious woman he'd been having great intercourse with ever since they were both in the early teens, with the fierce ardour had not diminished by his slightest stroke, yet in his downwards spiral of uneven thinking causing him to be woken from his dreaming, Sampson ejaculated in final moment of his death, into the insides of his clothes.

Sampson became fully awake, finding his dream very stimulating to his feelings, something he had not done for a long time, feeling nice about how he could taste Deedrie.

Cleaning still slightly warm, wet, exciting load of the sticky mess of man's goo from himself, using his putrid rag he used for blowing his nose on, found it stimulating once again to think of his dream, because his enjoyment in sexy dreaming about Deedrie, he had just blown his long unruly nose in his dreaming, not having to use his hand.

After cleaning himself up, still smiling from satisfied enjoyment his dream had brought to him, he began deeply thinking, 'why would I dream of my own death at the same time as I was having awesome sex with Deedrie, it does not make a lot of sense', it sort of stunned Sam for a bit, waiting while he gathered his senses about himself, thinking about what had happened in his dreaming, 'was it a premonition, it had to be something, how in hell could I be on the point of blowing my load into Deedrie, and suddenly I am dying at the same time, what the fucken hell is going on with me'.

Sam's thoughts to Deedrie so quickly of one moment turning into another moment, of strictly different feeling to one another, dissolved in a haze of eerie weirdness of did he really love Deedrie or not, could he do without her.

Not wanting Deedrie anymore like when idolising her as the one person on a same sharing wavelength as himself, the only woman who always showered him with her sexual affections, there was this something coming forward in his illness opening mud, worrying Sam an excessive amount.

'Was Deedrie's sexual willingness, was it only part of her elaborate plan, keeping me on her sexual go, while she is getting rooted by another man, who's baby would it be when Deedrie becomes pregnant, will I become the real true father, what if there are a whole stack of other men fucking my wife, what if the whole town of males is fucking her'.

Sampson's hard thinking about Deedrie was so totally undeserved, she had not given Sam the slightest inclination to his imagined wrongdoing, Deedrie could never possibly do what his clanging mind was thinking of her.

His repulsive thoughts were so unkind about Deedrie, yet Sam could not stop them from flowing out like smallest streams turning into great torrent of stupidity, into terrible bad false imaginations gaining control over his mind, now having a seperate agenda of their own.

The pendulum was swinging wildly back and forth in between Sam's sanity, and other shadowy parts of his brain fighting for control, one then the other, making Sam's mind a mishmash of confusions, loosing touch with reality.

'Was this to be how my last ever thoughts to Deedrie, after all she is a town whore, but she is a loving woman to me, attending to my every need, or could it be some sort of my rash perverseness tormenting me, why am I continually seeing Deedrie in two lights of the same woman, feeling like I am the same two parts of an apple splitting in pieces.

What am I doing to myself, is this the only time I can recall of my death, where I close my eyes, there is nothing, not a sound, nor a single breath of air complete blackness in total lifelessness, that's what death is like, total nothingness, how the fucken hell can I see my end to everything, aw for christ sake sam wake the fuck up, just wake up to what your doing to yourself, get proper grasp on your mind, fuckwit'.

Sam was becoming aware he had a clear compenent mind fighting with another part of his mind, trying to sneak in where the light of intelligence was illuminating, in a bid to overwhelm sense, with stupidity of irrational thoughts to Deedrie, everyone, he could think of in his beguiled mind.

Deedrie aware what her attentions to herself had on Sampson, she knew he deeply loved her, drooling at her in the nude, when she paraded around teasingly only for his eyes, or simply staring at her when she was dressed.

She was only too inwardly aware he adored her, she adored Sampson back with a decent woman's true feelings, revolving around his life, a life she strived to making totally fulfilling as Dee could, bringing her more than eager ample satisfaction to his love, yet with the underlining feeling of something going haywire with Sam, was typically never so very far away from her thoughts, she could not fix.

Sampson's love for Deedrie had taken twisted shakey alliances to unsustainable love, it was now a tempremental hate, his life was taking a new turn away from her affection, he thought would never grow cold, 'it was just an oncoming in the advancement of age', Sam assured himself.

