

Crazy Hole Time Travelers

By

Gary Whitmore

This book goes out to my wife for being so sweet and understanding with me spending countless hours on my laptop...

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Chapter 1

This Crazy Hole time travelers adventure starts off with John Mathers.

It was 1995 in Ohio and eleven year old John Mathers had just returned home from watching the new *Young Guns* movie with his grandfather, Dr. Mickey Mathers, and John's best friend Billy.

Mickey was the only father figure young John had during his youth since his father left when John was three years old. So John would spend countless hours listening to Mickey's stories about old western outlaws.

Mickey also gave John old dime novels that he read over and over again. One of John's favorite stories was about an outlaw named Bart Stone who had half of his right ear sliced off during a saloon fight. Bart traveled with his sidekick s Charlie Chandler and Jimmy Templeton where they roamed all around the Arizona, New Mexico, west Texas, Colorado, and Nevada areas. They robbed banks, trains and stagecoaches from 1880 to 1883. Jimmy was caught during one of the robberies in 1882 and sentenced to a year in Arizona's Yuma Territorial prison. He was released in September 1883.

Bart was also suspected of killing three men but was never arrested or went to trial so it was all unsolved crimes.

After 1884, Bart and Charlie disappeared and were never seen again in the Phoenix area. Some folks heard stories they moved to San Francisco and lived the good life off all the money they stole. Some heard stories they were shot and killed in the Superstition Mountains in 1883 after he buried their loot from robbing the Mountain Rock bank.

Hundreds of treasure hunters spent countless hours while they searched the Superstition Mountains for Bart's suspected buried loot. They searched those rocky and dangerous trails and always came up empty handed. This was a goal of Mickey's during his golden years of retirement from teaching history. He started research and hoped he could find the buried treasure. This would be a great find for his book he had in work on old western outlaws.

In the movie theater, John sat mesmerized and munched on popcorn while he watched Emilio Estevez play Billy the Kid on the silver screen. This was the second time he saw this movie after it came out a couple of weeks ago.

John also wore a bullet on a gold chain around his neck. He loved that bullet as his grandfather gave it to him last year and told him it was rumored to have once belonged to Billy the Kid. It probably didn't but John believed his grandfather. So while he watched the *Young Guns* movie and when Emilio would shoot someone, John touched his bullet.

The movie ended and Mickey drove John and Billy back to Julie's house. Julie was John's mother. After Mickey parked in her driveway, John and Billy hopped out of his car.

"Let's play. Go get dressed and I'll meet you in my backyard, Billy," John said while he ran to his front door.

Billy ran over to his house next store to John's.

Fifteen minutes later, John ran out the back door and into his back yard. He was dressed in a black cowboy outfit with black hat and had a paper bag in hand. He had a cap pistol in a holster that hung off his belt. He pretended to look mean while he strutted to the other side of the house.

Up against the corner of the house were pieces of cardboard that John and Billy taped together and with a Sharpie. It looked like a bank tellers window from the old west. John dragged the teller's window out to the middle of the yard and dropped the paper bag behind the cardboard tellers window.

Billy ran over into John's backyard in black pants, white shirt and a black bow tie. He knew his position, while he ran over behind the teller's window.

From the kitchen window, Mickey watched John and Billy play. Mickey smiled, as he thought it was cute.

John walked twenty feet away from the cardboard bank. He pretended he rode a horse into town and stopped. He pretended he got out of the saddle of his invisible horse. He gave Billy the one eyed evil stare then whipped out his cap pistol.

He strutted over to Billy. He got inches from the cardboard bank and aimed his cap pistol at Billy, who raised his arms pretending to shake in fear.

"Give me all your money!" John commanded.

Billy pretended to shake in fear while he held out a plastic bag full of pennies through the window.

John snatched the bag of pennies and shoved them in his pants pocket.

"Move just one inch and the famous old western outlaw, John Mathers, will shoot you square between your eyes!" John snarled at Billy then whipped out a piece of paper from his shirt pocket. The paper had a taped picture of John in his cowboy outfit with a handwritten "Famous Outlaws Of The Old West" titled with some drummed up words about John's outlaw ways.

"See, I'm in the history books," John said while he shoved his pretend newspaper in Billy's face.

From inside his house, Julie walked up to Mickey who still watched John from the kitchen window.

"What's so interesting, Dad?" Julie asked while she stood by Mickey's side and placed an arm around his shoulder.

"John's playing with his friend, Billy," Mickey replied.

Julie looked out the kitchen window and saw John with his cap pistol aimed at Billy. She gave a look that she disapproved then glanced at her watch. "He needs to be doing something more constructive than playing those kind of games," she said.

“Oh, he’s all right. He’s just doing this for fun,” Mickey said.

Outside at the pretend bank, Billy scratched his nose.

John saw this and pretended to be pissed while he close one eye, took aim and fired his cap pistol at Billy.

Billy clutched his chest in extreme fake pain.

He staggered backwards from the cardboard bank.

He twirled on one foot. He dropped to the ground.

He twitched on the ground. He went limp and pretended to be dead.

“Johnnie, it’s time for your baseball game. The coach said you’re pitching today, sweetie!” Julie yelled from the back door.

John looked irritated at his mother then looked back at Billy.

“I’ll rob the stagecoach after baseball, Billy,” John told him.

Billy stood up. “Okay,” he replied then ran off to his house.

“Mom! Never call an outlaw sweetie!” John yelled out a little embarrassed while he ran to Julie.

During the next five years, John became more and more infatuated with old western outlaws. It was because of the movies and books that glorified the lives of criminals such as Jesse James, and Billy the Kid, that infatuated John.

It was now 2003 and John, now nineteen years old, and moved to the Phoenix, Arizona area. His mother and grandfather had died and he was on his own.

He found an apartment in Mesa, to the east of Phoenix. John had his grandfather’s uncompleted manuscript titled “Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws” and it was the unfinished chapter of Bart Stone that drove him to choose Phoenix as his new start in life.

He had glorious plans to discover the buried treasure of Bart Stone and finish his grandfather’s manuscript and become rich off the sales of the book. John got an apartment and lived

off the rest of his money from the sale of his mother's house and the money his grandfather left him.

John spent countless hours at the library where he conducted research on Bart Stone.

He found a picture of Bart in a book titled "Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona" and it showed his right ear with part of it sliced off. But he could never find any leads on any buried loot from Bart Stone.

John eventually met Melvin (Mel) Lincoln, an eighty year old Apache Indian with a long white ponytail. Mel spent most of his free time at the library where he read newspapers and magazines.

Mel befriended John and told him countless tales about the old west around the Phoenix area during the 1880s. His stories of the old west were passed down from Mel's grandfather Victorio and his great grandfather, Merijildo a tracker during the eighteen eighties. Numerous stories were about outlaw Bart Stone and his sidekick Charlie Chandler.

John's library research and stories by Mel also revealed information about numerous old towns near Phoenix during those times.

The town of Oak Creek was once located eight miles northwest of Miners Needle in an area a few miles north to the unincorporated area of Tortilla Flat. The town was close to Canyon Lake. Oak Creek was founded in 1867 and was abandoned around 1887. The only remains of Oak Creek are a few faded tombstones hidden amongst some bushes.

Stone Valley was located in what is now Desert Ridge. It was founded around 1869 and abandoned in 1895.

Rattlesnake was once located near the Sun City. It was founded in 1873 and abandoned around 1892.

Mountain Rock was located in what is now Gilbert. It was founded around 1877 and abandoned in 1894.

And of course all these towns circled Phoenix, which was settled in 1867 and where most of the residents of those

abandoned towns moved in the later years for grander opportunities.

The Butterfield Overland Stagecoach made daily runs to all of the towns, as a trail linked all cites together. The main office of the Butterfield Overland Stage Company was located in Phoenix.

John also learned of a rail line that ran from Dodge City to Albuquerque then to Phoenix. By 1880 it had stops at Oak Creek, Stone Valley, and Rattlesnake before ending in Phoenix.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company operated the rail line with its main office located in Phoenix. Greedy management eventually bankrupted the company in nineteen oh two and the rail line was abandoned after the train was sold.

John had previously hiked all over the mountains around Phoenix with some of the information he found at the library, the Internet, and from Mel's stories. He never located Bart's buried loot and was extremely disappointed.

John also frequented all the antique stores around Phoenix and hoped of finding some information on Bart Stone hidden in some old desk or other objects. He came up empty handed but bought all sorts of old western junk that eventually cluttered up his apartment.

In 2004, John's money was running out and he had one thousand six hundred and ninety-eight dollars left. So he landed a job with the Western Snacks and Vending Machine Company located in Apache Junction. He worked as a driver who went around and stocked vending machines in various businesses around the Phoenix area.

But John's obsession with old western outlaws continued and he didn't give up on his grandfather's manuscript, he just put it on the back burner.

Also during 2004 John met Angie Dawson. She was nineteen years old, beautiful with shoulder length hair. She started working at the Western Snack and Vending Machine company as a clerk in the accounting department.

Chapter 2

It was Friday August 18th, 2006, and John's obsession for old western outlaws was still burning inside him.

At first, Angie thought his obsession, interest as John described it, in old western outlaws was cute, but it now started to wear on her. She tolerated his obsession hoping John would grow out of it soon. But it was starting to wear on her.

One restaurant that John would frequently take Angie was called the Outlaw Steak House where the interior walls were filled with memorabilia, old photos and news articles on famous western outlaws and lawmen.

It was early evening on that Friday.

John took Angie to the Outlaw Steak House, and they sat in a booth. But this night, Angie appeared annoyed while they ate their steak dinners.

"John, this place is dumb and I'm sick and tired of coming here! Why can't we eat somewhere nice and romantic for a change?" Angie said then sipped on her iced tea.

"Are you kidding Angie? Look at all the cool history this place has to offer," he replied and stabbed his fork at a photo of Bart Stone on the wall of their booth. "Like Bart Stone over here. Legend has it, that he and his partner, Charlie Chandler, shot and killed Town Marshal Clint Bartley after they robbed a bank. They later buried some loot in the Superstition Mountains and left the area. Nobody heard from them again and it's still believed their loot is still buried somewhere in those mountains. My grandfather wanted to find that treasure, but," John said.

Angie interrupted him. "Enough! You should be working on a college degree for a better paying job." "And what's with that stupid necklace?"

John reached in his shirt and pulled out his bullet on a chain. "What's wrong with it? It's a bullet that came from Billy the Kid's pistol right after he was killed. My grandfather gave it to me when I was eight years old," John said while he admired his bullet.

Angie rolled her eyes. "I'm surprised you don't have his dirty long johns hanging above your bed. Listen, I hate to change this interesting subject, but since I came here, you owe me."

John frowned, as he knew exactly where she wanted to after this place. "I hate the mall" he quietly said to himself.

Angie gave him a dirty look," as she heard his comment.

They finished their dinner and John drove Angie to the Paradise Valley Mall in his 1995 Mustang, which was in dire need of a paint job and Bondo work.

John was totally bored while Angie dragged him by the hand through the Paradise Valley Mall.

They strolled through Dillard's and John paced totally bored while Angie looked at the woman's clothes.

They left Dillard's and walked around the mall. Angie stopped at Macy's and John cringed. Then his eyes sparkled when he saw the Western Antique's store with a grand opening sign in the window.

"I'll tell you what, I'm going to check out that new store while you go in Macy's," John said while he looked at the antique store.

Angie saw the store and rolled her eyes. "Don't blow all your money on worthless crap," she replied. "I'll meet you outside Macy's in thirty minutes," Angie added.

A quick kiss and she walked off to Macy's and John strutted off to the antique store.

John entered the Western Antique's store and loved the sight of all the old western junk all over the place. He saw old western clothes, cowboy hats, wanted posters and etc.

John was in heaven while he walked around and admired the old western junk in the store.

Something caught his eye and he walked over and stopped.

He saw a small old faded wood chest with the initials "PY" engraved on the top. The label on the chest stated that the contents inside were guaranteed to be from around the 1880s and earlier. There was something about this chest that compelled John to check it out. The top of the chest creaked when John opened it. He peeked inside and looked through the cellophane covering that prevented people from stealing the contents.

Inside the chest he saw an old journal from Peter Yoemans. He saw an old *Weekly Phoenix Herald* newspaper. He saw an old worn out leather holster. He saw numerous dime novels and some other old newspapers from the Phoenix area. He had to have this chest.

John smiled while he grabbed the chest and placed it under his left arm. He walked around the store and admired the other junk.

John walked by numerous cowboy hats on display on a shelf. They were all advertised as being remakes from the 1870 – 1890 era. John picked up and looked at a black Stetson. He placed it on his head, and it was a perfect fit. He walked off with it.

He walked around the store and saw old vintage cowboy shirts and pants.

John saw a glass counter by the cash register and his eyes sparkled again. He rushed over to the counter.

He stopped at the glass counter and placed the chest and hat on top of it. He looked inside the counter and saw numerous old pistols. He drooled at the sight of the firearms.

A salesman walked over to John behind the counter.

“Do you see one you like?” the salesman asked John.

“Oh yeah, John replied while he looked at all the pistols for sale. “I like that Colt Peacemaker,” he said while he pointed at it.

“Excellent choice,” the salesman said then unlocked the door at the rear of the case. He slid the door to the side, reached in and removed the pistol, and he handed it to John.

John looked the Colt over. He aimed it and thoughts that pistol could have once belonged to an outlaw went through his mind. He smiled. “I’ll take it,” he said then handed the pistol back to the salesman.

He walked over to the cash register. He scanned in the items.

“That’ll be one thousand, eight hundred thirty dollars and seventy-eight cents,” the salesman said.

John removed his checkbook from his back pocket. He wrote out a check for that amount and left him with only twenty dollars in his checking account. But he didn’t care, as he now owned a piece of old western history.

Ten minutes later, John walked out of the antique store proud of his newly purchased junk.

He walked over and stood outside the entrance to Macy’s with the wooden chest under his one arm and a shopping bag that contained the cowboy hat and pistol in his other hand. He waited for Angie to come out of Macy’s.

Fifteen minutes later, Angie walked out of Macy’s with two shopping bags. She bought a two blouses and one sundress. She saw John with the chest and shopping bag. She eyed the antique store then looked back at John.

“Did you bought more crap for your apartment?” she asked.

John smiled and patted the wooden chest.

“How much did this cost you?” Angie asked.

“One thousand, eight hundred thirty dollars,” John said under his breath, as he really didn’t want Angie to hear him.

“I didn’t hear you. How much?” Angie said.

“One thousand, eight hundred thirty dollars,” John said louder.

“Why in the world would you waste what little money you have on junk?” Angie said then walked away and rolled her eyes.

John could care less. He knew she would forget about it as she always did.

Later that day, John sat on his couch in his apartment. It had all kinds of old western junk on the wall - pictures of outlaws, copies of old newspaper articles, etc. John looked at his new chest, cowboy hat and pistol that lay on his coffee table.

On the TV played the *Young Guns* movie.

John looked at the carved "PY" on top of the chest. It looked like it was carved with a knife.

He got curious and reached for a book at the other end of the coffee table. It was his grandfather’s college textbook he used when he taught history. It was called “Old Western Outlaws” and had short biographies of all the outlaws from 1800 –1900 complete with pictures if available.

John opened up the book and looked at all the outlaws with a last name in the Y’s. He didn’t find any outlaws with the “PY” initials.

“He must not be an outlaw,” John said quietly to himself.

He opened up the chest and remembered the cellophane that covered it. He got off the couch and went into the kitchen.

He came back with a knife and quickly cut the cellophane away.

He reached inside and removed the diary for Peter Yoemans. He placed it down on the coffee table.

He reached inside and removed the old Phoenix Herald newspaper. He placed the newspaper down on the coffee table.

He reached inside and removed a couple of dime novels on outlaws. One of them was on outlaw Bart Stone. He placed them down on the coffee table.

John picked up the newspaper and read it, and it was dated September 25, 1884. He saw the article titled "Marshal Clint Bartley Killed."

He read the news article and then saw a photograph of Clint standing out in front of the Oak Creek Marshal's Office.

"Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and Jimmy Templeton were chased by Marshal Bartley and a six man posse after they robbed the stagecoach in route from Oak Creek to Phoenix. They chased Bart and Charlie into the Superstition Mountains and a gun battle pursued not too far from Miners Needle. It is believed Bart fired the fatal shot that killed Marshal Bartley. Bart, Charlie and Jimmy slipped away into the desert," John read the article out loud then laid the newspaper down on the coffee table.

John picked up the dime novel on Bart Stone, and he opened it up.

"Bart Stone was born around eighteen fifty-three in a farm in Texas. He was the youngest son as his brother Willy was older. His father was a drunk and would beat Bart in an attempt to keep the young lad on the straight and narrow path," John read out loud then laid the book on the coffee table, as he already knew this information.

John picked up his pistol, and he looked it over. He aimed it and pretended to shoot it. He laid the pistol back on the coffee table.

He picked up Peter Yoemans diary. He flipped and scanned through the pages then he stopped at a page of interest.

"I talked today with Betty Grayson, now seventy-eight years old and she's the sister of outlaw Charlie Chandler. She told me on Charlie's deathbed, he told her Bart buried their loot in a cave. It was a cave that scared him to death. But she didn't know where this cave was located. She stated that she didn't approve of Charlie's outlaw ways. March twelfth, nineteen thirty-eight," John read out loud from the diary.

John's eyes widened with joy after he read that page and was so glad he bought this chest. He flipped and scanned through some more pages. He stopped at another page of interest.

"I finally located some kin of Bart Stone. His older brother, Willy Stone, eighty-four years old, was a retired preacher and also disapproved of his younger brother being an outlaw. He told me that Bart drew a map to the location of some buried loot in a cave called Crazy Hole. Willy let me look at the map, but I couldn't copy it. I had to quickly redraw it from memory in my journal immediately after my meeting with him. Willy also stated he believed the map to be one of Bart's many lies. September fifteenth, nineteen forty-two," John read out loud from the diary.

John noticed that the next page was ripped out of the journal. "Rats, he ripped out the map," John said disappointed.

He flipped and scanned through some more pages. He stopped at another page of interest.

"I hiked in the Superstition Mountains with the treasure map I drew from meeting Willy. I couldn't find the cave called Crazy Hole. October second, nineteen forty-two," John read out loud from the diary.

He flipped and scanned through some more pages. He stopped at another page of interest.

"Paid some old Indian twenty dollars, and he told me the location of the cave called Crazy Hole. I know that's where Bart's loot is buried so I'm going to keep it my secret. February sixteenth, nineteen forty-three," John read out loud from the diary.

John heart raced as he found all Peter's entries very interesting. He also was saddened that his grandfather didn't discover this information before he died.

He flipped and scanned through some more pages. He stopped at another page of interest.

"I learned more about this Crazy Hole from an old, old

Indian. He said go in the cave and that right is the way. And if you say a particular month, day and year, before entering another tunnel inside Crazy Hole you will arrive there. I think I know what that means,” John read out loud from the diary.

He turned the page and found another entry.

“I finally located the cave called Crazy Hole. I found a dead end. I remembered what that Indian said and I mentioned a month, day, and year. I entered a tunnel to the right. I discovered something so amazing. So amazing I can’t write it down, as I want this to be my secret. A secret that can make me richer than Bart’s buried loot. March seventh, nineteen forty-three,” John read out loud from the diary.

That was the last entry in Peter’s journal but noticed that another page was torn out. He closed the journal and laid it down on the coffee table.

“I guess he meant he knew the locations of other buried loot,” said John.

He looked back at the chest. Something felt odd as he stared at the chest, and he looked inside.

He felt inside the chest then he looked at the outside.

He looked inside and noticed that the bottom was made out of different wood than the rest of the chest. It wasn’t as faded as the rest of the chest.

He stuck his hand inside and measured the distance from the bottom of the chest to the top with his arm. He used his same arm and measure the bottom of the chest to the top on the outside. There was a three-inch difference and that created some suspicion.

There’s a false bottom. John thought to himself. He reached inside and tried to pry the bottom up, but it wouldn’t budge.

John got off the couch and carried the chest to the middle of his living room.

He dropped the chest and it hit the floor. John raised his cowboy boot, stomped on the chest, and some of the wood cracked. He raised his boot again and stomped harder on the

chest. More wood cracked and the chest came apart. He saw amongst the broken pieces of wood, was an old and yellowish in color and faded folded piece of paper. He noticed that this paper was the torn out page from Peter's journal.

John reached down and removed the paper from the broken pieces of wood. He unfolded the paper and his eyes widened in joy.

"I can't believe it!" John said in shock in what he held in his hands.

The paper was a map to Bart Stone buried treasure, so it stated. A trail was drawn on the map. Landmarks were drawn as the trail winded through the hand drawn mountains. The trail stopped near a mountain. A black circle is drawn and indicated a cave with the words Crazy Hole. Then the trail went inside of the cave. A priest was drawn with an "X" over another tunnel to the right of it with a skull and cross bones by it.

John looked like he was in heaven while he kissed the treasure map then did a little victory dance around his living room.

John stopped his victory dance and looked at the map.

"Where the hell is Crazy Hole?" he said while he studied the map. John's eyes widened as he had an idea on how he could learn more about crazy hole.

He glanced at his watch. "Too late," he said and decided to go in the morning.

It was Saturday morning, August 19th, 2006.

John woke up had his breakfast and some coffee.

He waited until it was time to leave

It was time. He ran to his door and left his apartment with his treasure map.

John ran through the parking lot to his Mustang. He jumped in his car, started it up and drove off through the lot.

John raced his Mustang down the Phoenix streets and eventually arrived at the Apache Junction Public Library and parked his car.

He rushed inside the library before it closed in twenty minutes.

He rushed over to the magazine section and smiled with relief when he saw Mel Lincoln while he read a magazine on a couch.

John rushed up to Mel with a huge smile. "Hey Mel. I was hoping you would be in here in the library," John said while he sat down next to him.

"John, I haven't seen you in a long time. Do you want to hear more stories?" Mel said and laid his magazine on the couch.

"Actually I was wondering if you could tell me the location of a place called Crazy Hole," John replied while he showed Mel the treasure map.

Mel looked at the map and got bothered. "Here we go again. You white people always trying to find the easy way in life," Mel said.

"But its Bart Stone buried loot! Do you know how many people for the past hundred years have been trying to find it? And now I have a map. I can use this for my book," John cried out excited.

"How do you know it's real?"

"My gut instinct tells me it's real," John said.

"You can't go inside crazy hole. It's way too dangerous," Mel replied.

"So there might be some bats or other critters. I'm not scared," John said with confidence.

"I don't know," Mel told John still defiant about giving up any information.

"Come on Mel. You never refused me information in the past. This is important to me. Something my grandfather also searched for," John said with a gleam in his eyes. "Please!"

Mel looked at John. "Okay. But it's not my fault if things get strange," Mel said.

John looked extremely curious. "What do you mean by strange?"

"I'll tell you, but you can never tell anybody about Crazy Hole."

"You have nothing to worry about. Nothing bad will happen to me. It will all be good and I'll kept it to myself," John said while he hoped Mel would finally reveal the much needed information.

"There was a white man way back in forth-three that disappeared while he searched for Bart's buried loot. He left behind a thirteen year old son and a wife. They never found that man," Mel said. "Then that thirteen year old boy grew up and went into Crazy Hole, oh around nineteen fifty. He came out crazy and they locked him up in a nut house for many years," Mel added in an attempt to stop John with what he felt was foolishness.

"Don't worry Mel. Like I said before, nothing will happen to me. I won't come out crazy and they won't lock me up in a nut house," John pleaded.

Mel looked at John's eyes and knew this kid wouldn't give up and would probably learn the location from another old fool.

"It's a cave located near the base of Miners Needle, at the southern part of that rock. But beware, my great grandfather believed if you entered, you'll come out loco with crazy talk of strange land and people," Mel finally said.

That last statement made John even more curious about Crazy Hole.

Chapter 3

John was a little nervous with pursuing the information he learned from Mel. He finally got up the nerve after thinking about it all Sunday.

It was a beautiful cloudless blue sky that Monday morning in the Phoenix area. It was August 21st, 2006.

In John's apartment, he woke up all excited. He jumped out of his bed and grabbed his flip cell phone off his bedside table. He opened it up and made a call.

"Richard," his boss answered the call.

"Good morning Richard. John Mathers here. I'm really sick today. I have sore throat and a bad case of diarrhea," John said while he lied through his teeth.

"Okay John. Get some rest and I'll see you tomorrow," Richard responded.

"Yes sir," John said then disconnected his cell phone call.

John clicked his heels while he rushed out of his bedroom.

Later that morning, John drove his Mustang east on the Superstition Highway, (U.S. 60) out of Apache Junction. While he drove down the Superstition Highway, he passed by a nice red ranch house with red horse stable and a white fenced around an acre of yard for the horses to roam. The house belonged to Victor Lincoln, grandson of Mel Lincoln.

He eventually followed the signs for the Peralta Trailhead and drove through a housing development. The road eventually turned into a well-graded dirt road and drove to a dirt parking area at the dead end. He parked his car.

With the cowboy hat he bought at the antique store, a backpack that had a shovel and handsaw tied to it and cell phone hung off his belt, John headed down Bluff Springs Trail.

He hiked this trail until it came upon Dutchman's Trail.

He headed down this new trail.

John walked through small streams.

He hiked by numerous Saguaro cacti.

He hiked by poppy flowers.

He hiked by spring desert flowers.

John eventually hiked along Dutchman's Trail until he saw Miners Needle. He removed the treasure map from his shirt pocket.

He looked at Miners Needle then back at his map. The temperature of the morning rose and John was sweaty and it gotten into his eyes. He removed his hat and used his shirt sleeve to wipe the sweat off his forehead.

He put his hat back on and continued his hike.

While John hiked farther down Dutchman's Trail in the direction of Miners Needle, he walked upon a section of some old rusted train tracks. They were once part of the old Southern Pacific rail line over years one hundred years ago. Parts of this old rail line paralleled Dutchman's Trail as he walked in the direction of Miners Needle.

Twenty minutes later, he walked down the trail and got close to the base of Miners Needle. He looked at his map and looked back at Miners Needle, and no caves were visible.

He got curious when he saw a big rock approximately five feet tall by ten feet wide to the right of two big scrub bushes at base of a rock wall at the base of Miners Needle.

He walked up to the big rock and laid his backpack down on the ground by the big rock. He walked up to the bushes and looked around. He peeked between the bushes.

"Hello," he said and immediately heard his voice while it echoed inside a cave.

John smiled with joy, while he believed he found Crazy Hole.

He rushed over to his backpack and untied his handsaw.

He rushed back over to the bushes. He started to cut away branches from the left bush.

Twenty minutes later and more sweat, John tossed the bush to his left and saw the partial opening into Crazy Hole.

He rushed back over to his backpack and grabbed it. He rushed over to the big rock and laid his backpack and handsaw next to the rock. He untied his shovel from the backpack. He opened his backpack and removed a flashlight lantern.

He walked over to the cave opening when his cell phone rang with a cowboy ringtone of horses and gun fire. He removed his cell phone off his belt and answered his call.

“Hello,” he answered his cell phone.

“John, I heard from Richard that you called in sick. You have diarrhea? Must be from that steak at The Outlaw restaurant. Another good reason never to eat there,” Angie said from his cell phone.

“I’m not sick Angie,” John confessed into his cell phone.

“What? You shouldn’t call in sick just to have a day off. That’s not ethical,” Angie scolded him from his cell phone.

“I know Angie. But why waste my vacation time for a day off when I can call in sick?” he said.

“What ever,” Angie replied.

“I wanted to stay home because I went hiking and I found the cave, which I believe has the buried gold from one of Bart Stone’ robbery,” John told her.

“I hate to change this fascinating topic, but about this weekend, I called the golf course and reserved a ten o’clock tee time,” Angie said.

“That sounds good. I’ll call you later, Angie,” he interrupted Angie then immediately turned off his cell phone and hung it back on his belt.

Back at the Western Snack and Vending Machine Company, Angie sat at her desk in her office. She stared at her cell phone and was pissed John cut off their discussion.

Back at Miners Needle, John walked to the cave opening with his shovel and flashlight in hand. He removed the treasure map from his shirt pocket and looked at it, then shoved it back

in his shirt pocket. He turned on his flashlight just as he stepped into the cave.

It was dark and spooky inside Crazy Hole.

John illuminated the tunnel inside Crazy Hole with his flashlight while he walked through the cave with shovel in hand.

For five minutes, the path inside the cave snaked and curved underneath Miners Needle.

John stopped, as something felt wrong. It dawned on him. "Ah man, I forgot my backpack," John said and his voice echoed throughout the cave.

John's echo spooked hundreds of bats that clung to the ceiling of the cave. He heard the echoing sound of the bats while they flapped their wings in fear of John. Within seconds, hundreds of bats flapped over his head. He panicked, dropped his flashlight. He danced around swinging his shovel over his head.

"Ahhhh!" screamed John in fear of the bats while he swung his shovel over his head.

A thud sound echoed inside the cave and down went a bat John whacked.

John continued to swing his shovel over his head.

Another thud sound echoed in the cave and another bat hit the dirt.

John continued this for another five minutes. The sound of the bats dissipated. The cave got quiet. John picked up his flashlight and illuminated the area inside the cave, and all the bats were gone.

John walked down the cave relieved and forgot about his backpack.

He walked down the cave for another five minutes. The cave dead ended with another larger tunnel to the right.

John shined his flashlight on the tunnel to the right. It still remained dark and spooky and the light from the flashlight, for some strange reason, wouldn't illuminate the inside of that cave.

He removed the treasure map from his shirt pocket and shined his flashlight on it. On the map he saw the drawing of a priest to the left of the dark and spooky tunnel.

He shined his flashlight at the left of that spooky tunnel and saw a stone imbedded in the cave wall with carved image of a priest holding a cross.

John had a huge grin and strutted over to the priest carving.

He set his flashlight down and it illuminated the ground under the priest carving. He grabbed his shovel and dug under the priest carving. He threw dirt in the vicinity of the spooky tunnel and didn't notice the blue plasma flash while some of the dirt flew inside.

John dug for three minutes then his shovel hit something soft. He cautiously shoveled some more dirt off this soft object. He saw brown leather in the hole. He cautiously shoveled more dirt off the soft brown object. It became obvious what was buried in the ground; an old leather saddlebag with the initials "BS" branded into it.

"Yeah!" John cried out and his voice echoed in the cave at the same time he threw his shovel unknowingly into the dark spooky tunnel to his right and didn't notice the blue plasma flash.

John dropped to his knees and dug around the saddlebag with his hands. He got a hold of the bag and tugged on the bag. It moved an inch. He tugged harder. It moved some more. He tugged harder and it broke free from the bonds of the earth. John flew backwards and landed on his back.

John got back up on his knees and quickly opened the one right side of the saddlebag. He grabbed his flashlight and shined it on the bag. Inside it, he saw hundreds of 1883s gold and silver coins still in mint condition.

He reached in and pulled out a handful of coins. He smelled them. He kissed them. He dropped the coins back in the saddlebag. He opened up the left side of the saddlebag and

shined his flashlight inside it and saw more numerous gold and silver coins in mint condition.

John stood up and danced around in the dirt for joy.

“I’m going to be rich! I’m going to be rich! With all these old western coins,” John cried out and it echoed in the cave while he in joy while he danced around the dirt.

He stopped and cringed in fear of his echoing scaring more bats. He shined his flashlight on the ceiling of the cave. No bats were visible and he was relieved.

He glanced back at these pristine old coins. “Man, I would love to go back to eighteen eighty-three,” he said while glanced at that old bag. “Maybe September second, eighteen eighty-three,” he said picking out a date for fun.

John shined his flashlight around the ground and looked around the area. “Where did I throw my shovel?” John looked at the tunnel and figured it went inside it.

He walked over to the tunnel and entered it.

The split second he entered inside the tunnel, blue plasma light flashed and illuminated all around him. It stung his whole body.

“Ahhhh!” John cried out in pain while he walked through the tunnel.

Within a split second, John was back outside the cave where the dark overcast sky with a strong hint of rain and it was a little cooler.

John looked around and saw his shovel three feet away.

He walked over and picked it up. He looked around a little confused. Then it dawned on him that he was now back outside the cave opening he entered. But the cave opening looked different. The other bush that blocked the cave entrance to the right was gone. He noticed a four-foot gap between the big rock and the rock wall that the other half of the bush hid from his view.

He walked over to the big rock and peeked behind it.

“Where's my backpack?” he asked while he looked around the base of the big rock.

He looked back at the cave opening. “How did that other bush disappear?” he asked while he got even more confused.

He heard the sound of horses while they galloped nearby about twenty feet away.

John looked in the direction of that sound and saw four, rough looking, cowboys on horses while they raced in his direction.

Two of those cowboys turned around and fired their pistols behind them.

That scared John and he squeezed behind the big rock into that four foot gap.

He peeked over the top of the rock and watched the cowboys while they raced by him on their horses.

He heard other horses that galloped from the direction those cowboys came from. More gun fire and a couple of bullets ricocheted off the rock wall above John's head. John immediately ducked down. No more gun fire was heard so John peeked over the top.

He saw Clint Bartley, a twenty-eight year old handsome man with a long scar on the left side of his face and a Marshal's badge pinned to his shirt, as he covered the Phoenix area for enforcing the law. He galloped his horse after those cowboys. Clint fired his pistols at the four cowboys that raced away.

Clint raced his horse past the rock and was soon out of sight.

He looked so familiar. John thought while he watched Clint race his horse after the cowboys.

It was quiet with no more gun fire or horses, so John cautiously stepped out from behind the rock. He looked around confused as to what just happened.

“A cowboy show with real bullets?” John looked around. “Maybe they're shooting a movie?” John looked around some more and didn't see a movie crew with cameras.

A train whistle was heard.

John looked and saw black smoke that billowed from an old western train off in the direction of the Dutchman's Trail. He looked baffled when he saw a Southern Pacific train while it raced north down the rails that he hiked over earlier. But he hiked over rusty old rails that were abandoned one hundred years ago.

John got even more confused while he watched the Southern Pacific train while it raced north up the tracks.

The bottom of the sky opened up and it poured on John. He knew he wasn't back. *But where and when was he?* He wondered. "I better get back," he said while he grabbed his shovel and ran back inside the cave.

He cried out in pain while the blue plasma light illuminated inside the tunnel and stung the hell out of him.

John rushed out of the tunnel in pain and stood still to collect his thoughts.

What the hell just happened? And where was I? John thought to himself, as he looked back at the tunnel.

He looked and saw old saddlebag still on the ground. He walked over and picked it up and slung it over his shoulder.

He illuminated the cave and walked down the path away from the dark and spooky tunnel.

While John walked down the cave he didn't know what to expect when he would get to the cave entrance; or the other cave entrance. Or would he ever get out of this cave alive.

John exited the cave opening and stepped outside. He was shocked to see a cloudless blue sky and it was hot. That bush still blocked the right side of the cave opening was still there. The bush he cut away was still on the ground. His backpack and handsaw was on the ground by the big rock.

He looked around the area still confused with what just happened.

The memory of Mel's voice while he said "strange land and people" echoed in John's head.

John tied his shovel and handsaw to his backpack. He grabbed it and walked away towards Dutchman's Trail with Bart's saddlebag slung across his shoulder containing his loot.

It walked to the old rusted section of the old Southern Pacific train tracks. He looked back at Crazy Hole.

He rushed away down Dutchman's Trail and started to believe he might have made a mistake.

John continued his trek down Dutchman's Trail and the past events of being inside Crazy Hole ran through his mind.

Later that day, he finally hiked back to the parking area and got to his car. He put his stuff inside and drove away.

While John drove his Mustang down U.S. 60, he thought about Crazy Hole. He thought about what Mel told him.

He thought about the train he saw and it was a train that doesn't exist today.

He thought about the cowboys on horses shooting real bullets and how one of them looked like Marshal Clint Bartley.

He had a weird eerie feeling.

"Did I go back in time?" he cried out loud in his car. That was the only explanation he could think just happened.

John parked his Mustang at his apartment complex parking lot.

He rushed to his apartment with his backpack and Bart's saddlebag.

Inside his apartment, John rushed over to his computer and dropped his backpack and saddlebag on the floor by his couch. He turned on the computer and while his old Dell booted up, John rushed over to the coffee table and grabbed his "Outlaw and Lawmen of Arizona" book. He opened the book and thumbed through it. He stopped at a page and his eyes lit up.

"I knew it," he cried out excited.

The page had a picture of Clint Bartley the Town Marshal of Oak Creek and his sixty-year-old Deputy Elmer Filson along with a short story.

“Clint Bartley was Town Marshal of Oak Creek from eighteen eighty-one until eighteen eighty-five. He was killed along with his Deputy, Elmer Filson on September twenty-fifth, eighteen eighty-four when they tried to arrest Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler after they robbed the stagecoach in route from Oak Creek to Phoenix,” John read from the book.

John’s Dell finally booted up and he rushed over to it. He opened up Yahoo, and he typed in “Time Travel in the Superstition Mountains” in the search block.

The first page had results for the Superstition Mountain Golf and Country Club, guides for tours of the Superstition Mountains, visiting Apache Junction, the Superstition Mountain museum and other similar hits. John clicked on the next pages of search results.

At the end of the sixth page, John found a link for a website about time travel stories. It was called “I Traveled In Time.” John opened up the site. He scrolled down the links of stories and found something of interest. It was titled “Phoenix Man Claims He Traveled in Time To Old West.” He clicked on the link and it opened up. It was an old Phoenix Herald article dated August 18, 1950.

“Phillip Yoemans, age twenty, made claim of time traveling back to eighteen eighty last week while hunting for buried gold in a cave in the Superstition Mountains. Authorities discounted Mister Yoemans claim of time travel and requested an immediate psychiatric examination,” John read the Internet article.

There was a black and white picture of Phillip Yoemans while he was being interviewed by Phoenix Detectives. John got a huge smile on his face, as he knew Phillip was related to Peter Yoemans. He was the son that Mel mentioned in the library.

John’s cell phone rang. He answered it while he stared at the article. “Angie,” John answered

“Why did you disconnect my call? Do you know how rude that is? What’s wrong with you?” she yelled at him from his cell phone and she was so loud he had to hold his cell away from his ear.

“I’m sorry Angie! Really sorry! But you’ll never believe what happened! I went hunting for Bart Stone buried treasure and I found it! He buried gold and silver coins and they’re in mint condition. But the coolest part is, when I went after my shovel inside another tunnel, I found myself back in the old west! I actually traveled back in time. Exactly what time, I don’t know. But I actually traveled back in time to the old west. I saw the old Southern Pacific train as it ran down the tracks by Miners Needle,” John said and waited for a response from Angie.

There was silence from his cell phone. “Angie? Are you there?” he asked. Nothing but silence and John realized she hung up.

He shrugged her off and set his cell phone by his computer while he continued to read Phillip’s article.

In her kitchen in her apartment, Angie slammed her cell phone down on the counter. She stormed out of the kitchen furious with John.

Back in John’s apartment, he searched for the address of Phillips Yoemans on the Internet.

One address for a Phillip Yoemans showed up in the results with a phone number. John grabbed his cell phone and punched in Phillip’s phone number.

“Hello,” Phillip answered from the cell phone and his voice sounded like he was an old man.

“Mister Yoemans, my name is John Mathers. I would like to talk to you about your experience you had way back in nineteen fifty,” John said into his cell phone.

“Leave me alone!” Phillip yelled from John’s cell phone.

John disconnected his call and knew he had the right Phillip Yoemans. He turned off his Dell by pressing the power button.

He walked over to Bart's saddlebag and opened up one of the bags. He reached inside and removed eight gold and silver coins. He placed them in his pocket.

He rushed over to his coffee table and grabbed Peter Yoemans journal. He rushed to his apartment door and left.

Chapter 4

It was still Monday.

John drove his Mustang down the Superstition Highway out of Apache Junction. He headed west.

He turned off that highway and drove through numerous Phoenix streets until he ended up on the Phoenix, on the Phoenix - Wickenburg highway.

John drove north on the Phoenix - Wickenburg highway and eventually got to Morristown.

From the Phoenix - Wickenburg highway, he turned his Mustang to the right onto a dirt road. He drove down that road where a couple of old run down trailers called the desert their home.

John drove down the dirt road and came upon a run down and shabby 1964 single wide Fleetwood trailer with a rusty Chevy Vega parked in the dirt by the one end of the trailer.

John parked his Mustang behind the Vega. He got out and walked to the door of the trailer with Peter's journal in his one hand. He knocked on the door and waited.

The door creaked open and a double barrel shotgun peeked out.

"Get the fuck off my property!" Phillip yelled from inside his trailer.

"I really need to talk to you about your experience in nineteen fifty with Crazy Hole," John said.

The end of a double barrel shot gun slowly peaked a little farther out the door opening. "Fuck off or I'll fill you with holes! Bloody holes!" yelled Phillip from inside his trailer.

John thought for a second and reached in his pocket. "My name is John Mathers. I found Bart's buried gold," John said

then leaned down and tossed the gold coin inside Phillip's trailer at floor level. "You can keep it," John.

There was some silence then the double barrel shot gun slowly went back inside the trailer. The door opened and Phillip Yoemans, a balking frail seventy-year-old man with dirty gray hair and beard, rotten teeth, and was dressed in shabby clothes appeared in the doorway. He had his shot gun in one hand and he looked at the gold coin in his other hand.

"Please enter my humble abode John Mathers," Phillip said and stepped aside.

John entered the trailer.

The inside of Phillip's trailer was filthy and all the furniture was old and tattered.

Phillip eyed the gold coin while he walked over and sat down on a lazy boy chair that had duct tape over the rips.

John sat down on a dirty couch and laid the journal by his side.

Phillip studied the gold coin and noticed the 1882 date on it. He smiled and John noticed his rotten teeth.

"Tell me how you found this coin?" Phillip asked.

"I was in the Superstition Mountains looking for Bart Stone buried loot," John said.

"How did you know where to find it?" Phillip asked curious.

John removed the treasure map from his shirt pocket and held it up. "I found this in an old wooden chest I bought from an antique store," John said.

Phillip grabbed the treasure map and his eyes welled up a little. "Did this wooden chest have PY carved on the top?" Phillip asked curious.

"Yes. Inside I found a journal for Peter Yoemans. Is he a relative of yours?" John questioned.

"Peter Yoemans was my father," Phillip answered.

"I read how he drew this treasure map from talking with Bart's older brother," John said and held up Peter's journal.

Phillip got up from his lazy boy chair and grabbed the journal. He sat back down and opened up the journal. His eyes welled up some more while he scanned through the journal. He hasn't seen this book since 1950.

"Dad was obsessed with finding the buried loot of Bart Stone. He heard about it from his father. Then after he got fired from his job, he was determined to find the loot. He figured he could get rich and provide for us that way," Phillip said then remembered something. "Where's my manners, would you like a beer?" he asked John.

"I would love one," John replied.

Phillip got up and walked into the kitchen. He opened up his old Fridge and removed two cans of Budweiser beer and walked back. He handed John his brew. They both opened them up and drank a little.

"As I was saying. After Dad drew that map from talking to Bart's older brother, he hiked into the Superstition Mountains to find it. I remember that day like it was yesterday, March seventh, nineteen forty-three. He came back all excited and told me that found something better than Bart's gold. He found something that would make him richer," Phillip said.

"What was that?" John asked then sipped his Bud.

Phillip sipped his Bud. "He never told me. I figured he found tons of buried treasure. So the next day, he wore some old clothes and with a cloth bag, he took off into the mountains again," Phillip said then his eyes welled up. "But he never came home. They searched the Superstition Mountain area for days but never found him. So later that year they declared him dead," Phillip said.

"I'm sorry to hear that," John said.

"Thanks. I was thirteen years old at the time and mom was devastated. So the years went by and when I turned twenty years old, I was getting some boxes out of the attic for mom. While I was up there, I found Dad's wooden chest. Inside was

his journal. So I read it and found the page where he drew the map to Bart's gold," Phillip said.

"Who tore the map out of the journal?" John asked.

"I did. I decided to follow the map and hoped that I would find the remains of my father and maybe Bart's loot. Mom sure needed the money," Phillip said.

"Did you?" John asked interested in the story.

"No. I also didn't find Bart's loot. I found something else, something that nobody would believe," Phillip said.

"You traveled through time," John responded.

"I forgot you read the news article. So, why are you so interested in me time traveling?" Phillip asked.

"After I found the gold and silver coins. Were dated from eighteen eighty-three. I said I wished I were in eighteen eighty some day in September. I then went inside a tunnel to the right. When I inside it I suddenly appeared back outside. It looked just like the entrance to Crazy Hole but different. I saw the old Southern Pacific train as it went down the track. Later I realized I went back in time. But I don't know what year. I was hoping you should shed some light on that," John said.

"Just before I went back through that tunnel, I said I wanted to go back to July twelfth, eighteen eighty-three. I went through that same tunnel, and when I came out I also saw that same old train. I knew about the Southern Pacific train line so I followed the tracks and it north and found the town of Oak Creek. It was July twelfth, eighteen eighty-three, as was indicated on a calendar in the general store," Phillip said. "But people gave me weird looks and thought I better leave," Phillip added.

"I can imagine that happening in the clothes from the fifties."

"Yep, so I went back to Crazy Hole and said I wanted to go back to the date in nineteen fifty," said Phillip.

"Why did you say that?"

“The legend states that when in Crazy Hole if you say the month, day, and year, you’ll go to that time after entering that tunnel time portal,” Phillip said then he paused for a few seconds while he took another sip of his Bud. “Plus if one person goes back to a certain day in time, then that portal stays opened for that same day in time for around twelve hours. Meaning other people could follow your time travel adventure.”

“Wow! The old west, how cool is that!” John said with a sparkle in his eyes.

“I thought so but after I came back, I made a false bottom in the wooden chest to keep the map safe. I told a friend of mine that I went back in time and was going back after I got some older clothes so I could blend in. Later that day, he squealed it to the police. They came to my house and I got hauled in for questioning. They sent me to see a doctor and he recommended they lock me up in a loony bin, and I got released in nineteen seventy-eight. Mom died in nineteen sixty-nine and sold her house and I never saw that chest again,” Phillip said while his eyes welled up.

“You never found out what happened to your dad? Or tried to back through that cave to find him?” John asked.

“Never did. And since I was locked up so long in the loony bin, I decided it would be best if I just left that cave alone. So I put it out of my mind until you showed up today,” Phillip said then gulped down his beer.

John reached in his pocket and removed seven more gold and silver coins. “You can have these for talking with me,” John said while he handed Phillip the coins.

Phillip looked at the coins and laughed, a raspy laugh. He looked at John. “Just think. You could go back in time through that cave and get more of these at a steal,” he told John.

John thought about what Phillip said while he gulped down his beer.

While John drove home, he continued to think about his visit with Phillip. His comment, "You could go back in time through that cave and get more of these at a steal," ran through John's mind.

John went back to his apartment and sat down on the couch. He looked at his grandfather's outlaw book on his coffee table. He looked at Bart's saddlebag on the floor. He picked it up and left the living room.

John walked into his bedroom and went over and shoved the saddlebag under his bed. He left the bedroom.

That night, John tossed and turned, as he couldn't sleep. The events from today kept his mind active.

John spent the rest of the workweek thinking about his discovery and his talk with Phillip Yoemans. He had a plan in mind but chickened out few times.

John woke up really early on Saturday morning. It was August 26th, 2006 and he decided to pursue his plans.

He knew exactly what he was going to do with his new find. He showered and dressed in Levi blue jeans and a western shirt.

He ate a quick breakfast, which consisted of a bowl of Cocoa Krispies.

After he ate, he punched in a phone number in his cell phone from his kitchen.

"Hey Randy, I was wondering if you're still thinking of selling your pickup?" John asked into his cell phone.

"Are you interested?" Randy replied from the cell phone.

"I am. In fact, I was wondering if you would trade your pickup for my ninety-five Mustang," John offered.

"Sure. I don't see why not," Randy replied from John's cell phone knowing that he would be getting the better end of the deal.

"Great. I'll be by your place shortly and we can take care of the titles later," John said then disconnected his call.

John rushed out of his kitchen and ran into his bedroom. He ran up to his bedside table and clipped his cell phone to his belt. He grabbed his cowboy hat off the top of the dresser. He opened up the bottom dresser drawer and removed his Colt Peacemaker pistol from the holster.

He rushed over to his bed and reached under it and removed Bart's saddlebags. He opened one of the bags and placed his pistol and holster inside it.

He rushed out of his bedroom with a smile, as his plan was falling into place.

He drove to Randy's house and left his Mustang there while he drove off with Randy's 1985 Ford F150 pickup truck that had a trailer hitch on the back.

John drove the F150 into Scottsdale and stopped at a coin shop. He was in there for thirty minutes and came out with a nice check for five thousand dollars for selling all those gold and silver coins. John felt rich.

He drove his truck to the nearest Bank of America in Scottsdale that was opened on Saturday.

He went inside and deposited that check into his checking account.

After the bank John drove his F150 to a western clothing store in Scottsdale. He bought a new western shirt, leather cartridge belt, a black bandana, a saddlebag and some new cowboy boots.

John drove his F150 to gun shop and bought some bullets for his cartridge belt for show for that authentic outlaw look. While in his F150, he placed bullets in the cartridge belt.

He drove the F150 to the Rusty's Desert Ranch Horse Stables located northeast of Apache Junction. Rusty had around twenty horses and trailers for sale. He also had stables that people would rent for their own horses. He also rented out some horses for trail rides in the Superstition Mountains.

John walked up to Rusty Moore, fifty years old, with a rugged complexion in a cowboy hat while he groomed a horse.

“Excuse me, I would like to buy a horse and trailer,” John said.

Rusty looked over at John and instantly knew he never rode a horse before in his life.

“You know how to ride a horse?” Rusty asked John.

John hesitated for a second then looked cocky. “Sure, you sit in the saddle, grab the reins and it goes. Piece of cake” he lied. John removed his checkbook from his back pocket.

Rusty looked at John. He didn’t care, as business was doing poorly and the bank was about to foreclose on his property so he really needed to sell a horse. “Follow me,” Rusty told John while he walked away from his horse and walked down the stable. John followed.

Thirty minutes later, John stood by a horse trailer hitched to the F150. Inside the trailer was a horse with a saddle.

John wrote out a check for two thousand, six hundred and seventy-three dollars. He handed it to Rusty.

“You can use stall number eight and that’ll cost ten dollars a day to board the horse,” Rusty said.

“I’ll be back later today,” John told Rusty.

“Where are you going?” Rusty asked.

“A little ride in the Superstition Mountains,” John replied.

Rusty looked doubtful John would return. He looked at the check. “I hope this will clear,” Rusty asked.

“It will. Don’t worry,” John said while he walked to the cab of the pickup and got inside.

John got inside his F150 and put his checkbook in the glove box then he started up the pickup.

Rusty walked away while John backed up the pickup and almost jack knifed. After three attempts, John finally backed the pickup truck out of the parking spot. He drove off.

He’ll kill that horse for sure or cause a crash with that pickup and trailer. Rusty thought to himself while he watched John as he drove his pickup away.

Later on that day, John parked the pickup at the same place where he walked off to the Bluff Springs Trail. He got out of the truck and wore his cowboy hat.

He strutted to the rear of the horse trailer and opened up the gate. John looked at the rear end of the horse. It swatted its tail.

“Come out,” he instructed the horse after he whistled.

The horse stayed in the trailer and swatted his tail.

John reached out and grabbed the horse’s tail.

“I wouldn’t do that if I was you. That’s a good way to get your teeth knocked out,” a woman said near John.

John immediately let go of the horse’s tail.

“Are you sure you know how to ride a horse?” the woman asked.

“Yeah. Just never had him in a trailer,” John replied.

The woman rolled her eyes thinking John would kill himself. “I’ll get him out,” she said and walked to the side of the trailer and opened the side door near the front. She stepped inside the trailer and the horse slowly backed out with the woman stroking its head to keep it calm.

She held the reins of the horse. “You can get on now,” she said.

“One minute,” John told her while he rushed over to the pickup truck. He opened it up and removed Bart’s saddlebags. He slung it over his shoulder then rushed back over to the horse.

After he finally got the saddle secured on the horse, John made precise movements while he stuck a boot in the stirrup. He got in the saddle and made sure his other boot was situated precisely in the other stirrup.

The horse looked back at John.

They stared at each other. John took the reins from the woman. He moved in the saddle and got that perfect spot.

The woman looked at John and thought he was a fish out of water.

“Giddy up!” John said. The horse stood still. “Move!” John said.

Six couples walked over and watched the show.

John leaned back and smacked the horse's hindquarter. The horse raced off.

John leaned all the way over the side and smacked his head in a bush as the horse raced away.

Everybody laughed at the sight of John.

John struggled but eventually got upright. He bounced all over the saddle while the horse raced away towards Bluff Springs Trail.

John eventually pulled back on the reins and slowed down the horse.

A little later, John's horse walked down Dutchman's Trail and he started to look like a cowboy. He was actually getting the hang of riding a horse.

John's horse walked near Crazy hole then his cell phone rang and it startled him. He removed it off his belt holster and saw the Caller ID. “Angie,” John answered.

“Where the hell are you?” she yelled from his cell phone.

“I'm going back to the old west. I've decided to become a famous outlaw in the old west and run back to hide here,” John said all excited.

There was a long period of silence from his cell phone. “I'm sick of this!” Angie screamed at John from his cell phone then she disconnected her end of the call.

John looked at his cell then looked at the cave. He couldn't resist and figured Angie would forgive him once she saw the money he's going to bring home. He turned off his cell phone and placed it back in its holster and got out of the saddle.

He grabbed the reins and walked his horse to the cave.

The second he got ten feet from Crazy Hole, the horse panicked and rose up on his hind legs.

John dropped the reins and ran away scared.

The horse settled down after a few seconds when it backed up away from the cave.

John cautiously inched to the horse. He stood by his horse and looked at the cave. John realized Crazy Hole spooked the horse and he wondered how he could get the horse in the cave. His eyes lit up with an idea.

Back at the Painted Mountain Golf Course, Angie stared furiously at her cell phone. She dropped it on the green. She whacked it with a golf club. Her cell phone flew in the air and splashed in a pond.

She stormed off, furious with John.

Back at Crazy Hole, John walked his horse with his shirt tied around the horse's head and covered its eyes to the cave.

He removed his flip cell phone off his belt and placed it in his left front pants pocket. He left the belt clip on his cell phone.

He reached back inside Bart's saddlebag and removed his pistol and cartridge belt. He placed it around his belt and felt like an outlaw. That belt covered up his cell phone clip on his pants belt.

He reached back inside the saddlebag and removed the cloth bag and tucked it into his the waist of his pants. He was ready for this adventure.

John walked his horse inside the cave and there was just enough room inside for the horse.

He walked the horse to that dead end. He looked at the spooky tunnel to the right. "I want to go back to September tenth, eighteen eighty-three," he said and it echoed in the cave.

John took a deep breath and walked the horse inside that other spooky tunnel.

Chapter 5

Back in 1883, John's horse gave a little cry from inside Crazy Hole while the blue plasma light stung both of them. John had a tight hold on the reins to prevent his horse from running off.

John rushed his horse out of the cave, and the horse soon calmed down.

John walked his horse away from Crazy Hole. He looked and Bart's saddlebag vanished. John looked around thinking that it fell off. It wasn't anywhere around on the ground. It dawned on John that the saddlebag now belonged to Bart, so of course he wouldn't have it in his possession in 1883. He got in the saddle on the horse.

He rode off and crossed a small creek that wasn't there in 2006.

He rode his horse to the north from Miners Needle.

John rode his horse like a pro through the mountains. While he rode his horse, he wondered how he would act as an outlaw in his mind. He even whipped out his pistol a few times while he practiced.

John stopped his horse when he saw Oak Creek fifty feet away. He looked in awe at a town that is alive but was long gone years before he was born.

Oak Creek had a dirt main street. In fact all the streets were dirt.

It had a train station, cabinet maker, general store, barber shop, Court House, a Marshal's office with three jail cells, doctor's office, a restaurant, a hotel, the Oak Creek National bank, a saloon called the Prickly Cactus, a livery stable with a Blacksmith, a church, a dress maker and suit shop, a school

house and a graveyard to the south east of the town. To the northwest was a stockade with cows and pigs to supply the restaurant with food.

There was a smaller dirt street to the west that had small homes for the town folk.

John rode his horse toward Oak Creek.

A little while later, John entered Oak Street from the east.

He rode the horse down the dirt Main Street into Oak Creek and still looked in awe at the sight of history before his eyes.

He rode past the train station to his right with Harvey Robbins' Cabinetmaker and Undertaker Shop across the street. Behind that shop to the south was the graveyard.

He rode a little farther and saw Fred Boone's Barber Shop to the right and Gus Master's General Store across the street.

He rode past the Court House to his right with the Marshal's Office across the street.

Ken and Ester walked near John down the street by the Court House.

"Hey there, what's happening?" John said while he smiled at them from his horse.

Ken and Ester stopped and looked confused while they watched John as he rode his horse down the street.

"What's happening? Why we're walking. That's what's happening. Isn't it that obvious?" Ken told Ester while they looked back at John while he rode his horse down the street.

Other people from Oak Creek walked around town and looked at this new comer with curious eyes.

John rode farther down the street and passed a restaurant to his right with Doc Bartholomew's Office across the street.

John stopped his horse at the Oak Creek First National to the left and next to the Doc Bartholomew's Office.

While he got out of the saddle of his horse, the faint sound of a piano being played from the Prickly Cactus Saloon was across the street. Someone played a classical tune.

John stood by his horse and looked at the bank. He got nervous and started to chicken out. He took a deep breath of courage when he decided to go for it. He tied the reins of his horse to the hitching post. He looked at the door to the bank and again debated if he should continue. He stood there and debated for a few seconds. He loosely tied the reins to the hitching post.

Inside the Oak Creek National bank, Sally Burns waited by the door. Sally's boyfriend, Danny Cook, was a skinny mild and meek man, and he stood in the front of the line for the teller. Annie Nelson waited near Sally while her husband, Jacob Nelson waited in line.

Buddy Woods, Jacob, Howard Jones and Winston Smith stood in line at the teller's counter where the bank teller, Rodney Springer, a skinny timid man worked.

John entered the bank, looked around and saw the "Monday, September 10, 1883" on a calendar on the wall behind the teller.

John strutted over to the Rodney's window. The men in lined looked pissed, as it looked like John was trying to cut in line.

"Ah, excuse me, but the line is back there," Howard said and pointed to Winston in back of him.

The bank teller, Rodney, looked up from his work and saw John and he nodded in agreement that he tried to cut in line in front of Ernie.

"Sir, you'll have to wait in line," Rodney told John. "Like everybody else."

John looked at the men in line who looked back at John.

He looked at Rodney who looked at John. They all waited for John to get at the end of the line.

John's hand shook while he drew his pistol out of his holster. He raised his pistol and his hand shook. He aimed it at Rodney. His hand shook so bad, he dropped his pistol on the floor.

Everybody stared at John, who looked down at his pistol. They all chuckled and that pissed off John.

John thought for a second and quickly grabbed his pistol and decided to man up and finish the job he came to 1883 to perform. He mustered the meanest look he could create and rushed over and pressed the barrel of his pistol into Ernie's temple.

"Remove your guns and throw them to me," John called out and pressed his barrel harder into Ernie's temple.

All the men removed their cartridge belts with pistols in their holsters and threw them at John's boots. John cautiously bent down and picked up the three cartridge belts with pistols and slung them over his left shoulder. He aimed his gun at Rodney.

"Give me," John said in a squeaky voice then cleared his throat. "Give me all the money," John said and held out his bag at Rodney across the counter.

"I said, give my all your gold and silver coins or this guy gets shot in his head," John yelled out while he shoved his cloth bag at Rodney keeping his gun aimed at Ernie, who was about to piss his pants.

Rodney swallowed hard and got shaky nervous, as he didn't want Ernie shot. He quickly opened up his cash drawer and removed a handful of gold and silver coins and dumped them into John's bag. He handed the bag back to John who snatched it from his hand.

John pointed his pistol at everybody and felt like an outlaw.

Everybody got nervous and remained still.

John strutted backwards like an outlaw to the door with his pistol aimed at everybody.

He stopped at the door. Then John thought how he could go down in history as a unique outlaw. Something people would remember. He looked at Sally, and he had an idea.

He walked over to Sally by the door. He looked her square in her eyes. She looked scared. He thought for a second then he smiled with an idea. He grabbed the back of her head and gave her a romantic kiss on the lips.

Ernie looked pissed but was too weak to come after John.

He released Sally from his romantic grip. He turned around and faced everybody. He tipped his hat and took a bow. "The Kissing Bandit alias John Mathers thanks you," John said.

Sally discreetly waved goodbye to John, while he rushed out the door. Anne looked jealous, as she wanted a kiss.

John rushed over to his horse and eyed the area to make sure the Marshal wasn't coming after him. He rushed over to the hitching post and untied the loosely tied reins and held onto his bag of loot and stolen cartridge belts slung over his left shoulder while he quickly hopped in the saddle of his horse.

He turned the horse around and galloped down Main Street heading out of town.

Inside the bank, they all looked at each other and wondered if it was safe to come out of the bank. Sally had a little satisfying smirk on her face, and Ernie looked jealous.

Rodney walked out from behind the counter.

He walked to the window and cautiously peeked out the curtains. Everybody gathered behind him.

"Is it okay to go outside?" Jacob asked.

"Yeah. He's gone," Rodney said while he continued to peek out the window.

"We better tell the Marshal," Howard said.

Rodney opened the door and they all exited.

They walked away from the bank and stood in the street. They looked in both directions for John, and he was gone. Sally looked a little sad John was gone.

They all rushed down the street.

In the Prickly Cactus Saloon, Clint Bartley, with his Town Marshal's badge pinned to his shirt, played a beautiful classical

song on the piano and he was a very good pianist. Two sexy saloon prostitutes, Nancy and Jennifer stood by the piano they listened and admired him.

Three cowboys played poker at a nearby table with Elmer, Clint's deputy.

The saloon doors slammed open, Rodney and everybody from the bank raced over to Clint.

"Marshal Bartley! The bank was robbed by some outlaw who kisses women!" Rodney cried out loud over Clint's piano playing and stopped at the piano.

Clint struck a bad chord during his song. He jumped up from the piano and looked baffled as Rodney and everybody stopped at him. "What?" Clint asked Rodney, as he now wasn't sure he heard him correctly.

"Someone robbed the bank and he kissed Sally on his way out," Rodney said.

Sally had a little satisfying smirk and Ernie noticed. He got a little jealous again, but he was too chicken to say something to her.

"He also stole our guns," Ernie said while he looked back at Sally hurt that she liked John's kiss. "And he had his pistol at my head. I thought this mean outlaw was going to kill me," Ernie said and looked like he would piss his pants at any moment.

Everybody in the saloon looked curious.

Clint looked pissed.

"Was it Bart Stone? He's never kissed women before. Or was it Charlie Chandler. He might do something like that," Clint asked.

"It wasn't Bart or Charlie. I never saw this kid before. Must be some new outlaw in the area. He said his name was John Mathers, the Kissing Bandit," Rodney replied.

Everybody nodded in agreement that they never seen John before.

"His clothes did look a little strange," Howard said.

“How strange?” Clint asked.

“I never seen that brand of Levi’s before,” Howard replied.

“Okay, an outlaw with different Levi’s. I better go hunt him down,” Clint said. “He should be easy to find,” he added with an air of confidence.

Everybody in the saloon watched Clint while he raced to the saloon doors.

“Clint will catch him,” Winston said. Everybody nodded in agreement.

Clint ran down to his Marshal’s office. He untied his horse and jumped on.

He galloped his horse off down the street.

John galloped his horse back to Miners Needle. He looked back over his shoulder. Nobody chased after him, and he felt safe.

He rode his horse back to Crazy Hole.

John got out of the saddle of his horse and noticed the horse’s tracks. He wondered how could he protect himself?

He saw a small bush nearby, and it gave him an idea. He ran over to the bush and snapped off a branch.

John rushed down twenty feet to a small creek he galloped his horse through. He erased the tracks up to the horse.

He laid the branch down and quickly removed his shirt and used it to cover the horse’s eyes. He walked the horse to the entrance to Crazy Hole.

John rushed back and quickly erased the horse’s tracks.

He rushed back inside the cave.

He walked his horse inside Crazy.

He walked his horse to the dead end and the other tunnel. “I want to go back to Saturday, August twenty-sixth, two thousand and six,” he said.

He walked this horse into that tunnel and that blue plasma light stung the yell out of him and his horse again.

Meanwhile, Clint rode his horse along the same path John used. He came to that small creek and lost sight of the tracks.

He walked his horse down the creek and hoped he would pick up John's horse tracks.

The Oak Creek Marshal's office was plain and simple with a wood floor, two desks, and three small jail cells. A potbelly stove where a pot of coffee was always fresh and hot. One desk was for Clint and another one was for Elmer. He relaxed with his boots kicked up in a chair at his desk with his hat tipped over his eyes while he slept.

The office door opened and Clint entered weary and disappointed. Clint noticed Elmer while he slept at his desk with an occasional snore. He slammed the door shut.

Elmer jumped up, his chair fell back and he slammed hard on the floor.

Clint chuckled at the sight of Elmer.

Elmer saw Clint and stood up and got his chair upright.

"Are you trying to give me a heart attack in my old age?" Elmer asked.

"Sorry, I couldn't resist," Clint responded.

"Well, I take it you didn't get this Kissing Bandit?" Elmer said while he looked at the three empty jail cells.

"Naw, it's like he vanished, Elmer. I lost him somewhere around Miners Needle," Clint said.

"You know what the Indians say about Miners Needle?" Elmer said.

"That's nothing but hogwash," Clint said while walked over to his desk and grabbed his tin coffee cup.

He walked over to the stove and poured a cup of coffee.

He walked over to his desk and sat down. He sipped his hot coffee.

"Oh. While you were gone, Sidney found some skeleton bones of a human and an leather bag about ten miles north of town," Elmer said.

Clint thought for a second. "I don't recall hearing about someone missing," Clint said.

"There was the name Peter Yoemans marked on the inside of leather bag. Must have been some old miner," Elmer suggested.

"Maybe. Let's bury the bones at the cemetery," Clint replied.

"I'll get that in work tomorrow," Elmer said.

The office door opened and Gertrude Perkins, a thirty-two-year-old plain and simple woman who desperately wanted to find a husband, entered with a freshly made apple pie under a cloth. She was the school teacher for Oak Creek.

Clint and Elmer glanced at Gertrude.

She gave Clint a bashful and warm smile while she walked over to his desk.

"Gertrude," Clint said politely.

"Marshal. I heard you chased after the outlaw that robbed the bank. I baked this pie figuring you might be hungry," she said then laid the pie on his desk and removed the cloth and revealed the apple pie.

"Mmmm! Apple, my favorite," Clint said while he sniffed the pie.

Clint opened up his desk drawer and removed a knife. He sliced a piece of pie and grabbed it, and took a huge bite.

"Mmmm. You always bake the best pies, Gertrude," Clint said.

"Thank you. I can bake you some sweet desert any time you desire, Clint. If you were my husband," Gertrude said with a sweet tone and hoped Clint would accept her offer.

Clint chewed his pie and ignored Gertrude.

She took his non-response as a rejection and looked hurt.

Elmer glanced over at Clint, upset over his non-response.

Gertrude walked away rejected but she was still determined to get Clint to marry her one day.

Elmer watched as Gertrude opened the door and left their office.

“You chicken or something? Don't end up like me, old and alone. Go marry her and raise some little Bartley's,” Elmer told Clint in a fatherly tone.

“The women here are too boring for my taste,” Clint said while he gobbled up the rest of his slice of pie.

Clint licked the remaining apple pie off his fingers. He sat down and sipped on his coffee. He thought about the outlaw that slipped away.

Elmer rolled his eyes with Clint's refusal to get married.

“Howard said this outlaw wore strange looking clothes,” Clint said.

“That's what I hear,” Elmer replied while he walked over and couldn't resist Gertrude's apple pie. He pulled out his knife and sliced a piece of pie, grabbed the slice with his fingers and munched on it.

“Reminds me of that kid that wondered into town on foot a few years back,” Clint said.

“Yeah, the one that went inside the general store,” Elmer replied with a mouth full of pie.

“Folks said he wore strange clothes and shoes,” Clint said.

Elmer swallowed his pie. “I remember. Maybe these strange clothes are some kind of a trademark of some new outlaw gang?” Elmer asked.

“That's possible,” Clint responded then sipped his coffee and thought about the outlaw, John Mathers, the Kissing Bandit.

Chapter 6

Back on Saturday, August 26th, 2006, the blue plasma light illuminated the inside of Crazy Hole.

John walked his horse out of Crazy Hole and Bart's old saddlebags mysteriously reappeared on his saddle. John noticed and smiled.

He removed his shirt from his horse. He placed his bag of loot and the four stolen and his cartridge belts and pistols in the saddlebag.

John placed his shirt back on then looked around and realized he was back home, safe and sound.

He quickly grabbed that part of the bush he cut away and propped it up to hide the entrance to Crazy Hole. He didn't want some hiker to stumble upon his secret.

"I did it. I'm an old western outlaw," John cried out while he did a victory dance and then dorky imitation of Michael Jackson's moonwalk. He noticed some hikers about fifty feet away while they stared at him. John quickly stopped.

The hikers shrugged him off as being weird and walked away.

"I think I got saddle sores!" he said suddenly in pain while he grabbed his butt cheeks.

John grabbed the reins and limped his horse away from Crazy Hole. He got ten feet away from Crazy Hole and got in the saddle of his horse.

He rode his horse off and headed back down Dutchman's Trail.

It was later and John rode his horse back to his pickup and trailer. He got out of the saddle of his horse, grabbed the reins and walked his horse into his trailer.

John got in the F150 and drove off.

After he drove back to the Desert Ranch Horse Stables.

He parked his trailer, removed his horse from it and walked him to stall number eight.

He walked his horse inside the stall and removed the saddle. He laid the saddle on the ground.

He closed the stall door and left the stable with the saddlebags in hand.

John drove his F150 back to his apartment.

John, still in his cowboy hat, rushed inside his apartment with Bart's saddlebag in hand.

He ran down his hallway and into his bedroom. He ran over to his dresser and opened up his sock and underwear drawer.

He removed the cloth bag from his saddlebag. He took a white sock and removed all the gold and silver coins from his cloth bag and poured them into the sock. He kept two silver dollars and shoved them in his pocket. He shoved the sock and cloth bag back in his drawer and closed it.

He opened the bottom drawer shoved the three stolen cartridge belts and pistols and his cartridge belt and pistol under some clothes. He closed his drawer then he shoved Bart's saddlebag under his bed.

He raced out of this bedroom.

He ran down his hallway and into his living room and up to his old Dell computer at his cheap pressboard computer desk.

He turned on his Dell and got frustrated while it took forever to boot up.

The Dell finally booted up and John quickly typed "John Mathers alias the Kissing Bandit in 1883" in the search block of Yahoo. He waited impatiently for the results. They appeared, and John looked when nothing showed up in the results. He slammed his fist on the desk. "I can't believe there's nothing

about me?" John thought about his recent adventure then he looked determined to complete his plan.

John opened up a drawer and removed some paper and a pen. He quickly hand drew a map of the 1883 Phoenix area.

He drew in the cities of Oak Creek, Rattlesnake, Stone Valley, and Mountain Rock. He placed an "X" through Oak Creek. He shoved the paper back in the drawer and closed it.

After a quick dinner, John relaxed in front of his TV. He watched *The American Outlaws* movie, and held the two of the silver coins he stole from 1883.

Halfway during the movie, John called Angie on his cell phone and wanted to make up.

In Angie's apartment, she sat on her couch and looked at her new cell phone while it rang and saw John called. She placed her cell phone down on her coffee table and walked away since she was still pissed at him.

John disconnected his call and felt bad that Angie was upset. But he figured she would forgive him, as she always did in the past. He left his cell phone on his coffee table.

Later John retired to his bed.

He slept like a baby that night and had dreams of being famous and in the history books.

John dreamt they made movie after movie about the life of John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit.

John dreamt he was in the movie theater when the movies first came out with a smirk on his face as he watched his outlaw ways on the silver screen. Brad Pitt played John Mathers.

John dreamt he walked through a bookstore and saw a book on his outlaw life was a best seller.

John woke up Sunday morning, August 27th, 2006.

He ate a quick breakfast of Cocoa Krispies and gulped down a cup of coffee. He didn't shave, as he wanted that rugged look.

He ran out of the kitchen, down the hallway to his bedroom. He grabbed his cowboy hat and cloth bag from his dresser.

He opened up his bottom drawer and looked at his holster and pistol. He looked at the other pistols. He smiled and removed one of the stolen pistols and cartridge belt.

He removed the pistol from the holster and emptied the bullets from the pistol and dropped them in his drawer.

He closed the drawer then shoved the pistol back into the holster. He slung the cartridge belt over his shoulder.

He rushed out of his bedroom and out of his apartment.

John drove to the only western store opened on Sunday and bought a new saddlebag.

He hopped back in his F150 and drove to the Desert Ranch Horse Stables and picked up his horse.

John drove his F150 east on the Superstition Highway and parked in the dirt parking lot after he followed signs for the Peralta Trailhead. He parked his F150. He got out with his new saddlebag and his cowboy hat.

He reached back in his F150 and removed a large bottle of water he bought before he stopped at the stables. He gulped down some water then placed the bottle in his saddlebag.

He reached in his F150 and removed two more large bottles of water and shoved them into the saddlebag.

He rushed to his trailer, opened the gate and walked inside then walked his horse out. He placed the saddlebag on the saddle then hopped on it.

He rode his horse off to Bluff Springs Trail.

Later that day, John rode his horse to Crazy Hole and used the same routine to travel back in time through Crazy Hole.

It was Wednesday, September 12th, 1883.

John rode his horse north toward Oak Creek. He felt like an big shot outlaw with two pistols at this side.

He rode near Oak Creek and stopped. He looked at the town and saw the Butterfield Overland stagecoach as it waited by the hotel.

John didn't want to ride through Oak Creek and risk being arrested for yesterday's robbery, so he rode north of Oak Creek.

John rode for another hour with a couple of stops to give his horse a drink of water when he crossed a small creek or he used the water from his bottles. He had his cloth bag tucked inside the front of his pants.

John eventually rode to the top of a hill where below the Butterfield Overland stagecoach trail ran from Oak Creek to Stone Valley. He watched the trail down below as he suspected the stagecoach should be coming any minute.

He got out of the saddle from his horse and walked around to stretch his legs. John stood by his horse on top of a hill. He removed his pistol, and twirled it. He dropped his pistol into the dirt. He picked up his pistol. He twirled it again and dropped it the dirt again.

While he picked up his pistol, he spotted the Butterfield Overland stagecoach while it rode down the dirt trail to Stone Valley. He quickly put his pistol back in his holster.

He quickly hopped back in the saddle of his horse and as the second his butt hit the saddle, his face cringed. "Not now!" John said and he quickly hopped out of the saddle of his horse.

He raced to a nearby bush, unbuttoned his jeans and removed his penis. He peed on the bush. Then he heard the dangerous sound of a rattlesnake. He cautiously looked around and saw a rattlesnake five feet away, poised to strike.

John quietly inched away from the angry rattlesnake.

When he felt it was safe, he turned around and high tailed it to his horse. He jumped up like a pro and hopped in the saddle of his horse.

He galloped his horse off the hill and down to the trail.

John raced his horse after the stagecoach in relief that the rattlesnake didn't strike him.

He stopped his horse twenty feet on the trail in front of the stagecoach.

John quickly hopped out of the saddle of his horse and whipped out his pistol and aimed them at the stagecoach driver and the cowboy that rode alongside him with a Winchester rifle.

“Whoa!” the driver yelled out when saw John with his pistols aimed at his stagecoach.

“Throw down your weapons or you both will never see another sunset or sunrise,” John yelled out with the meanest outlaw voice he could muster up.

The cowboy with the Winchester leaned to his side and kept an eye on John while he spat out some chewing tobacco to the ground.

Then the cowboy moved as if he was going to shoot at John. The stagecoach driver noticed this and got concerned.

“I heard about this outlaw that wore strange clothes at Oak Creek yesterday. Look at him. Who in their right mind would rob a stagecoach like that? I think he’s loco, so don’t start anything,” the driver told his partner and looked nervous while John had his pistol aimed at them.

“Yeah, I think you’re right,” the cowboy said then he threw down his Winchester while the driver threw down his cartridge belt with pistol. The weapons landed close to John’s horse.

Jessica, Wilbur, Russell, and Anthony cautiously peeked out the stagecoach windows, as they were curious.

John rushed over and stood over the Winchester and pistol. He aimed his pistols at the stagecoach. “Everybody out or the driver and his partner get shot!” John yelled out and hoped they would believe his bluff.

The stagecoach door creaked opened and Jessica, Wilbur, Russell, and Anthony stepped out. They stood by the door afraid of John.

“Walk over here with your hands up in the air,” John instructed.

Jessica, Wilbur, Russell, and Anthony walked over to John with their arms raised in the air.

“Throw your pistols over here,” John yelled out and pointed at the Winchester and the driver’s cartridge belt on the ground.

Wilbur, Russell and Anthony quickly removed their cartridge belts with pistols and threw them where John pointed.

“Put your money in my bag!” John ordered.

Wilbur, Russell, and Anthony looked at John. They’re eyes widen in shock when they saw his penis while it poked out of the fly of his pants. They snickered at the sight of John.

John got pissed when Wilbur, Russell, and Anthony snickered at him as he thought they mocked his outlaw ways.

Jessica saw John’s penis and quickly covered her eyes with her hands. She peeked through a finger, as she was curious.

“What’s so funny?” John asked.

Anthony pointed at John’s crotch.

John looked down, and saw his fly was open and his penis poking out. He turned all shades of red and gave a quiet scream. He quickly made himself decent the he aimed his pistols at them, pissed.

“I said, put your gold and silver coins and pistols in my bag,” John yelled and moved to Wilbur.

The stagecoach driver and cowboy sat on the stagecoach and watched.

Wilbur reached in his pocket and dumped some gold and silver coins in John’s bag.

John moved over to Anthony who reached in his pocket and dumped his gold and silver coins in John’s bag.

He moved over to Russell who had his gold and silver coins in his hand. He dumped them into the bag.

John moved over to Jessica who opened her purse.

“No ma’am. John Mathers doesn’t rob ladies,” John said then he quickly planted a romantic kiss on her lips. She dropped her coins in the dirt. He released her from his

romantic grip. "I steal a kiss from your sweet lips," John said with a smile.

Jessica returned a bashful smile at John.

John bent down and picked up her coins and dropped them in her purse. "Ma-am," he said with another smile.

"John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit, thanks you. Now I want all of you to get back on the stagecoach," John ordered.

Jessica, Wilbur, Russell and Anthony rushed back and got inside the stagecoach.

John quickly bent down and picked up the four cartridge belts and the Winchester. He cautiously walked backwards to his horse with his pistol aimed at the stagecoach.

"Get out of here," John ordered the stagecoach driver.

The stagecoach driver snapped the reins and they moved away down the trail.

John watched the stagecoach while it rode down the trail toward Stone Valley.

It was quiet inside the stagecoach while they rode away. Jessica looked out her window, lightly touched her lips, and thought about John. She thought he was cute.

When the stagecoach was way down the trail, John shoved his bag and stolen cartridge belts with pistols into his saddlebag.

He got back on his horse with the Winchester and galloped it back towards the direction of Oak Creek.

He rode off in the desert and rode north of Oak Creek.

John rode toward Miners Needle.

A little while later and it was back to Sunday, August 27th, 2006. The blue plasma light illuminated Crazy Hole while John walked his horse, blindfolded with his shirt out. He stopped, removed his shirt from the horse and but it back on his body.

He got in the saddle of his horse and rode off down Dutchman's Trail.

He rode his horse back to his F150 and walked his horse into the trailer. He put his saddlebag and Winchester into the cab of his pickup and drove off.

After John settled his horse back in his stall at the Desert Ranch Horse Stables, he drove off in his F150 pickup.

On his way home to his apartment, John drove a different way home. He passed by the Robert Home Ford dealership and saw a 2006 Mustang on display. He drove down the street and he drooled at the thought of a new Mustang. He turned around.

