

JOURNEY THROUGH
DESTINY
KURT BURNUM

©COPYWRITE KURT BURNUM 2016
ALRIGHTS RESERVED:
ISBN-13: 978-1523692651
ISBN-10: 1523692650
EDITED BY ANNIE COSBY

DEDICATION

This book is dedicated exclusively to my one and only big brother, Donald Burnum. A man who after serving 23 years with The West Wendover Nevada Police Force committed suicide in the early morning hours of July 2nd, 2015.

My thoughts and prayers along with all of his family will be there for him in all of his endeavors regardless. Forever, and in all ways. As for the many people whose lives that have been touched by him along the way, he will always be remembered by us for that.

That means that this novel, "Journey Through Destiny" is dedicated by me solely as a memorial to him. Maybe now he will rest with the knowledge of being ever so loved? Even up until this very day. We will carry his memories with us forever, and he will always be missed and never forgotten by us. His friends and family of whom he so hastily has left behind.

And, for whatever reason he deemed necessary to take his own life, one that was so dear and precious to all of us, and to so many others regardless of what their needs may've been at that time. I hope that all of this has the same meaning to us as it does to all of them, and that whatever pain he may've been in is now over with.

But, I will miss you until the day I see you again Big Brother. But, until that day comes, please carry on in good faith and in good hope for the future. Whatever, and however you see fit for it to be. Whatever it is that God still holds in store for all of us we will be well. But until then, in good faith and in good time until the day that I can see you again!
"May the Blessings Be?"

TABLE OF CONTENTS

SECRETS FROM THE PAST	6
FLUKE INVESTIGATION.....	15
WAKING UP IN SULTRY RATS HAVEN	22
AN ABRUPT ENDING TO A NEW BEGINNING.....	33
ENDLESS TRAIL ON A MOONLIT NIGHT	45
“HALVE WINGS” MUST FLY	57
A LOSER FINDS IT’S TIME TO FOLD.....	64
BACK ROOM CONVERSATION.....	74
HORN BETS, CRAPS CHECKS, HI/LO’s AND YO’s.....	89
FOR RETRIBUTION THIS MAN AWAITS.....	99
INTEGRAL GENETICS.....	109
A PRECARIOUS ALLING OUT	116
FAIR WEATHER FARCE.....	128
UP AGAINST AGGRESSION.....	136
BANKER’S BURDEN	146
A TIMELESS UNDERTAKING	160
OPEN-ENDED AUTONOMY	175
OPEN-ENDED EVALUATION.....	190
THE MIGHTY COMPANION.....	206

CAVERNS OF THE WELL	212
TASK UNDERTAKEN.....	218
LOVER'S QUARRY	226
BAR ROOM BANTER.....	237
PARADISE IN A BOX.....	243
RACE TRACK REPEAT	254
AN AMAZING OUTCOME	260
ORGANIZATION INTEGRATION.....	267
LIVING ASPECT OF A SINKING WELL	275
FIVE TIMES A WINNING HAND	284
WATER WELL, NEVER ENDING	294
UNHOLY WELL OF THE ETERNAL	304
THE ENGINEERING OF THE WELL	311
HIDDEN HEARTACHE	317
LAST REMANENCE OF THE WELL	336
BREAKING THROUGH HEARTACHE	344
COMING OF AGE	357
HEARTBREAK AND HOMELESSNESS	364
A FINAL AFFAIR.....	376
HIGH DESERT SAGES.....	385

SECRETS FROM THE PAST

Cameron's, "Sweet Sixteen" birthday party was coming up this year on October the 21st, 2005. All her life she had been writing in her books. Outlining the chapters of her romance novels, and doodling in the margins while keeping note-pads filled with skits and poems written about different people. Mostly whimsical dream-like interpretations of her ongoing relationships with her imaginary friends. Friends that weren't actually real on this plane, but friends that weren't really not a part of this world either! So, when this whole thing had just started out, the people of Sure Hill Valley needed to realize that the relationship that was going on between the two, "Was just an innocent infatuation between an adult man and a teenage girl who, even after living life well into her twenties, could still turn sixteen all over again!"

All this time while she was growing up in the small town of Cherry Creek, Nevada just getting Cameron to and from High School was a long highway bus ride down into the township of White Horse located around thirty-mile marker with an elevation of just over the 6,241-foot mark when you were inside the city limits. Then there was the almost a 9,000-foot elevation at the peak of The White Horse Pass summit which was located between the two. The only thing that brought them together was that long stretch of highway down the single-lane mountain road known as Highway 6, or more affectionately by the young people who lived in the area as the Hicks Sticks Highway 6.