'Bullshit sam, fucken bullshit, you know you don't like that whore of a bitch Deedrie, so why the fuck are you telling yourself you do', suddenly broke forward taking over Sam's thoughts, not liking Sam thinking about Deedrie.

Suddenly clearing of his head, sparks illuminated into a fire, it was time to discuss the future, him and Dee hardly ever discussed future plans, it was for the future, not to be a burden now, thinking of something in a distant future, today and tomorrow was for living, loving, now, yet Sampson was pulled down in the muddy pile of shit his ever changing sad brain was patterning against him.

Sam sometimes when his thinking was clear, noticing a change in himself when he out riding quietly alone, with plenty of time to really mull over things, that is to whenever his confused brain allowed some clear thinking.

Sam having mental issues with himself, beginning to get the better of himself, had no idea how Deedrie coped with the loneliness of him being away so often, for long periods some times, 'who fucken cares, I don't'.

Deedrie when thinking of her Sampson being away, missing her lover, often as nature intended, on occasion she started to get very very horny, when Sam was away on his official duties, Deedrie would relieve herself thinking only of having sex with her Sampson, no other man, her hidden desires were only for Sampson.

The mere suggestion in her thoughts to taking another man to her sexual wants, was reprehensible to her morality, Deedrie had always been faithful to Sampson, and it would stay that way even after her own death, she swore a vow to herself so many years ago, keeping it intact.

Sampson in his confusing states of mind, one minute he was fine, the next minute he was a total goofball, starting to have disasterous illusions about how he would keep his attentions smouldering hot for the woman that he no longer cared for, then in the next thought to Deedrie, he thought of being with another woman sexually, allowed to stay entered in his head, thereagain Sam kept on telling himself, he was a devoted man to Deedrie, knowing Deedrie was dedicated to himself, these battling forces in his thoughts were giving himself bad headaches fighting with himself, Sampson was feeling physically sick heading back towards home in the late afternoon setting light.

On the road back to Brokhampton it wasn't very long before Sam noticed utter beauty of a star filled sky, brilliant shine of the moonlight lighting a way for Ben, to be able to see in the silver light to follow the road all night long.

Old Ben had a habit getting spooked by any shadow that might jump out and grab the horse while walking along through the beautiful night, giving way to the magnificence of a radiant dawn breaking to Sam's sight, felt so privileged to see such a great dawn, it seemed to him the daybreak was putting on a show just for him.

Sam had pushed old Ben to keep going through the night, didn't stop for breakfast, he just wanted to be home in Deedrie's loving arms, to smell her, always intoxicated with her womanness, to tell her how much he missed her, to tell her he loved her so much, even though it had only been but a few days away, he missed her terribly, stopping his weird thought of entering his wonderful feelings to being home with Deedrie once again.

By mid morning Sam was riding Ben into the dusty streets of Brokhampton, Sam was thrilled as punch his ride was near over, all his joint muscles were becoming slightly tender, his bones feeling weight of carrying his large body around, all part of age creeping up on him, he knew, having a hard time accepting the inevitable.

Pulling gently on the reins of his horse, dismounting, tying Ben's reins up to the hitching rail out the front of his house, saying to Ben while expertly loosening Ben's saddle straps, "have a spell for a time boy, cool down, we covered a lot of miles through the night, I will be out to unsaddle, brush, feed you, as soon as I see Deedrie.

I know I should be taking you to the livery, brushing you as you cool down, feed you, stall you, but I only wish you could understand, I have a more important, enjoyable job I must do with my lovely Deedrie", Sam talking to his horse Ben in most apologetic tone, hoping Ben understood.

Sam had spoken to Ben many times like this before in believing old Ben knew what he was saying, it just was Ben's way of keeping quiet, not wanting to utter anything, oh but he knew, if anyone asked Sam, Ben knew.

Sam made away to entering his front door, speaking softly of words once inside, looking for Deedrie.

“Hon, I'm home Dee, where are you my love”.