An hour later, John traded his F150 in for a new Mustang. He also wrote a check for a good size down payment for the car. He figured some more trips to 1883 and he would own it out right in no time flat. It was a red convertible with red leather seats, and he had them install a trailer hitch. He placed the saddlebags and Winchester into the trunk and drove off with his new toy.

When John got back to his apartment with his saddlebag and Winchester.

He rushed over to his Dell computer and dropped the Winchester and saddlebag on the floor. He turned it on and while he anxiously waited for it to boot up, he opened up the saddlebag and removed his cloth bag.

He looked at his take for today's adventure, and counted eight gold coins and nine silver coins. Not much but he figured he'll do better with banks, as there were three more he could rob.

He rushed to his bedroom and shoved the coins in his cock with his previous booty.

His Dell finally booted up, and John quickly opened Yahoo and typed "John Mathers alias the Kissing Bandit" in the search block. Nothing came up in the search except a bunch of unrelated results. John got disappointed but looked determined to get placed in the history books and a movie made about him.

He walked away from his Dell and went to the coffee table. He picked up his cell phone, and turned it on. He

noticed that Angie didn't call, and he figured she was still upset with John. He figured he would make it up tomorrow.

It was now Monday morning, August 28th, 2006.

John woke up and after his shower he ate his standard bowl of Cocoa Krispies and sipped his coffee in his kitchen. He wondered how could he sneak away to complete his mission of placing himself in the history books. He couldn't go during the weekend, as he was already on thin ice with Angie. His eyes widened when he figured out a way.

He ran out of the kitchen and into his living room. He grabbed his cell phone off the coffee table. He opened it up and made a call.

"Richard here," John's boss answered the call.

"Hey boss. John Mathers," he replied.

"Calling in sick, Mathers?" Richard asked.

"No sir, I would like to take the rest of the week off as vacation."

There was a moment of silence from John's cell phone.

"I'm sorry for the short notice but I really need to take some time off."

There were a few more moments of silence on the phone. "I checked on the computer and you have four weeks of vacation on the books. Plus you haven't taken a vacation for while. It's approved. So, what's your plans?" Richard said.

"Thinking of just hanging around the area. Nothing too exciting, as I just wanted some time off this week to take care of some personal business," John replied.

"Okay Mathers. Get back here bright and early on Friday," Richard said. "We need to make sure our clients are stocked for the weekend."

"Yes sir," John replied then disconnected his call and looked excited with having a week of becoming a famous outlaw.

John rushed down the hallway and went into his bedroom. He rushed over to the closet and removed a duffel bag. He

went to his dresser and opened up the bottom drawer. He shoved the eight cartridge belts with pistols and Winchester into the duffel bag. He opened up his underwear drawer and removed the sock full of coins. He dropped it into his duffel bag.

He left his apartment.

John jumped in his Mustang and raced off to a coin shop in Scottsdale.

Thirty minutes later, he walked out of there with a check for five thousand and six hundred dollars.

John jumped in his Mustang and drove off to the “Western Antique’s” store in the Paradise Valley mall.

He rushed down the mall with his duffel bag hung around his shoulder.

He rushed into the Western Antique’s store and walked up to the counter with his duffel bag. He laid it on the counter.

Another salesman behind the counter saw John and walked up to him.

“Can I help you?” the salesman asked.

“I believe you’ll buy antique guns?” John asked.

“Yes we do,” the salesman replied then looked at the duffel bag. “Do you have some in the bag?” he added.

John opened up his duffel bag and removed the Winchester then the eight cartridge belts with pistols.

The salesman picked up one of the pistols and studied it. “Wow! All look to be from eighteen eighties? Where did you get them?” he asked.

John gave his best poker face. “They belonged to my great grandfather. My grandfather died three weeks ago. I found them stashed in his attic while we were moving his thing out of house,” John said.

“I’ll give you forty eight hundred dollars for the whole lot,” the salesman.

John thought for a second then smiled in agreement.

John strutted down the mall and had a huge smile with being four thousand and eight hundred dollars richer. Then he saw Todd's Tobacco Shop nearby. He stopped and looked at the shop. He remembered the cowboy that rode shotgun. *That would complete me.* He said with a proud smile.

John rushed into Todd's Tobacco Shop and ten minutes later, he walked out with a small can of Skoal chewing tobacco.

John rushed out of the mall and to his Mustang in the parking lot.

He got in his Mustang and drove off out of the mall parking lot.

He drove to Phoenix and stopped at a different coin shop. He wanted to use another one so he didn't drum up any suspicion.

Twenty minutes later, John walked out of the coin shop with another check for two thousand dollars. He strutted off away from the shop to his Mustang.

After a quick stop off at his bank to deposit his checks, John drove to the Western Snacks and Vending Company building.

In the payroll department, Angie worked on her computer.

John walked up to Angie in his cowboy hat with his right hand behind his back.

Angie looked up and rolled her eyes the second she saw John.

"What do you want?" Angie said still upset over the weekend.

John's hand behind whipped out and revealed a dozen yellow roses, Angie's favorite. He smiled, as he knew she would melt.

He handed her the roses and she looked at them. She hesitated and couldn't resist so she grabbed them and smelled their aroma.

“Howdy Ma'am, may I take you to lunch? I have something to show you,” John said while he tipped his hat at Angie.

Angie smelled her roses and nodded in agreement for lunch.

They left the building and walked over to John's new Mustang in the parking lot.

“How can you afford a new Mustang?” Angie asked John while she looked the car over.

“Easy. My outlaw gig is paying off big time!” he said while he opened up the passenger door for her.

Angie looked a little baffled while she glanced at John. “Your what?”

“You know, I traveled back in time and became an outlaw robbing banks, stagecoaches and hopefully trains,” he replied. Then John looked determined with a new idea. “You know what, I should write a book about the old west. I can gather information about the towns that were around then. Maybe the story can be about life as an old western outlaw,” John said with thoughts of glory in his eyes.

Angie looked leery of John as if has a screw loose while she sat down in the passenger seat. John closed her door, rushed around and got behind the wheel. He started up the Mustang and drove out of the parking lot.

He drove off down the street.

Five minutes had passed and John turned the Mustang into the Outlaw Steak House parking lot.

Angie looked unhappy. “Not this stupid place again,” she said while he drove around for an empty parking spot.

John parked his Mustang.

“Here's the deal. From now on, after we eat at this place, I get to choose the next restaurant,” she said while he turned off the engine.

“It's a deal,” John replied he reached around the back floorboard and grabbed his cowboy hat. He wore it while they

while they got out of the car. Angie rolled her eyes as she thinking he looked stupid.

Inside the Outlaw Steak House, John, with his cowboy hat still on, and Angie followed the hostess, Jenny to an empty booth by the wall.

John immediately got preoccupied with the memorabilia on the wall at their booth.

Angie reached across the table and snatched his hat off his head. "Quit wearing this stupid hat," she said while she laid his hat on her seat.

John eyed the memorabilia on the wall by their booth and craned his neck to see the memorabilia on the wall by nearby booths. "There should be something here about me," he said.

"What does that mean?" Angie asked annoyed.

"It means," John said but stopped then Jenny, their waitress, walked up to the table.

"Hello, I'm Jenny your waitress," she said with a smile. "Would you like to start off with a drink?" she added.

"I would like some ice tea please," Angie said.

"I'll have a shot of whiskey, little lady," John said in a cowboy tone.

Jenny rolled her eyes as she often gets these yahoos that think they're cowboys.

Angie looked irritated. "We'll take some water first," Angie told Jenny.

The nodded she got their drink order and walked away.

Angie looked at John a little bewildered. "When did you start drinking whiskey?"

"Outlaws always drink whiskey," John replied then removed his can of Skoal, opened it and put a hunk of tobacco in his mouth.

A young man walked over to their booth with two glasses of water. He set the glasses down in front of John and Angie then walked away.

He leaned across the table at Angie. He chewed his tobacco and dripped dark brown juice down his chin while he scanned an old news article on the wall behind Angie.

Angie scooted over to the side in her seat bothered by John.

“What do you have in your mouth?” she asked.

“Tobacco,” John replied.

“You’re not kissing me until you scrub your mouth clean of that crap,” Angie said while she cringed as the thought of that stuff in his mouth disgusted her.

John didn’t hear her because he concentrated on finding an old news article on the Kissing Bandit. He searched and none existed on the wall.

“Guess I’ll have to do more robberies to become famous,” John said disappointed while he looked at the items on the wall.

John’s eyes crossed. He choked. He frantically looked around then he grabbed his glass of water and spat tobacco into it.

Angie got up from the table, pissed.

“I’ll be out in the car,” Angie said while she stormed off.

John looked worried while he watched Angie storm away, and tobacco juice dripped down his chin.

John grabbed a napkin and wiped the tobacco off his chin. He scooted out of his seat and got his cowboy hat off Angie’s seat.

He rushed through the restaurant after Angie and headed by the front door.

Jenny stopped John by the front door.

“Is there a problem?” she asked.

John thought for a second. “My girlfriend suddenly got sick. Sorry,” he said the rushed out the front door.

Jenny shrugged it off and walked away.

John rushed to his Mustang where Angie sat in the passenger seat and waited with her arms crossed.

John got half way to his Mustang and stopped. He spat out the rest of the tobacco from his mouth to the lot.

He got inside his car and started it up. He hesitated on opening his mouth, as he knew Angie was pissed.

John drove his Mustang out of the lot and back to Western Snacks and Vending Company.

After they were halfway there, Angie looked at John.

“I heard that you’re taking most of the week off. Are you going to play outlaw?” Angie asked.

“I am, but you don’t understand,” John said.

“What ever,” Angie replied.

“With all the money and pistols I stole and sold, I made twelve thousand, four hundred dollars so far. I’ll be rich before too long, or I mean we’ll be rich after this week. Then I’ll write a book about the old west around the Phoenix area and we’ll make tons more money. Maybe a movie multi-million dollar deal!” John said with a proud smile.

“Did you say you bought a horse?” Angie asked and wondered if she heard him correctly.

“Of course, an outlaw needs a horse,” John said.

Angie looked at John like he’s finally flipped his lid. “If you must play outlaw. Go ahead. But I want this stopped by this weekend,” Angie demanded.

“Stopped by this weekend. I promise,” John said and smiled as he couldn’t wait to start his outlaw vacation.

It was quiet between John and Angie during the rest of the ride to Western Snacks and Vending Company building.

That night, John debated whether he should continue with his new adventure. He looked through the Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona book and he felt compelled to continue with his plan.

Chapter 7

John woke up early Tuesday morning bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. It was August 29th, 2006

After he showered, he went to the sink to shave. He looked at the night's growth on his face. He put his razor away. He decided he would look tougher if he didn't shave this week.

He went into the kitchen and ate his standard bowl of Cocoa Krispies.

After breakfast he went to his bedroom and dressed in his cowboy outfit. He grabbed his cowboy hat, saddlebag and rushed out of his apartment. Bart's old saddlebag was still shoved under his bed.

During his normal routine on getting his horse from the stable, he made a pit stop at a Circle K convenience store and bought two bottles of water. He also made another quick stop at Wal-Mart where he bought two blankets, matches and some bags of jerky for camping out in the desert.

He raced his Mustang to the stables and got his horse and trailer and drove off.

John rode his horse down Dutchman's Trail to Crazy Hole at Miners Needle. This was going to be an outlaw vacation to place him in the history books.

After his trek through Crazy Hole, John was back in 1883. Thursday, September 13th to be exact.

He rode his horse, with his pistol in his holster, for a couple of hours to the area where Sun City now exits. But in 1883, Stone Valley occupied that space and time has since erased all traces of that fine community.

John sat on his horse a half a mile away from Stone Valley. He looked at the town and smiled and silently prayed that this would produce a huge booty.

He rode his horse off to Stone Valley. But unbeknownst to him, there were two other individuals on horses a quarter of a mile behind him. They were also headed in the direction of Stone Valley.

John rode down the main street of Stone Valley and it looked peaceful where a few people milled around the dirt streets. It looked about the same size of Oak Creek but with a different layout.

John rode past the Sheriff's office and saw a "Went to Phoenix" sign on the door. He rode past it and felt confident this would go really smooth.

John rode to the Stone Valley bank. He got off his horse and loosely tied the reins to the hitching post. He looked around the town, and the coast was clear. John took a deep breath. He had to courage to press on so he walked to the door of the bank.

At the other end of town, Bart Stone, twenty-four years old, mean and nasty famous outlaw, with half of his right ear gone and sidekick Charlie Chandler, twenty years old, stupid and Bart's slimy sidekick, galloped their horses into Stone Valley.

Inside the Stone Valley bank, Greg, Henry, Mickey, Cindy, a young lady, and Betty, an older lady, stood in line at the teller's counter where Sam worked.

John entered the bank and looked around. He didn't see any threats so he whipped out his pistol, walked over to the counter and cut in front of Greg.

He aimed his pistol at Sam's head. John opened his mouth to speak at the same time the door slammed open with a bang and everybody jumped.

Bart and Charlie rushed inside the bank with pistols ready for action. Bart fired his pistol into the ceiling. Everybody, including John jumped a mile while plaster rained on everybody.

Bart strutted over to the Sam's counter and stood near John, who lowered his pistol.

Charlie guarded the door with his pistol aimed at the patrons

"This is a holdup!" Bart yelled out and aimed his pistol at Sam's head.

John stared at Bart in awe when he realized his idol was next to him.

"Oh my God! It's the famous outlaw Bart Stone. My hero!" John cried out loud.

Bart looked irritated with John. "Excuse me, but I'm trying to rob a bank here."

Charlie danced around by the door anxious to get his over with and get out of town.

Bart, I'm John Mathers and I'm also trying to rob this bank," John said then look excited and raised his pistol. "Can I join your gang?"

"Get a wiggle on! We don't have time for this hogwash," Charlie yelled out getting nervous.

John strutted over and aimed his pistol at Sam's head. John handed Sam his cloth bag.

"Fork over your dough!" John yelled at Sam and cocked his pistol.

Sam almost pissed his pants with two outlaws ready to shoot him. He reached down and his hands shook when he opened up the cash drawer. He grabbed all the dollar bills, gold and silver coins and dropped them in John's bag.

John looked at Bart and smiled. "This is so cool! Now I can go home and read about me and Bart Stone together in the history books," John said with a proud smile.

Bart looked at John, baffled over his comment.

Sam handed the bag back to John.

Bart snatched the bag from John's hand and walked to the door.

John tagged along behind Bart.

John stopped at Cindy. He grabbed her head and gave her a romantic kiss.

Bart and Charlie watched while John kissed the young woman.

Betty looked jealous.

John released Cindy then smiled at Bart. "I'm called the Kissing Bandit," John said. "Alias John Mathers."

Bart and Charlie looked at John then at the young lady who smiled, as she loved John's kiss.

"I hear of you. Okay kid, you're in my gang," Bart told John.

They rushed out of the bank.

Bart, Charlie and John ran to their horses. They quickly untied them from the hitching post. Bart quickly placed the loot in his saddlebag.

John saw the "BS" initials branded into this saddlebag that looked newer. He smiled knowing that bag was shoved under bed back in 2006.

They quickly hopped out of the saddles of their horses and galloped down the dirt street out of Stone Valley and leaving a dusty trail behind them.

I'll be in the history books for sure. John thought to himself while they galloped out of town with Bart and Charlie.

A few minutes later, the people in the bank cautiously walked out of the bank. They saw they Bart, Charlie and John were gone. They ran down the street to the Marshal's office forgetting that the Marshal was out of town.

Bart, Charlie and John rode their horses north for a couple of hours and stopped not too far from Lake Pleasant at the base of the Hieroglyphic Mountains.

"Let's camp here for the night," Bart said while he got out of the saddle of his horse.

John and Charlie got out of the saddles of their horses. They all tied their horses to some nearby trees.

“Get the fire going, Charlie,” Bart ordered.

Charlie went in the desert and came back with some tinder and tree branches. He smoothed out a spot in the dirt and placed the tinder in the center. He removed a bullet from his gun belt and removed the bullet. He poured the gun powder out of the bullet case onto the tinder. He removed two flint rocks from his pants pocket. He struck them and made a spark near the gun powder. The fire started and he placed the branches over the fire.

John looked amazed, as he’s never seen that before.

An hour later, they had a campfire and their blankets were laid out on the ground close to the flames.

Bart shot a rabbit earlier and it cooked over the fire.

They sat on their blankets while the rabbit meat sizzled over the flames.

“So, Mister Kissing Bandit, where do you hail from?” Bart asked while he opened a bottle of whiskey, which was probably stolen from some saloon.

John thought for a second to come up with a believable story. “Ohio. I rode into Phoenix last week on the train looking for new adventures,” John replied.

“Ah, from the old states,” said Bart then he took a sip of whiskey and passed it to Charlie.

“Well, if you stick with me kid, you’ll be rich,” Bart told John.

Charlie took a swig of whiskey and passed the bottle to John.

John took a swig of whiskey a big swig, and he choked. Bart and Charlie looked at John.

“Are you sure you’re an outlaw?” Bart a little concerned about John.

“Of course. A couple of days ago, I robbed the Oak Creek National bank and the Butterfield Overland stage coach between Oak Creek and Stone Valley.”

Charlie got a huge grin on his face when he remembered something. “Oh yeah. When I was at the saloon Rattlesnake checking out that bank, I heard about that stagecoach robbery,” then he busted out in a gut busting laugh. “You tried to rob them with your pecker poking out of your pants,” Charlie said then laughed again and rolled on his blanket.

Bart busted out in laughter.

John got embarrassed. “I took a pee and almost got bit by a rattlesnake. I forgot to tuck it back inside,” John said.

Bart and Charlie rolled on the ground and laughed for a few minutes. Then they stopped and sat upright.

“I like you Kissing Bandit,” Bart said. “What was your name again?” he added.

“John Mathers.”

“Okay John Mathers,” Bart said then leaned over and opened up his saddlebag. He removed the bag and opened it up.

“It’s time for your share my outlaw friend,” Bart said then reached inside and removed all the cash. He divided it up and they all got their even share. John thought he could have made more by doing the robbery all by himself, but hooking spurs with Bart Stone was way too cool.

The rabbit was now cooked and they all filled their bellies.

“Let’s get some sleep. I want to hit the stagecoach from Rattlesnake to Stone Valley. They should have loot for the Rattlesnake bank,” Bart said.

It didn’t take long for Bart and Charlie to fall fast asleep.

John lay on his back and stared at the stars. He looked at Bart who snored then looked back at the stars. John smiled thinking he made the history books by being with Bart. He also had thoughts of writing a screenplay about Bart. Maybe a book and screenplay called “The Life and Times of Bart Stone!”

John was too excited to fall sleep so he stared at the stars for a couple of hours while Bart and Charlie snored. He finally fell fast asleep twenty minutes later.

Hours later, John had a dream.

In his dream, John was at a bookstore signing of his best selling book titled "The Life and Times of Bart Stone."

He had another dream of the opening night of his new movie titled "Bart The Outlaw," based on his best selling book.

It was Friday morning and the sun rose and Bart was the first one up. He walked over and kicked Charlie, and he woke up. He walked over and kicked John, and he woke up.

They got up and rolled up their blankets.

Thirty minutes later, they rode their horses into Rattlesnake.

While they rode down the main street, they rode past Phillip Adams Photography Shop and that gave John an idea.

"Bart, let's get one of those pictures of us," John said.

"Why?" Bart asked.

"So in people a hundred years from now will know what the greatest outlaws of the Phoenix area looked like," John replied.

Bart thought about what John said and he liked the idea. "Yeah, a fancy photograph would make me immortal," said Bart.

He turned his horse around and headed to the Phillip Adams Photography Shop. Charlie and Bart followed.

Fifteen minutes later, Bart, Charlie and John stood in the main street of Rattlesnake. The photographer took two pictures of the three outlaws. John paid Phillip a little extra to develop the picture while they waited.

After the picture was developed, Bart shoved the picture in his saddlebag. They got in their saddles and the three rode out of Rattlesnake and headed off into the desert.

An hour later, they stopped at a small ranch house out in the middle of nowhere. Anna Tippins was a thirty-five year old woman who lived alone at the ranch.

John learned that Bart and Charlie befriended Anna who would feed them during their travels through this area.

Anna's husband was shot and killed by a crooked Marshal of Rattlesnake so she hated the law. Besides feeding Bart, she would let him have his five minutes of sexual pleasure with her, as she still wanted to feel the love of a man, even if it was only temporary.

Hours later, Bart handed Anna a couple of gold coins.

They left her ranch and headed to the trail that connects Rattlesnake to Stone Valley. John had more information about Bart for his potential book. A story about Anna would be a nice touch. And that picture just taken would be great for the cover.

Hours later, Bart, Charlie and John sat on their horses and hid behind a huge rock while they waited for the stagecoach.

"So Bart, where were you born?" John asked.

Bart looked at John. "Some crappy wheat field in Kansas. Why do you need to know?" Bart said.

"Just wanting to get to know a little about the greatest outlaw in the world," John said to butter Bart up.

Bart smiled, as he loved that comment.

"Do you know what year?" John asked.

"Don't really know. Guess around eighteen forty something. The year I was born doesn't matter," Bart asked then looked bothered. "You're questions are making me nervous," Bart added.

"I would like to write a book about you, so after you stop being an outlaw, we can make money from people buying it," John said.

Bart's eyes lit up. "How much money?" he asked and drooled at the thought.

“More than what you take from banks and stagecoaches and you can’t arrested for it,” John said. “Or shot.”

“I like that,” Bart said with a gleam in his eyes while he thought of being rich without the threat of being arrested or shot.

“Want to know where I was born?” Charlie asked.

John looked at him. “Sure,” John said.

“Why I was born out of my momma,” Charlie said followed by a goofy laugh.

The stagecoach was heard way off in the distance.

“Enough of this hogwash, the stagecoach is coming,” Bart said.

Bart peeked around the rocks and saw the dusty trail of the stagecoach five hundred feet away headed in their direction.

Bart rode off away from the rock.

Charlie followed then John.

They raced toward the stagecoach.

They got twenty feet in front of the stagecoach when Bart whipped out his pistol and fired a shot into the air.

“Whoa!” the stagecoach driver yelled out and yanked back on the reins, and the horses stopped.

Charlie whipped out his pistol and aimed it at the shotgun rider when he grabbed his rifle.

“One move and I’ll put a bullet between your eyes,” Charlie yelled.

The shotgun rider put his rifle away.

“Everybody out!” Bart yelled.

The stagecoach door slowly opened. Carl and Henry stepped out of the stagecoach. They assisted Linda, a fifty year old homely woman out of the stagecoach.

Charlie got out of the saddle of his horse, as did John. Bart aimed his pistol at the stagecoach driver and the shotgun rider.

Charlie rushed over to Carl, Henry and Linda.

John got his cloth bag out of his saddlebag.

“Give us all your money,” Charlie yelled at them.

Henry and Carl reached in their pockets and removed gold and silver coins.

John walked up to Henry. He dropped his coins in John’s bag. He moved over to Carl who dropped his coins in the cloth bag.

“Give us the loot for the Stone Valley bank,” Bart yelled at the stagecoach driver.

“We don’t have anything for the Stone Valley bank,” the stagecoach driver replied.

Bart aimed his pistol and fired off a shot. The bullet hit the seat near the stagecoach driver’s butt. He jumped scared, as did Henry, Carl, Linda and John. The driver reached under his seat and removed a bag stuffed of cash.

“Get it Charlie,” Bart barked.

Charlie walked over and the stagecoach driver tossed the bag into Charlie’s waiting hands.

John looked at Linda who had her coins in her hand.

Charlie looked at John with a smart-ass smirk. “Are you going to kiss her?” Charlie asked.

Linda realized who John was and smiled in anticipation of a kiss. She puckered her lips and aimed them at John.

John looked at Linda but she was too old for his standards. But he figured if he didn’t kiss her, Bart might think he’s a fake and won’t let him ride with them. So leaned in closer to Linda and planted a kiss on her waiting lips. He stepped away from her and she dropped her coins into his bag. She looked at John with love in her eyes.

John stepped away with a little bit of the dry heaves.

“Let’s get out of here,” Bart yelled.

Charlie and John ran to their horses. Charlie got out of the saddle of his horse while John dropped the loot into his saddlebag. He got in the saddle his horse and they galloped off in a dusty trail.

They rode southwest for a couple of hours and made camp hidden in the White Tank Mountains.

The sun settled and night was coming on fast.

They stopped for the night and it was John's turn to make the fire. John tried using one of his bullets and to his amazement, it worked and he looked proud.

The camp fire was lit and another rabbit cooked under the flames.

Bart, Charlie and John sat on their blankets while Bart divided up today's take. It was massive and John couldn't believe his eyes and knew he was going to be filthy rich when he returned home.

Bart and Charlie dumped their take into their bags then got up and dropped them in their saddlebags. He removed the bottle of whiskey from his bag then sat back down on their blankets.

"So Mathers, do you want some more stuff for our book?" Bart asked, as he liked the idea of a book written about his life. He opened up the bottle of whiskey and took a gulp. He passed the bottle to Charlie.

"Sure!" John replied.

Charlie took a gulp of whiskey and passed the bottle to John.

"Well, it was around three years ago. We hid out in the Sandia Mountains over by Albuquerque," Bart said.

John wasn't thrilled with that information and took a sip of whiskey. He handed the bottle back to Bart.

"We hid for a week with Billy the Kid," Bart said then took a gulp of whiskey and passed the bottle to Charlie.

"You hung out with Billy the Kid? The real Billy the Kid?" John repeated to make sure he heard correctly.

"Yep, sure did," Charlie nodded in agreement then took a gulp of whiskey and passed the bottle to John.

"How did you meet him?" John asked.

“We met on the trail outside Albuquerque. Almost shot each other thinking we were the law,” Bart said. “Then we realized who each other was, so we decided to hide out together.”

“I can’t believe it. You knew Billy the Kid!” John said still amazed. “What was he like?” John asked then took a sip of whiskey and passed the bottle back to Bart.

“He was very funny and told good stories. He seemed too nice of a kid to be a famous outlaw,” Bart said and looked jealous. “So Mister John Mathers, you better write this book and make me more famous than Billy,” Bart said.

“I will. I promise,” John said then realized that maybe he might have bite off more than what he can chew. But he always had 2006 to hide out for a safe haven.

Bart put the cork back in the whiskey bottle and got up. He walked over to his horse and placed the bottle in his saddlebag.

“Get some rest, we have an exciting money making day tomorrow,” Bart said while he walked back to his blanket and lied down.

Charlie and John all lay on their blankets and they were all soon fast asleep.

It was Saturday morning, September 15th, 1883.

Bart was the first to rise and he soon kicked Charlie and John awake.

The both got up and stretched. John was extra stiff as sleeping on the ground was new to him and his body wasn’t use to this way of life.

Hours later, Bart, Charlie and John sat in their saddles while they waited along the Southern Pacific rail line. The track soon vibrated and Bart smiled knowing the train was on its way.

“She’s down the tracks,” he said looked at Charlie. “You’re on,” he told him. Charlie grinned and they looked down the tracks.

The train raced down the track heading at them.

The train raced by them.

Charlie galloped his horse after the engine.

Bart and John stayed behind and watched.

Charlie galloped his horse alongside the engine. He stood up on his saddle and jumped onto the engine. He whipped out his gun and aimed it at the train engineer. The train screeched to a stop.

John looked amazed at the feat Charlie just completed.

Great stuff for my book! He thought to himself.

Bart rode his horse to the baggage car of the train.

“Open up or the engineer gets shot then you’ll be next,” he yelled at the car. The door to the car slid opened.

Inside that car, Paul O’Hara, a Southern Pacific employee, peeked his head out of the door, and almost pissed his pants when he saw Bart and John with pistols aimed at him.

“Watch my back,” Bart ordered John while he got out of the saddle of his horse.

Bart climbed up in the car and immediately whacked Paul on the head with his pistol. Paul dropped to floor of the car out cold.

John watched the train from the outside while Charlie had his gun on the train engineer.

People poked their heads of the windows of the passenger car to see what was going on.

“Is that the Kissing Bandit?” Kathy asked her friend Jenny while they looked at John.

“I think it is,” Jenny replied.

“I hope he kisses me,” Kathy said.

“Naw, he’s going to kiss me,” Jenny said determined. “I’m prettier,” she added and smiled as her teeth were a little whiter than Kathy’s.

John felt proud after he heard the ladies talk about him.

Bart jumped out of the baggage car with two large bags stuffed with cash, which consisted of bills and coins.

Bart quickly jumped on his horse.

“Let’s git,” he told John.

They rode to the engine and came upon the passenger car where Kathy and Jenny leaned out their windows to get a kiss from John.

John rode up to them and stood up in his stirrups. He planted a kiss on Kathy then planted a kiss on Jenny.

Kathy and Jenny watched with smiles while John and Bart raced off to the engine.

“Come on, Charlie,” Bart said.

Charlie quickly climbed down off the engine and jumped on his horse.

They galloped away into the desert.

Later that night, they made camp in the hills south of Stone Valley their next target. Instead of rabbit, tonight’s cuisine was Armadillo sizzling on the fire.

After they divided up the take from the train, they drank the bottle of whiskey.

“So Bart, how did you get part of our ear cut off, if you don’t mind me asking?” John said.

Bart took a gulp of whiskey. “Charlie and I were in a saloon in Timberwood, New Mexico two years back. Some stupid drunk got pissed when Charlie here bumped into him and he spilled his whiskey. He whipped out a knife and sliced at Charlie,” Bart said.

“This guy looked meaner than a one-eyed rattlesnake,” Charlie added.

“Yep. I moved back and then Bart punched him in his kidneys, and he dropped to his knees. Then while Bart reached for his pistol, the guy jumped up and sliced part of Bart’s ear off,” Charlie added.

“Then I shot the bastard dead,” Bart said with a grin.

“Sounds like self defense,” John said.

Bart and Charlie weren’t sure what that meant.

“Well, I never got in jail,” Bart said then took a gulp of whiskey.

They talked for another hour and John learned more about Bart's life especially how he got involved in being an outlaw. It was either steal or starve as Bart described it and since he never got arrested, he loved stealing.

A couple of hours later and they all were fast asleep.

The sun rose and Friday morning looked so peaceful.

Bart and John were sound asleep. Charlie was gone, as he woke up for his morning piss.

Charlie ran back to Bart in a panic. He ran up to Bart and kicked him.

"Wake up. We have a posse after us," Charlie yelled out.

Bart jumped up. John woke up and wondered if he was in a dream.

"Posse coming after us!" Bart yelled at John.

John jumped up and realized he was back in reality.

Bart and Charlie quickly rolled up their blankets and placed them on their saddles. They quickly got in the saddles of their horses.

John quickly rolled up his blankets and placed it on his saddle. John quickly hopped in the saddle of his horse.

They galloped off into the desert.

John's blankets fell off his horse while they raced off in the hills.

Thirty minutes later, Clint and a posse of eight cowboys all deputized from the nearby towns rode up on their horses. Clint saw John's blanket on the ground.

"They must have left in a hurry," he told his posse.

They rode off in the direction Bart, Charlie and John rode off.

Bart, Charlie and John galloped east in the desert.

Clint and his posse were four miles behind them.

Bart, Charlie and John rode to the south end of the Superstition Mountains and Clint and his posse lost their tracks. In fact, they were in the exact spot where John parked his Mustang with horse trailer in 2006.

“Are you sure you don't want to hide out with us? We're going to ride to New Mexico,” Bart asked John.

“Naw, I need to check on my girl,” John said.

“You kiss all them women and you have girl?” Bart said.

“Yeah,” John said and suddenly felt a little guilty.

“You a snake in the grass,” Charlie said with a smile, as he was proud of John.

“Whatever, I'll meet you at Weavers Needle, Monday at high noon,” John said.

“Okay. We hit the Mountain Rock bank. Then we'll all head to Fort Sumner and hide out there for a couple of weeks. There's some friends of Billy the Kid that will protect us,” Bart said. “Then another friend of mine will join us there. His name is Jimmy Templeton and will hook up with us after he gets out of Yuma prison.”

“Okay, sounds good,” said John.

Bart and Charlie ride off in the direction of Miners Needle. John rode off south.

He rode south for a little while then stopped. He turned around and saw Bart and Charlie were gone.

He headed north to Miners Needle.

Bart and Charlie went inside Crazy Hole with their saddlebags in hand.

“This cave scares me Bart. You know what the Injuns say about Crazy Hole,” Charlie said while they walked down the tunnel with torches in hand.

“I know, but nobody would dare come in here and steal our loot. It's the perfect hiding place,” Bart said.

They eventually walked where the cave dead ended with tunnel to the right. They dropped their saddlebags in the dirt. Bart dug a hole with his hands under the priest carving. Charlie dug a hole with his hands four feet to the left of Bart.

“We better draw a map of where we buried this so we don't forget,” Charlie said while he dug deeper.

“Yep, I reckon you’re right. I’ll do it as soon as we get to New Mexico,” Bart replied.

Twenty feet away from Crazy Hole, John hid behind some rocks. His horse was tied to a bush another twenty feet from him. He peeked over some rocks and saw Bart and Charlie’s horses outside Crazy Hole. He knew exactly what they did inside.

Twenty minutes later, Bart and Charlie walked out of Crazy Hole. They got in the saddles of their horses and galloped off towards the south.

John ducked behind the rocks while they galloped thirty feet from him and continued to head south.

When the coast was clear, John ran to his horse. He removed his shirt and covered the horse’s eyes. He grabbed the reins and walked his horse over to Crazy Hole.

Later that night back in Oak Creek, Elmer swept the Marshal’s office floor. On the wall near him hung wanted posters for John, Bart and Charlie for robbing the Stone Valley bank, stagecoach and the Southern Pacific train.

Clint entered the office exhausted and dirty from his ride in the desert.

“Lose them again?” Elmer asked.

“They vanished.”

“Why didn’t you use Merijildo?” Elmer asked.

“He was off somewhere north,” Clint replied.

Clint looked frustrated while he walked over to the potbelly stove and poured a cup of coffee.

He walked back to his desk and sat down. He sipped his hot coffee.

Chapter 8

It was back to Tuesday, August 29th, 2006.

John entered his apartment with Bart's saddlebag in hand.

He rushed over to his computer desk and laid the saddlebag on the floor. He anxiously waited for the Dell to boot up.

After his Dell booted up, he quickly opened up a Word file and typed notes of his time spent with Bart and Charlie and made sure he captured all he learned about Bart's life.

When he finished he did a search on John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit on Yahoo. He closed his eyes while he waited for the results to appear.

He opened them and jumped out of his seat with joy. There were numerous results about John Mathers. He clicked on one and a Wikipedia story about the Kissing Bandit appeared.

John ran over to his coffee table and grabbed his *Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona* book. He flipped through the pages and his eyes lit up with joy when he saw a story about himself.

"John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit, was an outlaw that rode with Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler. Together they robbed banks and stagecoaches in the Phoenix area. They were never arrested for their outlaw ways," John read from the book.

He then saw the same picture of Bart, Charlie and him taken in Rattlesnake. Below the picture was the "Courtesy of Anna Tippins" caption.

John laid his book back on the coffee table. He danced around the living room in joy that he finally made the history books and the Internet.

He sniffed the air when he something stunk. He realized he had the worst case of body odor from life in the desert without a shower.

He rushed down the hallway and into his bedroom he quickly stripped naked and took a shower.

Later that day, John drove his Mustang to four different coin shops in the Phoenix area and got checks for his loot.

He drove to the bank and deposited four checks that totaled twenty-five six hundred dollars. He kept some of the bills for use when he traveled back to meet with Bart and Charlie.

John went back to his apartment and got dressed in best blue jeans and western shirt.

A little while later he left with his cowboy hat on his head.

John drove to Angie's apartment complex and parked.

He walked to her apartment with a dozen red roses.

He walked to her door and knocked on it and hid the roses behind his back. The door opened and Angie appeared.

"What do you want?" Angie said still a little upset with John. Then she noticed his weeks worth of beard growth. "You didn't shave all week?" she said.

He whipped out the roses and handed them to Angie. She gave in and accepted the roses.

"I want to take you to dinner," John said.

Angie looked at John. "I hope it's not the Outlaw Steakhouse," she said.

"I know you hate the place, but I believe they'll have something there that will impress you," John said.

"John. Please. Can we eat somewhere else for once?" Angie pleaded.

"Just come with me back to the steakhouse. I really need to check something out there. Please! It's the last time we'll go to this place. I promise!" John pleaded while he got on one of his knees.

Angie went inside her apartment and put her roses in some water in a vase.

She got her purse off the kitchen counter and walked back to the door.

“Okay, but there better be a good reason why I should go back there,” Angie said while she closed and locked her apartment door.

The drive was quiet to the steakhouse, and Angie looked irritated that John wore his cowboy hat.

John insisted the hostess place them in a booth where it appeared new items were hung on the wall.

Within a few minutes, Mandy their waitress walked up to their table.

“I’m Mandy. Can I start you off with some drinks?” she asked.

“Ice tea, please,” Angie said.

“Well, I’ll take whiskey. Two shots in a glass,” John said.

Mandy smiled then walked away.

Angie rolled her eyes with John’s sudden interest in whiskey.

John still had his cowboy on his head. Angie rolled her eyes again at the sight of his hat. He looked at all the new items on the wall.

John’s eyes widened at the sight of an old faded wanted poster and article behind Angie. It was a copy of the wanted poster that was in Clint’s office back in 1883. It had John’s face sketch on it.

“I’m finally a famous old western outlaw!” John said extremely proud of himself. “And I know my book will be a best seller,” he added.

Angie ignored John’s comment.

Mandy returned with their drinks and placed them on the table. “I’ll be back in a few to take your orders,” she said then walked away.

John scooted out of his seat and forced his way into Angie's seat. She scooted over and he immediately leaned up and over Angie to read the article about the Kissing Bandit.

He leaned closer to the wall while she sipped on her tea. He accidentally knocked into her arm and she spilled her tea into her lap. She jumped up and slammed into his chin.

John fell backwards out of the booth and plopped on his butt on the floor with his cowboy hat still on his head.

She got out pissed and stood over John.

"What's your problem?"

John rubbed his chin then pointed to the wall.

"Look, there's an article about me being an old western outlaw," he told her.

Angie looked at the wall and glanced at his wanted poster. She rolled her eyes then she glared back at John, really upset.

"Will you quit making up these outlaw lies! You probably made that poster yourself and paid this dump to hang it on the wall," Angie replied.

"I'm not making this stuff up," John pleaded then thought for a second. "I'll bring back proof! Proof I can also use in my book," he added.

She swatted his cowboy hat off his head. His hat flew off and landed under a nearby table.

"When you're ready to join me in this century, give me a call!" Angie said then stormed off pissed.

The restaurant was quiet while all eyes were on John who sat on the floor.

"Angie! Can we talk about this!" John cried. "Please!" "I can prove it!" he cried out.

John shot up off the floor and ran after Angie. But he didn't see Mandy who walked with another table's food orders. They collided and both tumbled on the floor and showered everybody with steak, onion rings, mashed potatoes, corn and western rice.

John stood up and looked remorseful while he watched Angie storm out of the front doors.

Mandy was furious with John and wanted to strangle him.

A man walked over and handed John his cowboy hat.

John got up and rushed out of the steakhouse and looked for Angie. He saw her walk down the sidewalk. She waved down a taxi. She got inside and the taxi drove her home.

John moped over to his Mustang with his hung down.

On the way home to his apartment, John stopped off at Wal-Mart. He purchased a small digital camera and some batteries. He was determined to prove to Angie that he actually traveled back in time to 1883.

It was Wednesday morning, August 30th, 2006.

John showered and got dressed in his outlaw outfit. He left his cell phone on his coffee table and left his apartment.

He did the usual process and time traveled back to Monday, September 17th, 1883.

John rode his horse north of Miners Needle to Weavers Needle.

He stopped about one hundred feet from Weavers Needle. He waited on his horse and removed his digital camera from his pocket. He discreetly held it in his hand.

Twenty minutes passed and Bart and Charlie raced up to John on their horses.

When Bart and Charlie got within ten feet from John, he discreetly snapped a picture.

“Are you done seeing your girl?” Bart asked while they stopped their horses by John’s horse.

“Yeah, did you kiss her like you do them other women?” Charlie said while he smooched the air then laughed a goofy laugh.

John felt guilty for all those women he kissed.

“Let’s get this over with and rob the Mountain Rock bank,” John said.

“No. I changed my mind. I hear the Oak Creek bank got more loot from the train yesterday. Lots of money and Marshal Bartley’s out of town,” Bart said with a greedy grin. “We’ll hit Mountain Rock on Wednesday,” Bart added.

“We’re going to be rich,” Charlie sang out in an awful key and danced in his saddle.

“Sounds good to me,” John said and started to think that maybe this one would be the final heist.

Bart, Charlie rode off north in the desert.

John discreetly snapped a picture of Bart and Charlie while they rode away. He shoved the camera back in his front pocket.

He rode his horse after them.

Later that day, Bart, Charlie and John sat on their horses where Oak Creek was two hundred feet away.

“Let’s go,” Bart said.

Bart and Charlie rode off with their horses toward Oak Creek.

John quickly removed his digital camera. He snapped a picture of Bart and Charlie with Oak Creek in the background. He shoved his camera back in his pants pocket.

John rode his horse after Bart and Charlie.

John lagged behind Bart and Charlie while they rode into Oak Creek.

Marshal Bartley was over in Stone Valley doing some business. Elmer was in the Marshal’s office, but he was in his usual position; boots up on the desk, cowboy hat over his eyes fast asleep.

While they rode into town, John discreetly snapped pictures of Oak Creek. They would help smooth things with Angie and he also could use them for his book.

Bart and Charlie stopped at the Oak Creek National bank and got out of their saddles. They loosely tied their reins to the hitching post. John rode up on his horse. He got out of his saddle and loosely tied the reins of his horse to the hitching post.

“Let’s get richer,” Bart said while he removed his pistol from his holster. Bart opened up his saddlebag and removed a cloth bag. He handed it to John.

Charlie removed his pistol, as did John.

“Yeah, let’s get rich,” Charlie said with a grin.

Fifteen feet away, a man and woman saw Bart, Charlie and John. They looked concerned and ran in the direction of the Marshal’s office.

Bart, Charlie and John rushed to the door of the bank.

Rodney worked the teller counter and waited on George. Behind him stood Frazier, Joseph, Carrie and Wilma, both young women.

The door to the bank slammed open. Rodney, George, Frazier, Carrie and Wilma all jumped up startled.

Bart and John rushed over to the teller’s counter. Bart fired a bullet into the ceiling.

“This is a hold up,” Bart yelled out and cocked his pistol.

Charlie stood by the door with his pistol aimed at everybody ready to shoot if they were a threat.

Rodney looked up from his work and saw John and Bart.

“Not again,” he mumbled to himself.

Wilma and Carrie saw John and they both smiled, as all the women in town heard of the Kissing Bandit.

John held out his cloth bag. “You know what to do,” he told Rodney.

Rodney grabbed John’s bag. Bart and John waited by Rodney’s counter while he shoved bills, gold and silver coins into the bag.

Bart turned around and aimed his pistol at everybody.

John discreetly reached in his pocket and removed his camera, and he stepped away. He discreetly snapped a picture from his camera the discreetly shoved the camera in his pocket. He moved back over to the counter.

Nancy leaned over to Wilma.

“There’s the Kissing Bandit,” she whispered in Wilma’s ear.

Wilma looked at John and her eyes twinkled. “I bet he kisses me,” she told Nancy.

“No, he’ll kiss me,” Nancy replied assured she’ll receive his lips.

Rodney handed John the bag of loot.

Bart and John raced to the door.

Bart and Charlie watched while John stopped at Nancy and Wilma. They both closed their eyes and puckered for John’s lips.

John thought for a second then looked guilty for the first time. He walked away to the door.

Charlie saw an opportunity while Nancy and Wilma still waited with eyes closed and lips puckered. He rushed over and gave Nancy a wet sloppy kiss. Then he gave Wilma a wet sloppy kiss.

Nancy and Wilma opened their eyes. They saw Charlie with a horny grin and rotten teeth. They both got the dry heaves.

Charlie looked insulted and stormed off to the door where Bart and John waited. Bart chuckled at Charlie while John opened the door.

Bart, Charlie and John ran out of the bank.

“Stop right there!” Elmer yelled from across the street with his pistol aimed at them. Chester White a town folk of Oak Creek stood five feet from Elmer with his pistol drawn.

All the town folk of Oak Creek ran inside nearby buildings fearful of a gun battle.

Bart and Charlie immediately took cover behind a horse trough. They whipped out their pistols and pointed them at Elmer and Chester.

“I’m not going to hang, Elmer,” Bart yelled then fired a warning shot in the air. “You better let us go or you’ll be

dead!” yelled out Bart and fired off another shot at Elmer’s boots.

Elmer jumped and hid behind a horse trough in front of the Prickly Cactus Saloon. Chester ducked behind the same trough.

“No way, Bart!” Elmer yelled back then shot at Bart.

John stood frozen with fear as Elmer’s bullet whizzed by him and hit the bank wall.

Bart saw John standing up. “Get down and start shootin!”

John ducked behind the horse trough next to Bart and Charlie. He whipped out his pistol and aimed over the trough.

It was rapid fire of bullets zinging between Bart, Charlie, Elmer and Chester.

Something struck Bart as odd with John. He looked over at John when he clicked his pistol, but no gun fire or bullets.

Bart got pissed. “No bullets? You rob banks without any bullets? Are you a daft?” Bart yelled at John.

John quickly dropped a couple of bullets into his revolver while the gun battle pursued. He aimed across the street and fired off a shot. He killed a glass window in the Prickly Cactus Saloon extremely close to Elmer.

While Elmer, Chester, Bart and Charlie fired bullets at each other, John discreetly removed his camera from his pocket. He discreetly snapped a picture while Bart peeked over the trough and fired shots along with Charlie.

“Aim to kill, Kissing Bandit!” Bart yelled at him.

John aimed his gun at Elmer and Chester. But he aimed over their heads hitting the roof of the restaurant.

Bart fired his pistol the second Elmer stood up to relocate to another trough.

Elmer clutched his chest in extreme pain. He dropped dead into the trough and his head hit the water with a splash. Chester looked at Elmer in shock then looked at John.

A proud smirk grew on Bart’s face, as he knew he shot Elmer.

John got terrified when he saw Elmer dead in the trough, as he thought he killed him. But he saw Bart's smirk and the shattered second floor window of the saloon.

He shoved his camera in his left front pocket of his pants. He suddenly got scared to death and got up with the bag.

He ran over to the hitching post. He quickly untied the reins at the same moment Chester fired a shot at John. The bullet hit John in his left front pocket of his pants. John limped in pain and jumped on his horse with the bag of loot. He galloped his horse down the street.

Bart watched John while he raced his horse out of town and got furious.

"He's stealing our loot!" Bart yelled.

Chester reached over and pulled Elmer's head out of the water. He saw Bart and Charlie stand up, and he aimed and fired at them.

Bart and Charlie dropped behind the trough. Bart fired off another bullet at Chester.

Chester dropped Elmer's head and it splashed back in the trough's water. Chester fell to the ground in pain with a bloody shoulder.

The town got quiet while gun smoke lingered.

Bart and Charlie stood up and glanced around town. It was safe, so they rushed over and quickly untied their reins from the hitching post.

They jumped on their horses and raced down the street after John.

Town folk cautiously peeked out of doors.

They saw Elmer in the horse trough and Chester on the ground.

Zeke Cooper, Ricky Adams, Winston Wallace, and Bucky Younger ran out of the nearby buildings and over to Elmer and Chester.

John galloped his horse towards Miners Needle. He was scared, as he didn't want someone killed. He looked down at

his left front pocket and expected to see blood. Instead, he only saw a hole in his pants pocket without blood. John galloped his horse through a small creek.

He then galloped towards Miners Needle.

Five hundred feet behind John, Bart and Charlie galloped their horses after him.

Back in Oak Creek, the town folk pulled Elmer out of the horse trough and placed his dead body on the ground.

They moved Chester, who passed out, next to Elmer.

“Go get Doc Bartholomew,” Zeke called out.

Rodney ran off down the street to the doctor’s office.

John galloped to Crazy Hole and pulled back on the reins when the horse was fifteen feet from the cave. He jumped off with the cloth bag. He ripped off his shirt and quickly tied it around the horse’s eyes.

He rushed his horse to Crazy Hole and went inside.

Bart and Charlie galloped their horses toward Miners Needle.

“Where did he go?” Charlie asked while they galloped.

“I have an idea and I’m not liking it,” Bart said while he looked at Miners Needle.

John used a small flashlight he had in his other pocket. It was enough to light his way down the cave. He reached the end of the cave by the Priest carving. He walked his horse into the tunnel. Blue plasma light filled the tunnel while John time traveled back home.

Bart and Charlie galloped their horse’s closer to Crazy Hole. Then Bart stopped his horse and jumped off. He looked in the dirt and saw horse tracks that lead to Crazy Hole.

“Bastard. I bet he’s stealing our money,” Bart said furious.

Charlie jumped off his horse. “Let’s get him,” Charlie said.

Bart grabbed the reins of his horse and walked it to Crazy Hole. Charlie grabbed his reins and walked his horse.

They got five feet from Crazy Hole when both of their horse's freaked out and jumped up on their hind legs. Bart and Charlie let go of the reins and ran away from their horses.

Their horses ran off scared. "Stupid animals," Bart said while they watched as their horses stopped one hundred feet away.

They walked to Crazy Hole and stood by the entrance.

"Come on out Mathers!" Bart yelled into the cave and it echoed then there silence.

"Let's go," Bart told Charlie.

They walked inside Crazy Hole and it was dark, as they didn't have any torches.

"This place give me the creeps," Charlie said.

"Quiet," Bart said then cocked his pistol.

They inched their way down the dark and spooky cave of Crazy Hole.

Bart fired two bullets into the hole and hoped he shot John.

"Give me the loot Mathers, I know you don't have bullets you stupid fool. But now I'm glad you don't," Bart yelled in the cave and it echoed.

Chapter 9

It was back to Wednesday August 30th, 2006.

The blue plasma blue light illuminated while John rushed his blindfolded horse out of Crazy Hole.

He was sweaty and pale and he quickly looked down at the hole in his front pocket.

He got scared, and he unbuckled his pants and lowered them to see how bad he was shot. He was relieved when he saw no bullet holes in leg.

He reached in his pocket and removed his camera. The camera took the bullet and saved his leg. He got the dry heaves thinking he could have been killed.

He quickly ran to the huge rock. His pants dropped to his ankles, and he fell flat on his face. He got up and crawled to the rock and immediately barfed. He got up, wiped his mouth and pulled up his pants and buckled his belt.

He got up and ran over to the part of the bush he cut away. He propped it up at the cave opening so nobody will notice it was a cave.

He ran over to his horse, and removed his shirt from the horse's head. He jumped on the horse and galloped off leaving a dusty trail.

Ten minutes later in 2006, Bart and Charlie ran out of Crazy Hole in a panic, and they knocked over the bush blocking the cave entrance.

"That blue light really hurt, Bart," Charlie said scared of Crazy Hole and moved away from it.

"I know," Bart replied and checked his body out to make sure he wasn't bleeding. He looked back at Crazy Hole. "What the hell just happened?" Bart said.

“Maybe that’s why the Injuns call that tunnel, Crazy Hole. Do you think we’re crazy?” Charlie asked.

Charlie looked at the bush that covered half of the opening to Crazy Hole and the cut bush on the ground. “How did that bush grow here all of a sudden?” Charlie asked while touched the bush to make sure it was real.

Bart looked and realized it was there. “Can’t figure that one out,” he said while he glanced down and kicked the cut bush on the ground.

Bart sniffed the air. He walked over to the huge rock and sniffed around it. He knelt down and poked his finger into John's barf and tasted it. He stood up and looked the area over. “It's still warm so he’s not too far away. Get the horses,” he told Charlie.

Charlie looked around and saw their horses were not in sight.

“Stupid horses ran off,” Bart said pissed.

An airplane flew overhead and it caught the attention of Bart and Charlie. They looked around then look up at the sky. They saw a Piper Warrior fling one thousand feet above them.

Is that a bird?” Bart asked while they looked at the Warrior. “It sure is loud.” “And look at them wing. Huge!”

“The Injuns said there would be strange creatures seen if you enter Crazy Hole. We just saw one,” Charlie said while he looked a little scared of the Warrior. “I wonder if that bird will swoop down and attack us?” Charlie asked and got even more scared.

Bart whipped out his pistol and aimed it at the Warrior. “Not if I can help it,” he said then fired his pistol at the Warrior.

The Warrior flew away untouched by the bullets.

Bart looked mystified at the strange large bird.

“You missed and I hope you don’t piss it off,” Charlie said and looked scared while he crouched down with his pistol aimed up at the sky.

They waited to see if the Warrior would swoop down at them. The Warrior just flew away unaware it was being shot. They both looked relieved the Warrior flew away.

Bart looked around and saw John's horse tracks in the dirt that lead to the south.

"Let's kill us a scoundrel," Bart said then followed the horse tracks. Charlie followed Bart.

Back in Phoenix, John rushed into his apartment still pale and shaken. He closed the door and leaned against it with his saddlebag in hand.

He ran over to the living room window and peeked out the curtains. He was relieved when things looked normal. No threats or police cars racing toward his apartment.

He reached in his pants pocket and removed his wounded camera. He looked upset since his camera was ruined and his proof for Angie was gone. "Angie won't believe me now," John said.

John got an idea then ran over to his computer desk and sat down. He turned on his Dell and waited impatient while it booted up.

He ran over to his coffee table and opened his Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona book. He flipped to the page where he previously read about Clint and Elmer. He looked at the short story on the page.

"Elmer Filson died on September seventeenth, eighteen eighty-three while he attempted to arrest Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit after they robbed the Oak Creek National bank. Bart, Charlie and John slipped away never to be found or tried for murder," John read from the book.

John looked relieved while he felt he was safe and sound back in 2006. He finally admitted to himself that his outlaw ways was finally over. His cell phone on the coffee table rang and it scared the crap out of him and he jumped a mile. He opened it up and answered the call.

“Hello.”

“We need to talk about this outlaw thing,” Angie said from his cell phone.

The memory of Elmer’s lifeless and head in the horse trough still filled John’s mind. “I’m sick. Can we do this tomorrow?” John said then disconnected his call.

John looked sick then got the dry heaves. His eyes widened and ran down the hallway with a hand over his mouth.

In Angie’s apartment she sat on her couch pissed that John refused to talk.

Hours later back in the Superstition Mountains, the sun started to drop to the west while Bart and Charlie walked down Dutchman’s Trail. They were exhausted from hours of hiking.

“Can we stop and spend the night? I can’t walk another foot,” Charlie sat down in the dirt.

Bart looked around the area. “Let’s go over there,” Bart said and pointed at a flat dirt area that looked to be the most comfortable spot to lie down.

Charlie yawned and nodded in agreement.

“I sure am hungry,” Charlie said and then his stomach growled.

Bart’s stomach growled in agreement. “Get the fire going and I’ll round up some grub,” Bart said.

Bart and Charlie walked off in separate directions.

A few minutes later, Charlie walked back with some tinder. He heard a gun shot nearby while he removed a bullet from his cartridge belt. Gunfire was heard.

A few minutes later, Bart came back with a dead rabbit in hand.

That night, John tossed and turned in bed with a nightmare. He dreamt that Elmer’s ghost came back to haunt him in 2006.

“Why did you let them kill me,” Elmer’s ghost would suddenly appear in John’s step-van while he delivered snacks. John freaked out and drove his van towards some parked cars.

Then at the same time the van smashed into a car, John jumped up on bed from his nightmare in a cold sweat.

He lay in bed afraid to fall asleep as Elmer's death haunted him.

Thursday morning arrived and John woke up. It was August 31st, 2006.

He got out of bed and took a shower.

He went into this kitchen and ate a bowl of Cocoa Krispies. He felt better when he determined that he didn't kill Elmer, Bart did.

Back in the Superstition Mountains, Bart and Charlie woke up. They dusted the dirt off their pants and headed in the directions of the tracks that John's horse left in the dirt.

They walked down Dutchman's Trail and eventually entered the dirt parking lot. Since it was early in the morning, the lot was empty.

Bart and Charlie followed the tracks from John's horse.

Then they walked upon the tire tracks from John's horse trailer and F150. They looked at them and removed their cowboy hats. They both scratched their heads while they tried to figure out the tire tracks.

Bart knelt down and touched the tracks. "What kind of animal tracks are these?" he asked while he continued to touch the tracks.

Charlie looked scared and whipped out his pistol ready to shoot. "Are their two gigantic snakes around here?" Charlie quickly turned around and expected to see two huge snakes behind him.

"Naw. Snakes don't travel in a straight line side by side. But I'm sure it leads to Mathers," Bart said while he stood up.

Bart followed John's tire tracks. Charlie walked behind him, nervous with his pistol aimed ready to shoot a huge snake.

Bart and Charlie followed John's tire tracks down the dirt road.

Bart and Charlie followed John's tire tracks to U.S. 60. They looked bewildered when they saw a paved road for the first time in their life.

"What is it Bart?" Charlie asked while he tapped the road with the toe of his boot.

"I don't know. Must be some kind of fancy stagecoach trail," he said while he looked up and down the road.

Bart and Charlie got on their knees. They removed their hats, and they touched the road. They sniffed the road then they licked the road. They crawled to the right lane of the road with cowboy hats in hand and looked it over.

A souped up 1969 Camaro raced down U.S. 60. The male driver, a thirty year old, listened to Foreigners' *Urgent* song the radio and didn't pay attention to the road.

He glanced at the windshield and saw Bart and Charlie on their hands and knees in the road. His eyes widened in panic and he slammed on his brakes and blew his horn. His tires screeched and smoked.

Bart and Charlie jumped up in a panic, turned around and saw the Camaro while it screeched to a stop inches from their bodies.

The male driver rolled down his window and stuck his head out his window. "Get out of the road, dumbass!" the driver yelled at Bart and Charlie.

Bart got pissed, turned around and whipped out his pistol.

Inside the Camaro, the driver's eyes widened with fear when he saw Bart's pistol aimed at his head. He got scared, and stomped on the gas pedal. His Camaro screeched and he turned it into the left lane and missed Bart and Charlie by inches.

The Camaro raced down the road in the left lane.

Bart turned around and fired his pistol at the Camaro while it raced down the road.

The back window of the Camaro shattered. The male driver pissed his pants and prayed silently that he wouldn't be killed.

Bart and Charlie watched while the Camaro raced down the road becoming smaller and smaller.

"What was that thing?" Charlie asked.

"Some fancy stagecoach I reckon?" Bart answered.

"With no horses? How can that be?" Charlie asked while he removed his hat and scratched his head confused.

Bart dropped his pistol back in its holster. "I don't know," he said.

"The Injuns would say strange creatures," Charlie said while he looked around nervous of what might show up next.

"The way I figure, Mathers is down that way," Bart said and pointed in the direction of Phoenix.

They walked down the road in that direction.

Meanwhile back in 1883 Oak Creek, Clint rode his horse into town weary and tired.

He rode closer to the bank and saw all the town folk across from the bank, and he wondered what was wrong.

He rode closer and everybody saw Clint, and he looked worried.

"Here's Marshal Bartley," Ernie said then the crowd opened up and Clint saw Elmer's dead body in the dirt.

He sped his horse up to the crowd and stopped. He jumped off his horse. He rushed up and knelt next to Elmer's wet dead body and felt for a pulse, and then his eyes welled up.

Clint looked at Chester's bloody bandaged shoulder. He got furious. "Who did this Chester?"

"Couldn't say since Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and that kissing kid were all shootin. But I see the kissing kid aim and fire then I see Elmer drop dead. Maybe he shot Elmer. Then the kid ran off with the loot. Bart and Charlie chased him," Chester replied.

"Which way did they go?" Clint asked.

“They headed south,” Winston replied.

“Somebody run and get Merijildo,” Clint said determined to get Elmer’s killers.

Zeke ran to a nearby horse. He untied the reins from the hitching post.

He got in the saddle of his horse and raced off down the street.

Clint lifted Elmer's body off the dirt.

He carried Elmer’s body down the street. Everybody followed sad over the loss of Elmer.

Clint walked Elmer’s body to the Doctor’s office.

Later that day, Clint was in his office where he stared at the wanted posters on a wall. He removed the wanted poster of John, Bart and Charlie off the wall. He folded it and shoved it in his pocket.

The door opened and Merijildo, fifty-year-old Apache Indian stepped inside. Merijildo had long black hair with some streaks of gray starting to show.

“Who you want to track?” Merijildo asked Clint while he walked up to him.

Clint turned and saw Merijildo.

“Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and John Mathers. They killed Elmer and wounded Chester White”.

Merijildo looked sad. “Me sorry about Elmer. He good man,” Merijildo said then he had a confident look. “We find them. No problem.”

“How's that new baby?” Clint asked.

“Little Victorio good boy. Will be great tracker one day. Like me,” said Merijildo with a puffed up chest.

“How’s that young wife, Preeti? You old dog you,” Clint said with a smile and a pat on the back proud that the old Indian still had it to snag a young woman.

Merijildo looked proud. “She good woman. I have fancy photograph,” he said then removed a picture from a pants pocket. The picture showed Merijildo holding little Victorio,

one year old, in his arms with his young bride, Preeti, in the desert.

Clint looked at the picture and smiled. "I had one of those fancy pictures taken of me two months ago," Clint said while he walked over to his desk. He opened the middle drawer and removed the picture of him outside his Marshal's office. He showed it to Merijildo who smiled.

"Let's go catch some outlaws," Clint said while he placed the picture back in the desk drawer and closed it.

Merijildo shoved his picture back into his pants pocket or he thought he shoved it in his pants pocket.

Merijildo and Clint rushed out the Marshal's office.

Outside the Marshal's office, Clint and Merijildo untied their horses from the hitching post. They got in the saddles of their horses and rode out of Oak Creek.

Oak Creek town folk saw Clint and Merijildo and smiled because they knew he was going after Elmer's killer.

Hours later, Clint rode his horse while Merijildo walked his horse and followed Bart, Charlie and John's horse tracks to Miners Needle.

Merijildo stopped walking and looked at the horse tracks.

Clint stopped his horse, and looked at Merijildo.

Merijildo looked at Miners Needle, and looked worried.

Clint got out of the saddle of his horse when he saw Merijildo's worried look. "What's wrong?" he asked.

"Tracks lead to cave in Miner Needle," Merijildo replied and pointed to Crazy Hole.

"Let's get em," Clint said determined to arrest some outlaws.

He whipped out his pistol and walked to Crazy Hole. He got ten feet away and sensed Merijildo stayed behind. He turned around and saw Merijildo by the horses.

"You coming?" he asked.

Merijildo looked intimidated while he looked at Crazy Hole.

“Me no go into Crazy Hole and come out loco,” Merijildo said and stepped back a foot.

Clint looked at the cave. “So that’s Crazy Hole?” he asked.

Merijildo nodded his head in agreement.

“Aw hogwash! I’m not scared,” Clint said then walked to Crazy Hole.

Clint stepped inside Crazy Hole and noticed it was dark inside.

“Come on out Bart, Charlie and Kissing Bandit,” Clint yelled inside the cave and it voice echoed. It was quiet inside the cave. Clint inched farther inside the cave. “You might as well give up,” Clint yelled again and it echoed. It was still quiet inside the cave. Clint cautiously walked deeper in Crazy Hole and felt the side of the cave to guide him.

Clint felt the opening of the tunnel. He entered the tunnel and suddenly blue plasma light filled the tunnel. “Ahhhh!” Clint yelled out in pain as the blue light stung the hell out of him.

Clint rushed out of Crazy Hole in a panic. He looked back at the cave and wondered what just happened. He looked around and saw the cut bush and the other bush that covered part of the cave opening. He thought that was weird.

He saw that Merijildo and the horses were gone and got pissed.

“Don't tell me that crazy Indian left with my horse?” Clint said.

Clint looked around, and saw horse and boot tracks in the dirt.

He walked off and followed the tracks.

Back in John’s apartment, he sat at his computer desk and typed at his Dell with a concerned look as he still had Elmer’s murder on his mind.

He waited for the search results from Yahoo, and then they soon appeared. He looked and there were nothing in the

results about John Mathers being arrested for the murder of Elmer Filson or for being an outlaw.

He jumped up off his chair, and raised his arms in the air. “Yes! I’m free and clear!” he yelled out while he did a victory dance around his living room.

He stopped the second he remembered Angie. He looked at his cell phone on the coffee table. He walked over it and picked it up, and took a deep breath and made a call.

“Hello,” Angie answered from his cell phone.

“Angie. Are you ready for that talk?” John asked and hoped she would agree.

There was a long period of silence from his cell phone.

“Hello?” John asked.

John realized Angie disconnected his call and looked worried. He survived being arrested for being an outlaw but now his relationship with Angie was in danger.

Back on U.S. 60, Bart and Charlie walked down the road.

Charlie stopped and sat down on the edge of the road.

“I’m not used to all this walking. My feet are killing me and I can’t walk anymore,” he said while he removed his right boot and rubbed his filthy dirty sock.

Bart looked around and saw the red ranch house with the red stable across the street. “Let’s go get us a ride,” he told Charlie then pointed at the red stable.

Charlie turned around and saw the ranch house and stable and it appeared that nobody was home. He smiled while he stood up, as he knew he wouldn’t have to walk anymore.

Bart and Charlie rushed across the street toward the ranch house.

They climbed the white fence and ran to the stable.

They stood near the stable door. Bart peeked inside the stable, and the coast was clear. He motioned for Charlie to follow him.

Bart cautiously stepped inside the stable, and Charlie followed.

They cautiously walked down the stable and saw two horses they wanted to ride. They went inside the horse stalls and quickly installed some saddles.

They walked the horses out of the stalls.

They hopped in the saddles of their horses and rode out of the stable.

They exited the stable with the horses and galloped down the yard.

Inside the ranch house, Victor Lincoln, forty year old Apache Indian with long black hair in a ponytail watched TV. Then the sight of Bart and Charlie while they galloped his horses through the yard was visible from his living room window. He jumped up in a panic and ran to the front door.

Bart and Charlie galloped the horses down the yard and made the horses jump over the white fence.

Victor ran to the fenced yard. He quickly climbed the fence and then ran through the yard to the other section of the white fence that Bart and Charlie jumped.

“Bring my horses back!” Victor screamed at Bart and Charlie while he ran to the fence.

Victor stopped at the white fence and watched while Bart and Charlie galloped his horses away down U.S. 60 toward Apache Junction. He slammed his fist on the fence pissed.

He ran back to his ranch house and called the police.

Back in the Superstition Mountains, Clint followed John’s horse and Bart and Charlie’s boot tracks down Dutchman’s Trail.

He was about twenty feet from the dirt parking lot, which had one car parked. Clint didn’t notice the car in the lot.

Then he heard footsteps behind him, and he got concerned. He turned around and at the same time, whipped out his pistol. He smiled when he saw Merijildo run up to him.

“I thought you left?” he told Merijildo.

Merijildo ran up to Clint. “You need help getting back from land of strange people and things.”

“Stop with that stupid Indian superstition!”

“We see,” he said while he walked past Clint with a smirk. Clint rolled his eyes over Merijildo’s comment.

Merijildo sense something was wrong. He stopped and padded down his clothes, and then he looked sad. “I lost my fancy picture. Must have dropped it in Crazy Hole,” he said.

Clint walked up to him. “You can have another one made,” Clint said then patted his back. “Let’s go catch some outlaws,” Clint said and walked off.

Merijildo walked away with Clint.

They walked to the dirt parking lot when a Toyota 4Runner drove up and parked.

Clint saw the car and stopped, and his jaw dropped in amazement at the sight of the 4Runner. “What is that thing? Some creature?” he asked then whipped out his pistol to protect himself.

“Me tell you. Land of strange things,” Merijildo said while he also stared at the 4Runner.

The doors opened and a man and woman in their late thirties got out in hiking outfits. They looked at Clint and Merijildo who stared at them.

“Look at the dude dressed like an Indian,” the man said to the woman. “How!” the man said to Merijildo while he held up his hand. The man and woman chuckled then they walked off towards the trails.

“How what?” Clint asked confused with the man’s comment. He leaned closer to Merijildo. “Did that creature spit out those folk?”

Merijildo looked at the 4Runner. “Me think it fancy stagecoach.”

Clint looked at Merijildo and then looked back at the 4Runner. “Could be.” “But without horses?” said Clint bewildered by the fancy machine.

“We go,” Merijildo told Clint and they walked away.

They walked down the dirt road and Clint did an occasional glance back at the 4Runner to make sure that creature wasn't coming after them.

Chapter 10

Later that Thursday and Clint and Merijildo eventually walked to U.S. 60.

Clint stopped when he saw the paved road. He looked bewildered at the sight of this strange sight.

He walked to the edge of the road and lightly kicked it with the toe of his boot. Merijildo watched while Clint knelt down and touched the road. "What is this?"

"Me say, strange things," Merijildo said then quickly reached down and grabbed the back of Clint's shirt. He pulled Clint up on his feet and moved him off the road.

"What are you doing?" Clint asked concerned.

A Honda Civic raced down the road with the boom, boom of the bass while the young driver listened to rap music. The Civic blew by Clint and Merijildo at seventy miles per hour.

Clint and Merijildo looked shocked at the sight of that Civic.

"Did you see how fast that stagecoach went? And without horses," Clint said amazed. "And what was that loud boom, boom sound?" Clint asked the looked up and down the road.

"And I thought I saw a young man inside it," Clint added.

"Don't know. Some type of stagecoach," Merijildo then he saw the pieces of broken window glass on the road.

Clint looked confused while he looked down the road at the Civic.

Merijildo looked at the pieces of broken glass in the road. "They go that way," then pointed at the glass.

Clint looked at the direction he pointed.

They walked down the road and headed to Apache Junction.

Bart and Charlie rode their horses in the middle of the right lane into the outskirts of Apache Junction. They stopped and look around in awe and saw the Phoenix skyline off in the distance.

“I’ve never seen so many buildings. I don’t recognize this place. Where are we?” Charlie asked while he looked around the area.

Cars raced up and down the road, which startled them.

“I don’t know. But now there are hundreds of those fancy stagecoaches and they’re fast,” Bart said while he looked at all the cars in amazement.

“Are we in hell?” Charlie asked scared that he will meet the devil.

Bart looked around. “Could be,” Bart said.

Charlie patted his body down and looked for bullet holes.

“I don’t recall being shot or dying,” Charlie said while he looked around. “Unless that’s what that strange blue light was. Us dying,” he added.

“I don’t know. Come, let’s get the bandit and give hell a little more hell,” Bart said not afraid one bit of being in hell.

Bart rode his horse off down the street. Charlie followed and looked intimidated of the future.

Clint and Merijildo walked down U.S. 60 and walked near Victor’s ranch house. A sheriff’s car drove down the road at them. Clint and Merijildo watched while the sheriff’s car pulled into Victor’s driveway.

“Deputy Sheriff? That’s a fancy stagecoach for a sheriff. Where are we?” Clint asked.

“Arizona,” Merijildo replied while they watched the deputy sheriff’s car drive down Victor’s driveway.

“This doesn’t look like the Arizona I know. Where are we?” Clint asked and looked scared for the first time in his life.

“Arizona. We go ahead in time to future Arizona,” Merijildo replied.

“What?” Clint asked not sure he heard him correctly.

“We go ahead in time,” Merijildo said then walked down the road.

Clint looked at Merijildo baffled. He rushed up to him and grabbed his shoulder and stopped him.

“What did you say?”

“We go ahead in time, I say one hundred years,” Merijildo said then walked down the road.

A Hughes 500 helicopter flew nine hundred feet above them.

He looked up, and saw the copter. He ducked down and whipped out his pistol and cautiously eyed the Hughes while it flew away. “Wow!” Clint said while he watched the Hughes copter wondering if it was some type of strange future dangerous bird.

Clint dropped his pistol back in his holster and ran after Merijildo.

Back in Apache Junction, Bart and Charlie rode their horses down a street. Cars whizzed by them while some blew their horn. Bart and Charlie got use to the new sights of the future.

A Greyhound Bus whizzed by them, blew its horn and that scared the hell them.

“We better git off this fancy trail,” Bart said.

They stopped their horses, got out of the saddles and walked them to the sidewalk.

People looked gave them dirty looks while they walked their horses down the sidewalk.

A woman, about thirty-five years old and her daughter, about seven years old walked down the sidewalk and approached Bart and Charlie.

Bart and Charlie walked over to the woman and her daughter.

“Ma'am, do you know John Mathers?” Bart asked the mother.

The daughter sniffed the air and caught a whiff of body odor from Bart and Charlie. Her face cringed over that awful smell of body odor.

The mother had this overwhelming feeling that something wasn't right with Bart so she rushed her daughter away.

"That man really stinks!" the daughter said with a pinched off nose while her mother whisked her away for safety.

Bart and Charlie walked their horses down the sidewalk.

Their eyes lit up when they saw a sexy thirty-year-old woman. She wore shorts that showed off her tanned legs and a top that revealed her 36D cleavage and her protruding nipples proved she wasn't wearing a bra.

Their eyes popped out in shock when they saw her revealing cleavage. They removed their hats, spat in the palm of their hands and smoothed out their hair.

"Ma'am, do you know John Mathers?" Charlie asked while he glared at her breasts.

She stopped. "No. I never heard of him," she replied and noticed Charlie while he gawked at her breasts. She felt uncomfortable with his horny stares.

Bart and Charlie continued to gawk at her breasts. Charlie removed a gold coin from his pocket. He grabbed her hand and placed the coin in her palm. He leaned over and whispered in her ear. Her eyes widened in disgust and she kneed Charlie in his crotch.

Charlie doubled over in pain and dropped to his knees.

She stormed off down the sidewalk.

"No saloon girl ever did that before!" Charlie said while he held his crotch and doubled over in pain.

Bart chuckled at the sight of Charlie on his knees. Then he looked across the street and saw the Wild Cactus saloon with six Harley Davidson motorcycles parked outside.

"Get up off your knees. I'm thirsty," Bart ordered Charlie.

Charlie stood up and saw the Wild Cactus Saloon. He smiled, as some whiskey sure would hit the spot right now.

Bart and Charlie, with a limp, walked their horses off the sidewalk.

Cars screeched to a stop and almost crashed into each other while Bart and Charlie walked their horses across the street to the saloon.

The Wild Cactus saloon was a small bar that was mainly used by the Devil's Cowboys motorcycle gang. All members were in their late thirties and wore the standard sleeveless jean jackets with a cartoon of the devil in a cowboy hat with "Devil's Cowboys MC" embroidered below it. All six gang members had their heads shaved and that cartoon tattooed on their right biceps and under it was their name.

The members of this gang were, Bear, Jesse, Billy, Ringo (named after the famous outlaw Johnny Ringo), Rufus, and Butch. They all took names after famous outlaws, except for Bear. He had that name because he's a big man and he's the leader and that's what he wanted. Since Bear was the leader, he was the only one allowed to have cell phone.

The Devil's Cowboys was a fairly new gang that Bear started ten years ago, as he didn't want to work for Corporate America. They made their money from petty crimes and have three girls they prostitute out once in a while when money was low. But their bark was worse than their bite, and they were always in the market for a new adventure.

Some of the Devil's Cowboys played pool while the other sat and drank beer while they watched the thirty-inch HDTV that hung behind the bar.

A lonely man, seventy-four years old, drank beer alone at a table off against the wall.

After they tied their horses to a light pole, Bart and Charlie entered the Wild Cactus.

It was quiet while the entire Devil's Cowboys watched as Bart and Charlie entered the saloon, walked over and sat down at the bar.

Bart and Charlie looked around the saloon. Then they saw the TV behind the bar and stared at it in disbelief.

“Bart, look at that box up on the wall with that window. How did those people get inside?”

Bart looked at the TV and tried to figure out an answer. “Maybe that's your punishment for pissing off the Devil!” he said.

Charlie nervously looked around the bar. “I hope the Devil doesn't come in here. I don't want to end up in that box and have people stare at me,” he said.

Jake the bartender, seventy years old with tattoos all over his arms, long gray hair in a ponytail and beard walked up to Bart and Charlie.

“Bottle of whiskey,” Bart told Jake.

“Is Jack Daniels okay?” Jake asked.

“I guess so. As long as it's whiskey,” Bart replied.

Jake walked down the bar and grabbed a bottle of Jack Daniels from behind the bar along with two shot glasses. He walked back to Bart and Charlie. He laid the bottle and glasses on the bar.

Bart removed an 1880 silver dollar from his pocket and set it on the bar.

Jake picked up the silver dollar, and he saw the date. He noticed the coin was in mint condition. Jake smiled and shoved the coin in his pocket. He planned to sell this coin at the nearest coin shop and make a nice little profit.

Bart looked at the Devil's Cowboys. “I'm looking for John Mathers alias the Kissing Bandit. Have you seen him?” Bart asked them.

The Devil's Cowboys ignored Bart.

“There's a John Mathers that supplies the bar with snacks,” Jake said.

“Do you know where I can find him?” Bart said with a smile that he's closing in on John.

“He works for the Western Snacks and Vending Company. It’s located ten blocks straight down the street,” the bartender replied and pointed in the direction of where John’s company was located.

Bart and Charlie looked where he pointed.

Bart poured two shots of whiskey.

Bear got up from his table with his beer bottle in hand.

He walked over and sat down by Bart to intimidate him.

Bear’s legal name was Harold Thomas hence why he insists he’s called Bear. He’s a big pot bellied man about forty-five years old and his arms were full of tattoos. Jake was Bear’s father and that’s why the Devil’s Cowboys hung out at this bar.

Bart eyed the tattoos on Bear’s arms, and he got curious and touched one.

Bear got pissed. “You want to kiss me next?”

Bart got pissed and whipped out his pistol from his holster. He shoved the barrel in Bear’s mouth.

“I hate bad mouth scoundrels with Indian drawings on their body,” Bart growled at Bear.

Bear looked cross-eyed at the barrel shoved in his mouth. He silently prayed that he couldn’t be killed.

“Sorry,” Bear said with a muffled sound.

Bart removed his pistol out of Bear’s mouth and dropped it in his holster.

Bear looked relieved. Behind them, that lonely man walked by them and headed to the bathroom.

“Is this Hell?” Bart asked Bear.

Bear chuckled. “It gets hot as hell sometimes, but no, it’s Phoenix,” he said.

“Eighteen eighty three Phoenix?” Charlie asked.

Bear looked a little surprised Charlie asked that question. He used his fingers to do some counting. “No. Like over one hundred years later, Phoenix,” Bear replied, as he couldn’t perform the math in his head or with the use of his fingers.

Bart and Charlie looked at each other, and then it dawned on them!

“We're in the future?” Bart and Charlie said at the same time then gulped down their shots of whiskey. They looked around the bar and thought the future was cool.

Bart and Charlie place their glasses on the bar and Charlie poured two more shots.

“I'm Bart Stone and he's Charlie Chandler,” Bart told Bear.

“I'm Bear, leader of the Devil's Cowboys gang,” he replied.

“Devil's Cowboys. I like that name,” Bart said.

“Bartender, where's the outhouse?” Charlie asked.

The Devil's Cowboys laughed at Charlie.

“It's over there,” Jake said then pointed to the bathrooms at the end of the bar.

Bart and Charlie got up and all eyes in the bar were on them while they walked in that direction.

Bart and Charlie entered the men's room and saw the urinals.

The lonely old man stood at the urinal.

Bart and Charlie saw him and walked over curious. They each stood by the man's side and peeked inside the urinal. The man got extremely uncomfortable. He rushed his business then quickly zipped up his pants. He flushed then raced out of the bathroom.

Charlie stared at the urinal. He touched the handle.

“Watch this Bart!” Charlie said then flushed the toilet.

“Yeehaw!” Charlie yelled out. “Ain't this some *fancy* outhouse?” Charlie said.

Bart laughed while Charlie continued to flush the urinal numerous times.

They stopped and they relieved themselves in the urinals.

“Ain't this something? We don't have to pee in the dirt,” Charlie said.

All eyes were on Bart and Charlie when they came out of the bathroom and walked back to the bar.