Hunting Sticks Madison was the local shaman there. Known to the white folks only as Henry, or "The Hawk" because Henry's real name was never used and most people found him to be a little odd. In fact, he was known to act downright crazy at times, chasing cattle, corralling deadly snakes, and just talking to the birds in public. He had a local radio station, Channel KDNA 108.6. The Hicks

Sticks Highway 6 Hits, where on every sunset that fell on the third Thursday of the month Henry and his band of tribal leaders would get together and dedicate their sweat lodge religious ceremonies to an audience of listeners who all seemed to appreciate The Native American's long held religious belief system. It was interesting enough, but it also gave The Native Americans who lived out on The Shoshone Indian Reservation a chance to listen in on their own live Indian Sweat Lodge Ceremonies! The whole thing was enjoyed by those in town but mostly by the one's living out on The Shoshone Indian Reservation located just outside of White Horse. The ceremonies were broadcasted live, but even up until this very day some still found it to be a little odd...

Just in time for Halloween though, Henry's birthday was also just around the corner. It was a special time because Halloween is the day Nevada became part of the union way back in the year 1864. One year, Henry gave Cameron a little Border collie named Charles. The dog went everywhere with Cameron. The real Charles, however, was a person that only Cameron could see or hear. Cameron was told that she was not to talk to Charles anymore by her parents who thought she was too old to be talking to an imaginary friend and that she needed to focus more on her schoolwork and the endless chores that came with the territory. Her parents were old-school ranchers, herding sheep and cattle and traveling around the valley in small travel trailers. They herded sheep and cattle alongside the old 1974 International Harvester wagons and the 1960's something Silver Air Stream camper trailers, which were as old as her parents were. They'd live in those as they tended to their sheep and cattle out on the range.

People had to remain vigilant if they didn't want to lose any of the herd to snakes, bobcats, or coyotes, not to mention some drunken redneck looking for silhouettes to shoot at. Cameron's days were spent pretending to talk to the dog Charles, while really carrying on with her childhood friend Charles. When he gave the Border collie to her, Henry said that she should take him as a work dog and had even named him so as to let her spiritual friend remain in her early adult life. Cameron had already been driving for two years already, granted a temporary legal driver's license to work on the ranch, but now she was supposed to start using her step-dad's old, sky-blue Ford truck to get back and forth from school. Most days she was forced to stay at home, snowed in when the highway closed because

JOURNEY THROUGH DESTINY

of winter driving conditions. On other days, she was needed as a ranch hand more than a typical high school student.

She'd picked up the clarinet a few years back in band class. She was also quite proficient at learning to play the piano on her own. She had even won a talent contest. In addition, she was paid \$20 for doing a rendition of "The Wedding Song" as a couple walked down the aisle and was married in one of the small churches in town. She even had a song or two of her own, but mostly she was just plunking along playing the same old country western songs that were scattered throughout the music books in the ranch house. They were stowed away in the piano stool, just below the hinged door. Resting above the three-inch-deep cabinet space below the mahogany wood panel on top of the stool, she had an easy access space to keep her sheet music.

The piano was as old as the songs themselves! An old Wegman made of dark mahogany and fitted with real ivory covered keys created back in the early 1930's. By now it had seen better days but they kept it tuned up and none of the keys would stick and the sound was every bit as good as it was when the Dailey family, who owned the ranch, bought the piano way back when their grandma was still in diapers. The main ranch house had all sorts of memorabilia from the old days. Wooden stoves, coal-burning furnaces, and a basement and garage filled with all types of hand tools. And of course several broken-down cars and a small selection of tractors, all of them sitting around covering the countryside and being used for old parts. Dirt bikes and quad runners, snow machines, and side-by-side four runners littered the place. There were horses, and of course, cattle and ranching equipment. Her stepfather, Kal, was extra-good at fixing farm equipment and ranch vehicles of all kinds. He would even spend time working on different types of equipment for people and ranchers all over the valley. He ran the place for Big Jim and was allowed to live in the guesthouse rent-free when they weren't moving about the valley. He and his family— Cameron, her mother Brenda, and Cameron's brother.

