

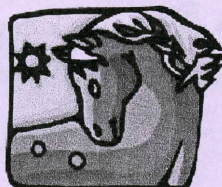


I'LL

you

SHOW

My

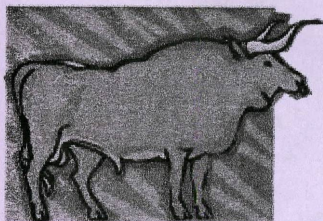
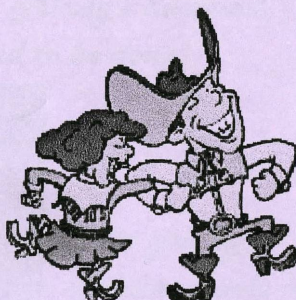


WILD

WILD

West

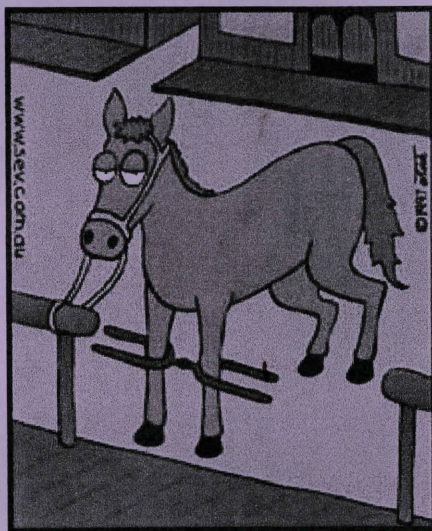
By: Lauren Freeman
April 16, 2003





COWBOYS ONLY HEIFERS BY INVITATION

© 1996 ANDERSON INC.



The leg-lock: latest in horse theft prevention.

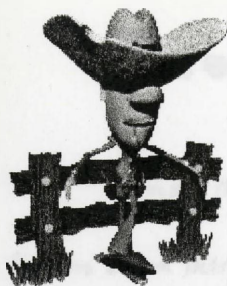


Table of Contents & Synopsis

You Can't Keep It Forever

This is a very short story about a young man who goes out into the country side and tries to rope himself a horse. Yet in the end he wishes it was his mother.....

"When Life Gives You A Bull...Ride It"

This is a short story about two girls: Mindy and Jennifer, who have a revelation that changes their lives forever. Their rebirth also changes Mindy's husband, Travis, life in ways that were needed to be done.

"Sandy"

This is a warm-up exercises brought to you by: Lauren, Chris and Brandi. Each one of these people had to take a section and write, under a certain amount of time. Take a gander and you wouldn't believe what they came up with.....



You

Cant



Keep

It

Forever





A man sits on his horse wearing his usual uniform: a button down shirt, jeans with chaps, boots and a cowboy hat. His horse is standing tall and proud. The horse's body is white, layered with a black mane and tail which flows from side to side. His master sits in the saddle, a rope connected to the side, and a sleeping bag on the back. Along the ridged snow covered mountainside he rides. To what he is not sure, to where he does not care, he just rides. He is a troubled man, with a troubled past. A past only he and his horse know about and try to ignore. Around him he is surrounded by wet thick grass that comes up to his horse's knees, and big green pine trees scattered around the valley in no particular order. He is finally trying to enjoy life, just he and his horse.

Ahead he notices a herd of wild horses.

He thinks to himself, *I am only one man.*

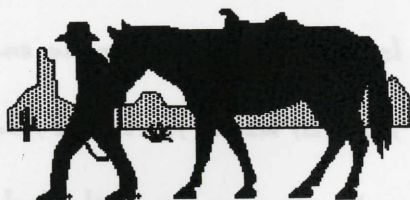


There's no way I could catch them and keep them forever but I could try. His horse turns his head to look at his master. He looks into his horse's eye and

sees the anxiety. He knows

his horse is ready to run in

the grass with his fellow



species but is waiting for the right cue. Finally the man agrees with his horse and they take off running. They are running at such a fast speed that the wind starts to whip by his face. Which direction he wants to take he is not sure. What he is going to do when he is near the herd is unclear. He is letting their instincts lead the way. Some of the horses lift their heads to the sight which is coming clearer as the seconds go by. Others pay no attention, still grazing the half-soaked grass. In front of



the herd appears the leader; she stands

proud, chest sticking up, head
in the air. The wind is blowing
exquisite mane to the side,



making her look intimidating yet absolutely spectacular. In that
same moment, when he saw the leader's beauty, it triggered a
flashback of something he had not thought of since he'd been
six years

mother



red dress, with



old. It was a vision of his
wearing a polka-dot

her brown hair

flowing in the wind.

The mare lets the rider know that nothing is going to get
between she and her herd. Yet the man riding his horse is still
running. He acknowledges the leader's warning but ignores it and
pushes his horse faster. The man knows what he is now going to



do. He decides to try to rope the leader. Imagining it was his mother and trying to make her stay. The mare senses she is the main target and decides to give man a challenge. When the man closer, he takes his lasso and the end. With the end he ties it horn on his saddle. Then the places the circular part of his lasso in his right hand and starts making circular motions over his head. By this point his heart is pounding in anticipation.



too close thus, making for the herd to run. As soon as they get the message, they take off at full speed; they run in the soaked grass and down the path of the mountains.

Now the man and his horse are for comfort to the herd, the leader give the order



The leader runs to the front to maneuver the herd. The herd



runs for freedom and they run from danger, not knowing the power that the man might have. Trailing behind is the man and his

horse. They are running at full speed, hearts pounding. The man and his horse finally catch up with the leader, now running side by side, still with his right hand making circular motions with the lasso and his left hand holding his reins.

The proud man that he is, decides that it is now time to catch the leader. He throws the lasso and aims for her neck, not knowing that she could ever be caught.

dodges the rope and makes a sharp right freedom. The lasso falls to the ground



She
to
and

catches nothing more than a chunk of grass. He figures it is over, and in his heart he feels unsatisfied. He is unable to catch



the mare and unable to grasp his mother. He slows his horse to a walk and then to a stop. He coils his lasso back up and the two of them sit there watching the horses run free.

While watching the horses, they notice the leader for one last time. She stops and stands proud knowing that he couldn't break her. But before saying good-bye she rears up her front legs, still having her back legs on the ground, and starts moving her front legs up and down in arithmetic motion, her mane blowing in the wind. At that moment the man lost his breath, for the leader reminded him of the day his mother said good-bye. He remembered that last wave and kiss she would give before she left forever. There

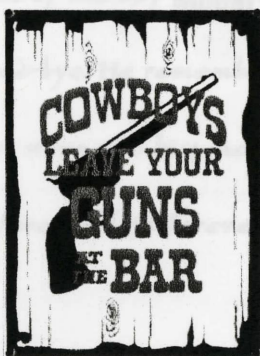
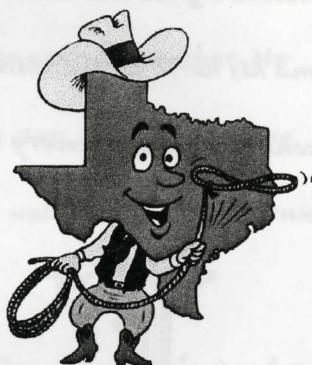


became a glaze and almost a tear in the man's eyes. The man and his horse sit there in amazement. The rider wished he could take that memory and hold it forever.