“Bartender, two bottles of whiskey for my new friends here,” Bart said then reached in his pocket and set two silver dollars on the bar.

All the Devil’s Cowboys jumped and cheered. They all rushed over to Bart and Charlie.

It was sunset and Clint and Merijildo stood at the outskirts of Apache Junction. Clint looked lost, yet in awe at the sight of the modern city.

Cars whizzed up and down the road by them.

“Look at all the fancy buildings,” Clint said.

“The future look fun,” Merijildo added impressed with what he saw.

“Which way do you think they went?” Clint asked.

Merijildo looked down at the road and saw some remnants of dirt horse tracks on the road. “They go that way,” he said and pointed down the street.

Back at the Wild Cactus saloon, Bart and Charlie was arm in arm with the Devil’s Cowboys all drunk.

“De Camptown Ladies sing this song, Doo-da, Doo-da,” they all sang.

They stopped and Bear raised his beer bottle in the air. “I hereby proclaim to hold votes later on our time traveling friends, Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler, on becoming members of the best gang in all the world!” he yelled out.

All the Devil’s Cowboys cheered in agreement. Then they all took a drink from their beer bottles.

“De Camptown racetrack’s five miles long, Oh, de doo-da day,” they sang out loud.

Back in John’s apartment, he stared at the TV while he watched the Comedy Central channel. For the first time in years, he didn’t have the stomach to watch an old western movie. He looked depressed, as he wanted to make up with Angie.

He turned off the TV and got off the couch. He walked down the hallway to his bedroom.

He walked to the door and wore sneakers instead of cowboy boots.

He left his apartment.

He drove his Mustang to a nearby Circle K. He went inside and bought a dozen red roses.

He got back inside his Mustang and drove away.

He drove to Angie's apartment complex and parked.

He was nervous when he walked to Angie's apartment building, which was visible from the lot.

He walked and stood by her apartment door. He knocked on her door. The door opened and Angie appeared. John handed Angie the dozen of roses.

"I'm so sorry Angie. I'm done with this outlaw stuff," he said with a serious look.

"Okay, let's talk," Angie said and let John in her apartment.

Back at the Wild Cactus Saloon, Bart and Charlie exited drunk. They walked over to the light poles and untied their horses, and got in their saddles. Bart removed his pistol from his holster. He raised it in air and fired off a shot.

People on the sidewalk ducked and ran for cover. A man with a video camera saw this as an opportunity and filmed Bart and Charlie.

"Yeehaw! Kissing Bandit! We're coming to kill ya!" Bart yelled out then he fired his pistol in the air again.

Charlie fired his pistol in the air.

People hugged the sidewalk for protection from the gunfire.

The Devil's Cowboys watched from the windows of the Wild Cactus Saloon, and they looked proud of Bart and Charlie.

Bart and Charlie rode their horses down the street. They weaved in and around the cars that were stopped because of the gunfire.

They rode alongside a Nissan Quest mini-van.

In the backseat of the van, a boy, seven years old wore a cowboy outfit with a cap gun. The boy's eyes widened when he saw Bart and Charlie. He aimed his cap pistol at them. "Bang! Bang! Shoot the bad guys," the boy said.

His mother turned around smiled, as she thought it was cute when he pretended to be the old western Marshal.

Bart and Charlie rode their horses ten blocks down the street.

They rode into the empty parking lot of the Western Snacks and Vending Company, and they rode their horses to the front entrance. They got out of their saddles and tied the reins to a small tree by the front glass door.

Bart and Charlie walked to the front door. Bart tried to open it, butt it was locked.

"The door is broken," Charlie said.

Bart peeked in the glass door and saw the inside was dark and void of people.

"The place is empty inside. They're closed," Bart said.

"We'll try again first thing in the morning," Bart added.

"Good, I'm tired anyway," Charlie said and yawned.

"Where can we sleep?" Charlie added.

Bart looked around. "We'll camp at the back of this building. That's way, we'll get the Kissing Bandit first thing in the morning," he said.

They untied their horses and walked them down the side and to the rear of the building where the snack semi-vans were parked.

They saw a dumpster and tied their horses to it.

Charlie's stomach growled. "I'm really hungry, Bart."

Bart looked at the dumpster and something seemed interesting. He walked over and opened up the lid. He peeked inside, and he smiled. He reached inside and removed a box that had assorted packages of vending machine snacks that have passed the expiration dates.

They sat down by the building and had a feast of stale honey buns, potato chips, peanut butter crackers and peanuts.

It was nighttime when Clint and Merijildo walked up to the Wild Cactus Saloon. Merijildo stopped and sniffed the air while he looked around. Clint walked up to him.

“They was here,” Merijildo said.

“How can you tell? This place has strange smells,” Clint said.

“Horse turds,” Merijildo said and pointed to the light pole where two piles of horse poop were on the sidewalk.

Clint saw the turds. “That’s why you’re a famous tracker,” he said in a jokingly manor. He looked at the Wild Cactus Saloon. “Knowing Bart’s love for whiskey, they probably went in there,” Clint said.

They entered the saloon.

The Devil’s Cowboys got instantly quiet when they saw Clint and Merijildo enter the bar. They placed their beers on their tables and watched them walk to the bar. They noticed Clint’s Marshal’s badge and got very suspicious.

Clint and Merijildo looked at the Devil’s Cowboys while they sat down at the bar.

“What strange tribe are they? Me never hear of a tribe that look like that,” Merijildo asked Clint.

“I don’t know, but they do look scary,” Clint replied while he glanced at the Devil’s Cowboys. “I don’t trust them,” Clint added.

They saw the TV behind the bar, and Clint pointed at it in amazement. “Look how small those people are in that little box,” he said.

Merijildo looked at the TV in amazement. Then he wondered how the future should make people so small and why would we want to watch their lives.

Jake walked up to them.

“I’m Marshal Bartley and I’m looking for Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and John Mathers, who calls himself the Kissing Bandit,” Clint asked.

“Never heard of them,” Jake replied without any hesitation.

Jake left and went inside a back room behind the bar.

Clint turned around and looked at the Devil’s Cowboys.

“Do any of you know,” Clint started to ask.

“No!” Bear yelled out interrupting Clint.

Clint felt threatened and elbowed Merijildo that they should leave. He nodded that he agreed and they both got off the bar stools.

The Devil’s Cowboys watched while Clint and Merijildo left the bar.

Outside the saloon, Clint and Merijildo looked around the area.

“I have a strong hunch that Bart and Charlie will come back in the morning,” Clint said.

“We find a camp to sleep,” Merijildo said.

They looked around the area for a safe place to bed down for the night.

In John’s apartment he started to remove some of his old western items off the wall. He placed them in a box and hoped to sell them at an antique store.

He looked at the rest of the items and decided to finish the rest at a later day. His talk with Angie smoothed things over and he swore that his old western outlaw fascination days were finally over. Of course he didn’t tell her about the death of Elmer Filson.

Hours later behind the Western Snacks and Vending Company, Bart and Charlie slept on cardboard boxes they flattened.

In an empty lot behind the Wild Cactus Saloon, Clint and Merijildo slept in the dirt.

John lay in bed and stared at the ceiling of his apartment. He looked at the cloth bag that still contained the stolen loot from the Oak Creek bank. He decided that he would take care of that in the morning. He closed his eyes and fell asleep.

Chapter 11

The sun rose up from the east. It was Friday, September 1st, 2006.

John woke up early and took a shower. Afterwards, he ate his standard bowl of Cocoa Krispies. He got dressed in his Western Snacks and Vending Company shirt, grabbed the bag of loot and left his apartment.

John rushed to his Mustang in his apartment parking lot and drove off.

John drove straight to the nearest coin shop and went inside with his bag of loot.

In the empty lot behind the Wild Cactus Saloon, Clint and Merijildo woke up. They walked to the front of the saloon and didn't see any horses.

Clint's stomach growled. "Let's get some grub," he told Merijildo and he agreed.

Clint looked down the street and saw Martha's Country Kitchen restaurant down the street a bit. And farther down the street past the restaurant was a library.

"There's a place to eat," Clint said and pointed at Martha's place.

He walked off in that direction.

Behind the Western Snacks and Vending Company building, Bart woke up when he heard the sound of cars while they parked in the parking lot.

He got up and stretched. He lightly kicked Charlie in his butt cheeks. Charlie woke up, and he got up and stretched.

They put on their cowboy hats and walked around to the front of the building. Bart pulled on the front door handle, and it opened and he smiled.

“Let’s get the bastard,” he told Charlie who grinned at the thought of getting their loot.

Bart and Charlie entered the foyer where Kim worked as the receptionist behind a desk. She saw Bart and Charlie. “May I help you?” she asked then cringed as she caught a whiff of their body odor.

“Yes Ma’am,” Bart said then removed his cowboy hat. He noticed that Charlie kept his hat on. He swatted his hat off his head.

“Where’s your manners?” he scolded Charlie who chased after his hat and picked it off the floor.

“We want to see John Mathers,” Bart told her.

“I don’t believe he has showed up for work yet,” she said.

“Would you know where he lives? It’s really important we see him,” Bart said.

“No, but his girlfriend Angie Dawson does. One minute please,” she said then picked up her phone and pressed a number.

“Angie, I have two men looking for John. They said it’s important,” she said over into the phone.

“I’ll be right out,” Angie replied from the phone.

The receptionist hung up the phone. “Angie Dawson will be out in a minute. She can help you,” she said.

Bart and Charlie paced in the foyer while they waited.

Angie entered from a side door and saw Bart and Charlie. She shook her head in disgust at the sight of them, as they reminded her of John.

Charlie glanced at Angie and got horny, as it’s been six months since he’s been with a saloon gal.

Outside, John pulled his Mustang into the parking lot of Western Snacks and Vending Company building. He was ready to resume his life and ready to forget about his outlaw ways.

Angie looked at Bart and Charlie. “Are you fellow outlaw geeks like John?” she asked.

“We're old friends of John if that's what you mean. So, do you know where he lives? We want to surprise him!” Bart said.

“Yeah, surprise him,” Charlie added with a smirk.

“What ever,” Angie said then walked over to the receptionist desk and grabbed a piece of paper and pen. She wrote down John's address for Bart.

From outside, John left his Mustang and walked to the front door.

“Here's John's address,” Angie said then added Bart the paper.

Bart looked at it. “Thank you ma-am. And remember don't tell John you saw us. We want to surprise him,” Bart said then shoved the paper in his shirt pocket.

Angie looked at the front door and saw John outside.

“There's no need, John's outside the front door,” she told Bart and Charlie.

From outside at the entrance, John placed his hand on the door handle. He started to open the door then saw Bart and Charlie inside the foyer with Angie. He stared for a few seconds to make sure he wasn't having a hallucination. He realized it was for real and they tracked him back to the future.

Crap! John screamed in his head. He turned around and ran back to his Mustang.

Inside the building, Bart and Charlie got pissed when they saw John run away.

Angie watched while Bart and Charlie ran out the front door.

“I hope you boys have fun playing cowboys and outlaws,” Angie said and shook her head in disgust then realized that maybe John wasn't done with his stupid outlaw obsession.

“What was that about?” the receptionist asked Angie.

A man poked his head out of the side door. “Angie, tell Richard somebody tied two horses to the dumpster out back,” he said closed the door.

“Men who refuse to grow up,” Angie said then opened the side door and left.

Bart and Charlie stood outside at the front door scanning the area for John. They saw him. They watched while John ran to his Mustang, got inside and started it up.

Bart and Charlie ran around to the back of the building to their horses. They untied them from the dumpster and got in their saddles.

They galloped their horses away, down the side of the building and then to the front of the building.

John screeched his Mustang out onto the street leaving rubber and smoke, and he raced away.

Bart and Charlie galloped their horses to the parking lot. They saw John’s Mustang while he raced down the street.

They galloped after him and cars screeched to a stop while their horses ran out in front of them.

John raced his Mustang in fear of the two outlaws. He thought he was free and clear in 2006, but he thought wrong. He was now being hunted. He looked in his rear view mirror and saw Bart and Charlie on horses galloping after him.

He made a right turn down another street.

John looked in his rear view mirror and saw Bart and Charlie while they made the same turn and they were still after him.

John looked forward and his eyes widened when he saw that traffic had stopped. He screeched on his brakes and came to a stop behind the traffic.

He looked in his rearview mirror and saw that Bart and Charlie gained ground. He looked over to his right and decided that was his only choice.

He turned to the right and headed to the sidewalk.

People dove for cover while John drove his Mustang down the sidewalk.

People watched while Bart and Charlie raced their horses on the sidewalk after John.

John drove his Mustang into a newsstand; newspaper, magazines, candy and snacks flew everywhere like a bomb exploded.

John drove his Mustang off the sidewalk with people diving for safety.

He drove off the sidewalk and down another street.

Back at Martha's Country Kitchen, Clint and Merijildo finished their eggs and bacon breakfast with hot coffee. People stared at the two and wondered why they were dressed like a cowboy and Indian. Some came up with the theory Hollywood was in town to make a western movie.

The waitress brought them their check. "You can pay me or at the register," she told them.

Clint looked the check. He reached in his shirt pocket and removed six silver dollars. He handed them to the waitress. She looked at the coins and her eyes popped out when she saw their dates and the condition.

"I'll take care of this," she told them then walked away with a smirk. She discreetly pocketed the coins and decided to pay for their meal herself. She knew these coins were worth a lot more than the price of their meal.

Clint and Merijildo walked out of the restaurant.

John raced his Mustang down another street where traffic got thick. He glanced at his rear view mirror and saw Bart and Charlie hot on his tail.

Bart and Charlie closing in on the Mustang. They both whipped out their pistols and aimed, and they fired at the Mustang.

Bullets penetrated the back of the Mustang. Then a bullet shattered one of the taillights.

John's Mustang screeched a left turn and raced down another street.

Bart and Charlie galloped a left turn on their horses and chased after John.

Police sirens were heard way off a few streets over.

Two police cars raced down the street and screeched a turn on the street the chase pursued.

The two police cars raced after Bart and Charlie's horses and raced up behind them.

"Pull over!" the lead police officer called out from his loud speaker.

Bart and Charlie turned around and saw the police car closing in on them.

"They don't look friendly, Bart," Charlie said intimidated.

"They look like the law," Bart responded.

Bart and Charlie both fired their pistols at the police car.

A bullet penetrated the radiator and another one penetrated the hood.

Bart and Charlie fired again at the police car.

Another bullet penetrated the hood while another one hit the windshield. The hood to the police car flew up, and blocked the driver's view. The police car swerved, clipped a parked car and flipped in the air.

How will I write up this report? The police officer thought while the car was upside down in the air.

The second police car continued the chase.

The airborne police car crashed on top of the second police car.

People watched from the sidewalk while the two crashed police cars veered toward some parked cars. They ran for cover while the police cars crashed into the parked cars.

Bart and Charlie stopped their horses, and looked in awe at the mangled wreckage.

"Wow!" Charlie cried out.

They turned around and saw John's Mustang was gone, and Bart got pissed.

"Let's see if the Devil's Cowboys can help us. Make our gang bigger like we planned back home," Bart said.

Bart saw a man walk down the sidewalk.

“Where’s the Wild Cactus Saloon from here?” he asked the man.

“Down two streets. Turn left and head down there for another three streets then turn right. It will be down that street,” the man replied afraid he might get shot then pointed in the direction they should ride.

“Thanks, partner,” Bart said then tipped his hat.

Bart and Charlie galloped their horses down the street where the man pointed.

Back at the Wild Cactus Saloon, Clint and Merijildo paced up and walked down the sidewalk. Clint hoped Bart, Charlie and John would soon show up. The saloon looked empty as the Devil’s Cowboys didn’t arrive yet.

Mel Lincoln walked down the sidewalk heading to the library.

Clint saw Mel while he walked in their direction.

Merijildo saw Mel and had a strong strange feeling about him. Clint noticed Merijildo’s strange look.

“What’s the matter?” Clint asked as he thought that his breakfast didn’t agree with him and might barf.

“Me know him,” Merijildo replied while he stared at Mel.

Mel Lincoln saw Merijildo and smiled.

“Excuse me. We’re looking for an outlaw called the Kissing Bandit. His real name is John Mathers,” Clint addressed Mel.

Mel Lincoln heard Clint but he studied Merijildo over and had a strange feeling he knew him.

“Oh yeah, John Mathers. Young kid always wanting to hear stories about the old west. He recently wanted to know about the location of Crazy Hole,” Mel said.

Merijildo’s eyes lit up, as he knew that the Apache Indians used the name Crazy Hole.

“Do you know where he lives?” Clint asked.

“No. He just visits me at the library,” Mel replied.

“Thank you,” Clint said then they watched while Mel walked away.

Clint and Merijildo watched while Mel walked down the sidewalk.

Down and across the street, unbeknownst to Clint and Merijildo, Bart and Charlie walked their horses down the sidewalk.

“We better ditch these horses,” Bart said while he glanced at the stares everybody gave him.

“How will we get around to catch the Bandit?” Charlie asked.

Bart looked down the street and saw the Wild Cactus Saloon. “We’ll wait until our friends show up. They’ll help,” Bart said. “They have faster horses than what we have.”

Charlie smiled. Bart shooed the horses away. They ran down the sidewalk. People moved out of the way of the horses.

Across the street, Mel walked twenty feet from the saloon when that strange feeling became extremely strong. He removed his wallet and opened it up, and he removed an old faded laminated photo.

It was the same photo Merijildo had back in 1883 that he thought he lost in Crazy Hole. But left it in the Marshal’s Office floor.

A tear ran down Mel’s cheek. “Great Grandfather!” he said while he turned around and looked back at Merijildo.

Then the same strange feeling came over Merijildo and he looked back at Mel.

“What’s the matter?” Clint asked when he noticed Merijildo.

“Me have strange feeling me know that old man,” Merijildo said.

Clint glanced at Mel then he saw something across the street and his eyes widened with hatred. “You’re under arrest Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler!” he yelled out.

Merijildo looked across the street and saw Bart and Charlie on the sidewalk.

Across the street, Bart and Charlie stood on the sidewalk behind a parked car with pistols aimed. Bart and Charlie fired shots at Clint.

People on the sidewalks on both sides of the street scattered for safe cover.

Clint ducked behind a parked car. He whipped out his pistol and aimed over the hood of the car. He fired a shot at Bart and Charlie. He sensed something wasn't right, and he glanced over and saw Merijildo on the sidewalk in pain. Merijildo was shot, and Clint got pissed aimed then fired another shot at Bart and Charlie.

Across the street in a coffee house, a table full of yuppies drank Latte's. A bullet shattered the coffee shop window, and the yuppies all screamed. Most dropped their Latte's on the table and floor, but one dropped his Latte in his lap. They ran to the rear of the shop in a girlish panic.

Back outside, Clint peeked over the hood of the car he ducked behind. "You're under arrest for killing Elmer," Clint yelled out.

"Mathers shot and killed him, not us," Bart yelled back.

Bart and Charlie aimed their pistol from the hood of the car. They both fired shots at Clint then ducked behind the car.

"Where's that kissing bandit kid?" Clint yelled then he took aim and fired a shot over the hood of the car.

"Don't know. But when we find him, he's dead," Bart yelled.

"Yeah. He stole our loot," Charlie added.

"The money was never yours. It belonged to the people of Oak Creek," Clint yelled.

Bart and Charlie took aim from over the hood of that car then heard police sirens. They ducked down by the fender.

"It's those future law men, Bart," Charlie said.

“We better git, they might be pissed for us shooting at their fancy stagecoach,” Bart said.

Bart peeked over the hood of the car. “Now!” he told Charlie.

They stood up and fired their pistols at Clint then ran down the sidewalk.

Bullets penetrated the front fender of the car Clint hid behind.

Bart and Charlie jumped over people who lay on the sidewalk for protection while they ran away.

Clint peeked over the fender and saw Bart and Charlie while they ran away.

He glanced over and saw Merijildo unconscious on the sidewalk. He rushed to his side where he saw blood that oozed from Merijildo's left shoulder. Clint got concerned and felt Merijildo's neck for a pulse, and he looked relieved.

Mel ran over to Clint and Merijildo, worried that his great grandfather was dead. “Is he okay?” Mel asked Clint.

“He passed out,” Clint said.

“Good. I thought my great grandfather was dead,” Mel said.

His comment went over Clint's head at first then it dawned on him what he said. “What did you say?” Clint asked to make sure he understood Mel.

“I said, I thought my great grandfather was dead,” Mel repeated.

“You're great grandfather?” Clint asked.

“Yes, my name is Mel Lincoln,” he said then removed his wallet and showed Clint the laminated faded picture that Merijildo recently showed him back in 1883.

Clint looked amazed at the picture. “He thought he lost it in Crazy Hole. Guess he didn't,” Clint said.

“I figured you might have come from there,” he said then looked down at Merijildo and smiled.

Farther down the street, Bart and Charlie ran down the sidewalk. Then they heard the sound of six Harleys. They looked and saw Bear lead the other Devil's Cowboys down the street while they headed to the Wild Cactus Saloon on their Harleys.

Bart and Charlie ran out in the street and waved Bear down.

Bear stopped his Harley, as did the rest of the Devil's Cowboys.

"Get us out of here. We had some trouble back there with a Marshal that's after us," Bart said.

"Hop on," Bear told Bart and Charlie.

Bart looked at the Harley and looked a little hesitant. He got on in back of Bear while Charlie got on back of Jesse's Harley.

"We voted you in. You're now official members of the Devil's Cowboys," Bear told Bart.

"Good, now get us the hell out of here," Bart said.

The Devil's Cowboys turned their Harleys around and raced off in the opposite direction.

"Does time travel hurt?" Bear asked Bart while they drove down the street.

"It stings for a little bit," Bart replied.

Bear looked like he had a scheme in mind while they drove down the street. Bart and Charlie hung on a little scared.

Back at the Wild Cactus Saloon, two police cars screeched to a stop. Four police officers jumped out of their cars. They got their pistols out of their holsters and cautiously walked over to Clint with their pistols aimed.

"Put your gun down and lie down on the ground with your hands behind your back!" one police officer yelled.

Clint obeyed the officer's orders. "I'm the Marshal from Oak Creek. I'm here to arrest the Kissing Bandit, Bart Stone, and Charlie Chandler for murder," Clint said while on his stomach.

The police officer kept his pistol aimed at Clint while his partner handcuffed Clint. Another officer picked up Clint's pistol from the sidewalk.

Another police officer saw Merijildo unconscious with a bloody shoulder.

"We need an ambulance at the Wild Cactus Saloon," the officer said into his radio microphone.

Clint looked worried while one of the officers pulled him up on his feet.

Five minutes had passed and Channel 5 News Reporter Tony Martinez stood with a microphone in front of a cameraman.

Behind him, two police officers put Clint in the back of a police car.

From inside the police car, Clint looked around and saw the ambulance nearby.

Merijildo lay on a gurney as two EMT's loaded him into the back of an ambulance. Mel stepped on the rear bumper of the ambulance. The EMT stopped him.

"I'm his great grandson," Mel told the EMT's.

The EMT allowed Mel inside the back of the ambulance.

Then it dawned on one of the EMT's what Mel just said. "Did he say great grandson?" he asked the other EMT.

"That's what he said. The old geezer must be confused," the other EMT replied.

They closed the rear door and walked to the front and got inside.

The ambulance siren blared while it drove off down the road.

Chapter 12

It was still Friday.

Alone and scared from being chased, John slouched on a bar stool at the Outlaw Steakhouse. He rubbed his forehead with his cool wet beer bottle.

Behind the bar hung four thirty-inch HDTV's from the ceiling that gave all the patrons at the bar something to watch.

John watched the Channel 5 news from the nearest TV.

Then on one of the TVs, Channel News Reporter Tony Martinez reported from outside the Wild Cactus Saloon. It was a recording as told by the News Anchor Leah Anthony.

John sipped his beer while he watched the TV.

“We have a report on three recent shooting incidents in Apache Junction. The first one involved two cowboys who fired their pistols in the air outside the Wild Cactus Saloon. The second one involved those two cowboys on horses chasing a Ford Mustang. The third one involved the same cowboys in a gun battle outside the Wild Cactus Saloon. They were shooting at a Clint Bartley who claimed to be a Marshal. Injured in the gunfight was an Apache Indian. Witnesses stated that during the first incident, one of these cowboys wanted to kill someone called the Kissing Bandit. The police are reviewing amateur video taken from the Saloon shooting to identify the two cowboys. The Marshal was arrested and the injured Indian was taken to St. Joseph's Hospital,” Tony Martinez said from the TV.

John took a drink from his beer when his cell phone rang. It startled him and he jumped and beer poured on him. He answered his cell phone.

“Angie?” John answered

“No, it's Richard, your boss,” he replied from John's cell.

John sat straight up on his bar stool.

“Yes sir,” John said.

“It's like this. You didn't show up for work today and didn't call. I was even nice to allow you to take a few days off this week without the proper advanced notice. You're fired. Turn in your uniform and truck keys immediately,” Richard said then disconnected his end of the phone call.

John looked devastated, then mad as he put his cell away.

He glanced up at the TV and saw an amateur video of Bart and Charlie on their horses outside the Wild Cactus Saloon.

“Yeehaw! Kissing Bandit! We're coming to kill ya!” Bart yelled out then he fired his pistol in the air again as what was recorded on the amateur video. Then the video zoomed in on Bart and half of a right ear was visible.

“Crap!” John screamed out then threw his beer bottle behind the bar. It smashed into some booze bottles on some glass shelves, which also shattered. There was silence in the bar while all eyes were on John.

The bartender got furious when he saw the smashed glass shelves.

John cringed when he realized he was in deep trouble.

The manager of the steak house rushed over to the bar and saw the damage.

The bartender and the manager rushed over to John. They each grabbed an arm and snatched him off his bar stool.

They escorted John to the front doors.

The manager opened one of the front doors and they threw John outside.

“Never come back to this establishment!” the manager yelled.

They went back inside the restaurant.

John got up and walked to his parked Mustang.

He saw the bullet holes in the trunk area and a shattered taillight. He got inside his Mustang, and started it up. Then his eyes welled up while his life started to fall apart.

At his ranch house, Rusty watched TV and saw the news report with Tony Martinez. He thought Bart and Charlie looked familiar but couldn't place a finger on it then he shrugged it off.

An hour later, John drove a 2000 brown Toyota Corolla out of Albert's Used Car lot. He sold his Mustang and used some of the cash to buy the Corolla.

He drove off down the street.

John drove straight to Angie's apartment complex. He parked his car and walked to her apartment. He took a deep breath then knocked on her door.

The door opened and Angie appeared.

"Can we talk?" John begged.

Angie debated in her mind if she should let him inside.

"Okay," she said but was still angry with John.

John entered and they walked over and sat down on the couch. She had a forty-two inch HDTV in a nice entertainment center against the wall.

Angie looked at John. "All I wanted was a relationship and maybe marriage, but your behavior has been too much to bear," she said.

"I know and there will be no more outlaw stuff. I promise!" John said and his eyes showed he was serious.

Angie's anger melted away when she felt he was serious and she hugged him.

"So, who were those two guys this morning dressed like cowboys?" Angie asked curious.

John glanced at the TV and his eyes widened in shock when he saw Tony Martinez in front of a police station. Behind him, two police officers escorted Clint to the station.

"One of the cowboys was arrested from the earlier gun battle at the Wild Cactus Saloon. His name is Clint Bartley and

he claims to be a Marshal wanting to arrest a John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit for murder,” Tony said on TV.

John got up pale and broke out in a cold sweat. Angie watched while he paced around the room.

Then on the TV, Channel 5 replayed the video of Bart. “Yeehaw! Kissing Bandit! We’re coming to kill ya!” Bart yelled out then he fired his pistol in the air.

Angie stared in shock at the sight of Bart and Charlie on the TV.

“Those were those two guys looking for you at the office,” Angie said.

“Can I stay here?” John asked.

“What’s wrong with your place?” Angie replied.

“You gave my address to those outlaws who want to kill me. Now a Marshal wants to arrest me, the Kissing Bandit, for murder. I could hang for that in eighteen eighty-three, if he drags me back there.”

“Kissing what?” she asked not sure she heard him correctly.

“The Kissing Bandit. I kissed a girl when I left a robbery,” John said then cringed when it dawned on him that he should have kept his mouth shut.

Angie got up with fire in her eyes then she stormed over to John. She slapped his face hard and it left her hand print.

“Get out!” she screamed and pointed to her door.

“But they want to kill me!” John replied with fear in his eyes.

She slapped John again. “Get out and never come back!” she screamed again.

John moped to the door then he looked back at Angie.

She plopped down on the couch and sobbed.

He left with a feeling his life was over with. He figured he would be dead by sundown.

That night, John drove around town, as he was too scared to go back to his apartment. He didn't know if Bart and Charlie waited for him there and didn't want to take that risk.

Bart and Charlie hung out at the house of the Devil's Cowboys located at the northern edge of Apache Junction.

Inside the house, the Devil's Cowboys sat around and drank beer with Charlie. They also watched the *Hells Angels on Wheels* movie with Candy, twenty-eight years old, Melinda, thirty years old and Sadie, twenty-five years old. Charlie would watch the movie then sneak a peek at the girls. Their tight jeans and tops that showed off their cleavage gave him an instant erection.

Outside on the back porch, Bart and Bear drank beer.

"So here's my thoughts on how we can get rich. We sneak back to eighteen eighty-three, rob some banks, stagecoaches and trains, and then run back through that time portal and hide out here in two thousand and five," Bear said.

Bart thought about Bear's offer and he smiled. "Well, since we saw on that thing you call a TV that Marshal Bartley got arrested, I'm thinking your plan will work. He was the toughest Marshal in these parts back then. So this will be easy like licking butter off a knife," Bart said then they tapped their beer bottles to seal the deal.

In a Wal-Mart parking lot, John parked his Corolla. He got in the back seat and lay down. He closed his eyes and tried to fall asleep, but he couldn't. The events of the past weeks ran through his mind and kept him awake. No matter how hard he tried, he couldn't stop thinking about how he screwed up his life.

The sun rose and it was another morning in the Phoenix area. It was Saturday, September 2nd, 2006.

In one of the Phoenix police stations, Clint sat in a jail cell bench. He was baffled as this was the first time he was arrested and considered a criminal. He also felt naked and powerless without his pistol.

At the other end of the bench sat Butch, a big brute, who glanced over at Clint. Butch sniffed the air then smiled at Clint.

“You smell dirty. Real dirty,” Butch said with a romantic interest in Clint. Butch slid down the bench and sat next to Clint then he winked at him. “Can I give you a scrubbing?” Butch said and blew a kiss at Clint. Butch leaned over and rubbed Clint's inner thigh with a horny grin and gave another wink of the eye.

Clint's eyes widened in shock over a guy doing that to him so he jumped up and reached for his pistol. It wasn't there so he stood with his hand pointed at Butch as if it was a pistol.

Detective Alicia Hernandez was a thirty-year-old beautiful Mexican American, with shoulder length black hair, and memorizing brown eyes. She walked up to the cell bars with a folder in her hand. She's been with the Phoenix police department for ten years now.

She saw Clint standing with his hand aimed like a pistol at Butch. She knew Butch was up to something he shouldn't be doing, as he's a regular in their station.

“Butch! Get your tongue off the floor and leave him alone!” Alicia yelled out.

Butch pouted while he scooted away down the bench.

“Bartley. I'm Detective Alicia Hernandez. Can we talk about what just happened outside that bar?” she asked.

Clint kept a watchful eye on Butch in case he tried something. “Yes Ma'am, it would be a pleasure for me to explain what happened,” he said.

“Wow. That's the first time a criminal called me that,” she said while she unlocked the door and opened it.

“I'm not a criminal,” Clint said while he exited the cell.

“They all say that. Follow me,” follow me Alicia said then closed the door.

Alicia escorted Clint away down the row of jail cells.

They left the room of jail cells and entered a hallway.

“Ma'am, can I go to the outhouse?” Clint asked.

“Outhouse?” Alicia looked confused when she heard that work. Then it dawned on her what he meant. “Oh, the bathroom. Sure.”

Alicia escorted Clint down the hallway then turned down another hallway. She walked Clint to the Men’s Room.

“Here’s your outhouse,” she told him. “It’s indoor.”

Clint looked at the door and wasn’t sure about it, but he was in the future where things were obviously different. He slowly opened the door and went inside the Men’s Room.

Alicia waited outside the Men’s Room door.

A detective walked out of the Men’s Room with a bewildered look. He saw Alicia. “Is that your man inside there?” he asked her.

“Yeah, what did he do?” she asked a little concerned.

“He had no idea how to use a urinal. Is there something wrong with him?” the detective asked. “He watched me piss to know that’s what a urinal was for,” the detective added.

“I’m starting to wonder about him myself,” she said then looked at the folder in her hand.

The detective walked away down the hallway and Alicia heard a urinal flush numerous times from inside the Men’s Room.

Clint walked out of the Men’s Room, amazed. “That’s one fancy outhouse!” he said while he looked back at the door.

Alicia looked concerned while she escorted him down the hallway.

Out over at the Wal-Mart parking lot, John’s Corolla was still there.

In the backseat, John was curled up under a blanket that he purchased in Wal-Mart late last night. He finally dozed off two hours ago.

A car backfired in the parking stall behind his Corolla. John woke up started that Bart and Charlie fired a pistol at his car.

He cautiously peeked above his backseat. He looked around the parking lot and saw nothing but other people and cars. Bart and Charlie were not in sight, and he got relieved.

He climbed over and got in his front seat.

A couple walked by his window. The woman was obviously upset with her man and stopped. John curiously watched the couple.

"I'm sorry honey. I can't undo what's already done. If I could go back in time, I would. But I can't," the man pleaded with his wife.

"I never want to see you again!" she said then stormed off.

John watched as she stormed off while the man chased after her.

John's eyes widened as this stranger's comment to his girl got him to think of a way out of this mess. He smiled and started up his car. He knew his plan would fix everything and he could make his life normal again.

Back at the police station, Clint sat alone in the interrogation room.

Alicia entered with that folder in hand. Hector Carlson, fifty-year-old detective, six months away from retirement, walked in behind Alicia.

"Mister Bartley, this is my partner detective Hector Carlson," she introduced him.

Clint got up, walked over to Hector and stuck out his hand. Hector almost slammed Clint into the wall thinking this cowboy was a threat, but his instincts stopped him.

"I'm Marshal Clint Bartley," Clint said.

Hector looked at Clint's hand then shook it.

Clint walked back to the table and sat down.

Alicia sat down across him. She laid the folder on the table and opened it up. He removed a pad of paper from the folder and a pen.

Hector leaned against the wall and eyed Clint still leery of him.

Alicia sniffed the air then looked at Clint and looked sick. She finally caught a whiff of his body odor. She removed a piece of paper and read it then she looked baffled. "You expect me to believe you were born in eighteen forty-two and you're the Marshal of Oak Creek?" Alicia asked.

"Yes Ma'am," Clint replied.

"We got a nut job on our hands," Hector said quietly to himself.

Alicia looked at Clint with doubtful eyes.

"Who are these cowboys you were shooting at outside the Wild Cactus Saloon?" she asked.

"Outlaws Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler," he answered.

"Outlaws. I haven't heard criminals being called that,"

Alicia said while she jotted down those names in her notepad.

Alicia opened the folder and removed the wanted poster Clint had on him that the police confiscated. She looked at the wanted poster.

"Do you know who this Kissing Bandit might be?" she asked.

"John Mathers. He rode with Bart and Charlie," Clint said.

"What about this wounded Indian we have at the St. Joseph's Hospital?" she asked.

"He's Merijildo. An Apache tracker and one of the best in this territory," he said.

Alicia wrote all that down on her notepad.

"We have witnesses that stated you didn't shoot first, but can you tell me why they started it?" Alicia said.

"Just the life of a Marshal as I'm always having outlaws shoot at me. Anyway, I was after Bart, Charlie and John for robbing the Oak Creek National bank and killing my deputy, Elmer Filson. I entered Crazy Hole and ended up here. In your town," Clint told her.

“You ended up here, in my town. Okay, I understand,” Alicia said. She then motioned at Hector to meet him outside in the hallway.

“I’ll be right back,” she told Clint.

Alicia got up with the wanted poster. Clint stood up like a gentleman should when a woman leaves the room.

“Ma’am, what year is this and what’s the name of this town?” Clint asked her.

Alicia looked surprised at hearing that question. “Don’t you know?”

“No Ma’am.”

“It’s two thousand and six and you’re in Phoenix, Arizona,” she told him.

Clint looked amazed.

Alicia looked bewildered while she left the room with Hector.

Angie and Hector stood in the hallway and looked at Clint from the interrogation room window.

“Get still shots from that saloon video of those two cowboys, and check the local nut houses for escapees. Then please have him take a shower and get his clothes washed,” Alicia told Hector.

“In work,” Hector said then walked down the hallway.

Alicia watched Clint through the window of the interrogation room.

She looked at the wanted poster then back at Clint inside the room. She hoped he wasn’t an escapee from a mental institution, because something about him had her intrigued.

John stopped off at an Army and Navy store and bought a used duffel bag.

He left that store and drove his Corolla to all the coin shops and antique stores where he sold the coins, rifles and pistols he stole in 1883. He bought back all the gold and silver coins he could. In order to do this, he also had to buy some

coins of lesser quality in order to get the quantity he needed. He figured this was the only way out of this mess.

In the Desert Tattoo Parlor, Bart and Charlie sat in chairs with shaved heads. They also wore modern Levi blue jeans and tee shirts with the standard Devil's Cowboys jean jackets.

The tattoo artist walked up and sat down by Bart.

"He's Bart and the other guy is Charlie," Bear told the artist.

The tattoo artist nodded that he understood and grabbed his needle gun. Bart looked at the needle, he whipped out his pistol and pressed it deep into the crotch of the artist.

"You best not cut me!" Bart snarled at the tattoo artist.

The artist swallowed hard. "No sir," he replied then started up his needle gun. He cautiously started on the cowboy cartoon.

Charlie, Jesse and Billy looked at Bart's arm. Their eyes crossed and they fainted to the floor.

Bear and the rest of the Devil's Cowboys chuckled at the sight of Charlie, Jesse and Billy on the floor.

John walked out of a coin shop in Scottsdale, and he bought back all the coins he previously sold.

He walked to the nearby parking lot and got in his Corolla. He started it up and drove off.

Chapter 13

It was later that Saturday.

Alicia worked at her desk and read some paperwork at the police station.

Hector walked up to her with the “Outlaw and Lawmen of Arizona” book and a file folder. He pulled up a chair and sat down next to her.

“I ran down John Mathers. He works as a driver that stocks vending machines. Are you ready for the bizarre part?”

Alicia got curious and dropped her paperwork. Hector laid the “Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona” book and the folder on her desk. He opened up the book to a flagged page.

“Here's a picture of the Marshal of Oak Creek. His name was Clint Bartley,” he said. “Does he look familiar?” he said.

Alicia looked at the page and saw old black and white photo of Clint taken outside his office in Oak Creek. It was the same picture he showed Merijildo in eighteen eighty-three. “I don't believe it,” she said while she stared at the picture.

Hector turned the pages of the book to another flagged page.

“Here's a picture of outlaws Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler taken around eighteen eighty-two,” Hector said.

Alicia looked at the page and saw an old black and white photo of Bart and Charlie taken in a saloon in Rattlesnake.

Hector reached in the folder and handed Alicia some color photos. These were pulled off the video taken from yesterday's first incident at the Wild Cactus Saloon.

“Here are some pictures from the saloon shooting. Notice how Bart had half of their right ear missing. Just like the picture in the book,” he said.

Alicia looked at the book then at the pictures. She looked bewildered with all this information.

Hector turned to another flagged page in the book.

“And Elmer Filson was killed, September seventeenth, eighteen eighty-three, in a place called Oak Creek during a bank robbery of the Oak Creek National bank. The robbery was committed by Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit,” he said.

Hector turned the pages of the book to another flagged page.

“Here's that Apache tracker Bartley mentioned,” he said.

“If this is the Indian in the hospital, I'm checking into the nut house,” she said not knowing what to think.

Hector nodded in agreement while she got up from her desk.

They walked away from her desk.

Twenty minutes later over in a St. Joseph's Hospital room, Merijildo slept in the bed with his head and shoulder bandaged and left arm in a sling.

Mel slept in a nearby chair and planned on staying until his great grandfather was released.

The room door opened and Alicia and Hector, with the “Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona” book in hand, entered.

Mel woke up when they closed the door.

Alicia and Hector flashed their badges at Mel.

“I'm Detective Alicia Hernandez and this is Detective Hector Carlson,” she said.

“I'm Mel Lincoln.”

Alicia walked over to Merijildo's bed. Hector opened the book, and he compared the picture in the book to Merijildo. They looked shocked at what they saw in the book and in the hospital bed.

“He's a spitting image of this Indian in this book,” she said.

Mel got up curious and walked over to Alicia and Hector. He looked at the book and smiled. "He's my great grandfather," Mel said.

"In the book?" Hector asked and pointed at the picture.

"Yes and in bed."

Alicia and Hector looked at each other in disbelief.

John walked out of another coin shop in Phoenix. He had a bag with gold and silver coins, which were the one's he stole and bought them back.

He walked to his parked Corolla. He got inside it, started it up, and drove off down the street.

Alicia drove the unmarked car with Hector in the passenger seat. He looked at the pages of Clint, Bart, Charlie and Merijildo.

"Every time I think about these people, time travel keeps popping up," Alicia said.

Hector thought about her comment then he remembered something. "You know, there was a story back in the fifties, about some guy claiming he went back in time through some cave called Crazy Hole. The authorities said he was delusional and they locked him up in some mental ward," Hector said.

Alicia got curious about that book. "See if a Kissing Bandit is in that book."

Hector flipped through some pages. He stopped, looked surprised and showed Alicia the page.

She looked and saw the picture of Bart, Charlie and John in Rattlesnake.

Alicia reached down and opened up her folder. She opened it and removed Clint's wanted poster. She compared it to the picture in the book. She hummed the "Twilight Zone" TV show theme song.

Hector nodded in agreement with Alicia.

Back in the Devil's Cowboys house, Bear and Bart finished their beers on the back porch.

“Before we start your plan, I still have this matter of John Matters that I need to settle. He still has my loot from the last bank we robbed,” Bart said.

“Where can we find this guy?” Bear asked.

Bart removed John’s address from his jean jacket pocket, and he handed it to Bear. “Do you know that place?” Bart asked.

Bear read the paper. “Yeah, I know where it’s located,” Bear replied.

They walked back inside the house and went into the living room.

In the living room, Charlie and the rest of the Devil’s Cowboys lounged around, ate pizza and drank beer. Candy, Melinda and Sadie were out earning tricks.

“Let’s ride boys. We have pay someone a visit,” Bear told everybody.

Charlie and the Cowboys got up and they all rushed to the front door.

Meanwhile, John drove his Corolla down the street where his apartment complex was located.

He turned into the parking lot of his apartment complex.

He parked his car and turned off the engine. He was scared. He reached over to the passenger floorboard and grabbed a duffel bag. The duffel bag was heavy as it contained all the gold and silver coins he bought back from the coin shops.

He got out of his car then he cautiously walked through the parking lot to the apartment buildings.

He cautiously walked through the complex and looked over his shoulder for Bart, Charlie or Clint. The coast was clear.

He got to his second floor apartment door. He made it safe and sound so far, and he unlocked his door. He slowly opened the door. He cautiously peeked inside, and the coast was still clear.

He entered his apartment and closed the door. He locked it and ran down the hallway.

John ran into his bedroom, and rushed to his closet. He opened the bi-fold doors and removed a backpack, and the cloth bag. He removed his cowboy hat and his clothes he wore in 1883. He shoved them in his backpack. He removed some shirts and other jeans. He shoved them into his backpack.

From his bedroom window, the sound of the six Harleys of the Devil's Cowboys was heard. But John didn't feel those Harleys were a threat.

He rushed over to his dresser drawers. He opened up the top drawer. He removed a bunch of receipts from his pants pocket and dropped them in the drawer. He closed the drawer. He opened up another drawer and removed tee shirts, socks and his tighty whitey underwear. He shoved them in his backpack and didn't zip it closed.

Then he heard the front door crash open.

In John's living room, Bart and Charlie slowly entered with their pistols drawn.

"Mathers! Where's our money?" Bart yelled from the living room.

In his bedroom, John stood frozen with fear. He looked at his window then he rushed over to it. He opened the window and threw his backpack out the window. They all plopped on the ground.

John climbed out his bedroom window. He hung on the window sill by his hands. He let go and fell to the ground and hit it with a thud.

He got up and grabbed his backpack then he limped away through his apartment complex.

In John's living room, Bart and Charlie rummaged through his computer desk drawer. Bart found the picture of them in Rattlesnake and that made him madder that a friend betrayed him by stealing their loot. He tore the picture into four pieces and let them rain to the floor. Then he removed another piece

of paper and saw John's "X" through Oak Creek and the other cities listed. Bart dropped that paper on the floor.

He looked at the computer. He didn't know what it was and looked intimidated by it so he left it alone.

Charlie went into the kitchen while Bart went down the hallway.

Charlie rummaged through the kitchen cabinets. He dumped glasses, plates, silverware and pots on the floor.

In the bedroom, Bart looked under John's bed.

He rummaged through John's closet and didn't find his loot.

Bart walked over and rummaged through John's dresser drawers. Bart saw a framed picture of Angie and John on top of the dresser. He grabbed the picture and looked at it.

Charlie entered the bedroom. "I didn't find our loot," he said while he walked up to Bart. Then he noticed the picture of Angie and John, and he got a horny grin.

"After we kill him, can I have my way with her?" Charlie asked.

Bart smashed the picture glass against the corner of the dresser. "Just like she's your wife!" he said.

Charlie got excited and did a goofy victory dance.

Bart had a strange hunch while he looked and saw the opened bedroom window. "He just skedaddled," Bart told Charlie.

Bart dropped the picture of John and Angie then they rushed out of the bedroom.

John ran through the parking lot and passed twenty feet from Bear and the Devil's Cowboys waited for Bart and Charlie, and they didn't notice John.

John ran to his Corolla. He opened the door and threw his backpack into his car. He got inside and started it up.

He drove out of the parking lot and down the street.

Five minutes later, Bart and Charlie ran through the complex and to the parking lot. They ran up to Bear and the Devil's Cowboys.

"Did you see him?" Bart asked Bear.

"Nope," Bear said.

Bart looked around the area. "Tomorrow, we need to find out where Mather's girlfriend lives. He's probably with her," Bart said while he got on the back of Bear's Harley.

"As soon as we make some serious cash, we're getting you two your own Harleys," Bear said.

The Devil's Cowboys drove off through the parking lot and drove down the street.

John drove his Corolla at the Best Western in Apache Junction, and he parked at the far end of the parking lot. He grabbed his duffel bag and backpack and headed to the registration desk.

John went to the front desk and got a room for the night and used his credit card.

I hope they don't get too pissed. John thought to himself when this credit card bill doesn't get paid. He shoved his room key in his pocket.

He grabbed his backpack and duffel bag then rushed down the lobby.

John didn't realize that his backpack was upside down. One of his tighty whitey underwear dropped out of his backpack. Then another pair of tighty whitey underwear dropped out. Then another pair of underwear dropped out. Then another pair of underwear dropped out. There was a trail of tighty whiteys behind John in the lobby.

A cane tapped John on his shoulder. He freaked out and thought Bart and Charlie was found him. He immediately dropped his duffel bag and crouched down in the fetal position on the lobby floor. He covered his head scared of being shot.

"I'm sorry! Please don't kill me!" John cried out and shook in fear.

Everybody in the lobby stopped and gawked at John who stayed cowered on the floor.

John didn't hear any gunfire, so he looked up and saw an old Nun who hovered over him with a cane.

"Young man, you're leaving a Fruit of the Looms trail on the floor," she said then picked up one of his underwear with the tip of her cane.

John saw his underwear while it dangled off the tip of her cane, and he blushed.

"Oh, thank you," John said then stood up.

"It's a good thing you listened to you Mother about keeping your boxers clean," the Nun said.

She walked away with her cane and chuckled.

People watched and snickered while John quickly picked up his underwear and shoved them in his backpack. He zipped it up, grabbed his duffel bag and rushed down the lobby to the elevators.

John entered his hotel room, and dropped the duffel bag and backpack on the floor. He took out his wallet from his back pocket and opened it up. He removed a picture of Angie and glanced at it. He hoped to see her one last time before he went forward with his life.

He walked over and lay on the bed and continued to glance at Angie's picture.

Bart and Charlie drank beer back at the Devil's Cowboys house.

Sadie, Candy and Melinda rode up on Harley's to the house. They parked them and went inside the house. They operated in another house located across town called The Devil's Playpen. Bear's seventy year-old mother, an ex-prostitute, ran the house and lived in one of the bedrooms.

Charlie watched while Sadie, Candy and Melinda gave Bear half of their money they earned while on their backs today. He gave them a kiss on the cheek, smacked them on their ass and told them to get some rest.

Charlie watched the rear ends of the girls while they walked down the hallway, and he got another erection.

Bart and Bear stepped outside on the back porch to talk about tomorrow's plan to visit Angie.

Angie paced in her living room and was upset. She thought about the recent events with John and wondered how should she handle everything.

She walked over to her coffee table and grabbed her cell phone, and she made a call. "Mom, it's Angie," she said into her cell phone.

"Hi baby. How are you doing?" she answered from the cell phone.

"So, ah," Angie replied.

"What's wrong?" her mother replied.

"I think I need a break from Phoenix. Can I come home for a week?" she asked.

"You know you don't have to ask. It's still your home," her mother replied.

"I'll be there in a couple of days. I'll fly to Philly. Can you pick me up at the airport?" she asked.

"Just let Dad or I know the flight number and time and we'll be there," her mother replied.

"I will. I'll call later. Love you, mom," Angie said then disconnected the call.

Angie sat down on the couch and her eyes welled up. She punched in another phone number on her cell phone.

"Richard," her boss answered her call.

"It's Angie. Listen, I hate to do this, but I going to resign my position effective immediately. I've been having some trouble with John and I think it's time I move on with my life," Angie said.

"I terminated John yesterday if that makes things easier for you," Richard replied.

"No. I think I should head back to Philly for a while. I would like to take my week's vacation immediately then I'll

come back and spend two weeks helping you find my replacement,” she said.

“I hate to lose you Angie as you’re one of my best employees. So let’s do this. Take your week vacation immediately. Peggy can cover. Then let’s see if you still feel the same way when you get back,” he replied.

Angie thought about his suggestion for a couple of seconds. “Okay,” she said.

“Great. I’ll see you in a week,” Richard said then disconnected his end of the call.

Angie turned off her cell phone and laid it down on the coffee table. Her eyes welled up while she thought about how things have turned out with John.

Back at the Police Station, Clint lay in his jail cell bed and closed his eyes while he tried to fall asleep.

At home that night, Alicia drank a cup of hot green tea while she read the “Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona” book.

She read the section on Marshal Clint Bartley, as there was something about him that still intrigued her. She started to like him and didn’t feel he was a criminal. But then she read the part where Clint Bartley went missing while chasing after Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and the Kissing Bandit.

She had a hunch the reason he went missing.

Chapter 14

Sunday, September 3rd, 2006 had passed. John stayed hidden in his hotel room while Clint was still in jail, Merijildo was still in the hospital, Bart and Charlie hung with the Devil Cowboys riding around Phoenix searching for John. Alicia stayed home thinking about her strange prisoner Clint. Angie was in her apartment and started packing.

It was Monday morning, September 4th 2006.

At the police station, Alicia arrived at her desk with a cup of coffee from a Circle K she stopped off along her way to work.

She sat down at her desk and turned on her computer.

Hector walked over with a glazed donut in one hand and a cup of coffee in his other.

He sat down at his desk, and munched on his donut and sipped on his coffee.

A female police officer walked up to Alicia's desk.

"Were you looking for a John Mathers?" she asked Alicia.

"I am, why?" Alicia replied and took a sip of her coffee.

"I heard of a call last night about someone breaking into an apartment over in Apache Junction. Units investigated and learned it belonged to a John Mathers. Someone kicked in the front door and rummaged through the place, but Mathers wasn't there. Plus the guys that broke in the place wore the Devil's Cowboys jackets and they both had pistols in holsters," the officer told Alicia.

"Thanks," Alicia replied.

The female officer walked away.

"Let's go Hector. I want to check out Mather's apartment. See what we can dig up," she said.

Alicia and Hector got in their unmarked car and drove to John's apartment complex.

A little while later and Alicia and Hector walked to the door with the complex manager. He unlocked the door that was repaired this morning.

"Let me know when you're done so I can lock it," the manager said then walked away.

Alicia and Hector cautiously entered with pistols drawn. John's apartment looked like a tornado came through.

"Yep, it looks like our two outlaws were here," Alicia said while they looked around the living room.

"I'm going to check out the bedroom," Hector said and walked down the hallway.

Alicia walked around the living room and looked at all the items on the floor.

She saw the ripped up picture on the floor by the computer desk. She walked over to it, bent down and picked up the pieces and placed them on the computer desk. She pieced the ripped up pieces and put them together like it was a jigsaw puzzle.

"Look Hector, here's that same picture from the book," she said.

Hector entered from the bedroom with the picture of John and Angie and all those receipts in hand.

Hector walked over to Alicia and looked at the picture of Bart, Charlie, and John taken in Rattlesnake. "Yeah, it sure looks like the same picture," he said. "She must be his girlfriend," Hector added and showed Alicia the picture.

Alicia compared the Rattlesnake picture against the picture Hector had in hand. "Yep, it sure looks like this John Mathers went back in time to the old west. I wonder why?" she said.

Hector looked at the Rattlesnake picture. "To be a famous old western outlaw, I would guess," he said.

"I think you're right. But it sounds like things went sour on the kid," she said.

Hector nodded in agreement, and then he saw the other paper on the floor. He picked it up and they looked at it then saw John's "X" through Oak Creek and the other 1880s cities listed.

"Looks like he was going to keep a track of his crimes," Alicia said.

"Yeah, looks that way," Hector replied and laid the paper on the desk. He handed Alicia the receipts he discovered earlier.

Alicia looked the receipts over and saw they were for Mathers buying a 2006 Mustang, horse and selling guns, pistols and money from the 1880s.

"Looks like he spent his money from being an outlaw here in present day Phoenix," Alicia said then shoved the receipts in his pocket.

Hector showed Alicia the picture of Angie. "He has a girlfriend," he said.

Alicia looked at the picture. "Let's find this girlfriend, and have a talk with her. I have a feeling we need to get this John Mathers before those two outlaws get him," she said she shoved the receipts in her pants pocket.

"Let's go," she told Hector.

They left the apartment and closed the door.

John checked out of his hotel room.

He walked to his car and put the duffel bag on the passenger floorboard.

He got inside, started it up and drove off.

At the Devil's Cowboys house, Bear woke everybody up. They all took turns with the morning hygiene routine.

Sadie, Candy and Melinda got on their Harleys and headed to the Devil's Playpen.

Bear, Bart, Charlie and the other Devil's Cowboys got on their Harleys and drove off to the Western Snacks and Vending Company.

At the Western Snack and Vending Company, Angie sat in the break room with Peggy. On the bulletin board was a poster where Frank tried to sell his 1993 Chevy 1500 pickup for \$900.

Angie and Peggy drank their morning coffee and snacked on some pastry at one of the tables.

“Anyway, I couldn't take his crazy outlaw stories anymore, so I broke up with him, Angie said depressed.

“How crazy?” Peggy asked.

“Babbling about going back in time and becoming a famous outlaw, some outlaws wanting to kill him and some Marshal who wants to arrest him,” Angie replied then sipped her coffee.

“Wow, that sure doesn't sound like John,” Peggy said.

“I think those western movies got to his head big time,” Angie said.

“What are you going to do now?”

“I'm going to use my vacation time and visit my parents. I'll have some time alone to do some serious thinking about my life and where I want to go with it. I might come back and quit, so can you cover for me this week?” Angie said while a tear ran down her cheek.

Peggy reached over and held Angie's hand. “No problem,” she said.

“Thanks,” Angie said and smiled. Then she looked at her watch.

“I better get home and pack. My flight leaves later tonight,” Angie said.

Angie and Peggy stood up, and Angie gave her a quick hug then she left the break room.

She walked into Richard's office and they had some small talk then she left the building.

Outside the building, Bear, Bart, Charlie and the Devil's Cowboys waited on their Harleys in the parking lot of the business next to the Western Snacks and Vending Company. They eyed the front door while they waited.

Angie exited the building and walked to her car in the parking lot.

Charlie's eyes widened with lust the second he saw Angie. "There she is, the love of my life," Charlie drooled at the sight of Angie and blew kisses at her.

While Angie walked to her car, the Devil's Cowboys started up their Harleys.

Angie drove her car out of the parking lot and drove down the street.

The Devil's Cowboys pulled out of the other parking lot and followed Angie who didn't suspect anything.

John drove his Corolla to a florist shop.

He came out a few minutes later with a dozen roses for Angie.

He drove to his former place of employment but Kim the receptionist told him that Angie went home for a week's vacation and might quit. John felt guilty and left. He got in his Corolla and drove off down the street.

The Devil's Cowboys continued to follow Angie to the Sandy Mountain apartment complex.

She parked her car and they parked at the other end of the lot.

Bear and the rest of the Devil's Cowboys waited while Bart and Charlie followed Angie to her apartment.

John drove his Corolla into the other end of the parking lot of Angie's apartment complex.

Bart and Charlie watched around the corner of a building while Angie entered her apartment.

John got out of the Corolla with the dozen roses in hand.

He walked to Angie's apartment building, and along the way, he rehearsed in his mind what he was going to say.

Bart and Charlie walked to Angie's door, and Bart got ready to knock on it. Charlie looked around and his eyes widened when he saw John while he walked in their direction.

"There's Mathers!" Charlie said and pointed at John.

Bart looked and saw John and he whipped out his pistol, as did Charlie.

They ran away from Angie's apartment door.

John walked closer to Angie's apartment building.

"Where's my loot?" Bart yelled at John then he fired a shot.

At first John didn't recognize Bart and Charlie. But when a bullet zinged by John's shoes he recognized them and knew they wanted to kill him. He dropped his roses, turned around and ran back to the parking lot.

Bart and Charlie raced after him.

Bart and Charlie stopped and aimed then fired their pistols.

A bullet zinged by John's ear while the other one hit a parked car five feet away.

People around the apartment complex heard the gunfire and dove for cover.

Bear and the Devil's Cowboys watched while John ran to his car. They started their Harleys and were ready for Bart and Charlie.

John jumped in his car and started it up.

He screeched out of the parking lot and fishtailed into the street.

He raced his Corolla off down the street.

Bart and Charlie ran to Bear and the Devil's Cowboys.

"Mather's ran off," Bart told Bear.

"We saw him," Bear said.

Bart got on the back of Bear's Harley while Charlie got on the back of Jessie Harley.

The Devil's Cowboys raced out of the parking lot and drove off down the street after John.

John raced his Corolla down the street. He glanced in his rear view mirror and saw the Devil's Cowboys on Harley's after him. He didn't know why they got involved.

Just my luck, Bart and Charlie joined a motorcycle gang! John thought to himself while he eyed his rear view mirror.

John raced his car down the street.

He screeched a right turn onto another street.

The Devil's Cowboys followed on their Harleys.

John raced his Corolla down that street.

He screeched a left turn onto another street.

The Devil's Cowboys followed on their Harleys.

John looked in his rear view mirror and hoped he lost them. He wanted to cry when he saw they were still on his tail.

John looked ahead and his eyes widen in shock, and he slammed on his brakes. His Corolla screeched and fishtailed to a stop inches from the back end of another car stopped in traffic.

Bart and Charlie fired their pistols from the Harleys.

Bullets penetrated the rear end of John's Corolla.

John reached over and grabbed his duffel bag and backpack from the passenger floorboard.

He opened his door, got out and ran away.

John ran between the stopped cars that were stopped because of a traffic accident up ahead at the traffic light.

John looked ahead and ran toward the Paradise Valley Mall since it looked like a safe place to hide.

The Devil Cowboys rode up next to the Corolla. They stopped, and Bart looked inside and saw it was empty.

Bart looked down the street and saw John while he ran through the Paradise Valley Mall parking lot.

"There he is!" Bart yelled and pointed at the mall parking lot.

Traffic started to move a little around the accident.

A car behind the Corolla blew its horn at the Devil's Cowboys.

Bart got pissed and looked behind him. He aimed his pistol at the car and fired at the car.

Steam hissed out of that car's radiator when it was hit by a bullet. The man got out and ran away scared down the street.

The Devil Cowboys raced down the street and headed to the Paradise Valley Mall parking lot.

John ran through the mall parking lot. He looked behind him and saw the Devil's Cowboys while they raced through the lot after him.

John ran to some glass doors, and he opened them and ran inside the mall.

He turned left and ran down the mall in the direction of Macy's.

John ran through the mall. He didn't know where he would go and figured he would run until he didn't see those Harleys anymore.

The Devil's Cowboys crashed their Harley's through the glass doors to save time.

John stopped and turned around. He saw people while they ran and dove for cover while the Devil's Cowboy's raced their Harleys down the mall.

John didn't know where to go then he saw a Champs Sports store. He figured he could dodge in there and run out the back door.

John ran into Champs Sports store.

John stopped when he heard the Harleys. He turned around and saw the Devil's Cowboys at the entrance of Champs Sports.

"We got ya cornered, you yellow-belly. You shouldn't have stole our money," Bart yelled.

"You shouldn't have killed that deputy," John yelled back.

"You killed him. Didn't he, Charlie?" Bart yelled.

"Yeah he did. The Kissing Bandit killed Elmer Filson," Charlie yelled.

People in Champs Sports looked scared at the sight of a motorcycle gang at the entrance.

John dropped to the floor, and he scampered through racks of sporting good clothes.

The Devil's Cowboys inched their Harleys inside the store.

Bart and Charlie stood up on their Harley's. They scanned the store while the Devil's Cowboys slowly inched farther down the main aisle of the store.

"Come out Mathers, you're going to die, so you might as well get it over with now," Bart yelled out.

John scampered down an aisle near the end of the store then he stopped and looked around.

He saw a bin of baseballs ten feet away toward the main aisle, and he scampered over to them. He grabbed a couple of baseballs then scampered to the main aisle then he stood up.

"I'm over here Bart," he yelled out and hoped his plan would work.

The Devil's Cowboys stopped their Harleys. Bart saw John at the end of the main aisle.

He laid his duffel bag and backpack on the floor. He stood in the main aisle and faced the Devil's Cowboys who were at the other end of the aisle by the entrance doors.

Bart aimed his pistol at John while Bear raced his Harley down the main aisle.

All the customers and employees in Champs Sports ran scared out the entrance.

John went into his pitcher's wind up. He threw the baseball at Bear's approaching Harley.

The ball smacked Bear in his forehead. Bear's eyes crossed and he lost control of his bike. He crashed into a merchandise display and Bart flew off in the air and he crash-landed in another merchandise display.

Charlie stood up on Jesse's Harley while he raced after John.

John took another wind up. He threw the ball at Jesse's approaching Harley.

The ball smacked Jesse in his left eye. He lost control and crashed into another merchandise display and Charlie flew in the air and crash-landed in another merchandise display.

John looked proud of himself and for the first time, he was thankful for my mother forcing him to play baseball. He picked up his duffel bag and backpack.

He ran to the door at the end of the store.

He opened it and went inside and left the door open.

John ran through the storeroom and headed to the back door.

He opened it and ran outside to the parking lot.

Bart and Charlie got up in pain.

Bear and Jesse got their Harleys upright.

Bart and Charlie got on Bear and Jesse's Harleys.

"Let's try to find him," Bart said.

Bear looked and saw the back door was open.

"He's outside," Bear said.

Bear turned his Harley around and drove down the main aisle to the store entrance. Jesse and the other Devil's Cowboys followed.

People ran scared while the Devil's Cowboys raced their Harleys down the mall to the exit they crashed through.

John ran through the parking lot.

A city bus drove to the bus stop at the street in front of the mall.

John ran faster to the buss stop. He got there just in time.

The bus stopped and the doors opened.

John rushed inside the buss, and he quickly opened up his wallet and gave the driver the fare.

He rushed to an empty seat and sat down.

The bus drove off down the street and John felt relieved.

From the bus windows, John watched while the Devil's Cowboys drove out the exit they crashed through.

The Devil Cowboys Harley's drove through the parking lot. Bart and Charlie stood up and scanned the lot, and John was not in sight anywhere.

“Where did he go?” Charlie asked.

“He got away,” Bart said then he thought for a second, and then he smiled. “He’s on foot so he ain’t very far,” Bart added.

Bart and Charlie reloaded their pistols.

“Let’s get the scoundrel,” Bart said then patted Bear’s shoulder.

The Devil’s Cowboys raced their Harleys through the parking lot searching for John.

Chapter 15

It was still Monday.

Alicia and Clint walked out of the police station and headed to the parking lot. Clint's clothes were clean, his face shaved and hair washed, and he looked like a new man.

“The District Attorney’s not going to charge you, but I would like you to stay with me until we catch these two shooters. Plus since you’re from the past, I can’t leave you running around in the future. You’ll get hurt and I don’t want that to happen,” Alicia told him.

Clint tipped his cowboy hat at Alicia. “Ma'am, it would be my pleasure to ride with you. After all, I was hunting bad guys before your great grandma was born,” Clint said.

Alicia smiled, as she was actually looking forward to spending time with Clint. She started to like him, as he was different from all the other men she dated.

A police officer ran out of the Police station. “Detective Hernandez!” he called out.

She turned around and stopped when she saw him.

“We got a report of two cowboys and bikers were shooting and chasing after a young man down by the Paradise Valley Mall. Then before that, there was a shooting at the Sandy Mountain apartment complex with the same descriptions as the shooting by the mall. There’s also a Corolla left in traffic out in the street by the mall that belongs to a John Mathers,” the officer told her.

“Do you know anything about these bikers?” Alicia asked.

“The Devil’s Cowboys,” the officer responded.

“Send a unit over to the hangout of the Devil’s Cowboys and see if a Bart Stone or Charlie Chandler are hanging out with

them. If they are, detain them for questioning,” she told the officer.

“In work,” the officer replied.

“Thanks,” Alicia told the officer who turned around and rushed back to the station.

“Let's go and catch us some outlaws!” Clint said to Angie and looked determined.

Alicia and Clint walked up to her unmarked police car.

Alicia got inside behind the wheel.

Clint stood by the passenger door, confused at this piece of modern technology. He looked confused on how to open the door.

Alicia got out and walked around the car to Clint.

“I forgot you've never been inside a car,” she said.

“This thing is called a car?” Clint asked.

“Car or automobile,” she said then opened his door. Clint looked amazed as he got inside. She closed his door and walked back around and got inside behind the wheel.

Clint watched in amazement while Angie started the car and drove off.

He couldn't believe his eyes while he watched Angie drive down the street.

Meanwhile, John sat on the city bus while he drove through the streets of Phoenix. He didn't know where he was going to get off, so he decided to stay seated until something safe came to mind.

Back around the Paradise Valley Mall, the Devil's Cowboys drove down the numerous streets. They all scanned the area for any sightings of John.

Charlie spotted a sexy young woman, twenty-five-years old that wore a sundress that revealed her 38D breasts, while she walked down the sidewalk up ahead. Charlie looked horny while he watched this sexy woman. He leaned closer to Jesse for a closer look of this hot chick.

Jesse's eyes saddened widen in fear when he felt something poking against his back. Jesse screeched his Harley to a stop, and he jumped off. The Harley leaned over and Charlie fell off and hit the street.

Bear sensed something was wrong, so he stopped his Harley as did the other Devil's Cowboys. He turned around and looked at Jesse.

"What's wrong?" Bear yelled at Jesse.

"Charlie here has a pump tent in his britches!" Jesse yelled back and pointed at Charlie's crotch.

"Sorry. The ladies back home don't walk around half nakie," Charlie said then blushed.

All of the Devil's Cowboys chuckled at Charlie and Jesse.

"Enough! We got work to do," Bart yelled at everybody.

Jesse got his Harley upright and removed his jean jacket. He rolled it up and placed it at his backside while Charlie got on in back of him.

"Keep your eyes shut, Charlie!" Jesse ordered.

The Devil's Cowboys rode their Harleys down the street.

Alicia drove her unmarked car down one of the Phoenix streets. Clint looked the dashboard over and was fascinated by all the knobs, and gadgets. Alicia reached over and turned on the radio. A Toby Keith song *I Love This Bar* played on the radio.

Clint looked all around the car and couldn't figure out where country music was coming from. "Where's the band?" he asked her while he continued to look around the car.

Alicia chuckled and pointed to the radio.

"It's called a radio. It plays music," she said.

Clint looked amazed at the radio. "We'll I'll be," he said while he touched the radio amazed at it.

At the Sandy Mountain apartment complex, Angie finished packing her suitcase, in her bedroom, to visit her parents in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. She undressed and walked naked to her bathroom at the other end of her bedroom.

The Devil's Cowboys drove their Harleys with Bart and Charlie to the parking lot of the Sandy Mountain apartment complex. They parked in the lot and turned off their engines.

Bart and Charlie got off the Harleys. "We'll be right back," Bart told Bear who nodded he understood.

Bart and Charlie rushed to the complex buildings.

Angie finished her shower and stepped out then she grabbed a towel and dried off.

She left the bathroom and walked to her dresser. She opened up a drawer and removed some panties and a bra. She slipped on the panties then wore her bra.

Bart and Charlie stood at Angie's apartment door. A woman, fifty-five-years old, just stepped out of her apartment next to Angie's. She glanced over and saw Bart and Charlie. Then she saw Bart kick Angie's door. She got scared and rushed back inside her apartment.

Angie heard her front door being kicked and it scared the crap of her and she jumped a mile.

Bart and Charlie entered her living room with their pistols drawn.

"Where are you Mathers? We want our money!" Angie heard Bart yell out from her living room. She got scared and hid under her bed and prayed she wouldn't be killed.

Off in another area of Phoenix, the bus stopped at a stop near a QuikTrip convenience store. John got off the bus with his duffel bag and backpack and walked over to the pay phone on the wall of the store.

In Angie's apartment, Bart walked over and ransacked a bookcase. He dumped all the contents of the bookcase on the floor.

Charlie opened a closet door. He looked inside and removed a golf club bag full of clubs, and he admired it. He smirked with an idea while he grabbed a nine-iron. He held it in his hands then smashed the club into the drywall.

“Yahooo!” Charlie yelled out while he repeatedly smashed the nine-iron into the drywall.

Angie’s cell phone rang on her coffee table.

Bart and Charlie looked around curious for the source of that ringing.

They walked around the room while her cell phone rang and searched for the source of that odd sound.

Bart walked by the coffee table and saw the cell phone. Bart picked it up. He figured out how to open it up then he placed her cell phone to his ear.

“Angie?” John called out from her cell phone. “Angie? Are you there? It’s me John. Get out of your apartment now!” John added from her cell phone.

“Where are you mister Bandit?” Bart yelled into the phone.

At the pay phone at the QuikTrip convenience store, John looked scared when he realized Bart was on Angie’s cell phone.

“Bart?” John asked to make sure.

“You need to come to your girlfriends home with our loot. Because when we find her, we’ll kill her if you don’t,” Bart threatened from the phone.

“I’m on my way,” John said then hung up the phone.

John looked around the parking lot of the convenience for a ride to Angie’s apartment. He saw a woman, about twenty-five years old at the gas pump, and he rushed over to her.

“Excuse me, I’m desperate for a ride to my girlfriends house. Can you give me a lift?” he asked.

She looked at his duffel bag and backpack and immediately thought he was a homeless bum and a possible serial killer. “I can’t do that,” she replied then stopped pumping gas and placed her nozzle back.

She rushed away from John and headed to the store.

John walked away disappointed and headed to the sidewalk.

In Angie’s apartment, Bart dropped Angie’s cell phone to the floor. He smashed it with his cowboy boot.

Charlie continued to smash everything in sight with the nine-iron club with a cowboy yell.

Bart smiled at the sight of Charlie while he had fun with the golf club. "Let's check the other rooms," Bart told him.

Outside in the parking lot, the Devil's Cowboys waited on their Harleys. Then something felt wrong and Bear looked at the street. He saw a police car turn into the parking lot.

"Jesse, go get Bart and Charlie. The cops are here. We better git," Bear said.

Jesse acknowledged and got off his Harley. He ran to the apartment buildings.

Bart and Charlie walked down the hallway of Angie's apartment.

Alicia parked her unmarked car near the roped off area in the Phoenix street by the Paradise Valley Mall. She and Clint got out of the car and walked over to where two police officers stood guard over John's Corolla in the street. One of them had some papers on the trunk of the Corolla.

The one officer glanced at Alicia while she walked up to him. "We traced this Corolla to a John Mathers," he said then picked up the papers and handed them to Alicia.

"Also found these receipts in the glove box," he added then handed her the papers.

Alicia read the first receipt and looked surprised. She read the second receipt, then quickly read the third receipt.

"This is strange, he traded a new Mustang in for this old Corolla and bought a bunch of old gold and silver coins. Why would he do that?" she asked a little baffled.

"Doesn't make sense to me," Clint said.

Alicia and Clint walked back to her unmarked car. Her cell phone rang, and she answered it. Clint curiously watched.

"Alicia."

"We got a call that someone broke into an apartment at the Sandy Mountain apartment complex. The apartment belongs to Angie Dawson and witness said the Devil's Cowboys

were the one's that kicked in the apartment door," Hector said over the phone.

"Could be our guys and maybe she's connected with Mathers," Alicia said.

"I checked where John works and he had a girl friend named Angie Dawson according to the employees there," Hector replied over her cell phone.

"I'll check it out," Alicia said then disconnected her call.

Clint looked amazed at the cell phone.

"We believe your two outlaws busted in a girls apartment and she might be connected to Mathers," Alicia told Clint.

"Did you get that information from that little contraption?" he asked.

"It's called a cell phone," she said while she showed it to Clint. "You have a lot to learn about the future," she chuckled.

Clint looked in awe at the cell phone. "People of the future sure have fancy gadgets," he said impressed.

Alicia chuckled while they got inside her car.

Back in Angie's apartment, Bart and Charlie opened up Angie's dresser drawers. He dumped out all the contents of the drawers on the floor.

Charlie saw Angie's panties on the floor. He picked up a black pair and looked them over. "Bart, look at these fancy bloomers," he said with a horny grin.

Bart smacked the panties out of his hand. "We don't have time for that. We need to find our loot," he told Charlie.

Under her bed, Angie only saw their cowboy boots. Her eyes welled up scared to death they might rape then kill her.

Bart walked to her bed and she could sense he removed her covers and bed sheet.

"Bart, Bear said the cops might be on their way here. We better leave or risk being arrested," Jesse told Bart and Charlie from the bedroom doorway.

Bart and Charlie ran out of Angie's bedroom.

They ran out of Angie's apartment with Jesse.

Bart, Charlie, and Jesse ran through the apartment complex and got to the Devil's Cowboys.

They quickly got on the Harleys.

The Devil's Cowboys started up their Harleys and they raced out of the parking lot and to the street.

They raced off down the street.

John saw a man pump gas into his Chevy Silverado pickup truck, and he approached him.

"Excuse me sir, but I really need to get to my girlfriend's apartment. Can you give me a ride?" he asked the man.

The man looked at John and felt leery of him.

John showed the man an 1882 silver dollar in mint condition. "I can pay for the ride," John said.

The man saw the silver dollar and knew it was worth lots of money. "Sure, why not," the man said then snatched the silver dollar out of John's hands and placed it in his pocket.

Angie's unmarked car pulled into the parking lot of the Sandy Mountain apartment complex. A police car followed her car for backup. They both parked and Alicia, Clint and two police officers rushed to the apartment buildings.

They walked to Angie's apartment, and saw the front door was kicked down. Alicia and the other two police officers removed their pistols.

The officers stepped inside while Alicia waited with Clint outside.

A few minutes later, the officers walked back outside. "It's clear," one of the officers told Alicia.

Alicia placed her pistol back in her holster. She entered Angie's apartment and Clint followed.

Angie's apartment looked like a tornado came through and the walls are full of holes.

"Let's pray they don't have her," she told Clint while they walked through her living room. They saw the contents of her bookcase on the floor.

She walked over and saw Angie's smashed cell phone on the floor.

Alicia and Clint walked down the hallway.

They entered her bedroom and saw her clothes from her dresser scattered on the floor.

Angie sobbed from under the bed and Alicia and Clint heard her.

Alicia quickly removed her pistol and aimed it at the bed.

"I'm Detective Alicia Hernandez from the Phoenix Police department. Come out from under the bed."

Angie crawled out, in panties and a bra, from under the bed. Her eyes were red and watery and she was shaken and scared.

Clint saw Angie and his eyes widened. He quickly turned away embarrassed.

"Are you Angie Dawson?" Alicia asked her.

Angie nodded in agreement.

"Do you know a John Mathers?" Alicia asked her.

"He was my boyfriend," Angie responded.

Clint looked around the floor. He saw a tee shirt and jean shorts. He picked them up, closed his eyes and handed them to her. "Ma'am."

Angie grabbed the tee shirt and pants and quickly got dressed.

"Do you know where your boyfriend might be at this moment?" Alicia asked.

"I don't know. He became so infatuated with old western outlaws, I broke up with him," Angie said. She looked at Alicia. "I think the guys that broke into my apartment are the same guys that came looking for John at work," Angie said.

"They would be Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler," Clint said.

"Who are you?" Angie asked.

Clint removed his cowboy hat and opened up one eye to make sure Angie was decent. She was decent so he opened up

his other eye. "Ma'am. I'm Clint Bartley the Marshal of Oak Creek," he said.

"I've never heard of Oak Creek," Angie said.

"It's a long story and you might not believe it," Alicia said while she patted Clint on his shoulder.

"One yelled out about where's his money. I don't have their money," Angie said.

"Angie, the money has something to do with your boyfriend," Alicia said.

"They robbed the Oak Creek bank before my deputy was shot and killed. John ran off with the loot from what I hear," Clint said.

"Robbed a bank? Killed a deputy?" What the hell is going on?" Angie said totally confused.

"I'll tell you as soon as we get you to a safe place," Alicia said then thought for a second. "You can stay at my place."

Angie nodded in agreement.

They left her bedroom.

They exited her apartment and the police officer finished writing on a pad of paper then he looked at Alicia.

"I have witness who claims that the two men who broke into Miss Dawson's apartment were bald and wore jean jackets with Devil's Cowboys on the back with a devil in a cowboy hat cartoon," the officer told her while they walked away.

"Devil's Cowboys," she said while they walked to the parking lot.

The man in the Chevy Silverado dropped John off in the parking lot of the Stone Mountain apartment complex.

Alicia made a call on her call phone while she walked through the parking lot with Clint and Angie.

"Hector, the Devil's Cowboys motorcycle gang broke into Angie Dawson's place. Did you see any movement at their hangouts?" she said into the cell phone.

"It's quiet here," Hector replied from her cell.

"Okay. Let me know when you see them," she said.

“Will do,” Hector replied.

She disconnected her call and shoved it in her pants pocket.

John walked through the lot then saw the police car. He got suspicious then ducked behind a parked car.

He peeked over the hood of the car. He saw Angie with Clint, Alicia and the two police officers while they walked to the police cars. *She's safe.* He thought to himself then sat down by the car's wheel.

He peeked above the hood of the car and watched while Alicia's unmarked car drove out of the parking lot with Clint and Angie. The other police car followed Alicia's car.

John sat back down and waited by the wheel of that parked car.

Chapter 16

Later that Monday and the sun settled to the west with a beautiful orange and purple sunset.

John walked to another Circle K convenience store in Mesa. He walked up to a pay phone, and he deposited some coins and made a call.

“Frank.”

“It's me, John,” he responded.

“What's going on with you? I heard Richard fired you. Plus, a detective was here asking questions. Am I going to see you on America's Most Wanted?” Frank answered from the phone.

“Listen, I can't explain it right now, but I need a huge favor. Do you still want to sell old pickup with that trailer hitch?” he asked.

“Sure but what's going on?” Frank asked.

“It's an urgent matter of life and death and I don't have time to explain. Can you meet me with the truck? And make sure you have a ride home as I'm leaving town,” John said.

“Am I going to be arrested for accessory to some crime?” Frank asked concerned.