A valley surrounded the ranch on one side, by the Duck Water Mountain Range, and Ward Mountain was on the other. Most people around these parts were Mormons out of Salt Lake City but Cameron was interested in other types of religion. Something with a little more flavor. Being a half breed Native American, she and her

friend Carrie—her best friend, really— had heard of some other types of religions from Cameron’s cousins who were from down south around the Henderson, Las Vegas area. Her father and mother had two brothers and three sisters but they didn’t associate much with that side of the family. Things hadn’t been right between them for a long time now. Considering the fact that one of Cameron’s mother’s sisters had run off with Cameron’s real father, and her stepfather Kal had been left to clean up the mess.

Her real father, Jeremiah, had been insanely jealous when her mother started to see her new father, Kal. When Jeremiah found out, he went crazy and started abusing her. He’d been coming home drunk every night after working a full shift in one of the casinos in town. He was a security officer in the Old Silver Dollar Club in Jasper, which was up north closer to the Idaho border with Nevada. When the club closed its doors due to gaming violations, Jeremiah lost his gaming card to the Nevada State Gaming Commission for allegedly being involved in illegal money laundering, or at least being scrutinized as such. Shortly after, Brenda needed to get a job in order to pick up the slack. After all, her mother had two children to support—Cameron’s older brother Tommy, who had been all of thirteen years old at the time, and of course Cameron, the youngest of the two and still in diapers. Apparently, Jeremiah came home one morning, still drunk, and swallowed a couple boxes of some type of over-the-counter sleeping medication. Brenda had called the cops after seeing the condition he was in, and he was forced into the back of an ambulance against his own will. He’d had the baby with him, and had baby Cameron not woken her mother up, her old man may’ve succeeded in killing himself. After that, her mother packed up and left, and when she did, she took everything that she could with her. “It had been the longest eleven years of Brenda’s life.” She’d thought.

“I should’ve known better even when she first met him, she thought.”

“He is going to be trouble but that was right after she was hung out to dry by her old flame that she only knew affectionately as “Chief.” “Or, “Chief Higgins.” He’d knocked her up and robbed her of her cash, jewelry, and bank accounts back in ’78. Not to mention the trust fund her father had set up that she was to receive on her eighteenth birthday and her father’s Indian Land Subsidy that he had received from the government for being a member of the Shoshone

JOURNEY THROUGH DESTINY

Indian Tribe when he was in his 20's. All bank accounts were emptied, and Brenda was pregnant. So when she first met Jeremiah, he had a much-needed commodity: a vehicle. Shortly after she had gotten together with Jeremiah, Brenda decided her sister Megan and Megan's new boyfriend, Joe, should be the ones to have the last thing that Brenda had been given by her father—that hadn't been stolen by Chief Higgins anyway! The old car.

It turned out to be the final straw for Jeremiah. Brenda had given away this old, black and blue 1972 Lincoln Town Car, which just happened to be the only thing she'd had to recommend her when they met and she had happily turned it over to her sister Megan, who was apparently in need of a car more than Jeremiah was. The reason Brenda had come up with to explain her actions was "The two of them are also trying to get back up on their feet again. But she'd given it away without even talking to Jeremiah about it first, and that made him feel like Brenda was taking advantage of him. The same Brenda who had just been taken advantage of and cheated out of all her family's money. Or so the story goes. With nothing to her name, she was left in no position to negotiate.

Jeremiah figured she was out for revenge against any man that she could find after being abandoned by her one and-only true love. And Brenda had sworn to herself that she would never let a man hurt her like that again. So, Jeremiah flipped out. He found fault with everything all the time, even after Cameron was born, using any excuse to ostracize and belittle Brenda in front of her family and friends. So when she got the chance to leave him after his failed suicide attempt back in 1989, she took it with a vengeance. She filed a complaint with the police department for a restraining order against Jeremiah to keep him away from the kids. She got it, and he was never able to recoup after trying without success to recover what he once had in life. Not only was he an abusive alcoholic but he was also hospitalized for clinical depression for hearing voices, which was something that concerned Brenda. Because Cameron was still talking to her imaginary friends at the ripe old age of sixteen.

Cameron's best friend Carrie could understand this but Carrie also spoke with a lisp because of a cleft pallet and didn't hear very well. Her parents did have a nice home and a good business in town owning the local store and one of the two bars that lined the single-lane highway. Carrie's father spent most of his time there, tending bar

at The Lonely River Pass. His bar was located on the old lonely main street highway corner that was known to the Cherry Creek townsfolk as Allister and Pine, which just happened to divide the sleepy little cow town into two sections. Two halves. The north side of the street and the south side of the street.