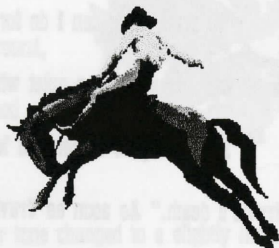


"Whut makes me really mad - Is I could swear I heard that horse laugh!"

When
Life
Gives
You
A
Bull....
Ride it.



It was a Sunday afternoon in the small quiet town of Anthony, Texas. The streets were empty, the stores were closed, and no one in sight. It was God's Day and everyone was located at St. Charles Church, well everyone except Mindy. She was lounging in her floral love seat, reading the local newspaper, wearing Wranglers, a black tank top, and smoking a cigarette. Her brown hair was tied back in a tight ponytail revealing her gorgeous face. Mindy had to go to the church every Sunday, except for today she needed a break from the town's people. Upstairs was Mindy's life long friend, Jennifer, who was taking a shower. Jennifer, the opposite of Mindy, had long blonde hair and a much more slender body.



As Mindy was sitting on the love seat, reading the newspaper, minding her own business the doorbell rang. She put out her cigarette and got up to see who was at the door. She was skeptical because she knew the only person who would be at the door was up stairs in the shower. Mindy was hesitant but looked through the peephole and saw the back of a person wearing a police uniform. Her heart jumped a beat and she realized she looked too nice to see this police officer at this moment. So instead of answering the door she yelled, "Hold on a minute!" and ran to the bathroom. Mindy stuck her face in the sink and started splashing water on it, making it seem like she had been crying. She also made her hair look sloppy to seem like she had been in bed all day. Once she was completed, she ran back to the living room and grabbed a tissue then ran to get the door.

When Mindy opened the door the policeman turned around. She recognized him, Officer Hart, a friend she had been close with since she had moved to Texas. Yet she couldn't figure out what he was doing here in his police suit on a Sunday afternoon. Usually when he came over he was wearing jeans and a button down shirt.

"Hi Hart, what can I do for you this afternoon? I thought we got everything resolved yesterday?" Mindy's voice was quiet which made it sound like she had been crying all day.

"I am sorry to bother you Mindy, but I have some other questions I have to ask you about Travis's death." As soon as Travis's name was said, Mindy forced some tears out and wiped them away, hinting to Hart that she is still grieving.

"Oh Hart, must I do it today? Can't it wait a few days?" Mindy took her hands and held herself close. She was paying attention to a pebble which lay on the ground. Studying it hard, she forced herself to tear up again while persuading Officer Hart of her sadness and knowing full well it was all a sham. "I need some more time to recover."

Officer Hart took out his notebook from his pants pocket and a pen from his shirt pocket, showing Mindy that he was there for business and not to socialize. "Mindy, I need to put this down in my investigation report. The Sheriff is going to have my ass if I don't give it to him soon."

"Hart, you know
since I moved here. Why



all about my life. I have known you
must I tell you this all again?"

CHAPTER 2

"Mindy, I know your life, but the Sheriff doesn't and he wants it all on file. So instead of me going back into my memory and writing it all down, I need it straight from you."

Finally making eye contact with Officer Hart, she asked, "But why does he care so much about my past?"

"He figures there might be something that could help with Travis' death." Officer Hart looked to the ground, feeling ashamed that he was there investigating his good friend.



"Fine, Hart, I'll tell you it all again." Her tone changed to a slightly more abrupt pitch. "Come on in."

Officer Hart walked into the front room and shut the door; he took his jacket and hat off and hung them on the coat rack to his right. Mindy had already walked back to the living room and sat down on her floral love seat. Following a little ways behind her was Officer Hart who sat down on the red couch that faced opposite her.

"Before we start, can I get you some tea?" Mindy said in a quiet voice, grabbing another tissue and walking out of the room.

"Yes please, that would be nice." Officer Hart raised his voice so it echoed to the kitchen.

He knew the place well, yet it was his job to see if anything had changed. The couple's only pictures were still sitting on the fireplace mantel. They were pictures of Mindy and

Travis' wedding day, along with a few pictures of their honeymoon. Officer Hart looked to the right of the floral chair and there sat the end table with a lamp on top of it. There really was not that much to look at in the room so he seemed to think everything was still in order.

"I only have herbal iced tea, if that is okay," she yelled back to the living room at Officer Hart.

"Yes Mindy, that would be great," he yelled back, trying not to be too loud.

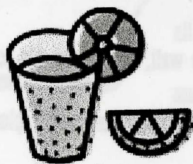
Mindy walked back into the living room with two glasses of cold herbal iced tea. She handed one glass to Officer Hart and sat back on the floral couch. She stared into his eyes and saw the seriousness of this situation.

"Please Mindy, when I am in this uniform I have to act like a real policeman. So just pretend I am not the Hart you know and I am Officer Hart, the policeman who needs to ask you questions."

"Okay Officer Hart, I guess we should begin this police business."

"Well I think we should start with your family. Everyone in town knows you don't talk to them, but we need to know why this all occurred."

Mindy took a deep breath and wiped another tear from her eye. She then began to speak.



CHAPTER 2

"I guess it all started with my parents, or I should better say the people who had conceived me. My so called 'family' treated me like I was a shadow. They usually never talked to me unless they needed something and at that, they never called me by my first name. I was always referred to as 'girl' or 'get your sorry ass over here with my.....' This occurred up to the time when we moved to Texas. My family decided to move from Montana because they thought my brother would become a better roper. I thought it was all psychological but no one ever listens to me. My brother was older than I and a spoiled child. Plus my entire parent's attention went to him.

'Your brother is goin' to make our family famous one day. He'll be the next roping champion of this household. What will you ever do with your pathetic self?' Really, the only part I would listen to was *Blah, blah, blah.* "



"So Mindy, when exactly did you meet Jennifer?" Already knowing the answer to the question, Officer Hart still had to ask for the record.

"Hart, why do you have to ask me all these questions? You were there too; we were all in the same grade together." Mindy started to get impatient but knew she had to keep it cool in front of 'Officer Hart.'

"I told you, I need it for my investigation report so the Sheriff can look at it."

"Well, when we moved to Texas all the abuse I got from my family reflected on my attitude towards people. I became the quiet shy type.



Until one day my entire world did a three sixty and was never the same again. It was the first day in the sixth grade at a new school and I was in Mrs. Burgess's class. That's when I met Jennifer - well more like stumbled into her. I was putting my books in my locker when my math book fell on the ground. She and I both reached down to pick it up and knocked heads. After the collision we both lifted our heads to rub our bruises. She handed me my math book and introduced herself as Jennifer. I on the other hand was shocked at my display of stupidity and was unable to communicate. After a few seconds of uncomfortable silence I finally managed to spout out my name. It was so unclear I was sure she didn't understand me. She invited me to sit with her at the lunch tables so we could become better friends. I nodded my head in agreement. When Jennifer left, I never imagined that anyone could have such a sweet disposition and not be crazy like my family."

"Jennifer and I ate lunch that day and every day afterwards. We also started to hang out during and after school. We became best of friends instantly. She also managed to get me out of my shell, and man, was I shocked at the improvement. I became the clever one and Jennifer had the looks and the charm so we became the perfect pair."



Officer Hart picked up his iced tea and took another sip, then placed it on the coffee table and stared at Mindy. She was looking out the window, focusing her view on the cattle eating grass in the field. Mindy wished she could be a cow right now: No worries, no investigation, and

living life easy. Instead she was in her living room being asked stupid pointless question on a beautiful day. Officer Hart cleared his throat then continued with his questions. "Alright, after you met Jennifer, you felt 'complete.' But how was life back at your house?"