“No. You don't have anything to worry about. Trust me,” John replied.

“Okay. Where should I meet you?” Frank asked.

“I'm at the Circle K on Southern Avenue in Mesa,” John said.

“Okay. I'll be there in thirty minutes,” Frank said then he disconnected his end of the call.

While Alicia drove to her house in Marley Park located in Surprise, Arizona, she along with Clint got Angie up to speed

on the recent events involving John. Angie sat stunned in the backseat while thinking that time travel was for real.

“There’s no way John would kill anybody,” Angie said.

“Bart claims that John shot and killed my deputy and friend Elmer,” Clint replied.

“Bart’s lying,” Angie said with confidence. “John was obsessed with old western outlaws and I think he went back in time to place himself in the history books. But I will never believe he would kill another human being,” Angie added.

“Well, I don’t care about that, I want to bring John, Bart and Charlie before Judge Peter Peabody. He’ll determine who is the guilty one,” Clint said.

“Why did John run?” Alicia asked Angie.

“He’s scared. He thinks he’s a bad outlaw, but inside, he’s a chicken,” Angie said.

“Well, I wish we could find him before those outlaws do. Then we can get to the bottom of this whole mess,” Alicia said.

Angie looked out her window and wondered where John could be hiding.

Alicia’s cell phone rang and she answered it.

“I found out the Devil’s Cowboys operate a whorehouse called the Devil’s Playpen. I have that place under surveillance,” Hector told Alicia over her cell.

“Great,” she said. “Let me know if those two outlaws have been spotted.”

The Devil’s Cowboys drove their Harleys to their house, but when they were down the street, Bear noticed a police car parked near their house. He quickly made a U-turn and they drove off.

The officer in the police car didn’t notice the Devil’s Cowboys leaving because he fell asleep bored from his surveillance job.

The Devil’s Cowboys drove to the Devil’s Playpen. But Bear also noticed another police car watching their

establishment. He quickly turned the gang around and they raced away down the street.

That police officer didn't notice the Harleys, as he was too busy eying the young lady in a bikini sunbathing out front.

Frank drove his Chevy 1500 pickup truck to the QuikTrip convenience store, and his wife drove behind him in her Civic. He parked his pickup truck by the pay phone. His wife parked her car at a gas pump.

"Where are you going in such a hurry?" Frank asked John while he got out of his pickup.

John hesitated for a second. "Dodge City."

"Why there?"

"Just seems like the place to live," John responded.

"Are you sure I'm not going to see you on America's Most Wanted?" Frank asked.

"I'm sure. Nine hundred, right?" John asked.

"Yep," Frank replied.

John wrote a check for nineteen hundred dollars. He handed Frank the check and he handed John the keys.

They shook hands to seal the deal.

"Good luck in Dodge City," Frank said then walked to his wife who finished pumping gas.

John got in the Chevy pickup with his duffel bag and backpack. He started it up and drove out of the parking lot and down the street.

John drove to the nearest Lowes and purchased a small garden transplanter. He wanted a shovel, but this would work just fine. He shoved the transplanter in his duffel bag and drove off down the street.

John drove to the nearest Wal-Mart. There he bought some bags of jerky, and various snacks that would keep for a couple of days while he was on the trail in 1883. He also bought some paper, pen, black sharpie, cloth bags, knife and a lighter.

John drove to Rusty's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables and hooked up his horse trailer to the hitch on his pickup.

He went inside the stable and got his horse.

It was getting dark while John drove his pickup down U.S. 60 to the Superstition Mountains.

He looked paranoid while he glanced at his outside mirrors.

Some motorcycle headlights shined in the outside mirror. John looked and knew it was a motorcycle. He got scared.

"How did they find me?" John cried out loud, and he needed a weapon. *But what could he use?* He thought to himself. Then he saw a hammer on the passenger floor, and he reached down and grabbed it.

The motorcycle got in the passing lane, and John got really nervous. Then the motorcycle stayed even with his window.

He quickly rolled down his window, leaned out with the hammer and waved it at the motorcycle like it was a weapon.

"Aaaaahhhh!" John screamed at them. Then he saw a Honda Goldwing motorcycle riding next to his pickup.

John saw an old lady passenger whose eyes were as big as baseballs while John threatened them with his hammer. She pounded the old man drivers on his back.

"Get us out of here! He's a lunatic!" she screamed at the old man while she beat the back of his shoulder.

John realized it was an innocent old couple and brought his hammer back inside his pickup. He felt like a jerk while he watched the Honda Goldwing while it raced off down the road ahead of him.

Bear and the Devil's Cowboys drove north of Apache Junction to a deserted area where there was a doublewide trailer all by its lonesome self. This trailer belonged to his Uncle Walter who was in Los Angeles at the moment.

Later that night inside the trailer, Charlie sat on a couch amazed while Billy and Butch, smashed empty beer cans on their foreheads.

Charlie took his beer can and rammed it hard into his head. His eyes crossed and he almost passed out. Billy and Butch laughed at Charlie.

Bart stood with Bear at the end of the room.

“I still need to find Mathers and get my loot,” Bart said.

“Why don’t we just give up on him and start our adventure back to eighteen eighty-three. We can divide up into three groups. Charlie, you and I can each lead a group of outlaws,” Bear said.

Bart thought about what Bear offered then he smiled. “I like the way you think. And with Marshal Bartley here in your jail, our chances of getting arrested is gone away,” Bart said.

Candy, Melinda and Sadie entered the trailer with five boxes of Domino’s pizza and six six-packs of Budweiser in hand.

The Devil’s Cowboys rushed up and quickly snatched the boxes away from them.

“We’ll need eight horses. Do you know where we can get some?” Bart asked.

Bear thought for a second. “Yeah, I know this guy that owns a ranch not too far from here. Rusty loves to visit Melinda, so I think he’ll give us a good deal on some horses,” Bear replied with a smirk.

Bear looked at his jean jacket. “We’ll need some new clothes,” Bear said.

Bart looked at the jean jacket then smiled. “No, these will strike fear in the folks back in eighty eighty-three,” Bart replied.

“Good, then we’ll head out tomorrow morning. But first, we’ll need some lessons on riding a horse and Rusty can also take care of that,” Bear replied.

“We’ll need more pistols,” Bart added.

“We can call in a few markers in the morning,” Bear said.

Jesse walked up and handed Bart a slice of pizza. He looked at it and didn’t know what to think. He took a bite, and he liked it!

Later that night, John parked his pickup at the dirt parking lot near the trails into the Superstition Mountains.

He dropped silver and gold coins in four cloth bags. He marked one Oak Creek, then he marked one Stone Valley, then he marked one Southern Pacific, and then he marked the last one Butterfield. He tied them up and shoved them in his duffel bag. He took the pad of paper and pen, and he started to write notes to leave in the bags.

Thirty minutes later, John finished with his notes and placed them in his duffel bag. He grabbed his backpack and placed it against his door as a pillow. He rested his head down and stretched his feet out on the seat. John closed his eyes and started to fall asleep when his passenger door creaked open.

John eyes widen scared, as he thought it was Bart coming to kill him.

He looked and saw a skinny homeless bum at the passenger door, and he was relieved it wasn't Bart. "What do you want?" he asked the bum.

"I need a place to eat," he said then moved John's feet off the passenger seat and sat down. He closed the passenger door.

"It's cold outside," the bum said then held up a whiskey bottle wrapped up in a brown paper bag. He took a sip of whiskey from the bottle.

John leaned over and grabbed the duffel bag off the passenger floor and laid it on his floorboard by his shoes.

"Excuse me, but this is my truck and I would like you to leave," John demanded.

"After you have a drink with me, I'll leave," the bum said and looked determined that he wasn't going to get out.

The bum handed John the whisky bottle. John looked at the bottle then he decided to take drink so the bum will leave. He took a swig, and he coughed and coughed. The bum laughed a raspy laugh.

Thirty minutes passed and John still held the bum's whiskey bottle and was woozy from the booze.

“I can't believe it. I lost my girl. I lost my job. Now two outlaws want to kill me and a Marshal wants to arrest me,” John whined to the bum then took another swig of whiskey.

“Me too,” the bum said then reached for the bottle but John took another swig and the bum almost fell in John's lap.

“I don't know why I had to become an outlaw. I was so stupid for doing that. Why the hell did I go back in time?” John said.

“Me too,” the bum said then bum reached for the bottle.

John took a long swig then his eyes crossed and he passed out and his head smacked the window sill of the door.

The bum snatched the whiskey bottle out of John's hand. He took a big gulp of whiskey and glanced at John.

“Wussy!” the bum called John then got out of the pickup and slammed the door shut.

John passed out and his head hit the window sill of his door.

The bum walked off into the desert night.

Over at Al's Used Car lot, Rodney, a seventeen-year-old teenage local high school football quarterback, looked at all the used cars in the lot with his father. The kid had worked hard for the past two years and saved up for his first car and his father promised help him buy one. He wanted something sporty to impress the girls at school.

They walked upon John's Mustang, and the teenager liked what he saw. His father walked around the car and checked it out.

“This is the car I want,” Rodney said.

“I don't think so,” his father said from the rear of the Mustang.

“Why not?” Rodney asked.

“Because it has bullet holes in rear,” the father replied.

Rodney's eyes lit up when he heard that and he ran to the rear of the car. He looked at the bullet holes in awe. “Cool!”

Rodney said. "I love this car," Rodney said all excited as he thought this would make him even cooler at school.

A salesman walked up to Rodney and his father. "Find something you like?" the salesman asked.

"I want this Mustang," Rodney said all excited.

"I don't think so. I mean it has bullet holes in the rear end," the father replied.

"It's like a gangster car. I'll be king and the girls will love me," Rodney said all excited.

"Well, I think we can do a little negotiating on the price," the salesman offered.

The father's ears perked up, as he knew he could knock down the price.

They walked off and headed to the sales office.

Back at Alicia's house, Angie slept in a lazy boy chair in the living room.

At the other end of the room, Clint played a classical song on the piano with Alicia by his side. Two glasses of red wine were on top of the piano. He stopped playing and they both took a sip of wine.

"Where did you learn to play the piano?" she asked impressed with his playing ability.

"My mother was a piano teacher and she made me spend hours at the ivory keys," Clint replied.

"Were you born in Oak Creek?"

"No, I was born and raised in San Francisco. I moved out here for some adventure. Were you born in Phoenix?"

"Born and raised. My father was in station in the Air Force here in Arizona. That's where he met my mother," Alicia said then took another sip of wine.

"Air Force? What's that?" Clint asked then took a sip of wine.

"It's kinda like the Calvary in the sky," Alicia said.

Clint thought about her response. "The future sure is interesting," he said.

“It has its moments. You know. I guess I didn't pay attention in history class, where was Oak Creek located?”

“A bit northwest of the Miners Needle in the Superstition Mountains,” he answered.

“Can you show me? I'm curious where you came from.”

“It would be my pleasure,” he said and was happy she was interested in his life.

Alicia and Clint gazed into each other's eyes. He wanted to kiss her, and she wanted to kiss him. Clint chickened out and took a drink of wine but missed his mouth and spilled some on his shirt.

Alicia noticed and touched the stain. “Let's try to remove the stain,” she said with her head close to his.

Clint looked at Alicia, and then he leaned closer to her lips. He got nervous on kissing her so he pulled away.

“Yes. We should wash my shirt,” he said.

Alicia got up and grabbed Clint's hand. She walked him out of the living room and into her laundry room.

Later that night, Alicia let Angie use her other guest bedroom. She got out a blanket and extra pillow and Clint had her couch in the living room as his bed.

An hour after Clint fell fast asleep, Alicia tiptoed into the living room. She gathered up his clothes and tiptoed out of the living room.

She walked to her laundry room and placed Clint's clothes in her washer. She put in some soap and turned on the washer.

She tiptoed back into the living room, and wished he didn't have head back to 1883 while she watched him sleep.

Chapter 17

The sun rose and shined through John's truck windows for the start of Tuesday morning. It was September 5th, 2006.

The sun hit John's face and he woke up, and he sat up in his seat. He had a splitting headache from the whiskey and a small knot on the side of his head where he hit his window sill. His eyes crossed, and he immediately opened up his door and ran out of the truck.

He bent over and vomited into the dirt. He stood up and looked around and remembered his situation.

He walked back to the truck and removed his backpack and duffel bag. He opened up the duffel bag and removed his cowboy hat and old western clothes. Nobody was in sight so he quickly changed clothes. He left his 2006 clothes in the truck floorboard. He looked just like he did when he went back to 1883 minus his cartridge belt and pistol.

He shoved his backpack in the duffel bag and walked to the horse trailer and went inside through the side door.

John backed his horse out of the trailer. He got in the saddle of his horse with his duffel bag in hand.

He rode his horse off to the trail.

Back at Alicia's house, she cooked breakfast that consisted of scrambled eggs, bacon, pancakes and coffee and Clint acted like the gentleman and assisted.

They ate with idle chitchat and after they finished, Angie and Alicia sat at dining room table and drank coffee.

Clint went to the living room and played the piano and his classical song sounded soothing.

Angie looked the "Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona" book. She looked at the section on "John Mathers; alias the

Kissing Bandit” and saw the picture of John, Bart and Charlie in Rattlesnake.

“This is so weird seeing John in a history book,” Angie said while she stared at the old picture. “This is exactly what he wanted,” she added. She took another sip of her coffee. “I thought he was flipping out with those stories of traveling back in time to become an outlaw.”

“But there’s now a strange twist. He recently bought back everything he stole,” Alicia said.

“I don't have a clue on what he's up to,” Angie said then closed the book.

Alicia looked over at Clint and smiled over the sight of him at the piano. “Hard to imagine a talented man wanting to become a western Marshal,” Alicia said then her eyes widened with an idea. “Clint, why don't you show me where Oak Creek was once located,” Alicia yelled out.

Clint stopped playing the piano, and he got up and walked into the kitchen.

“We'll need some horses. I don't think that thing you call a car can make it in the mountains,” Clint said.

“I know of a place where we can rent some,” she said then she looked over at Angie. “It would be safer if you stayed here. We have units on the lookout for the Devil's Cowboys,” she added.

“Okay, I'll just chill and watch TV,” Angie replied.

“Help yourself to anything in the fridge,” Alicia said.

“Let's go partner,” Alicia said to Clint.

He smiled and assisted her out of her chair.

“I'm really loving this!” she told Angie.

Angie looked jealous while she watched Clint escort Alicia out of the kitchen. She remembered something then he grabbed her cell phone, turned it on. She had a missed phone call from her mother, and she cringed that she forgot. She quickly punched in her mother's phone number.

“Mom, it's Angie.”

“Where are you? Dad and I are worried sick. You didn’t call us with your flight information,” her mom said in a panic.

“I’m so sorry. Some thing came up and I didn’t leave Phoenix.”

“Are you alright?” her mom asked.

“I’m fine. Just some serious work stuff came up and I was the only one that could fix it,” she lied but didn’t want to tell her the truth because that would worry her to death.

“Are you coming home soon?”

“Hopefully in a couple of days,” Angie replied.

“Okay honey. Call us,” her mother said.

“I will,” Angie replied then disconnected her call.

Angie laid her cell phone on the table and looked worried.

Elsewhere in the Phoenix area, Bear and the Devil’s Cowboys left the trailer and rode to another friend’s house in Apache Junction where he picked up four pistols.

They rode off on their Harleys.

John rode his horse down Dutchman’s trail to Miners Needle.

He stopped his horse thirty feet from Crazy Hole. He got out of his saddle, removed his shirt then used it and covered his horse’s eyes. He looked at Crazy Hole then looked the area over, as he wanted a last glance at 2006.

He walked his horse inside Crazy Hole.

He entered Crazy Hole and removed a flashlight from his duffel bag. He turned it on and his flashlight illuminated the cave while he walked his horse deeper into Crazy Hole.

He soon came upon the Priest carving on the cave wall. He looked at the hole that remained after he dug up Bart’s saddlebag. He reached in his duffel bag and removed the small transplanter. He looked at the hole then went to the left of it, and he started to dig.

Twenty minutes later, John dug up Charlie’s saddlebag. He opened it and there was Charlie’s take on all the robberies. John shoved Charlie’s loot in duffel bag but while he did that he

didn't notice an 1880 silver dollar fall out and drop back into the hole.

He looked at the tunnel to the right. "I want to go back to September nineteenth, eighteen eighty-three," he said.

He walked his horse into the tunnel with his saddlebag. The blue plasma light illuminated the tunnel while John was inside.

Back in 1883, blue plasma light illuminated Crazy Hole while John walked his horse out. He removed his shirt off the horse's head. He wore the shirt then looked around the area.

He looked back at Crazy Hole, and he knew he couldn't return. He hoped to somehow leave Angie a message that he loved her and extremely sorry he screwed up. He tucked his shirt in his jeans and got back in the saddle of his horse with his duffel bag in hand.

He saw four horses that grazed one hundred feet from Crazy Hole. He recognized two of them as being Bart and Charlie's horses. He suspected the other two belonged to Clint and the injured Indian.

He rode his horse off to the south with his duffel bag tied to his saddle.

Back in 2006, Bear and the Devil's Cowboys drove to another friend's house in Mesa. He picked up three more pistols, and then they drove off on their Harleys.

Alicia drove Clint to Rusty's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables.

She knew Rusty, as he was a detective she worked with when she first started. Rusty was kicked off the force after the department got sued when Rusty pistol-whipped a career child molester into confession. He believed in the old ways of police work and that wasn't accepted during these times. His wife then left him two months after that because of his heavy drinking. So he bought the horse ranch and tried to make it a successful business. But he spent some of his profits at the Devil's Playpen and loved to visit Melinda.

Alicia walked into the stable.

“Rusty, it’s Alicia,” she called out.

Rusty came out of a stall and saw Alicia. He smiled as it’s been years since he’s seen her. “Alicia, how have you been?” he asked while he walked over to her. He gave her a quick hug.

“Good, listen, this is Clint Bartley,” Alicia said.

Rusty and Clint shook hands.

“You haven’t been in here for a while to ride,” Rusty said.

“I know, do you have two horses for us? We want a quick trip into the Superstition Mountains,” she said.

“No problem,” Rusty said then walked over to some stalls.

“How’s business?” she asked.

“Terrible,” he replied while he went into a stall and walked a horse out.

Thirty minutes later, Alicia and Clint rode off into the Superstition Mountains on some horses.

Bear and the Devil’s Cowboys drove to another’s friend’s house in Avondale. They picked up one additional pistol, and then they drove off on their Harleys.

Alicia and Clint rode their horses for an hour then Clint stopped at an area where there was nothing but flat ground and scrub brushes.

“This looks like where Oak Creek was located,” Clint said seeing the Salt River close by. He got out of the saddle of his horse.

Alicia got out of the saddle of her horse.

Clint looked around and saw some small pieces of wooden foundations in the dirt. “Yep, Oak Creek used to be here at one time. But there’s nothing left of the place,” Clint said.

“Nature has a habit of erasing evidence from an long ago era,” Alicia said while she looked the area over.

Clint looked around and saw a clump of brushes fifty feet away to the south. It looked familiar and he ran to the brushes.

He stomped his way into the brushes and revealed a couple of old tombstones.

Alicia ran over to Clint.

"It's our old cemetery," Clint told her then one of the tombstones caught his attention.

He moved deeper into the bushes. He looked at the tombstone and saw the faded letters. "Here lies Elmer Filson, Born August 9, 1830, Shot September 17, 1883 by Three Outlaws" his tombstone read.

Clint's eyes welled up as he brought back that horrible memory of Elmer's dead body in the dirt street.

Alicia pushed her way into the bushes. She saw Elmer's tombstone and noticed Clint was upset. She placed her hand on his shoulder for support.

"I'm sorry about your deputy," she comforted him.

"He was also a dear friend," Clint said while he got out of the bushes.

They spotted another tombstone to the left of Elmer's. "Here lies Peter Yoemans, Remains Found September fourteen, eighteen eighty, Cause of Death Unknown," Peter's tombstone read.

Alicia glanced at Peter's tombstone while they got out of the bushes, but didn't think anything of it.

Clint looked around the area that once was Oak Creek, and then he had a strong hunch. "I think it's high time I do my job and catch Elmer's killer," Clint said determined.

"We have APB's out and every cop in Phoenix has a photo of them. Plus we are now convinced they're with a motorcycle gang called the Devil's Cowboys." Alicia said.

Clint's hunch got stronger. "Can you take me to Merijildo?" he asked her.

"No problem," she said.

Clint looked determined while they walked back to their horses.

They got out of the saddles of their horses and rode away.

The Devil Cowboy's rode their Harley down a Phoenix street. Bart rode with Bear on his Harley while Charlie rode with Billy on his Harley.

They turned their Harleys down another street.

Bart's eyes widened and he pointed straight ahead. He saw John's Mustang as he recognized the bullet holes in the rear.

"There's Mathers!" Bart yelled out while at the same time he whipped out his pistol.

The Devil Cowboys raced their Harleys after the Mustang.

Inside the Mustang, Rodney drove and had Cassie, a seventeen-year-old cheerleader in the passenger seat. Rodney knew he was going to get lucky with her, as those bullet holes in the rear impressed the hell out of her.

"Baby, you'll about to find out why they call me the Italian Stallion!" Rodney said with a cocky tone.

He leaned over and rubbed the inside of her thigh. She looked at him and then her eyes suddenly widened.

"Ahhhh!" she screamed and pointed at his door window in a panic.

He looked worried and pulled his hand off her thigh.

He looked out his window and saw Bart on the back of the Bear's Harley with a pistol aimed at them. Rodney screamed a girlish scream at the sight of Bart. He got so scared, he crapped in his pants, and then he realized what he did and looked sick.

Bart motioned at Bear to leave. "It's not Mathers," Bart said from the outside. Rodney and the cheerleader watched while the Devil's Cowboys raced off down the street.

Rodney blushed and lifted his butt off his seat. The Mustang swerved all over the road.

The cheerleader sniffed the air inside the car, and it stunk! She soon realized Rodney crapped in his pants. She got the dry heaves and rolled down her window. She stuck her head outside and sucked in fresh air.

Rodney swerved the Mustang all over the road while he avoided sitting in his mess. She banged her head into the

window sill and passed out. This is not what Rodney had in mind for his hot date.

Alicia and Clint rode their horses back to Rusty's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables. They turned in their horses and got back inside her car, and she drove off.

Thirty minutes later, the Devil's Cowboys rode their Harley's into the parking area of Rusty's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables. They parked their Harley's and walked to the big stable.

Inside the stable, Rusty finished putting Alicia and Clint's horses away in their stalls. He walked out of the stall and was surprised to be greeted by Bear.

"Hello Rusty," Bear said with a smirk.

"Ah, Bear. What are you doing here?" Rusty replied a little nervous.

"I need some horse riding lessons for me and the boys and then let us take the horses for a ride. And you will give us lessons for free," Bear said.

"Free?" Rusty replied a little intimidated.

"Yeah, because Melinda will free the next time you visit. Heck, I'll even throw in Candy," Bear said.

Rusty thought about doing it with two girls and he liked that idea. "It's a deal," he said then walked to another stall with a horse inside.

Back in 1883, John galloped his horse to Stone Creek.

He rode down the main street and looked fearful someone would recognize him as an outlaw. But while he rode deeper into Stone Creek noticed he was the Kissing Bandit.

He rode his horse between the bank and the building next to it. He stopped and got out of the saddle of his horse then he opened his duffel bag. He reached inside and removed the cloth bag marked Stone Creek.

John reached in his duffel bag, removed and glanced at the note.

“To Whom It May Concern. I’m sorry for robbing your bank. Here’s your money back. Please forgive me. John Mathers, alias The Kissing Bandit. I’ll never rob again as I quit being an outlaw,” John wrote previously on his note.

John tucked the note in the bag then set the bag by the wall of the bank.

He got in the saddle of his horse turned his horse around and rode away.

John rode out of Stone Valley then galloped his horse in the direction of Phoenix.

In 2006, Alicia drove Clint to the St. Joseph’s hospital. She parked her car in the lot and they walked to the hospital.

Inside his hospital room, Merijildo lay in his bed and pressed the buttons on the bed controls. The bed moved up then it moved down. Merijildo had a ball while he repeated the up and downward movement of the bed, as it was like a carnival ride to him.

Mel read a magazine in a chair at the other end of the room. He smiled at his great grandfather while he watched him having a great time with the bed.

Clint and Alicia entered the room.

Merijildo saw Clint and smiled. “Clint, look at fancy bed,” Merijildo said while he used the control and the bed moved up and down having a ball.

“Could you please us alone?” he asked Alicia.

“No problem,” she said then left the room.

Clint walked over to Merijildo who stopped the movement of the bed. “We’re going back to Oak Creek.” Clint turned to Mel. “Can you get us two horses and a rifle?” he asked.

“Sure. I’ll call my son Victor. We have horses at our stable,” Mel said then opened up his cell phone and made a call.

Merijildo got out of the bed and walked to the bathroom door.

Clint looked while the backside of the gown flapped and exposed Merijildo’s butt cheeks.

“Whoa. Merijildo. You can't go home dressed like that.”

Merijildo felt his exposed butt cheeks. “I do feel drafty on butt,” he said.

Merijildo went inside his bathroom to change into his regular clothes.

“Victor, dad. I need you to pick me up at the St. Joseph's Hospital,” Mel told Victor from his cell phone.

“Are you hurt?” Victor asked extremely concerned.

“I'm fine. I'm with some friends and they need a ride. Plus have two horses and rifles ready,” he told Victor.

“Horses and rifles? What's going on, Dad? I'm worried about you,” Victor said.

“Don't worry. It'll make sense when you meet my friends and hear their story,” Mel said.

“I'll be there,” Victor replied.

Mel placed his cell phone in his pocket just as Merijildo came out of the bathroom in his 1883 clothes.

At Rusty's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables, the Devil's Cowboys received riding lessons.

Jesse sat on the horse and looked intimidated while his horse rode around in circles. Then his horse galloped and Jesse leaned to the side and almost fell out of his saddle. He sat straight up then he started to ride like a professional and looked like a cowboy.

Back in 1883, John rode his horse into old Phoenix. While he rode, nobody noticed him or mention that he was John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit, so he felt safe.

John rode around Phoenix until he found the Butterfield Overland Stagecoach office. He stopped his horse by the side of the office. He got out of the saddle of his horse, opened up his duffel bag and removed a cloth bag marked “Lincoln” and a note.

“To Whom It May Concern. I'm sorry for robbing your stagecoaches. Here's your money back. Please forgive me.

John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit. I'll never rob again as I quit being an outlaw," John previously wrote in this note.

John shoved the note in the bag then laid the bag by the wall of the office.

He got in the saddle of his horse and rode off.

Later that day, John rode down three other streets of Phoenix. He finally rode upon the office of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. He got out of the saddle of his horse, reached in his duffel bag and removed a cloth bag marked "Southern Pacific" and a note.

"To Whom It May Concern. I'm sorry for robbing your train. Here's your money back. Please forgive me. John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit. I'll never rob again as I quit being an outlaw," John previously wrote in this note.

He dropped the note in the back, then placed the bag by the wall of the office. He looked at the sky and knew night would be here soon. He got in the saddle of his horse and rode off.

John rode out of Phoenix and headed to the Superstition Mountains.

Back in 2006, at the St. Joseph's Hospital, Mel cracked open Merijildo's hospital room door. He peeked out and saw Alicia down at the Nurse's station.

"Have any updates on the Devil's Cowboys?" Alicia asked Hector on her cell phone.

Alicia didn't notice Clint, Merijildo and Mel while they sneaked out of the hospital room. They ran toward the elevators at the end of the hallway.

"Have everybody keep their ears and eyes open," she told him.

A Nurse at the station looked down the hallway, then her eyes widened and got upset. "Hey! He can't leave yet," the Nurse yelled.

Alicia looked at the Nurse then looked at down the hall. She saw Clint, Merijildo and Mel waiting at the elevators.

She quickly put away her cell phone. “Where you going Clint?” she asked.

The elevator doors opened and Clint, Merijildo and Mel rushed inside. The doors closed just as Alicia ran up to them.

Outside St. Joseph’s Hospital, Victor drove his 2002 Chevy Silverado through the parking lot. He stopped by the front doors, and he waited then looked at the front doors curious about what his father’s antics.

The front doors slide open and Mel, Clint and Merijildo rushed out.

Mel saw Victor’s truck, ran over to, and Clint and Merijildo followed.

Mel opened the passenger door for Merijildo who looked amazed at the sight of a vehicle while he sat inside. Clint looked lost while he stared at the pickup and Mel noticed.

“You can sit in the back,” he said.

Mel got inside the cab and Merijildo slid to the middle. Clint climbed in the bed of the pickup and sat down.

Victor drove off and looked at Merijildo, then at his father.

Merijildo looked around the truck in amazement. “What this strange thing called?” Merijildo asked Mel.

Victor looked concerned with his comment. “Did this old man escape from the mental ward of the hospital?” he asked.

“No. This old man is your great grandfather, Merijildo. He came from Crazy Hole,” Mel told Victor.

“Oh,” Victor said, as what he said didn’t sink in. Then it hit him, and he slammed on his brakes. In the bed, Clint banged his head on the back of the pickup bed.

Victor looked at the back window. “Who is that guy in the back of the pickup?” Victor asked.

“Clint Bartley. He Marshal of Oak Creek,” Merijildo said.

“Dad. I think it’s best we take him back to the hospital,” Victor said.

Mel removed his wallet and removed the old picture of Merijildo. He showed it to Victor. “Remember this?” he asked.

Victor looked at the picture then he looked at Merijildo. He quickly looked at the picture, and his eyes widened in shock. "Hello great, great grandpa. I'm your great, great, grandson," Victor said then extended out his hand to Merijildo.

Merijildo smiled and shook his hand.

Victor drove away through the parking lot.

Alicia rushed out of the hospital front doors. She stopped and looked around the area. Victor's pickup truck was already gone from the parking lot.

"Where did he go?" she said out loud while she scanned the area disappointed Clint was gone.

She walked over to her car in the parking lot.

Victor drove his pickup to his ranch. He parked by the garage and they all went inside.

Later on Victor, Mel, Merijildo and Clint ate dinner and talked retreated to the back porch where Merijildo told stories of their ancestors.

The Devil's Cowboys finished their riding lessons from Rusty.

They drove off in their Harley's back to the doublewide trailer. They immediately drank beer and then the stress of horse back riding hit them and they all fell sleep.

Alicia and Angie ate dinner and watched a movie. Alicia was preoccupied with Clint's whereabouts. Angie was preoccupied with John's whereabouts. They didn't pay close attention to the movie while they thought about their men.

Back in 1883, John camped out in the Superstition Mountains. He snacked on some beef jerky and snacks he bought at Wal-Mart in 2006. He finished and bedded down on his blanket in the dirt and stared at the star filled sky. He wanted to kick himself in his butt for screwing up his life with his stupid outlaw obsession.

His eyes welled up while he wondered what he would do for a living in 1883 Dodge City. His duffel bag and back pack

were secured to the saddle of his horse that was tied to a nearby tree.

“Maybe I can be a bartender, that should be easy. All they seem to serve is a glass of beer and a shot of whiskey,” he said to himself then his eyes welled up. “I should have went to college,” he added.

He heard some critter of the night, and he jumped up startled. He quickly loaded his pistol with some bullets. He lay back down and kept a watchful eye on the desert.

Chapter 18

It was Wednesday morning, September 6th, 2006.

Angie made breakfast while Alicia got ready for work.

The Devil's Cowboys woke up and were soon on the road. Their tasks was to buy everybody cowboy hats and finish their horse back riding lessons. They would head back to 1883 and live the life as famous outlaws along with Bart and Charlie.

Back at Mel and Victor's ranch, Clint and Merijildo waited outside the stable with rifles in hand.

Mel and Victor walked out two horses out of the stable. They walked the horses up to Clint and Merijildo.

Merijildo shook Mel hand. "You come with me for visit? Preeti love to meet you," Merijildo said.

"No way. I need my modern conveniences," Victor said.

Mel thought about it. "No. I'm a little too old for that stuff," Mel said.

"Me understand. Thank you for watching over me. Nice to know family lives on," Merijildo said then shook Mel's hand.

Merijildo walked over to Victor and shook his hand. "It was nice to meet you," he said and Victor smiled back.

Clint and Merijildo got in the saddle of their horses.

They rode off in the direction of the Superstition Mountains.

"I guess the legend is true. How come you never went in there?" Victor asked Mel while they watched the two ride off toward the mountains.

"I actually thought it was an old stupid Indian superstition," Mel replied.

"I don't know why they called it Crazy Hole when it brings ancestors together," Victor said and smiled while he placed his

arm around Mel. Then Victor looked a little sad. “We lost three horses,” he said.

Mel smiled and reached in his pocket. “Clint gave me these for the horses,” Mel said and showed Victor six mint condition 1881 silver dollars.

Victor smiled, as he knew they would be worth some bucks.

They walked back to their ranch house.

Later that day, Clint and Merijildo rode to Crazy Hole. When they got ten feet from the hole, the horses freaked out and they almost fell off.

The quickly hopped out of the saddles of their horses and Merijildo knew exactly how to correct his situation. He removed his shirt and used it to cover the horse’s eyes. Clint did the same to his horse.

They walked their horses inside Crazy Hole and walked inside. They walked in the dark cave and got to the dead end.

“Legend have it that we have to say month, day, and year we want to travel to,” said Merijildo.

Clint thought about it for a second. “We want to travel back to September twentieth, eighteen eighty-three,” he said taking an educated guess.

“Good day,” said Merijildo as his gut feeling made him feel this was a good choice.

They walked their horses into that other and the blue plasma flash illuminated all around them.

Back in 1883, John woke up, rolled up his blankets and secured them to his saddle. He quickly hopped in the saddle of his horse. He rode off towards the direction of Oak Creek.

Also back in 1883, Clint and Merijildo walked their horses out of Crazy Hole. They looked around and knew they were back home.

Clint saw their horses and Bart and Charlie’s horses.

Clint walked over and grabbed the reins of all four horses. He walked them back over to Merijildo and the other horses.

Clint and Merrijildo got in the saddles of their horses and each held onto the reins of two other horses.

They rode off in a northerly direction toward Oak Creek.

An hour later, John rode into Oak Creek, and he was extremely nervous. After he got closer to the bank, nobody recognized him, and he felt safe.

While he rode into town, he also saw the train at the station. His plan worked perfect so far and he knew in his stomach he would be free and clear of being an old western outlaw.

He rode to the Oak Creek National bank and stopped his horse in front of the bank. He quickly got out of the saddle of his horse and tied the reins to the hitching post. He opened up his duffel bag, and he removed the bag marked Oak Creek. He reached in the duffel bag and removed the last note.

“To Whom It May Concern. I’m sorry for robbing your bank. Here’s your money back. Please forgive me. John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit. I’ll never rob again as I quit being an outlaw,” John previously wrote in his note.

John dropped the note into the bag. He rushed over and dropped the bag by the bank door.

He rushed back to his horse and removed his duffel bag.

He rushed off down the street, and left his horse behind at the bank.

John walked to the train station where the train engineer greased the train for the next leg of the journey to Phoenix where he knew he could take a train north and eventually make it to Dodge City.

John walked to the ticket office window where Winston Wallace worked inside as the ticket clerk and also operated the telegraph machine.

“Ticket to Phoenix,” he told Winston and handed him a silver dollar.

Winston gave John his ticket. He glanced at John and it didn't dawn on him it was the Kissing Bandit. "Train leaves in ten minutes," Winston told John.

John walked away with his duffel bag and walked over to a bench fifteen feet from the ticket office window. He sat down and looked sad that he had to live the rest of his life in the old west.

Winston glanced over at John, and then something felt familiar. He thought for a second then it dawned on him. *It's the Kissing Bandit!* Winston thought to himself. He quietly walked to the rear of his office. He slipped out the back door.

Winston ran down the street.

Clint and Merijildo rode their horses into town. They immediately rode to the livery stables, and they dropped off the horses.

They walked away from the stables and headed to his office.

Sally walked down main street and up to the bank. She spotted the bag John left behind at the door. She walked over to it and picked it up. She opened up the bag and saw the note and coins. She removed the note and read what John wrote. Her eyes widened with joy, as she was glad the Kissing Bandit was back in town.

She took the bag into the bank.

Clint and Merijildo walked down main street and headed to his office with his rifle in hand. Clint started to think about his strategy of how he would catch John.

Winston ran up behind Clint. "Marshal, the Kissing Bandit is sitting at the train station. He's leaving for Phoenix," he told Clint.

Clint looked determined while he turned around and ran down the street. Merijildo and Winston ran after him.

When he just passed the bank, Rodney and Sally ran out of the bank. Rodney had the bag, John left, in his hand. "Marshal.

Marshal. The Kissing Bandit returned all the money he stole,” Rodney yelled the second he saw Clint.

Clint stopped dead in his tracks, as did Merijildo and Winston. Clint turned around and looked at Rodney in disbelief. “What?” he asked while he rushed over to Rodney.

“The Kissing Bandit returned all the money he stole,” Rodney said and showed Clint the bag.

Clint opened up the bag and saw the money. Then Rodney showed Clint the note.

“Well that’s good. But Elmer’s killer needs to be brought before a judge,” Clint said then ran off down the street towards the train station.

“The Kissing Bandit is waiting at the train station,” Winston told everybody who gathered around, curious.

Sally’s eyes lit up, as she wanted to see John again.

Merijildo, Winston, Rodney and Sally ran after Clint.

John sat on the bench and waited while other people quietly milled around the area.

“Train leaves for Phoenix in five minutes,” the train conductor called out while he walked up and down alongside the train.

People lined up to board the train. John got up from the bench and stood in line, and he was the last one. He knew this was going to work.

“All aboard for Phoenix,” the train conductor yelled out.

People started to board the train.

John stepped on the train step while some other people rushed over to the train.

“You’re under arrest Mathers!” Clint yelled out behind John.

John’s eyes widened with fear, as those were words he never wanted to hear. He turned around and saw Clint with a Winchester aimed behind him.

The people that rushed to the train quickly rushed over to a safer spot.

People on the train gawked out their windows and watched John being arrested.

John raised his arms in the air. "I returned all the bank's monies I stole. Can we call it even and let me go? I promise I'll never show my face in Oak Creek again," John begged.

"I don't think so. There's this matter of my dead deputy that needs settling," Clint replied.

John shook in fear and thought he was going to piss his pants. "But I didn't shoot him. Bart did," John protested.

"That's for the Judge Peabody to decide. Not me!" Clint said then cocked his rifle.

Sally looked sad, as she didn't want John arrested. All she wanted was another kiss from the Kissing Bandit.

"Move it," Clint said then motioned his rifle for John to walk away from the train.

John walked away. Clint followed with his rifle aimed at John's back.

Merijildo, Sally, Winston and Rodney followed.

People stuck their heads out the train windows and watched while Clint escorted John away.

Clint escorted John through the streets of Oak Creek with his rifle pressed in the middle of John's back. People around saw this and got curious.

"Clint's back in town. Whom did he arrest?" a man asked Winston while they walked past him.

"The Kissing Bandit," Winston replied.

More people came out of building to see the man Clint arrested. Then word spread quickly around Oak Creek that the Kissing Bandit was arrested.

Clint escorted John to his office. Merijildo opened the door for Clint. He pressed his rifle harder into John's back. John knew what that meant and went inside. Merijildo followed and closed the door.

Sally, Winston and Rodney waited outside. More people gathered and talk spread like wild fire that the Kissing Bandit was arrested.

Sally got an idea, and she rushed off down the street.

Inside the Marshal's office, Clint walked John to one of the empty jail cells. He slammed the cell door the second John stepped inside the cell.

John looked scared to death while he sat down on the bed of his new home.

Clint looked at the desk that once belonged to Elmer, and his eyes welled up. He looked over at Merijildo. "After I talk to Judge Peabody, I'll get your pay," Clint told him.

"No need. I saw family. That worth more than that pay," Merijildo said.

"You better get back to your boy and your wife, Preeti," Clint said.

Merijildo smiled then left the office.

Clint looked back at John then he walked of his office.

Clint walked through the streets of Oak Creek and headed into the residential area.

He walked up to a house and knocked on the door. After a few minutes, the door opened and Judge Peter Peabody appeared.

"Hello Marshal. I heard you were out chasing after the outlaws that shot poor old Elmer," he said.

"Yes sir and I caught one of the scoundrels. I have him locked up ready for a trial," Clint replied.

Judge Peabody thought for a second. "I have the trail for Stinky Sampson the day after tomorrow," he said. Then he looked at Clint's eyes and new Elmer was his good friend. "He was a good fishing buddy and knew where the fish were biting. I guess I can get word over to Stone Valley and postpone Stinky's trial for three days," he said. "I'll but the boy on trial in the morning. We'll start at nine," Judge Peabody added.

Clint smiled. "I'll have him there."

“Good. I’ll arrange for Horace Arnold, that new young attorney over in Mountain Rock to represent him. That kid has been here for two months and hasn’t had his first trial,” Judge Peabody said.

Clint smiled and walked away.

Judge Peabody closed his front door.

Clint walked through the dirt streets of Oak Creek and went back to his office.

He went inside, and walked up to John’s cell where he lay on his bed. John saw Clint and stood up.

“You go before Judge Peabody in the morning,” Clint told him.

“I’m innocent. I didn’t kill your deputy. Bart did,” John cried out.

“Judge Peabody will decide that tomorrow morning. You’re trial starts at nine,” Clint said.

John looked scared to death since he read about Judge Peabody in the history books. All the outlaws that went before Judge Peabody were found guilty. This was part of the life of an outlaw that he didn’t realized could be a strong possibility. He went back to his bed and sat down, and he knew he was dead meat.

Clint walked over and to his desk and sat down. He thought about is recent trip to the future, and he thought about Alicia. He smiled as he really started to like her and it was too bad they were from different time periods. Then he got sad when he thought that at this exact moment, she doesn’t exist.

The door opened, and Sally entered with a plate covered by a cloth napkin.

She closed the door while Clint glanced at her.

“Sally, you didn’t have to bring me dinner,” Clint said.

She looked at John’s cell. “I’m sorry Marshal, it’s for the Kissing Bandit,” she said and smiled at John.

Clint looked over at John. He looked back at Sally and couldn’t figure out why she took a liking to him.

“May I Marshal? He still needs to eat,” Sally asked.

“Go ahead,” Clint said and motioned for her to go over to John’s cell door.

He watched her walk the plate over to John. She slid it under the gap at the bottom of the cell bars. John picked up the plate and removed the napkin. It was corn, fried chicken and green beans.

“Thank you,” John said while he sat down on his bed and ate a piece of chicken.

“I’m Sally. Do you remember me?” she asked while she watched him eat.

John looked at her. “No,” he replied with a mouth full of chicken.

“You kissed me when you robbed the bank here at Oak Creek,” she said.

John thought for a second while he swallowed. “I remember,” he said then munched on some more chicken, as he was starving. “My name is John Mathers,” he added.

“I know,” she replied with love in her eyes while she watched John eat.

Clint got up from his desk and walked over to John’s jail cell.

“John, don’t you have a girl friend back home? I believe her name is Angie. I met her. A really sweet girl and I can imagine she’s worried sick on where you are right now,” Clint said.

Sally looked disappointed with that information.

“Sally, you better leave. I can imagine Ernie is worried. Plus, you have your wedding next week,” Clint said.

Sally looked a little guilty. “Good bye,” she said then rushed out of the Marshal’s office.

Clint looked at John’s dinner, and his stomach growled. “I’m going to get some dinner myself. Stay put,” he told John with a light chuckle.

Winston rushed inside the Marshal's office. "Marshal Bartley, I just got word that Marshal Jeb Paulson died in his sleep two days ago," he told Clint while he rushed up to him.

"Died? What a shame. Jeb was a good lawman, but he was getting up in age. I guess a new Marshal for Mountain Rock will have to be sworn in," Clint said.

Winston's stomach growled.

"Have you had dinner yet?" Clint asked.

"No," Winston replied.

"Let's get some grub," Clint said.

Clint left the Marshal's office with Winston.

John waited a few minutes to make sure Clint didn't return. He looked at the small window at the rear of his cell.

He stood up on his bed, and he grabbed the cell bars. He shook them and hoped they would come loose, but they didn't. John got off the bed and walked to the cell bars.

He grabbed the bars and shook the door. He hoped it would come loose, but they didn't.

He walked over the bed and sat down depressed.

Later that night, Clint returned with a bedroll and a new cartridge belt and pistol. He laid it on the floor between his desk and John's jail cell to guard over him. Even though the office had a back room with a bed, Clint preferred to sleep on the floor by the prisoners.

He then went over to the potbelly stove and made a pot of coffee. He walked back to his desk and sat down with his boots up on his desk. He waited for the coffee to brew on the stove.

John was on his back on the bed, and he stared at the ceiling.

A little while later, Clint sat at his desk and drank a cup of coffee.

The rest of the night was quiet between John and Clint.

An hour later, John finally fell asleep.

Clint removed his cartridge belt and laid it on the floor. He bedded down on the floor on his bedroll and quickly fell asleep.

A rooster crowed while the sun rose in Oak Creek. It was Friday, September 21st, 1883.

John woke up in his jail cell bed, and he hoped it was all a bad dream. He sat up and looked around, and realized it wasn't a bad dream.

Clint woke up then stood up and stretched. He looked at John who looked ever so sad in his cell.

"I'll get us some breakfast," Clint said then walked to the door.

John rushed over to the cell bars. "Excuse me, I need to use the bathroom. Really bad!" John said.

Clint turned around and looked at John. He walked over to his desk and removed some keys from the middle drawer. He walked over and unlocked John's cell door.

"If you try to get away, I'll put a bullet in your back," Clint threatened.

Clint escorted John to the rear door of the Marshal's office.

Clint escorted John to an outhouse fifty feet from the rear of the Marshal's office.

John looked at it and took a whiff of the air, and his face cringed as it stunk! "Eighteen eighty-three sucks!" John said while he pinched his nostrils closed and went inside the outhouse.

Clint looked down at his shirt and saw the faint stain of wine from Alicia's house. He touched it and looked lonely, as he really missed Alicia and wished she lived during this time.

John exited the outhouse and looked like he wanted to vomit.

Clint escorted him back to the Marshal's office.

Clint walked John to his jail cell and returned him to his new home. He slammed the door shut then walked over and sat back down at his desk.

They waited for nine o'clock to arrive.

The courthouse was a one-room courtroom. It was filled with folk from Oak Creek and John's trial started thirty minutes ago.

John sat nervous next to Horace, a nervous skinny attorney who graduated from law school three months ago at the bottom of his class. He moved out west because he couldn't get a job back east.

Clint stood over against the wall near Judge Peabody's bench.

In the room was Sally, Ernie, Rodney, Annie, Jacob, the stagecoach driver, the cowboy who rode shotgun, Jessica, Wilbur, Russell, Anthony, Greg, Henry, Jacob, Cindy and Betty. They all testified before Judge Peabody that while John robbed them, he never fired his pistol. Rodney also testified that the money John robbed was returned.

"Will Chester White please approach the bench," Judge Peabody yelled out.

Chester got up from the front row of seats. He limped to Judge Peabody and sat in the witness chair.

Horace got up and walked over to Chester.

"Chester White. Did you see John Mathers shoot Bart Stone?" Horace asked.

"Yes I did. He had his pistol aimed at Elmer. He fired a shot and Elmer was hit dead," Chester said with strong conviction.

John sat there and violently shook his head in disagreement.

Horace looked at Judge Peabody. "I don't have any further questions your honor," Horace said and rushed back and sat down next to John.

John looked at Horace in disbelief that he was assigned an incompetent attorney.

Judge Peabody thought for a second while decided on a verdict. "Even after due consideration, with the fact that Mister Mathers returned all the bank monies he stole but he's not on trail for that crime. He's on trial for the murder of Elmer Filson and since Chester White said he saw John Mathers aim and fire his pistol at Elmer, I know how I'm going to rule," he said then hesitated.

The courtroom was quiet while they waited for Judge Peabody.

"Therefore, I Judge Wilbur Peabody, find you, John Mathers, guilty of murdering Elmer Filson. Mister Mathers will be hanged until dead in two days at eight o'clock on Sunday morning," Judge Peabody said then banged his gavel.

John bolted up upset. "This is an injustice! I told you Bart Stone killed Elmer. I'm innocent!" John screamed out.

Judge Peabody got pissed and beat his desk with his gavel. "Court dismissed! Take Mister Mathers back to his cell!" Judge Peabody yelled.

Horace stood up. "Sorry. I did my best," he said then rushed away.

Clint walked over and grabbed John by his arm. He stood him up and everybody watched while he walked John away.

John fought to escape Clint's grip. "You can't do this! You'll be murdering me!" John cried out while tried to get away.

Clint removed his pistol from his holster and smacked John on the back of his head. John passed out and dropped to the floor.

Clint motioned to Rodney to assist him. Rodney rushed over and grabbed John's boots while Clint grabbed John under his armpits.

They walked him down the aisle between the seats.

Sally, Annie, Jessica, Cindy and Betty all wiped tears from their eyes as they took a liking to John and didn't want him to die.

Clint and Rodney carried John back to the Marshal's office. They plopped him on his bed in the jail cell. Clint closed the door and sat down at his desk.

Rodney left the Marshal's office.

Two hours later, John woke up in his cell and looked around. He looked sad, as he hoped this was still a bad dream. The sound of hammers and saws was heard from outside. John got curious and stood up on his bed and peeked out the barred window.

John peeked through his cell window and saw workers construct the platform of the wooden gallows in the middle of the street out in front of the General store. He swallowed hard knowing that this would be the spot he'd leave this world.

John sat down on the bed and rubbed his neck with his hand and swallowed hard. He removed his wallet from his pants and opened it up. He removed a picture of Angie, and his eyes welled up.

Clint walked over to the potbelly stove with two cups, and he poured coffee into them. He walked over to John's cell. He pushed a cup of coffee through the bars.

"Coffee?"

John got up with Angie's picture in his hand. He walked to the bars and grabbed the cup. "Thanks."

Clint saw the picture of Angie in John's hand.

"You love her?"

John looked at Angie's picture then looked at Clint with teary eyes. "Very much."

"Then I can't figure out why you would ruin a lifetime of happiness with her, for a date with a noose."

John looked ashamed. "I just wanted to become a famous outlaw. I didn't want someone to get killed,"

“Those stupid dime novels make kids think being an outlaw is glamorous,” Clint said then took a sip of coffee. “Maybe those writers should be hanged instead,” Clint added.

“I really didn’t kill your deputy. I swear,” John said and his eyes welled up.

Clint looked at John and for the first time, he started to believe that he might be truly innocent. But the Judge’s order was final and there was nothing he could do to reverse it now. “I’m sorry son. It’s out of my hands,” Clint said then walked back over to his desk and sat down.

John took his coffee and walked back to his bed. He sat down took a sip of coffee. Then the thud sound of the gallows trap door being tested startled John. He jumped a mile and choked on his coffee as it went down the wrong pipe.

The day agonized John, as all he heard was the sound of hammers and saws.

Night finally came and John tried to get some sleep. He didn’t sleep, and he tossed and turned all night.

Chapter 19

It was Thursday morning on September 7th in 2006. There was a beautiful cloudless sky.

Alicia was at work and there were no leads or sightings of Clint, Merijildo, John, Bart, Charlie or the Devil's Cowboys. She sat frustrated at her desk while she drank some hot green tea.

She opened up the "Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona" book. She turned to the page on Clint, and she looked at his picture wishing she were with him again.

Elsewhere in Phoenix, The Devil's Cowboys rode on their Harley's to Wally's Western Apparel store in Phoenix. They bought cowboy hats, western shirts and cowboy boots.

They rode their Harleys off down the street.

The Devil's Cowboys drove to Wal-Mart where they got some supplies. They bought beef jerky, various other snacks and some blankets for sleeping in the desert. They rode off.

They rode back to Rusty's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables, as a few guys needed additional training.

The day dragged on and the sky still remained cloudless.

Back at Alicia's house, Angie got bored being cooped up all alone watching TV. She planned to tell Alicia that she was going to fly to Pennsylvania to be with her parents.

She made a phone call on her cell phone. "Hi mom," Angie said into her cell.

"Angie, when are you coming home?" her mom asked from the cell.

"I'm going to try and get a flight out tonight. I'll call you later with the flight information," Angie replied.

"We'll be waiting," her mom replied.

Angie disconnected the call then she made another phone call.

“Alicia, it’s Angie. Listen, I’ve been doing some thinking and I think it would be best if I fly home to my parents in Pennsylvania tonight,” she said into her cell.

“Are you sure?” Alicia replied.

“I’ll be safe there. But I was wondering if I could use your computer to book a flight,” Angie said.

“No problem if that’s what you want to do. I’ll take you to the airport to make sure you get there safe and sound. I’ll be home in a little while,” Alicia replied.

“Thanks.” Angie disconnected her phone call then laid her cell phone on the coffee table.

She left the living room and went inside the den. She turned on the computer. In a short time, she made a reservation with Southwest for Philly with a 7:45 pm departure flight from Phoenix and arriving in Philly at 5:15 pm.

She went back to the living room where she called her mom back and passed on the flight information.

She went into the kitchen and made a cup of hot green tea.

She went back to the living room and watched TV. She grabbed the remote and channel surfed. She clicked on the History Channel then took a sip of tea.

“Our next story is about outlaw John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit, who was hanged on September twenty-third in eighteen eighty-three for the murder of Oak Creek Deputy Elmer Filson,” the announcer said.

Angie spit her tea out and it sprayed the coffee table and over the Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona book.

On the TV, Angie saw an old black and white photo that showed John’s lifeless body at the end of a noose. Clint looked regretful while he stood next to John’s dead body.

Angie stared in shock at the TV. Then the gravity of the situation hit her like a ton of bricks, and she broke down and sobbed.

In the Devil's Cowboys trailer, Bart watched the same History channel show on the TV. He danced around the living room happy that John was hung for Elmer's death as he knew he was free and clear. Charlie joined in and danced with Bart, as so did Jesse, Billy and Butch.

Alicia entered her home. She walked to the living room and saw Angie while she sobbed on the couch.

She rushed over to Angie. "What's wrong?"

"The History Channel showed John being hanged for murder with Clint next to his body," Angie cried out between sobs.

Alicia picked up the "Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona" book and quickly opened to the page for John. There was the same picture of John at the end of a noose. She got curious and flipped through the pages to Clint. It mentioned that Clint was shot and killed on March 12th, 1884 when he tried to arrest Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler, and another unidentified outlaw during a bank robbery in Oak Creek.

She flipped through some more pages to Bart Stone. She read that Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler started to roam the southwest with six other outlaws. They started to rob and were called the Devil's Cowboys gang on September 24th, 1883 when they hit the Mountain Rock bank.

"So that's where he went," she said. She looked at the book again and her eyes welled up thinking Clint was dead. She rushed out of the living room and ran into her den.

She rushed over to her computer.

Angie rushed in curious with what Alicia was doing.

Alicia searched for an 1883 calendar on the computer. She found one and opened up the link, and she looked at the 1883 calendar.

"What day was he hung?" Alicia asked Angie.

"John was hung on September twenty-third in eighteen eighty-three."

Alicia thought for a minute while she looked at the calendar. "I guess we can try to save him," Alicia replied.

Alicia got and ran out of the den.

Angie followed curious what she was doing.

Alicia ran into the living room and opened up the "Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona" book. She looked at the page on Bart Stone.

"Looks like Bart, Charlie and the Devil's Cowboys will head back to eighteen eighty-three real soon," Alicia said. "We need to catch them like now before they head back. I think we can use them as bargaining chips to save John's life," Alicia said.

"How do we do that?" Angie asked.

"We need to find out where this Crazy Hole cave is located," Alicia said.

"Wait, are you talking about us going back in time?" Angie said when it finally dawned on her.

"The only way to save John's life," Alicia said. "But we need Bart and Charlie," she added.

"How will that catch them?" Angie asked.

"We bait them."

"How?"

Alicia thought for a second. Then she remembered something. "Let's first head to the Wild Cactus Saloon. They hang out there. I don't believe they're at the saloon, but I can imagine the bartender knows how to contact them," Alicia said.

"Why do you think the bartender knows where they could be?" Angie asked.

"He's the father of the leader of the Devil's Cowboys," Alicia said with a smile.

Alicia smiled while she rushed out the living room.

Alicia rushed to her bedroom where she got a rifle case with a strap that contained a rifle with scope out of her closet and a box of bullets. She also grabbed a small recorder off the top shelf.

She rushed out of the bedroom and to the living room.

“Let’s go,” Alicia said.

Angie looked intimidated by the rifle case while they left her house.

Alicia placed her rifle case, box of bullets and recorder in the trunk of her car and closed it.

They got inside her car and drove off.

Alicia and Angie drove to the Wild Cactus Saloon.

Angie went inside and Alicia waited in her car. The only customer was that lonely old man.

Jake worked behind the bar, and he smiled when he saw Angie.

“Well miss, how may I be of service?” Jake asked.

“I’m looking for the Devil’s Cowboys,” Angie replied.

Jake looked suspicious of Angie. “I’m sorry. I haven’t seen them in days and don’t know their whereabouts,” he replied.

“Okay. Then you can pass on a message. I’m Angie and you can tell Bart Stone that I have the loot that John stole from the Oak Creek robbery. If he wants it, he can meet me at the Hole in the Rock in Papago Park at two o’clock. If he doesn’t show up the loot is mine,” Angie said. “Did you get that?” she added.

“Yeah. I got it,” Jake said.

He watched Angie leave the saloon.

Angie got in the passenger seat of Alicia’s car.

“Did he take the bait?” Alicia asked.

“I think so,” Angie said.

“Let’s go get our loot then we’ll find out where Crazy Hole is located,” Alicia replied.

She drove her car away down the street.

Inside the Wild Cactus Saloon, Jake made a phone call on his cell phone.

The Devil’s Cowboys rode their horses in the desert in the direction of Superstition Mountains. They were two miles from Rusty’s Horse Ranch and Stables.

Bear's cell phone rang. He looked at the view finder and answered the call.

"Dad," Bear answered.

"Bear, some girl named Angie came in the saloon. She said she had the loot from Oak Creek that Bart is looking for. If you want it, you can meet her at the Hole in the Rock at Papago Park at two o'clock. If you don't show up, she'll keep it," Jake said from his cell phone.

"Thanks," Bear said then disconnected the call.

"Bart, the Mather's girl has your loot. If you want it, we can meet her at the Hole in the Rock at Papago Park at two o'clock," Bear said.

Bart stopped his horse, as did Charlie. The rest of the Devil's Cowboys stopped their horses.

"That money is mine!" Bart replied determined. "Let's get it. We could use it," Bart added.

He turned his horse around and galloped back in the direction of Rusty's ranch. Charlie and the Devil's Cowboys turned their horses around the galloped after Bart.

After a quick stop at a candy shop, Alicia and Angie drove to John's apartment.

They soon entered John's apartment after the complex manager unlocked the door. She told him it was official police business and he believed Alicia.

Angie rushed over to John's Dell. "He never cleans out his Internet history, so this might be easy," she said while she turned it on.

After the computer booted up, Angie opened up Yahoo and looked at the history of John's Internet tracks. She saw something on an article on Phillip Yeoman. She opened it up

Alicia and Angie looked at the monitor and saw that old 1950s news article John discovered. They read it.

"That sounds like the story Hector mentioned to me," Alicia said.

“We need to find out if this Phillip Yoemans still exists. He can take us to Crazy Hole,” Alicia said.

Angie searched through John’s Internet history and found an address search for a Phillip Yoemans. She clicked on it and saw his address and phone number.

Alicia opened up her cell phone. She punched in Phillip’s phone number, and his phone rang.

“Hello,” Phillip answered.

“Is this Phillip Yoemans?” Alicia asked.

“Why do you ask?” Phillip replied from her cell.

“I found an article on you about time travel,” Alicia said.

Phillip immediately disconnected their call.

“He’s still in the area,” Alicia said then tore off a piece of paper from John’s printer then she wrote down Phillip’s address.

“I hope he cooperates,” Alicia said.

Alicia and Angie rushed out of John’s apartment.

They got in her car and drove off.

Alicia drove north on the Phoenix – Wickenburg highway and eventually got to Morristown.

From the Phoenix – Wickenburg highway, she turned off to the right onto a dirt road. She drove down the dirt road and came to Phillip’s run down and shabby trailer with that rusty Chevy Vega still parked in the dirt by the one end of the trailer.

They got out and didn’t see Phillip peek out a trailer window.

They walked to the front door, and Alicia knocked on it.

A few minutes passed when the door creaked opened and Phillip stuck his head out.

“What do you want?” he asked upset he was being bothered.

Alicia removed her badge and flashed it to Phillip.

“Detective Hernandez from the Phoenix Police Department. I need to talk to you about a cave called Crazy Hole,” she said.

“Leave me alone! I didn’t do anything wrong,” he said then slammed the door shut in their faces.

“It’s a matter saving the life of someone that we find out where Crazy Hole is located,” Angie cried out.

The door creaked open and Phillip poked his head out. “I don’t care,” he said then slammed the door.

Angie’s eyes welled up. Alicia looked at Angie and thought of how they could get him to talk then she had an idea.

“We can pay you forty dollars for information about Crazy Hole,” Alicia yelled at the door.

A few seconds passed then the door creaked back open. Phillip stuck his head outside with a grin. “Did you say forty dollars?” he asked.

“Yes,” Alicia replied.

“That changes things. Enter my home,” Phillip said then opened the door.

Alicia and Angie entered his trailer.

The looked around and saw the filth inside Phillip’s trailer.

“Please sit down, Phillip said.

“Ah, we’re pressed for time. We’ll stand here,” Angie said leery of catching something.

“So, you need to know the location of Crazy Hole?”

Phillip said and held out his hand for the cash they offered.

Angie opened up her purse and wallet. She removed forty dollars. “It’s a matter of life and death we know how to get there,” she added when she laid the cash on the palm of his hand.

“It’s strange how folks became suddenly interested in Crazy Hole. I had a young man here a couple of weeks ago asking about it,” Phillip said then quickly shoved the cash in his pants pocket.

Alicia and Angie knew that was John but didn’t say anything.

“Well, Crazy Hole is located in the Superstition Mountains near Miners Needle,” Phillip said.

“Could you take us there? I’m not familiar with the trails in those mountains,” Alicia asked.

“Well, I don’t know. I’m super busy,” Phillip said and extended out his palm for more cash.

Angie started to fake out a sob. “I don’t want John dead,” she cried out.

Phillip glanced at her and that name rang a bell. “Would that be John Mathers?” Phillip asked.

Phillip rushed over to his coffee table that was full of junk. He picked up his copy of “Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona” book.

He rushed back over to Alicia and Angie. “I bought this the other day and wondered if he went back in time. I read how he was an outlaw and wondered if he came back to two thousand and five. Then I saw on TV outlaws Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler were after him. Did they shoot him?” Phillip said.

Alicia stepped to Phillip’s side and opened up his book. She opened up the page to John and showed him the page with the picture of John at the end of a rope.

“Oh my. I looked at that page two days ago and it stated John was never heard from again, and now it states he was hung for murder,” Phillip said then looked sad. “I liked John. He reminded me of my father. He went through Crazy Hole and never came back,” Phillip said and wiped away a tear.

“I’ll take you there for free. But we need some horses,” Phillip said.

“I can arrange that. Just meet us at Rusty’s Horse Ranch and Stable around three,” Alicia said.

“I’ll be there,” Phillip said then looked curious. “How are you going to save his life?” he added.

“Hopefully catch Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler and use them as bargaining chips,” Alicia said.

“I hope this works,” Phillip said.

“Me too,” Angie said.

Phillip walked over and opened up his door.

“I’ll be at Rusty’s. I promise,” Phillip said.

Angie and Alicia smiled at Phillip while they left his trailer.

Alicia and Angie got in her car.

She started it up and drove off out of his dirt driveway.

They drove off down the dirt road.

Then Alicia remembered something while she drove down the dirt road. “I wonder if Phillip had any ancestors in this area back around eighteen eighty-three?” Alicia said.

“Why?” Angie asked.

“When Clint took me into the Superstition Mountains and showed me where Oak Creek was once located, we found the tombstone of his deputy that was shot. Next to it was the tombstone of a Peter Yoemans,” Alicia said.

“He did say that his father went through Crazy Hole and never returned,” Angie said.

“I wonder if he knows?” Alicia asked.

“Probably not,” Angie replied.

She turned her car on the dirt street and turned onto the Phoenix – Wickenburg highway. They drove towards Phoenix and headed to Papago Park.

Chapter 20

It was later that Thursday.

Alicia and Angie drove to Papago Park. They wore blue jeans and western shirts, cowboy boots and cowboy hats they bought from a western attire store along the way.

They drove down North Galvin Parkway. Off that street, they drove down a bunch of smaller streets until they came to a parking lot for the Hole In the Rock. They parked their car and got out. Alicia looked at her watch, and it was one forty-three p.m.

Alicia walked around and opened up her trunk. She removed her rifle case, bullets and the small recorder. She unzipped at side pocket on the rifle case and shoved the box of bullets inside. She zipped up case then reached back in the truck and removed two handcuffs and six tie wraps. She shoved them into her back pockets. She closed the trunk of her car.

They walked to the Hole In The Rock and climbed up the rock to the hole.

Inside the hole they waited and looked down on the roads that lead to the parking lot.

Ten minutes later, they heard the faint sound of some Harleys. They looked out the hole and saw six Harleys raced down the road toward the parking lot.

"I'll hide over at that other hole and give you some cover," Alicia said then rushed over to a smaller hole to their right.

The Devil's Cowboys raced their Harleys down the road and arrived at the parking lot. They parked their Harleys and faced the Hole In The Rock.

Bart and Charlie got off the Harleys, and Bart looked up at the Hole In The Rock.

“Come out you sweet looking thing!” Charlie yelled up at the rock.

Angie stepped out of the big hole so they could see her. “Is this what you're looking for?” she yelled down at Bart and Charlie and held up a plain paper bag.

Bart and Charlie smiled as they walked up slope of the rock to the hole.

Angie saw the Devil's Cowboys on their Harleys down at the parking lot.

“I brought my gang along in case you cheat me,” Bart said and pointed back at the Devil's Cowboys.

Bart and Charlie cautiously walked up the slope then stopped. They whipped out their pistols and aimed them at Angie.

“Just lay that bag on the slope halfway between us,” Bart ordered.

Angie walked away from the hole and cautiously down the slope.

She stopped halfway between Bart and her. She discreetly removed Alicia's recorder from her back pocket, and she pressed the record button.

“But first there's this matter of you admitting John didn't kill that deputy,” Angie said while she held up the bag.

“Because I don't mind throwing these coins all over this place and having them fall into the cracks of these rocks,” she threatened.

Bart thought about her question for a few seconds. He figured since that happened over one hundred years ago, he was really free and clear.

“Yeah, how about that. I killed Elmer and I saw on TV that John got hung fer it. Ain't I smart!” Bart said with an evil smirk then laughed a smart-ass laugh.

Angie laid the bag down on the slope and rushed back up the slope to the hole.

Bart and Charlie walked up to the bag. Bart opened it, reached in and pulled out a gold coin.

Charlie saw the coin, and immediately danced a dorky cowboy dance on the slope. "We're rich! We're rich!" he cried out while he danced.

Bart studied the coin and something about it stuck him as being odd. He bit into the coin, and it broke off and he saw chocolate between shiny gold papers. Bart got pissed!

Charlie saw the coin and stopped his dancing, and he looked confused. "The gold broke?" he asked Bart.

"We've been swindled. They're made of chocolate," Bart snarled.

Bart aimed his pistol at Angie and cocked it.

From the smaller hole, Alicia aimed her rifle at Bart, and she fired.

Alicia's bullet hit Bart's pistol and it flew out of his hand. He grabbed his hand and thought he was shot. He looked his hand over and it was untouched by the bullet.

Charlie aimed his pistol at Angie.

From the smaller hole, Alicia aimed her rifle at Charlie.

Alicia's bullet hit Charlie's pistol and it flew out of his hand. He grabbed his hand and thought he was shot. He looked his hand over and it was untouched by the bullet.

Alicia rushed over to the larger hole in the rock and stood by Angie's side.

Bear revved up his Harley then inched it toward the Hole In The Rock.

Alicia aimed her rifle at Bear, and she fired.

Her bullet shattered his headlight of his Harley. Bear got scared and jumped off his bike and it fell over to the ground.

Alicia aimed her rifle at Bear. "It's best you leave," she yelled at the Devil's Cowboys.

"Screw this old western outlaw crap!" Bear said. He got his Harley upright and got on it. "We're out of here," Bear yelled at the other Devil's Cowboys.

Bear raced his Harley off in the parking lot toward the road out of here. The rest of the Devil's Cowboys followed him down the road.

Bart and Charlie turned around and watched the Devil's Cowboys while they raced off down the road.

"Yellow bellies!" Bart yelled at them.

"Yeah, you're a bunch of gutless yellow bellies!" Charlie yelled at them.

They turned around and saw Alicia who inched her way down the slope with her rifle aimed at them.

"You're under arrest Bart and Charlie. It's all over," she said.

They raised their hands up in the air admitting defeat.

With her rifle aimed, Alicia inched her way down the slope of the rock to Bart and Charlie.

"Lie on your stomachs and spread your hands and legs out," Alicia ordered.

That was a new one for Bart and Charlie, but since she was apparently a good shot, they obeyed.

Alicia handed Angie her rifle.

"If they move, shoot them in the back of their heads," Alicia instructed Angie.

Angie looked intimidated of the rifle. If Bart and Charlie only knew that if they ran, Angie would probably drop the rifle, as she was scared to fire it.

Alicia removed handcuffs from her back pocket. She handcuffed Bart's hand behind his back. She then handcuffed Charlie's hands behind his back.

She removed Bart's cartridge belt and pistol, and she laid it on the ground, and she then removed Charlie's pistol from his cartridge belt set them on the ground.

"Get up!" she ordered them.

Bart and Charlie stood up.

Alicia took the rifle from Angie.

“Grab their pistols. Use them if you have to,” she told Angie.

Angie picked up Bart and Charlie’s cartridge belts.

“Down the slope,” she ordered then pressed the barrel of her rifle into the middle of Bart’s back.

Bart and Charlie walked down the slope with Alicia and Angie behind them.

Alicia walked them to her car. She removed two tie wraps from her other pack pocket.

Angie opened up the rear door.

Alicia then tie wrapped Bart’s ankles together. She placed him in the rear seat then she flicked on the childproof lock.

She walked Charlie to the other rear door, and she opened it up. She tie wrapped his ankles together. She placed him in the rear seat then she flicked on the childproof lock.

Alicia went to her trunk and opened it. She removed two blindfolds.

She walked over to Bart and Charlie.

She removed Bart’s cartridge belt. She removed Charlie’s cartridge belt. She dropped them in her truck.

She secured her rifle back in its case. She grabbed two blindfolds out of the trunk then slammed it shut.

She walked to Bart’s door. She placed the blindfold around his head then she closed his door.

She walked around to Charlie’s door. She placed the blindfold around his head then she closed his door.

Alicia and Angie, with Bart and Charlie’s pistols, got inside the car. Alicia started it and she drove out of the parking lot and down the road.

Bart and Charlie were quiet during the whole trip back to Rusty’s Horse Ranch and Stable. Angie had the pistols aimed at Bart and Charlie.

Alicia parked her car next to Phillip’s rusty Vega where he waited inside.

Alicia and Angie, with Bart and Charlie's pistols, got out of her car. Alicia looked at the stable then she remembered something. "Angie, I hope you know how to ride a horse," she asked.

"Oh yeah. My uncle owned a horse farm in Pennsylvania and I would ride when I was young," Angie said.

"Good," Alicia replied.

Phillip got out of his Vega with a small bag in hand. He walked over to Alicia's car and saw Bart and Charlie sitting in the back.

"Who are they?" he asked Alicia.

"Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler," she replied.

Phillip looked at the two outlaws in the backseat. Then it dawned on him who they really were when he saw Bart's half of a right ear. "You mean the old west outlaws Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler?" Phillip asked.

"The one and only," Alicia replied.

Phillip looked in awe at the sight of two old western outlaws.

Alicia opened up Bart's door, reached inside and yanked him out on his feet then she closed the door.

She rushed around to the other side and opened up Charlie's door. She reached inside and yanked him out then she closed the door.

"Rusty," Alicia yelled out loud while she opened up her trunk and removed her rifle case, small recorder, Bart and Charlie's cartridge belts then slammed her trunk closed. She unzipped another side pocket on the gun case and shoved the recorder inside then she zipped it back up.

She handed Angie Bart's cartridge belt. "Put his pistol in the holster and wear the belt," she said. Angie did what she said.

Alicia gave Phillip Charlie's cartridge belt.

"Give him the other pistol," she told Angie.

Angie handed Phillip the other pistol.

“Use it for protection if they try to escape,” she told Phillip.

Phillip put the cartridge belt around his waist and shoved the pistol in the holster.

After a few seconds, Rusty stepped out of his stable. He saw Alicia and everybody. “Man, it’s sure been busy around here recently,” he said while he walked over to Alicia.

“Hey Alicia,” Rusty said then he saw handcuffed and blindfolded Bart and Charlie.

“What’s going on?” he asked Alicia.

“You wouldn’t believe me if I told you, but don’t worry. It’s nothing illegal in today’s time. We’re just taking a little trip into the Superstition Mountains,” she said.

“That’s clear as mud,” he said. He looked at Bart and Charlie again then recognized them. “You guys were just here,” he said. Then he realized that they must have done something really illegal and Alicia was doing the right thing. He knew Alicia and knew she could never do anything crooked.

“We need three horses,” she told him.

“I can arrange that. Follow me,” he said then walked back to the stable.

Alicia grabbed Bart and Charlie by their arms and escorted them to the stables.

Phillip strutted like a cowboy after Alicia.

Rusty rounded up three horses with saddles. Alicia cut the tie wraps from Bart and Charlie’s ankles. Rusty assisted the two outlaws up on the horses. Alicia tie wrapped the Bart and Charlie’s boots to their stirrups.

“You won’t run away now,” she told Bart and Charlie.

Bart and Charlie looked defeated while they sat on the saddles.

Rusty helped Alicia and Angie walk the horses out of his stable.

Rusty walked them to a gate that lead out to the desert then he opened it. He looked at Bart and Charlie on the horses

and something felt familiar about them. He walked up to Alicia. "What's really going on? You can tell me," Rusty asked Alicia.

"We're trying to save someone's life so I don't have time to explain. I'll fill you in when we get back," she replied back.

Rusty accepted her response but something about this whole situation intrigued him and as a former detective, he wanted answers. But he wasn't going to press Alicia for answers as he felt he still owed her for when they were on the force together. She saved his life by shooting a scumbag who had Rusty in his sights with a 9mm. It was Alicia's first kill, something that didn't make her proud.

Rusty walked back into the stable.

Alicia slung the rifle case strap around her shoulder. She got in the saddle of the horse and sat behind Bart.

Angie got in the saddle of her horse and sat behind Charlie.

Phillip got in the saddle of his horse all by himself.

"Follow me," Phillip said.

"Take us by way of Oak Creek first," Alicia said. "I want to see where it once existed."

They galloped their horses out of the gate and headed towards the Superstition Mountains where the sky still remained cloudless.

Rusty turned around as he heard Alicia's comment and that made him extremely curious. He watched them ride off through the gate and headed to the Superstition Mountains.

He rushed off to his ranch house.

Inside his house, Rusty rushed to his den where he had a bookcase on western history. He searched the books then found his copy of "Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona" book. He removed it and opened it up then flipped through some pages and stopped at Bart Stone. He looked at the pictures, and his eyes widened in disbelief.

“So that was Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler I saw on TV the other day. Where is Alicia taking them?” he said while he looked at his book, and then it dawned on him. “So the legend of Crazy Hole is true,” he said. He flipped through the pages to the Lawmen section. He read about the Marshal of Mountain Rock dying in his sleep. He had a grand idea.

He flipped through the pages and looked at the Outlaws.

He ran across the page for John Mathers, and he saw the article about John being hung.

He started scheming, and he decided to fulfill his curiosity and his obsession. He placed his book back in the bookcase.

He opened up a drawer and removed numerous old 1880 – 1882 coins and bills in packets. He opened them up and put the coins and bills in his pocket. He opened up another drawer and removed a small flashlight, and he shoved it in his back pocket.

He rushed over to his desk and opened up the middle drawer. He removed a final foreclosure letter about his ranch. He tore the letter up in numerous pieces and let it drop to the floor.

“They can have this ranch if they want it,” Rusty said then rushed out of his den.

He ran to his bedroom where he rushed to his closet. He quickly dressed in some western attire and new cowboy boots. He reached up on the shelf of his closet and removed a cartridge belt and pistol in the holster. He placed the cartridge belt around his hips. He grabbed a sleeping bag out of his closet.

He rushed out of his bedroom.

Rusty ran into his kitchen. He grabbed a bag of trail mix. He grabbed a box of Cheez-It. He looked at his sink and an evil smirk grew.

“If they want this house so bad, they might as well put some repair dollars into it,” he said then rushed over to the

sink. He plugged the sink then turn on the water facet. The sink started to fill up with water.

He rushed out of his kitchen.

He rushed down the hallway to his bathroom. He ran over to the bathtub and closed the drain. He turned on the water. He rushed over to the sink. He closed off the sink drain and turned on the water. He rushed out of the bathroom. The sink started to fill up with water.

He rushed out of his house.

He rushed into his stable and to the nearest stall. He placed a saddle and saddlebags on a horse. He got a blanket that hung off the stall wall. He rolled it up along with his sleeping bag. He secured them to the rear of his saddle. He placed his snacks into one of the saddlebags.

He got the horse out of the stall.

He walked his horse out of the stable.

He got in the saddle of his horse and galloped off to the gate.

An hour later, Phillip rode everybody to the ruins of Oak Creek. Alicia stopped her horse, and everybody else stopped their horses.

“Oak Creek once lived on this spot,” she told everybody.

Alicia looked at the bushes that hid the tombstones. She looked at Phillip.

“Phillip, I think there’s something in those bushes you really need to see,” she told him and pointed at them.

“Bushes? What could possibility be in there of interest?” Phillip asked.

“Just go look,” Alicia insisted.

Phillip got out of the saddle of his horse and walked over to the bush.

“Yes, inside those bushes,” Alicia called out.

Phillip pushed his way inside the bush. He saw Elmer’s tombstone.

He looked to the left and saw another tombstone.

He looked at it, and his eyes welled up when he saw his father's tombstone. Phillip stepped out of the bushes.

He walked back to his horse and he was sad yet relieved that he knew his father died in the old west.

"Phillip, I figured you needed to know what happened to your father," Alicia said while Phillip stood by his horse and looked back at the bushes.

"My father was a good man. He didn't deserve to die in the old west," Phillip said.

Charlie heard the name and it sounded familiar. "So Bart, didn't you shoot a Peter Yoemans in the back? I remember that day. It was after we had an argument at the saloon here in Oak Creek," Charlie said.

Bart squirmed in his saddle, as he wanted to strangle Charlie's neck. "Shut your trap," Bart yelled out.

Phillip heard that and got pissed when he realized Bart killed his father. He rushed over to Bart's horse. He threw punches at Bart's face but he was too high up. Alicia did nothing to stop Phillip as she felt he deserved this moment. Then Phillip gave Bart numerous kidney punches, and Bart doubled over in pain.

"Let's get to Crazy Hole," Phillip said while he got in the saddle of his horse.

They galloped off south in the direction of Miners Needle.

Twenty minutes later, Rusty galloped on his horse to the area where Oak Creek once stood. He looked around and saw the tracks for three horses. He galloped his horse in the direction of the horse tracks.

Phillip, Alicia and Angie rode their horses to Miners Needle.

Phillip took the lead and rode his horse to Crazy Hole. They all looked at it and saw the bush John cut in the dirt and the other bush that blocked part of the cave opening.

Phillip stopped twenty feet from it and got out of the saddle of his horse with his small bag in hand.

Alicia and Angie got out of the saddles of their horses.

Phillip opened up his bag and removed three pieces of cloth. "You'll need to cover your horses eyes or they'll freak out when you get them near the cave," he said then handed Alicia and Angie each a cloth.