Lonely River Pass. A name that Cameron's own father, Jeremiah, had given the bar after coming home from the war in Vietnam. He'd owned it back then. But why did he call it The Lonely River Pass? Nobody really knew why. Nobody in Cherry Creek, anyway. As for Cameron, she'd decided she'd try out some of Carrie's ideas on getting out of Cherry Creek for good. Some place like maybe a small suburb of Salt Lake City or even Ogden City in northern Utah. She didn't like gambling, and now her main concern was getting away from Kal and his little prying eyes. She didn't like the way he looked at her, and she was fearful of her privacy. So whenever she needed to bathe or relax, she would embark on the twenty-five-minute ride up to The Clear Water Reservoir on her favorite quarter horse Ruger and bathe there in the natural spring water that had been flowing up from under the earth's mantle for millions of years. Ruger, rightfully named for his speed and volatility upon being broken, was an old friend to the Pantalero family.

This wasn't Cameron's first rodeo with the local men and their crazy drunken lives. She did enjoy drinking wine and vodka when she could find it, usually tucked away in a farmer's chest of drawers or in the back of a neighborhood pantry. Alcohol wasn't off-limits or even hard to find. Most people in these parts either drank, smoked, chewed tobacco, or all of the above, and there really wasn't any "drinking age." Henry, on the other hand, was better known for his affinity with the afterlife and visions that were self-induced by smoking peyote, eating mushrooms, or, as it was speculated, smoking more than just tobacco in his medicine-man peace pipe, which, unknown to the locals, was going to take on a life of its own!" Henry's Indian name was Hunting Sticks. Appropriately named by his father for his ability to hunt barefoot without breaking the sticks that littered the forest floor in some of Nevada's high country. That October, Henry was upset about some recent animal poisoning that had killed "Little Jeophries" or simply, "Pup." His six-year-old Labrador that he had raised from a puppy.

JOURNEY THROUGH DESTINY

Of course Henry had other animals, but Little Jeophries was one of his sidekicks. He'd been allowed to follow Henry anyplace he went, including into the sweat lodge for as long as he could take it. Plus, he loved to drink beer. And that was part of what led to his demise. Little Jeophries was poisoned with battery acid from an old Duracell copper-top battery that had been peeled open and put in some food that was readily eaten by the dog in one of his drunken states. The scary part was it took place out in the front yard of Henry's property, a very old, small RV with a blown motor. The trailer was still livable but right next to that had been his radio shack for years. He called it "The Planet's Central" where he would broadcast his daily talk shows and put on old and new country western songs, oddly combined with pop culture and soft rock hits from the 70's, 80's, and 90's.

His grandiose demeanor on the air was very well received by his loyal listeners who tuned in on a daily basis for the local weather and to hear him do his "Money Skit" once a week where he would give away money and prizes to the fourth caller who could answer the winning question. It usually involved old rock-and-roll music trivia along with raffle drawings from the local Elk's Club. The show was about a celebrity dummy apparently made of wicker and old straw shoots that would pop up in grass like humps during the spring and summer time. He was affectionately known as the "Money Suite." Spun from strands of gold spun by Rapunzel in the fairytale Rumpelstiltskin. This dummy was completely animated by Henry himself but was usually live on the air as Henry's sidekick. Henry's radio jock on-air handle was "The Hawk." Or "Henry 'The Hawk', Madison" with his good buddy Little Jeophries, who was called "The Jack" or "Jack of Spades the original hand of blackjack, whose original odds were that of 3 to 2. Or 3 chips for every 2 bet. Also known as, "Time and a half."

"Just like you would get if you were on overtime! You see, Henry liked to patronize any one of the casinos in midtown and downtown White Horse. As old as some of these establishments were, it was like a scene out of the late teens and early twenties of the twentieth century, when the largest and most extravagant hotels were constructed. Now their grandiose lobbies and hallways were transformed into row after row of semi-modern slot machines that were still coin-operated and a few low-limit blackjack and poker tables,

where everybody would gather and play as members of the local slot clubs that were run by the most prominent and wealthiest business owner anywhere in the White Horse area. That was Big Jim.

He was a fair man giving people in town opportunities to work—but without benefits. Working in a casino came with little to offer as far as fringe benefits are concerned, not to mention the daily monotony of performing the same exact task on a daily basis and having to deal with inebriated clients known affectionately as “customers” rather than “drunken lowlifes but that was just one more thing that came with the territory. Henry was a regular there at the ragtag gambling joint over on the west side of town called The Intrepid Star, built at the intersection of Highway 6 and junction pass on old Route 23 or “The Last Highway on Earth. It was partially called that because of the UFO sightings that people had been reporting there over the years, mixed with a combination of shrewd mystery. Some might have said it was because of the Bermuda-Triangle-like ability of people to get lost out there in the desert and never come back!”