"Life at home was still bad. As the years yet by, I always looked forward to school and the times I could sneak away to hang out with Jennifer. My parents still ignored me, and my brother was still the center of their attention. There was one day I remember like it happened yesterday, cause it was the best day of my life. I was eighteen when my parents decided it was time to move again. 'This move is for your brother's sake. You better pack it up or we're leaving you here.' Of course I did what every teenager did when their parents hated them. I stayed. How could I leave Jennifer? She meant everything to me and my parents meant nothing. Plus Jennifer and I were together, through thick and thin. We made a pact and I was damn sure I was going to abide by it. So that following Sunday my family up and left, selling everything and leaving me nothing. That was the last I ever heard from them. I could have cared less. I was finally free of their presence and verbal abuse. On the down side, I had no money and no place to live, but on the plus side Jennifer was also in the same boat. Her father found out she had been sleeping around before marriage so he did what any Texan father would do: he kicked her out. But he was nicer about the situation and left her a few hundred dollars. So there we were, homeless and somewhat penniless.



"So there you two are; no money and no shelter. What happened to the two of you next?" After Officer Hart was done asking his question, he looked deep into Mindy's eyes and saw her grief. When Mindy caught his attention, she shifted her eyes to the ground and wiped the forced tears off her face.

"With the money Jennifer got from her father we bought a rinky-dink trailer, in the shitty part of town. It was an okay place. Wo, wait, it was a dump but it had two bedrooms and a bathroom, with a working shower. That was all we needed to survive. We decided that we needed money so we both got jobs. We landed work at the best diner around, Susie's Diner. Their motto read something like 'Serving the best hamburgers from here to Tim-buck-two.'

Truthfully their hamburgers were the nastiest things from here to anywhere. But the worst part had to be the uniforms. Oh my god! They were pink and white striped things. My boobs hung out the top and my ass hung out the bottom, they were two sizes too small and definitely too ugly. Jennifer and I figured



that the hamburgers were so gross we needed to look half-naked to get business. But you got to do what you got to do for money.

"Is this when you met Travis?" Oh course Officer Hart knew the answer to this question; he was there for Jennifer and Mindy's gossip session.

"Yeah, one day when I was slaving away serving dirty truck drivers and nasty farmers, he walked in. At first glance I was taken away. I swear he was flying in on a cloud, with a ray of sunshine in the background and angels playing little harps around him.

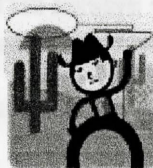
I was speechless when he asked me for a table. But good thing for Jennifer, who saw me standing there like an idiot and ran over to help me. She grabbed a menu and started to talk to the gentleman."

Officer Hart was busy taking notes on what he just listened to. While he was busy, Mindy thought of the first time she had seen Travis. This was the day at the diner when the world stopped spinning and her entire life would be changed.

"How many today, sir?" Jennifer asked with a grin on her face, intentionally for me. At that same moment she used her butt to knock me back into reality. When I came to, I realized I had been making an ass out of myself. Plus I was still back in this dump and staring at the gorgeous piece of meat that just walked into the door. He had short black hair, and those brown mysterious eyes. I was going gaga and I just met the man.

"One please, near the window."

"Yes, right this way." Jennifer showed him to his seat and placed the menu on the table. When he walked away Mindy couldn't help staring at his great ass in those beautiful Wranglers. When he sat down Jennifer told him the specials. "Our special this afternoon is hamburger a la mode."





"Well, that is our world's finest burger with a side of that lovely girl's telephone number on it." She was pointing directly at me, so I moved back behind the counter and got slightly out of the way. There I was standing with my mouth open and drool running down my lip, looking like a complete fool.

The gentleman sat there for a minute. Looking at me, then looking at Jennifer. After a breathless second he said, "I'll take it," with a gigantic smile. I heard his words and felt a relief of embarrassment rise off of my shoulders. I also think I peed in my pants, I must have.

Jennifer walked back over with a huge smile on her face. I could only reply with a shocked, "How could you do something like that?"

"Well, I saw you standing there like an idiot and I just couldn't let the opportunity to embarrass you pass by," she said, ending with a slight chuckle. By that point my eyes were taken off the man and directed towards Jennifer.

"I swear right when we get home I am going to throw you in the mud." Well not really meaning it but wishing it could happen. Thinking in my head how funny that would be if Jennifer was covered in mud in her perfect Susie's uniform. "So what are you going to wear?"

"Wear? For what? You mean for the date? I don't know. Let me wait to see if he even calls me. Hey, I got a secret. You seriously made my day." I gave her a gigantic hug and kissed her on her cheek. Then got back to work.

"Oh and by the way. Your mysterious man's name is Travis."

Travis, that name was music to my ears.



Mindy came back to my senses to realize Officer Hart was trying to get my attention. "Hey, Mindy...Mindy! You dazed out for a few seconds. You were telling me about your husband Travis. Please continue."

"I never got the chance to talk to the gentleman named Travis. I was swamped with people at the bar and he sat in Doloris's section. Doloris was the ratty looking, chain smoking old lady, who took his table. I was smart enough not to mess with Doloris and any of her customers. She could take me down with one punch, even with her old decaying hands. But he surely was an angel, who was going to take me away from this hell hole and up to our heaven. I just couldn't fight her for it."



CHAPTER 3

When Mindy finished her sentence she looked up and noticed Officer Hart chuckling to himself. "Oh yeah, I remember Doloris, she always smelled like used cigarettes and cat urine. Man that must have been about three years ago since she last worked there. I hear she died of lung cancer."

All that Mindy could vocalize was a slight pathetic laugh. What she really wanted to do was make fun of Doloris with Hart, but she knew she had to stay in character and fight off the laughter.



"Is there anything else the Sheriff wants to know?"

Officer Hart looked at the back page of his notepad. There was a list of questions he was supposed to ask. He had knocked down a few but noticed there were more.



"How was the relationship between you and Travis? Like your first date, let's start there."

Taking a slight breath and adjusting herself on the love seat, Mindy was ready to answer yet another question.

"Everything was magical after we left the diner. It was kind of like that big man up in the sky knew how shitty my life was and wanted to make it a little bit better. It was the moment after the diner when Jennifer and I were walking back to our trailer trash home that we knew things were going to change. I can't tell you how, but I had this weird gut feeling. The feeling continued as I walked inside the trailer and saw that there was a message from Travis saying he wanted to take me out to dinner. All I could think to myself was *holy shit, a man actually wants to go to dinner with me and not Jennifer*. Well must have frozen over for this to happen.

"But you're probably asking yourself why we got an answer machine and nothing else? Well yes, we still were dirt poor, but Jennifer really needed it because, God forbid she missed a call from one of her many men. They were all jerks and she never returned their calls anyway but she hated to miss them. So we ended up having this answer machine and no groceries for a week."