Alicia and Angie covered the eyes of their horses with those cloths.

Phillip removed a small flashlight from his bag, and he handed it to Alicia. "You'll also need this," he said.

Alicia took the flashlight. "Thank you for all your help Phillip," she said.

"No, thank you for letting me find out what happened to my father," he said.

"Head down the cave and you'll see a carving of a priest on the end of the cave wall. There's a tunnel to the right. Say what month, day, and year you want to time travel to and you'll get there after entering that tunnel." Phillip said. "The same applies when you want to return back to today."

"Got it," said Alicia.

One hundred feet away, Rusty hid his horse behind another huge rock. He watched while Alicia and Angie walked their horses to Crazy Hole. Then he saw Phillip get back in the saddle of his horse.

Alicia turned on the flashlight then walked her horse to Crazy Hole.

Angie followed with her horse.

Alicia walked her horse into Crazy Hole and Bart slammed his forehead on the top of the opening. He drooped over passed out cold.

"Duck!" Alicia said with a smirk, as she knew he would hit his head but thought it would be a great payback.

Angie walked her horse through the opening. Charlie ducked as he heard Bart slam his head on the cave opening.

Outside Crazy Hole, Phillip galloped his horse off to the north.

From that other huge rock, Rusty watched while Phillip galloped off to the north.

He got in the saddle of his horse and rode down to Crazy Hole.

Inside Crazy Hole, Alicia walked her horse using the flashlight while they walked down the cave.

She soon saw the priest craving.

She saw the tunnel to the right. "Here's that tunnel," Alicia said. "Well Bart, you'll be back home in no time," she added.

But Bart was still passed out cold.

"We want to travel back to September twenty-second, eighteen eighty-three," said Alicia then motioned to Angie that should proceed.

Alicia walked her horse, with Bart, through the tunnel.

The blue plasma light illuminated the tunnel and stung the hell out of Alicia. The light also stung Bart and he woke up and realized what was going on.

Angie walked her horse, with Charlie, through the tunnel.

The blue plasma light illuminated the tunnel and stung the hell out of Angie and Charlie.

Rusty removed his shirt, and he used it and covered the eyes of his horse. He removed the small flashlight from his back pocket. He looked at Crazy Hole and wondered if he should pursue this adventure.

He figured he would stay for a couple of months or if he likes it maybe a career.

He walked his horse over and entered Crazy Hole.

Chapter 21

The blue plasma light illuminated the inside of Crazy Hole while Alicia walked her horse out. Bart kept his head low and had a huge goose egg on his forehead. When he sensed he was outside by the sounds, he slowly raised his head.

Alicia looked around, and the area looked a little different. The bush that partially covered the cave opening was gone. There were large puffy clouds in the sky. It was Saturday, September 22nd, 1883.

The blue plasma light illuminated the inside of Crazy Hole while Angie walked her horse out.

“That blue light stung like hell,” Angie said then looked around the area. “Did we go back in time?” she added.

“I guess we did. And that bush is gone from the cave opening and the sky has more clouds,” Alicia said.

Angie looked around. “I think we did,” she said.

“Let’s get these to off to jail,” Alicia said.

Alicia and Angie got back on their horses sitting behind Bart and Charlie.

They rode off north towards Oak Creek.

Ten minutes later, blue plasma light illuminated the inside of Crazy Hole while Rusty walked his horse out in a rush as that blue plasma light also stung the hell out of him.

He looked around and saw the bush missing from the opening of Crazy Hole and saw the large puffy clouds in the sky.

“I went back in time!” Rusty yelled out and did a little victory dance in the dirt.

He got in the saddle of his horse and galloped off to the south, and headed east for the direction of Mountain Rock.

Alicia and Angie rode their horses through the desert with Bart and Charlie.

They rode for an hour then stopped when they had Oak Creek in sight about one hundred feet away. They looked in awe at the sight of the old western town that time had erased.

“I don’t believe it. It’s Oak Creek. It’s hard to imagine this place eventually vanished in the desert,” Alicia said.

“I still can’t believe I went back in time to the old west,” Angie said.

“Let’s take these two to the Marshal,” Alicia said.

They rode their horses, with Bart and Charlie, into Oak Creek.

Alicia and Angie rode their horses down the main street of Oak Creek.

Sally, Ernie, Annie, Jacob and some of town folk of Oak Creek watched while Alicia and Angie rode their horses down the street with Bart and Charlie.

“Who are they?” Jacob asked Annie.

“Never seen those ladies before,” Annie replied.

Rodney walked down the street and saw Alicia, Bart, Angie and Charlie. He stopped by the town folk who stopped and gawked, and then Rodney’s eyes widened with joy when he saw half of Bart’s right ear missing. “Those must be Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler.”

“How do you know?” asked Jacob.

“The one guy has half of his right ear sliced off,” said Rodney.

Everybody nodded in agreement as they knew about Bart’s right ear.

“I don’t believe it. They got arrested by two women,” Rodney said and then everybody chuckled.

Chester limped up to everybody while he looked at Alicia, Bart, Angie and Charlie. “Who are the new folk?” Chester asked.

“Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler got arrested by two women,” Rodney said happy the bank robbers finally got caught.

“But they’re bald,” Winston added.

“The one guy has half of his right ear missing,” said Rodney.

Chester looked and nodded in agreement. “Yep, that’s Bart.”

“Probably a disguise so they won’t get arrested,” Jacob said.

“Looks like it didn’t work,” Sally said. “I never heard of women Marshal’s. They must be good,” Sally added and looked proud of a woman doing a man’s job.

They all watched while Alicia, Bart, Angie and Charlie rode to the Marshal’s office.

Winston’s eyes lit up with an idea, and he ran off in the direction of the train station. The Southern Pacific train with smoke bellowing out of its stack was rolling down the track and heading into Oak Creek.

Alicia and Angie stopped their horses at the Marshal’s office. They got out of the saddles of their horses and tied the reins to the hitching post.

Alicia looked up at Bart. “You’re home,” she said then removed a small penknife from her pocket. She cut the tie wraps from the stirrups then she reached up and tugged hard on Bart’s arm. He fell off the horse and smacked into the ground with a thud.

“Ahhhh!” he cried out in pain.

“Oops!” Alicia said while she pretended it was an accident.

Angie chuckled at the sight while Alicia walked over and cut the tie wraps on Charlie’s stirrups. She reached up and tugged on Charlie’s arm. He fell off the horse and smacked into the ground with a thud.

“Ahhhh!” he cried out in pain.

“Oops! I did it again. Clumsy me,” Alicia said.

Angie chuckled again.

They grabbed Bart and Charlie by their boots and dragged them up the stairs with a thump, thump, thump while Bart and Charlie's head banged on the steps.

All the town folk witnessing this event chuckled.

Inside the Marshal's office, Clint sat with his boots up on the desk. He was in deep thought about Alicia while he sipped his coffee.

John lay on his back in his jail cell bed in deep thought about his life being over in the morning.

The door creaked opened, and Alicia dragged Bart inside by his boots while the back of his head scraped along the wooden floor.

Angie followed and dragged Charlie inside by his boots while the back of his head scraped along the wooden floor.

Clint saw Alicia while she removed her gun case off her shoulder and placed it up against the wall.

"Ma-am," he said then sat straight up in the presence of a lady. Then he looked at the ladies again and realized Alicia was inside his office.

He jumped up on his feet excited to see Alicia. "What are you doing here?"

"I brought you two presents. Bart and Charlie alive and in the flesh," she replied.

He saw Bart and Charlie but didn't recognize them.

John heard this all the commotion from his jail cell and jumped up off his bed. He ran over and pressed his face between two cell door bars. "Angie!" he cried out.

Angie ignored John.

Clint walked over to the outlaws and looked Charlie over.

He looked Bart over and noticed his half right ear then saw the bump on his forehead. "I don't believe it. You caught them. How did you do it?" he asked very proud of Alicia.

"Oh I just tricked them into thinking we had the loot they wanted," she said then removed their blindfolds.

Bart and Charlie looked around then frowned when they realized they were in the Marshal's office.

"Bart confessed to killing Elmer," Alicia said.

"No I didn't. She's fibbing," Bart cried out in protest and tried to stand up. Alicia pushed him back down on he butt.

She removed the small recorder from her pocket, and she turned it on and played it for Clint.

"Yeah, how about that. I killed Elmer and I saw on TV that John got hung fer it. Ain't I smart!" Bart said with a evil smirk then laughed a smart-ass laugh from the recorder.

Bart looked shocked at the small recorder that played his exact voice and his words.

Charlie looked shocked then got scared, as he suddenly didn't want to be associated with Bart any longer. This life of crime was no longer glamorous as he could feel the rope tightening around his neck choking off his air supply.

"You killed Elmer and then you let John take the rap. You coward!" Angie yelled out then slapped Bart upside his head and knocked him on his side.

Clint grabbed Charlie's collar and pulled him up on his feet. He walked him over to the cell next to John's. He looked at the handcuffs, and he couldn't figure out how to release them.

Alicia rushed over and removed a key from her pants pocket. He unlocked and removed Charlie's handcuffs. Clint threw him inside the empty cell then slammed the door shut.

Clint walked over and pulled Bart up on his feet. He walked him over to the other empty jail cell. Alicia unlocked his handcuffs and removed them. Clint threw him into the cell and slammed the door shut.

"I'll be having a word with Judge Peabody and I'll make sure you both have your trial real soon," Clint told them.

"Marshal, may I have a word with you?" Charlie asked politely.

Clint walked over to Charlie's cell where he waited at the bars.

"If I testify that Bart killed Elmer, will Judge Peabody let me go? Cause that's what really happened. Bart shot and killed Elmer. I didn't," Charlie said in the most sincere voice he could muster up. "The Kissing Bandit didn't shoot Elmer."

"I'll tell Judge Peabody what you said," Clint said.

"You bastard!" Bart yelled out while he shook the bars pissed. "I'll kill you Charlie!" Bart yelled out furious and poked his arms through the bars of his cell door in a stupid attempt to strangle Charlie.

Charlie sat down on his cell bed, as he didn't care. Bart couldn't harm him and he didn't want to see the end of a noose because of Bart.

Angie walked up to Clint. "Since we brought back the real killer of your deputy, can you let John go free?" Angie said.

Clint looked at Bart and Charlie and then John who stood at his bars and silently prayed he would be freed.

"I'm sorry. I can't go against what Judge Peabody ruled. He'll throw a fit," Clint said.

"But you can tell him you have the real killers in jail. John's trial was a mistake," Angie pleaded.

"Sorry, but Judge Peabody will never admit he found an innocent man guilty. He's ego won't allow that," Clint said but really wanted to let John free. "I can't do anything for him now."

Angie looked like she wanted to break down and sob. "I don't understand, Bart already confessed," she said.

"Angie, they're going to kill me in the morning," John cried out from his cell.

"They're going to kill me in the morning," Bart imitated John in a whiny tone. "Take your noose like a man," Bart said then sat down on his bed.

“I know John. I saw your lifeless body swinging at the end of a noose, on the History Channel,” Angie told John while she walked up to his cell.

John rubbed his neck and swallowed hard. “I wanted to be famous, not dead,” John said then his eyes welled up.

Angie stuck her hand between the bars of his cell door. She rubbed John’s cheek. Then she grabbed the back of his head and smacked his forehead it into the bars.

“Ahhhh! Why did you do that?” John said then rubbed his sore forehead.

“Because you’re a moron for having that obsession with old western outlaws,” Angie scolded.

Angie walked over to Clint and Alicia.

“There has to be some way we can get him out of here,” Angie pleaded.

Clint looked at Alicia and Angie. “You’re a law woman, you know how things work,” he told Alicia.

Alicia thought for a second. Then her eyes lit up with an idea. It was a rough idea, but she thought it could work. “I know how we can have a win, win situation,” Alicia said and felt confident this idea would work.

“Let’s talk about my plan over dinner. I’m starving from that ride,” she told Clint and Alicia.

John, Charlie and Bart watched while Clint escort Alicia and Angie out of the office.

“You’re dead, Mathers,” Bart said with a smart-ass laugh.

John sat down on his cell bed, and was worried sick.

Charlie sat down on his bed, and was worried sick.

Bart lay on his bed and whistled *Camptown Ladies*, as he didn’t have a care in the world. Or at least he pretended.

Outside the Marshal’s office, Clint saw old man Bucky Younger while he walked down the street.

“Bucky,” Clint called out.

Bucky turned around. “Yes Marshal,” he responded.

“Watch the place for me. I have three outlaws in the cells. I’ll be back after dinner,” Clint said.

“It’ll be my pleasure,” Bucky said.

“Thanks Bucky. Coffee is piping hot on the stove and make sure we don’t have any gawkers wanting to use my office as a sight seeing place,” Clint said then escorted Alicia and Angie down the street.

They headed toward the restaurant.

Bucky went inside the Marshal’s office, and saw John, Bart and Charlie in the jail cells.

He walked over to Clint’s desk and grabbed a coffee cup.

He walked over to the stove and poured a cup. He walked over and sat down at Elmer’s old desk, and he sipped his coffee. All of a sudden he got a dull pain in the middle of his chest. The pain went away and Bucky ignored it sipping his coffee.

John, Bart and Charlie glanced at Bucky.

Meanwhile out in the desert, Rusty got lost. He finally rode upon a town and saw it was Mountain Rock.

He rode his horse down the main dirt street.

He rode to the Sheriff’s office and saw the “Funeral For Marshal Paulson To Be Held On Saturday” notice on the door.

Rusty saw the Mountain Rock Saloon down the street.

He rode off down the street and stopped at the saloon.

He got out of the saddle of his horse and tied the reins to the hitching post.

Inside the saloon, there were four saloon girls standing by the piano player. Four cowboys played poker at a table.

Jimmy Templeton sat at the bar. Jimmy was easy to pick out because he always wore four rings on the fingers of his right hand. He believed it helped his aim when firing his pistol. He drank shots of whiskey from a bottle at the bar. Another cowboy drank shots of whiskey at the other end of the bar.

The bartender cleaned glassed with a rag that didn’t look very clean.

Rusty walked up to the bar four feet from Jimmy.
“Whiskey,” he told the bartender.

The bartender laid a bottle of whiskey on the bar with a shot glass. Rusty gave the bartender a silver dollar.

“Bartender, who can I talk to about being a town marshal of this lovely town?” Rusty asked.

“Judge Wilbur Peabody over in Oak Creek,” the bartender responded.

Jimmy heard the “Town Marshal” word, and moved down the bar five farther down the bar.

Rusty noticed and immediately got suspicious of Jimmy.

Rusty drank his whiskey and kept an eye on Jimmy as his gut told him this cowboy would be up to no good sooner or later.

Then Rusty spotted the four rings on Jimmy’s right hand. *Jimmy Templeton!* He cried out in his head and his old detective gut had him feeling that this outlaw was up to no good. He decided he would keep an eye on him.

At the Oak Creek train station, Winston sent out a message through the telegraph.

“Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler were arrested and are in the Oak Creek jail. The Kissing Bandit will be hung tomorrow morning at eight,” the telegraph stated.

In due time, Stone Valley, Mountain Rock, Phoenix and Rattlesnake all had the news about Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler, and John’s hanging.

In the train station at Mountain Rock, Robert read the telegraph message that arrived from Oak Creek. His eyes widened at the message, and he rushed out of the train station.

In the saloon, Rusty sipped his whiskey when Robert busted inside the saloon all excited.

Jimmy took a gulp of whiskey from his shot glass.

“I just got a telegraph that Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler were arrested and are in the Oak Creek jail,” Robert addressed everybody in the saloon.

“Isn’t the Kissing Bandit going to be hung in the morning?” the bartender asked.

“Yep. A bunch of us are going over first thing in the morning to watch,” Robert said.

Jimmy slammed his shot glass down, jumped up and knocked over his bar stool, furious.

Rusty watched with suspicious eyes while Jimmy stormed out of the saloon.

Rusty gulped down his shot of whiskey then rushed out of the saloon.

Rusty stepped out of the saloon, and he looked around and saw Jimmy gallop his horse down the street.

Rusty untied his horse’s reins from the hitching post. He hopped in the saddle of his horse then galloped after Rusty.

In the Oak Creek jail, John lay on his bed, stared at the ceiling and wondered if Angie and Alicia would get him out of this mess.

Charlie lay in his bed, stared at the ceiling and wondered if he would be found guilty of killing Elmer and be hung.

Bart sat on his bed, and then he broke out in a song. “De Camptown Ladies sing this song, Doo-da, Doo-da,” Bart sang out, as he wasn’t concerned and figured he would find a way to escape.

Jimmy galloped his horse in the desert with Oak Creek off in the distance.

Rusty galloped his horse and followed Jimmy at a safe distance behind.

Alicia, Angie and Clint ate dinner at the restaurant. Their meal consisted of steak, potatoes and corn with bread and coffee.

“How does my plan sound?” Alicia asked then shoved a piece of steak in her mouth.

Clint sipped his coffee and thought for a second. He smiled. “I like it and it should work,” he added.

“You won’t miss?” Angie asked Alicia a little concerned.

“Don’t worry, I’m a marksman,” she replied then sipped her coffee.

Angie still felt a little concerned but figured it was worth the risk, as John would die anyway.

“Now, we shouldn’t be seen at all tomorrow morning,” Clint added.

Alicia and Angie nodded in agreement.

Jimmy rode his horse into Oak Creek.

Rusty followed a safe distance behind Jimmy.

Jimmy rode his down some side streets then rode to the rear of the Marshal’s office.

He rode his horse up to the barred windows. He peaked in one of the windows and saw John on his bed.

He moved his horse down the next window and saw Charlie asleep on his bed.

He moved his horse down the next window and saw Bart on his bed.

“Bart,” Jimmy quietly called out into the window.

Bart’s face appeared at the bars of his cell window. He saw Jimmy outside on his horse. He grinned, as he knew Jimmy could get him out. Bart looked at Bucky who dozed off while sitting at Elmer’s desk.

Bart stood up on his bed and went to the bars.

“Jimmy. I’m glad you’re out of Yuma and found me,” Bart quietly said.

“How did you get caught?” Jimmy quietly asked.

“Don’t worry about that, just get me out of here,” Bart quietly replied. “I need you to save my bacon!”

“I’ll get a rope and pull these bars away,” Jimmy quietly said.

“Not now. Marshal Bartley will be back any minute. Let’s wait until they hang that Kissing Bandit scoundrel in the morning. Then we can slip away quietly without being noticed,” Bart told Jimmy quietly.

“I’ll also bust Charlie out,” Jimmy quietly said.

“No, that yellow-belly offered to testify against me. Let the bastard stand trail for killing Elmer,” Bart quietly said.

“Okay boss. When I see the crowd gather at the gallows, and this Kissing Bandit guy on the gallows, I’ll bust you out,” Jimmy quietly said.

Jimmy rode his horse away from the window.

Bucky still dozed off at Elmer’s desk.

Rusty stepped out from the corner of another building, as he heard Bart and Jimmy’s conversation. He got in the saddle of his horse and rode off.

He tailed Jimmy while he rode Main Street.

Jimmy rode down Main Street of Oak Creek and headed out of town.

Rusty followed Jimmy a safe distance behind him.

Clint walked Alicia and Angie to the hotel, and they went inside.

He walked them up to the front desk where Jacob worked.

“Marshal Bartley, do you need your room back?” Jacob asked.

“No Jacob, I want these two beautiful ladies to have my room for the night. They just rode in from Phoenix. I’m staying at my office since I have a full house of outlaws,” Clint said.

“Are you ladies here for the hanging of the Kissing Bandit? This hotel is full of visitors from other nearby towns,” Jacob asked excited about the upcoming event.

“Yes we are,” Alicia replied.

“We’re reporters for a newspaper in Dodge City,” Angie blurted out.

Clint looked surprised at her response and wondered if Jacob would buy her story.

“Female reporters. That’s a first,” Jacob said. Then he thought for a second. “I witnessed the Kissing Bandit first hand. I was in the Oak Creek National bank when he robbed it. Then he kissed Sally,” he said. “I think she’s in love with the

Kissing Bandit,” Jacob added with a chuckle. “If you want to use me in your story, my name is Jacob Nelson” he said.

Angie looked pissed and Alicia noticed. She placed her arm around Angie’s shoulder. “Oh I’m sure the Kissing Bandit just did that for show. I don’t think he wanted to get romantically involved with other women,” she said.

“I talked with the Kissing Bandit and he told me he had a girlfriend that he really loves. This kissing was just a show,” Clint added to calm down Angie.

Angie felt a little better.

“Well, I better get back to the Marshal’s office,” Clint said.

“Good evening ladies and I’ll see you at the hanging,” Clint said and walked away.

“I’ll take you ladies to Clint’s room,” Jacob said then walked around from behind the counter.

He walked to some nearby stairs and walked up them. Alicia and Angie followed Jacob.

Clint walked down the street to his Marshal’s office.

Clint went inside his office and found Bucky asleep at Elmer’s desk with his boots propped up on the desk. He looked at the jail cells and saw John, Bart and Charlie sound asleep.

Clint wanted to slam his fist on the desk like he would Elmer, but decided he didn’t want to wake up his prisoners. So he lightly shook Bucky who woke up. Clint motioned he could leave the office.

Bucky stood up and yawned then moped still half asleep to the door. He left the Marshal’s office.

Clint blew out the kerosene lanterns and walked over to his bedroll near the wall. He bedded down on his bedroll and stared at the ceiling. He wondered if he was doing the right thing.

John had a nightmare.

In John’s nightmare he stood at the gallows with the noose tight around his neck. It was so tight that he had a difficult time

breathing. Then the bottom of the gallows fell out from under his feet. He dropped and the noose got instantly tighter. He dangled and saw Angie in the crowd that cheered. Angie was clapping.

John woke up from his nightmare in a cold sweat and gasped for air. He shot up and looked around and realized he was still in an old western jail cell.

He lay down and stared at the ceiling, and he was too scared to sleep. He figured he would take a dirt nap before too long so he might as well enjoy what little time he has on this Earth.

Clint was on his back on the Marshal's office floor, and he couldn't sleep and just stared at the ceiling.

Angie and Alicia shared Clint's small bed. Two guys would never do that in a million years, but the ladies didn't see a problem with sleeping together.

Alicia was sound asleep.

Angie stared at the ceiling and all she could think about was if John would die in the morning.

Off in the desert not too far from Oak Creek, Jimmy made camp. He had a small fire and ate an Armadillo he cooked.

Nearby at a safe distance, Rusty camped in the desert without a campfire and had an eye on Jimmy. He ate some snacks he brought with him from 2006. He figured if he caught Jimmy in the act of breaking Bart out of jail, he would get the Marshal's job of Mountain Rock.

Chapter 22

The sun rose and it was the start of a beautiful cloudless Sunday in 1883 Oak Creek. But it wouldn't so beautiful for one individual. It was Sunday, September 23rd, 1883 and a day that will go down in history.

Jimmy woke up when the sun lit up his face from sleeping in the desert. He got up, rolled up his bedroll and secured it to his saddle.

Rusty already woke up thirty minutes earlier and kept a watchful eye on Jimmy. He was ready to ride the minute Jimmy took off.

John was on his in his jail cell bed, stared at the ceiling, as he stayed up all night.

Charlie sat on his bed and wondered how he would get out of this jail cell. He also prayed that Judge Peabody would let him go after he testified that Bart killed Elmer.

Bart was on his side in his jail cell bed with a smirk, as he knew Jimmy would break him out this morning.

Clint got up and made a pot of coffee on the stove. He stepped outside to stretch and get some fresh air. He also kept the door open to keep an eye on his prisoners.

Gertrude walked up to Clint with a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon. "Good morning Marshal, I made breakfast for..." she said.

"Now, now, Gertrude, I have two other prisoners. You shouldn't play favorites," he interrupted her.

Gertrude felt embarrassed by his comment. "Yes Marshal, I'll make two more plates," she replied then looked at him. "Oh, I mean, three more plates," she added then handed Clint the plate.

Gertrude rushed out of the office.

Clint started eating the scrambled eggs.

Over at the Oak Creek Prickly Cactus Saloon, Jimmy drank shots of whiskey.

Rusty sat at a table at the other end of the saloon and kept an eye on Jimmy while he sipped his shot whiskey. Jimmy didn't have a clue Rusty followed him nor did he recognize him from Mountain Rock.

Alicia and Angie woke up and realized they didn't have the modern bathroom conveniences they grew up with. But they both figured this would be temporary and said it was just like camping out in the woods. Of course the wooden outhouse was a little smelly to say the least.

They also realized they didn't have old 1880s money for breakfast so they just wandered the streets of Oak Creek on a sight seeing tour.

Gertrude returned to the Marshal's office and brought John, Charlie and Bart each a plate scrambled eggs and bacon.

Clint gave them each a cup of coffee.

Clint walked back and sat at his desk and sipped his coffee.

Gertrude discreetly eyed Clint with adoring eyes but now started to realize she could never have him. It saddened her. "I better go," she said and headed off to the door.

Clint didn't say a word and just sipped his coffee while Gertrude left the office.

"So Kissing Bandit, I reckon this is your last meal," Bart said through his bars and chuckled a smart-ass chuckle.

"Shut up Bart," Clint yelled.

Bart continued to laugh while he finished his breakfast.

"And you Charlie. I didn't figure you for a coward. Telling the Marshal you'll squeal on me. I just didn't figure you for a yellow-belly coward," Bart said pissed at Charlie.

Charlie looked troubled while he finished his breakfast. "I didn't want to kill anybody. I just wanted to rob and get rich. I don't want to see the end of a noose, Marshal Bartley," Charlie

pleaded. "Plus remember that other strange feller that we saw at Oak Creek three years ago. Peter Yoemans. You killed him Bart. You shot him in the back," Charlie yelled out.

Bart got pissed and threw his plate up against his cell wall. It broke into four pieces and dropped to the floor.

Bart rushed up to his cell bars and squeezed his face between two bars. "Shut-up Charlie!" Bart screamed through his cell bars.

John jumped up and rushed over to his cell bars. "Did you say Peter Yoemans?" John asked Charlie through his bars.

"Yep. Bart shot him in the back while he took a piss in the mountains while he rode to Oak Creek. We followed the man after he left the Prickly Cactus saloon. I bet you didn't know that, did you Marshal?" Charlie said.

"No I didn't," Clint replied. "Well, Bart, I guess I'll have to let Judge Peabody know about that killing."

"Bart stole his supplies that he just bought at Mountain Rock," Charlie added.

"Shut-up!" Bart yelled out through his cell bars. "I'll kill you if I get out of this cell," Bart threatened while he grabbed the cell bars and furiously shook them in an attempt to break out.

Clint gulped down his coffee and rushed over to Bart's cell. He whipped out his pistol and rapped Bart's knuckles with the butt of his pistol handle. "Sit down and keep your trap shut," Clint yelled at Bart.

Bart sat down and rubbed his sore knuckles, pissed with Clint and Charlie.

Clint walked over and grabbed Alicia's rifle case. He walked to the rear of the office and opened up the back door. He stepped outside of office.

Clint looked around the rear of his office, and nobody was in sight. He quickly shoved Alicia's rifle case under the crawl space of his office.

He went back inside his office.

The town folk of Oak Creek came out of their homes and business' and walked down the streets to where the gallows were located.

Alicia and Angie walked their horses from the Marshal's Office and tied to the hotel hitching post.

"As soon as you hear the gun fire, ride over to the gallows. I should be right behind you in a few minutes," Alicia told her.

The saloon had Rusty, Jimmy and Kurt inside with the bartender. From behind the bar, the bartender saw all the town folk while they walked past the saloon to the gallows.

"The Prickly Cactus is closed for the hanging," the bartender said.

He walked out from behind the bar and watched while Kurt, Jimmy and Rusty walked out of his saloon.

He left the saloon and walked down the street toward the gallows.

Jimmy walked over to the hitching post and untied his horse.

He got in the saddle of his horse and rode in the opposite direction as the crowd, and he headed deeper into town.

Rusty kept an eye on Jimmy while he rode deeper into town.

Alicia rushed over behind the Marshal's office. She saw her rifle case in the crawl space of the office. She rushed over and pulled it out.

She opened up the case and removed her rifle. She unzipped a side pocket and removed the box of bullets. She removed three bullets and loaded them into her rifle. She shoved the box back in the case and slid it into the crawl space.

She rushed over to the rear of the hotel and dragged a wooden box over to the Marshal's office. She slung the rifle strap over her shoulder. She got on top of the box and climbed onto the roof of the Marshal's office.

She scampered over to the peak of the roof and looked around Oak Creek. She saw the gallows and had a perfect line of sight, so she crouched down and waited.

Inside the Marshal's office, Clint walked over to John's jail cell. He removed a key from his pants pocket.

"It's time, John," Clint said.

John stood up in his jail cell. He trembled with fear while Clint walked inside and grabbed him by his arm. Clint walked John out of the cell.

"Bye, bye John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit," Bart chuckled out from his cell bars. "Nice riding with you, you *thief!*"

Clint dropped the key on his desk then walked John out of the Marshal's office.

The streets of Oak Creek were packed with gawkers while Clint walked John to the gallows.

He rode his horse down the back alley heading to the Marshal's Office.

Rusty ran down one of the side streets. He stopped at a building and watched while Jimmy rode his horse in the direction of the Marshal's office down the back alley.

Rusty discreetly followed him.

Angie waited on the porch of the hotel while people from other towns poured out and rushed down the street to the gallows.

The whole town of Oak Creek plus visitors from the other local towns filled up the main street. There had to be around one hundred people waiting to see John hang.

Sally, Annie, Jessica, Cindy and Betty stood in the front row, and they looked sad. All the men looked anxious that an outlaw would get his just reward; a noose. But not all of the town folk were here as Gertrude headed off to the train station with her packed bag in hand.

One man standing in the crowd was Zeke Cooper.

Jimmy waited on his horse by the rear of the hotel ready to spring into action.

Rusty hid behind the side of the building next to the hotel, and kept a watchful eye on Jimmy.

On the Marshal's office roof, Alicia watched while Clint walked John up the gallows steps. He walked John over and stopped him behind the noose. John swallowed hard when he saw the noose.

Clint loosely tied John's hands behind his back. John felt like he was going to piss his pants, as he was so scared.

Bucky walked up the gallows stairs, and he walked over and stood beside John. Bucky touched his chest for a second as a dull pain was again felt. After a second the pain went away and he felt better. He shrugged it off.

Mayor Robby Mason walked up the gallows stairs, and he walked over to a lever and waited.

Clint glanced around over the crowd at his office. He got a smirk when he saw Alicia peek over the roof.

He spotted Harvey Robbins across the street in front of his Cabinetmaker and Undertaker Shop standing by his horse and wagon. The Harvey was ready to do his additional job, as the town undertaker. Leaning up against his shop wall was a freshly made wooden coffin. Clint knew that coffin was reserved for John.

Mayor Mason looked at the anxious crowd while he removed a piece of paper from his shirt pocket. He looked at the paper.

“By order of Judge Wilbur Peabody and the Court of Oak Creek. The town of Oak Creek hereby hang John Mathers for the murder of Elmer Filson, the deputy of Oak Creek,” Mayor Mason addressed the crowd while he read the piece of paper.

John glanced at the town folk waiting for his demise.

Bucky walked over and moved John in front of the noose and on top of the trapped door. He placed the noose around John's neck, and he tightened it. John's face turned pale and his

body shook. He silently prayed that he wouldn't pee his pants in front of all these people.

Bucky walked over to a lever, and then he looked at John.

John nodded and Bucky moved the lever, and the trapped door under John's boots opened. The sound of gunfire echoed throughout the town the second John's body dropped through the hole, and dangled and he couldn't breathe as the noose started to cut off his air supply. The sound of more gunfire echoed throughout the town.

John's body dropped through the hole, and dangled and he couldn't breathe as the noose started to cut off his air supply. The sound of more gunfire echoed throughout the town.

The rope to John's noose snapped and he dropped the rest of the way through the hole and slammed into the dirt.

Everybody in front of the gallows squatted down for safety from more potential bullets.

"Everybody stay put!" Clint yelled while he whipped out his pistol and scanned the area over for the shooter.

Angie got in the saddle of her horse at the hotel.

She galloped her horse off to the gallows.

Jimmy had tied rope to the bars of the small jail window of Bart's cell just before Alicia started shooting. He was about to gallop his horse off to bust out the window when Alicia's rifle dropped out of the sky and landed near his horse. He looked up and saw Alicia while she climbed down off the roof.

Bart looked out his cell window, and he saw Alicia on the ground. "Shoot her!" Bart ordered.

Alicia stood up and saw Jimmy on his horse with the rope tied to the bars of Bart's cell window.

Jimmy whipped out his pistol and aimed it at Alicia. "Why should I kill her, Bart?" Jimmy asked.

"Because she tricked and arrested me," Bart cried out from his cell window.

Jimmy aimed pistol at Alicia.

At the gallows, everybody stayed squatted in the dirt and looked scared.

Angie galloped her horse through the crowd. They scattered when they realized she wasn't going to stop.

Angie stopped her horse by the gallows, and he turned around and Alicia wasn't in sight.

Clint and the crowd all looked at Angie on her horse.

The crowd looked at Clint and expected him to react. He looked back at the Marshal's office, and was concerned something happened to Alicia. He looked back at Angie.

"Don't move an inch," Clint said then aimed his pistol at Angie.

Behind the Marshal's office, Jimmy got a smirk on his face. "Good bye pretty woman," Jimmy said while he cocked his pistol, and was ready to end Alicia's life.

Someone fired a bullet that struck Jimmy in the tricep of his shooting arm. Alicia turned around and saw Rusty while he placed his pistol back in his holster. "I owed you one, Alicia," Rusty said while he walked over to Alicia.

"You followed us?" she told him shocked to see him in 1883.

"Yeah, I'm going to lose my ranch to the bank, so I figured I'll come here and maybe become a Marshal," Rusty replied.

Alicia realized she wasted too much time. "I need to go," she said and rushed up to him. She gave him a quick kiss on his cheek then rushed over and grabbed her rifle.

She ran off to the front of the hotel where she quickly untied her horse and got in the saddle of her horse.

She galloped her horse off to the gallows.

At the gallows, Clint had his pistol aimed at Angie.

John stayed cowered under the gallows.

The crowd hugged the dirt for protection.

Alicia galloped her horse to the gallows with her rifle in one hand.

Clint still aimed his pistol at Angie.

Alicia stopped her horse, aimed her rifle at Clint, and then she fired her rifle.

Alicia's bullet hit Clint's pistol and it flew out of his hand.

Clint grabbed his hand and appeared to be in pain.

The crowd squatted closer to the dirt.

John crawled out from under the gallows.

Alicia pointed her rifle at the crowd.

"Don't anybody move!" Alicia yelled at them.

The crowd stayed down in the dirt scared to death.

Angie walked her horse next to the gallows.

John loosened the noose. He removed it and rubbed the red ring around his neck.

"Hop on, John," Angie cried out.

John saw Angie on the horse. She extended her hand and assisted John to the back of her saddle.

Angie galloped away with John.

Alicia galloped her horse after Angie and John.

The crowd stood up and watched while Alicia, Angie and John rode galloped and were soon out of Oak Creek.

The crowd stood up and looked at Clint in anticipation of his reaction.

Clint glanced over at Mayor Mason. "Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler are sitting in the jail. Tell Judge Peabody that Charlie Chandler will testify that Bart actually killed Elmer and not the Kissing Bandit," Clint told Mayor Mason.

Clint jumped off the gallows, and he ran to a nearby hitching where he staged his horse late last night.

He galloped his horse after Alicia, Angie and John.

"Marshal Bartley will get em," Mayor Mason said to the crowd.

All the men the crowd nodded in agreement. All the women in the crowd looked happy that John was still alive.

They all got up off the dirt.

Some walked away back to their usual routines.

Some stayed and watched Clint ride off on his horse into the desert.

Behind the Marshal's office, Rusty picked up Jimmy by his uninjured arm. He saw a bloody hole in the tricep of Jimmy's right arm. "You'll live," he told Jimmy while he escorted him away.

Bart looked out his cell window and was pissed that his escape attempt failed.

Rusty walked Jimmy to the front of the Marshal's office. He saw the town folk while they walked back to their homes and businesses. One of those town folk was Zeke.

"Where's Marshal Bartley? I have outlaw Jimmy Templeton in my custody. I caught him trying to break Bart Stone out of your jail," Rusty addressed Mayor Mason who walked up to him.

Zeke stopped when he heard Rusty.

"Marshal Bartley rode off after the Kissing Bandit and two women. They both helped the Kissing Bandit escape from his hanging," Mayor Mason said. "And whom might you be?"

"I'm Rusty Moore. Whom can I talk to about being Town Marshal of Mountain Rock?" said Rusty.

"Judge Peabody should be back later today," said Mayor Mason.

"You'll be the acting Marshal until Clint gets back, Bucky," said Mayor Mason the he saw the bloody hole in the tricep of Jimmy's shooting arm. "I'll have the doc come right over," said Mayor Mason then he rushed down the street.

Zeke walked away disappointed.

Rusty opened the Marshal's office door and escorted Jimmy inside who was in pain. Bucky followed. The door closed.

Once inside the Marshal's Office, Rusty saw Bart and Charlie relaxing on the bunks in their jail cells.

Bart saw Rusty and recognized him, and he looked pissed.

Rusty saw the key on Clint's desk. He escorted Jimmy over to the desk and grabbed the key.

He escorted Jimmy to John's empty jail cell. He pushed Jimmy inside then slammed the door shut. He locked it then shoved the key in his pocket.

Rusty looked around the office and couldn't wait to become Marshal of an old western town.

Rusty and Bucky sat at the desks and watched over their prisoners.

At the Oak Creek train station; Gertrude Perkins had a small bag in her lap while she sat on a bench. She looked saddened while she waited for the train to take her to Phoenix. She realized Clint would never marry. She figured she'd have better luck in Phoenix.

The train pulled into the Oak Creek station.

It stopped at the platform.

Nobody got off the train. Gertrude and a few other folks boarded then passenger car.

Later that evening, Judge Peabody came back to Oak Creek. Mayor Mason had a chat with him and told him about Rusty.

Because of his capture of Jimmy, Judge Peabody offered Rusty Moore the job of Town Marshal of Mountain Rock the next day. He was in heaven.

Rusty rode out of Oak Creek in the early evening sporting a Town Marshal's badge. He rode off into the desert heading south to Mountain Rock to start his new career.

Later that night, Bucky had a heart attack in his sleep while sitting at Elmer's desk. He fell out of his chair and was found dead on his back on the floor of the Marshal's office. Oak Creek was now void of a Town Marshal.

Chapter 23

It was back to Wednesday, September 6th, 2006.

Crazy Hole looked quiet and peaceful. Then the blue plasma light illuminated the inside the cave. Alicia walked out with her horse. She removed the cloth from the horse's eyes then got in the saddle and waited.

Blue plasma light illuminated the inside of Crazy Hole. Angie and John walked out with their horse. He removed the cloth from the horse's eyes. She got in the saddle her horse and looked down at John.

John reached inside his shirt and broke off his bullet necklace, and he threw it in the desert.

"It's about time," she said proud he took the first step.

John smiled while he got in the saddle her horse and sat behind her.

The blue plasma light illuminated Crazy Hole while Clint walked his horse out, and he saw Alicia and smiled. He removed his Marshal's badge and shoved it in his shirt pocket.

He removed the cloth from the horse's eyes, and got in the saddle of his horse.

They all rode their horses away into the desert.

They rode their horses back to Rusty's Desert Horse Ranch and Stable. During the ride Alicia informed them that she saw Rusty back in Oak Creek. He was going to stay there and hopefully become a Town Marshal.

They placed their horses in some stalls when they got to Rusty's place.

They walked out of the stable to Alicia's car.

They got inside and Alicia drove everybody away.

During the drive they talked about how they should handle Crazy Hole to prevent other people from entering. They had a plan.

Later that day, Clint, Alicia, Angie, and John rode up to Crazy Hole on horses from Rusty's

Off in the distance about one hundred feet away on a horse was sixty-three year-old Roger Willoughby. He decided that today he finally had the courage to enter Crazy Hole to see if the legend was true. But the sight of four people riding up to Crazy Hole on horses stopped him. He stopped by a large bush and got out of the saddle of his horse. He grabbed his binoculars off his saddlebag.

Roger peeked around the bush and through his binoculars he noticed that the two men had large leather bags tied to their saddlebags and the two women each had a shovel tied to their saddlebags. "Must be going in there to dig for buried treasure," he said and the more he thought about it the more he figured that that was what they had planned.

Clint, John, Alicia, and Angie stopped their horses fifteen feet from Crazy Hole and they all got out of the saddles of their horses.

Angie held the reins of all the horses while Alicia removed the shovels and walked them over to the entrance of Crazy Hole.

"Yep. Going to dig up some buried treasure," said Roger peeking out from behind that bush and still looking through his binoculars. "But why by the entrance to the cave? That's strange."

Alicia dropped the shovel by the Crazy Hole entrance.

Clint and John carefully removed the leather bags off their saddlebags. They walked the bags over to entrance to Crazy Hole.

They each carefully opened up the leather bags and dumped out the contents. Each bag held two two-gallon pots of a small

Cereus Peruvian column cactus they purchased at a nursery in Phoenix.

From behind that bush Roger watched through his binoculars while Clint and John started cutting away the other bush by the right side of the cave opening.

After that bush was cut away, they started digging four holes at the entrance to Crazy Hole to the left of that huge rock.

“Cactus? They’re putting cactus at the entrance of Crazy Hole? Weird,” Roger said while he watched Clint and John dug the four holes.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Clint and John had the four Cereus Peruvian column cacti planted in the ground at the entrance to Crazy Hole.

Back at that bush, Roger got in the saddle of his horse and rode off in the desert a little disappointed he couldn’t see if the Crazy Hole was true. But he didn’t want to run into one of those Cacti.

Back at Crazy Hole, Clint and John looked over their gardening work. “That should prevent someone from entering the cave,” said Clint.

John nodded in agreement then they walked over to Alicia and Angie.

Clint walked over and stood next to Alicia. “Well, I guess the town folk of Oak Creek will be wondering for years what happened to me,” he said while he placed an arm around her shoulder.

She smiled and rested her head on his shoulder.

He placed his arm around her shoulder.

John walked up to Clint. “I can’t thank you enough for saving my life,” John said while he extended his hand to Clint.

Clint shook his hand. “You’re welcome. I’m sorry I got so crazy when I arrested you. But I really thought you killed my deputy,” Clint said.

“That’s fair enough. I had no business getting involved with this outlaw stuff,” John replied.

Clint placed a hand on John's shoulder. "That's okay. Some men take a little longer to grow up," Clint said.

Alicia and Angie nodded in agreement.

They got in the saddles of their horses and rode away off in the desert.

During the dusty ride back to Rusty's empty ranch house, Angie, John, Clint and Alicia all agreed to meet the next day for dinner.

The next day brought changes to some lives.

John bought a newer car. It was a 2002 Honda Civic since he still had cash left in his savings account.

John drove and Angie sat in the passenger seat with two golf club bags in the back seat. They just finished playing golf earlier in the day.

John turned his Honda to the street where the Outlaw Steakhouse was located.

Angie frowned at him, as she was all too familiar with this street.

John drove past the entrance to the parking lot of the Outlaw Steakhouse.

Angie looked surprised and proud of John.

John drove his Honda farther down the street to a nice upscale restaurant called The Purple Cactus.

He parked his Honda and quickly got out and opened Angie's door like a gentleman.

"No Outlaw Steakhouse and you opened my car door. I'm surprised at you," she told John while they walked to the front door of The Purple Cactus.

"I'm trying to change," he told her.

He opened the door for Angie.

"I think you have," she replied then kissed his cheek.

They entered the restaurant.

Meanwhile, at the Resthaven Park Mortuary & Cemetery, Phillip had the remains of his father moved to a burial plot. He

bought a new tombstone and had it installed and then planted some flowers.

Back at The Purple Cactus, John and Angie sat down at a table with Clint and Alicia. Angie sat next to Alicia and John sat down next to Clint who looked different with modern clothes and hairstyle.

The waitress dropped off their drinks and left with their dinner orders.

“Look at you Clint. You’re blending in with the future,” John said.

“I know,” Clint replied while he ran his fingers through his new hairstyle.

Angie looked like she had to pee while she squirmed in her chair all excited. Then she stuck out her hand in front of Alicia, and she showed off a beautiful engagement ring.

“Congratulations!” Alicia cried out then leaned over and gave Angie a hug then kiss on her cheek.

“Way to go,” Clint said to John with a pat on his back.

“I have more good news. I got accepted into Stone Mountain Community College!” John said. “Going to eventually major in History at the University of Phoenix,” said John and looked sure of himself. “Maybe I’ll eventually become a professor of history.”

“Yep. You look more like a college man than an outlaw!” Clint said. Angie and Alicia chuckled in agreement.

“Oh yeah, I’m also going to work on my grandfather’s manuscript he wrote about old western outlaw s. Hopefully get it published.”

“But you didn’t write it,” said Clint.

“I know but it would be a good remembrance of him and it would make him proud,” said John.

“I see,” said Clint.

Angie looked at Alicia and Clint. “So, what’s going on with you two?” Angie asked.

“Thanks to Alicia, I’m going to play piano for the Phoenix Symphony,” Clint said then leaned over and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

“Then we plan on marriage, but we’re not in any hurry,” Alicia said.

“Yep, I’m going to make her a respectable woman,” Clint replied.

Alicia jokingly elbowed Clint in his side. “I’ll show you respectable,” she said.

Clint placed his arm around Alicia’s shoulder then kissed her cheek.

John looked concerned when he thought about something. He leaned in a little across the table. “But how can you make him, you know, be a legit citizen?”

“I got that covered. Called in some old favors. Taken care of,” said Angie.

It was quiet for a few seconds around the table. Angie’s cell phone rang. She looked at the viewfinder then cringed as she forgot someone.

“Hi mom,” Angie answered and knew she was in trouble.

“I thought you were coming home? We’ve been waiting for the past few days for your call,” her mom scolded her over the cell phone.

Angie covered her cell phone mouthpiece. “I was supposed to fly home and visit my folks, and I forgot,” Angie told everybody.

“Well, let’s go visit them. We do have some good news to tell them,” John told Angie.

Angie smiled. “Mom, I’m leaving in a few days as soon as I get a flight reserved. Plus John wants to come and see you,” Angie told her mom.

“Okay. We can’t wait to see him again,” her mom said.

Angie disconnected her call then winked at John.

The waitress brought their dinners, and they ate and chatted.

After they finished their meal, Alicia remembered something, so she reached down by her purse on the floor and brought up an "Outlaws and Lawmen of Arizona" book and laid it on the table.

"I'm curious," she said while she opened up the book.

She opened up to the page on Bart Stone, and she looked the page over.

"Bart Stone was hanged on September twenty-fifth, eighteen eighty-three for the murder of Oak Creek deputy Elmer Filson. Charlie Chandler testified before Judge Peter Peabody that Bart Stone fired the shot that killed Elmer. Charlie was given two years in the Yuma Territorial prison since he testified against Bart Stone and for his outlaw ways of robbing banks and stagecoaches. Charlie was shot dead in the desert when the Stagecoach taking him to Yuma prison was camped for the night. It was believed that maybe Jimmy Templeton killed Charlie in retaliation for testifying against Bart Stone," Alicia read. "Jimmy Templeton was never caught and never seen again."

"What does the book say about Clint and me?" John asked curious.

Alicia flipped through some pages then stopped.

"Outlaw John Mathers, alias the Kissing Bandit, escaped while being hanged. Oak Creek Town Marshal Bartley gave chase but the famous outlaw was never caught and never heard from again," Alicia read. She flipped through some more pages then stopped.

"Marshal Bartley chased after outlaw John Mathers after he escaped from being hanged. Marshal Bartley never returned back to Oak Creek and was never heard from again. Zeke Cooper became the new Oak Creek Town Marshal," Alicia read. She looked curious then flipped through some more pages.

"I remember Zeke. He would be a good Marshal for Oak Creek," said Clint.

Alicia looked at Clint. "That could have been you," she said and placed a hand on top of his. "I'm glad you're here. Safe and sound."

"Read some more," said John.

Alicia looked back at the book. "Rusty Moore became the Town Marshal of Mountain Rock in September twenty-fourth, eighteen eighty three after Marshal Jeb Paulson passed away in his sleep. Marshal Moore was the Town Marshal of Mountain Rock until the town was abandoned in eighteen ninety-four. Marshal Moore moved to Tucson where he became Police Chief of the Tucson Police Department until nineteen oh one. Marshal Moore died in his sleep in Tucson in nineteen fifteen," she read from the book and paused while she turned the page.

"Oh, then it mentions how a new outlaw named Blue Earl Olson and his gang started robbing banks and stagecoaches after Bart Stone was no longer around. The Oak Creek Town Marshal Zeke Cooper was shot and killed by Blue Earl Olson on October eighth, eighteen eighty-three while robbing the Oak Creek bank," she read from the book.

"Poor Zeke," said Clint. "He was a good man."

"There you go, the rest of the story," Alicia said while she closed the book and laid it on the floor by her purse.

"Blue Earl Olson? I heard of him," said Clint.

"I believe he was from the New Mexico area and maybe moved his crime spree to Arizona," said John. "History has it that he had a blue scarf that was tied to his saddle. Then used the blue scarf to cover half of his face."

"Yeah, but he's not a threat to us here today," said Clint.

They decided to forget about the old western says and live in the future. They had desert with coffee and chatted for thirty minutes.

After dinner, they went to watch *Brokeback Mountain* at a nearby theater. Of course, Clint was shocked over the thought of gay cowboys, but they wanted to indoctrinate him to the future.

Chapter 24

Ten years had passed since John Mather's Crazy Hole time traveling adventure that almost ended his life.

So far, nobody had used Crazy Hole for time traveling. But this was about to change.

A young man had a dream...

It was a hot and the day also came with a clear blue sky in an old western town built out of wood. The town was also dusty since it was located smack in the middle of the desert. But it was home to a few people who wanted a better life.

Snoozing at his desk was the Town Marshal. His name was Dalton Trevor. He wore white cowboy boots, white pants, white shirt and a white cowboy hat.

Marshal Trevor sat in his wooden chair behind his desk with his boots propped up on the top of the desk. His hat was tipped downward over his eyes. This was his normal after lunch nap.

The door to Marshal Trevor's office busted open.

"Marshal, Marshal, the bank's being robbed by the infamous outlaw Blue Earl and his gang of hooligans," said an old man out of breath from running from the bank.

Trevor jumped up to his boots and whipped out his Colt 45 Peacemaker pistol with Ivory handle out of its holster. He opened up the revolving cylinder. It had six bullets. He spun the cylinder then closed it. He was ready and glanced over at the old man. "I'll take care of those hooligans. Don't you worry," he said then strutted over to the door.

The old man looked confident Marshal Trevor would save the day. He followed Marshal Trevor out of the Marshal's office.

Marshal Trevor strutted down the dusty dirt street of the town that was void of any town folk.

He strutted close to the bank where he heard gunfire and a female scream inside.

The door to the bank busted open. Outlaw Blue Earl who wore all black and five other outlaws that also wore all black raced out of the bank holding cloth bags obviously stuffed with cash. They wore a blue bandana covering their nose and mouths.

“Stop Blue Earl!” yelled out Marshal Trevor and gave them a glare that he wasn't fooling around.

Blue Earl and his five gang members stopped dead in their tracks. They gave Marshal Trevor their one eyed evil stare with snarls.

“It's for your own good if you leave us alone,” yelled out Blue Earl while he and his gang whipped out both of his pistols and aimed them at Marshal Trevor.

Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, and Blue Earl and his five gang members all dropped to the dirt dead from Marshal Trevor's rapid pistol fire and accurate pistol aim.

Marshal Trevor twirled his pistol a few times then shoved it back in his holster. He puffed out his chest since he was the man.

The entire town folks cautiously came out of their hiding places. They saw the dead outlaws in the dirt street. “Trevor! Trevor! Trevor!” they all started chanting to show they loved Marshal Trevor.

Marshal Trevor looked proud while he glanced at the chanting town folk. He suddenly felt a hand on his shoulder. “Ahhh!” he shrieked out like a little girl, as this sudden hand on his shoulder scared the crap out of him.

It was really Wednesday evening on September 14th, 2016 and not a hot and dusty day in the old west.

Dalton Trevor woke up from his dream. He had his face plastered on an opened page of his “Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws” textbook while he was sat at a desk.

His face was on the page about famous old western Earl “Blue” Olson and his gang that roamed the New Mexico and Arizona territories in the eighteen eighties robbing banks, stagecoaches, and trains.

He saw a picture of Blue Earl Olson and his five-member gang that consisted of; Frankie Nixon, Deke Olson, Bo Johnson, and Hank Bush. Deke was Blue Earl’s kid brother and Blue Earl was extremely protective of him. Blue Earl was also know to have holsters with pistols on his right and left hip. He was famous for being an expert shot with either hand.

Dalton was not an old western town Marshal. He was in fact a twenty-three year old young man that wore a Security Guard’s light blue shirt and black pants uniform. He fell asleep at the desk while studying his textbook and had a dream about living in the old west. The only weapon Dalton was allowed to carry was a flashlight and a small pepper dispenser.

Dalton heard a guy chuckling. Dalton was a little dazed and confused from his dream and didn’t have a clue where he was at the moment.

“Sorry, Dalton. I didn’t mean to scare you,” said seventy-three year-old Roger Willoughby standing near his cleaning cart.

Dalton looked at Roger and now realized he was at his part-time nighttime Security Guard job the Aero Place Company located in Phoenix, Arizona. “You didn’t scare me, Roger,” said Dalton to the nighttime janitor.

“Oh, I scared you. You screamed like a girl,” said Roger with a little chuckle.

Dalton blushed and got a little embarrassed. “I was dreaming I was a old western Marshal. I shot and killed six outlaws that just robbed the bank.”

“You and this old western fascination. You were born a hundred years too late,” Roger said with a chuckle then he wheeled his cleaning cart way to go clean some rooms down the hallway.

Dalton yawned, got up from the desk and walked away heading in the opposite direction of Roger. It was time for another round of the plant to make sure the place was safe.

He glanced at a clock hanging on the wall. It was ten that evening and he had one hour left on his shift.

Seven hours had passed and it was September 15th, 2016. It was Thursday morning.

Dalton was sound asleep in his bed of his efficiency apartment located in the Wild Cactus Apartment Complex located in Phoenix.

The alarm by his bedside table blared that annoying sound.

Dalton’s eyes opened. He glanced at the clock, reached up and shut it off.

He flipped the covers off his body and got out of bed.

He stood up, stretched and yawned.

He moped his way over to the bathroom.

After he was cleaned up he got dressed in his western shirt, Levi blue jeans, and brown cowboy boots.

An hour had passed and Dalton parked his 2005 blue Honda Civic in one of the student parking lots of the University of Phoenix campus.

He got out of his car and his eyes lit up with a grand of an idea. He removed his iPhone from his belt and typed his “Hey Shelly. Let’s meet for lunch. I have seen or heard from you in a week. I miss you,” text message. He pressed the send button and walked off with a spring in his step knowing she would respond soon and he would have a lunch date.

Dalton walked through the campus and headed off to class.

He was now sitting at a desk in a small classroom. He got in class a little early and was the first one in the room. His cell

phone soon rang out with a horse galloping sound bite. He smiled and removed his iPhone off his belt. He opened up the text message app and saw he had a message from Shelly. He was anxious to read it.

“Sorry. Busy all day,” was Shelly’s response.

Dalton’s heart sank to his feet. He typed a “How about tomorrow?” message back to Shelly. He put his cell phone back on his belt. He started to worry. He still had bad luck with women. They at first appeared interested then soon started to brush him off. It hurt and he tried not to let it get to the best of him. But he had a hunch Shelly would agree to meet tomorrow.

Chrissy Barron, a nineteen-year-old education major entered the classroom. She immediately scanned the classroom and saw Dalton sitting at his desk. She had a hint of a smile seeing Dalton since she secretly had a crush on him. She didn’t know why but Dalton had been on her mind the first second she laid eyes on him. And she was a little nervous with trying to approach him. So she sat down two rows directly across from Dalton’s right.

Five minutes had passed and the professor entered the room. Dalton and Chrissy were in thirty-four year old Professor John Mathers “Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws” class. Dalton was majoring in Criminal Justice and decided to take Professor Mathers class as an elective. He figured it would be an easy course since he already knew a lot about old western history anyway.

“Good morning, class,” said John Mathers entering his classroom with his briefcase in hand.

John walked over and placed his briefcase on the top of his desk. He opened up his briefcase and removed the “Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws textbook he authored and dedicated to his grandfather Mickey Mathers.

“Okay, today we’ll talk about some of the old western town around Phoenix that once were full of life,” he said while opening up the book.

Dalton opened up his textbook and caught a glimpse of Chrissy peeking at him. He had noticed her in class and thought she was cute but didn’t want a girl that was plain looking. He wanted Shelly who had a shapely body with her short black hair. Chrissy had shoulder length hair, blue eyes and an average body but still not as curvy as Shelly’s.

Dalton looked away from Chrissy and was all ears while John started his lecture.

“Okay, lets talk about the small towns that were once thriving around the Phoenix area.

During the next hour, Dalton learned that...

The town of Oak Creek was once located six miles northwest of Miners Needle in an area a few miles to the west of today’s unincorporated area of Tortilla Flat. The town was close to the Salt River. Oak Creek was founded in 1867 and was abandoned around 1887. The only remains of Oak Creek are a few faded tombstones lost in time amongst some bushes.

The town of Stone Valley was located in what is now Desert Ridge. It was founded around 1869 and abandoned in 1895.

The town of Rattlesnake was once located near the Sun City. It was founded in 1873 and abandoned around 1892.

The town of Mountain Rock was located in what is now Gilbert. It was settled around 1877 and abandoned in 1894.

All of these towns circled around the town of Phoenix, which was settled in 1867 and where most of the residents of those abandoned towns moved to later for grander opportunities.

The Butterfield Overland Stagecoach made daily runs to all of the towns, as a trail linked all cites together. The main office of the Butterfield Overland Stagecoach Company was located in Phoenix.

A train rail line also ran from Dodge City to Albuquerque then to Phoenix. By 1880 it had stops at Oak Creek, Stone Valley, Cactus City and Rattlesnake before ending in Phoenix.

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company operated the train rail line with its main office located in Phoenix. Greedy management eventually bankrupted the company in 1902 and the rail line was abandoned after the train was sold.

Class was now over.

Chrissy took an occasional glance of Dalton while he left the classroom with the other students. He didn't notice.

It was now noon and Dalton sat in the food court eating a hamburger with fries. His head was buried in one of his Criminal Justice textbooks.

"Mind if I join you?" said a female voice.

Dalton glanced up from his book and saw Chrissy with a tray of food in hand. "Sure," he said and didn't recognize her.

Chrissy sat down. Her heart raced as she finally decided to be brave this afternoon and approach Dalton. "I'm Chrissy Baron," she said and extended out her hand across the small table.

"Dalton Trevor," he said shaking her hand and glanced at her. "Do I know you?" he said, as something suddenly felt familiar about this girl.

"I recognized you, as I'm also in Professor Mathers Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws class," she said while her heart raced and was still nervous with approaching Dalton.

Dalton looked at her. "Oh yeah, I remember you," he said.

It was quiet for a few seconds while Dalton ate his hamburger and Chrissy started to eat her chicken sandwich.

Dalton decided to break the silence. "What's your major?"

"Education. I want to become a teacher." "What's your major?"

"Criminal justice."

“So you want to become a policeman?”

“Actually my dream is to become a US Marshal. Travel the county after the bad guys and put them behind bars.”

“Sounds like an honorable profession,” she said.

“As is teaching,” said Dalton.

They just had some idle chat while they ate their lunch.

Ten minutes had passed and they were done.

“Well, I need to head off to another class,” said Dalton while he stood up with his tray in one hand and his textbook tucked under his left arm.

“Me too,” she said standing up. “Thanks for eating lunch with me,” she added.

“You’re welcome,” said Dalton. “I’ll see you next week.”

“Yes you will,” said Chrissy and she walked away with her heart racing about finally get up with the courage to finally approach Dalton.

Dalton walked away. He stopped and turned around and took a glance at Chrissy. He was actually glad she ate lunch with him. He now thought she was cute and really enjoyed her company during lunch. He was looking forward to meeting her next week and forgot about Shelly turning him down for lunch.

He emptied the contents of his tray in the trash and placed the tray on the top of the trash can.

He walked off to head to his next class and forgot all about Shelly not responding to his request to meet for lunch tomorrow.

Dalton’s day was over and he ate a quick dinner and headed off to his night shift security guard job.

It was a quiet shift.

During his dinner break in the employee break room, he chatted with Roger on what he learned about those small towns that once thrived in Phoenix area during the old west.

“You know, I do recall my granddaddy telling me stories about Oak Creek and Stone Valley,” said Roger.

“Man, I wished I had ancestors that lived here during the old west. That way I could have heard some real life stories,” said Dalton a little jealous of Roger. “Tell me something.”

Roger thought for a few seconds. “Okay, well, great granddaddy Felix Willoughby owned the livery stable in Oak Creek. He was also the town Blacksmith and was friends with an old Indian named Merijildo. He was a well known tracker back in those days.”

“A tracker?”

“Yes, a tracker. The Marshal of Oak Creek and Stone Valley often used Merijildo to track down outlaws that tried to hide in the desert after doing a bank or train robbery.”

“That makes sense for those times.” “Any interesting stories about his Merryjildo tracker,” said Dalton screwing up pronouncing the Indian’s name.

Roger chuckled, as he knew he would be wasting his time trying to get Dalton to correctly pronounce that name. “The only one I remembered was when Merijildo was called to help track down Oak Creek’s town Marshal Clint Bartley.”

“Why track down a Marshal? Did he go over to the dark side and became an outlaw?”

“Oh no, he went missing.”

“Missing?”

“When?”

Roger took a second to think about that story he was told. “Oh I believe it was around eighteen eighty three.”

“Did they ever find him?”

Roger thought for a few seconds. “No, probably left town and headed to Phoenix, if that was my guess.”

“Yeah, that’s probably what happened. I can imagine Phoenix offered more than Oak Creek,” said Dalton.

“Probably,” Roger said then he glanced down at his watch. “I better get to cleaning those toilets. He got up and walked away and shoved his lunch trash in the trash can.

He left the break room.

Dalton got up and shoved his lunch trash in the trash can.
He left the break room and decided to make a round
around the plant to make sure it was safe.

Chapter 25

A week had passed.

Shelly never replied to Dalton's text message last week on meeting for lunch. Normally that would have upset him but for some reason he didn't care. He figured she wasn't a nice person and not worth his time. She was history.

It was Thursday morning, September 22nd, 2016.

Dalton looked forward to Thursday's, as this was the day of his favorite class.

He got dressed and headed off to the university.

Chrissy got dressed in her apartment and headed off to the university. She also looked forward to Thursday. As this was also the day of her favorite class and the guy she had a crush.

At John Mathers home, he and his thirty-year-old wife, Angie sat at the kitchen table drinking their morning coffee and eating breakfast.

"How's your Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws class coming along?"

"Pretty good so far."

"Anybody ask any difficult questions," she said in reference to his past.

"Not yet. I don't think they will. Since I've been teaching this class for the past two years, all the kids are only interested in is an easy grade since this is an elective for them."

"I hope it stays that way," she said and finished her cup of coffee.

"Oh it will," he said and finished his cup of coffee.

After putting their cups in the sink they both left the kitchen and house.

They went outside and walked over to their cars parked in the driveway. John and Angie walked up to his 2015 white Mustang.

“Go fill those young minds with history,” she said giving him a kiss on the lips by his car.

She walked away and walked over to her red 2015 Camaro.

“And have a great day with people’s money,” he said making reference to her bank manager’s job.

They got in their cars, backed out of the driveway, and drove off in separate directions down the street.

At the Clint Bartley home, thirty-eight year old Clint was drinking his morning cup of coffee at the kitchen table in shorts and tee shirt. He now sported a moustache and his hair was shorter than the way he kept his hair in the old west. Plus it was sprinkles with a few streaks of gray.

His forty-year-old wife, Alicia, entered the kitchen and wore blue jeans, denim shirt and cowboy boots. She also had a badge clipped to her belt. She was a still detective with the Phoenix Police Department.

She waked up to the counter and poured a cup of coffee.

She sat down at the table. “When are you going to practice?” she asked Clint then took a sip of coffee.

“At ten,” he said and took a sip of his coffee. Clint was pianist with the Phoenix Symphony.

“Any arrests today?”

“No. Just checking out some leads on last week’s bank robbery.”

“Well, we both know the Kissing Bandit didn’t rob that bank,” Clint said and got a chuckle out of Alicia.

“I hope he didn’t,” she said and finished her coffee then got up from the table.

She walked over and gave Clint a kiss on his lips. “Go tickle those ivories,” she said.

“Will do,” said Clint and watched while Alicia left the kitchen. When she was gone he finished his coffee.

Back at the university, Dalton again was the first student in Professor Mathers Arizona Old West Outlaw and Marshal class.

Another student entered the classroom followed by Chrissy.

Chrissy immediately spotted Dalton and smiled. But today she decided to get braver. Instead of sitting two rows over from Dalton, she waked down the row next to his right.

“Hi Chrissy,” said Dalton when he saw her sit down.

“I’m surprised you remembered my name.”

“Why not. I had a nice lunch with you last week.”

“Well, thank you, Dalton.”

There was a few seconds of silence.

“Are you ready for this class?”

“I am. It’s my favorite,” said Dalton.

“It’s also my favorite.”

“I’m surprised that an education major would be interested in a class like this. Are you planning on teaching history?”

“Actually, I want to teach first or second grade. Figured that’s the perfect time to help mold them to become good students. I’m in this class because I’m fascinated by the old west.”

Dalton smiled. “Me too. I love reading, researching, or watching old western movies.”

“Me too!” What’s your favorite old western movie?”

Dalton was ready to tell her but the closing of the classroom door made he stay quiet.

“Good morning, class,” said Professor Mathers as he closed the door and walked over to his desk. “Okay, today we’ll start talking about some of the Marshal’s that helped maintained law and order in the Phoenix area,” he said while putting down his briefcase, opening it and removed the textbook.

Dalton leaned over toward Chrissy. “Back to the Future three,” he said in a low tone.

“Back to the Future three?” she replied in a lone tone.

Dalton nodded that that was correct.

"I love that movie," she said in a low tone.

"I love the time travel angle," he said.

She nodded in agreement with him then they returned their eyes to Professor Mathers while he started today's lecture.

Chrissy and Dalton both smiled over the fact they had the same interest in movies.

"So we'll start with the town Oak Creek," said John.

"Now, we learned last week that Oak Creek was founded in eighteen sixty-seven. People from the east settled in Oak Creek with dreams of striking it rich by mining the area for copper, gold, or silver. So the first Town Marshal of Oak Creek in eighteen sixty-eight was a gentleman named Ervin Schmidt," said John then he paused for a few seconds.

"Marshal Schmidt was only twenty-five years old and came to Oak Creek after roaming the country after serving in the Union Army during the Civil War. Marshal Schmidt left Oak Creek and headed out to California for other opportunities in eighteen seventy-two."

John took a breather for a few seconds.

"Oak Creek hired thirty-five year old Butch Wilson who rode into town from New Mexico. Marshal Wilson's tenure lasted until eighteen eighty. He died during a gunfight with a drunken cowboy at the Prickly Cactus Saloon in Oak Creek."

John stopped for another quick pause. He had a hint of a smile while he glanced down at his textbook.

"Okay, now for the next Marshal of Oak Creek. He was twenty-eight year old Clint Bartley who came in from San Francisco for some adventures in the old west," he said while still glancing down at his textbook at the picture of Clint taken back in those days. He paused for a few seconds while this memory was still fresh in his mind.

"Okay, now Clint had a sixty year old Deputy named Elmer Filson. They were good friends," he said and paused for a few seconds and recalled living this next piece of information.

“Now, Deputy Filson was shot and killed on September seventeenth in eighty-three. It happened during a shoot out with outlaws Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler,” he said and paused. It always was awkward for John to tell this part of the historical moment. “And another outlaw named the Kissing Bandit. They just robbed the Oak Creek National Bank.”

Dalton raised his hand and John noticed.

“Yes.”

“Did this Kissing Bandit have a name other than Kissing Bandit?” asked Dalton.

John looked at Trevor and hesitated as no student ever asked this question. “Yes, yes he did” he said and paused for a few seconds. “It’s a funny coincidence that this Kissing Bandit,” he said then gave a light chuckle. “Funny coincidence that the Kissing Bandit’s name was John Mathers.”

All the students looked at each other as that name sounded so familiar.

Chrissy’s eyes lit up. “He had name as you do?”

“Why yes. But you know I can imagine thousands of guys were named John Mathers throughout the last couple hundred of years,” he said hoping they would believe it.

Chrissy got a little curious so she flipped ahead in her textbook to the outlaw section. She found nothing in the textbook about the Kissing Bandit and thought that was odd.

“So Marshal Bartley went after the three outlaws and eventually caught them. But something strange happened,” he said and paused.

Chrissy glanced up from her textbook and looked back at John to hear about this strange event.

“The Kissing Bandit was on the gallows ready to be hung for the murder of Deputy Elmer Filson on September twenty-third in eighteen eighty-three. But an unknown individual fired from a nearby building severing the rope of his noose. Two women on horses raced up, the Kissing Bandit hopped on one of the horses and they raced out of town.”

“Didn’t Marshal Bartley shoot at them?” asked Dalton.

“No, he was afraid of another shooter in the area. So he ran to his office, got his horse and gave chase.

“Did he catch them?” said Chrissy.

“No, the Kissing Bandit was never caught and history never found out what happened to him.”

“What about Marshal Bartley?” Dalton asked.

“He never returned to Oak Creek and his final demise was never known for the history books,” said John and he paused while he relived that moment in his head. “Now, for the demise of Bart Stone,” he said and glanced at the class.

Chrissy was still curious. “Professor, how come this book doesn’t have information about the history of Kissing Bandit?” “You know, where he came from and stuff like that.”

Dalton glanced over at Chrissy and started to wonder the same thing.

“I haven’t had the chance to do an update. It’s in work,” he said and really wanted to get off the topic of his past outlaw ways.

“Will you discuss this in the class?” said Chrissy.

“Well see. Now, let’s get back to Bart Stone. He was hanged on September twenty-fifth, eighteen eighty-three for the murder of Oak Creek deputy Elmer Filson. Charlie Chandler testified before Judge Peter Peabody that Bart Stone fired the shot that killed Elmer.”

Chrissy felt John was being evasive with this Kissing Bandit topic. *Why?* She started to wonder and her curiosity started to peak.

“So this Kissing Bandit guy was actually innocent of murder?” said Dalton.

Chrissy thought about the Kissing Bandit. *Where did he come from? How old was he? How did he hook up with Bart Stone?* These were questions that flooded her head and she wanted answers.

“Yes he was. And then Charlie Chandler was given one year in the Yuma Territorial prison since he testified against Bart Stone. Chandler was found dead at that prison from a stab wound a year later. It was suspected someone loyal to Bart Stone killed him,” said John then he went on to discuss the demise of Oak Creek during the rest of the class.

Class ended and everybody left with John leaving first so nobody would press him with more tough questions concerning the Kissing Bandit. Normally this wasn't a threat since most of the students weren't that interested in this type of history. John always believed they only wanted an easy elective. But for some reason, Chrissy started to make him a little nervous.

Dalton and Chrissy stood up from their desks. He looked at her. “You sure pressed him about that Kissing Bandit outlaw.”

“Well, I wanted answers,” she said.

“He'll probably talk about that outlaw next week.”

“Yeah, maybe,” she said but had her doubts. “Why don't we meet for lunch today?” she said.

He looked at her and recalled their lunch last week.

“Sure,” he said having actually enjoyed her company.

“Good. About high noon?”

“Sounds good to me,” said Dalton and thought it was cute how she used the old western term “high noon.”

Chrissy smiled and they both left the classroom.

Dalton went off in one direction after leaving the history building while Chrissy headed off in another direction. She looked like she was on a mission.

Ten minutes had passed and Chrissy was in the library. She was doing some research on some other old western history books.

After fifteen minutes she found some information on the Kissing Bandit in that book. “Now that is strange,” said while she read the article. She read the article again and bookmarked that page because of the photograph it contained.

She got up from the table with that book and rushed over to the tables with computers. She used one of the computers and did a search for the Kissing Bandit on the Internet.

Five minutes had passed and she found some interesting results and printed an article about the Kissing Bandit from a website. She liked the larger view of that photograph from the book.

She grabbed the pages she printed off the printer.

She booked marked the pages she printed then rushed over to the front desk. She checked out that book.

She rushed out of the library.

Chrissy rushed through the campus and headed off to the food court located in another building.

She went inside that building and to the food court.

She found an empty table, sat down and anxiously waited for Dalton to show up.

Five minutes passed and Chrissy's eyes widened the second she saw Dalton enter the food court. She waved at him when he looked in her direction.

Dalton walked over to her table.

"Let's get some food," he said sitting down.

Chrissy glanced around and saw the food court was too crowded for comfort. "Why don't we go outside first? Find a nice quiet place where we can't be bothered," she said.

Dalton looked at her and thought she wanted to get a little friendlier and maybe kiss. He hadn't kissed a woman since his high school prom.

"I have some weird information I need to show you. Maybe weird isn't the word. More like strange," she said and glanced over her shoulder. "There's too many wondering ears and eyes here in the food court," she said in a quiet voice.

"Okay," said Dalton and now she peaked his curiosity and figured she didn't want to make out.

They got up and left the food court.

They left the building and walked around campus until they found a bench where nobody was close to it to hear them. They sat down side by side on the bench.

Chrissy glanced over both shoulders. The coast was clear from eavesdroppers. She opened up the book she checked out from the library. "Look what I found," she said and opened up to a page she bookmarked.

Dalton looked down at the book and saw it was about famous old western outlaws. "Okay, a book about outlaws. I've probably read it before," he said and didn't look too thrilled.

"It's about that Kissing Bandit," she said pointing to the page.

"I see that."

She turned the page and pointed to a picture. "Here's a picture of the Kissing Bandit," she said touching the picture. The caption states it's with Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler, and the Kissing Bandit taken in Mountain Rock."

Dalton looked at the photograph. "Okay, we see the three outlaws," he said not concerned with what she found.

"Does that Kissing Bandit look familiar?"

Dalton looked at the photograph again. "Not really."

Chrissy removed that page she printed off about the Kissing Bandit from the Internet. "Look at that same photograph that's a larger view," she said handing Dalton the paper.

He looked at it.

"Now does he look familiar?"

Dalton continued to look at the photograph. His eyes widened in a little disbelief. "That outlaw is a striking resemblance of Professor Mathers."

"That's what I'm thinking."

Dalton continued to check out the photograph. "Aw, maybe it's just a coincidence." "You know, maybe as humans we do often resemble each other throughout history."

“That could be true. But I still can’t get over how that old western outlaw has a striking resemblance to Professor Mathers,” said Chrissy. “And Professor Mathers teaches a history course on old western Marshals and Outlaws.”

Dalton continued to look at the Internet article picture.

“So there’s nothing about the Kissing Bandit named John Mathers. There’s no information about his parents, nothing about where he was born and came from. He just suddenly appeared in Oak Creek in eighteen eighty-three robbing banks, hooking up with Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler and suddenly disappeared in eighty-three,” she said. “Never heard from again.”

Dalton thought about what she said and glanced at the photograph and scanned over what the Internet article and the book had to say about the Kissing Bandit. “Okay, I’m now thinking that that’s a little eerie,” he said and wondered where was she going with this.

“And I felt that Professor Mathers was being evasive about providing more detail about the Kissing Bandit today,” she said. “He had a reason.”

Dalton pondered for a few seconds all the information she presented. “I guess, we have only one option. We’ll have to press Professor Mathers for more information about this outlaw. Show him the picture you found and see how he responds,” said Dalton.

“I have classes all afternoon, so why don’t we meet tomorrow have lunch then go see Professor Mathers afterward?” said Chrissy.

Dalton smiled at her offer. “Sounds good to me,” he said.

“Well, I have another class in fifteen minutes,” said Chrissy while standing up.

“Me too,” he said while standing up.

“I’ll see you tomorrow at high noon?” she said.

“High noon it is,” said Dalton.

They both stood there for a few seconds looking at each other. They gave each other a little smile then walked off in different directions.

The rest of the day was quiet for Dalton.

He went to work that night. During his entire shift all he could think about was this Kissing Bandit stuff and also the time he has spent with Chrissy.

After work he relaxed in his apartment and felt like watching a movie. So he went over to his bookcase of DVDs and scanned them for one of interest. For some strange reason, he had this inkling to watch this one particular movie.

He kicked back on his couch and started watching the *Back to the Future III* movie.

Over in Chrissy's apartment in the Sandy Cove Apartment Complex, she also had the same inkling to watch the *Back to the Future III* movie. Her inkling came from what she discovered about the Kissing Bandit earlier today.

Chapter 26

It's now Friday morning, September 23rd, 2016.

Dalton woke up at his apartment, took a shower, got dressed, ate a quick bowl of cereal then headed off to the university.

Chrissy woke up from her apartment, got dressed, ate a quick breakfast then headed off to the university. She made sure she had that book she checked out from the library and that Kissing Bandit picture from that website.

It was high noon.

Dalton and Chrissy met at the food court on campus.

"What did you do last night?" said Chrissy while they she sat down at a table with their trays of lunch.

"I watched Back to the Future three," said Dalton while he sat down.

Chrissy's eyes widened a little. "So did I. What a coincidence," she said then got curious. "Why did you pick a time traveling movie?"

"Why did you?"

"You first."

Dalton thought for a few seconds. "I well, I sorta have this wish where I could travel back in time to the old west."

Chrissy cracked a little warm smile. "That's funny as I've have the same wish."

Dalton was impressed that they both had the same interests. This was the first for a woman with him. He liked it.

They did a little idle chat while they finished their lunch.

They were done eating.

"How about we go find Professor Mathers?" said Dalton.

"Let's do it," said Chrissy.

They got up with their textbooks, and put stuff in the trash then left the food court.

They left the building and walked through campus and soon arrived at the History Building.

They went inside the History Building.

They walked down the first floor hallway and up to Professor Mather's office door. It was locked. Dalton knocked on the door. They waited. Nothing.

"He's gone," said a female voice behind them.

Dalton and Chrissy turned around and saw a middle-aged woman named Sally that looked like she worked at the university.

"We're students in one of his classes," said Chrissy.

"We wanted to talk to him about his textbook he's using in our class," said Dalton.

"We found a discrepancy," added Chrissy.

"He's out for the rest of the day. He's over at the Police Museum for the opening of a new display on old western Marshals and Outlaws," said Sally. "The display he created for the museum."

"Thank you," said Dalton he motioned to Chrissy that they should leave.

They were quiet while they walked down the hallway and left the history building.

Dalton looked at Chrissy once they got outside the building. "Want to go to the Police Museum?"

"Why, I thought you would never ask," she said with a warm smile. "Besides, it wouldn't hurt to miss a few classes for once."

"I agree and I'm driving," he said.

She smiled while they walked away and headed toward the student parking lots.

They walked over to Dalton's Honda Civic. He unlocked and opened up the passenger door for Chrissy.

“A gentleman. Don’t see that very often now days,” she said while she sat inside the car.

He closed the door and rushed around to the driver’s side, got inside and started up his Civic.

He drove out of the parking lot and headed off through the streets of Phoenix.

Dalton drove up to a red light. He stopped. A car behind him slammed on its brakes. Dalton’s heart raced thinking that car would hit his Civic. He cringed. No crash. He glanced in his rear view mirror and saw a car to close for comfort. He sighed a sigh of relief.

Chrissy turned around and saw the car behind the Civic. “You’re telling me. That guy’s on his cell phone not paying attention.”

“Figures,” said Dalton.

The light turned green the split second another car ran the red light to his right.

Dalton slammed on his brakes. “I hate these drivers in this city. Always in a...” he said and paused thinking he shouldn’t use a cuss word with Chrissy in the car. “Hurry.”

“I know, I’m getting to the point where I hate driving around here,” said Chrissy. “Becoming way too dangerous.”