“I'm here in the kitchen, making you something to eat if your hungry, I saw you through a window riding towards home, did you see Elaine for me as I asked, Sam”.

“Sure did, I think I will freshen up before I have a go a your meal, I'm all sweaty and stink, give me a little time, I'll be right with you, honey-bun”.

Deedrie knew what Sam was on about, taking herself away to the bedroom to get herself ready to have sex with her loving Sampson.

Afterwards lying together with Sam, Deedrie so well satisfied softly crooning in his ear, causing a grateful smile to erupt on his face “You must have really missed me Sam, you are just a wild man when your giving it to me, I love it, I love you Sam, with all my heart, with all of my being I do love you so much, I really do Sammy”.

“And I truly love every piece of you, Dee, I know it was only a few days I was away, but for me being anywhere away from you for a few days is like months of torture”.

Staying locked together in sweetest loving chit-chat, enjoying aftermath of some serious sexual activity, Deedrie the first to make an attempt to get up, letting her bed clothes slip revealing her nakedness to Sam, Sam so quickly getting that feeling in his body again, pulling Deerie back towards him, exactly as she had planned to have some more sex.

Afterwards both were spent happy like always, their sex life unbelievable for two people who had been having sex for years, since their teens, sex diminishing not a single iota, Sam and Deedrie were like constant honeymooners, in they couldn't get enough of each other.

“I really have to go outside take Ben to the old livery stable, unsaddle, unbridle, comb him down, feed, water him for the night, something I should have done before, guess I did have other things on my agenda”, Sam giving Deedrie the look of a man totally satisfied with the loving from his woman, thinking he was so lucky to have Deedrie.

“Ok Sammy, I'll reheat your tea while your attending to that, of course I might just be ready for you when you get back, my handsome rugged marshal, you may have to take me prisoner, ravage me in bed, utterly overpowering a tiny defenceless woman like me”.

“This marshal will do just that when I return”, Sam leaving his home smiling, to look after Ben's needs, it was a funny peculiar trait of Sam, he always insisted in caring for old Ben himself, making sure that Ben recieved the best of attention, instead of leaving it to some owner or operator of a livery stable, Ben was a close none human friend.

With Sam attending to his horse, Deedrie making tea, began humming her favourite song, she was contented with life, with Sam, but she had this lingering thought nagging at her, 'will I ever be able to conceive, the only thing missing from my perfect life is a baby'.

Sam returned home after about an hour or so from when he left, sitting down to a delicious meal with Deedrie, having learnt all her cooking skills from her mother's large collection of receipe's for the most common of ingredients.

Sam helped Deedrie clean up the dirty dishes, drying, putting the clean utensils away for use again, settling down to read the local newspaper, the “Brokhampton Sun” ready to catching up on the local news, while Deedrie was happily sewing baby clothes, making Dee so much more hopeful it would not be long before she had their baby in her belly.

Deedrie occasionally interrupted Sam asking about his day, telling him of hers, whom she had meet when shopping in the street, how she felt in herself dabbling in writing her new poetry, “Sam you can read them, if you want to while having a drink before retiring, there's nothing great, I know I can safely show my new poems to you, you won't laugh at my poems will you Sam”.

“I would drather be a mute than laugh at you Dee, of course I want to read your poems, I always have, have not I, I have never sniggered at your writing once”.

“Thank you Sam I know I can trust you implicitly to see my poems mean a lot to me, their from my heart, of my happy day surrounds, my life, like all poems, you just never know I Deedrie Warboot might be famous one day”.

“I sincerely hope you are Dee”.

Sam's head was at peaceful rest talking to Dee about many things, not only her poetry, but when she asked about his day as town marshal, Sam showing no annoyance in her asking, pleased she still showed interested in his life.

Hours speed by in happiest of surrounds for Deedrie and Sam, two people at peace with the world reaching time for bed with willingness.

Deedrie had been thinking a real lot to herself whilst sewing, talking to Sam, enjoying his husky male voice in a way the tone of Sam's speaking having a profound on Dee.

Deedrie beginning to having deep sexual thoughts of how nice it would be to suck on sam's fat cock, swallowing his load of semen, like she did, loving the taste, making her as horny as hell by the time they hit the bedroom.