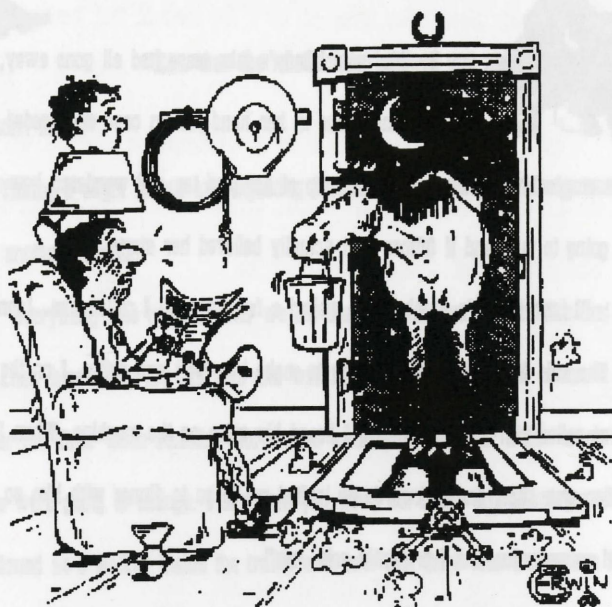
By this point Mindy's fake tears had all gone away, yet she still held the tissue in her hand just in case she needed to force some more. She stopped her sentence to have a sip of her iced tea and wondered how much longer this was going to take and if Officer Hart actually believed her story.

"I took Travis's number and waited a few days till I called him. Jennifer gave me the idea. She said it would be a good idea to make him wait and suffer. I on the other hand, would have called him back the instant I heard his voice on the machine. When I did call, our conversation was short and awkward. He invited me to go to dinner with him so we could have a civilized conversation and I presently said *yes*."

Officer Hart lifted his finger to interrupt Mindy. "Your tea is doing a number to my bladder. I think I am about to explode. Please excuse me." Officer Hart walked to the bathroom to do his business.



While Officer Hart was away, Mindy again looked out the window to watch the cattle. She noticed two in particular cattle on top of the hill that caught her eye. They were standing head to head having what she thought was a conversation. They were moving their heads as if they were gesturing and laughing at the other cows. As Mindy was dreaming, but as she stared harder and harder, she saw herself and Jennifer standing and laughing when Travis rolled up in his old mud covered white F150.



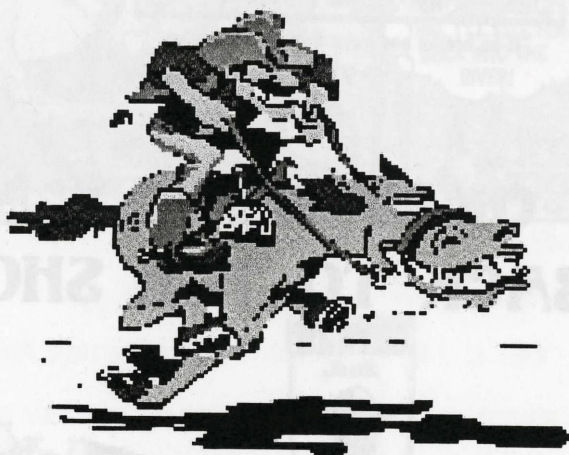
**'This daylight savin' time really
messes with his head!'**

JUST A SHORT BREAK.....





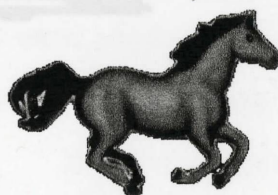
**AND NOW BACK
TO THE SHOW →**





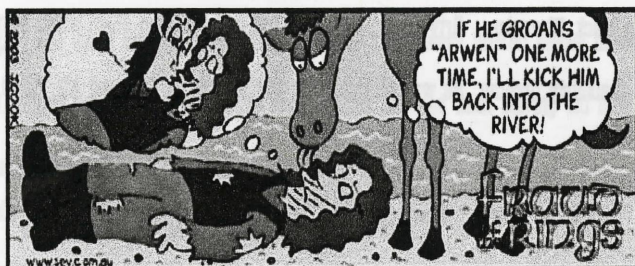
"If he breaks one more thing I'm firing up
the grill."

**OKAY REALLY NOW
BACK TO THE SHOW.....**





**HA HA HA
FOOLED YOU.....**





"*That* is the car he is picking you up in?" Jennifer was baffled, laughing slightly. Her expectations for Travis and men in general were much higher.

"Well, at least I have a date tonight. I might not be picked up in a flashy new truck but at least I am not sitting at home tonight eating mac and cheese watching old soap operas, alone." "

Mindy looked at Jennifer with a slight grin, knowing that she had the upper hand and was not the 'pathetic' one tonight. Jennifer saw the grin and tried to come up with a comeback, but nothing came to her mind so she just stuck her tongue out instead.

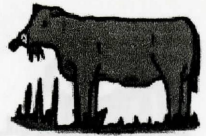
"Okay bitch, you won. Even though the truck is trashy, he is looking pretty hot."

The old F150 parked right in front of the two girls and out climbed Travis. He was wearing black Wranglers, dirty boots, a cowboy hat and a button down shirt. Mindy thought he looked absolutely dreamy. He walked right over to the girls but focused his vision directly on Mindy.

"Hello, Mindy." Travis took her hand and kissed it ever so gently. His newly shaven prickles on his face tickled Mindy's hand. Then he let go of her hand and checked out her outfit.

"Damn, you look gorgeous. You ready to have a nice evening?"

"Well.....I.....I am." Completely speechless and embarrassed, Mindy somehow pushed out words. She really didn't look too great. She was wearing an old flower sundress that she borrowed from Jennifer. The dress needed to be washed and smelled like cheap perfume but it was the only thing the two girls owned. The shoes were also not in their top condition. They were once white but as time went by they turned a dirty yellow color.



Travis then turned his attention to Jennifer so he wouldn't look like a jerk. "Hello, Jennifer. How are you tonight?"

"I am doing fine tonight, just seeing my little girl out on her first real date." Jennifer thought that was a funny comment, but when she turned her head to Mindy and saw the nasty face Mindy was making, she realized it wasn't as funny as she thought.

"Well is that right? This is your first *real* date, Mindy? Then I guess I have to make it the best."

A slight girlish chuckle came from Mindy once Travis finished his comment. She was too embarrassed to look him in the eyes, so she focused her view on his muddy boots. As she stared deeper, she could see he owned farm animals. There were broken pieces of hay attracted to the mud. Mindy thought this was tacky and realized she had been staring too long at the boots. So she refocused her eyes back at Travis.

"Well, we'll see," Mindy said, trying to be cute.

"Should we head to my car then?" Travis pointed to his muddy white F150.

"Sure. Let's go."



Travis walked to the passenger side of the truck and opened the door for Mindy. As he was walking, Mindy turned to talk to Jennifer.

"Alright, here I go. Wish me luck."

"Good luck." Jennifer leaned over and gave Mindy a kiss on the cheek. Then whispered something in her ear. "If you are not back in two hours, I am sending the hounds to look for you."

"Thanks, Love."

With that, Mindy walked to the truck. When she got there, Travis helped her in and closed the door behind her. Then he ran around the car and hopped into the driver's seat, started the car and drove off. Jennifer waved goodbye as they drove down the road, and turned around and walked away.

Exactly four hours later Mindy came stumbling in the trailer held by Travis. They startled Jennifer, who was sitting on the couch with the television blasting. As soon as they came in, Jennifer jumped to her feet to help her.

"What did you do to her?" Jennifer looked straight into Travis eyes with fury.

"I did nothing. We went to the bar and had a few drinks," Travis said, sounding worried.

They placed Mindy on the couch and Jennifer ran into the kitchen to get a cold wet towel. Travis took off her shoes and made sure she was comfortable. Jennifer came running back, pushed Travis out of the way, and placed the wet towel on Mindy's head.



"What is this cooooolllllllldddd thing on me head!?! "Mindy slurred as the cold water dripped down her face.