“I agree,” said Dalton and he cautiously drove through the intersection and drove off down the street.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Dalton and Chrissy were heading into the front entrance of the Police Museum. She had that library book with that Internet picture printout inside in hand. Dalton had their textbook from Professor Mather’s class in hand.

They strutted to the front entrance on an important mission in their minds.

Once they entered through the front doors, they saw a display board mentioning the “Grand Opening of the Old Western Arizona Marshals and Outlaws” display. It was located in the Sandy Desert Banquet room.

Dalton and Chrissy walked off through the museum in search of that room.

They found it.

They went inside and notice a crowd of only ten people milling around the new displays. They scanned the room and it didn't take them long to spot Professor Mathers. He was standing next to another man. It was Clint Bartley and they stood by the display on the Marshals and Outlaws that were part of Oak Creek's history.

Dalton and Chrissy walked up to the Oak Creek display at the same time two older gentlemen struck up conversation with Professor Mathers and Clint.

Dalton and Chrissy checked out the Oak Creek display and soon saw the part about Marshal Clint Bartley.

They saw a picture of Marshal Bartley and saw the long scar on the left side of his face.

Dalton glanced over his shoulder to check on Professor Mathers. He got a good glimpse of Clint. He looked away and glanced back at the display information of Marshal Bartley. Something suddenly felt weird when he saw the long scar on the left side of Clint's face on the picture.

He glanced back at Clint Bartley and saw a similar long scar on the left side of his face.

He glanced back at the display picture of Marshal Bartley. *No way!* He thought.

He leaned in closer to Chrissy's face. "Take a look at that guy that was with Professor Mathers when we came in the room. Kinda looks like that Marshal Bartley," he said to her in a low voice. "They both have the same scar."

Chrissy took a discreet glimpse of Clint standing near Professor Mathers. She looked at the display of picture of Marshal Bartley. She did this a couple of times focusing on the scar. "I feel like we're in an episode of the *Twilight Zone*," she said.

“Tell me about it,” said Dalton. He tried to quietly sing out the Twilight Zone TV show theme song but got it half correct. But Chrissy knew what he meant.

They both looked at Professor Mathers the split second he set his eyes on them. “It’s show time,” said Dalton and he looked at Chrissy and made a gesture they should go talk with him. Chrissy gave a small nod agreeing with him.

They walked over to Professor Mathers.

“Hi, Professor Mathers,” said Dalton when they stopped at John.

“Do I know you?” said Professor Mathers thinking these young kids looked familiar.

“Yes, we’re in your Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws class,” said Dalton.

“Ah yes. I’m happy to see you here for the new display. What are your names?” said John when he remembered them.

“I’m Dalton Trevor.”

“I’m Chrissy Barron.”

“This is my near friend, Clint Bartley.”

They all shook hands.

“Clint Bartley. Same name as that old western outlaw from Oak Creek,” said Dalton.

“You’re correct. That’s why I brought my old friend down here. To show him that famous Marshal that had his same name,” said John.

“Yes, I find that extremely fascinating,” said Clint.

“What do you do for a living, Mister Bartley? I don’t recall seeing you as a professor at the university,” said Chrissy.

“I’m a pianist for the Phoenix Symphony,” said Clint.

“That’s nice,” said Chrissy.

John looked at Chrissy, as there was something about her that started to bug him. “I remember you from yesterday’s class.”

“Yes, I asked you about the Kissing Bandit outlaw,” said Chrissy and she paused to open up that book she checked out

from the library. “I found out that there’s no information out there about the Kissing Bandit’s parents. About where he came from,” said Chrissy.

“Also we found it strange that he suddenly showed up in Oak Creek in eighteen eighty-three, robbed banks, hooked up with Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler,” said Dalton.

Chrissy opened up her book and removed the paper with the Internet picture of Bart, Charlie and the Kissing Bandit taken at Mountain Rock. “I found this picture on the Internet,” she said and showed it to Professor Mathers and Clint.

Professor Mathers and Clint looked at the paper.

“Funny thing is Professor, that Kissing Bandit has a striking resemblance to you,” said Chrissy.

“Plus that Marshal Bartley also has a striking resemblance to your friend, Clint,” said Dalton.

Clint glanced over at John and with a “How are you going to talk out of this one?” glance.

“We went back in time,” said John then he laughed.

Clint started laughing.

Dalton and Chrissy laughed along with them.

John stopped laughing. “Now, we all know that time travel isn’t possible. Now, for us resembling that old western Marshal and Outlaw, well, why can’t people of today have a striking resemblance to people in the past? Remember the Nicholas Cage resemblance to a Civil War soldier? Very striking resemblance,” said John.

“I vaguely remember hearing about that,” said Dalton.

“Plus Bruce Willis greatly resembled General Douglas MacArthur,” added John the he paused for a second to think about another one. “Oh yeah, that actor Christopher Lloyd’s Back to the Future movie character Doc Brown looked like the John C. Calhoun politician.”

“I don’t know about that,” said Dalton.

“Go do your Internet search on a Business Insider article. He shows a bunch of famous people of our time that looked

like famous people from the past,” said John. “That article came out a few years ago.”

Dalton and Chrissy looked at each other and didn’t know what to do next.

“In reference to that Kissing Bandit, I have a small display over there,” said John pointing to another wall. “He’s part of the Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler display.”

Dalton and Chrissy looked at where John was pointing. They saw the display on Bart and Charlie and something felt odd about those two.

“And there’s another copy of that picture you just showed me,” said John.

Dalton and Chrissy looked back at each other.

“Well, guess we’ll see you next week in class,” said Dalton.

“Yes, see you next week,” said Chrissy.

They both walked away and felt a little embarrassed.

“I have to admit, that was smooth,” said Clint. “Very smooth.”

“I hope they bought it,” said John as he still had this hunch these two would be a torn in his side.

“You know they did. And besides, we planted cacti at the entrance to Crazy Hole ten years ago. There’s no way they can get inside that cave. No way,” said Clint.

“Yeah, you’re probably right,” said John. But inside he still had a small flame of concern with these two students. They reminded him with his obsession of being a famous outlaw ten years ago.

“Now, let’s go take another glance at that handsome Marshal Bartley,” said Clint.

John chuckled. “Yeah, lets check out this handsome Marshall Bartley,” he said and patted Clint on his back.

They looked at Marshal Bartley’s picture and for a few seconds, Clint really didn’t miss those days in the old west.

Dalton and Chrissy walked out of the Police Museum and looked defeated.

“What he said about today’s famous people resembling old famous people might be true, but seeing that Clint guy and that picture of that Marshal Bartley still has be wondering what’s going on here,” said Dalton.

Dalton and Chrissy walked up to his Honda Civic. He again opened up the passenger door for her.

“Thank you,” she said while sitting down in the passenger seat.

He closed her door, and rushed over to the driver’s side and got behind the wheel.

He started up his car then looked over at Chrissy. “Why don’t you come to my place? I want to do some more Internet research. We could order pizza for dinner. I hope you like pizza?”

“I love pizza especially during Internet research.”

Dalton smiled while he backed his Civic out of the parking space.

Dalton drove straight to his apartment.

He parked, got out of his car with their books, and they walked through the apartment complex to his building. It was a quiet walk.

Once he got inside his apartment, he started to get a little nervous. This was the first time he had a girl in his apartment. Even though he dated Shelly, well he though it was dating, she just thought it was hanging out. She always refused his requests to go to his apartment.

“Do you like New York style pizza?” Dalton asked while they stood by the door to his apartment.

“That would be great.”

“Two small with pepperoni and cheese?”

“Sure.”

Dalton removed his cell phone off its belt holster. He made a call to the nearest New York Pizza Department place and ordered two small pepperoni pizzas to be delivered.

“Should be here in thirty minutes,” he said while he put his cell phone back in his belt holster.

Dalton and Chrissy glanced at each other not knowing what to do next. As this was the first time she was invited into a guy's apartment. Meaning alone with a guy.

Dalton's eyes lit up with an idea. “Can I have your cell phone number?”

“My number?”

Dalton thought he overstepped his bounds.

“Actually, that's a good idea. You know, in case we find something interesting and need to get a hold of each other,” she said then paused. “Five, five, five, two, nine, six, eight.”

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Dalton that she agreed. “Oh, yeah,” he said then whipped out his cell phone off its belt holster. He made a contact for Chrissy in his phone.

“I need your number.”

“Oh yeah, five, five, five, four, seven, six, one,” he said.

Shelly opened up her purse and removed her cell phone. She made a contact for Dalton in her phone.

“Now what to they do?”

“We could talk while we wait for the pizza,” she said.

“Talk is good. Get to know each other.”

Dalton and Chrissy walked over to his couch and sat down.

It was quiet for a few seconds while they waited for the other to start the conversation.

“So, are you from the Phoenix area?” said Chrissy breaking the ice.

“No,” said Dalton.

They chatted for the next thirty minutes. They learned that Dalton was from Pennsylvania the Pittsburgh area and Chrissy was from the Seattle, Washington area. Dalton and Chrissy were both juniors at the university.

They learned that they were never in a serious relationship and wanted to go to college in Phoenix because of their love for

the old west. The also mentioned how they liked that nineteen seventy-three movie called *Westworld*. They thought it would be cool if a theme park like that existed today where they could take a vacation and pretend to live in the old west. Except where the robot staff goes berserk and tries to kill them.

The doorbell rang. Pizza was here.

Dalton got up and opened the door and paid for the pizza with Chrissy's help.

He got two beers out of the fridge. He opened the bottles and handed Chrissy her beer.

She looked at the label. Her eyes lit up. "Oak Creek Pale Ale? What a coincidence."

"I know, it's made by the Oak Creek Brewing Company here in Arizona. I found it last week," he said while glancing at the label of his bottle.

Chrissy was impressed and took a sip. "It's good."

He smiled and glad she liked his selection of beer.

The walked over and sat down by his computer desk. He powered up his iMac.

A few seconds had passed and they were ready.

"Where do we start?" said Chrissy.

"How about that Business Insider article Professor Mathers mentioned?"

"That sounds good."

Dalton opened up Google and typed that in the search block. A link for that article appeared. He clicked on it and they checked it out.

"He's right about Nicholas Cage. What a striking resemblance to that Civil War soldier," said Chrissy.

"I know. That's eerie," said Dalton and he scrolled down the article and they soon found the Bruce Willis and General MacArthur pictures.

"What a striking resemblance," said Chrissy.

“Wow,” said Dalton and he scrolled down and stopped at the Doc Brown, Christopher Lloyd and the John C. Calhoun politician pictures.

They started at this one.

“He kinda looks like that old politician,” said Dalton then took a sip of his beer.

“Yeah, this one is a bit of a stretch,” said Chrissy she took a sip of her beer.

They took a second to munch on their pizza.

“What should we search on next?” said Chrissy.

“I don’t know,” he said and pondered for a few seconds. “You know, this connection between Professor Mathers and that Clint Bartley still has be wondering that something eerie is going on.”

“I know what you mean,” said Chrissy. “Do a search on Clint Bartley, pianist for Phoenix Symphony.”

Dalton did that and found link for the website of that Symphony. He clicked on it and a page about Clint Bartley appeared with a photo.

Chrissy opened up her library book and found the page about Clint Bartley. She scanned the article. Her eyes widened. “This is strange.”

“What?”

“The article states that Marshal Bartley played the piano and was really good,” she said.

They both about that for a few seconds and their eyes widened. “Search for actual time travel stories,” they both said in unison. Then looked at each other surprised they had the same suggestion at the same idea.

“Time travel in Arizona?” said Chrissy.

Dalton smiled while he typed that in the search bar.

Some results appeared. One result was titled “I Traveled In Time.” Dalton opened up the site.

He scrolled down the links of stories and found something of interest. It was titled "Phoenix Man Claims He Traveled in Time To Old West."

He clicked on the link and it opened up. It was an old Phoenix Herald article dated July 16, 1950.

"Phillip Yoemans, age twenty, made claim of time travel to the old west last week, while he was hunting for buried gold in a cave in the Superstition Mountains. Authorities discounted Mister Yoemans claim of time travel and requested an immediate psychiatric examination," Chrissy read the Internet article.

"I can imagine that Phillip Yoemans has passed by now," said Dalton.

"I agree. But that article did they mention he time traveled while looking for buried gold in a cave. What cave?" asked Chrissy.

Dalton typed in "Time Traveling Cave in Arizona" in the search block.

They waited. Nothing.

"Hmm," said Dalton while he pondered their next move. His eyes widened and he snapped his fingers. "I got it."

"Got what?"

"I know someone who might be able to shed some light on this," he said and whipped out his cell phone from its holster. He made a call from his contacts list.

"Hey Dalton," said Roger from the cell phone. "What's up?"

"Roger, I need to talk to you before you head off to work," said Dalton and he sounded excited.

"Can't it wait until tonight? During our break?"

"I'm not working tonight and no, it can't wait. It's really important," he said while glancing over at Chrissy. "Plus I have a close friend that also needs to hear this."

Chrissy smiled.

“I have a ton of work to do around the house before I leave for work. So, why don’t we meet tomorrow morning?”

Dalton frowned, as he was really looking forward to talking to Roger right now. “Are you sure?”

“Sorry buddy, but when the wife wants something done, you don’t put it off. So it’s tomorrow morning or you can wait until Monday night,” said Roger and he sounded dead serious.

“Okay, tomorrow’s fine. What time and where?”

“Good, meet me at the Home Depot off East Thomas Road. Tomorrow at nine, said Roger. “What’s this about?”

Dalton hesitated. “It’s for term paper for our college class. We need to learn about a story about a time traveling cave located near Phoenix.”

There was a brief moment of silence from Dalton’s cell phone. “Well, I figured you would be asking about this one day. I’ll see you tomorrow morning,” said Roger and he ended his end of the call.

Dalton placed his cell phone back in its holster.

“Tomorrow morning at nine at the Home Depot near the university. Can you make it?”

“There’s no way I would miss hearing what he has to say.”

They both looked at their pizza boxes and finished their pizza.

Afterwards, Dalton drove Chrissy back to the university so she could get her car. For the first time with meeting her, he had the inkling to give her a quick kiss. He refrained, as he didn’t want to scare her off.

She left stating she would meet him at his apartment at eight-thirty tomorrow morning.

So for the rest of the evening, Dalton reread the Internet articles about Marshal Bartley, Bart Stone, Charlie Chandler and of course, the Kissing Bandit.

Dalton saw an interesting link. It was titled “Cowboy Fires Gun in Air from Horse in Phoenix.” For some reason he was drawn to that article. He clicked on it.

The article was a news report from ten years ago. It was about a unidentified cowboy shooting his gun into the air in downtown Phoenix. The article also claimed that this cowboy wanted to kill someone named the Kissing Bandit.

The picture that was a still shot from a video of this cowboy looked extremely familiar.

He compared pictures of Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler and his eyes widened. "Is that Bart Stone?" he said while he did numerous comparisons of the pictures. "It is!" he said then grabbed his cell phone. He called Chrissy.

"Missing me already?" said Chrissy answering the call.

"Yes, I mean no. I found something interesting on the Internet," said Dalton into this cell phone

"What's that?" replied Chrissy from the cell phone.

"It's a new article from ten years ago. It shows a cowboy on a horse firing a gun in the air wanting to kill the Kissing Bandit. Strange part is that this cowboy resembles that outlaw Bart Stone."

There was a few seconds of silence. "Did you say, this guy resembles Bart Stone?" said Chrissy not sure she heard correctly.

"Yes. He looks exactly like Bart Stone."

Chrissy thought about his for a few seconds. "You know, all these guys resembling old western people draws me to believe that maybe time travel is possible."

"I'm thinking the same thing," replied Dalton. "And I can imagine that Bart's sidekick Charlie Chandler was also with him," added Dalton.

"You're probably right," said Chrissy. "That's a really good discovery."

"Hopefully Roger will shed some interesting light on this cave."

"Hopefully. So I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yeah, see you tomorrow," said Dalton and he disconnected his call. He put his cell phone down and smiled.

He was glad that Chrissy was showing an interest in all this. He started liking her in a romantic way.

He reread all they found on the Internet during the rest of the night.

He was so looking forward to tomorrow to see what Roger could tell them but he was also looking forward to being with Chrissy again.

Chapter 27

Saturday morning arrived, September 24th, 2016.

Dalton couldn't sleep thinking about what had transpired during the last week.

Dalton rolled out of bed at seven thirty. He took a shower, got dressed in his jeans, western shirt and cowboy boots.

He headed off to his kitchen and ate breakfast that consisted of a bowl of Cocoa Krispies and two cups of coffee.

After breakfast he sat on his couch and waited.

It was eight-thirty on the dot when there was a knock on his apartment door. His heart raced a little. *She's here!* He thought with a smile while he jumped up from the couch.

He headed to the front door. He opened it and saw Chrissy outside in a western shirt, blue jeans and cowboy boots. She had something tucked inside the left shirt pocket.

"Ready?"

"I'm ready," said Chrissy.

Dalton left his apartment and they headed off to his Civic.

While they drove to Home Depot, Dalton showed Chrissy the ten-year-old Internet news article about Bart Stone wanting to kill someone named the Kissing Bandit.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Dalton pulled his Civic into the parking lot of the Home Depot store located off East Thomas road.

He drove around the lot. "There's Roger over there," he said when he spotted a 2005 Ford F-150 red pickup.

Dalton parked his car by the passenger side of Roger's pickup. Roger motioned for them to get inside his pickup when Dalton shut off his engine and got out of the car.

Dalton opened up the passenger door to Roger's pickup. Chrissy got inside and slid across the bench seat and sat in the middle. Dalton got in and closed the door.

"Roger, this is Chrissy a close friend of mine from school. Chrissy this is Roger a close friend of mine from work.

"Glad to meet you," said Roger shaking Chrissy's hand.

"Also glad to meet you."

"So Dalton, you want to hear about some cave in the area? A time traveling cave?" said Roger.

"We do," said Dalton.

"I knew it would be a matter of time before you come asking. I'm surprised it took you this long."

"Long story short, we found an Internet article about some guy named Phillip Yoemans who back in nineteen fifty made claim he went back in time to eighteen-eighty three from a cave."

Chrissy nodded in agreement with Dalton.

Roger looked at the two. He hesitated but knew if he didn't tell everything he knew, Dalton would be a torn in his side bugging him for months to come. "I remember when that happened," said Roger. "I was around seven and recalled daddy talking about it with granddaddy. You never forget a story like that."

"Is this Yoemans guy still around?" said Chrissy. "It would be nice to talk with him."

"No, he died about three years ago," said Roger.

"So, let's hear about this time traveling cave," said Dalton and looked anxious.

"I heard this tale from my granddaddy Ernie who heard the tale from his daddy Felix. You know, the Blacksmith of Oak Creek. He heard it from that Indian tracker Merijildo."

"The Mexicans called it Cueva Loca. I can't recall the Indian word but the Mexican translated into Crazy Hole."

"Crazy Hole," said Chrissy. "Why Crazy Hole?"

“The Indians had the tale that when you entered that cave, you would come out loco with crazy talk of strange land and people.”

“Strange land and people?” said Dalton.

“I didn’t fully understand what that meant until the story about that Phillip Yoemans came out in fifty. Granddaddy Ernie said that he knew that that strange land and people meant,” said Roger then he looked at Chrissy and Dalton. “Time travel,” he said in a quieter voice.

“Time travel?” said Chrissy.

“Yes, time travel. This Crazy Hole cave was a portal to going back into time like to eighteen eighty-three,” said Roger and he said it with a hint of an eerie tone to had some effect.

“A time traveling cave. Here in the Phoenix area. Wow!” said Dalton.

Chrissy nodded in agreement with Dalton.

“So where is this cave?” said Dalton. “Or better yet, have you seen it or did you go inside it?”

“I was always scared of that cave. Then ten years ago, I got up the balls,” Roger said then cringed forgetting there was a lady in his pickup. “Sorry about that.”

“Don’t worry about me. I’ve heard those words before,” said Chrissy.

“Again, ten years ago I finally get up the ba..., courage to see if that Phillip Yoemans story was true. So I got a horse and rode out to Crazy Hole.”

“And you went inside and found yourself in the old west?” said Dalton all excited.

“No. I saw four people through my binoculars. I saw two guys and two gals at the entrance hole. The guys planted some cacti at the entrance of Crazy Hole. I guess they wanted to prevent anybody from going inside that cave.”

“Why didn’t you go back and remove those cacti? Then go inside Crazy Hole,” said Dalton. “Experience time traveling.”

“Naw. I chickened out. I figured those people must have done that as a warning. A warning not to go inside that cave.”

“Did you recognize those people?” said Dalton.

“No, but the two guys were dressed like cowboys.”

“Cowboys?”

“Yes, cowboys,” said Roger then he paused for a few seconds as he got curious. “What sparked this interest?”

“It’s our professor at the university and some guy that plays piano for the Phoenix Symphony,” said Dalton.

“How did they spark this interest?”

“Professor John Mathers bears a striking resemblance to some outlaw named the Kissing Bandit,” said Dalton.

“I’ve heard of him from my granddaddy Ernie. And there was this story ten years ago about two guys on horses firing pistols in the air downtown looking for some guy named the Kissing Bandit. Just a news story then didn’t hear about it again,” said Roger.

“I saw an article about that on the Internet,” said Dalton.

“And a friend of his, Clint Bartley, plays piano for the Phoenix Symphony,” said Dalton. “This Bartley guy bears a striking resemblance to an eighteen eighty-three Marshal with the same name.” “They even have the same long scar on the left side of their faces.”

“That Kissing Bandit also has the same name as our professor,” said Chrissy.

“That is a strange coincidence.”

Chrissy’s eyes lit up. She opened up her left shirt pocket and removed two pieces of folded up papers. She unfolded the papers. “Here’s a picture of the Kissing Bandit and Marshal Bartley from eighteen eighty-three,” she said and showed Roger the paper.

Roger looked at the paper and it took a few seconds but it dawned on him. “You know, those look a lot like the two guys I saw ten years ago that planted that cacti to block the entrance to Crazy Hole.”

“Are you sure?” said Dalton.

Roger studied those papers again. “Oh I’m sure. It’s them. I spied on them from behind that bush with binoculars.”

Dalton and Chrissy looked at each other. They both smiled with the same idea.

“Can you tell us how to get to Crazy Hole?” said Dalton.

Chrissy nodded in agreement with Dalton.

Roger cracked a smile. “I knew you would be asking and if I didn’t show you, you’d be a torn in my side bugging me for months,” he said while he reached in his left shirt pocket and removed a folded piece of paper. He unfolded it and held it up.

Dalton and Chrissy glanced at it and saw it was a map.

“Now, you have to drive east on the Superstition Highway, or US sixty out of Apache Junction,” said Roger explaining the map.

“East on us sixty. Got it,” said Dalton.

“You’ll drive by a red horse stable with a white fenced in acre of land for horses to roam. That belongs to an Indian that I heard was kin to that Merijildo tracker.”

“Funny how he still has relatives in the area,” said Chrissy.

“I know. Then follow the signs for the Peralta Trailhead that will first take you through a housing development. That road eventually turns into a well-graded dirt road that will end at a dirt parking area. Park your car.”

“Got it,” said Dalton.

“Head down Bluff Springs Trail.”

“Bluff Springs Trail. Got it,” said Dalton.

“Next hike down Dutchman’s Trail. Then you’ll soon see Miners Needle,” said Roger.

“Dutchman’s Trail then see Miners Needle,” said Dalton.

“Crazy Hole will be at the rocky wall of Miners Needle. You should see those cacti located to the left of this massive rock.”

“Cacti to the left of that massive rock. I got it,” said Dalton.

“Now, if you’re crazy enough to go inside Crazy Hole, the story goes that “right is the way,”” said Roger.

“Right is the way? What does that mean?” said Dalton.

“Once you get inside the cave, keep on going to the right. Meaning enter a tunnel to the right when you get to a dead end. That will, if it’s actually true, take you back in time.”

Dalton and Chrissy glanced at each other and both had the same adventurous smile.

“Legend has it that you have to say the month, day, and year you want to travel back to before you enter that other tunnel,” said Roger and he paused.

“Say the month, day, and year. Got it,” said Dalton.

“But beware, legend also states that this time portal to the time you requested stays opened for twelve hours. So make sure nobody is following you. Or they’ll be following you to your time travel adventure.”

“Got it,” said Dalton.

Roger handed Dalton the piece of paper. “This is for you. It’s a copy of what my granddaddy made after talking with Peter Yoemans. He was the father of Phillip Yoemans, and he was persistent with hunting the location of the buried loot of that Bart Stone outlaw. He went missing doing that and it’s not known what happened,” said Roger. “But I think Phillip Yoemans knew but didn’t want to tell anybody.”

“Time travel?” said Dalton.

Roger nodded in agreement.

“This is getting interesting,” said Chrissy. “Very interesting.”

“You know it,” said Dalton then he looked over at Roger. “Thanks buddy. You’ve been a big help.”

“I know you, Dalton. And I know you can’t resist the temptation. So you’ll need to cut away those cacti by the Crazy Hole entrance. So go in Home Depot, buy some good leather gloves; rope and the longest hand or pruning saw they sell. You

don't, and I mean you really don't want to get stuck by one of those needles. They hurt like a son-a-bitch."

"Based on experience?" said Chrissy.

"Yes, when I was a teenager hiking around those Superstition Mountains." "Got stuck in the butt muscle."

"We can't thank you enough, Roger," said Dalton.

"Yes, we appreciate what you've told us," said Chrissy.

"Promise me that you'll tell me what happened. Maybe take some pictures," said Roger.

"We will," said Dalton and he opened up the door then looked back at Roger. "Are you going inside Home Depot?"

"Already did. Have some lumber in the bed of the pickup."

Dalton stepped out of the truck, glanced in the bed and saw about ten pieces of two-by-fours.

Chrissy gave Roger a smile then she slid across the bench seat and got out of the pickup.

"It should take you about an hour and a half to hike to Crazy Hole from that dirt area. And be careful," said Roger.

"We will," said Dalton and he closed the door.

Roger started up his pickup while Dalton and Chrissy walked to the rear of his Civic.

"Are you thinking what I'm thinking?" said Dalton while Roger drove away and he tooted his pickup's horn.

"If you're thinking of going out to Crazy Hole, then yes. I'm thinking of the same thing."

"Let's do this," said Dalton.

Chrissy smiled in agreement.

They walked off and headed to the entrance to Home Depot.

They shopped in Home Depot and bought two pairs of leather gloves with long cowhide cuff, fifty-feet of twisted Sisal rope, and an eighteen-inch D-handed pruning saw.

After Dalton paid for the items with his credit card they left Home Depot and headed back to his apartment.

“This is so exciting,” said Chrissy while Dalton pulled out of the Home Depot parking lot and headed down the street.

“I know. So, how long do you think it’s going to take to cut down the cacti?”

“Maybe an hour?” said Chrissy taking an educated guess.

“That’s what I figured.”

“Let’s swing over to my place so I can get a hat,” said Dalton.

Chrissy smiled as that sounded like a good idea.

Dalton and Chrissy had idle chat about what they thought the old west would be like while he drove back to his apartment.

Once they got to his apartment, Dalton got his cowboy hat and just before they were ready to leave an idea popped in his head. “What if it takes us until dark to cut down that cacti? I don’t want to be hiking in the dark. A little too dangerous.”

“We could camp out for the night or we could come back before the sun starts to settle and go back tomorrow morning,” said Chrissy.

“Let’s get some sleeping bags, sleep under the stars like what they did in the old west,” said Dalton.

Chrissy thought about what he said. “You know, that’s something I’ve always wanted to do. So, let’s do it. Let’s camp out under the stars and by a campfire.”

“It’s a date,” said Dalton then he cringed with what he said wondering if she would take it the wrong way.

“Sounds good to me,” said Chrissy wondering if he meant it like the way she heard it. *A date would be nice.* She thought while smiling inside.

There was a few seconds of silence between Dalton and Chrissy.

“I’ll go get my hat, back pack, sleeping bag and a lighter for the campfire, some camping gear, and some food,” he said and walked away heading off to his bedroom.

A few minutes had passed and Dalton entered his living room with his cowboy hat, rolled up sleeping bag, backpack, pair of binoculars, and a lighter.

They left his apartment and got in his Civic.

He drove out of his apartment complex parking lot and headed off to Chrissy's apartment.

Once he got to her apartment they went inside where she got her cowboy hat, rolled up sleeping bag, another lighter, flashlight, and some food.

They left her apartment and drove away in his Civic.

While they drove toward the Superstition Mountains, they stopped off at a convenience store for needed supplies. They got bottled water, granola bars, flavored jerky, and other non-perishable items for food.

They were ready and headed off down the road.

It wasn't long before Dalton drove his Civic east on the Superstition Highway, (U.S. 60) out of Apache Junction.

He drove passed a nice red ranch house with red horse stable and a white fenced around an acre of yard for the horses to roam. This is the house Roger mentioned so they knew they were heading in the right direction.

They drove down the road following the signs for the Peralta Trailhead.

They now drove through a housing development.

The road eventually turned into a well-graded dirt road and drove to a dirt parking area at the dead end. He parked his Civic.

Dalton and Chrissy got out of the car.

They got ready with their cowboy hats on their heads, backpacks with supplies on their backs with rolled up sleeping bags. The pruning shears hung off his backpack while the rope hung off her backpack.

Dalton glanced at Chrissy. *Sexy!* He thought, as a girl wearing a cowboy always was a sexy sight for him. "Ready?"

"I'm ready," she said.

They walked off and soon hiked down Bluff Springs Trail.
They hiked this trail until it came upon Dutchman's Trail.
He headed down Dutchman's Trail.

They eventually walked through some small streams.

They hiked by numerous Saguaro cacti.

They hiked by poppy flowers.

They hiked by spring desert flowers.

An hour had passed while hiking down Dutchman's Trail and they saw Miners Needle in the distance.

Dalton removed the paper Roger hid from his shirt pocket. They glanced at the paper then at Miners Needle.

"Crazy Hole should be there," he said.

"I agree," she said while Dalton put the paper back in his pocket.

They hiked off toward Miners Needle.

A little while later while they hiked farther down Dutchman's Trail in the direction of Miners Needle, they walked upon a section of some old rusted train tracks.

They stopped.

"This must be the old Southern Pacific rail line from those days," said Dalton kicking the old rusty rail with the toe of his right cowboy boot.

Chrissy looked it over and saw that this old section of the rail line paralleled Dutchman's Trail. "I agree."

Dalton looked at Miner's Needle. "We're getting closer."

Chrissy nodded in agreement and they walked off.

They kept on hiking and got closer to Miners Needle.

Twenty minutes had passed and they finally arrived at the base of Miners Needle.

They walked around and soon saw that huge rock were to the left were some tall Cereus Peruvian column cacti that blocked the entrance to a cave.

"Crazy Hole. That has to be Crazy Hole," said Dalton.

Chrissy looked the area over. "I believe it is."

Dalton and Chrissy stood there staring at that cacti and huge rock.

After few minutes they looked at each other. Both were a little nervous.

“Should we press on?” said Dalton.

Chrissy looked at the cacti. “Probably should or we just wasted out time.”

Dalton and Chrissy removed their backpacks off their backs.

Dalton was ready. He wore those leather gloves with the long cuffs. He went over to right side of the cacti. He carefully placed the rope around the top part of the cactus. He tied a knot.

Chrissy took the other end of the rope and walked about ten feet away.

Dalton carefully used the pruning saw and cut away a section of the cactus. Once it was cut, Dalton stepped away and Chrissy pulled on the rope, the section of cactus fell to the ground and she dragged it in the dirt and out of the way.

Dalton and Chrissy worked this process for two hours until the cacti was cut away from the opening of Crazy Hole. The pieces of cut cacti were also safely located away from them and the cave on the right side of that huge rock.

Dalton glanced at the sky. “The sun is starting to settle below the horizon.”

Chrissy glanced at the sky and nodded that she agreed. “We should make camp?”

“I think you’re right. Let’s scrounge up some firewood.”

He and Chrissy walked around the area in search of firewood.

Forty minutes had passed.

The bottom of the sun started to touch the horizon.

Dalton and Chrissy found old tree branches and other pieces of wood and had a small campfire burning a few feet from the cave opening.

They rolled out their sleeping bags in the dirt near the fire. The pruning saw and coiled up rope was in the dirt near them.

They sat on their sleeping bags and removed the two bags of jerky. The opened it and started eating.

For the next two hours, Dalton and Chrissy sat on their sleeping bags and chatted. They told stories of their youth and high school days. They both learned that neither of them dated in high school and were both shy and only had a few friends.

It was now dark.

Dalton and Chrissy lie on their sleeping bags gazing up at the sky. They were side by side.

“Look at all those stars. You don’t see this when in Phoenix,” said Dalton.

“The lights of the city drown them out,” said Chrissy.

“What a shame. It’s so beautiful.”

“I know. Maybe that’s a good thing about the old west. No massive city with lights so you’ll see this every night,” she said.

Dalton nodded in agreement then he glanced over at Chrissy. She glanced over at him. They both thought of the same thing. This was the first time they were ever side by side a member of the opposite sex. Or rather the first time they slept next to a member of the opposite sex.

They stay quiet while they gazed up at the thousand of twinkling stars. They just wanted to soak in the beauty of the nighttime sky.

Dalton had this urge to kiss Chrissy. But he refrained afraid of being slapped.

Thirty minutes had passed and they both fell asleep under the stars.

Chapter 28

Sunday morning in the Superstition Mountains was greeted when the sun started peeking above the eastern horizon. It was September 25th, 2016.

The morning sun beating down on the faces of Dalton and Chrissy woke them up.

They sat up and saw their campfire was nothing but glowing ashes. They glanced over at each other a little confused. It took them a few seconds to remember where they were.

“Good morning,” said Dalton.

“Good morning,” said Chrissy then her eyes widened and thought about having bad breath. She opened up her backpack and opened up a small bottle of mouthwash.

She got up with the bottle and walked ten feet away. She opened the bottle, took a swig, swished it in her mouth then spit it in the dirt.

She walked over to Dalton. “Want to use this?”

“Sure,” said Dalton knowing his breath must be awful. He grabbed the bottle and did the same thing ten feet away.

After some granola bars and some bear claws, Dalton and Chrissy packed everything back up except for a flashlight. They had their sleeping bags rolled back up on their backpack.

“Are you ready for this?” said Dalton while he kicked up dirt all over the smothering campfire to ensure it wouldn’t flare up after they left.

“It’s now or never.”

Dalton looked at the pruning and coiled up rope in the dirt near where they slept. His eyes widened with an idea. He picked up the saw and rope. He walked them over to that huge rock by the cave opening. He tucked them behind the rock.

“Why did you do that?”

“I was thinking, if we go back in time, that saw and rope won’t be behind that rock.”

“Good thinking,” said Chrissy.

“Ready?”

“I’m ready,” said Chrissy.

Dalton glanced up at the sky and saw clouds. “Getting a little cloudy this morning.”

Chrissy glanced up at the sky. “It is.”

Dalton and Chrissy looked back at the cave opening.

“Ready?”

“I’m ready,” said Chrissy.

They slowly walked to the entrance of Crazy Hole.

They stopped at the entrance.

Dalton turned on his flashlight. Chrissy turned on her flashlight.

They glanced at each other and both took a deep breath of courage. They both stepped inside the cave

They slowly walked into the large cave opening.

“Man, this is a large cave,” said Dalton while he shined his flashlight all over the sides and top of the cave tunnel.

“It’s big enough for a horse,” said Chrissy.

“Yep, said Dalton while he still shined his flashlight all over the cave walls. “And a little spooky.”

“Got that right,” said Chrissy while she shined her flashlight all over the cave walls.

They slowly walked deeper and deeper into the dark cave with their flashlights guiding the way.

Dalton and Chrissy hiked for five minutes inside Crazy Hole while the tunnel snaked and curved underneath Miners Needle.

They continued to walk through the cave for another five minutes.

The cave tunnel dead ended.

Dalton and Chrissy shined their flashlights all over the dead end.

Their flashlights illuminated a stone imbedded in the cave wall with carved image of a priest holding a cross.

“I wonder who put that there?” said Dalton.

“Maybe someone trying to tell us that Crazy Hole is evil,” said Chrissy.

“That sounds plausible.”

Chrissy shined her flashlight at the ground underneath that carving. The flashlight illuminated a two holes dug in the dirt. “Look at this.”

Dalton looked down and saw the two holes in the dirt.

“I hope that’s not done by some creature,” said Chrissy while she started to get a little nervous.

“I’m thinking something was buried here and someone dug it up,” said Dalton and he got curious and shined his flashlight into the hole to the right. Empty.

He shined his flashlight into the hole to the left. He saw something. He reached inside and removed an 1880 silver dollar. “Buried loot, I would say based on this old silver dollar,” said and showed Chrissy the coin.

“Any more in there?”

Dalton shined his flashlight all around the inside of that hole. “Nothing.”

He stood up and shoved that dollar in his pants pocket.

They both looked at that tunnel to the left. They saw the other tunnel.

“Right is the way,” said Dalton while he looked at that tunnel.

“Let’s see if that saying is true,” said Chrissy.

They both inched closer to the tunnel. They stopped.

“Are you ready?” said Dalton.

“I’m ready,” she said. “What date should we go back to?”

Dalton thought for a few seconds. “I know.”

Dalton and Christy took another deep breath of courage and stepped into that tunnel.

“We want to travel back to September twenty-fifth, eighteen eighty-three,” said Dalton.

He motioned for Christy that they should get this show on the road. She nodded and they headed into that other tunnel.

The split second they entered inside the tunnel, blue plasma light flashed and illuminated all around them. It stung their whole body.

“Ahhhh!” Dalton and Christy cried out in pain in unison while they walked through the tunnel.

Within a split second Dalton and Christy were back outside by the cave opening.

“What was that?” said Dalton while he shivered until that strange tingling sensation dissipated from his body.

“I guess time traveling,” said Christy while she shivered until that strange tingling sensation dissipated from her body.

The sun had just risen above the horizon.

“Looks like it worked,” said Dalton looking at the sun just above the horizon providing some sunlight.

“That’s what I’m thinking.”

Dalton glanced behind that huge rock. “The pruning saw and rope are gone,” he said.

Christy looked and didn’t see saw or rope behind the rock. “True. I don’t think someone came by and stole it.”

Dalton rushed over and looked at the right side of that huge rock. “The cacti we cut isn’t here,” he said and his heart started to race with a little excitement. “There’s no way someone would cart that away.”

Christy looked around the area. “You’re right. There’s now way someone would cart those away,” she said and her heart started to race with a little excitement.

“We need to check out something else to make sure,” said Dalton.

“What’s that?”

“Follow me. It’s a good hike but will be worth it.”

“What’s that?”

“Oak Creek.”

Chrissy smiled thinking that it would be cool to see an real old western town instead of the old movie sets she seen in the past.

Dalton and Chrissy walked off.

It wasn’t long before Dalton stopped. “Look what we have here,” he said and pointed down at the railroad tracks. They were not rusty tracks and not in a few pieces. It looked like a functional train track.

“The Southern Pacific train track,” said Chrissy.

“Yes, the Southern Pacific train track. The same track from the old west,” he said while his eyes lit up with excitement. “We traveled back in time to the old west!” he cried out and was so excited that he hugged Chrissy and gave her a kiss on the cheek. He released her from his hug.

Chrissy was a little speechless from realizing they traveled back in time and also from Dalton’s hug and kiss. She smiled. “We did.”

“Now what do we do?” said Dalton.

Chrissy looked around the area. “We should follow those tracks and get a glimpse of Oak Creek. That would be the final proof we went back to the old west.”

Dalton thought about her suggestion. “We could do that, but need to stay clear on the people of this time.”

“Got that right,” said Chrissy.

“Now, from Professor Mather’s lecture, Oak Creek was about six miles north of Miners Needle,” he said while tried to get his bearings by glancing up at the sun. “So lets follow the tracks and head this way,” he said.

Dalton and Chrissy walked along the train tracks heading north.

Forty minutes had passed and the sun was rising higher in the sky.

Dalton and Chrissy were about two miles north when they heard something.

“Did you hear that?” said Chrissy and stopped.

“I heard it,” said Dalton and he stopped and turned around.

Off in the distance to the sound they saw some billowing black smoke.

“The train. That’s the train going to Oak Creek, I bet,” said Dalton.

“That’s what I’m thinking,” said Chrissy.

They knew the train would be arrive soon so they turned around and searched for a place to hide.

“Over behind that rock,” said Dalton.

Chrissy agreed with a nod and they both rushed over and hid behind this rock.

Three minutes had passed and they saw the train operated by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company race down the track with more black smoke billowing out of its stack.

The train was farther down the track while Dalton and Chrissy got out from behind the rock.

“This is way too exciting,” said Dalton.

“I know.”

Dalton and Chrissy walked back north along the tracks.

The sun was higher in the sky.

They saw something in the foreground. Something extremely interesting.

Dalton and Chrissy stopped and hid behind another rock.

“I don’t believe it,” said Dalton while he glanced farther down the tracks.

“Oak Creek. There’s Oak Creek,” said Chrissy. “And I can see the Salt River.”

“I feel like I’m dreaming,” said Dalton while he saw the Salt River about a quarter of a mile from the town.

“We if you are then we’re having the same dream.”

“We went back in time,” he and got so excited that he leaned over and gave Chrissy a kiss on her lips without thinking.

Chrissy was surprised.

Dalton realized what he did and got embarrassed. “I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have done that,” he said and waited for her to scold him.

“That’s alright,” she said but inside she was jumping for joy for having Dalton kiss her.

Dalton was relieved. His eyes widened remembering something. He took his backpack off his back and opened it up. He removed his binoculars. He used them to get a closer view of Oak Creek.

From his binoculars, Dalton could see part of Oak Creek.

He saw the gallows in Main Street. He saw a body dangling from a rope on the gallows. He knew what just happened. “Bart Stone criminal life just ended.”

“Really?” said Chrissy.

Dalton handed her the binoculars. She saw the gallows. She saw Bart’s lifeless body dangling from the end of the rope. She saw the crowd disperse and walk away.

“We just witnessed history,” she said while she handed the binoculars back to Dalton.

“I know, said Dalton and he put the binoculars back in his backpack then removed his cell phone. “Of course,” he quietly said when he noticed he didn’t have any cell coverage. But he didn’t care. He opened up the camera app and started to snap a few pictures of Oak Creek.

Chrissy saw him snapping pictures. “Great idea. We got proof and probably the only picture of Oak Creek.”

“That’s what I’m thinking,” Dalton said while he put his cell phone back in his backpack.

Chrissy handed him his binoculars. “I guess we better head back home.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” said Dalton while he put his binoculars back in his backpack. He put his backpack on his back.

They glanced and saw Miners Needle way off to the south. They both knew they had a long hike back home.

Dalton and Chrissy started south hiking along the train tracks.

Chrissy started to think about Dalton kissing her. A smile grew on her face thinking about that moment. “Dalton, tell me about your parents,” she said wanting to learn more about him.

“Well, nothing much to tell,” he said and paused for a few seconds. “Mom and dad died in a car accident when I was four years old.”

“I’m so sorry,” she said and felt bad for asking. “I didn’t mean to bring up old sad memories,” she said while she touched his arm to show she cared.

“Nothing to be sorry about. It happens. They, ah, dropped me off at Grandma Amy’s house so they could go out for dinner and a little dancing. And then a drunk driver killed them when they were on their way to pick me up.”

“That’s horrible to think that a guy without the sense to know not to drive while drunk ruined someone’s life.”

“So, Grandma Amy raised me and she was loving and caring,” said Dalton with a warm smile remembering his Grandma Amy. “She was good to me and gave me a loving home.” “She died six months ago but had money saved for me going to college.”

“I’m glad.”

“You said you were a junior. So what did you do right after high school? Did you work?” said Chrissy.

“No, I enlisted in the Air Force and spent four years as a Security Policeman. That’s why I’m working toward a Criminal Justice degree,” said Dalton. “I’m using my GI bill for college plus the money I saved while in the Air Force.”

“That’s nice.”

“Plus, my parents apparently started saving for my college fun when I was an infant. So Grandma Amy did some wise investing.”

“Where were you stationed?”

“Funny thing is that I was stationed here at Luke Air Force Base. I loved this area so when I got out to go to college, I decided to say here in the Phoenix area.”

There was a few seconds of silence between them.

“What about your parents? I hope they’re still around.”

“They are. Dad was an abusive drunk and ran off when I was seven. Then mom got hooked on drugs and she ran off with some guy leaving me with Grandpa Henry when I was eight. He raised me and saved up money for college,” said Chrissy. “He was also loving and caring.”

“I don’t have any brothers or sisters. Do you?” said Dalton.

“Neither do I.”

Dalton and Chrissy realized that they had something in common. No families that are around to worry about them.

Dalton and Chrissy remained quiet while they hiked and took in the 1883 scenery. But it really didn’t look any different from the 2016 scenery.

They were an hour away from Miner’s Needle when they heard the galloping sound of some horses.

“We better hide,” said Dalton.

Chrissy nodded in agreement while they both looked for a hiding place.

“That huge bush over there by those rock,” said Dalton and pointed.

Dalton and Chrissy rushed over to those rocks and bush. They crouched down behind the bush.

They waited. A few minutes passed and they saw six cowboys on horses galloping in their direction about four hundred feet away. It appeared that they were riding from the direction of Oak Creek.

“Looks like they’re all wearing black pants, black shirts and black cowboy hats,” said Dalton while he peaked around the bush.

Chrissy peaked around the bush. “You’re right.”

Dalton’s eyes widened. “Get my binoculars out of my backpack. I have a strange hunch,” he said.

Chrissy unzipped his backpack, reached inside and removed his binoculars. She handed them back to Dalton.

Dalton looked through his binoculars and got a closer view of those cowboys. “I knew it.”

“Knew what?”

“That’s Earl “Blue” Olson and his gang,” said Dalton keeping his binoculars on Blue Earl and saw his trademark blue bandana’s tied on his saddle and flapping in the wind. These bandanas were used to cover their mouths and noses during a robbery.

He saw his five-member gang riding behind Blue Earl’s horse. “Yep, the one only Blue Earl Olson and his gang of bank robbers,” he said passing the binoculars back to Chrissy.

She looked through the binoculars and got a good glimpse of Blue Earl. “It’s him alright.”

Dalton thought about what he learned about Blue Earl from the history books. “I read that he and his gang first came to this area around this time. They left the New Mexico territory area as the law was causing too much heat for them. So they figured the Arizona territory would be prime pickings for their way of life,” he said.

“Cool, we’re witnessing history in the making,” said Chrissy while she glanced at all of Blue Earl’s gang members through the binoculars.

“Blue Earl created havoc on this territory for about two years before moving on and his whereabouts and final demise was never known,” said Dalton.

“I wonder where they’re heading?” said Chrissy while she handed Dalton his binoculars.

“Probably to find a hideout. I think they started robbing around this area in October about now. Believed they paid it cool for a while and drank at the local saloons in the various towns. You know, as a way of staking out the area and the law threat,” said Dalton.

Dalton looked through his binoculars and saw the Blue Earl gang was no longer a threat. “We can go now,” he said and handed Chrissy his binoculars.

She tucked them away in his backpack.

They walked away from the bush and headed south towards Miners Needle.

During the next hour, they chatted more about their lives and finally arrived back at Miners Needle.

They stood by the entrance of Crazy Hole.

“Well, ready to return home?” said Dalton.

Chrissy glanced around the area. “Yeah,” she said but didn’t sound excited.

They each removed the flashlights out of each other’s backpacks. They turned them on the set foot into the cave.

They walked deeper and deeper into the dark cave with their flashlight guiding the way.

Dalton and Chrissy hiked for five minutes inside Crazy Hole while the tunnel snaked and curved underneath Miners Needle.

They continued to walk through the cave for another five minutes.

They came to that dead end.

“Take us back to Sunday, September twenty-fifth, two thousand sixteen,” said Dalton.

They headed to the tunnel to the right and went inside it.

The split second they entered inside the tunnel, blue plasma light flashed and illuminated all around them again. It again stung their whole body.

“Ahhhh!” Dalton and Chrissy cried out in pain in unison while they walked through the tunnel.

Within a split second Dalton and Chrissy were back outside by the cave opening.

“I don’t know if I can get use to that,” said Dalton while he shivered until that strange tingling sensation dissipated from his body.

“I know what you mean,” she said while she shivered until that strange tingling sensation dissipated from her body.

Dalton glanced around the area and saw those pieces of cut cacti in the dirt by the right side of that huge rock.

He looked behind that huge rock and saw his pruning saw and rope. “We returned.”

Chrissy looked behind that huge rock and saw the pruning saw and rope. “We did.”

They walked away and headed back down Dutchman’s Trail.

They hiked through those same small streams.

They hiked by those numerous Saguaro cacti.

They hiked by those same poppy flowers.

They hiked by those same spring desert flowers.

An hour passed and they hiked down Bluff Springs Trail.

A little while later and they hiked back to that dirt parking lot. They were exhausted.

They got inside Dalton’s Civic and headed back to his apartment.

It was quiet during the drive to Dalton’s apartment.

He parked his Civic not too far from Chrissy’s 2009 Toyota Corolla.

“You look totally exhausted,” he said while he turned off his Civic.

“I am,” said Chrissy during a yawn.

Dalton thought for a few seconds. “You’re too exhausted to drive. Why don’t you sleep in my apartment? My couch is extremely comfortable. I mean, I don’t want you to fall asleep while driving back to your place,” he said then cringed inside wondering if he went a little too far.

Chrissy looked at Dalton. “Actually, that would be nice. I could stand a shower.”

“Well, you’re in luck, I have a shower in my place.”

Chrissy had a light chuckle then her stomach giggled.

“We could order pizza again.”

“That sounds nice.”

Dalton and Chrissy got out of his Civic and headed off to his apartment.

Once they got inside his apartment. She took a shower.

Dalton ordered two small pizzas while she was in the shower.

The pizza arrived while Dalton was in the shower and Chrissy paid for it this time.

They had some quiet time while they ate some pizza that that sure hit the spot after their old west adventure.

They cleaned up from eating and sat on the couch in the living room.

“Want to watch a movie?” said Dalton.

“Sure, what do you want to watch?”

“What ever you want to watch.”

Chrissy thought for a few seconds. “Do you have that movie Westworld?”

“I sure do,” said Dalton and he got up off the couch, walked over to his bookcase of DVDs and picked out that movie.

He put it in the DVD player and turned on the TV.

He walked over and sat back down on the couch.

While the Westworld movie started, he did a quick glance at Chrissy. He smiled, as he loved having a female in his apartment. He felt like a stud.

Chrissy also did a quick glance at Dalton. She also loved being in his apartment.

The movie was at the scene where everybody entered the Westworld theme park.

“You know, it would be cool if a place like that existed. I mean. How cool would it be to go in vacation and hang around for a week just like you were in the real west,” said Dalton.

Chrissy thought about what he said for a few seconds. Her eyes widened a little. “You’re forgetting something.”

“What’s that?”

“We can do that.”

“We can how?” said Dalton and he was too exhausted to think. It took a few seconds but it dawned on him. “We can. We have Crazy Hole.”

Dalton thought about what she said for a few seconds. “Yes we do. We could go back there and you know, hang around eighteen eighty-three Oak Creek. That could be our vacation,” said Chrissy.

Dalton thought about what she said for a few seconds. His eyes lit up. “Yeah, we could. Take a vacation back to the old west!” “The real old west.”

“Yeah, but we can’t show anybody our pictures.”

“Got that right, but that doesn’t mean we can’t take some for us to keep. Discreetly,” said Dalton.

“So, are you game about going back?”

“I’m game,” said Dalton and didn’t hesitate.

“Good,” said Chrissy and then she yawned.

“I better get you a blanket and pillow. Let’s get a good nights rest. We can plan our vacation tomorrow morning,” he said the got up off the couch.

“Good idea,” said Chrissy during another long yawn.

Ten minutes had passed.

Dalton had a bed made up for Chrissy on his couch.

He was in his bed a few minutes later. He lie on his back and couldn’t believe that this was the first time he had a woman sleep over in his apartment. She was in the other room but he still had a women sleep over in his apartment.

He closed his eyes and thought about the last two days he spent with Chrissy. He was soon fast asleep.

Chapter 29

It was early Monday morning, September 26th, 2016 and still dark outside.

Dalton was in bed. He just woke up. The door to his bedroom creaked opened. He noticed.

In the darkness of his bedroom slipped in Chrissy through the creaking bedroom door.

She tiptoed across his floor to his bed.

The light from the full Moon gave Dalton a perfect view of her Chrissy wearing a white nightgown.

She smiled. She grabbed the covers and flipped them off Dalton's body. She got in bed and cuddled him.

"I've been thinking about you all night, Dalton," she said and planted a kiss on his lips with her erect nipples touching the bare skin of his chest. He was in heaven. It was dream come true.

An annoying sound filled the room. Dalton tried to ignore that sound while she kissed him. That annoying sound wouldn't go away.

Dalton looked over at this bedside table. He looked back at Chrissy. She was gone. He looked back at that annoying invisible sound coming from his bedside table. *You took her away!* He cried out in his mind...

Dalton woke up. The morning daylight started to peek through the blinds of his bedroom window. He looked around. Chrissy was not there. She was in his room wearing a nightgown. It dawned on him that he had a dream. He closed his eyes and tried to go back to sleep and back to that dream. It didn't work.

"Darn" he said while he flipped the covers off his body and got out of bed.

He snuck into the living room.

He took a peek from around the wall and saw Chrissy still sound asleep on couch.

He snuck away and went into the bathroom. He took a quick shower.

He walked out of the bathroom and heard some movement in the living room.

“Good morning. Are you decent?” he said while standing in the hallway so he couldn’t see her in the living room.

“I am,” she said. “If you’re talking about me being dressed,” she added with a chuckle.

Dalton went into the living room and saw Chrissy folding up the bed sheets and blanket. She was dressed in the same clothes she wore last night.

“Good morning.”

“You can take a shower if you want. There’s a fresh towel on the rack for you. It’s blue,” said Dalton.

“Thanks,” she said and headed out of the living room and into the bathroom.

Dalton went into the kitchen and made a pot of coffee while Chrissy took a shower.

She was done with her shower and walked into the living room in a fresh pair of jeans and western shirt. She packed them in her backpack.

“Coffee’s ready,” said Dalton while he got another coffee cup out of one of the cupboards.

“That would be taste so good right now.”

Dalton poured her a cup.

They walked back into the living room and sat on the couch.

“So, how should we plan our little vacation?” said Dalton then sipped his coffee.

Chrissy thought for a few seconds. “We’ll need some clothes for that era. There must be websites out there that sell

clothes that would be passable for eighteen eighty-eight,” she said then she sipped her coffee.

“We’ll need money. There’s probably coin shops in the area that sell silver dollars from around that time,” Dalton said then took another sip of his coffee. “This vacation could cost us some serious cash.”

Chrissy thought about that for a few seconds. “It could, but think about it. We’ll be vacationing back in eighteen eighty-three. Back in the real old west.”

“It would be worth it.”

“It sure would,” she said.

They remained quiet for few minutes while they drank their morning coffee.

“Let’s do some Internet searches,” said Dalton after he finished his coffee.

“Okay,” said Chrissy after she finished her coffee.

After putting their cups in the kitchen sink they sat back down on the couch where Dalton had his laptop ready.

They found a website called the Historical Emporium that sold men’s and women’s old western style clothes.

Chrissy looked over the website and she ordered a Burgundy ladies Edwardian suit, black Victorian ankle boots, Victorian ladies Boater green and burgundy hat, and a black beaded Medallion purse.

Dalton also looked over the website and he ordered a black cowboy hat, black vigilante vest, black Livingston brushed cotton trousers, burnt orange fundamental work shirt, black cowboys boots and a gun belt and holster.

They paid extra for the UPS two day air so their clothes should arrive by Thursday.

They next conducted searches on coin shops located in the Phoenix area. They printed out a list, left his apartment, and headed off in his Civic.

First they stopped for breakfast then headed off to visit the coin stores.

They took a break from shopping at the coin stores and had lunch. After lunch they visited some more stores.

Three hours passed and Dalton and Chrissy were back at his apartment. They each purchased ten Morgan silver dollars each after visiting all the coin stores in the Phoenix area.

While driving back to his apartment, they stopped off at a Subway restaurant and brought back dinner.

They ate their sandwiches while they watched the *Back to the Future III* movie. Again.

Dalton thought of something ten minutes into the movie. "Horses."

"What about them?"

"We need horses. I don't want to hike all the way into Oak Creek on foot." "That would raise eyebrows."

She thought about what he said. "Good point. Have you ever been on a horse?"

"Yes, there's this place outside Phoenix that I often rented a horse for a little ride in the desert," said Dalton.

"Kent Moore's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables?" said Chrissy. "I've been there."

Dalton smiled at Chrissy. "Funny how we both went to the same place. Shame we didn't run across each other there."

"Yeah, it is funny."

"We'll have to go tomorrow, and ride some horses for practice. Then inquire about renting for a longer ride," said Dalton.

"Sounds like a great idea," said Chrissy then she paused for a second. "I wonder how much his rental fee would cost for one hundred and thirty-three years?" she said with a hint of smile.

Dalton chuckled.

"So when should we leave?"

Dalton thought for a few seconds. "Our clothes should arrive here on Wednesday. So I'm thinking Thursday morning?"

“That sounds good to me.”

They returned to watching *Back to the Future III* movie.

After they finished watching that movie Dalton put in the *Wyatt Earp* movie starring Kevin Costner. Dalton even showed Chrissy his Colt 45 Peacemaker pistol.

“I’m taking it with me.”

“Do you have any bullets?”

“No, I won’t need any. It’s just for show so I’ll blend in.”

Dalton put his pistol down on the coffee table and they returned to watching the movie.

Dalton got another idea ten minutes into the movie. He glanced over at Chrissy. He had an idea. He chickened out. He looked at the TV then back at Chrissy. *Why not?* He thought. “I was thinking.”

“About what?”

“I was thinking,” he said and paused and started to chicken out again. “I was thinking that it would be easier if you stayed here at my place. You know with trying to plan our vacation and waiting on the clothes to arrive,” he said finally getting the guts but still cringed thinking he went too far.

“Actually, that’s a great idea.”

Dalton was jumping for joy inside but played it cool. “Great, we can go over to your place if you want to get some clothes.”

“Sure.”

Dalton and Chrissy got up. He turned off the DVD player and TV.

They left his apartment.

Forty minutes had passed and they came back to his apartment. Chrissy had a suitcase with extra clothes, toiletry items, her cowboy and pajamas.

Dalton felt like they were shacking up.

After a little freshening up, they sat on the couch and decided to watch the *High Noon* movie with Gary Cooper. And of course they had to have some Oak Creek beer.

They were forty minutes into the movie. Chrissy nodded off and slumped over and her head rested on Dalton's shoulder.

He glanced down at the top her head. He loved the feeling but knew he should be a gentleman. "I better let you get some sleep," he said.

"Huh?" said Chrissy waking up. It took a few seconds for her to realize she dozed off.

"It's getting late, I'll go get your blanket and pillow," he said getting off the couch.

Chrissy yawned while Dalton left the living room.

Dalton came back. "The bathroom is yours," he said when he returned with a bed sheet, blanket and pillow.

Chrissy got up and headed to the bathroom. Dalton made her bed on the couch.

Twenty minutes had passed and Dalton and Chrissy were sound asleep.

An hour had passed and Dalton had a dream...

In his dream, he was an old western Town Marshal.

Inside the Marshal's Office, the three jail cells each had two outlaws inside waiting for their trial first thing in the morning.

Marshal Trevor sat behind his desk in his chair. Cowboy boots kicked up on his desk. He drank his cup of piping hot coffee and felt proud for a good day's work of arresting the criminals.

The front door to his office slammed opened.

"Marshal, Marshal, the bank's being robbed! Bart Stone is back in town," yelled out an old man.

Marshal Trevor jumped up from his chair. He whipped out his Colt 45 Peacemaker pistol out of his holster. He twirled it around on his finger and dropped it back in its holster. "Time to do my job!" he said and strutted to the door.

Marshal Trevor was now outside on the dusty Main Street.

He strutted down the dirt. Town folk were on both sides of the street chapping and cheering. It was almost like at ticker tape parade for a hero.

Marshal Trevor saw one of the clapping town folk. It was Chrissy. She blew him a kiss.

Marshal Trevor strutted farther down the street.

The door to the bank slammed opened.

The outlaw Bart Stone ran out of the bank. Pistol in his right hand and a cloth bag of stolen loot in his left hand.

“Stop right there, Bart Stone,” yelled out Marshal Trevor while he stopped in the middle of the dirt street.

The outlaw didn’t resemble the real Bart Stone but had the same name. But that outlaw stopped and faced Marshal Trevor. “You’ll never stop me,” said Bart Stone.

Marshal Trevor whipped out his Colt 45 Peacemaker. He twirled the pistol a few times with his fingers then fired off two shots.

Bart Stone eyes widened in shock. He glanced down and saw two bloody holes in the middle of his chest. He dropped dead to the ground. Dead.

The town folk cheered and clapped louder.

Chrissy ran up to Trevor. She planted a kiss on his lips...

Back to reality, Trevor was asleep kissing the air. He woke up and was a little dazed. He realized he had a dream.

He got up, went into the bathroom, took a pee then returned to bed. He was soon fast asleep.

In the living room, Chrissy was asleep. She started to dream...

In her dream, she was also in the old west.

She was in a church. She wore a beautiful white wedding dress while she walked down the aisle with an unknown man who might have been her father.

She saw a man in a suit standing next to a preacher at the altar. She didn’t recognize this man.

The unknown man walked her to the man and preacher at the altar.

“Will you take this man as your husband?” said the preacher.

“Yes,” said Chrissy.

The unknown man leaned in and kissed Chrissy.

Chrissy was now an old lady, with white hair in a bun, in her dream. She was sitting on a couch.

In a nearby chair was that unknown man she married. He was old, white hair and handle bar moustache.

Back in reality, Chrissy woke up. She glanced around for her old husband. All she saw was Dalton’s TV. She then realized she had a dream. She closed her eyes and fell back asleep.

Tuesday morning arrived. It was September 27th, 2016.

Dalton and Chrissy ate a breakfast of Cocoa Krispies and two cups of coffee.

After their coffee, Dalton powered up his laptop and printed out some Google maps of the areas concentrating on Kent’s Desert Horse Ranch and Stables and the Superstition Mountains.

They left his apartment and drove in his Civic to Kent’s Desert Horse Ranch and Stables that was now owned by Kent Moore.

Dalton and Chrissy chatted a little but it was mostly about their classes and other teaches at the university.

He parked his car at Kent’s Desert Horse Ranch and Stables. They got out of his car.

Chrissy put on her brown cowboy hat.

Dalton glanced at her and liked what he saw. He still thought a girl looked hot when she wore a cowboy hat.

Meanwhile, John Mathers sat at his kitchen table drinking coffee. He was in deep thought, as he had something on his mind. There’s been something that’s been bugging him for a few days.

Angie walked into the kitchen dressed for work. “When are you leaving for the university?” she said while she walked up to the coffee pot on the counter.

John didn’t answer. He stayed in deep thought.

She poured a cup of coffee. “Something bugging you?” she said nothing his deep thought.

“Oh, yeah. There’s these two students in my one class that are asking about the Kissing Bandit.”

“That doesn’t sound concerning,” she said taking a drink of coffee while walking over to the kitchen table.

“I know, but they were at the Police Museum and saw me with Clint. Then they mentioned how much I resemble the Kissing Bandit and how much Clint resembled Marshal Bartley.”

“What did you say about that?”

“I mentioned that there’s documented cases on the Internet where people have resembled people of the past. Like for instance Nicolas Cage resembled a Civil War soldier.”

“I remember reading about that,” said Angie and took another drink of her coffee.

“I hope they bought that story and stopped getting so inquisitive,” he said then took a drink of his coffee.

“They should. I mean, that happened over one hundred and thirty-two years ago,” she said and took another drink of her coffee. “You have nothing to worry about.”

“I know, but I do if they find about Crazy Hole.”

Angie thought about that for a few seconds. “Nobody had located it now. Plus with that cacti we planted ten years ago, there’s no way someone can enter it.”

“I guess you’re right,” said John but he still had this nagging hunch that this wasn’t over.

Angie and John remained quiet while they had their morning coffee.

After they were done with their coffee, Angie went off to work while John went to get dressed for another day of teaching.

Dalton and Chrissy had arrived at Kent's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables.

"I remember you two," said Kent the second he saw Dalton and Chrissy walking up to him at the stable. "But never recalled seeing you two here together."

"No, this would be the first," said Dalton.

"Good, now, how can I help you today?"

"We're looking to ride for about an hour today," said Dalton.

"And then we'll also need to rent horses later this week," said Chrissy. "We're going camping at various places so we'll need them for a couple of days."

"Sounds good to me. We'll discuss that when you return," said Kent, as he didn't care as long as he was making some money. "Let's go get you saddled up," he said and motioned for them to come inside the stable.

Ten minutes had passed and Dalton and Chrissy were each saddled up on horse. They rode off out of the back gate and headed off into the mountains.

An hour into the ride into the desert toward the Superstition Mountains, they saw Miners Needle way off in the background.

"Looks perfect," said Chrissy.

"It does."

"Let's head back. This was a good practice."

Dalton nodded in agreement and they turned their horses around and headed back to Kent's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables.

After they got back to the horse ranch and helped Kent put the horses back in their stalls, they headed off to his office.

While they were inside Kent's office and taking care of their bill, Dalton and Chrissy glanced up on the wall behind Kent. They saw a framed picture of Kent and Rusty.

"Whose this guy with you?" said Chrissy when she became curious for some unexplained reason.

"That's my older brother Rusty," said Kent glancing up at the picture. "He went off riding into the desert and disappeared about ten years ago just before they foreclosed on this place. I bought it for when he returned. But he didn't," he said then looked sad. "I had him declared dead two years ago."

"Oh my, I'm sorry to hear about that," said Chrissy.

"Thanks. I was hoping to hear what happened to him, but haven't so far. So hopefully one day I will."

Dalton and Chrissy didn't think anything about what he said.

"Could we reserve two horses again on Thursday?" said Dalton. "And return on Sunday? We want to camp out in the desert for a few days."

"Have an old western adventure," added Chrissy.

"That's not a problem. What time would you like to get the horses on Thursday?" said Kent happy to rent his horses for three days since business had been a little slow this month.

"Uhh, how about nine in the morning?" said Dalton then glancing over at Chrissy for her thought.

"Nine sounds good."

"Nine it is," said Kent while he wrote it down in his reservation book.

Dalton and Chrissy left Kent's office, got back in his Civic and headed back to his apartment.

"Did you find that story about his brother Rusty being missing in the desert an little odd?" said Dalton while he pulled his Civic out of Kent's driveway and onto the road.

"Why is that odd?"

"I don't know, but I wonder if his brother found Crazy Hole ten years ago."

“I guess that could have happened.”

“Yep, could have happened,” said Dalton and he was curious.

Dalton drove about a quarter of a mile and he got curious. “I know where we can go next.”

“Where?”

“You’ll have to wait,” he said.

Chrissy wondered what he was up to while he drove off down the street.

Twenty minutes had passed and Dalton drove his Civic east on Route 88 or Apache Trail.

“Why are we way out here?” said Chrissy when she spotted Canyon Lake off to her left.

“Oak Creek was located somewhere around this area,” he said.

Chrissy looked around. “It’s so desolate out here.”

“I know. Nice and quiet,” said Dalton. “Peaceful.”

Chrissy nodded in agreement.

Dalton turned into the Canyon Lake Marina and Campgrounds. “To think that we’ll be here back in eighteen eighty-three,” he said while he turned his Civic around in the campground parking lot.

“It’s going to be so exciting,” said Chrissy.

Dalton headed west on the Apache Trail and headed back to Phoenix.

When arrived back to Dalton’s apartment, his curiosity was still peaked about Rusty Moore. He grabbed his textbook from Professor Mather’s class and flipped through the pages about the old west Marshals.

He finally stopped on the pages about the Marshal’s of Mountain Rock. He scanned through the stories until a picture of one of the Marshal’s was of interest.

Chrissy was in the kitchen getting a drink of water.

“Chrissy, I found something of interest,” he called out.

She walked out of the kitchen and over to the couch. She sat down next to Dalton.

“Look at this picture of Marshal Rusty Moore of Mountain Rock,” he said pointing at a picture in that book.

She looked at the picture then looked at Dalton. “Okay, it’s a picture of Marshal Moore.”

“He sure looked like Kent’s brother,” he said.

She looked at the picture again. “He sure does.”

“Rusty Moore became the Town Marshal of Mountain Rock on September twenty-fourth, eighteen eighty three after Marshal Jeb Paulson passed away in his sleep. Marshal Moore was Town Marshal of Mountain Rock until the town was abandoned in eighteen ninety-four. Marshal Moore moved to Tucson where he became Police Chief of the Tucson Police Department until nineteen oh one. Marshal Moore died in his sleep in Tucson in nineteen fifteen,” he read from the book.

“Maybe he did use Crazy Hole,” said Chrissy.

“Would have to be before Professor Mathers and that Clint guy planted those cacti at the cave opening.”

“Your friend did say they planted that cacti about ten years ago.”

“That explains why Rusty went missing,” said Dalton. “He went back in time.”

“I wonder how many other people used that cave for a different life?”

“I guess we’ll never know,” said Dalton.

They thought about that for a few seconds until the hunger sounds of Dalton’s tummy interrupted them.

“Food sounds good right now,” said Chrissy.

Dalton thought for a few seconds. “I know the perfect place,” he said.

They left his apartment and headed off to the Outlaw Steak House. This was the same restaurant John Mathers took Angie to eat when he was obsessed with being a famous old

western outlaw. The restaurant hadn't changed much during the past ten years.

After a nice steak dinner, Dalton and Chrissy headed back to his apartment. They relaxed and watched the *Crossfire Trail* DVD with Tom Selleck.

After the movie was over they went to their separate beds and fell asleep.

Wednesday morning arrived. It was September 28th, 2016.

This day was uneventful for Dalton and Chrissy except for the arrival of their western clothes that arrived via UPS.

They tried on their clothes and were now ready for their vacation. He even placed his Colt 45 Peacemaker in the new holster.

"We do look like we belong in the old west," said while he strutted around the room. "I could be an old western Marshal catching the bad guys," he said while he whipped out his pistol, twirled it around a few times then shoved it back in the holster.

Chrissy chuckled and she looked the part with that Victorian dress, boots, purse and hat.

They took off their western attire and carefully packed them in their backpacks. Dalton packed his flashlight and binoculars, extra underwear, and toiletry items. Chrissy also packed a flashlight, extra underwear, and her toiletry items.

They spent the rest of the day searching the Internet to learn a little more about 1883.

After dinner back at the Outlaw Steak House to help put them in the mood, they returned to Dalton's apartment.

They watched *The Searchers* DVD with John Wayne.

"Wouldn't it be funny if we ran into John Wayne back in eighteen eighty-three," said Chrissy.

Dalton chuckled. "Wouldn't that be cool?"

They returned to watching the movie and after it was over, they went to their separate beds.

They both tossed and turned in bed and were excited about tomorrow. Excited like kids trying to sleep on Christmas Eve.

Chapter 30

Thursday morning arrived. It was September 29th, 2016.

Dalton and Chrissy got very little sleep. Yet they were still full of energy thinking about today's adventure.

They showered, drank some coffee, and ate a bowl of Cocoa Krispies.

They had their western outfits packed in their backpacks along with their 1800s money and other items they figured they might need. They were cautious to ensure they didn't have too many 2016 items that could raise some tough questions.

Dalton placed his cell phone in his dresser drawer and Chrissy had her cell phone stashed in her apartment.

They got dressed in their 2016 jeans, western shirts and cowboy hats.

They grabbed their backpacks and walked to his front door, left the apartment, got in his Civic and drove away.

During the drive to Kent's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables, they discussed what they could do while on their 1883 vacation.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Dalton parked his Civic at Kent's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables. They walked over to the stable with their backpacks on their backs. They noticed that it was starting to get cloudy.

"You're here," said Kent the second Dalton and Chrissy walked into the stable. "Your horses are ready to ride."

"Great," said Dalton.

Dalton and Chrissy walked the horses out of the stable and got in the saddles of their horses.

"I'll see you on Sunday," said Kent. "Be careful, I don't want you disappearing in the desert," he said. "Like what my brother did."

“Don’t worry, we’ll be safe,” said Dalton then motioned at Chrissy that they should ride off into the desert.

They rode off towards the back gate of the ranch.

An hour had passed and they rode up to Miners Needle.

They got out of their horses, grabbed the reins and walked them to the cave.

The second Dalton and Christy got their horses ten feet from Crazy Hole the horses panicked and rose up on their hind legs.

Dalton and Chrissy moved the horses away from Crazy Hole.

The horse settled down after a few seconds.

“What scared them?” said Dalton.

Chrissy looked at the horses and back at Crazy Hole. She thought about that for a few seconds. Her eyes lit up. “The cave scares them. They see something spooky about it.”

“What can we do? We can’t take them back, then walk back here, then walk to Oak Creek,” said Dalton and thought that their old west vacation was now a bust.

Chrissy thought about the situation for a few seconds. “Maybe we should cover their eyes. That might calm them down,” she said and the more she thought about it the more she thought it would work.

“I guess it’s worth a try or we turn around and go back home,” he said.

“I’m not going to give up on this vacation now.”

“I wonder what can we use?” said Dalton.

Chrissy thought for a solution. Her eyes widened a little. “Our shirts.”

“Okay,” said Dalton and he started to remove his shirt.

Chrissy removed her western shirt.

Dalton glanced over at her.

“It’s a good thing I decided to wear a bra today,” she said when she caught Dalton glancing at her.

“I don’t know about that,” he replied and gave her a little smile.

“I can imagine you would have loved that little show,” she said with a little chuckle and a little wiggle of her chest.

“Probably,” he said with a hint of a bigger smile.

Chrissy liked the idea that he would enjoy seeing her topless.

They secured their shirts over the eyes of the horses.

They took a hold of the reins and walked the horses toward Crazy Hole.

They got within five feet of the cave opening and the horses remained calm.

“So far it’s good,” said Dalton.

“Let’s get inside the cave,” said Chrissy.

“Take out my flashlight.”

Chrissy unzipped a side pocket of his backpack and removed the small but powerful flashlight. She turned it on.

Dalton unzipped a side pocket of her backpack and removed the small but powerful flashlight. He turned it on.

They slowly walked the horses into Crazy Hole.

Chrissy illuminated the cave tunnel with the flashlight while they slowly walked the horses deeper into the cave.

They finally arrived at the dead end in the cave that had the priest carving on the cave wall.

“Ma-am, you may get dressed first,” said Dalton starting to sound like an old western gentleman.

“Why thank you kind sir,” said Chrissy.

Dalton turned his back while Chrissy walked around to the other side of the horses. She removed her backpack off her back and opened it. She removed her old western attire and undressed out of her 2016 clothes and got dressed in her western outfit.

After she was done, Dalton went to the same place and he undressed out of his 2016 clothes and got dressed in his old western outfit and still wore his 2016 cowboy hat.

They removed their Morgan silver dollar coins out of their backpacks. Dalton shoved his coins in the inside pocket of his suit coat along with his wallet. Chrissy shoved her coins in her western purse. They packed their 2016 clothes in their backpacks and zipped them up.

Dalton shoved his flashlight in the inside pocket of his suit coat.

Chrissy shoved her flashlight in her western purse.

They dropped their backpacks in the dirt under the priest carving.

“Ready, ma-am?”

“Ready good sir.”

“We wish to go to September, twenty-second, eighteen eighty-three,” said Dalton with that echoing in the cave.

“Ladies first,” said Dalton.

Chrissy walked her horse in that tunnel to the right.

Dalton saw that blue plasma light that illuminated the inside of that tunnel. He heard the horse cry and Chrissy yell out in a little pain. The tunnel suddenly got dark.

Dalton walked his horse into the tunnel. Blue plasma light flashed and illuminated Dalton and his horse. It stung.

“Ahhhh!” Dalton cried out in pain while he walked through the horse through tunnel.

Dalton exited Crazy Hole and saw Chrissy waiting for him on her horse with her shirt removed and tucked away in her saddlebag.

“Took you long enough to get here,” she said with a light smile.

“I know, about one hundred and thirty-three years,” said Dalton while he looked up at the clear blue sky knowing they arrived back in 1883. “Looks like it’s high noon,” he said while he got in the saddle on his horse.

“Look at you sounding like a cowboy.”

“Let’s go ma-am,” he said.

Chrissy smiled.

Dalton removed the shirt off his horse and tucked it in his saddlebag. He got up in the saddle.

They galloped off and followed the train tracks and headed north.

Some time had passed and Dalton and Chrissy stopped their horses. They saw Oak Creek five hundred feet to the north.

“This is going to be so cool,” said Dalton.

“You know it.”

“Let’s first get a room at the hotel then we can walk around the town and check it out,” said Dalton.

“Sounds good.”

They trotted their horses off to Oak Creek.

They entered Main Street at the east side of Oak Creek. It was the main entrance that the majority of folk in that area used.

They first noticed all the wooden buildings were of board and batten construction. A five-foot wide wooden sidewalk was in front of all the buildings of Oak Creek. It helped during those rainy days and the street was a mud puddle.

Off to their right they saw the Oak Creek train station. The train hadn’t arrived yet.

Off to their left across from the train station they saw Harvey Robbins’ Cabinetmaker and Undertaker Shop. Way off to the south about five hundred behind his shop was the graveyard of Oak Creek. There were a few wooden tombstones for the final resting place of some of the Oak Creek residents.

The town folk milling around the town saw these two strangers arriving on horseback. They looked happy to see them since it meant additional money into their economy.

They rode a little farther down past the train station and saw a Barbershop to the left of the station where Fred Boone was the barber.

The music of wood being sawed and hammered caught their attention. Dalton and Chrissy saw the wooden gallows in

the middle of the street across from the Barbershop and the two story Gus Master's General Store. Workers were banging away and sawing on planks of wood for the finishing touches on the wooden structure. Dalton and Chrissy glanced at each other and knew that this was meant for the Kissing Bandit.

They rode a little farther down the street and saw the Marshal's Office to the left and the Court House across the street to their right. Inside the Court House was the office for Mayor Mason.

They rode a little farther down the street and saw Doc Bartholomew's Office to the left and the Oak Creek Restaurant across the street to the left.

They rode their horses up the Oak Creek Hotel off to the right.

They got out of their saddles and tied the horses to the hitching post in front of the sidewalk at the hotel.

They glanced around and saw the town folk milling about town in old western suits, Victorian style dresses and they all wore hats. Dalton winked at Chrissy. She winked back.

They walked across the wooden sidewalk in front of the two-story hotel.

Dalton opened the door for Chrissy. She went inside the hotel and he followed right behind her.

The inside of the hotel lobby was simple and plain. There was a couch and three chairs in the small lobby in front of the small wooden front desk. One hotel guest sat on one of the chair reading the latest issue of the *Weekly Phoenix Herald* newspaper.

Off to the right of the front desk was the wooden stairs leading up to the second floor.

"May I help you?" said Jacob from behind the front desk.

"Yes sir," said Dalton while he and Chrissy walked up to the desk. "We would like two rooms."

"You here for the hanging of the Kissing Bandit?"

"Yes sir," said Dalton.

“How many nights would you like to stay here?” said Jacob.

Dalton looked over at Chrissy. “Four nights.”

“Yes, four nights would be grand,” she said. “We’ll need two rooms.”

“That would be eight dollars,” said Jacob.

Dalton reached in his inside suit pocket, removed eight silver dollars and handed them to Jacob.

Harold dropped the silver dollars in the cash drawer.

“Ma-am, you’re in Room one, and sir, you’re in Room two,” he said. “All rooms are up stairs and the outhouses are out back.

“Thank you,” said Dalton. Then something felt odd. “No room key?”

“Oh you won’t need to lock your rooms. Nobody here in Oak Creek will bother you,” said Jacob.

Dalton and Chrissy gave Jacob a little smile.

Harold watched Dalton and Chrissy walk away from the counter and head up the stairs. He thought it was a little strange they didn’t have any suitcases, but this is the old west and strange things do happen quite often.