But this little casino really did have it all. The western motif, with hand-painted murals of cowboys riding the range, signed by poets from The Cowboy Poetry people who would gather there once a year for its many onsite paintings signed by an artist as “Butte The reason Henry liked this place so much was because of the fact that his radio station was invited to move into it. The show had gotten so popular, it was broadcast to everybody in Sure Hill Valley, in the small ranch and farming communities that resided there and also with the regular flow of I8-wheelers that would use Highway 6 as a short cut from the north to the south, down into Arizona and Southern California to the Southwest.

Henry was invited to move the station above the casino floor on the second story of the casino hotel next to the executive offices located downtown on Main Street. Not all of the hotel was allowed to be occupied by guests in order to make room for the hotel and casino’s management offices, wardrobe, and the personnel offices, and, of course, for the employee break rooms and laundry facilities. The place was owned by Big Jim Dailey, who learned everything about being a casino business owner the hard way. Big Jim had started out working as a hired hand learning his trade in the gambling pits of the southernmost regions of the state. Eventually, he was promoted

JOURNEY THROUGH DESTINY

and one day got lucky when he met Rhonda, the daughter of the guy who owned the club. Rhonda spotted his potential as being an excellent dealer who practically never made a mistake and handled the almost constant barrage of small-time gamblers who would sit in with the high-rollers at the craps table. He worked his way up to the position in security called “eye in the sky.” One of the most important jobs in all of the casino. It was his job to keep a watchful eye on the entire place, especially employees. Usually, if a fight broke out or a petty theft had occurred the offender was just sent on their way. But there was a problem.

When Henry walked in, he and his buddies from the nearby reservation didn't always get along with the casino staff. Some of Henry's cousins were often the ones causing everybody trouble. So, in exchange for a little respect from the boys on the reservation, Big Jim offered Henry space for his radio station to broadcast from the casino itself. And it would be piped into every corner of the casino floor. Country Music mixed with old rock and roll, and an occasional guest speaker, the weather, a few over-the-air commercials from the people in the town, but most importantly their favorite radio show. The one that used to have Little Jeophries as the star. The hit comedy show, “The Money Skit.” Performed by Henry himself.

Henry had gotten the idea for the character after being the winner of several very large jackpots while working as a dealer. So he knew a few things about the business himself. Now, with Big Jim Dailey in his corner, he stood to grow in wealth and popularity because Big Jim was the one who ran this town. He owned several hotels and bars up and down the little streets of White Horse, a few apartment buildings, some houses, and also, unbeknownst to Cameron, the cattle ranch in Cherry Creek run by her stepfather Kal. The Horseman's Trail Ranch... Big Jim had won the property in a game of poker, and had hit it big after bringing down over a million dollars in cash, beating everybody in the World Series of Poker Tournament that was held every year up north in Jasper County. That, along with a business license and a loan from the bank, had made Big Jim very wealthy in this great state. It was due to his luck in gambling but also in his ability to capitalize on a winning proposition.

FLUKE INVESTIGATION

One fateful day in October, Cameron decided to call on Carrie to go with her, Ruger, and Charlie up to The Clear Water Reservoir for a dip and to get away from their chores for a while. Maybe even shoot a few frogs with the .22 caliber rifle she carried with her at all times in case of a snake or animal attack. At the pond, they could swim in the spring water that seeped up out of the ground. It was on a mountaintop ridge on a dirt road that at one time was paved to allow for old-school traffic where the speed limit was posted at, "Fit and proper."

In these same olden days, before time as far as Cameron was concerned, that road led to the natural water spring and into the caverns and mines that still littered the mountainside, providing plenty of room to get into trouble. People went there for different reasons—catching frogs, which were in abundance, and snakes, which came with the territory, and tiny goldfish that were the only aquatic creatures that could survive in the heated pool of water. It was a concoction of mostly warm water laced with a small amount of sulfur, which can be a toxic combination. Luckily there was also a big, steel drum about five feet deep and sixty feet in circumference that collected and filled with the purest naturally accruing spring water that—even in the wintertime—was somewhat warm. So Cameron set out for the Grandts' place. Carrie's family also had a few horses. Her favorite was named "The Don" for short or "The Dapper Don."