"Mindy, you are plastered. You know you are not supposed to drink." She finished the comment by looking straight into Travis' eyes. As if he was supposed to know but didn't didn't care anyway.

"I have thhhrrrrreeee drinks. I sink they were beeeeeerrrrs." Mindy slurred her words but it was enough to tell Jennifer that she had too many drinks.

"Well at least this time you are still clothed and not dancing around the trailer." Jennifer couldn't help being sarcastic at a time like this. She was thankful Mindy was fully dressed and unharmed.

"That not foney. I wuv a goo giilrrr!. We ony drunk and dance. I swearve. But I tell Trav that I no drink. He tell me it be okay."

Jennifer couldn't believe what she had just heard and she knew this was the truth, drunk or not, Mindy wouldn't lie.

Once Jennifer was content with Mindy lying steadily on the couch she stood up to talk to Travis.

But with a sarcastic and evil tone in her voice Jennifer still wanted to be courteous to Travis, "Thanks for bringing her home."





"Yea, I am sorry about the alcohol and all. She told me she shouldn't drink but I thought one would be okay." Travis seemed to be serious, yet Jennifer couldn't and didn't trust him.

"Don't you listen to anyone when they say no? Whatever. I got it under control, so you can leave now." Jennifer's tone had changed from upset to pissed. She couldn't believe Travis would let this happen. Yet on the other hand, Jennifer knew she had to control her temper because Mindy did have a thing for him. So she changed her tone and showed him to the door.

"Wait Tavs, hold on a minuto." Mindy's drunken voice came from the background. Travis walked over to the couch and stuck his head close to Mindy's so she didn't have to move much. "I sory bout toniiiiight. Calli me morrow."

"Don't worry about it, I had fun." He went close to Mindy's ear and whispered in them. As he did so, he focused his eyes on Jennifer's eyes. "I'll call you tomorrow and the day after, and the day after that." He then kissed Mindy on the cheek.

Mindy couldn't believe what she had just heard. She was so excited that she rolled over and passed out. Jennifer showed Travis out the door. On the way out, he stared again straight into her eyes. In a sense he was laughing to himself because he knew Mindy was now his. Then Travis hopped in the car and drove away. As soon as he was gone, Jennifer turned around to look at Mindy. She just stood there and shook her head.



"That is some mighty fine iced tea you got there. Sorry I got up so abruptly, but when nature calls it doesn't stop calling." Officer Hart walked back into the living room as if he owned the place. He was fixing his pants as he sat down. Once on the couch he took out his pen and notepad again. "Alright Mindy, we were talking about your first date. How'd that go?"

Mindy giggled to herself and replied. "Oh it went well. We did the usual date stuff; dinner and a movie."

CHAPTER 4

"That's it? Just dinner and a movie? Come on I know there is more than that. You went on and on about the other stuff and now nothing. Fine. I guess I will start asking questions on top of that response. So where did you go to see a movie? There is no movie in the town and the only movie theatre is an hour away. "

"Well we went to dinner at Susie's Diner. Damn, that place is still a dump. It was just the way it was when I left there. It smelled the same, like dirty truck drivers. The worse part was, that they were still wearing those trashy outfits. But the movie, yeah we drove to Las Cruises. That was a long and uncomfortable journey. Travis talked the entire time and made me feel slightly more comfortable...."



Mindy interrupted herself and focused her eyes on the stairway. Her attention was drawn to Jennifer in the upstairs bathroom and the sound of the shower water draining out. This was a sign of relief for Mindy. She knew in just a few minutes Jennifer would be out and save Mindy from this whole ordeal.

A few seconds later the bathroom door opened and out walked Jennifer in a towel. Before she could take another step Mindy hollered up to her.

"Jennifer, Officer Hart is here. Why don't you come down and say hello." Mindy yelled loud enough that her voice echoed up the stairwell. Jennifer heard the abruptness in her Mindy's voice and knew she needed to hurry and run downstairs.

"I'll be down in two seconds. Let me just put some clothes on." Jennifer yelled back downstairs.

Mindy took her eyes off the stairwell and looked at Officer Hart. She wondered if he noticed the abruptness in their voices, but he was completely oblivious to it all. Instead his attention was focused on Jennifer in a towel at the top of the stairwell, running to the room to put clothes on.

"Hart, should we continue?" Mindy thought it was time to get back to business. Plus if she laughed at Officer Hart she would blow her cover. "Hey! Hart!" After a few seconds she realized yelling wasn't going to get his attention. So instead of getting up, she decided to pick up her glass of ice tea and grab the biggest piece of ice. When she found it, she lightly threw it at Officer Hart's head, forcing him back to reality.



Officer Hart looked around totally clueless. "What? Huh? Sorry. Was I staring? I was just looking at the lovely trim on the...the....stair-mantel-wall-thing, whatever you call it."

"Oh huh. Anyways....we were talking about the date."

"Oh yeah lets get back to that."

"Well he drove me back to the trailer and gave me a good night kiss. That was it, nothing more, nothing less."

Just as Mindy finished her sentence, Jennifer walked down the stairs wearing a floral mini skirt, a pink tank top and had wet long blonde hair. When she entered the living room she permeated it with the smell of soap and roses and immediately Officer Hart took his eyes off Mindy and stared at Jennifer. "Well Officer Hart.... look at you. You're looking pretty snazzy in that cute uniform of yours." She walked over to touch his uniform but just as her hand reached out to touch his collar, Officer Hart jumped up.



"Well...well...hhhhello Jennifer."

Jennifer pulled back her hand and checked Officer Hart up and down. "Damn Hart. How long has it been now? What four, maybe five years. Too long I say." As she was saying this she walked to the back of the chair Mindy was sitting in, and placed her hands on Mindy's shoulders. "So the Sheriff finally has you doing some real business now? Well good for you. It's about time you got your feet wet. All that time traveling and at the Police Academy finally paid off. Lord only knows, with all the training why the hell you came back to this dump?"

"Well.....I....I know. It has been too long since I last saw you. The Sheriff finally respects me." Officer Hart looked at the coffee table as he talked to Jennifer, unable to give her the eye contact she deserved.

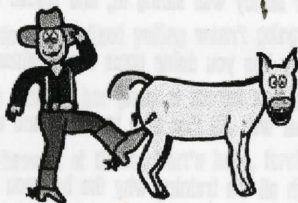
"So what ya'all talking about? Is it anything that I can butt in on?" Jennifer walked away from the back of the chair and headed to the red couch. As she passed the front of the chair, Jennifer gave Mindy a wink then rolled her eyes, she found this funny but contained herself from laughter.

When Jennifer reached the red couch, she sat down gracefully and reached for Officer Hart's hand. "Come sit down. I'm not going to bite. Get back to your conversation with Mindy. I won't bother you two." Officer Hart looked Jennifer in the eyes and nodded in agreement. When he said down he looked at Mindy, who was still in the floral love chair with a tissue to her face. This was the only way she could cover up the laughter she was trying to hold back.

"I guess I can finish asking my questions. I only have a few more before I have to leave."

"Well go right ahead and ask away. I will be of no trouble." Pushing the conversation further into overdrive Jennifer nudged Officer Hart to go ahead and ask all the questions he wanted, just as long as Jennifer can hear and interject the conversation.

"Since I got all the other stuff, I want to know how he treated you."



Mindy looked into Jennifer's eyes, she was unsure how far she should answer the question. *Should I just tell him the truth or tell him how our life should have been? I think I should do the smart thing and tell him the fine details.* There was no answer in Jennifer's eye so Mindy tried to answer the question as 'perfectly' as possible.