Dalton and Chrissy went upstairs and walked down the hallway. They stopped at their rooms.

She opened up her purse and removed four silver dollar coins. “Here’s for my room,” she said handing him the coins.

Dalton shoved them in his inside suit pocket. “Let’s rest for ten minutes then we can walk around Oak Creek and check it out?”

“I would like that.”

Dalton opened up his room door. “No locks on the door. I remember by grandparents staying they never locked their doors at their home when they grew up.”

“Can’t do that in our time,” she said then her eyes widened when she remembered something. “Outhouses out back?” she said. “I forgot about that.”

“There’s no indoor plumbing here. We’re in the real old west. Living like they did.”

“This will be an experience, said Chrissy then she opened up her room door, went inside, and closed the door.

Dalton went inside his room and closed the door. He saw a bed, a wooden armoire, and a small table that had a Kerosene lamp and a small basin with pitcher for washing your face.

There was a window with curtains. The window was opened to allow the breeze to cool the room, and also the dust off the street to enter the room.

Dalton walked over and got on the bed. It was very comfy and he just relaxed.

Ten minutes had passed.

Dalton and Chrissy met in the hallway outside their rooms. They went down the stairs and left the hotel.

Once they got out of the hotel they just stood on the wooden sidewalk and glanced up and down Main Street.

“Look at this,” he said.

“Look at what?”

“A nice and quiet street. No cars racing around in a hurry.”

“No car running through red lights almost crashing into you,” said Chrissy.

“I’m loving this so far,” said Dalton.

“Me too.”

“Want to head down that way?” said Dalton while he pointed to the west.

“Sure.”

Dalton and Chrissy walked away on the sidewalk.

They walked by the Oak Creek National Bank.

“Hello,” said Dalton to an older couple while they walked out the bank.

“Hello. Don’t know you?” said the old man.

“Dalton Trevor and this is Chrissy Barron. We just arrived here in Oak Creek.”

Dalton and the old man shook hands.

“I’m Lester Lincoln and this is my wife Edith Lincoln. Where you hail from?” said Lester.

Dalton and Chrissy looked at each other. “Back east. Pittsburgh,” said Dalton.

“What brings you all the way here?” asked Lester.

“We wanted to live in a place without snow,” said Chrissy.

“Are you to going to be married?” asked Edith.

Dalton and Chrissy glanced at each other on how they should answer that question. “Yes, ma-am. We’re engaged do plan on getting married after we get settled here in Oak Creek.”

“We own the tailor and dressmaker shop across the street. It would be an honor to make your wedding dress,” said Edith.

“Or I put you in a new suit for your wedding,” said Lester.

“That would be very nice,” said Chrissy while she eyed their store and saw the Lincoln Dresses and Suits Shop to the left of the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

“You came to our town at a good time. Tomorrow morning is the hanging of the Kissing Bandit,” said Lester and he looked excited on seeing a hanging.

“The Kissing Bandit?” said Dalton playing dumb.

“Yes, he robbed banks, stagecoaches and hooked up with outlaws Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler. He kissed women after he robbed,” said Lester.

“But not me,” said Edith and she looked a little disappointed. Chrissy picked up on her disappointment.

“We need to git, Edith. Nice meeting you and see you around town,” said Lester.

“Please stop by our shop,” said Edith to Chrissy.

Lester gave a good-bye nod then he and Edith walked across the street heading back to their shop.

“We’re engaged to be married?” said Chrissy while they walked away heading toward the church that was to the right of the bank.

“I know, I had to think of something since we’re here together. You know, with the way the folk of this time view single people,” he said. “I hope I didn’t say anything wrong?”

“Oh no. Sounds like a good cover story,” she said but inside she liked the idea.

They walked up to the small white church.

“I guess we could get married there,” said Chrissy in joking manner.

“Yes, ma-am,” said Dalton with a warm smile and inside he liked that idea.

They both chuckled while they walked past the church.

They walked upon the one room schoolhouse that was to the right of the church. They stopped and looked it over.

“Wow, it’s so small. I forget how our schools had thousands of students where in these times, they probably only had ten at the most,” said Dalton.

“One teacher for all the grades,” said Chrissy. “Must have been challenging back then, or right now.”

“Plus you don’t have to worry about the students becoming threatening,” said Dalton.

“That’s probably true.”

They walked away from the schoolhouse and at the west end of Oak Creek they saw what appeared to be a residential area. There were approximately thirty small wooden homes. Some had the typical small white picket fences. Some of the houses were shabbier than the others.

“What did these people do for a living around here?” said Chrissy.

“Mining from what I read in the history books. Or shop owners.”

“That’s right. I remember from the textbook. They mined copper, silver or gold from this area,” said Chrissy.

“As did most of the towns around Phoenix.”

Dalton and Chrissy walked across the street and wanted to check out the northern part of Oak Creek.

They saw a stockade way out in the northeast side of the town about five hundred feet away. They saw cows and pigs in a large pen and what also appeared to be a slaughterhouse. This helped supply the town and restaurant with meat.

They walked past a bath house.

They walked by the livery stable and blacksmith shop.

Dalton saw a man beating on a horseshoe on an anvil with a hammer inside the blacksmith part of the stable. "He must be Roger's great grandfather, Felix Willoughby. Remember him telling us about this guy when we were at Home Depot?"

Chrissy thought for a few seconds. "I remember."

"We should ask him about keeping our horses in his stable," said Chrissy.

"Good idea."

They walked into the stable and got lucky as Felix had two stalls available. Dalton paid for four days.

They left the stable and saw a small building next door where carcasses of skinned cows hung. They both knew this was part of that stockade and this was food for the restaurant or the homes of Oak Creek.

They walked past it and saw the Oak Creek Restaurant. It looked quaint.

They walked past the restaurant and saw the Prickly Cactus Saloon. They heard talking inside.

They walked past the Prickly Cactus Saloon and saw Lincoln's Tailor & Dressmaker Shop. She saw Edith and Lester inside working on a dress and Lester working on a suit.

They walked past the Lincoln shop and walked past the Court House, Barber Shop, and then the train station.

"Well, that's the whole town," said Dalton.

"I think it's quaint," said Chrissy.

"I agree."

"Plain, simple and quiet. Not with all the traffic and noise like our Phoenix," said Chrissy.

"I agree. Peaceful. I love it."

They saw two female cowboys, nineteen-year-old Angie Dawson and thirty year old Alicia Hernandez riding horses into Oak Creek. In the saddle in front of the two ladies were two bald men. And these two guys looked pissed.

Dalton looked. His eyes widened. "That must be Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler."

Chrissy looked. "Are you sure?"

"They're bald but history has them being brought back to Oak Creek by two mysterious women. Today."

Chrissy thought for a few seconds. "I bet I know where they came from."

"Me too, but I wonder how they were able to capture those two outlaws?" said Dalton.

Chrissy thought for a few seconds. "Must have caught them in the future."

Dalton thought about her response for a few seconds. "The only explanation."

They continued walking.

They stopped and watched Angie and Alicia ride their horses up to the hitching post at the Marshal's Office.

Other town folk also stopped in the street. Town folk like Sally Burns, Ernie Woods, Annie Nelson, Zeke Cooper, Rodney Adams, Winston Moore, and Bucky Younger also watched the female cowboys.

The sound of a train was heard.

They looked to the east and saw the Southern Pacific train coming down the track bellowing out black smoke out of its stack.

Winston ran off toward the train station. He had to get back to work.

Dalton and Chrissy walked closer to the Marshal's Office to witness this historic moment.

Alicia and Angie stopped their horses at the Marshal's office. They got out of their saddles and tied the reins to the hitching post.

Alicia looked up at Bart. "You're home," she said then removed a small penknife from her pocket. She cut the tie wraps from the stirrups then she reached up and tugged hard on Bart's arm. He fell off the horse and smacked into the ground with a thud.

"Ahhhh!" he cried out in pain.

"Oops!" Alicia said while she pretended it was an accident.

Angie chuckled at the sight while Alicia walked over and cut the tie wraps on Charlie's stirrups. She reached up and tugged on Charlie's arm. He fell off the horse and smacked into the ground with a thud.

"Ahhhh!" he cried out in pain.

"Oops! I did it again. Clumsy me," Alicia said.

Angie chuckled again.

They grabbed Bart and Charlie by their boots and dragged them up the stairs with a thump, thump, thump while Bart and Charlie's head banged on the steps.

Dalton and Chrissy left when Angie and Alicia took Bart and Charlie into the Marshal's Office.

They headed to the train station.

When they got to the station they got a closer glimpse of the train. From where they were, they could see lots of people in the passenger car.

"Looks like there's people coming here to see the hanging," said Dalton while they watched the train slow down while it headed to the station.

Dalton's stomach growled. "Maybe we should eat at the restaurant before it fills up," said Chrissy.

"I agree. I am hungry from our trip."

Dalton and Chrissy turned around and walked back into town.

They entered the Oak Creek Restaurant. It was simple and the tables were square and constructed of wood. The restaurant had fifteen tables and seven were occupied by the town folk.

Dalton and Chrissy sat down at the nearest table.

“This is a cute place,” said Dalton in a quiet tone.

“It’s quaint,” replied Chrissy in a quiet tone.

Jake the waiter walked up to their table. “Would you like steak or ham?” he said.

“Is that the only options?” said Dalton.

A gentleman at a table near them glanced over his shoulder to check them out.

“Steak or ham with mashed potatoes and green beans with coffee,” said Jake,

“Steak for me,” said Dalton.

“Yes, I’ll also have the steak,” said Chrissy.

Jake walked away.

The gentleman at their nearby table got up and walked over to Dalton and Chrissy.

“Howdy. I’m Robby Mason, the Mayor of Oak Creek. Are you here for the hanging tomorrow morning?”

“I’m Dalton Trevor and this here is my fiancé Chrissy Barron,” said Dalton while he stood up. Robby and Dalton shook hands. “And yes, we’re here for the hanging and planning on staying here in your fine town for a few days.”

“Welcome to Oak Creek and enjoy your stay,” said Robbie then he looked at Chrissy. “Ma-am,” he said and walked back over to his table.

Jake walked up to their table with two cups of coffee. He walked away.

Dalton and Chrissy sipped on their coffee while they took discreet glances around the restaurant at the patrons.

Ten minutes had passed and Jake brought them two steak dinners.

Dalton and Chrissy ate their delicious steak dinner and loved the old west so far.

Fifteen minutes had passed and they were finishing up with their meal when Marshal Clint Bartley entered the

restaurant. Trailing behind Clint was Angie Dawson and Alicia Hernandez.

The three of them sat down at a table near Dalton and Chrissy.

Dalton noticed Clint. He leaned across the table. "There's that Clint Bartley. The guy we saw at the Police Museum."

Chrissy took a discreet glance. She nodded at Dalton that she remembered seeing him at the museum.

Jake walked up to their table. "That'll be seventy cents," he said.

Dalton gave Jake a silver dollar and Jake gave him some change. Jake walked away.

Dalton left a nickel on the table for a tip. He got up from the table and walked over to Chrissy. He played the gentleman and helped her get up from her chair.

They left the restaurant.

"I know where we can go next?" he said the second they were out of the restaurant and set foot on Main Street.

"Where?"

"The Marshal's Office. Seeing Clint here means someone else we know should be in a jail cell at this moment," he said.

Chrissy nodded that that was a good idea.

They walked off and headed across the street.

They turned and headed to the Marshal's office.

They arrived at the Marshal's Office and Dalton opened up the front door for Chrissy. They stepped inside and Dalton closed the door.

They saw John Mathers, Bart Stone, and Charlie Chandler on their bunks in separate jail cells. He also saw two wooden desks, a rifle rack with Winchester rifles, a door that led to a small room where he could see a bed, and a rear door that led to the back of the building.

Dalton's eyes widened when he recognized John. He leaned over to Chrissy. "There's Professor Mathers," he whispered in her ear.

“He looks younger,” she whispered back.

Bart Stone got up off his bunk. He walked over to the cell door. “I’d be mighty obliged if you get those keys out of that desk drawer and spring me loose,” he said with a grin.

“Me too,” said Charlie Chandler while he walked up to his cell door.

“You ain’t going no where, you yellow-belly,” yelled out Bart. “If I get you alone out of here, you’ll be belly-up in the dirt for telling the Marshal I killed Elmer,” yelled out Bart a little louder.

John walked up to his cell door. He looked at Dalton and Chrissy. Something felt strange about them. “Do I know you?”

“No sir,” said Dalton.

The back door to the Marshal’s Office opened. Old man Bucky Younger entered the Marshal’s Office from using the outhouse at the rear of the office. He put his one suspender back over his shoulder. Bucky spotted Dalton and Chrissy. “What the hell are you doing here?” he aid while he closed the rear door.

“Ah, we just, ah,” said Dalton while his mind froze with a viable excuse.

Bucky whipped out his pistol from its holster. “You better git. Marshal Bartley don’t want sight seeing around here,” he said then cocked his pistol.

“Yes sir,” said Dalton and he and Chrissy carefully turned around and walked to the door.

They left the Marshal’s Office.

Bucky put his pistol back in its holster. He walked to one of the two desks, sat down and kicked his boots up on the desk. His eyes started to drift shut.

Dalton and Chrissy walked down the street.

“We just confirmed that Professor Mathers did in fact use Crazy Hole to become the Kissing Bandit,” said Dalton.

“Seeing him was so surreal. Wonder why he wanted to become an old western outlaw?”

“I don’t know. But it would be nice to have the chance to ask him one day.”

“It would be nice,” said Chrissy then she yawned.

They went back to the hotel and went straight to their rooms. They were exhausted from their day of time traveling.

Chapter 31

The morning of September 23rd, 1883 arrived. It was Sunday and nobody wanted to attend church. They all wanted to see the hanging of a famous outlaw.

Dalton woke up and got dressed and brushed his teeth with the little bit of water in the water pitcher.

He left his room and went down stairs to the lobby.

He walked to the rear of the lobby and went outside through the rear door.

He spotted a wooden outhouse and went inside.

It stunk! He held his breath while he relieved himself.

He left the outhouse and went back inside the hotel.

He saw Chrissy while he went upstairs and headed down the hallway to his room. He knew where she was going. "That smell of the outhouse takes some getting use to."

"I can imagine. I've used the Porta Johns before."

"I'll meet you back here in five minutes and we'll go across the street and get some breakfast," said Dalton.

"Okay."

He went back into his room while she went downstairs.

Chrissy used the hotel outhouse. It was smelly but she was able to tolerate it.

Five minutes had passed and Dalton and Chrissy were able to find a table in the restaurant. It was crowded with people from other towns here to see the hanging.

After an egg and bacon breakfast with coffee, Dalton and Chrissy left the restaurant.

They stood out in the street and glanced down towards the Marshal's Office. They saw the wooden gallows with the rope noose ready. Some of the town folk were already walking down that end of town.

“There’s something about the way they handled things here in the old west,” said Dalton while they started walking off toward the gallows.

“What’s that?”

“No long trials or appeals for a murderer.”

“But wasn’t the Kissing Bandit really innocent?”

Dalton thought about that for a second. “Yeah, I guess it wasn’t a perfect system but justice was swifter than in our time.”

“I’m just glad Professor Mathers managed to escape death,” said Chrissy. “Again.”

“And we get to witness this piece of history.”

Dalton nodded she agreed.

They walked down to the gallows and were in the front of the crowd. More and more people started heading to the gallows from all areas of town. Except for one lady named Gertrude. She had her bag in hand and was heading to the train station.

They waited and talked amongst themselves. Dalton and Chrissy remained quiet but Dalton was curious on who this mystery women were that helped Professor Mathers escaped.

At Harvey Robbins’ Furniture and Undertaker Shop stood Harvey Robbins. He waited by his horse and wagon to perform his job, as the town undertaker. Leaning up against the wall of his shop was a freshly made wooden casket reserved for the Kissing Bandit.

The front door of the Marshal’s Office opened.

The crowd turned around and saw Clint walk out of the Marshal’s Office escorting John.

Leaving the Marshal’s Office behind Clint and John were Mayor Mason and Bucky Younger.

Clint escorted John to the gallows.

He walked John up the steps of the gallows.

He walked John over and stopped him behind the noose. John swallowed hard when he saw the noose.

At the gallows, John stood behind the hang noose. Clint loosely tied John's hands behind his back with some rope.

Dalton and Chrissy looked at John and could sense he was scared to death.

Mayor Mason walked up the gallows stairs, and he walked over and stood beside John. Bucky touched his chest for a second as a sharp pain was felt. After a second the pain went away and he felt better.

Bucky walked up the gallows stairs, and he walked over to a wooden lever and waited.

Clint glanced around over the crowd at his office. He got a smirk.

Dalton and Chrissy saw that smirk and knew what that meant.

Mayor Mason looked at the anxious crowd then he removed a piece of paper from his shirt pocket. He looked at the paper.

“By order of Judge Wilbur Peabody and the Court of Oak Creek. The town of Oak Creek hereby hang John Mathers for the murder of Elmer Filson, the deputy of Oak Creek,” Mayor Mason addressed the crowd while he read the piece of paper.

John glanced at the town folk waiting for his demise. But two people in the front caught his attention. He hadn't seen them around town before. It was Dalton and Chrissy and there was something peculiar about them. Something he felt odd with their presence here at his hanging. He shrugged it off.

It was back to 2016 and Professor Mathers had just arrived in his classroom. He opened up his brief case and removed the textbook. He opened it then all of a sudden he had a flashback...

In his flashback he was back at the gallows on September 23rd, 1883. He stared at the town folk waiting for his demise. He saw two people in the front that looked familiar. *I know them.* He thought while Bucky walked over and moved John in front of the noose and on top of the trapped door...

Back to 2016, John glanced at his classroom where the students waited for his lecture to start.

He looked at the students and saw two desks were empty. *Dalton and Chrissy!* He said in his head and wondered if they by chance found out about Crazy Hole and went back to that day. *Naw.* He thought and shrugged off that thought.

He started his lecture about the town of Stone Valley.

Back in eighteen eighty-three, Bucky placed the noose around John's neck, and he tightened it. John's face turned pale and his body shook. He silently prayed that he wouldn't pee his pants in front of all these people.

Bucky walked over to a lever, and then he looked over at John. He moved the lever, and the trapped door under John's boots opened. The sound of gunfire echoed throughout the town the second John's body dropped through the hole, and dangled and he couldn't breath as the noose started to cut off his air supply. The sound of more gunfire echoed throughout the town.

The rope to John's noose snapped and he dropped the rest of the way through the hole and slammed into the dirt.

Everybody in front of the gallows squatted down for safety from more potential bullets.

"Everybody stay put!" Clint yelled at everybody while he whipped out his pistol and scanned the area over for the shooter.

At the gallows, everybody stayed squatted in the dirt and looked scared.

Angie galloped on a horse through the crowd. They scattered when they realized she wasn't going to stop.

Angie stopped her horse by the gallows, and he turned around and Alicia wasn't in sight.

Clint and the crowd all looked at Angie on her horse.

The crowd looked at Clint and expected him to react. He looked back at the Marshal's Office. He looked concerned "Don't move an inch," Clint said then aimed his pistol at Angie.

At the gallows, Clint still had his pistol aimed at Angie.
John stayed cowered under the gallows.
The crowd hugged the dirt for protection.
Clint still aimed his pistol at Angie.
Alicia stopped her horse, aimed her rifle at Clint, and then she fired her rifle.

Alicia's bullet hit Clint's pistol and it flew out of his hand.
Clint grabbed his hand and appeared to be in pain.
The crowd squatted closer to the dirt.
John crawled out from under the gallows.
Alicia pointed her rifle at the crowd.
"Don't anybody move!" Alicia yelled at them.
The crowd stayed down in the dirt scared to death.
Angie walked her horse next to the gallows.
John loosened the noose. He removed it and rubbed the red ring around his neck.

"Hop on, John," Angie cried out.

John saw Angie on the horse. She extended her hand and assisted John to the back of her saddle.

Angie galloped away with John.

Alicia galloped her horse after Angie and John.

The crowd stood up and watched while Alicia, Angie and John's horses galloped away and were soon out of Oak Creek.

The crowd stood up and looked at Clint in anticipation of his reaction.

He looked at Mayor Mason. "Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler are sitting in the jail. Tell Judge Eastwood that Charlie Chandler will testify that Bart actually killed Elmer and not the Kissing Bandit," Clint told Mayor Mason.

Clint jumped off the gallows, and he ran to a nearby hitching post where he staged his horse late last night.

He galloped his horse after Alicia, Angie and John.

"Marshal Bartley will get em," Bucky said from the gallows.

All the men the crowd nodded in agreement. All the women in the crowd looked happy that John was still alive.

They all got up off the dirt.

Some walked away to their usual routines.

Some stayed and watched Clint ride off on his horse into the desert.

Rusty Moore escorted a man with a wound in the tricep of his shooting arm. This man was Jimmy Templeton. Rusty escorted him to the front of the Marshal's Office. He saw the town folk while they walked back to their homes and businesses.

Dalton and Chrissy walked closer to the Marshal's Office. They stopped when they saw Rusty and Jimmy.

"That one guy looks extremely familiar," whispered Dalton to Chrissy. He looked the guy over and saw the four rings on Jimmy's right hand. "That's Jimmy Templeton. You can tell by the four rings on his right hand," he whispered to Chrissy.

She looked at Rusty when Mayor Mason and Bucky walked up to Rusty at the Marshal's Office.

Her eyes widened. "That's Kent's brother. Rusty Moore," she whispered back. "I remembered seeing his picture in Kent's office and in that book you showed me."

Dalton looked at Rusty for a few seconds. "You're right."

Dalton and Chrissy stopped and watched and both had proof that Rusty had found Crazy Hole and that's why he went missing.

"Where's Marshal Bartley? I have outlaw Jimmy Templeton in my custody. I caught him trying to break Bart Stone out of your jail," Rusty addressed Mayor Mason who walked up to him.

Zeke stopped when he heard Rusty.

"Marshal Bartley rode off after the Kissing Bandit and two women. They both helped the Kissing Bandit escape from his hanging," Mayor Mason said. "And whom might you be?"

“I’m Rusty Moore. Whom can I talk to about being Town Marshal of Mountain Rock?” said Rusty.

“Judge Peabody should be back later today,” said Mayor Mason.

“You’ll be the acting Marshal until Clint gets back, Bucky,” said Mayor Mason the he saw the bloody hole in the tricep of Jimmy’s shooting arm. “I’ll have the doc come right over,” said Mayor Mason then he rushed down the street.

Zeke walked away disappointed.

Dalton and Chrissy watched while Rusty opened up the front door to the Marshal’s Office and escorted Jimmy, still in pain, into the office with Bucky. The door closed.

Dalton and Chrissy walked away.

“What should we do now?” Dalton said.

“Well, we could take a train ride. See the other towns around the area,” said Chrissy.

“That would be cool,” said Dalton and they both turned around and headed off to the train station.

The walked up to the train station and found the ticket window. Inside it sat Winston and he was the ticket clerk and also operated the telegraph machine.

“How can I help you?” said Winston behind the ticket window bars.

“We would like a ticket to Stone Valley, please,” said Dalton.

“That’ll be one dollar and eighty cents for the both of you,” said Winston.

Dalton reached in his suit jacket and handed Winston two silver dollars.

Winston took the coins, dropped them in the cash drawer and gave him two dimes in change. He handed Dalton the ticket. “Train should arrive at the station in ten minutes.”

“Thank you,” said Dalton then he looked around the dock and saw a lady sitting on a bench waiting for the train.

This lady was Gertrude Perkins the school teacher. She sat with a small suitcase in her lap. She looked saddened while she waited for the train to take her to Phoenix. She realized that Clint would never marry her. She figured she'd have better luck in Phoenix.

Dalton and Chrissy sat on another bench.

Seconds later and more people arrived at the dock waiting for the train to take them back home.

While they waited for the train all they could talk about was what happened at the Kissing Bandit hanging. They all had their speculations where he was heading. Some thought Mexico while others thought he was heading back east.

Ten minutes had passed and the train arrived at the station with black smoke billowing from the stack. The train consisted of a locomotive, two freight cars and a passenger car at the end.

The train stopped. Six people got off the passenger car.

Workers at the station rushed up and opened up the doors of the two freight cars.

Dalton and Chrissy boarded the passenger train with Gertrude and the others. Dalton was the gentleman and motioned for Chrissy to sit by the window.

Ten minutes had passed and the freight car was unloaded of supplies marked for Oak Creek. The workers slid the doors of the freight cars shut.

The train pulled out of the station. It headed down the track and headed west.

Dalton and Chrissy thought this passenger train was cool with the wood construction. They just sat there and gazed at the passing desert that in the future will be filled with people, cars, roads and hundreds of buildings.

While Dalton and Chrissy sat on the bench seat they placed a hand on the seat between them. Their hands touched. They didn't move them.

An hour had passed and the train pulled into the station at Stone Valley.

The train stopped.

Everybody got off the passenger train.

Dalton and Chrissy walked down the dock and saw the station workers opening up the doors of the freight cars. They started unloading supplies marked for Stone Valley.

Dalton and Chrissy walked out of the train station and headed down to the Main Street of town.

They scanned up and down the street and even though the construction of the buildings was of the same method as in Oak Creek, the town had a different layout. Plus there was another saloon in Stone Valley and it was the kind where prostitutes worked out of the second floor.

Dalton and Chrissy walked by Gilbert's Photography store.

Dalton looked at Chrissy. "Let's have a picture of our vacation," he said.

Chrissy looked at the store. She smiled. "I would love that," she said.

Dalton and Chrissy went inside Gilbert's Photography store and had a picture taken by Wally Gilbert. It was the usual pose where Dalton sat in a chair and Chrissy was standing behind him.

Wally Gilbert stated he could have the picture delivered to Oak Creek in a couple of days.

Dalton paid Wally Gilbert then left the store.

They continued their walk around Stone Valley.

While Dalton and Chrissy were in Stone Valley, Judge Peabody came back to Oak Creek. He made Rusty Moore the Town Marshal of Mountain Rock. Rusty rode out of Oak Creek and headed to Mountain Rock for his new life.

After walking around the town, Dalton and Chrissy went inside the restaurant. They had a ham dinner that included a baked potato and apple pie.

After dinner they walked back to the train station.

They bought their ticket for the return trip back to Oak Creek.

They had an hour to kill before the train arrived so they just milled around Stone Valley. During their walk they saw two prostitutes from the saloon hanging outside chatting with two cowboys or potential customers.

An hour had passed and the train pulled into the station at Stone Valley. It was in the opposite direction from when it dropped Dalton and Chrissy off. It's the same train but after stopping in Phoenix it reverses it's course and hits all those towns in the opposite direction.

Dalton and Chrissy thought Stone Valley was quaint except for the prostitutes at that saloon.

They boarded the train with two other couples.

Another hour had passed and the train pulled back into the Oak Creek train station.

Dalton and Chrissy were the only ones that got off the train.

They walked out of the station and walked down Main Street.

Dalton and Chrissy spent the rest of the afternoon relaxing in their hotel room.

After a nice steak dinner at the restaurant they decided to mill around town again.

They went inside Master's General Store to check it out. They met the owner Gus Masters. They found him to be a nice seventy-five year old gentleman. Gus lived on the second floor of their store, as that was a small home. But it was more like a small apartment. Gus lived alone since his wife passed away three years ago. But Gus wondered how much longer he had in this world. He was constantly feeling bad and running the store was becoming too much for him to handle.

Dalton and Chrissy left Master's General Store.

They walked through town then headed to the residential area.

They walked around checking out the houses.

“I’ve always wanted a small quant home like this with a small white picket fence,” said Chrissy while they saw one just like that.

“Maybe you will some day after you get married.”

Chrissy smiled over the thought of getting married one day. “I hope so after finding the right man,” she said and started to think that Dalton might fit that description.

They walked out of the residential area and decided to mill around Main Street. The sun was now falling below the horizon.

They saw Mildred, Mayor Mason’s wife step out of the Marshal’s Office. She had just brought the three prisoners some dinner from the restaurant.

Dalton and Chrissy walked back to the hotel. They sat on one of the three benches out front. They watched while a young kid lit the Kerosene lanterns along both sides of the street.

While they sat they had some small talk with some of the town folk that milled around the town.

An hour had passed and Dalton and Chrissy loved seeing the thousands of twinkling stars and the full quarter Moon up in the sky.

But they decided to get up and take another walk around town before retiring for the evening.

They got off the bench and headed east down Main Street.

They walked by the front door of the Marshal’s Office.

They waked near the alley by the Marshal’s Office and Master’s General Store.

“I gotta piss!” yelled out Bart Stone from his bars of his jail cell window.

“Someone come git me out or I’m pissing all over this here floor,” Bart yelled out.

Dalton and Chrissy glanced at each other. They got curious and walked down the alley.

They saw Bart's face pressed up against the bars of his jail cell window.

"I gotta piss really bad," said Bart the second he spotted Dalton and Chrissy outside his window.

"Isn't someone in there that can take you to the outhouse?" said Dalton.

"Something's wrong with that old man guarding us," said Charlie with his face pressed up against the bars of his jail cell window.

"We think he went belly up on us," said Jimmy, while he brought his face up to the bars of his jail cell window.

"What are you doing?" said Winston while he walked up to Dalton and Chrissy. He was done working at the train station and was heading home when he spotted Dalton and Chrissy in the alley. He thought they might be trying to help Bart get out of jail.

"He has to go to the bathroom and they claim there's something wrong with Bucky," said Dalton.

"We better find out what's going on. You can't trust what that outlaw Bart Stone is saying," said Winston.

Dalton, Chrissy, and Winston rushed out of the alley and rushed inside the Marshal's Office.

They immediately saw Bucky on his back on the floor by Elmer's old desk.

"I'm going to go get Doc Bartholomew and the Mayor," said Winston then he ran to the door and left the office.

"You better hurry up or I'm peeing all over this here floor," yelled out Bart while he stood at the cell door squirming with his legs crossed.

"As soon as someone comes to help," said Dalton.

Bart looked like he wasn't going to hold out much longer.

The front door to the Marshal's Office opened, and in walked twenty-eight year old Zeke Cooper. "Heard something's wrong with Bucky?" he said while closing the door.

He saw Bucky on the floor on his back. The old man was motionless. They suspected the worse had happened to him.

Dalton and Chrissy looked at Zeke. Dalton noticed that he didn't carry a pistol.

"I need your help with taking Bart to the outhouse," said Dalton.

Zeke saw Bart squirming at his cell door. "I'll help."

Dalton saw the leg and hand cuffs hanging on the wall and jail cell and cuff keys ring by the rifle rack that housed four Winchester rifles.

He walked over and removed the cell door keys and hand and leg cuffs off the wall.

He went over and removed the hand and leg cuffs off the wall and walked them over to Bart's jail cell.

"You put them on while I cover you," said Dalton.

Zeke nodded and took the key ring from Dalton.

Dalton removed his Colt 45 Peacemaker pistol from his holster while Zeke unlocked Bart's cell door. He had his pistol ready while Zeke opened up Bart's cell door.

Bart had to piss so bad that he didn't even think about trying to escape.

"Let's go Bart," said Dalton and motioned for him to walk to the back door.

Dalton escorted Bart out of the rear of the Marshal's Office and to the outhouse.

Bart went inside the outhouse and closed the door.

Dalton could hear Bart pissing and from the sound he wondered how Bart's bladder didn't burst. The sound of Bart pissing stopped. It was quiet inside the outhouse.

"It's time to come out, Bart," said Dalton staring at the closed wooden door.

It remained quiet in the outhouse and Dalton got a little concerned. "Time to come out," she said while he tapped on the outhouse door. It was quiet inside the outhouse. He got

concerned and placed his hand on the outhouse door the second it slammed opened.

Bart jumped out knocking Dalton down to the ground.

Dalton dropped his pistol in the dirt.

Bart was quick and grabbed the pistol. "Git to your feet," he said while standing up and pointing the pistol at Dalton.

Dalton got up to his feet.

"We're going inside and you're going to unlock me from these cuffs. Don't try any funny stuff and you won't get a bullet hole in your chest," said Bart.

Dalton nodded.

Bart motioned with the pistol that they should go inside the Marshal's Office.

Dalton went inside the Marshal's Office with Bart behind him with the barrel of the pistol pressed into Dalton's back.

Chrissy and Zeke watched while Dalton entered the office with Bart. But Bart had Dalton's pistol pressed into the middle of Dalton's back.

"Unlock these here cuffs off me," said Bart. "Or I'll put a hole in his back."

Chrissy looked scared. Zeke fumbled with the key ring. Dalton's eyes widened when he remembered something.

"Don't give him those keys," said Dalton.

The door to the Marshal's Office opened and Mayor Mason and Doc Bartholomew entered the second Dalton turned around and faced Bart. They saw Bart with a pistol pointed at Dalton's chest.

Charlie looked worried in his cell thinking Bart would shoot him dead.

Before they could spit out a word, Dalton moved closer to Bart. Everybody cringed thinking there would be gunfire any second. All they heard was a click, click sound then Dalton swiftly punched Bart in his mouth and immediately reached down and yanked on the chain that ran between the leg cuffs.

Bart flew backwards slamming the back of his head on the wooden floor. He passed out dropping the pistol.

Dalton rushed over and grabbed his pistol off the floor and shoved it back in his holster. He grabbed the chain of the leg cuffs and dragged across the floor and back into his jail cell.

Charlie laughed inside his cell.

Zeke rushed in the cell and removed the leg and hand cuffs off of Bart.

They left the cell with Dalton slamming the cell door shut.

“Are you guys going to attempt to escape if I let you go to the outhouse?” said Dalton at Charlie and Jimmy.

The other two outlaws nodded that they wouldn’t.

“You better check on Bucky,” said Mayor Mason to Doc Bartholomew.

While Doc Bartholomew rushed over to Bucky, Zeke and Bart proceeded to take Charlie out to the outhouse.

After they finished taking Charlie to the outhouse and had him back in his jail cell, Doc Bartholomew surmised that Bucky had a heart attack and was dead.

“Oak Creek’s in a bit of a pickle,” said Mayor Mason. “I don’t know why Marshal Bartley ain’t back in town,” he said and looked concerned. “We have three prisoners and nobody to keep an eye on them” he said then pondered a solution. “Who can I get?”

Dalton instantly thought this was a golden opportunity. “Ah, sir, I have some formal education at a college with criminal justice,” said Dalton.

“Now, who can I get to Marshal?” repeated Mayor Mason then Dalton’s words finally entered his ears. He looked at Dalton. “Did you say you have formal education in criminal justice?”

“Yes sir, and back east I was a security guard,” said Dalton.

“Very well, will you be our temporary Town Marshal until Marshal Bartley returns?” said Mayor Mason.

“I accept.”

“Great,” said Mayor Mason. “I’ll have Felix make you a badge.”

“I’ll need help. Maybe a temporary deputy?” said Dalton and looked at Zeke. “Like this gentleman.”

Mayor Mason looked at Zeke.

“I’d love to help out,” he said and being a Marshal or Deputy was a secret dream. “I’m Zeke Cooper,” he said to Dalton.

“Dalton Trevor,” he said and the two shook hands.

“Good, but now I got another problem I need to solve. Gertrude Perkins quit and left town. We’re now without a school teacher.”

“Ah, I can help. I have some formal training as a school teacher,” said Chrissy.

Mayor Mason looked at Chrissy and couldn’t believe his luck. “Very well, you can be our teacher until I get a replacement,” he said.

Chrissy smiled, as this would be a great vacation.

“I’ll go get Harvey to take Bucky away,” said Doc Bartholomew.

“I’ll go with you,” said Mayor Mason.

Mayor Mason and Doc Bartholomew left the Marshal’s Office.

“Ah, can I piss now?” said Jimmy dancing around in his cell.

Dalton and Zeke proceeded to take Jimmy to the outhouse while Mayor Mason and Doc Bartholomew left the office.

Chrissy remained in the office and stared at Bart still on the floor of his jail cell. He stirred. He sat up and rubbed the back of his head. It hurt.

The rear door of the office opened and Dalton and Zeke escorted Jimmy back in his jail cell.

“I’m going back to the hotel,” said Chrissy while she walked up to Dalton.

“I’ll stay here guarding them,” said Dalton.

Chrissy looked at Dalton. She leaned in and gave him a little kiss on the lips. “I’ll come by in the morning to pick you up for breakfast.”

Dalton smiled and he leaned in and gave her a little kiss on the lips. He turned to Zeke. “She’s my fiancé,” he said with a proud smile and enjoying saying that.

Chrissy gave Dalton a warm smile.

“Go home and get some sleep,” he said to Zeke.

“I’ll be back around sunrise,” said Zeke.

Dalton nodded and watched while Chrissy and Zeke left the office.

While Chrissy went back to the hotel, Dalton went into the small room in the office. He got on his back on the bunk in that room.

Dalton smiled while he closed his eyes. He felt like an old western Marshal and this vacation was great.

Chapter 32

Monday morning arrived. It was September 24th, 1883.

Word had spread through out the local towns by telegraph that Dalton Trevor was now the temporary Marshal of Oak Creek.

Zeke arrived at the Marshal's Office when the sun starting showing itself above the horizon.

Dalton and Zeke completed escorting their three prisoners to the outhouse after they woke up.

After the three had relieved themselves they were put back in their jail cell.

Zeke made a pot of coffee on the pot belly stove. While the coffee was perking the front door to the Marshal's Office opened.

Annie and Sally walked inside the office with a spring in their steps. Annie held a plate covered with a red and white-checked napkin covering it while Sally held two plates with red and white checkered napkins.

"Good morning, Marshal. We have breakfast for the prisoners," said Annie with sparkles in her eyes at the sight of Dalton.

"Mayor Mason requested we bring it down here," said Sally with sparkles in her eyes at the sight of Dalton.

"Thank you, ladies" said Dalton while he grabbed two of the plates from Sally.

"He's engaged to the temporary school teacher," Zeke whispered to Annie while he took the plate from her.

Annie looked disappointed. She leaned over to Sally while Dalton took the plates to Bart and Charlie and Zeke took his plate over to Jimmy. Sally looked disappointed knowing that Dalton was engaged.

The two ladies left the Marshal's Office minus the spring in their steps.

Dalton and Zeke drank a cup of coffee while the three prisoners ate their breakfast. Dalton sat at Clint's desk while Zeke sat at Elmer's desk.

The door of the Marshal's Office opened and Chrissy entered.

"Good morning, my dear," said Dalton getting up from Clint's desk.

"Ma-am," said Zeke while he stood up from Elmer's desk.

"I thought we could go to breakfast at the restaurant," said Chrissy to Dalton.

"Go ahead, I can cover the office," said Zeke.

Dalton gave Chrissy a little smile and walked her to the front door. He opened it for her and they headed outside.

Zeke sat back down at the desk, kicked his cowboy boots up on the desk and relaxed while he drank his coffee.

"How was your first night at the Town Marshal?"

"Quiet. When are you going to start teaching?"

"Later this morning. The Mayor said he'd let me know."

"This is turning out to be a really cool vacation," said Dalton.

"You know it. I can't wait to start teaching at the school house."

Dalton and Chrissy were quiet during the remainder of the walk to the restaurant.

After being seated and served their breakfast, Mayor Mason walked up to their table.

"Good morning, Miss Barron and Marshal Trevor," he said then reached inside one of his suit coat pockets. "Here's your badge," he said handing Dalton a badge that Felix the Blacksmith just finished.

Dalton looked at it and thought it was so cool. He pinned it on his suit coat and felt like a real old western Marshal.

"Oh, I forgot. I talked with Judge Peabody a little while ago, and he wants Bart Stone in his courtroom at ten this

morning. You know, for his trial,” said Mayor Mason.

“Charlie Chandler is supposed to take the stand against Bart.”

Dalton looked at Mayor Mason. “At the court house at ten and Charlie Chandler will testify. Got it,” he said and smiled about his first official duty as the Town Marshal.

“And Miss Barron, I expect you to be at the schoolhouse at ten.”

“Yes, Mayor Mason. I’ll be there,” said Chrissy.

“Very good. Good day,” said Mayor Mason and he walked away. He got a few feet from the table, stopped and walked back. “I forgot, I had someone run out and get Merijildo to go track Clint Bartley,” he said.

“Merijildo?” said Dalton pretending he never heard of that Indian.

“Yes, he’s the best tracker in the land. I’m concerned that Clint’s not back. Merijildo’s the best tracker in this area. Good day,” he added then turned around and walked away.

Dalton and Chrissy glanced at each other and knew that that tracker would come up empty handed. They returned to their breakfast.

After they were done Dalton headed back to the Marshal’s Office while Chrissy headed off to the schoolhouse.

Some time had passed and it was now time for Bart Stone to pay the piper.

In the Marshal’s Office, Dalton with Zeke’s assistance installed the leg and handcuffs on Bart and Charlie.

“Bring Charlie over in a few minutes after I get Bart here into the courthouse. I don’t want Bart harming our witness,” said Dalton while he glanced over at Bart to give him the *I’m the Boss* glare.

“You lucky Charlie. If I would I would wrap these here handcuff chains around your neck and squeeze the life out of you,” snarled Bart.

“Let’s go,” said Dalton and he pulled on Bart’s right arm and walked him to the door. They went outside.

A crowd of rubberneckers stood in the street to watch Bart being escorted to his trial. They all wanted to see him hang, as they loved old Elmer and missed him.

After Dalton entered the Courthouse with Bart, Zeke escorted Charlie out of the Marshal's Office and over to the Courthouse with the crowd watching.

Dalton escorted Bart over to his table and sat him down in the chair where his attorney young Horace Arnold waited. The same attorney used to defend the Kissing Bandit.

Charlie was seated behind the railing on the other side of the room. Bart turned and glared at Charlie. Charlie looked away.

The Courtroom started to fill up all the available seats with the curious town folk.

Chrissy wasn't in attendance as she just started teaching at the schoolhouse.

Dalton and Zeke escorted Bart over to his table where his attorney young Horace Arnold waited.

After a few seconds, Judge Peabody entered the room from his side office.

He walked to his bench and sat down. He looked down at the people in the room. "Court's in session," he said and slammed his gavel down on that small block of wood. He stared at Bart and that made Bart nervous.

"This is the trial for Bart Stone for the murder of Elmer Filson," said Judge Peabody and he paused for a few seconds. "Will Charlie Chandler take the witness box?"

Bart's teeth gritted when Charlie got up and around the railing and headed over to the witness box.

After he was sworn in as a witness he sat down in the chair.

"Okay, tell us what happened, Mister Chandler," said Judge Peabody.

Charlie cleared his throat. He saw Bart glaring at him with gritted teeth and got nervous. Then he saw the rear doors of the courtroom open and in walked outlaw Blue Earl and Deke,

one of his outlaw cronies, enter. Charlie got scared and almost peed his pants. For a split second he thought about chickening out. But the thought of being hung by a rope quickly changed his mind. He figured he could survive a prison term.

Blue Earl and Deke stood at the rear of the crowd and were almost invisible to Charlie.

Charlie cleared his throat again and saw Bart's glare.

"We don't have all day, Mister Chandler," said Judge Peabody as it was getting bothered that Charlie was taking too long to testify. "Tell the truth or suffer the severe consequences."

"Well, we just robbed the bank here in Oak Creek. We came out and there was Elmer and Marshal Chester White. Out there in the street with pistols pointed at us. Elmer yelled for us to stop. We took cover behind a horse trough. Bart here yelled he wasn't going to hang. And that Elmer better let us go or he'll be dead."

"I didn't say that!" yelled out Bart when he shot up from his seat.

"Shut up!" yelled out Judge Peabody while slamming his gavel down on the block of wood.

Dalton stood up and glared at Bart.

Bart sat down pissed.

"Continue, Mister Chandler," Judge Peabody told Charlie.

"Bart fired off a shot. The Kissing Bandit kid was still standing. Bart yelled at him to get down and start shootin. He ducked behind the trough. Elmer and Charlie fired at us. We fired back. Bart yelled at the Kissing Bandit because he wasn't shootin."

"He wasn't shooting?" said Judge Peabody.

"No bullets said the Kissing Bandit."

"No bullets?" asked Judge Peabody, as that didn't sound right to him.

Charlie nodded that that was correct. "Yes sir, no bullets."

"Continue," said Judge Peabody.

“The Kissing Bandit put bullets in his pistol. Fired off a shot and killed a window in the restaurant,” said Charlie.

Chuckles were heard throughout the courtroom.

“Bart yelled at the Kissing Bandit to aim to kill. So he fired off another shot and killed another window in the restaurant.”

Chuckles were again heard throughout the courtroom again.

“Quiet!” yelled out Judge Peabody. “Continue.”

“Then I saw Bart fire off a shot when Elmer stood up. He was hit and fell into the trough. The Kissing Bandit got on his horse and rode off. Bart yelled that he’s stealing our loot. Then Bart fired off another shot and hit Chester. Then we got on our horses and chased after the Kissing Bandit.”

“So the Kissing Bandit didn’t kill Elmer Filson?” said Judge Peabody.

“No. Bart Stone shot Elmer. He put blame on the Kissing Bandit. He admitted it,” said Charlie.

“Okay, the witness may leave the witness box,” said Judge Peabody then he paused. “Court will recess for ten minutes while I go ponder my decision,” said Judge Peabody and slammed his gavel down on the block of wood. He got up from his desk and headed into his office at the rear of the courtroom.

Charlie walked back to his seat and looked away from the glares from Bart.

There was idle talk in the courtroom for ten minutes while Judge Peabody was in his office.

Judge Peabody walked out of his office. The courtroom got quiet.

Judge Peabody sat at his bench. He looked at all the eager ears in his courtroom. “I made my decision. Based on the testimony of Charlie Chandler and the fact that Jimmy Templeton tried to help Bart Stone escape, I hereby find Bart Stone guilty for the murder of Elmer Filson. I sentence him to hang at nine o’clock in the morning, since we already have a gallows constructed and someone that tried to get him out of

jail,” said Judge Peabody and stared at Bart. Then he looked at Charlie. “I sentence Charlie Chandler to two years in the Yuma territorial prison because of your outlaw ways of robbing banks and stagecoaches,” he said then paused. “You can release Jimmy Templeton in three days. That should be enough punishment for him, as long as he leaves Oak Creek. Court dismissed,” he said slamming gavel down on the block of wood.

“I’m going to kill you, Charlie. You coward!” yelled out Bart while he shot up from his chair.

Dalton jumped up and punched Bart in his face. He felt good about doing this, as he knew this was acceptable behavior for a lawman in the old west. He knew he couldn’t do that in the future.

Bart flew back and landed on the floor on his butt.

While people started to leave the courtroom, Dalton spotted a familiar face in the crowd. *Blue Earl Olson!* He called out in his head the second he saw that outlaw with his gang member Deke Olson, Earl’s younger brother. *What’s he doing here?* He quietly wondered while he saw Blue Earl’s two pistols in their holsters on his right and left hip.

While Dalton and Zeke escorted Bart and Charlie across the street keeping them separated.

While going across the street, Dalton scanned the town. His eyes widened the second he spotted Blue Earl and Deke outside the Prickly Cactus Saloon. He also spotted two horses tied to the hitching post by the saloon and saw a blue bandana tied to the saddles of those horses.

Dalton and Zeke took Bart and Charlie inside the Marshal’s Office and placed them in their jail cells.

Bart sat down on his bunk and fumed that he was sentenced to die. Oh how he wanted to kill Charlie.

Dalton and Zeke put away their Winchester rifles.

“I need to head over to the General Store,” Dalton told Zeke then he headed off to the front door.

Zeke sat down at Elmer’s old desk while Dalton left the office.

Dalton walked over and went inside the General Store.

“Howdy, Marshal,” said William Masters from behind the cash register at the counter. “What do you need?”

Dalton walked up to William. He removed his Colt 45 Peacemaker. “I need some bullets.”

Gus looked at Dalton. “Can’t be a Marshal without bullets,” he said the coughed a little wet cough.

“Got that right,” said Dalton and for a second he wondered if he could actually kill someone. He thought about that for a few seconds while Gus walked over to another area of the counter. *But I don’t want to be killed.* Thought Dalton knowing he might have kill or lose his life.

Gus brought over a box of bullets. “That’ll be one dollar, sir,” he said while placing the box on the counter by the register.

Dalton reached in his suit coat and pulled out a silver dollar. He handed it to Gus.

“Thank you, Marshal,” said Gus while he rang up the sale.

Dalton removed his Colt 45 from his holster, removed six bullets from the box and put them in the chamber. He shoved the pistol back in the holster, grabbed the box shoved it in his suit coat pocket and left the General Store.

Dalton walked down the street and headed to the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

He walked to the swinging café doors of the Prickly Cactus. He heard laughter and talking inside it. He got a little nervous. He took a deep breath to calm down his nerves. *Don’t be a chicken. Don’t be a chicken. Be brave!* He said over and over again in his head.

Dalton pushed opened the café doors and stepped inside the Saloon. The café doors swung back and hit Dalton in his back. He cringed wondering if anybody saw that. He sighed a sigh of relief when he saw nobody noticed.

He scanned the saloon. He saw eight tables, a long bar, a piano and stairs that led to the second floor. Nobody played at the piano since Clint Bartley was gone.

Three of the tables each had four guys playing poker.

At the bar stood Blue Earl and Deke drinking beer.

Dalton took another deep breath and strutted through the Prickly Cactus.

“Whose that tenderfoot?” said one guy at one of the poker tables.

“The Town Marshal until Marshal Bartley returns,” said another guy at that poker table.

“He ain’t back yet?” said another of the poker players.

“Not yet,” said another of the poker players.

“Oh,” said the first poker player and they returned to their game and could care less about Dalton.

Dalton strutted over to the bar. He stopped a few feet from Blue Earl. He looked over at Pete the bartender who stood with a rag cleaning out the inside of a mug. “Beer,” he said.

Blue Earl heard this voice and looked to his left. He saw Dalton. He noticed the Town Marshal’s badge pinned to Dalton’s suit coat and the Colt 45 Peacemaker in his holster. Blue Earl discreetly motioned to Deke to look to the left.

Deke glanced around Blue Earl and saw Dalton.

Dalton looked at Blue Earl. He saw his pot mark face. “I take it you’re not from Oak Creek or any other town in this area?” said Dalton to Blue Earl pretending not to be intimidated by the outlaw.

Blue Earl opened his mouth and Dalton noticed that all of this outlaw’s teeth were stained dark brown from poor hygiene. *Gross! Never used a toothbrush in his life.* Thought Dalton.

“Oh no, Marshal. We’re just passing through and got a little thirsty,” said Blue Earl pretending to be nice.

Dalton cringed the second he got a whiff of Blue Earl’s horrendous bad breath.

Pete placed a mug of beer on the bar in front of Dalton. Dalton took the mug and took a drink. *Warm beer!* He cried out in his head. “So, after your beer are you heading out of town?” he said putting the mug of beer down on the bar. “Cause I

don't want any trouble," he said and patted the handle of his Colt 45 Peacemaker.

Blue Earl looked at Dalton. *Fucking tenderfoot.* He said in his head and wasn't intimidated at all. "Don't worry Marshal. We'll be on our way after we satisfy our thirst," said Blue Earl then he glanced up at the second floor balcony where two young women stood by their room doors. "And have some little fun," he added while he winked at one of the ladies.

Dalton glanced up at the second floor and saw the ladies and realized Oak Creek also has saloons. But it was the way of life in all old western saloons. "Okay," he said and picked up his mug and took another drink of the warm beer. "How much for the beer, bartender?"

"On the house for being the Town Marshal," said Pete.

"Thanks and good day gentlemen," said Dalton then he turned around and strutted through the Prickly Cactus heading to the doors.

Dalton walked through the café doors and stepped outside. He took a sigh of relief and couldn't believe he had just confronted famous outlaw Blue Earl Olson.

He walked away and headed back to the Marshal's Office. "But why is he in town?" he quietly said and tried to recall the history books and if they mentioned Blue Earl hitting Oak Creek. His eyes widened when he remembered seeing Blue Earl and his gang during his first trip back to 1883 with Chrissy.

Dalton went back inside the Marshal's Office.

"I just made a fresh pot of coffee," said Zeke while he sat at Elmer's desk.

"Thanks," said Dalton and he walked over and grabbed the coffee cup off of Clint's desk.

He walked over to the pot belly stove and poured a cup. He headed over to one of the windows.

He gazed out the window while he sipped his coffee.

"What you looking at?" said Zeke from Elmer's desk.

“We have outlaw Blue Earl Olson and one of his gang members at the Prickly Cactus,” said Dalton then took another sip of coffee.

“Blue Earl Olson? I never heard of him,” said Zeke while he got up from the desk.

“He’s from the New Mexico area. I believe he’s coming here to fill in the void left by Bart Stone,” said Dalton.

“What are we going to do?”

“Well, guess we’ll have to keep an eye on him,” said Dalton and he wondered how he would react if Blue Earl put up a fight.

After he finished his cup of coffee, Dalton saw Blue Earl and Deke ride off down the street. They were heading out of town and Dalton was relieved. But he knew they would come back. He was a little nervous about that yet a little excited.

Dalton walked back over to the stove and poured another cup of coffee. He sat back down at Clint’s desk and drank his coffee. He wondered how Chrissy’s day was going and then he thought about tomorrow’s hanging of Bart Stone.

Once Blue Earl Olson and Deke rode out of Oak Creek, Blue Earl looked over at Deke. “I want you to ask around Oak Creek tomorrow about that Town Marshal kid. He’s looks to be a tenderfoot. I don’t think he’s a threat,” said Blue Earl.

“Got it, Earl,” said Deke.

Blue Earl and Deke rode off into the desert to their hiding place.

Hours had passed and it was quiet in the Marshal’s Office.

Dalton and Zeke’s eyes drifted close while they sat with their boots kicked up on top of the desks.

The front door to the Marshal’s Office opened. In walked Chrissy.

Dalton and Zeke’s eyes opened and saw Chrissy enter the office.

“Hello Marshal Trevor,” she said while she walked up to his desk.

“Ma-am,” said Zeke while he stood up from his desk.

“I was wondering if my fiancé would have dinner with me?” she said.

“Why of course my dear,” said Dalton while he looked over at Zeke.

“Go ahead, I’ll dine when you get back.”

Dalton and Chrissy walked to the front door of the Marshal’s Office and left.

Dalton walked Chrissy down Main Street arm in arm.

“Hello Marshal,” said a gentleman while he walked up to them.

“Hello,” said Dalton and he could sense that the town really liked him as their Marshal; even though it was only temporary.

“So, how was your day teaching at the schoolhouse?”

“It was very interesting. I had ten kids. I was able to find their text books and the students told me where she left off.”

“Ten kids, that’s a small class.”

“The good thing is that they were all so polite. Not like the kids of our time,” she said with a smile. “Quite refreshing.”

“Well the old west was a different time.”

“I’m liking it so far.”

“Me too.”

“So, are we going to leave in a couple of days?” said Chrissy.

Dalton thought about what she said. “I don’t know. I mean, they need me as the Town,” said Dalton.

“And I would leave them without a teacher. I can’t do that right now.”

Dalton’s eyes widened when he remembered something. “But we know that Clint Bartley won’t return. So what should I do?”

“We could stay longer, but our money will be running out soon,” said Chrissy.

“I’ll have a talk with the Mayor. We deserve getting paid,” he said the second he spotted Mayor Mason across the street.”

Chrissy nodded in agreement.

“Mayor Mason.”

Mayor Mason sad Dalton and Chrissy across the street. He walked over to them.

“Yes, Marshal.”

“Listen, we were wondering. Since you have us as the Town Marshal and school teacher. We feel we should be paid. Or our money will run out soon and we’ll have to leave in a few days,” said Dalton.

Mayor Mason thought about what Dalton said for a few seconds. “You’re right,” he said then looked at Chrissy. “Ma-am, we pay twenty-five dollars a month for being our school teacher. And the Town Marshal gets paid forty dollars a month.”

Dalton and Chrissy initially thought that was extremely low wages but they recalled what things cost in 1883 and soon realized that they could live off that amount.

“I accept your offer, Mayor Mason,” said Dalton.

“Yes, I also accept your offer, Mayor Mason,” said Chrissy.

“Very well, I’ll come by tomorrow and give you a little bit of your pay to help with living expenses for the next week. And we have the house that Gertrude Perkins lived in, Ma-am. You can move in anytime you want. It’s the third house on the left as soon as you enter our residential area,” said the Mayor then he paused. “And I heard that you’re engaged so after you’re married, that’ll be your home also, Marshal Trevor. For now you can live in the back room of the Marshal’s Office or stay at the hotel.”

Dalton’s eyes widened. “Don’t forget Zeke Cooper, Mayor. I’ll need a deputy to help keep Oak Creek safe,” he said.

“I won’t,” said Mayor Mason and he gave a little smile then walked away.

Dalton and Chrissy continued their walk down the street and headed to the restaurant.

Dalton and Chrissy sat in the restaurant and had a nice ham dinner.

After dinner, Chrissy decided to move into her temporary home from home. So Dalton and Chrissy went to the hotel and gathered up her clothes and suitcase. They told the desk clerk they no longer needed their rooms.

They left the hotel and headed off to the residential area.

They found the third home off on the left and Chrissy smiled, as it had a white picket fence.

They walked to the front door. They noticed it didn't have a lock. Dalton turned the door knob. The front door opened and they stepped inside.

The inside was plain. The living room and kitchen was one area.

The living area had a small couch and two chairs that were facing a stone fireplace.

The kitchen had some cabinets, a counter and potbelly stove.

They saw a room off to the side. They went and noticed it was a bedroom with a bed, dresser and Armoire.

"It's quaint," said Chrissy.

"Could you get use to living a life like this?" said Dalton while he stepped back into the living area.

"I could. Could you?"

"I could," said Dalton.

"And have you noticed that when you go to sleep at night, it's quiet. No car horns. No police sirens. No noise. Just quiet," she said.

"I know. I get a peaceful night sleep here."

Dalton and Chrissy looked at each other. He couldn't resist and leaned in and gave her a kiss on his lips.

She accepted his lips and actually wondered why it took him so long to kiss her.

They kissed for a few seconds. They separated.

"Well, I better get back to the Marshal's Office. Zeke's probably hungry," he said.

"Good night," said Chrissy.

“Good night,” said Dalton and he really wished he could sleep with her. He gave her a good night kiss.

He left her house.

Chrissy glanced around the home and saw three Kerosene lanterns on the counter in the kitchen.

Dalton walked down the street and headed to the Marshal’s Office. During his walk he was greeted by numerous friendly town folk of Oak Creek.

Dalton got back inside the Marshal’s Office and saw Jimmy, Charlie, and Bart eating dinner in their cells.

“Go home for the evening,” said Dalton to Zeke.

“Okay, I’ll be back at eight in the morning,” said Zeke while he got up from his desk.

“Good night,” said Dalton.

Zeke smiled while he headed to the door of the office. He left.

Dalton walked over to the potbelly stove and poured a cup of coffee.

He walked back to his desk, sat down and kicked his boots up on the top of the desk. He thought about his little vacation while he sipped his coffee.

Chapter 33

The sun rose started to peek above the desert horizon and Tuesday morning had arrived.

All three prisoners were sound asleep in their jail cells.

Bart had a dream...

In Bart's dream, he sat on his bunk in his jail cell.

A cracking sound was heard from the wall.

Bart glanced up from his bunk. He saw rope tied to the bars of his cell window.

The cracking sound got louder. His wall came crashing down. When the dust settled, Bart saw a cowboy on a horse outside. "Let's git, Bart," yelled out the cowboy.

Bart jumped off the bunk and jumped through the hole in the wall.

Bart jumped up on the horse and they rode out of town.

Bart woke up back to reality. He looked around and noticed he was still in his jail cell. He looked and saw that wall was still intact. "Fuck!" he said realizing he had a dream.

He closed his eyes and tried to go back to sleep.

Charlie had dream on his bunk in his cell.

In Charlie's dream, he was running through the desert.

He ran inside a cave.

He ran through the cave.

He ran out of the cave.

Charlie was now walking down the sidewalk in modern Phoenix.

"Hi, Charlie," said a sexy female with red hair while she walked past him.

"We're so glad you came back, Charlie. We missed you so very much," said another sexy female with black hair while she walked past him and blew him a kiss.

“I missed you, Charlie,” said a sexy female with blonde hair while she walked up to him. She stopped at Charlie. She gave him a passionate kiss.

Back to reality...

Charlie was on his bunk in his jail cell. He was kissing the air.

He woke up. He looked around for that blonde sexy female. She was gone. It took a few seconds for him to realize he had a dream and he was back in 1883 in a jail cell in Oak Creek. He wanted to cry. He closed his eyes and hoped to return to that kissing dream.

An hour had passed.

Dalton woke up when the sun started peeking through the windows of the Marshal's Office.

Jimmy was sound asleep on his bunk in his cell.

Charlie was sound asleep on his bunk in his cell.

Bart was wide-awake and paced back and forth in his cell. He knew that today would be the day he would meet his maker.

While Dalton made a pot of coffee he took occasional glances at Bart pacing in his cell. Dalton was actually a bit nervous about today. He read about these hangings in the history books and today he would actually witness one.

He glanced at the wall behind his desk and saw the calendar. It was Tuesday, September 25th, 1883.

He walked over to one of the windows at the front of the office. He glanced outside and saw the wooden gallows with a new rope that was installed last night. Dalton remembered how he and Chrissy saw Bart's dead body hanging at the end of that rope. He wondered if he used a pair of binoculars could he see Chrissy and himself off in the desert looking at Oak Creek. He gave a light chuckle at that thought.

He also saw people leaving the train station arriving into Oak Creek to watch Bart Stone die.

He walked back to his desk and sat down. He waited.

Zeke arrived at the Marshal's Office the second the coffee was ready.

Dalton and Zeke escorted all of their prisoners out to the outhouse. They were extremely cautious with escorting Bart.

After the three were placed back in their cells, Annie and Sally brought over four breakfast plates with eggs and bacon.

Annie passed Charlie's breakfast plate between the opening in the cell door.

Sally passed Jimmy's breakfast plate between the opening in the cell door.

"Hey, where's my breakfast?" said Bart with his nose sticking out between the bars of his cell door.

"Sorry, Bart, the Mayor figured it would be a waste to feed you before your hanging," said Zeke and he had no sympathy for Bart as Zeke always liked Elmer. The door to the Marshal's Office opened and Mayor Mason stepped inside.

"Good morning, Marshal," he said while walking over to Dalton's desk.

"Good morning, Mayor," said Dalton standing up at the desk.

Mayor Mason glanced over at Bart's cell and saw him sitting nervously on his bunk

Bart just stared at the floor. He was fuming yet scared. He was fuming because of Charlie's testimony in court and Jimmy failed to break him out of jail.

Mayor Mason glanced down at his watch. "I'll meet you at the gallows in ten minutes," he said.

"Okay, Mayor," said Dalton.

Mayor Mason turned around and walked back to the door. He left the office.

Ten minutes had passes. A crowd of Oak Creek town folk and folk from other towns started to gather at the gallows. Chrissy decided to show up and she decided to say in the rear of the crowd for this hanging.

The door of the Marshal's Office opened. In walked Mayor Mason with Oak Creek town folk Ernie Woods and James Hallmark. Ernie and James had Winchester rifles in hand.

“We’re ready, Marshal Trevor,” said Mayor Mason.

Ernie and James cocked their Winchesters and were ready to put a bullet in Bart if he attempted to escape.

Zeke walked over to the wall by the rifle rack and removed the leg and arms handcuffs.

Dalton walked over and unlocked Bart’s jail cell door. He removed his Colt 45 from his holster and opened the cell door.

Bart rushed over to the wall and stood in the corner looking defiant and scared.

Ernie and James had their rifles aimed at Bart ready to fire.

Dalton heard footsteps on the roof of the building. He looked over at Mayor Mason for an answer.

“Someone’s up there to ensure Bart doesn’t escape. I also have other riflemen on some of the other roofs and at the train station,” said the Mayor. “Remember what happened with that Kissing Bandit?”

Dalton nodded he understood.

Zeke stepped inside Bart’s jail cell with the leg and arm handcuffs.

Dalton stepped inside and stood in the doorway of the cell with his Colt 45 ready to fire.

Zeke walked over and was able to install the leg cuffs on Bart without any resistance. He installed the arm cuffs on Bart without any resistance. Maybe Bart figured that getting shot would be a lot more painful than being hung. Especially if he lingered with a painful bullet wound.

Zeke grabbed Bart by his right arm and walked him out of the jail cell.

Dalton, Ernie, and James had their guns aimed at the back of Bart while Zeke walked him to the front door of the office.

Outside on Main Street it was filled with spectators for this event.

Blue Earl and all of his gang members walked down from the Saloon where they had their horses tied to the hitching posts. They walked up to the spectators crowding near the gallows.

Deke walked away from the gang and started to chat with some of the other spectators.

Chrissy walked down the street and headed to the spectators.

The crowd waited.

After chatting with a few folk, Deke walked back to Blue Earl and the other gang members.

All eyes turned at the door of the Marshal's Office when it opened. It got quiet.

Mayor Mason was the first to walk out of the office.

Behind him was Bart in his cuffs being escorted by Zeke.

Dalton, Ernie, and James trailed with their guns aimed at the back of Bart.

Dalton glanced around and saw two men at the train station with Winchesters. He also saw a rifleman on the roof of the Barber's shop and a man with a Winchester on the roof of the Marshal's Office.

Bart saw the crowd. He saw the rope dangling at the gallows waiting for his neck. Bart's legs started to get weak. His legs became rubber. He dropped down to the dirt. Zeke lost his grip and Bart hit the dirt face first.

Dalton shoved his pistol in his holster and rushed over to Bart. He grabbed Bart's left arm while Zeke grabbed Bart's right arm. They brought Bart up to his feet with his face full of dirt.

Bart dragged his boots in the dirt while Dalton and Zeke walked him to the steps of the gallows.

Dalton and Zeke had a difficult time taking Bart up the wooden steps with a thump, thump, thump sound while Bart dragged his boots.

"No, no, you can't do this," Bart quietly said while they dragged him closer to the noose.

Dalton and Zeke walked Bart and stood him behind the noose.

Ernie and James stood behind Bart with their Winchesters aimed at his back.

Bart glanced at the crowd. He looked across the street and saw Harvey Robbins standing by his horse and wagon by his furniture shop. Leaning up against his shop with the freshly made pine box. But that coffin was originally built for John Mathers. But that hanging didn't go as planned a few days ago.

Bart decided to be brave and didn't want to be remembered as a yellow-belly. He accepted the fact that he was going to die. His scared eyes turned to fierce as he stared at the crowd. He loathed them for coming here to watch him die like it was some type of entertainment.

Mayor Mason removed a folded piece of paper from the pocket of his suit coat. He unfolded it. "By order of Judge Wilbur Peabody and the Court of Oak Creek. The town of Oak Creek hereby hang Bart Stone for the murder of Elmer Filson the deputy of Oak Creek," Mayor Mason addressed the crowd while he read the piece of paper.

Dalton glanced at the crowd. He smiled the second he saw Chrissy standing at the back of the crowd. Then he suddenly got concerned. He spotted Blue Earl Olson and gang members Frankie Nixon, Deke Clinton, Bo Johnson, and Hank Bush standing behind Chrissy. *What the fuck is he and his gang doing back in town?* He wondered. He realized. *Here to watch Bart Stone hang or save him from death.* He thought. He removed his eyes off Blue Earl Olson and spotted an Indian standing way off to the right in front of the Barber Shop. He didn't recognize this Indian but it was the tracker and time traveler Merijildo.

Mayor Mason glanced over at Dalton and Zeke to see who would place the noose around Bart's neck. Dalton nodded and grabbed the rope and placed it around Bart's neck.

"Fuck you all to hell!" yelled out Bart spraying spit. "And damn you to hell, Charlie Chandler," he yelled while Dalton tightened the noose around Bart's neck.

Dalton stepped away.

Mayor Mason nodded at Zeke.

Zeke walked over and moved the lever. The trap door underneath Bart's boots swung opened.

The crowd watched while Bart's body dropped through the opening. A *crack* sound was heard the second Bart's neck snapped. Some of the people cringed over that sound.

Chrissy couldn't believe she witnessed someone being killed. That snapping of Bart's neck started to make her sick to her stomach. She turned around and rushed off and headed to the schoolhouse.

Blue Earl Olson turned around and eyed Chrissy rush away. "Is that her?" he asked his gang members.

"According to one of the town folk, she is," said Frankie.

"She sure a purdy one," said Deke with a grin that showed off his rotten brown teeth.

Hank and Bo nodded agreeing with Deke. They all looked like they were lusting after Chrissy and we're talking saliva-dripping lust.

"You'll have to wait for that boys," said Blue Earl Olson. "I'm thirsty. "Let's get a quick beer," he said and they turned around and walked off and headed back toward the Prickly Cactus.

The crowd watched while Bart's lifeless body dangled from the rope. They spotted urine dripping down the inside of Bart's left pant leg and down the side of his right boot.

Dalton stared at Bart swinging from the rope. He looked at the crowd and saw Chrissy rushing off down the street. He saw Blue Earl Olson and his three gang members walking off down the street in the same direction as Chrissy. He got concerned. But that concern lessened when he saw Chrissy heading toward the schoolhouse and Blue Earl and his members heading off toward the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

The crowd started to disperse, as they got tired of seeing Barth's lifeless body dangling from the rope.

They walked off in directions while heading into town.

Mayor Mason, Dalton, Zeke, Ernie, and James walked off the gallows.

Harvey moved his horse and wagon over to the gallows.

Mayor Mason, Dalton, and Zeke headed over to the Marshal's Office while Ernie and James walked off in another direction.

Harvey stopped the horse at the gallows by Bart. He grabbed a knife off the wagon. He walked over to Bart and cut the rope with the knife. Bart's lifeless body dropped to the dirt with a thud sound.

He grabbed Bart by his boots and dragged him over to his wagon.

Zeke saw Harvey and rushed over to him.

Zeke helped Harvey toss Bart's lifeless body in the wagon.

Zeke walked off to the Marshal's Office while Harvey walk his horse and wagon back to his shop. Harvey would later bury Bart's body in an unmarked grave in Oak Creek's graveyard.

Merijildo walked away from the Barber's Shop and headed over to the Marshal's Office.

Dalton, Zeke and Mayor Mason were drinking a cup of coffee when Merijildo entered the Marshal's Office.

"Merijildo," said Mayor Mason the second he saw the Indian. "Have some good news for me?"

"No," he said while he walked up to Mayor Mason.

"Oh, where are my manners? Merijildo, this is Dalton Trevor. He's the temporary Marshal until Clint returns to Oak Creek. Dalton, this is Merijildo. He's the best tracker in this area," said Mayor Mason.

Merijildo and Dalton shook hands but there was something about Dalton that Merijildo thought was odd. But it was a good kind of odd.

"Me not find Clint," said Merijildo.

"Can't find him? Are you sure?" said Mayor Mason.

"Me sure. Me think Clint leave area. Maybe go to San Francisco," said Merijildo and he looked serious trying to hide the fact that he knew exactly where Clint was at this moment.

"Well, I would never believe Clint would leave his job as Town Marshal," said Mayor Mason looking disappointed.

“Maybe need change,” said Merijildo and then he looked sad thinking about Clint living way off in the future. He missed his friend. “Me go now.”

Mayor Mason reached in his suit pocket and removed five Silver dollar coins. “Thank you, Merijildo,” said Mayor Mason handing Merijildo the money.

Merijildo stuffed the coins in his pants pocket then walked off to the front door. He left the office.

“I still can’t believe Clint would abandon Oak Creek like that,” said Mayor Mason then he walked off and headed to the door. “He’s gone,” muttered Mayor Mason while he left the office.

Dalton walked over and sat down at his desk. He couldn’t help but to relive Bart’s hanging in his head.

Hours had passed and it was in the early evening.

Zeke just finished a cup of coffee. He got up from his desk. “I’ll be back,” said Zeke and he headed over to the rear door and went outside to use the outhouse.

Dalton sat down and thought about Clint being back in the future.

The door to the Marshal’s office opened.

Dalton’s eyes widened with joy the second he saw Chrissy enter the office.

“Hi,” he said while standing up.

“Hi,” she said while walking over to him. “Let’s go have some dinner,” she said when she walked up to him.

“Sure,” said Dalton and gave her a light kiss on her lips.

The rear door opened and Zeke returned from the outhouse.

“Hello, Miss Barron,” said Zeke walking over to his desk.

“Hello, Mister Cooper,” said Chrissy.

“We’re going out for some dinner,” said Dalton.

“Take your time,” Zeke walking over to the potbelly stove and poured a cup of coffee.

He sat down at his desk while Dalton and Chrissy left the office.

Dalton and Chrissy walked down the street.

“Some day, huh?” said Chrissy.

“I know, I’m still thinking about Bart’s hanging,” he said.

“I know. It wasn’t what I expected,” said Chrissy.

“But you have to admit that justice is swift during these times. Not like in our day when it takes years and years to execute a killer,” said Dalton. “Like it did with Ted Bundy.”

“I know.”

Dalton and Chrissy remained quiet except for the “Hello” greetings from numerous Oak Creek town folk.

Dalton and Chrissy went inside the restaurant and were soon seated. They ordered a ham dinner.

“Hello, Marshal Trevor,” said Mayor Mason while he walked up to Dalton’s table. “And Miss Barron.”

“Hello, Mayor Mason,” said Dalton.

“Mayor,” said Chrissy.

“Dalton, I’ve been doing some thinking. Since Merijildo said Clint isn’t coming back to Oak Creek, I was thinking that you could be our permanent Town Marshal.” “You’ve done a good job so far.”

Dalton thought about his offer for a few seconds. He smiled. “I would like that, Mayor.”

“Good,” said Mayor Mason then he looked at Chrissy.

“And I hope you’ll stay on as our permanent school teacher. You know since you’re getting married and all.”

“Yes, I would love that,” said Chrissy.

“Now, since you’re the official Town Marshal, you’ll also get an additional two dollars for every arrest you make. We figure you deserve that for making Oak Creek safe,” said Mayor Mason.

“Thank you, Mayor.”

“Yes, thank you, Mayor Mason,” said Chrissy.

“Very good, have a nice meal,” said Mayor Mason and he walked away from the table.

Mayor Mason’s eyes lit up and he walked back to Dalton and Chrissy’s table.

“I forgot. Judge Peabody said to release Jimmy Templeton from jail in the morning. Tell him his horse is at the livery stable. A Stagecoach will be here the day after tomorrow to take Charlie Chandler to Yuma that morning. It’s a five-day’s ride and back. I’ll need you as the Town Marshal to escort Chandler. You’ll get some extra pay for that duty. I’ll round up two other guys to assist. If Charlie tries to escape, shoot to kill. If anybody tries to help him escape. Shoot to kill,” he said.

“Yes, Mayor,” said Dalton.

“Good, and again, have a nice evening,” said Mayor Mason and he turned around and walked away.

Dalton smiled over the thought that he was the official Town Marshal. An old western Town Marshal.

Chrissy smiled at the thought of being a school teacher. She was a teacher of polite kids. But that smile turned into a frown thinking that Dalton would be gone for five days.

A waiter brought their two ham dinners to their table.

Dalton and Chrissy ate their dinner.

After they were done dinner they took a stroll around Oak Creek.

They walked with her right arm tucked under his left arm while they strolled down Main Street.

Five minutes had passed. “How long should we stay here on vacation?” said Chrissy when none of the Oak Creek town folk were within earshot.

Dalton thought about her question for a few seconds. “I don’t know. How much longer should we stay?”

Chrissy pondered that question for a few seconds. “I don’t know. What do you think?”

“Well, you know with Crazy Hole, we could stay an extra month and return like we never left two thousand and sixteen,” he said.

“We’ll stay here for a month,” she said.

Dalton smiled then something ran in his mind. It was something that made him nervous. He wondered if he could get up the courage.

Chrissy's frown grew on her face. "I wish you didn't have to go on that Stagecoach ride," she said deciding to get her feelings out in the open.

"I know, but I have to act as the Town Marshal. This is something they do. So it would be a great old western adventure," he said but inside he wasn't totally excited about the trip.

Chrissy thought about his response for a few seconds. She knew she shouldn't stop him. "I guess I'll be busy with my teaching. But I will miss you."

"And I'll miss you also," said Dalton.

Dalton and Chrissy remained quiet during the rest of their stroll around Oak Creek.

They walked to the train station and headed over to the dock.

They sat down on the bench and watched while the sun started to settle below the horizon.

Dalton started to get nervous. He opened his mouth to say something. He closed it chickening out.

Three minutes had passed.

"Chrissy, there's something I want to ask you," he blurted out while he suddenly had the nerve.

"What's that?"

Dalton looked at Chrissy. He knew he had to press onward. He got up off the bench and dropped down on knee. He held her right hand. "I was thinking. Since we told people here that we were engaged," he said.

Chrissy's eyes widened. It dawned on her what he was doing on his knee. Her heart raced in anticipation.

"Therefore, I was wondering, ah, I was wondering, ah, I was wondering if you would marry me for real. I mean, not right away. We could get married after we graduate from college," he said with his heart racing.

Chrissy looked at Dalton. She knew he was dead serious. Those few seconds of silence from here made Dalton nervous she wouldn't accept. "I'll be happy to marry you."

Dalton's eyes widened with joy. He jumped up. He grabbed Chrissy's hands and brought her up to her feet. He kissed her. The kiss turned passionate.

After they were done kissing, they sat back down on the bench and watched the sun drop below the horizon.

Dalton escorted Chrissy down Main Street and to her house after the sun settled below the horizon.

They stood in front of her house. "Well, until tomorrow the future Misses Dalton Trevor," he said and kissed her on the lips.

"Good night," said Chrissy and turned around and walked to the front door of her home.

After she was inside, Dalton walked away and walked down the dirt street with a spring in his step.

He returned to the Marshal's Office and helped Zeke escort the prisoner to the outhouse.

After that was done, Zeke left and Dalton went inside the small room and went to bed.

Dalton was on the bunk in the small room. He couldn't sleep as that *crack* sound of Bart's neck snapping started to haunt him. He never saw anybody die before. But he tried to shrug it off. *It's just the job of a lawman.* He thought and knew that he might have to shoot someone one day. *More outlaws to shoot in the future.* He thought if he was a lawman in 2016. He now thought about marrying Chrissy and a smile grew on his face.

He closed his eyes. He soon fell asleep with a smile on his face.

Thirty minutes had passed. It was quiet in the Marshal's Office.

"Jimmy," Charlie called out in a quiet tone from his jail cell.

"Psst, Jimmy," Charlie quietly called out.

"What?" said Jimmy from his bunk in his jail cell.

"You're going to be released you soon," said Charlie.

"Yeah, so what?"

“I have a plan,” said Charlie.

“Why should I care if you have a plan?”

“Because I know how we can take loot from our jobs, and hide where nobody will ever find us,” said Charlie. “Never find us.”

“What the fuck you talking about?”

“I know a place we can go. We go inside and come out in a different world,” said Charlie.

“What the fuck you talking about? A different world?”

“I’m talking about,” said Charlie and he paused. “I’m talking about hiding in a place many years from here. A place where it’s a different world. A place where the women show off half of their titties,” said Charlie.

“Did you say show off have their titties?” said Jimmy, as his interest just peaked.

“Yes, Jimmy. Fancy stagecoaches that go really fast without horses. Tall buildings.”

“What did you mean, many years from here. That ain’t making sense?”

“I’m talking. Crazy Hole,” said Charlie.

“You say Crazy Hole?” said Jimmy unsure he heard correctly.

“Yes. I did. Crazy Hole.”

There was a few seconds from Jimmy’s cell. “I don’t know. I heard from the injuns that that cave makes you loco.”

“No it don’t! I went in Crazy Hole. I’m not loco.”

There was a few seconds of silence between Charlie and Jimmy.

“There’s a gang we can ride with. Called Devil’s Cowboys. They have fancy machines that you ride on like a horse. They go really fast and are loud.”

“Devil’s Cowboys?” said Jimmy.

“You need to help me escape and then I’ll take you to the Devil’s Cowboys. They’ll help us.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure. Thinking, after you get out of here, you can stop them from taking me to Yuma.”

“I’ll think about it,” said Jimmy while he rolled his eyes.