So they just called him Dapper. Carrie didn't have a dog, which might seem strange to people who lived out and worked on a ranch, but she was kind of allergic to animals, except for her horse. That was fine with Cameron because having Charlie around was all they really needed to keep the sheep and cattle in a herd and protect

JOURNEY THROUGH DESTINY

them from anything that might try to harm them along the way. Everything out there was fair game— even though he had learned his lesson about skunks when he was a little more than a pup.

Neither of the girls had cell phones because there wasn't any service in this area of the county. So Cameron showed up at 8:30 in the morning at the Grandt family's Bare Mason Ranch. Carrie's father, Walter, had laid down a cement foundation with a double-wide mobile home trailer mounted on top of it that had a small crawl space below it. Carrie was just about eighteen. Old enough to be put to work or be married off, and in these parts, there really were no good options available as far as finding a good husband that wasn't just another ranch hand. Between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one, people in Nevada had a hard time finding a decent, well-paying job in order to take care of themselves. But this day wasn't about that. This day was about spending some girl time together up at the pond with nobody around but the coyotes!

Soon Cameron started out across the four-mile trek down a few dirt roads that surrounded properties owned by different ranchers. Which left quite a bit of room between all of the cross streets, each one labeled by a green street sign that only appeared every so often with the name of the street etched across both sides of the green plate with words that labeled the streets in all four directions. Like Hickory Lane and Tack Street, which was the street that Carrie and her family had lived on, that intersected right here.

Rows of barbed wire and other wooden-lattice type fences lined the road with heavily gilded cast iron gates big enough to keep the rancher's driveway secure from the cattle escaping and big enough to fit a tractor through. Usually the main entrance was adorned with a wooden arch of some kind or even just an old beaten down wooden sign hung above the gate by any means imaginable and endowed with the name of that particular property.

Here it was fairly flat. Kal's ranch was only about five acres but plenty big enough for all of his farm and ranch equipment along with several steel buildings that he used to store trackers and other vehicles and a repair shop that Kal spent most of his time in. The mobile home that she and Brenda lived in with Kal was next to the metal buildings and there was a second house on the property that Cameron thought Big Jim spent time in during the summer months enjoying his big-boy toys, along with riding his horses and herding

his cattle. Then Kal watched over the place when Big Jim wasn't around, which was eighty percent of the time. Big Jim mostly spent time in his penthouse above the casino floor back in his casino in White Horse. It was called the Intrepid Star after a winning racehorse that had been made famous back in the 80's for one of the biggest underdog payoffs in horse-racing history.

From inside his penthouse he could command all that he surveyed, only stopping off at the ranch when the weather and his mood would allow. In the fall and winter months he did a lot of trophy hunting in the hills and forested canyons that were found in abundance on the back side of the mountain ranges. The valleys below mostly existed of forestry and rock formations, lakes, springs, small running streams in many of the canyons above the foot hills and between mountain passes, good for hunting bobcats or fulfilling big game tags. Most of the roads in these areas were not paved yet, but the forestry service kept a close eye on the trails and pathways so tourists or people who wandered off in the wrong direction didn't get lost.

There were even deep caverns with stairways and cemented walkways. For example, throughout the crystal garden caverns if you found a crystal horn you could either trade it in for \$25 cash or keep it as a souvenir. Nonetheless, there were lots of places to get lost in or shot at by amateur hunters from the city who would show up from all over the place with the thrill of a big kill in mind to bring back to their suburban man caves for display. Most gave the meat away to the poor. The gamy flavor was not usually enjoyable to the untrained pallet. They usually hired an Indian guide of some sort whose job it was to track and clean the animal before dragging it off the mountain for them and usually ending up with the meat. An expensive tag or permit to hunt in the park wasn't needed to get the upper hand in the hunting community and that meat could feed a family for the whole year, not having to buy meat at the white man's grocery stores like Bratleys back in town. Nonetheless, Cameron found herself over at the Bare Mason Ranch where Carrie lived.

Excited to get out on the trails with her best friends in tow, Cameron was in a state of anticipation, but when she arrived, something wasn't right. The front door of the house was wide open and there were cattle grazing on the front lawn. Charlie started to bark at the house and wouldn't heel when told to do so. The dog wasn't

Thank You for previewing this eBook

You can read the full version of this eBook in different formats:

- HTML (Free /Available to everyone)
- PDF / TXT (Available to V.I.P. members. Free Standard members can access up to 5 PDF/TXT eBooks per month each month)
- Epub & Mobipocket (Exclusive to V.I.P. members)

To download this full book, simply select the format you desire below