"We had a lovely relationship. After about three months of dating we finally got married. It was a short engagement but I knew he was the one for me. So we got hitched at the church and he moved me to this lovely home. We never had a chance for a honeymoon, we were low on money but I guess everyday in this home felt like a honeymoon."

Mindy turned her attention to Jennifer and noticed she was rolling her eyes and the slight mouth of "bullshit." This made Mindy almost break out in a smile but before she could, Jennifer interrupted her and wanted to emphasize what she had been saying.

"Yeah, she had the easy life, always doing house work and tending to the cattle. She had the life that I would want in a minute. Mindy tell him what he used to do to you." Jennifer looked at Mindy and gave her a slight wink.

"Most of what you said is true. But you left out the part about the paperwork I had to take care of both him and his business associates. We never had the money to higher a secretary so I also become one."



Mindy stopped to take a sip of her iced tea. She really wasn't feeling comfortable anymore with Jennifer in the room. So she took her view off the red couch and looked into her glass. She noticed the lemon floating on the top and drifted into her own thoughts. *What if she says something wrong, will my story be screwed up? I was so glad that she came down but it seemed so much easier when it was just Officer Bart and I. Lets hope there are only a few more questions before I go nuts. We still have to check the house....*

"Mindy, honey. You were telling Officer Bart about your work around the house. Why don't you tell him about your routine?"

Mindy took a deep breath, still able to smell the clean scent of Jennifer's shower, she started in with her routine.

"Travis, would leave all the time so everything was my responsibility. Everyday consisted of the same thing. I would tend to the cattle, make his phone calls, do the paperwork and always have time to clean the house and make dinner. It was always the same routine."

"Mindy you just said that Travis used to leave all the time? Where would he go and for how long?"

Before Mindy had a chance to answer the question Jennifer once again interrupted. "Travis, never left that often and when he did he would always call Mindy."

When Jennifer finished she scooted closer on the red couch in Officer Bart's direction. Then she lifted one leg off the couch and placed her hand close to his back. This made Officer Bart feel awkward, seeing that she was totally coming on to him and he was not sure how to take it.



"Travis would leave sometime for business, only. He would go out of town to different ranches and see how they were being run. I would talk to him every so often but sometime he was unable to call me because he was 'kissing rich people asses every minute'".

Mindy caught herself in her own lie. Deep down she could feel the true pain of Travis's 'weekend trips:' the booze, the women, the lies. But she could never tell Officer Hart, not now, not ever. With all these new *rea*/thoughts on Mindy's mind it was time she needed a cigarette. "Do you mind if I smoke?"

Both Jennifer and Officer Hart answered simultaneously. "No, I don't mind."



"Actually Mindy, if your going to have one you might as well pass one over to me. Hart would you like a cigarette too?"

"Sure if ya'll are going to have one, I might as well too."

Mindy got up out of her chair and walked over to the window. She placed her hands on the sill and opened it. She then walked over to end table and got her pack and lighter. She took out three cigarettes, handed one to Officer Hart and one to Jennifer.

"Let me light that for the both of you." Officer Hart took the lighter out of Mindy's hand then lit her cigarette. He then turned to Jennifer and lit hers. Lastly he took the lighter to his cigarette and lit that. After lighting his, he handed the lighter back to Mindy then sat back down on the couch. When Mindy received the lighter she sat back on the floral chair. She now felt more relaxed with her cigarette and was able to finish her conversation.

After a few moments of silence and smoking, Officer Hart broke the silence. "Well, this is a nice break from all that talking." He took a long drag from his cigarette and looked down at his notepad, he wanted to see if he had another question he had to ask. "I don't believe I have anymore questions to ask. I must be fresh out."

Officer Hart shifted his view from Mindy to Jennifer. "I hate to do this but I think it is time I must be leaving." He then shifted his head back to Mindy. "I wasted enough of your time. You need the rest of the day to relax."

Officer Hart leaned forward and put out his cigarette out in the ashtray. He then got up from the couch and placed his pen in his shirt pocket and his notepad in his pants. By this point Jennifer and Mindy both got up to see him out. The three walked to the door, Officer Hart opened it then turned around and gave Mindy a hug and a kiss on the cheek and whispered in her ear. "Everything will be okay. Call me if you need anything." He then turned to give Jennifer a hug and whispered in her ear. "Maybe you could give me a call sometime and we can catch up on old times." With that said he took his jacket off the coat rack and put it on, then reached for his hat and placed it on the top of his head. When he was all ready he turned around and walked out the door. Mindy and Jennifer stood there while Officer Hart walked down the pathway and into his car. As soon as he was in the car, Jennifer reached in front of Mindy and slammed the door.



"What did you tell him?" The rage in her voice forced Mindy to take a step back.

CHAPTER 5

What did you tell him?" Her voice was harsh, yet her eyes said that she was scared and nervous.

"I told him everything he wanted to know. Nothing more, nothing less. We first talked about my fucked up childhood, then the first time I saw Travis, our first date, and then you walked in." Mindy was in shock. She knew Jennifer was going to flip when she saw Officer Hart but she didn't know it would be this bad.

"Are you sure you didn't spill anything that wasn't supposed to be said?"

"No, I didn't tell him about Travis's accident."

"You mean how we killed him." By this point Jennifer was calming down a little. She believed that Mindy wouldn't be stupid enough to tell Officer Hart the truth.

"Shh! Jennifer, don't say that out loud. Someone could be listening to us. You never know." Mindy walked away from the tension in the entry way and headed to the living room to clear the dirty glasses. As she grabbed the first glass on the coffee table, Jennifer plopped her body on the couch.

"Oh Mindy. You have to stop being so paranoid. It's over and done with. Travis is dead and now it is time to go and look for the money."

As the words *money* rolled off Jennifer's tongue, Mindy stopped what she was doing and thought to herself, *Oh yeah, the money.*



Needless to say, it was a blind date.

How the hell can I forget about that rat bastard's whore and alcohol money? God, he would be turning in his grave the moment we find that stash. Mindy lifted her head and looked at Jennifer; they both nodded their heads in agreement. It was time to look for the cash.

Mindy knew the cash was located in the tack room, because she followed Travis many times into the barn and then into the tack room, but she didn't know the exact location of where it was kept.



Jennifer stretched her arm and grabbed the pack of cigarettes that were sitting on the coffee table. She opened the pack and pulled out a cigarette, lit it and took a puff. "So how do you want to go about doing this? Should we get axes and chop the shit out of the place? Or do you want to take each slab out, one by one, until we find it?"

Unsure of the situation, Mindy needed to figure out the best plan of attack. A way to get her mind working was to wash the dirty dishes in her hands. She took the two empty glasses and walked to the kitchen to think. Jennifer stayed on the couch to finish her cigarette. The room was beginning to get cloudy with smoke and the windows were not sucking it as fast as she was puffing.

When Mindy entered the kitchen she placed the empty glasses in the sink and turned on the water. She put her hands on the sink and looked out the window. She started to watch a hummingbird who was trying to suck nectar out of a gigantic sunflower. It looked like the same hummingbird the day when both Jennifer and Mindy decided it was time to kill Travis.



"Jennifer, why is that Hummingbird trying to suck nectar out of that sunflower? Doesn't it know that there is no nectar in those kinds of flowers?"