Next morning broke early to a clear sky beginning to be overtaken with light cloud in distant horizon forming, it looking like a change of weather was coming.

Sampson rolled over touching Deedrie, feeling to her lovely warm vagina, receptive to his feel, in making out she was sleeping letting Sampson have a good feel of her now soaking wettness, Sam gently but strongly inserting his hard erect penis into her with a lover's push she always enjoyed so much, Deerie pushing her body back against Sam to get him in her full depth.

“There's nothing like an early morning glory”, Sam stretching laying back from his lovely exhaustion.

“What's wrong big boy, am I a bit too much for you to handle these days”, Deedrie with a sexy teasing laugh.

Sam and Deedrie stayed cuddled in the enjoyment of a dawn's morning interlude, letting time wander slowly by, there was no hurry to get up till a bit later.

It was still relatively early in the morning when they both decided it was eventually time to get up, starting their days with a large hearty breakfast, a nice big meal to begin the day, Sampson with Deedrie had a wonderful morning's conversation about nothing in particular, just talking.

After breakfast Sam began changing out of his warm dressing gown, night wear, into his everyday work clothes, strapping on his gun holster, in making sure the leather belt was done up right, tying leather strings around his upper leg just above his knee, helping to keep the holster in place.

As matter of his usual carefulness Sam drew his gun checking it was ok to quickly draw from the holster at his side, spinning the chambers to make sure his gun was fully loaded ready to shoot, reholstering his weapon, telling Dee he was about to leave home for the marshal's office, giving Deedrie a passionate kiss, grabbing his large style stetson hat from the hat rack in the hall, keeping the hat in his hand till he was outside the house, putting it on, adjusting the hat, walking off whistling in happiness.

Sam knowing Deedrie had other things of her day to do, keeping her busy, while he was attending to being town marshal, thinking life was good, but feeling the weirdest of sensations in his head, like a war erupting, dismissing idle thoughts quickly as unintentional garbage.

Concentrating his thoughts on how much he idolised Deedrie, reminiscently in his mind remembering there had always been something outstanding about Deedrie, a very rare quality he found fascinating about her, since they first met, causing Sam's whistle to take on a louder sound to it walking along.

Proceeding to his office, Sam in the happiest of mood walking in enquiring nicely of deputy marshal Alex Brage, "Hi Al, how's things with you, everything ok".

"Fine marshal Warboot, nothing to report out of the ordinary, not like the old days, hey Sam, we'd have been in a couple of scraps by this time of the day years ago".

"Christ, just as well, it was a real damn nasty place to be Brokhampton, even back ten or twelve years ago, we had a lot of cleaning up to do of the riff-raff of the town, thank god the world has settled down a bit, oh, I left something at home, I'll pop back to get it, back real soon".

“Take you time Sam, everything's quiet, if i'm not in the office when you get back, I will be taking a look around our peaceful town”.

Samson walking back to his house whistling, feeling like dancing, Deedrie hearing the front door opening a little surprized to see it was Sam back home so soon, but pleased to see it was Sam, as soon as Sam saw Deedrie he lightning fast drew his gun firing two shots into Deedrie's pretty head without so much as a glance at what he'd done, putting the hot barrel to his temple pulling the trigger ending the life of both of them.

Sam drawing his gun firing off the two quickly shots followed by another instant bullet from his gun into his own right temple, the noise of the three shoots rang out as bang, bang, bang, no pause between the shots, both Deedrie and Sampson Warboot lay dead on the floor next to each other.

END

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Life of Sampson Warboot details the slowly losing himself in himself by his worsening mental issues he is not aware of at first, blaming fate for all the things going wrong. Follow his journey into the sad world of a mind going off in a haywire of forgetfulness progressively getting out of his ability to handle the directions his brain was forcing him to take in his mixed up feelings, alarming for his adoring wife. The story-line is set in the old west, when a marshall was a very prominent person in the town's community, looked up to be an inspiration, a leader, come in smell the rich odours of that time by reading the story.

Keegan.