It was in the kitchen when the two came up with their plan to kill Travis. Mindy was doing the dishes looking out the window, and Jennifer was sitting in the seat at the end of the kitchen table.

"I don't know why the hummingbird is trying to suck the nectar and frankly I don't care."



"I know why," Mindy stated, still staring at the hummingbird, trying to put her thoughts together and justify his actions. "He is sucking the nectar because he is probably color blind and doesn't see the red feeder on the right of him." When she finished she looked at Jennifer and they both started to giggle.

"Okay, Mindy enough talk about the hummingbird. It is time to talk about Travis. Today is the day and you know the plan. He is already outside branding the new cattle. This is our only opportunity." Jennifer got up out of her seat and walked over to look Mindy eye to eye.

Mindy paid no attention to Jennifer and still stared outside at the hummingbird. She was puzzled; she couldn't figure out why the hummingbird was trying to find nectar in the flower and not in the feeder on its side. But then it came to her. Just then, she noticed Jennifer staring at her and she focused back to the situation at hand.

"But Jennifer, I don't want to do this. I still...." Tears started to come to Mindy's eye as she tried to explain that she still loved Travis. As soon as Jennifer noticed the tears, she walked over and held Mindy in her arms.

Mindy put her head on Jennifer's face and started crying. This was the perfect time for Jennifer to convince Mindy. As she talked, her voice was calm and soothing. "Mindy, baby, you can do this. You know Travis beat you and had sex with other girls. You know he is hiding a lot of cash from you. Mindy, look at me." Jennifer took Mindy's head off her chest and looked her in the eyes. "He beat you. He beats you all the time. Do you remember that time a few months ago when he asked you to iron his shirt. You said you would do it, even though you were busy with the housework. You took hours to get that shirt looking gorgeous, but once you showed him he thought you did a shitty job and he beat you for it. He beat you because there was a wrinkle in the sleeve. Are you going to let him get away with this? I know I'm not. I won't let my best friend, my life, my everything, get treated like this anymore. Baby, if you don't do this with me I will have to do it alone but then you know it won't mean as much. And if we were to take the cash and run, he would find us and kill us."

When Jennifer was done with her speech, Mindy turned her head to the window. She took a deep breath and it finally it came to her. She knew what the hummingbird was doing. It was not that he was sucking the nectar out of a dry substance. The hummingbird, like Mindy, was wasting its time looking for something it couldn't have.



The hummingbird was looking for the wrong nectar and Mindy was searching for the wrong love. She tried to find love in her family, she tried to find love in Travis but in the end they all hurt her. She realized her only true love/friendship was Jennifer. At that moment Mindy made her decision. She was going to kill Travis, for herself and for Jennifer.

Mindy wiped her tears and turned to face Jennifer. "You're right. I am sick of his bullshit. I am sick of getting beaten. I am sick of him. It is time to kill him." A slight grin came to Mindy's face when she said the word *kill*. She gave a hug to Jennifer and then they were off to do the dirty work.



The two girls walked hand in hand out to the arena where Travis was branding cattle. Around them, birds were chirping, the sun was shining, the cattle were mooing, and there was no one in sight to witness the murder. Mindy thought, *Damn this is a gorgeous day to kill Travis.*

When the girls reached the arena they placed their arms on the fence and stared at Travis for a few minutes. Travis was located at the back gate of the arena, right in front of the stall which was holding all the unbranded cattle. He was busy hog tying his first cattle and didn't notice the girls. The girls knew this was the perfect opportunity so they both split up and walked in separate directions around the area. They both met up again in the back where all the unbranded cattle were. They squatted behind the cattle before making their move. Mindy poked her head above the cattle to see what Travis was doing. He was busy firing up the branding iron with his back to the group of cattle. Mindy went back to the ground and gave thumbs up to Jennifer. It was time.

with his back to the group of cattle. Mindy went back to the ground and gave thumbs up to Jennifer. It was time.

Both Mindy and Jennifer ducked and walked around the small stall until they reached the opening to the arena. As soon as they both got to the front gates they climbed to the top. Once they were both at the top, Mindy hollered to Travis.

"Hey, you fucking asshole."

Pissed off, Travis turned around to see what Mindy wanted. "What the fuck do you want, you dumb bitch? Can't you see that I am busy? What the fuck are you and that bitch, Jennifer, doing at the opening of that gate? You know those cattle are untrustworthy, they are still green."

"I hate to say it but you're never going to call me a fucking bitch anymore. Nor are you ever going to lay a hand on me or anyone else ever again." Mindy was feeling good inside. She knew she had all the upper power but she was still scared shitless.

Travis was shocked by what she said and yelled back, "What the fuck are you talking about?" As soon as he said that, both Mindy and Jennifer looked each other in the eyes and nodded. They both reached down on their separated sides and flipped the gates. Right when they opened them, both started to holler and clap their hands. The bulls were scared at the noises happening around them and darted out of the gate and straight for Travis.



There wasn't enough time for Travis to move and get out of the way so the cattle toppled all over him. The girls jumped off the gates and ran to hold each other. They stood there holding each other watching Travis's limp body being smooched by the bulls. Mindy started to get sick so she covered her head. Jennifer on the other hand watched Travis die and enjoyed every second of it.

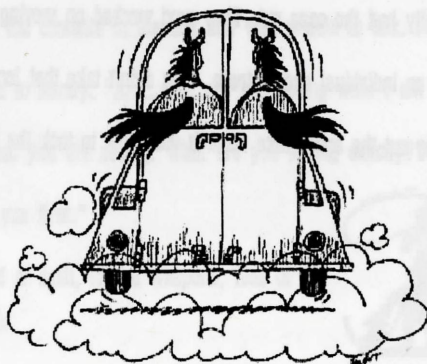
Jennifer walked into the kitchen and touched Mindy on the shoulder. This spooked Mindy and she jumped back.

"Hey Mindy, I've been calling you for like five minutes. I was asking you a question. Are you okay? Anyways, I wanted to know why Hart was asking you so much about your childhood?"

Still shocked, Mindy replied with the best answer. "Truthfully I have absolutely no clue. I guess as long as I have lived here no one knows my past and the Sheriff is just nosey."

"Sounds kind of stupid if you ask me. Well, you ready to go and find that cash or what?"

"Sure, let's go."



The two girls stepped outside and started walking to the barn. It was another beautiful day out, the birds were chirping, the cows were mooing and there was no one in sight. It was exactly the same type of day when they both killed Travis, two day prior.

When the girls got to the barn, they both took a side of the gigantic doors and slid each door open, then walked in. To the right of the barn were stacks and stacks of hay, covering the entire wall. To the left were three stalls. Two were for the horses, which were out in the pasture and the third was the tack room. They both walked over to the third stall door and opened it. Mindy walked inside and flipped on the light. The place smelled like old leather and mildew. This didn't stop the girls from finding what they came for.

"So how do you want to do this?" Mindy walked over to the window and opened it to get some fresh air flowing through there.

"I think we should take everything out, then tear the place to pieces until we find it."

"Sounds good to me."

The two girls took apart the tack room. They first removed the metal storage case, which was full of grooming utensils and definitely heavy. This took them a few hours before they fully had the case out. They next worked on moving the four leather saddles which were sitting on individual saddle trees. This didn't take that long for the girls to move. Finally after clearing out the entire tack room it was time to tack the floor boards apart.





Each girl took an ax and started chopping away at the floor. When all the wood was chopped, they started moving it out the door. It was just dirt on the ground but there was nothing, no money, no nothing. Mindy ran out of the tack room and grabbed two shovels, and then started to dig away. After an hour of digging around the entire tack room, the girls were about to give up. Jennifer took her shovel and smashed it hard into the ground and heard a click.

Completely and utterly surprised Jennifer pushed her shovel in the dirt a little harder so she could hear the click again, just to make sure she wasn't hearing things, and then she called Mindy. "Uhh, uhhh Mindy, I think I found something! Come and check this out!"

Mindy went running over to where the shovel and Jennifer were standing. They both looked at each other and smiled, and then they both dropped to their knees and started digging with their hands. After a few minutes they lifted a large metal box with a lock on it and placed it on the dirt. Mindy took the shovel and started hitting the lock, forcing it to break. As soon as the lock broke Mindy leaned over and opened the hood of the box. After seeing the contents inside Mindy placed her hands on her mouth in shock. Jennifer then ran over to see for herself. Mindy reached down and grabbed Jennifer's hand.

Jennifer was stunned at the contents in the box and was unable to talk. Finally she was about to spout out a few words to Mindy. "Are...are...are you seeing what I am seeing?"

"I think I am seeing what you are seeing. What are you seeing exactly?"

"I don't know. I asked you first."

"I am seeing a shit load of cash, loaded weapons, files of paperwork."



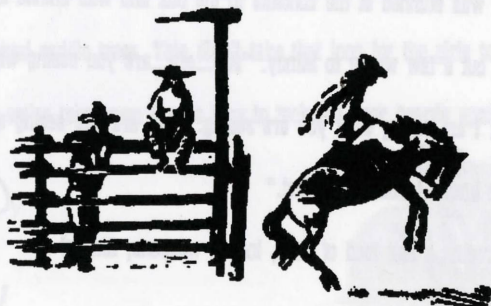
Jennifer let go of Mindy's hand to get a closer look. She stuck her hand in the box and picked up the cash. She counted the bands and came to a figure. "I count...Two million dollars. Two mother fucking million dollars. Holy shit!"

Mindy took a deep breath and felt as if she was beside herself. Thoughts were running through her head. She couldn't understand what she was looking at but then it came to her. "Oh my god! This is drug money. It's all coming to me now. No wonder Travis always had me take care of the cattle business because he was too busy selling drugs. This is drug money."

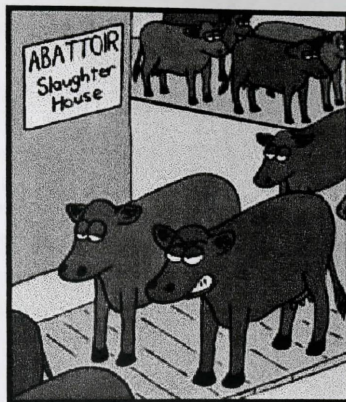
Just as Mindy finished telling Jennifer, the phone rang. This scared the crap out of both girls and they let out a little scream. Then Mindy walked out of the tack room and answered the phone on the wall. Jennifer was still in the tack room reading all the paperwork.

After a few seconds Mindy walked back in the tack room. "You will never guess who that was. It was Bart. He and the Sheriff read over my statements and the investigation and came to the conclusion that Travis's death was accidental and due to faulty locks on the gate. That means we pulled it off. YES!!!"

Jennifer got off the ground and ran over to Mindy and gave each other a gigantic hug. They then started jumping up and down, yelling. "We're rich! We're rich!"



A few days later, with the incident behind them, the two went outside and sat on the porch, a cigarette in one hand and a glass of iced tea in the other. No words were being communicated to each other but around them the entire world had changed. They stared at the house. In the past few months they had bought all new furnishings for every single room. Then they worked on the yard, adding new flowers, and new trees



"Vengeance, thy name is cholesterol!"

for a new life. But the barn, where all the secrets were held, was being torn down. The girls sat on the porch as they watched the bulldozer demolish what was once a place of lies. They decided in its place they would put a gigantic arena with a covered stall on the outside. It would become a learning center, where children of all ages could bring their horses and learn to ride. As for the arena where the accident happened, that had also been demolished and in its place grew green grass as far as the eye could see, where the cattle could finally be put out to pasture.

As Mindy sat there smoking her cigarette and checking out her new surroundings, she could only do one thing. She shook her head and looked at the porch. Talking to Travis in hell, she whispered words to him. "Thanks for letting us kill you. It was the best decision I had ever made in my entire life. Oh and thanks for dealing drugs and letting me find out because this money is finally going to be put to good use. I hope you rot down there you jack ass." At the end of her sentence she lifted her head and both she and Jennifer smiled at each other and held hands. Then they both looked straight ahead at the grass and their new life to come.

Random Story

"Sandy"

Written by:
Lauren, Chris
& Brandi



It was a hot sunny day, the middle of summer. Sally was standing outside on the playground. She was sweating up a storm. She was sweating in places she never had sweat before. Her long blonde pig tails were dripping water like a water fall. Sally's clothes were so wet you could ring them out and get an entire bucket full of water.

Then she heard her mamma yelling for her SANDY SANDY LOUISE you better get your hide back in this house and finish your chores. Sandy soon realized that her fun in the sun was over. Sandy's mother worked her fingers to the bone so much so she thought her name was short for Sandygrella. Sandy wasn't the only child she had two knuckle-head brothers

Pebble, who they referred to as Peb, and Stone. These two could not stay out of trouble for more than 5, maybe 6 minutes. Their mother had seen enough problems out of Peb and Stone until one day when Sandy awoke to a quiet house absent of the typical ruckus that was

going on. Sandy called out for her brothers but no one was home. So she decided to have some fun. She changed into a swimsuit and laid in the sun. After 10 minutes she was bored. So she decided to run around the house, screaming and having fun. Her mother never let her do this so she enjoyed it the most. Then Sandy stopped in her tracks and thought to herself.

It would be much more fun when I grow up NO MAMMA, NO STUPID BROTHERS, just me, my cat, Rufus and mac & cheese she could eat it all day. Then she started to ponder if she had to wait until she was a grown up to be rid of her menacing relatives. She quickly took a glance at the floor and noticed a fresh box of rat poisoning. No I couldn't do that I would go to hell-but they are very mean to me maybe I should go ask Rev. Chuller he can help clear this up,

or no he will only stop her from doing this. Sandy snapped back to reality, amazed at the horrible thoughts she had just contemplated, and decided to step outside for a breath of fresh air. She disliked her family but not enough to feed them all rat poison, so she decided to just kick

A rock and called it a night. She figured maybe tomorrow she will come up with a better plan on killing her parents and torturing her brothers. As for tonight she is worn out and lost all ideas. Sandy walked back to her room, put on some PJs, brushed her teeth, undid her bed and called it a night. She laid there dreaming about tomorrows death....

THANKS Y'ALL FOR CHECKING THIS
OUT, I APPRECIATE IT. HOPE IT
OPENED YOUR MIND TO COW-
BOYS, PEOPLE AND MURDER,
HAVE A GREAT DAY.

I want to give a special thanks to
Felixon Verdad for opening my mind
and letting me know that I was
capable to write a cheesy murder
story. I also want to say thanks to
[http://www.btinternet.com/~western.
clipart/](http://www.btinternet.com/~western.clipart/) for letting me steal clipart to
make my amazing zine.



TO CONTACT ME:

LAUREN — FREEMAN@REDLANDS.EDU

LAUREN FREEMAN
38-819
MARACIASO CIRCLE
PALM SPRINGS CA
92264