Charlie looked disappointed. He didn’t know how to take Jimmy’s response. He started to get nervous, as he knew Jimmy was loyal to Bart.

It was again quiet in the main area of the Marshal’s Office.

Over at Chrissy’s house she was tucked under the covers in bed. She had a huge smile thinking about getting married to Dalton. That smile turned into a frown thinking that Dalton will be gone for five days. She already missed him but started thinking about being married. She got another loving smile and soon drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 34

It was now Wednesday morning. September 26th, 1883.

Dalton woke up when the sun started shining through the windows of the Marshal's office.

After the morning trip to the outhouse, he made a pot of coffee on the pot belly stove. He sat back down at his desk and waited.

Zeke entered the Marshal's Office while the coffee was percolating.

"Bathroom breaks for the prisoners?" said Zeke while he walked up to Dalton.

"Sure."

Dalton and Zeke used the arm and leg cuffs and escorted Charlie to the outhouse then escorted Jimmy to the outhouse.

After they had the prisoners back in their jail cells, Mary entered the Marshal's Office with two plates of breakfast for the prisoners.

Dalton took the plates from Mary who gave him sweet eyes. She wished he wasn't engaged to Chrissy.

Dalton gave the two prisoners their breakfast plates while Mary left the office.

After they were done eating, Dalton looked at Jimmy sitting in his cell. He walked over and removed the key ring off the wall by the gun rack.

He walked over to Jimmy's cell shoved the skeleton key in the lock and turned it. The cell door unlocked with a click. He opened the door.

Jimmy got up off his bunk.

"Judge Peabody said you can go, Jimmy. Your horse is at the livery stable," said Dalton.

Jimmy walked out of the cell with a spring in his step.

He walked over to Charlie's cell. He looked at Charlie.

Charlie sat on his bunk and saw Jimmy. He saw Jimmy wink at him. He thought he knew what that wink meant. He thought that Jimmy would help him escape during the ride to Yuma. Charlie smiled over the thought of going back to the future to hideout.

Jimmy walked away with a spring in his step while he walked to the front door and walked out of the office.

Once Jimmy got outside the Marshal's Office, he made a beeline to the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

Jimmy ran up to the bar once he got inside the Prickly Cactus. "Whiskey," he told Pete the bartender.

Pete reached under the bar and grabbed a bottle of whiskey. He grabbed a glass and poured from that bottle.

Jimmy placed a silver dollar on the bar. "Keep it coming," he said while he salivated over the sight of that whiskey glass. He snatched the glass off the bar and gulped down the whiskey. He set the glass back on the bar and motioned to Pete to fill it up again. Pete did and Jimmy snatched up the glass and gulped down that drink. He motioned at Pete to fill his glass up again. Pete did.

Jimmy looked at the glass. He didn't pick it up. He started to recall his conversation with Charlie last night. *What the fuck was he talking about?* He wondered while he picked up the glass and took another drink. This time he took smaller sips to savor the whiskey. He only had three silver dollars and now wondered how he could replenish his money supply.

Deke Olson and Frankie Nixon entered the saloon. They walked up to the bar and stood next to Jimmy.

"Two beers," Deke said to Pete the bartender.

Pete poured two glasses of beer and set them by Deke and Frankie.

Deke paid for the beers then grabbed his glass and while he took a sip he glanced over at Jimmy who stood to his left.

"You Jimmy Templeton?"

"What if I am?" said Jimmy while he glanced over at Deke.

“I hear tell you tried to spring Bart Stone out of jail.”

“What if I did?” said Jimmy and he started to get a little leery of this stranger.

“My boss likes that. Shows you a good man,” said Deke.

“Who is your boss?”

“Blue Earl Olson,” said Deke.

Jimmy thought about that name for a few seconds. “I hear of him. New Mexico? Right?”

“Yeah,” said Frankie.

“What you doing here in Oak Creek?”

“Looking for new opportunities,” said Frankie.

“Yep I can imagine so since Bart’s dead,” said Jimmy.

“So, want to talk to my boss?” said Deke.

“Why?”

“We could use a good man like you?” said Frankie.

Jimmy thought about his offer for a few seconds. He remembered the three silver dollars he had in his pocket.

“Okay,” he said then took a drink of whiskey. He really didn’t want to ride alone.

Deke and Frankie took a drink of their beer.

After the whiskey and beer, Jimmy left the Prickly Cactus Saloon with Deke and Frankie.

They stood outside Prickly Cactus by Deke and Frankie’s horses.

“Ride with us. We’ll take you to Blue Earl,” said Deke.

“I’ll get my horse at the livery stable.”

Deke and Frankie got on their horses while Jimmy rushed off to the livery stable.

Jimmy rode his horse out of the livery stable and rode over to Deke and Frankie.

They rode their horses out of Oak Creek.

Thirty minutes had passed and Deke, Frankie, and Jimmy rode up to Blue Earl’s hideout. It was nestled in the mountains east of Oak Creek behind the cover of a large clump of tall bushes. Behind those bushes was a large rock wall with some other bushes. This was a perfect hiding place.

The got off their horses and tied the reins to some of the bushes.

They walked over to the rest of the gang.

Blue Earl looked suspicious of Jimmy. "Why the fuck did you bring this stranger here?" he said while placing his hands on the grips of his pistols

"He's Jimmy Templeton. He rode with Bart Stone," said Deke.

"He was in Oak Creek jail for trying to spring Bart from that jail before they hung him," said Frankie.

"I need a job," said Jimmy. "I want to join your gang."

Blue Earl thought about Jimmy's request for a few seconds. He got a hint of a smile. "Since you rode with Bart Stone, I guess you know this area purdy well," said Blue Earl.

"I do," said Jimmy.

"What's around here for us?"

Jimmy dropped on his knees to the dirt. He reached down and drew a circle in the dirt with his right index finger. "You have Phoenix here," he said then drew another circle at the two o'clock position keeping the Phoenix in the center.

"This here is Oak Creek," he said then drew a circle in the ten o'clock position.

"This here is Stone Valley," he said then drew another circle in the eight o'clock position.

"This here is Rattlesnake," he said then drew another circle in the four o'clock position.

"And this here is Mountain Rock," he said then he drew a line connecting all the towns together. "And you have the Southern Pacific Rail, Butterfield Overland Stagecoach, and banks," in all these towns," he said standing up.

"All prime for the picking, by us," he said while he stood up.

Blue Earl stared at Jimmy's drawing of the area for a few seconds. A huge greedy stare came from his eyes. "Yep, I need you in my gang."

“That would be nice,” said Jimmy with a smile, as he couldn’t wait to get back to what he knew best. Then that smile turned and he looked upset. “There’s something I need to do and I could use two guys.”

“What’s that?” said Blue Earl.

“It’s about Charlie Chandler.”

“I heard him in court,” said Blue Earl. “He sang like a canary and got Bart hung.”

“He wanted me to free him during his stagecoach ride to the Yuma prison. Said something about going into Crazy Hole and that leading us to a strange land. Said we would be free from getting caught and can ride with another gang called the Devil’s Cowboys.” “He said they have fancy machines that you ride on like a horse. They go really fast and are loud.”

“What the fuck is Crazy Hole? And what kind of gang calls themselves the Devil’s Cowboys that ride on fancy machines? What the fuck is a fancy machine?” said Blue Earl.

“Don’t know about those fancy machines or the Devil’s Cowboys gang. I ain’t hear of them,” said Jimmy. “But I hear of Crazy Hole. It’s a cave that the Injuns say you go inside and come out with loco talk of a strange land with strange things.”

Blue Earl’s ears perked up and he frowned. “Did you say Crazy Hole is a cave?”

Jimmy nodded that he did.

Blue Earl cringed. “Naw. I’m not going inside any cave. No fucking way,” he said and looked serious. “To many fucking bats. I hate fucking bats!”

“That’s okay. Because I don’t want to go in Crazy Hole,” said Jimmy.

“Then why do you need two of my guys to spring this yellow-belly from a stagecoach?”

“Well, Bart was a good friend. A real good friend! And I know this is what he would have wanted. Payback,” said Jimmy.

“I hope you know the route?”

“Oh I do. Been there three years ago,” said Jimmy.

Blue Earl pondered his offer for a few seconds. “You can take Hank and Frankie. While you two are gone, Bo, Deke, and I will visit these towns to get familiar with them. We’ll start picking the fruits of our labor in another week,” said Blue Earl with a greedy grin knowing that coming over to this area was a smart move.

The rest of Wednesday was quiet in Oak Creek and at Blue Earl’s hideout.

Dalton and Chrissy had dinner at the restaurant and they didn’t talk about his upcoming Stagecoach trip in the morning.

She went home while Dalton went back to the Marshal’s Office to end their day.

It was quiet in the Marshal’s Office during the night.

It was now Thursday morning September 27th, 1883.

Blue Earl and his gang woke up at their hideout.

They all found a secluded place to take their morning piss.

While Blue Earl was pissing in the desert near that clump of bushes, he saw someone on horseback off in the distance away from his hideout. He could see it was an Indian. It was Merijildo. “Fucking Indians,” he cursed, as he hated the Indians with a passion. “Only good Indian is a dead Indian,” he said while he shoved his member back in his pants and buttoned them back up.

He walked off to his guys knowing this Indian on that horse wasn’t a threat.

Back in the Oak Creek Marshal’s Office, Dalton was awake. After he used the outhouse he waited for Zeke to arrive.

While he waited, the front door of the Marshal’s Office opened and Sally walked in with two plates of breakfast.

“I have breakfast for you and the prisoner,” said Sally and those sparkles in her eyes for Dalton still remained even though she knew he was taken.

“Thank you, Mary,” said Dalton taking the plate from Sally then he walked over and sat down at his desk.

She walked over and gave Charlie his plate through the bottom opening of his jail cell bars.

Sally gave Dalton a smile while she headed off to the front door of the office. She left.

When Dalton and Charlie were eating their breakfast, the front door of the office opened and Zeke walked inside.

“The stagecoach should be here in a few. We better get the prisoner ready for transport,” said Zeke while he walked up to Dalton’s desk. “Plus the Mayor told me he wired Yuma that we’ll be there in a couple of days. They’ll be waiting for us.”

“Okay, Zeke,” said Dalton getting up from his desk.

Zeke walked over and got the arm and leg handcuffs off the wall.

Dalton unlocked Charlie’s jail cell door and had his Colt 45 revolver ready to shoot.

After Zeke installed the arm and leg handcuffs on Charlie, they escorted him out to the outhouse.

A Butterfield Overland Stagecoach pulled up and stopped at the Marshal’s office while the outhouse break was happening.

Billy Cooper the driver and Mickey Morris the guard got down off the Stagecoach and headed into the Marshal’s Office. Mickey had his twelve gauge Harford Coach shotgun in hand.

They entered the office and saw Dalton, Zeke and with Charlie.

“I’m Billy Cooper and this here is Mickey Morris my guard,” said Billy while he walked over to Dalton.

“Dalton Trevor the Town Marshal and he’s my deputy Zeke Cooper,” said Dalton and they all shook hands.

Billy saw Charlie in his arm and leg cuffs. “I see our prisoner is ready.”

“Yep,” said Dalton.

“Let’s get going,” said Billy.

Dalton and Zeke escorted Charlie out of the office with Billy and Mickey trailing behind. Two Winchesters and a shotgun were pointed at his back in case he tried to escape.

When they got outside they saw Mayor Mason with Ernie and James standing by the Stagecoach. Ernie and James had Winchester rifles in hand.

“Ernie and James will help out and have orders to shoot to kill Charlie if he tries to escape,” said Mayor Mason. “And we packed some food supplies in the coach,” he added.

Charlie didn’t like hearing the shoot to kill if he escaped. He silently prayed that Jimmy Templeton would not mess up this attempt.

“Thank you Mayor,” said Dalton then he sensed something. He looked to his left and saw Chrissy standing outside the Court House with some of the other Oak Creek town folk. They gathered to watch Charlie head off to prison. It events like this that entertained them in the old west.

Dalton gave Chrissy a little wave. He saw her little wave back.

Ernie got inside the Stagecoach.

Dalton put Charlie in the Stagecoach. He got inside and sat next to Charlie’s right with Ernie at Charlie’s left.

James got inside the Stagecoach sitting across from them.

Billy and Mickey climbed up and sat in the bench seat.

Chrissy watched from the Court House while the Stagecoach pulled away and made a U-turn on the street.

She already missed Dalton while she continued to watch the Stagecoach ride out of Oak Creek.

As soon as the Stagecoach was out of sight Chrissy walked away and headed down the street to the schoolhouse.

The Stagecoach was thirty minutes on the dusty trail of the desert.

James looked at Dalton. “So, Marshal Dalton, where do you hail from?”

“Hail from?” said Dalton not sure he understood the question.

“Yeah, hail from?” repeated James.

Dalton thought about his question for a few seconds. It dawned on him what he meant so he had to quickly come up with a believable story. “I hail from,” he said then paused. “I hail from Pittsburgh,” he said then paused again.

“Pittsburgh,” said James. “I heard of it. Place where coal comes from.”

“Why did you come all the way out here?” said Ernie.

“The snow. I hated the freezing weather and the snow,” said Dalton.

James and Ernie had looks that they could understand that reason.

Charlie glanced over at Dalton. Then something felt odd about this new Marshall that suddenly rode into Oak Creek at the same time they were going to hang Bart. “Are you sure you’re not from Phoenix?”

Dalton felt caught. “Ah no, I’m from Pittsburgh. I was only in Phoenix once buy a horse to ride into Phoenix,” he said and silently prayed that everybody would believe him.

“Ever been to Crazy Hole?” said Charlie.

Dalton didn’t response for a few seconds while he pretended he was thinking about that question. “Nah, I never heard of Crazy Hole. What’s that?”

“Some stupid Injun crazy talk of a cave outside in the area in the mountains,” said James.

“Yeah, stupid Injun crazy talk that if you go inside that cave you would come out crazy with talk of a strange land,” added Ernie in a sarcastic tone.

“Have any of you ever been to this so-called Crazy Hole?” said Dalton.

“No way, I don’t want to chance it,” said James.

Ernie nodded in agreement.

“I ain’t been in that cave,” said Charlie with a hint of a smirk knowing that soon he would be back in Crazy Hole for his best hideout. “Ain’t never been in that cave.”

Dalton glanced over at Charlie. *Liar!* He thought, as he knew of Charlie’s venture into the future.

It remained quiet in the Stagecoach while it trekked down the dusty trail.

Over at Blue Earl’s hideout, Jimmy, Hank, and Frankie got in their saddles on their horses.

They rode off in the desert heading in a southwesterly direction.

Blue Earl, Deke, and Bo sat around the campfire drinking coffee and eating dried beef for breakfast.

An hour had passed and the Stagecoach was still making its way through the desert. It was now riding not too far from the Gila River. This allowed them close access to some water for the horses and the men.

Dalton now had an hour's experience with a real old western Stagecoach ride in the desert. He found it to be bumpy and dusty. Yet he still enjoyed the ride.

Thirty minutes behind the Stagecoach rode Jimmy, Hank, and Frankie. Hot on their trail but keeping a safe distance behind.

While Jimmy and the guys were tracking the Stagecoach, Blue Earl, Deke, and Bo got in the saddles of their horses and rode off in the desert.

Back in Oak Creek, Chrissy started class with her students, but her mind was on Dalton. She started to miss him.

An hour passed and the Stagecoach stopped for a bathroom break in the desert.

Over in the Mountain Rock Marshal's Office, Rusty sat at his desk drinking coffee. He noticed three cowboys ride into town. His gut suddenly told him that there was something wrong with these three guys. He got up from his chair.

He walked over to the windows and peeked outside. He watched the three strangers ride up to the Thirsty Savior Saloon, get out of their saddles and tie their horses to the hitching post.

They stood by their horses and scanned up and down Main Street. They spotted the bank. Blue Earl nodded that they should go inside the Thirsty Savior. They went inside.

Back at the Marshal's Office, Rusty walked to the front door and went outside.

The Thirsty Savior Saloon was quiet when Blue Earl, Deke, and Bo strutted up to the bar.

"Three beers," Blue Earl told the bartender.

The bartender nodded and proceeded to pour three glasses of beer. He set the beer mugs in front of them.

Blue Earl, Deke, and Bo took a drink of their beer at the same time someone walked up behind them.

They looked to their left and saw Rusty the Town Marshal strut up to the bar and stand to Blue Earl's left.

Rusty took a glance at the three strangers. "I take it you're not from these parts," said Rusty Moore to Blue Earl.

"Oh, no, Marshal. Just passing through and needed a drink," said Blue Earl with the kindest voice he could muster up.

"Okay, where you heading?" said Rusty.

"We going to California," said Bo.

"Yepper, we going to California," piped in Deke.

Blue Earl nodded in agreement with his guy's response.

"California. Okay," said Rusty and he walked away from the bar. He stopped when he was five feet from the bar and turned around. "I hope we won't have any trouble while you're drinking in my town?"

"No Marshal. No trouble what's so ever," said Blue Earl.

Rusty nodded he understood then turned around and headed to the café door.

He left the saloon and during his walk back to the Marshal's Office his gut told him that these three guys would be trouble.

When he got back to his Marshal's Office, he stood by the windows with a cup of coffee in hand. He watched Main Street for Blue Earl and his men.

While he was on his second cup of coffee, Rusty saw Blue Earl, Deke, and Bo ride out of town on their horses. He felt better but still a little suspicious.

Hours had passed.

Billy stopped the Stagecoach close to Gila River. This was a good spot to camp for the night. They set up camp and had a campfire going within thirty minutes.

Not far from that campsite were Jimmy, Hank, and Frankie riding on their horses and getting closer.

It was late at night.

Deke was restless at Blue Earl's hideout. He started pacing around while Blue Earl and Deke sat around the campfire.

"What the fuck is your problem?" said Blue Earl.

"I'm thirsty," said Deke.

"Go to the fucking river and get a drink," said Bo.

"I'm not thirsty for water," said Deke.

Blue Earl thought about Deke's response for a few seconds. "I could use a drink."

"Let's ride to Oak Creek," said Deke.

"Yeah, let's ride into Oak Creek," said Bo while he stood up.

"Okay," said Blue Earl while he stood up.

They walked over to their horses tied to a small bush. They untied them, got in their saddles and rode off into the night.

Meanwhile, it was quiet way over at the Stagecoach campsite. Dalton decided to take first watch while everybody else slept. So he sat around then occasionally got up and checked the perimeter. It was quiet and he just started his two-hour watch.

An hour had passed.

Blue Earl, Bo, and Deke rode their horses into Oak Creek. The town was quiet except for the chatter inside the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

Blue Earl, Bo, and Deke rode their horses down Main Street and stopped at the Prickly Cactus Saloon. They got out of their saddles and tied the reins to the hitching post.

Blue Earl and Bo headed to the café doors of the Prickly Cactus. Deke stood by his horse and Blue Earl noticed.

"Ain't you coming in?" said Blue Earl.

"There's someone I need to find," said Deke.

Blue Earl got a little concerned. He walked up to Deke and they got nose to nose. "Don't you go doing something

stupid! We can't afford to bring unwanted attention to us right now. Understand me?" snarled Blue Earl.

Deke knew he better not piss off Blue Earl. "I won't. I promise. Just checking something out," said Deke.

"You better. Don't take too long," said Blue Earl then he turned around and headed over to Bo.

Blue Earl and Bo went inside the Prickly Cactus while Deke rushed off down Main Street heading to the residential area.

Blue Earl and Bo headed straight to the bar once they entered the Prickly Cactus.

It was still quiet at the Stagecoach campsite. Dalton decided to walk around a little as sitting was getting boring and starting to numb his butt cheeks.

He walked around. He stopped. He thought he heard something in the desert. He listened. He didn't hear that noise again. He continued walking and headed down toward the Gila River.

Back in Oak Creek, Deke rushed into the residential area.

He snuck over to the first house on his right. He immediately peeked in all the windows.

Deke rushed away from that house and snuck over to the house to the left.

Back at the Stagecoach campsite, Dalton walked to the Gila River. He unzipped his pants and peed in the dirt.

He heard that noise again while he zipped up his pants. He scanned the area. It was quiet again.

He walked away and headed back to the campsite.

Back in Oak Creek, Deke peeked in all of the windows of the second house. He rushed away and snuck off across the street.

He snuck off to the first house on the left side of the street.

Back at the Stagecoach campsite, Jimmy gingerly walked through the site and headed over to Charlie.

He knelt down and placed his right hand on Charlie's mouth at the same instant he used his left hand to lightly shake his body.

Charlie's eyes opened. They widened the second he felt his mouth was covered. He got scared but got a sigh of relief when he noticed Jimmy was kneeling over him.

Jimmy motioned for Charlie to get up.

Charlie quietly got up to his feet with Jimmy's assistance.

Jimmy and Charlie gingerly walked away.

While Dalton headed back to the campsite, he heard the faint sound of chains. He got this uneasy feeling something was not right. He placed his right hand on the handle of his Colt 45.

He gingerly made his way back to the campsite.

He saw that Charlie was gone from where he slept.

He rushed over to Billy and woke him up. "Our prisoner escaped," he said whispered the second Billy's eyes opened.

Billy jumped and woke up Ernie while Dalton woke up James.

Jimmy and Charlie picked up their pace when they were in the darkness and were a safe distance from the campsite.

They soon arrived at the spot where Frankie and Hank waited with their horses.

"Who are these guys?" said Charlie the second he spotted Frankie and Hank. Then he saw three horses. "Where's my horse?"

"Down on your knees," snarled Jimmy.

"What?" said Charlie.

"Down on your fucking knees you yellow-belly," said Jimmy while he pressed the barrel of his revolver into Charlie's forehead.

Charlie knew what this meant. His legs shook while he dropped to his knees.

Back in Oak Creek, Deke peeked in all the windows of the first house on the left side of the street.

He moved away from that house and snuck to the second house to the left. He started to peek in all of the windows of that house.

Back near the Stagecoach campsite, Charlie was on his knees with Jimmy's revolver pressed into his forehead.

"I thought you wanted me to take you to Crazy Hole so we could escape for good," said Charlie.

"Naw. You got Bart killed. He was my friend. Now you're going to pay for it," said Jimmy while he cocked his revolver.

Charlie peed his pants over that sound figuring a bullet will enter his head any second.

Back in Oak Creek, Deke snuck up to Chrissy's house.

He peeked in the living room window. It was dark inside that room and nobody was visible.

He snuck around the side and saw a window with a light visible inside that room.

He snuck over and peeked in that window. "Fuck!" he whispered out the second he spotted Chrissy while she walked up to her bed in 2016 white panties and bra. The sight of that gave him an instant pump tent in his britches. He started to drool over the sight of her. But then a voice filled his head. It was Blue Earl's voice. *Don't you go doing something stupid! We can't afford to bring unwanted attention to us right now. Understand?* Deke was so horny for Chrissy while he watched her get under the covers. He wanted her in the worst way and felt like crawling through the window and forcing his way with her.

Back near the Stagecoach campsite...

"Please don't do this, Jimmy!" pleaded Charlie.

"Hurry up and get this over with," said Hank.

"Yeah," said Frankie.

"Stop in the name of the law!" yelled out Dalton.

Jimmy, Frankie and Hank saw Dalton, Billy, Ernie, and James inching their way toward them with their pistols drawn.

"Stop in the name of the law? What the fuck talk is that?" Jimmy said when he spotted Dalton. "This tenderfoot can't

shoot the side of a barn,” he said and aimed his pistol at Dalton, Billy, Ernie, and James.

Hank and Frankie looked at each other. They both nodded and inched backwards closer toward their horses.

They quickly hopped in their saddles on their horses at the same time the sound of gunfire echoed in the desert.

Hank and Frankie raced off on their horses into the darkness of the desert.

Dalton stood with his mouth dropped open while he watched Jimmy drop to the dirt. He realized he fired off his pistol without thinking.

While Mickey had his rifle aimed at Charlie, Billy walked over to Jimmy. He knelt down and felt for a pulse in Jimmy’s neck. “He’s dead,” said Billy while he spotted the bloody hole in Jimmy’s chest. “That some good shooting,” he said to Dalton.

Charlie sighed a sigh of relief that he was still alive.

Dalton put his Colt 45 back in its holster while he walked over to Jimmy. “I killed someone,” said Dalton in disbelief while he stared down at Jimmy’s lifeless body.

“If you didn’t, he would have killed you in a heartbeat,” said Billy. “I mean, he’s a dirty, low down, scoundrel.”

Ernie and James both nodded while they scanned the area for those two other guys to return.

The sound of two horses racing away was heard.

“Sounds like his partners ran off,” said Ernie.

“I don’t think they’ll be back,” said James.

“Probably not,” said Billy.

Meanwhile back at Oak Creek, Deke walked into the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

He spotted Blue Earl and Bo drinking their second glass of beer at the bar.

“I hope you stayed out of trouble,” said Blue Earl the second Deke walked up to the bar.

“Yep,” said Deke and he spotted one of the saloon gals standing by the piano. She was short and had blonde hair and

smiled that indicated an offer. Deke thought about Chrissy while he looked at the small blonde haired saloon gal.

“I’ll be back,” said Deke then he walked away.

Blue Earl and Bo saw Deke make a beeline to the saloon gal. They both smiled knowing those urges he needed to satisfy.

Deke whispered in the saloon gal’s ear. She whispered back in Deke’s ear.

They walked away from the piano and headed up the stairs.

She took him to the first room on the second floor.

“I’m Nancy,” she said closing the door after they entered the room. “First time here?”

“Yep and I’m Deke,” he said while he quickly started to remove all his clothes after paying her the twenty-five dollar fee.

Nancy removed her clothes.

They were both naked within seconds and were on the bed. Deke was on top and the sexual encounter only lasted five minutes and he thought about Chrissy during his humping time.

Back at the Stagecoach campsite...

Dalton still stood in shock over the fact that he killed a man.

“We better bury Jimmy,” said Billy while he walked away from Jimmy’s dead body and headed back to the Stagecoach.

Twenty minutes had passed and Jimmy’s body was buried in an unmarked spot in the desert.

Billy, Charlie, Mickey and Ernie were back asleep on the ground.

Dalton and James stood watch. Dalton decided to stay up along with James in case those two other guys returned.

Back in Oak Creek...

Chrissy was sound asleep in her house. She was never wise to the fact that Deke spied on her from her window.

Blue Earl, Bo, and Deke rode their horses out of Oak Creek.

Elsewhere, Hank and Frankie made camp a safe distance away from the Stagecoach campsite. They were soon sound asleep under the stars.

Chapter 35

It was now Friday morning and the sun started to peek over the horizon. It was September 28th, 1883.

At the Stagecoach campsite...

Dalton, Billy, Mickey, Ernie, James were all up.

They took turning taking their morning pee in the desert while the others watched to make sure another escape attempt wouldn't happen.

Charlie woke up. Dalton and Billy escorted him away so he could take his morning pee.

Ernie and James got a fire going and made a pot of coffee.

After the coffee was ready they drank and ate some beef jerky for breakfast.

Breakfast was soon over, the campfire was out, and they were loaded back in the Stagecoach.

"Yah!" yelled out Billy snapping the reins. The horses moved and started pulling the Stagecoach away.

The Stagecoach headed off in the desert and went down the old Butterfield Overland mail route.

At Blue Earl's hideout...

Blue Earl, Bo, and Deke sat around drinking their morning cup of coffee.

The sound of horses was heard in the desert. Blue Earl, Bo, and Deke jumped up and whipped out their pistols from their holsters. They were ready to protect their domain.

They put their pistols away the second they spotted Hank and Frankie ride up on their horses.

Hank and Frankie stopped their horses by the other two and got out of their saddles. They tied the reins to the bush.

"Where's that Jimmy guy?" said Blue Earl.

"Dead," said Hank.

“Dead? What happened?” said Blue Earl.

“Well, we snuck that Charlie Chandler away from their campsite last night,” said Frankie while he poured a cup of coffee.

“Jimmy had him on his knees ready to kill him,” said Hank while he poured a cup of coffee.

Frankie nodded while he sipped his coffee. “Then that Town Marshal of Oak Creek came up with four other guys.”

“We skedaddled, not wanting to get shot,” said Hank.

“Got that right,” said Frankie.

“They shot Jimmy,” said Hank.

“We figured he was belly up in the dirt,” said Frankie. “So we didn’t figure we should hang around.”

“Well, we don’t need him any how. I’m glad you two didn’t shoot it out with them. I need you for our upcoming jobs,” said Blue Earl.

“Yeah, I’m not ready to be belly up in the dirt just yet,” said Hank.

“I agree,” said Frankie.

“Hopefully that Oak Creek Town Marshal didn’t recognize you two,” said Blue Earl.

“Naw, don’t believe he did,” said Frankie.

Hank nodded in agreement. “He didn’t.”

“Enough of that. We have business to tend to. Today we’re going to check out,” said Blue Earl and he glanced down in the dirt at the drawing Jimmy made the other day. “We’re going to check out Rattlesnake then we’ll check out Stone Valley the next day.”

“When’s our next job? I’m running out of whore and beer money,” said Deke.

Hank, Frankie, and Bo all nodded in agreement with Deke.

“Make what you have last. We’ll hit Rattlesnake on Monday then start hitting the other towns after that,” said Blue Earl.

Deke, Bo, Frankie, and Hank grinned as they were getting bored and needed the excitement of robbing again.

They all sat down and drank their coffee.

Way southeast in the desert, the Stagecoach rode along a trail not too far from the Gila River.

Dalton was getting use to the bumps and dust during the ride. He for some strange reason was still thrilled with experiencing this part of American history.

Back in Oak Creek, Chrissy taught school. The subject at the moment was Mathematics and she was still in awe on how well-behaved her students were as compared to 2016. But she knew that the parents of these kids would whip them if they found out they misbehaved.

Off in the desert, Blue Earl, Hank, Bo, Deke, and Frankie rode off on their horses. They headed toward the town or Rattlesnake.

Off in another area of the desert, the Stagecoach stopped in the desert. Everybody took a piss break. After that they stretched for a few minutes, got back in the Stagecoach and rode away.

An hour passed and Blue Earl, Hank, Bo, Deke, and Frankie rode their horses into the town of Rattlesnake.

Blue Earl, Hank, Bo, Deke, and Frankie rode past the Bank of Rattlesnake and eyed the surrounding buildings. They noticed the Marshal's Office was a safe distance away. Blue Earl smiled over that fact.

They continued their ride through town and stopped at the Dusty Trails Saloon. They got out of their saddles and tied the reins to the hitching post.

While they went inside the saloon they eyed the bank.

They went through the café doors of the Dusty Trail and headed straight to the bar for some beers.

The bartender gave them their beers and knew better and didn't ask any questions about these strangers entering Rattlesnake.

Back in Oak Creek, Chrissy dismissed her students. They all ran out of the schoolhouse and headed back to their homes.

Chrissy gathered up her books and left the schoolhouse.

She headed off down the street to her house.

Once she got inside her home she rested on the couch.

Blue Earl and his guys rode out of Rattlesnake and headed back to their hideout.

The sun started to drop below the horizon across the territory.

Chrissy walked out of the restaurant. She looked down the street at the Marshal's Office. She missed Dalton.

Elsewhere off in the desert, the Stagecoach pulled into the small town of Agua Caliente when the sun started to settle below the horizon.

This was about the halfway point for their travels to Yuma. Dalton, Ernie, and James placed Charlie in one of the jail cells of the Agua Caliente Marshal's office. They monitored the town for any sightings of those two guys that rode with Jimmy when he tried to kill Charlie. So far the coast was clear of any sightings of those two scoundrels.

The Stagecoach stopped along the restaurant. They got out and escorted Charlie into small restaurant for something to eat.

After dinner Dalton, James, and Ernie escorted Charlie to the Marshal's Office. They placed him in a cell for the. This was a common occurrence for the Aqua Caliente Marshal's Office for prisoners heading to their new home in Yuma. Billy and Mickey tended to the horses while they were in the Marshal's Office.

Dalton, James, Ernie, Billy, and Mickey headed over to the hotel in town and got rooms for the night.

Chrissy retired for the night with thoughts about Dalton and wondered where he was at this exact moment.

Blue Earl and his gang sleep under the stars.

Dalton was under the covers in a bed at the hotel in Aqua Caliente. He wondered where Chrissy was at this exact moment.

It was now Saturday morning and sun was just peaking above the eastern horizon. It was September 29th, 1883.

Dalton and everybody woke up in their hotel beds. After filling their bellies with breakfast, they had Charlie back in the Stagecoach.

The Stagecoach rode out of Aqua Caliente and down the dusty trail heading to Yuma.

It was now mid-afternoon.

Chrissy left the restaurant after eating lunch. She headed down the street and went inside the Lincoln Dresses and Suits Shop

Edith was working on a new dress at a table when Chrissy entered. She saw her. "Hello," said Edith. "Can I help you?"

"Hello," said Chrissy. "I'm just browsing," she said and started to look at a few dresses that hung on a small rack.

"Take your time and let me know if there's anything you need," said Edith. Her eyes lit up when she remembered something. "Like a wedding dress," she added with a smile.

It took a few seconds for what Edith said for it to sink in Chrissy's head. "Ah yes, a wedding dress," she said and smiled knowing that she would one day marry Dalton, but not for a couple of years. "A wedding dress would be nice."

Edith put down her work. "Let me show you a catalog on wedding dresses. You can pick one you like and I can make it," she said while getting up from the table.

Chrissy thought that browsing through a catalog of old western wedding dresses would be cool.

While Chrissy was browsing in the catalog of wedding dresses, Dalton was still in the Stagecoach. They just finished with a piss break in the desert and were getting closer to Yuma.

While the Stagecoach headed down the trail, Dalton suddenly had thoughts of his recent proposal to Chrissy and her acceptance. He smiled at the thought of marrying her in a couple of years.

Back at Lincoln's shop, Chrissy finished looking through the catalog and she actually picked out a dress design. She agreed to let Edith make it, as she figured she could take it back

with her to 2016. It would be a unique one of a kind dress in 2016.

Chrissy left Lincoln's shop and headed off down Main Street to Master's General Store.

She entered the General Store through the double doors.

She scanned the store for a few seconds while she stood at the doors. *Definitely not Wal-Mart or Target.* She thought while she scanned the store but still found it quaint. *But she'll do.*

She found that the store was dimly lit. There was a long counter to the left where stood Gus Masters.

"Hello, ma-am," said Gus the second he spotted Chrissy at the door. "Holler if you need any assistance," he said then coughed a little.

"I will," said Chrissy while she headed to the counter.

On the top of the long counter she saw stacks of overalls, denim and khaki pants, candy jars, and tobacco.

She also saw a coffee mill, scales for weighing grocery items and a wrapping paper unit with string attachment.

This counter top was filled with other merchandise, leaving only enough room for purchases, and the wrapping of the items.

She got to the end of the counter she glanced up at the ceiling. Hanging from the ceiling she saw buggy whips, horse harnesses, lanterns, pails, and various ropes.

She walked down one wall and saw bins of produce, nuts, beans, and nails. She also saw bins of pickles, crackers, potatoes, mincemeat, and candies for the kids.

She walked down the other wall and on the shelves saw that it contained foot stuffs, but, also fabric and sewing notions, household items, soaps, medicines, spices, crockery and dishes, cartridges and shells, and small farm implements. She grabbed a piece of cloth off one of the shelves to use as a cleaning rag at her home.

She walked a little farther down the wall and saw six books for sale on one of the shelves. She stopped there and glanced at the available books.

She saw the book titled *Heidi* written by Johanna Spyri. I loved that story. She thought while she remembered seeing the Heidi TV mini-series in 1993. She had to have that book.

She walked away and headed back to the counter with that book in hand.

“Is that all, ma-am?” said Gus while Chrissy set the book down on the counter.

Chrissy saw the coffee mill. “I would also like some coffee, and a coffee pot.”

“How much coffee?”

Chrissy thought for a few seconds. “Half-a-pound would do.”

Gus grabbed a coffee pot off the shelf behind him and placed it on the counter.

He proceeded to scoop up some grounded up coffee beans into a tin can and covered the opened top with a small piece of paper and tied it with string. “Is that all?” he said placing the tin can on the counter.

“No, sir.”

Gus added up everything in his head. “That’ll be one dollar.”

Chrissy opened up her purse, reached inside and removed a silver dollar. She handed it to Gus.

He put it in his cash register. “Thank you,” he said then paused for a few seconds “I hear you’re our new school teacher?”

“Yes I am.”

“Well, welcome to Oak Creek.”

“Thank you,” said Chrissy then she gathered up her items.

Gus watched her leave the store. He coughed into his handkerchief. He looked at his handkerchief and saw more blood. He got concerned.

He walked to the door and left the store.

Chrissy walked down Main Street and headed home.

Gus walked down Main Street and headed straight to Doc Bartholomew’s office coughing a couple of times.

As soon as she got home, she made a pot of coffee and after it perked she sat down in the chair in the living room and opened up her book.

She read *Heidi*, drank her coffee and her thoughts often drifted to Dalton between pages of her book. She wondered how he was doing on that Stagecoach.

An hour had passed. The sun just dropped below the horizon.

Chrissy was asleep on her chair with her book in her lap.

While she was sleeping in the chair, the Stagecoach pulled into the front gates of the Yuma territorial prison.

Two Yuma guards were standing by the gate from inside the prison grounds. They were ready to accept their newest tenant.

The Stagecoach stopped.

Dalton, Ernie, and James escorted Charlie out of the Stagecoach.

Billy and Mickey climbed down off the Stagecoach.

The guards unlocked and swung open the iron gates.

Charlie saw them and he got scared. "No, I can't go in there," he cried out.

"Sorry, then don't do the crime if you can't do the time," said Dalton.

Ernie and James looked at each other. "Don't do the crime if you can't do the time," they both said in unison.

"I like that," said Ernie. James, Billy and Mickey all nodded in agreement.

Charlie dug the toes of his boots into the dirt while Dalton and Ernie grabbed his arms and walked him into Yuma. He peed his pants with fear of prison life. Pee ran down his legs and then onto his boots.

The two guards swung the gate closed and locked it.

They escorted everybody to the Warden's office.

Ten minutes had passed.

Charlie was escorted with the toes of his boots dragging on the ground while the guards escorted him to his new home.

Dalton and everybody were escorted out of the prison grounds.

They all got back in and on the Stagecoach.

Billy snapped the reins and the horses pulled the Stagecoach away.

Ten minutes had passed.

Billy stopped the Stagecoach by the hotel in Yuma.

They all got out and off the Stagecoach and headed into the hotel. They each got a room then had a bath to wash off the dirt from the dusty trail.

After some dinner at the nearby restaurant, they all retired into their rooms and were soon fast asleep.

Later that night, Chrissy woke up in the chair. She headed off into her bedroom and got under the covers. She was soon fast asleep.

Back at Blue Earl's hideaway, Deke was restless and started pacing.

Blue was on his back on his bedroll near the campfire. "What's your fucking problem, Deke?" said Blue Earl noticing Deke pacing.

"I'm thirsty," said Deke. "Thinking of riding into Oak Creek."

Blue Earl sat up. He looked concerned. "Now, don't go doing anything stupid. We can't afford to attract unwanted attention," he said with a dead serious tone.

"I won't. Promise," said Deke.

"You know what'll happen if you disobey," said Blue Earl with a glaring stare.

"I know," said Deke while he headed off to his horse.

Blue Earl was still concerned while he watched Deke mount his horse and ride off into the dark.

A while later and Deke rode his horse down Main Street of Oak Creek. Nobody was milling about town. The street was quiet.

He stopped his horse at the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

He looked at the Prickly Cactus then at the entrance to the residential area.

He rode his horse off toward the residential area.

He rode his horse down the residential area then over to Chrissy's home.

He rode his horse off to the side of her house. He stopped his horse and got out of the saddle.

He gingerly walked over to her bedroom window. He peeked inside and saw her sleeping soundly in her bed. He passionately licked the window glass showing his affection for her. Chrissy was not aware of the peeping pervert at her bedroom window.

Deke stepped away from the window recalling Blue Earl's stern warning. He got back in his saddle and rode his horse off into the darkness.

Deke rode his horse out of the residential area and headed straight to the Prickly Cactus.

Deke rushed through the café doors of the Prickly Cactus. He spotted saloon gal Nancy by the bar. He made a beeline to her.

Deke whispered in Nancy's ear. She nodded in agreement and they headed upstairs to a room.

"Have we met before?" said Nancy the second they entered the room.

"Yep, I'm Deke," he said while he gave her the twenty-dollar fee. He quickly removed his clothes. And was ready while Nancy stripped naked.

Nancy got on the bed on her back. Deke got on top of her.

He was finished in three minutes.

Ten minutes had passed and Deke was back in the saddle on his horse riding out of Oak Creek.

Later that night, Deke rode his horse back to the hideout. He got out of the saddle and tied the reins to one of the bushes by the rock wall.

Blue Earl opened his eyes. He had always been a light sleeper and the sound of Deke's horse woke him up. He placed a hand on his pistol incase the visitor was hostile. He removed his hand the second he saw that the visitor was Deke returning to the hideout.

"I hope my brother didn't do anything stupid," said Blue Earl.

"Naw. Had my way with Nancy at the saloon," said Deke with a satisfying smile while he got down on his bedroll. "When are we going to get back in business? I'm out of whoring and beer coins," said Deke.

"Rattlesnake on Monday. Get some sleep," said Blue Earl closing his eyes.

Deke closed his eyes.

The sound of snoring from the outlaws filled the air at the hideout. This was a sure giveaway for anybody wanting to locate the hideout.

The sun rose above the horizon across the area. It was Sunday, September 30th, 1883.

Everybody in Oak Creek started to wake up when the sun started to peek through the windows of the homes.

Way over in Yuma, Dalton and everybody woke up from their hotel room beds. They got dressed and headed to the restaurant for some breakfast.

Over at Blue Earl's hideout, they woke up, got the campfire going again, and started to make a pot of coffee.

Back in Oak Creek, Chrissy woke up. She flung the covers off her body and got out of the bed. She stretched and while she stretched she glanced at the bedroom window. Something appeared odd with the window.

She walked over to the window and saw a large smudge on the glass. She hated dirty windows so she left the bedroom and headed into the kitchen.

She walked over to the counter and grabbed the cloth she bought at the store.

She went back into her bedroom and back to the window.

She rubbed the glass with the rag. The smudge didn't go away. She opened the window a little and reached outside with the rag. She rubbed the outside of the glass with the rag. The smudge disappeared. She pulled her hand back inside and closed the window.

She started at the glass and wondered what could have made that smudge. She thought that made that smudge had been there all along and she didn't notice it until now.

She left the bedroom with the cloth in hand and forgot about the smudge.

She went into the kitchen and made some coffee.

After her coffee, she got dressed and headed off to the church. She didn't want to be the only one from Oak Creek not attending church so she decided to attend. Besides it would be interesting to hear an old western preacher.

Chrissy left her home and headed to the church.

She found a spot in the wooden pew in the back of the church.

Sixty-year-old Pastor Kyle Norris started his sermon.

Chrissy listened.

Thirty minutes and Pastor Norris' sermon was over. Chrissy was surprised that he wasn't totally a fire and brimstone type of service. It was surprisingly enjoyable.

Pastor Norris did his usual routine and headed outside the front doors of the church. He was in position to greet everybody.

Chrissy stood in line to greet him.

"Hello, I take it you're our new school teacher," said Pastor Norris the second Chrissy walked up to him.

"Yes sir, I'm Chrissy Barron," she said shaking his hand.

"Welcome to our church," said Pastor Norris then he paused recalling something he heard yesterday. "I hear you're engaged to be married. To the Town Marshall," he said.

"Yes sir."

"I take it you'll let me do the honors of performing your wedding ceremony?"

“Yes sir,” she said then cringed inside knowing that this was a little lie.

“Have a date in mind?”

“Not at this time. My fiancé is away on Marshall business.”

“Ah yes. Taking that prisoner to Yuma. We’ll talk after you decide on a date and we’ll pray for his safe travel home.”

“Yes, Pastor Norris.”

He smiled at her then turned his eyes on the couple behind Chrissy. He greeted them while Chrissy walked away.

She headed straight to the restaurant for some breakfast. While she walked there she thought about Dalton. She knew what he was doing at this moment.

Way off in the desert, Dalton sat in the Stagecoach while they headed back to Oak Creek. Dalton thought about Chrissy and wondered what she was doing at this moment.

Back at Blue Earl’s hideaway, they sat around cleaning their pistols. After that Blue Earl wanted to go over their plan for Monday’s job.

Sunday passed and the sun was long gone over the horizon.

Hours had passed and the sun soon rose above the horizon again for the signal that another day had arrived over Arizona. It was Monday, October 1st, 1883.

Chrissy woke up with the rest of Oak Creek. She got ready for another day of teaching.

Dalton and everybody woke up from their desert campsite and prepared for another long ride on the dusty trail. He couldn’t wait to see Chrissy. He missed her.

Chrissy sat behind her wooden desk at the schoolhouse. She watched the kids enter but her thoughts started to drift off to Dalton. She missed him.

Back at Blue Earl’s hideout, they got in their saddles and rode off into the desert.

An hour had passed and Blue Earl and his gang rode into the town of Rattlesnake. The town folk didn't think anything of the gang since they've recalled seeing them before.

Blue Earl and his gang rode up to the First Bank of Rattlesnake. They stopped at the hitching posts and got out of their saddles. They loosely tied the reins of their horses to the hitching post.

Blue Earl glanced up and down Main Street of the town. It was safe. He nodded to his guys to proceed.

They all moved their bandanas and covered their nose and mouth. Blue Earl, Frankie, and Deke rushed through the door of the bank while Bo and Hank stood outside as guards.

It was quiet inside the bank. Bo and Hank tensed up knowing it was show time and were ready to shoot anybody that tried to stop them.

Inside the bank, Blue Earl had his pistol aimed at the face of young Logan the bank teller. He was the only teller at the bank. Logan peed his pants thinking he would be dead in a few minutes. This was his first robbery.

Deke and Frankie had their guns pointed at the customers in the bank. The customers were scared to death and froze in position. They dared to move an inch, as doing so would risk having a bullet in their body.

"Just give me all your money and nobody gets hurt," said Blue Earl with the barrel still aimed at Logan's face.

Deke reached inside his shirt and removed a cloth bag. He handed the bag to Blue Earl.

Logan's hands trembled while he opened up his cash drawer and scooped up all the bills and coins.

Blue Earl handed Logan the cloth bag. "Put it in there."

Logan's hands trembled while he shoved the bills and coins in the bag.

"Now the safe!" said Blue Earl.

Logan walked over to the safe located behind the teller window.

Blue Earl rushed around and went behind the teller window. He rushed over to Logan and kept his piston aimed at him to make sure he didn't have a gun stashed in the safe. He learned that the hard way a few years ago.

Blue Earl watched while Logan scooped up more bills and coins and shoved them in the cloth bag. It was now full. Blue Earl snatched the bag away from Logan.

He ran back around the teller's window and over to Deke.

The three inched backwards to the door with guns aimed to make sure nobody pulled out a gun.

Deke opened the door and they all inched backwards out the door.

Blue Earl and everybody untied the reins and quickly got in the saddles of their horses.

They raced their horses out of Rattlesnake happy they successfully pulled off another bank job.

The sun was getting closer to the horizon over the area.

Blue Earl and his gang were back at their hideout dancing over today's booty.

Back at Oak Creek...

A young kid around fifteen years old stepped off the train at the station. He had a large envelope in hand while he headed off into town on a mission.

He immediately went to the Marshal's office and went inside.

Zeke sat behind his desk drinking his third cup of coffee when this young man entered.

"I'm looking for Dalton Trevor," said the young kid.

"He's on his way back from Yuma. Can I help?"

"I have something personal for him," said the young kid while he held up that envelope.

"I can make sure Marshal Trevor gets it," said Zeke.

"Oh, that's right, Marshal Trevor," said the young kid while he handed Zeke the envelope.

Zeke walked over to Dalton's desk, opened the top drawer and put the envelope inside. He closed the drawer and returned to his desk.

The young kid left the Marshal's Office and headed back to the train station.

Zeke returned to his cup of coffee at his desk. He wasn't going to open that envelope, as people in these days didn't dare pry into other folks business. They had mutual respect for each other.

The rest of the day was uneventful for Oak Creek.

It was now Monday evening.

Chrissy just finished eating dinner at the restaurant. She left the restaurant and decided to take a walk around town. Word from the Mayor was that the Stagecoach was expected to arrive back in town tonight.

It was an hour after dinner and Chrissy got weary from walking around town. She headed back to her home when she heard a sound down Main Street.

She turned around and glanced down Main Street. She saw that Stagecoach ride into town.

She rushed down Main Street heading to the Marshal's Office. She had a huge smile on her face.

The Stagecoach stopped by the Marshall's office at the same time Chrissy ran up to it.

The door of the Stagecoach opened while Billy and Mickey climbed down from the top.

Dalton, James, and Ernie got out of the Stagecoach.

Chrissy saw they were dirty and tired. "Welcome back," she said to Dalton.

"Thanks. I'm glad I'm back," he said.

Chrissy leaned in and gave him a light kiss on the lips.

"How was the trip?"

"Long, dusty, yet still exciting," said Dalton.

"We're getting a room at the hotel," said Billy. "Then we'll pull out in the morning."

“Okay and nice meeting you,” said Dalton then he shook Billy and Mickey’s hand.

“We’re heading home,” said James with Ernie nodding in agreement.

“Thanks for your help, guys,” said Dalton and shook their hands.

Billy and Mickey headed off toward the hotel while James and Ernie headed off to the residential area.

“I’m in dire need of a bath,” said Dalton. “Then I need some sleep.”

Dalton and Chrissy walked away and headed to the bath house.

She gave him a light kiss on the lips. “I’ll see you in the morning for breakfast?”

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world,” he said and gave her another kiss on the lips. “I really missed you.”

“I also missed you,” said Chrissy then gave him a smile and walked away heading back to her home.

Dalton went inside the bath house.

While Dalton took his bath to wash off days of trail dust off his body, Chrissy was under her covers. She fell asleep with a smile on her face knowing Dalton was safe.

After his bath, Dalton returned to the Marshal’s Office.

He headed over to the hotel and got a room. There wasn’t any sense in sleeping in the Marshal’s Office since nobody was locked up in the cells at this time.

Dalton fell asleep with a smile on his face knowing he was back in Oak Creek with Chrissy.

Chapter 36

An hour had passed. It was still Monday night around eleven.

Dalton woke up in his hotel bed. He was suddenly wide - wake and decided to take a stroll around town. He was still tired from his Stagecoach ride but too tired to stay asleep. So he decided to take a walk in the cool night air thinking that would make him sleepy.

He got out of the bed and got dressed. He left his room and then the hotel.

Dalton walked down Main Street and saw that the Prickly Cactus Saloon had a few customers playing poker and drinking beer.

He walked past the Prickly Cactus and headed off to the residential area.

He walked past Chrissy's house. He didn't notice anything unusual.

He walked a little farther down the street then turned around.

He walked a little farther then he saw something. He saw a shadowy figure peeking in a window at Chrissy's house. This shadowy figure was trying to climb inside Chrissy's house through her bedroom window. "GET OUT OF THERE!" he yelled out.

The shadowy figure Deke got startled and dropped to the ground landing on his butt. He sprang up to his boots knowing someone saw him. Deke ran over and hopped in his saddle not missing a beat.

He raced his horse away and saw the Town Marshal Dalton Trevor standing in the street close to Chrissy's house.

“STOP!” yelled Dalton while he whipped his pistol out of its holster. He fired a warning shot in the air. “STOP!”

Deke’s horse galloped away from Chrissy’s house.

Dalton thought he recognize that cowboy on the horse when Deke’s horse headed away from her house. But it was dark and he wasn’t one hundred percent sure. But he did see a blue bandana tied to the saddle. He knew this creep was one of Blue Ear’s gang members. “STOP!” he said and fired off another shot just missing Deke’s head.

FUCK! Deke cried out in his head when he heard the bullet zing inches from his left ear. “Yah!” he yelled out and slapped the reins on his horse to make him go faster so the next bullet wouldn’t be luckier.

Dalton decided not to fire again and watched while the creepy stranger on the horse galloped away.

People from the nearby homes stepped out of their front doors. They wanted to know why someone yelling and gunfire woke them up.

Chrissy walked out of her front door. She was also curious. She saw Dalton in the street putting his pistol back in his holster. “What’s going on?” she said while she rushed over to Dalton.

Dalton looked at Chrissy and knew that she didn’t know some guy was trying to break in her house. “Oh, some guy looked a little suspicious. I told him to stop but he rode off on his horse,” he said not wanting her to worry.

“Oh. But why the gunshot?”

“A warning shot when he didn’t stop.”

“Is everything alright?” said one of Chrissy’s neighbors.

“Everything’s good. Just a suspicious character. He’s gone and I don’t think he’ll be back.”

The neighbors all went back inside their homes.

“Why are you walking around this late at night?”

“I couldn’t sleep. I guess that ride to Yuma and back was exhausting yet also exhilarating. So I decided to take a walk in the night air.”

Chrissy got an idea. “Why don’t you sleep in my house?”

Dalton smiled at that idea. “That would be nice.”

Dalton and Chrissy went back inside her home.

Once they got in her bedroom he stripped down to his tee shirt and underwear. She stripped down to her panties and bra.

They got under the covers and cuddled.

They were soon fast asleep with smiles on their faces.

Thirty minutes passed and Deke rode his horse back into Blue Earl’s hideout.

He got out of the saddle of his horse and tied the reins to a bush.

He walked over to where his fellow outlaws were sleeping on their bedrolls in the dirt.

“Did you behave?” said Blue Earl when he saw Deke lay on his bedrolls.

Deke glanced over at his brother. “Yep. I behaved,” he said and hoped that that Oak Creek Town Marshal didn’t recognize him.

“Good. Cause we hit Oak Creek tomorrow. Now get some sleep,” said Blue Earl and he closed his eyes.

Deke closed his eyes but all he could think about was Chrissy. Then he recalled that bulled that zinged over his head. The more he thought about that the more he got pissed.

Fucking Marshal! He cried out in his head thinking that that Marshal Trevor almost killed him tonight and ruined his chance with Chrissy.

Blue Earl was soon asleep but Deke was pissed with Marshall Trevor so he tossed and turned on his bedroll. *Almost killed me!* He yelled in his head while he tossed and turned.

The sun rose above the horizon. It was Tuesday morning, October 2nd, 1883.

Dalton and Chrissy got out of bed and got dressed for another day of work in Oak Creek.

They left her home and walked away heading into town.

They walked straight to the restaurant and immediately got seated and ordered some eggs and coffee.

“Good morning Miss Barron, and welcome back Marshal Trevor,” said Mayor Mason while he walked up to their table. “How did it go?”

The waiter brought them a cup of coffee then walked away after setting the cups in front of them.

“Well, it was off to a rocky start,” said Dalton.

Chrissy curiously glanced over at Dalton.

“Rocky start? How’s that?” said Mayor Mason.

“We camped during the first night of travel. During my watch, Jimmy Templeton and two other guys snuck into our camp when I had to relieve myself away from the camp and by the Gila River.”

“That doesn’t sound that rocky,” said Mayor Mason.

“It will,” said Dalton and he took a sip of coffee. “I went back to the campsite and saw Charlie Chandler was gone. I woke everybody up.”

“Gone?” said Mayor Mason thinking they lost a prisoner. “He escaped?”

“I found him,” said Dalton.

“Whew,” said Mayor Mason looking relieved. “Where was he? Relieving himself?”

“No. He was about to be shot by Jimmy Templeton.”

“Jimmy Templeton? The same guy we had locked up and released?”

“The very same,” said Dalton.

“Did he kill Charlie?” said Mayor Mason.

“No, I, ah, I,” said Dalton and paused while he took another cup of coffee. “No, I shot and killed Jimmy. We buried him there in the desert,” he said and didn’t look proud that he killed a man.

“Did you get Chandler to Yuma?” said Mayor Mason.

“Yeah, he’s in a jail cell as we speak,” said Dalton.

“Good,” said Mayor Mason. “I’ll stop buy your office later this morning for your extra pay for taking him to Yuma,” he said then looked at Chrissy. “Good day, Ma-am,” he added then walked away from the table.

The waiter brought them their plates of eggs with bacon. It was quiet while Dalton and Chrissy ate their breakfast. After they finished their breakfast Dalton escorted Chrissy over to the schoolhouse.

“You really killed a man?” said Chrissy once they left the restaurant and walked across Main Street.

“I didn’t have a choice, Chrissy. I’m not proud of doing that.”

“Well, you’re a Marshal. And Marshal’s often have to kill the bad guys. I would prefer you killing him than him killing you,” said Chrissy.

“Yeah, I know it but still don’t like that part of being a Marshall,” he said.

“It goes with the job,” said Chrissy while they walked up to the entrance of the schoolhouse.

“I guess you’re right,” said Dalton then he gazed in Chrissy’s eyes. “Have a good day with reading, writing, and arithmetic,” he said then gave her a light kiss on the lips.

“Have a good day keeping Oak Creek safe,” she said with a warm smile.

Chrissy headed off to the door of the school while Dalton walked off and headed to the Marshal’s Office.

Dalton went inside the Marshal’s Office. He saw Zeke sitting at his desk drinking a cup of coffee.

“Welcome back, Marshal. How was the trip to Yuma?”

“It started off rocky,” said Dalton while he walked over to his desk.

“How’s that?” said Zeke a little curious.

“We stopped off and camped out the first night,” said Dalton while he walked over to his desk, grabbed his coffee cup and headed over to the pot belly stove. “During my watch, I headed over to the Gila River to take a piss,” he said while he poured a cup of coffee.

Zeke found the story boring so far and yawned.

“Then I went back to where we were sleeping and found Charlie Chandler missing,” said Dalton while he walked over to his desk with his cup of coffee.

Zeke’s interest peaked a little. “He escaped?”

“I thought that at first. But when I woke up everybody we found Charlie on his knees with Jimmy Templeton pointing a gun to Charlie’s head,” said Dalton while he sat down at this desk.

“Jimmy Templeton. Figures. He would try to kill Charlie Chandler for testifying against Bart Stone,” said Zeke. “Did Jimmy kill Charlie?”

“No, I shot Jimmy before he had the chance.”

“Dead?”

“Yes. We buried him in the desert in an unmarked grave.”

“Well, as far as I’m concerned, those outlaws don’t deserve a marked grave,” said Zeke.

“Funny thing is that there were two guys with Jimmy. They looked familiar.”

“How familiar?” said Zeke.

“They looked like some of the guys I saw hanging around with Blue Earl.”

“Blue Earl? Don’t know him.”

“Outlaw gang that hung around the New Mexico territory,” said Dalton.

“And now they’re in our area?”

“Appears,” said Dalton.

“Guess we’ll have to keep an eagle eye out for them,” said Zeke and looked forward for a little action.

“Yeah. We’ll keep an eagle eye out for them,” said Dalton while he took a sip of his coffee.

“Oh, some young kid dropped off an envelope yesterday. I put it in the top drawer of your desk.”

Dalton opened up the top drawer of his desk. He removed the large envelope and was curious as to what was inside. He opened it and removed a photograph. He smiled when he saw it was the picture of Chrissy and him taken at the

Gilbert Photography Store in Stone Valley. He put the picture back in the envelope and placed it back in the top drawer of his desk. He kicked back and drank his coffee.

Way over at Blue Earl's hideout, Blue Earl and his gang was up from their bedrolls and getting ready for today.

An hour had passed.

Dalton and Zeke returned to the Marshal's Office from making a walk around town. It was peaceful.

Zeke made another pot of coffee. After it perked they sat at their desks and chatted. Dalton had to react quickly to answer Zeke's questions about his life before coming to Oak Creek. So far he felt that he was able to bluff Zeke.

But while they chatted, they didn't notice Blue Earl and his gang riding into town on horses. In fact nobody walking on both sides of Main Street thought anything about these guys. They figured they would ride up to the Prickly Cactus Saloon, as they have in the past visits.

Blue Earl and his gang rode their horses up to the bank. But their blue bandanas were not tied to their saddles. They were tied around their necks.

They got out of their saddles and didn't tie the reins to the hitching post.

Blue Earl glanced around the street. It was quiet. He glanced over at his guys. They all nodded back that they were ready and placed their blue bandanas over their mouths and noses.

Blue Earl, Hank, Frankie and Bo stormed inside the bank.

Deke remained outside to keep an eye up and down Main Street out for any threats to their heist.

Back at the Marshal's Office...

Dalton got restless. "I'm going to take another walk around town," he said getting up from his desk.

"Okay," said Zeke while Dalton walked to the door and leave the office.

Dalton started walking off down Main Street and noticed it was quiet.

He got closer to the bank. Something caught his eye that appeared out of order. It was a cowboy standing by the front door of the bank. The cowboy wore a blue bandana covering his nose and mouth. *Blue Earl's gang!* He cried out in his head. *They're robbing the bank!*

Deke saw Dalton the second Dalton whipped his Colt 45 from his holster. His blood boiled and as usual, his temper drove his actions. "Asshole! You almost killed me last night!" he yelled out while he whipped out his pistol from his holster.

Inside the bank...

Blue Earl's head spun around to the windows of the bank when he heard Deke. "What the fuck is my daffy brother up to?" he quietly said knowing his brother is probably doing something stupid. But they were in the middle of this heist and he couldn't go outside.

Outside on Main Street...

A bullet zinged inches past Dalton's right shoulder killing a window of the Prickly Cactus Saloon. The cowboys inside hit the floor for cover.

All the town folk on Main Street ducked inside the nearest buildings for cover.

"Fucking creep!" said Dalton the second he recognized that that was the guy that tried to sneak into Chrissy's home last night. He fired off a shot from his Colt 45.

Dalton's bullet hit Deke's cowboy hat flinging it off his head.

"Asshole!" yelled out Deke and he fired off another shot.

This bullet killed another window of the Prickly Cactus. The cowboys inside hugged the wooden floor for safety.

Dalton fired off another shot from his Colt 45.

Deke stood there stunned then he dropped to the wooden sidewalk. He was dead from a bullet straight into his heart.

Zeke raced down Main Street with a Winchester rifle in hand. "What the hell is going on?" he said the second he got to Dalton.

“Blue Earl’s gang is robbing the bank. I shot one of them,” said Dalton.

Zeke looked across the street at the bank and saw the dead outlaw sprawled out on the wooden sidewalk.

The doors of the bank slammed opened and Blue Earl, Frankie, Hank, and Bo rushed out. Blue Earl had the cloth bag with today’s booty in his left hand.

Blue Earl saw Deke on his back on the wooden sidewalk. Motionless. He knelt down by Deke’s body.

“Put your hands up in the air!” yelled out Dalton from across the street by the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

Frankie, Hank, and Bo started firing their pistols at Dalton and Zeke while Blue Earl felt for a pulse on Deke.

Dalton and Zeke ducked for cover behind the water trough. The shots killed the rest of the windows at the Prickly Cactus.

Dalton and Zeke returned fire.

One bullet hit Bo in his right arm. He dropped to his knees in pain.

Blue Earl was pissed. His younger brother was dead.

Hank, and Frankie rushed over to their horses while firing their pistols. They jumped up in the saddles.

Bo painfully got back in his saddle while Frankie and Hank covered.

Dalton and Zeke hid behind the water trough while bullets zinged above their heads hitting the wall of the Prickly Cactus.

“We need to get the fuck out of here,” Frankie yelled at Blue Earl.

Blue Earl grabbed the cloth bag at the same time he fired his pistol at the water trough.

He kept on firing his pistol while he rushed over to this horse. He continued firing while he jumped in his saddle.

Blue Earl, Frankie, Hank, and Bo raced their horses down the street. Blue Earl, Frankie, and Hank turned around firing their pistols at Dalton and Zeke who remained behind the water trough for cover.

They raced their horses out of Oak Creek.

Oak Creek was quiet except for the smoke that lingered in the air from the gunfight.

The town folk slowly started coming out of the buildings.

Dalton and Zeke cautiously stood up from behind the water trough.

Chrissy and her students slowly came out of the schoolhouse. Chrissy saw Dalton and Zeke standing by the Prickly Cactus.

She ran off down the street and headed to the saloon.

Dalton and Zeke glanced down Main Street and saw that the Blue Earl gang was gone and out of sight.

Dalton saw Deke dead on the wooden sidewalk. "I killed another man," he said and didn't feel good about that.

"It was him or us," said Zeke.

Dalton nodded in agreement with Zeke.

Mayor Mason ran down Main Street heading to the Prickly Cactus.

"What happened?" he said the second he got to Dalton.

Chrissy ran up to Dalton.

"The Blue Earl gang robbed the bank," said Zeke.

Mayor Mason looked over at the bank. He saw a body on the sidewalk. "Looks like one didn't make it."

"Marshal Trevor got him," said Zeke.

Chrissy looked at Dalton. "I'm glad you're not hurt," she said and gave him a kiss on his cheek.

The bartender from the Prickly Cactus stepped outside. "We need Doc Bartholomew in here. I have two wounded patrons," he said.

"I'll go get the Doc then get Harvey over here to pick up that dead outlaw," said Mayor Mason.

Mayor Mason rushed way away and headed straight to Doc Bartholomew's office.

The patrons from inside the bank slowly came outside.

Doc Bartholomew stepped out of his office when it was quiet.

Mayor Mason rushed over to Doc Bartholomew and told him about the wounded patrons in the Prickly Cactus Saloon.

Doc Bartholomew rushed back inside his office to get his medical bag.

Mayor Mason rushed over to Harvey's shop.

Rodney the bank teller and some of the bank's customers walked out of the bank. They all saw Deke's dead body on the wooden sidewalk.

Dalton and Zeke walked over from the saloon.

Dalton didn't say anything. He just looked down at Deke's dead body.

Chrissy walked up to Dalton. She looked at Deke's dead body. She turned around and walked away heading back to the schoolhouse.

Doc Bartholomew rushed over and went inside the Prickly Cactus Saloon with his medical bag in hand.

Dalton and Zeke walked away when they spotted Harvey riding his horse and wagon down the street heading to the bank.

While Dalton and Zeke walked back to the office they stopped at the General Store. Something caught their eyes. They saw a sign in the window. The sign read "Store For Sale Due To Ill Health. \$1,000"

"Look, he's selling the store," said Dalton.

"How about that," said Zeke.

They walked away and headed back to the Marshal's Office.

While Blue Earl and his gang galloped through the desert back to their hideaway, tears ran down his cheek.

Back in Oak Creek, Harvey and a helper picked up Deke's dead body and placed it in his wagon.

He got up on his horse and rode his wagon to his shop to bury him in an unmarked grave.

Dalton was back in the Marshal's Office with Zeke. They remained quiet while they sat at their desks drinking coffee.

While he sipped his coffee, Dalton thought about that sign he saw in the window of the General Store.

Off in the desert, Blue Earl and his gang galloped their horses back to their hideout. They got out of their saddles and tied the reins of their horses to bushes. Everybody was quiet.

But Blue Earl was fuming. “That fucking Marshal killed my brother. **THAT MARSHAL KILLED MY BROTHER!**” yelled out Blue Earl with a reddened face and neck veins about to burst. His yelling echoed in the desert.

Frankie, Bo, and Hank remained quiet. They knew from experience to keep their mouths shut when Blue Earl was about to blow a gasket.

Blue Earl stormed around kicking the desert flinging up dirt over the loss of his kid brother. He was fuming!

An hour had passed.

It was quiet in Oak Creek and everybody was back to their usual routine.

Chrissy and Dalton ate dinner at the restaurant. Dalton was quiet as today’s shooting was on his mind.

After they ate they took a stroll around Oak Creek.

“Well, you’re sure having some excitement as the Town Marshal,” said Chrissy.

“I know. I didn’t think I would have this much to deal with.”

“Can you imagine what a daily routine would be like as a cop in our time?”

Dalton thought for a few seconds. “Ten times the excitement. But I don’t know if I would handle all that excitement everyday,” he said and thought for a few seconds. “The old west is still more peaceful than our time. Look at all the crazies we have back there.” “All those sexual predators harming kids,” he said.

“I know,” said Chrissy.

Dalton and Chrissy walked by Master’s General Store. They saw a sign in the window. The sign read “Store For Sale Due To Ill Health. \$1,000.”

“Look, he’s selling the General Store,” said Chrissy.

“I know,” said Dalton. “I saw it earlier with Zeke.” He glanced back at the sign. “A thousand dollars isn’t bad for buying a business,” he added.

Chrissy nodded in agreement.

They walked away and Dalton again thought about that sign in the General Store’s window.

Back at Blue Earl’s hideaway...

Blue Earl, Frankie, Hank, and Bo got in the saddles of their horses and rode away from their hideout and into the desert. Blue Earl was still fuming.

Back in Oak Creek...

Dalton and Chrissy continued their walk around the town and eventually headed back to her house.

They walked by Lincoln’s Tailor & Dressmaker Shop at the same time Edith and Lester were leaving their shop.

Edith saw Chrissy. “Miss Barron, I’m glad I ran into you. I wanted to let you know that your dress will be ready in a couple of hours,” she said. “I still have some finishing touches,” she added.

“That’s good,” said Chrissy.

“I hear you killed an outlaw today,” said Lester.

“Yes sir. One of the Blue Earl gang members.”

“Well, thank you for keeping our town safe,” said Lester.

“You’re welcome,” said Dalton.

“Good evening,” said Lester and he and Edith walked away and headed over to the restaurant.

Dalton and Chrissy walked away.

“What dress is she talking about?” said Dalton.

“My wedding dress,” said Chrissy with a smile, as she couldn’t wait to see it tomorrow evening.

Dalton smiled again over the thought of marrying Chrissy.

“Spend the night with me,” said Chrissy. “There’s nobody in the jail.”

“It would be my pleasure,” he said and they walked off toward the residential area.

When they got inside her house they sat around the living room. They chatted about how their vacation was going so far and how much they loved the old west. They also chatted about the wedding dress and a little about their wedding in the future.

An hour had passed.

Dalton and Chrissy retired to the bedroom.

They got undressed and slipped under the covers of the bed.

Ten minutes had passed...

Dalton's eyes widened when he remembered something. "I forgot. There's something in the Marshal's Office you need to see," he said getting out of the bed.

"What?"

"You'll see. I'll be back in a flash," said Dalton while he got redressed.

Dalton rushed out of her bedroom leaving her a little bewildered as to what was so important that it couldn't wait until morning.

She noticed that he left his holster hanging on the back of the chair in the bedroom. She didn't think anything of that. She waited for his return curious as to what he rushed off to get.

Dalton rushed out of her house and rushed off down the street.

An hour had passed.

Dalton hadn't come back to her house and Chrissy got concerned.

She got out of her bed, and got dressed.

She left her house and walked away to Main Street.

Main Street was quiet and Chrissy didn't see Dalton walking back to her house.

She walked to the Marshal's Office. She went inside and saw nobody was inside. She got worried and left the Marshal's Office.

Chrissy walked back to her home.

She sat on the couch and waited. She waited and waited for Dalton to return.

The sun rose above the horizon. It was Wednesday morning.

Chrissy still waited on her couch. Dalton still didn't come home. She was worried to death.

She got up off her couch and rushed out of her home.

She rushed down the street.

She rushed down Main Street and headed straight for the Marshall's Office.

She went inside the Marshal's Office silently praying she would find Dalton there. He wasn't. She only found Zeke inside making a pot of coffee on the pot belly stove.

"Have you seen Dalton?" said Chrissy.

Zeke looked at her and noticed the worry in her eyes.

"Not yet. I figured he would be here any minute," he said and looked concerned. "What happened?"

"He left my house last night. Saying something about getting something for me to see from the Marshal's Office. He left without his pistol and never returned," she said and a tear from her right eye ran down her cheek.

"What could he have wanted you to see here at the office?" said Zeke in a quiet tone. His eyes widened recalling something. "Wait, there was this envelope delivered yesterday," he said and walked over to Clint's desk.

He opened up the middle drawer thinking that it would be okay since Dalton is apparently missing. He removed the envelope. "Maybe this might be what he came for," he said and handed Chrissy the envelope.

She opened it and removed the picture. She saw it was the picture they had taken at Gilbert's Photography Store in Stone Valley. More tears ran down her cheek.

Zeke saw the tears. "Let's go talk to Mayor Mason," she told her. "I think I know where the Mayor is at this moment."

Chrissy nodded and they walked out of the Marshal's Office. She held onto the photograph.

Zeke and Chrissy walked rushed down Main Street and headed to the restaurant.

Then went inside and Zeke immediately saw Mayor Mason eating breakfast at his normal table.

They walked over to his table. "Good Morning, Miss Barron," said Mayor Mason and stood up. "And good morning, Deputy," he added. "How can I help you?"

"Mayor, Marshal Trevor has apparently gone missing," said Zeke.

"Missing?" said Mayor Mason. "How do you know?"

"He left my house last night. Saying something about needing to get something from the Marshal's Office. Something I needed to see," said Chrissy and held up the photograph.

"You say he never returned?" said Mayor Mason, as he started to get a little worried.

"No sir. He even left his pistol at by home."

"Oh my, that is concerning. Very concerning," said Mayor Mason while he sat back down in his chair. "Why is it that all of a sudden we keep on losing our Town Marshals," he added then thought on what should be done. His eyes widened. "I know, I'll have someone go get Merijildo. Maybe he'll find Dalton," said Mayor Mason. "Yeah, we'll go get Merijildo."

"Who?" Chrissy asked.

"An Indian tracker. The best in the territory," said Zeke. "I'll go with him."

"Very good, I'll put that in work," said Mayor Mason while he stood up. "Don't worry my dear, we'll find Dalton," he said. "Good day," he added then walked away from the table.

Zeke and Chrissy left the restaurant.

"Where will you be today?" said Zeke.

"At the schoolhouse."

"Ah yes. I'll come get you when we find Dalton," said Zeke and he rushed away and headed to the Marshal's Office.

Chrissy headed to the schoolhouse where her students were already waiting at their desks for today's lesson.

But Chrissy had a hard time teaching today. She kept eying the front door of the schoolhouse for Zeke and Dalton to appear. That didn't happen.

She returned to her home after school ended and waited for Dalton to show up. That didn't happen. She cried.

Chapter 37

It was back in 2016. Friday, September 30th and it was a day after Dalton and Chrissy left for 1883.

John Mathers entered his classroom with his briefcase in hand.

“Good morning, students,” he said while he walked up to his desk in the front of the room. He set his briefcase on his desk and opened it. He removed his “Arizona Old Western Marshals and Outlaws” textbook from the briefcase.

“Okay, let’s start today’s discussion on the famous outlaw Blue Earl Olson, or otherwise know as Blue Earl,” he said while setting the textbook on his desk and opened it up.

He flipped to the page that started the historical count of Blue Earl Olson and his gang.

He glanced down at the page and opened his mouth to start his lecture. He frowned, as something on this page got him extremely curious.

He looked at a picture of the Blue Earl gang that was taken in the New Mexico territory town of Cactus City a week before he killed the Town Marshal during a bank robbery. The picture had the names of everybody.

He turned the page and saw an article and another picture. It was an article that got him extremely concerned.

He did a double take at the picture and the article with another picture below it. He picked up the book and stared at the page. His eyes widened with shock. “Shit!” he cried out and shoved the textbook back in his briefcase and slammed it shut. He looked up at this student. “Class dismissed for today,” he blurted out then grabbed his briefcase and bolted to the door.

The students sat in disbelief while they watched John rush out of the classroom. They all sat there for a few seconds to see if their professor would return. John didn't return so they slowly got up and left the classroom.

John rushed out of the building then ran through the campus.

While he ran through the campus, he thought he saw someone. He thought it was Chrissy. She extremely depressed while she moped down the sidewalk. She looked depressed. It was Chrissy and she was on her way to drop of this college.

He ran after her but soon lost her amongst all the other students walking around campus.

He turned around and ran though the campus in the opposite direction of where he spotted Chrissy.

He ran to the Facility Parking lot and ran over to his car.

He got inside his car, started it up, screeched in reverse then screeched away.

John's car made a screeching turn out of the parking lot and raced down the street.

He raced his car through the streets of Phoenix whipping around the traffic missing a few cars by inches.

He later pulled into a driveway of a home.

He got out of his car with his textbook in hand and rushed to the front door of the house. He knocked on it.

After a few seconds the front door opened. Clint was standing in the doorway. "Hi John, what brings you here?" he said and noticed John's concerned look in his eyes.

"I have to show you something. Something really important," he said while he held up his textbook.

"You want to give me a history lesson?"

"No, history has changed," said John and he forced his way past Clint.

Clint closed his front door.

"What is so important?" he said while he watched John sit down on his ouch.

“Let me show you,” said John while he opened up his book to the section on Blue Earl Olson.

Clint thought about that name while he walked over and sat on the couch next to John. “I recalled hearing about an outlaw named Blue Earl. Roamed the New Mexico territory, as I recall,” he said looking at the textbook.

“You would be correct,” said John.

“Okay, it’s about Blue Earl. Old news,” he said.

“No. Look at this picture,” said John while he pointed at a picture in the book.

Clint looked and saw a picture of Dalton and Chrissy. It was the picture taken at Gilbert’s Photography Store in Stone Valley. “So?” Clint said a little disinterested.

“Look at the text below that picture. It states that Oak Creek Town Marshal Dalton Trevor was shot and killed by members of Blue Earl’s gang. It was in retaliation for Marshal Trevor shooting and killing Deke Olson during the robbery of the Oak Creek bank on October second, eighteen eighty-three.”

Clint looked at the article. “The Marshal of Oak Creek after me was killed. That’s too bad,” he said.

“His body was found beaten with a bullet to the head in the Superstition Mountains two days after the bank robbery,” added John.

“Savages,” said Clint. “But not like the monsters you have around here today committing crimes.”

“You don’t understand. Look closer at this picture and the caption below it. It states that it’s Dalton Trevor and his fiancé Chrissy Barron.”

“I’m not following your concern.”

“Okay, remember when we were at the Police Museum? And that young guy and girl came up to us?”

Clint thought for a few seconds. “Okay, but what does this have to do with them?”

“Remember how they said that I looked like the Kissing Bandit outlaw and how you looked like the Oak Creek Town Marshal Clint Bartley?”

Clint thought about that for a few seconds. "I remember," he said then started to sense something was strange about that photograph in the textbook.

"That's a picture of them," said John. "That's the Dalton Trevor and Chrissy Barron that were in my class. They are the same ones that approached us at the museum. They are the same ones that haven't been in my class recently. Understand what I'm getting at?"

Clint thought about that for a few seconds.

"You know, I had this strange flashback a few days ago. It was my hanging and I had this overwhelming feeling that I saw Dalton and Chrissy in the crowd watching me," said John.

His eyes lit up when it finally dawned on him. "They used Crazy Hole?" "To go back to eighteen eighty-three?"

"That's what I'm thinking. They went back and this Dalton Trevor became your replacement," said John.

Clint glanced back down at the textbook. "My dead replacement."

"It states it was believed he was killed around October third, eighteen eighty-three," said John. "They used an Indian tracker to find him after he went missing from Oak Creek."

"Merijildo," said Clint with a smile thinking about his old friend.

"He was killed less than two weeks after we left. He wasn't Marshal for very long."

"What a shame," said Clint and he always hated to hear news of a Marshal being killed. "What a shame."

John looked like he had an idea ready to burst out. "We need to change that," he said.

"Change what?"

"We need to change history."

"Change history. What do you mean?" said Clint then he thought about his question for a few seconds. It dawned on him. "No, I know what you're getting at and, No!"

“Look at the caption. Chrissy Barron was his fiancé. They were going to be married,” said John hoping that would hit a soft spot in Clint’s heart.

“His fiancé?”

“Yes, his fiancé,” said John. “We can’t let this remain a permanent part of history. This kid was nice. He doesn’t deserve to be dead so soon. Doesn’t deserve to be dead in the old west. He needs to be back here. Married to Chrissy Barron,” said John and he looked serious.

“We can’t go back. We’re ten years older. And you’re the Kissing Bandit. The people of Oak Creek might recognize you,” said Clint. “Don’t forget you’re still a wanted man back then.”

John glanced down at his textbook. He turned the page. “There’s something else you should read,” he said.

Clint glanced down at the book. He saw where Blue Earl and his gang shot and killed Rusty Moore the Marshal of Mountain Rock on October fifth, eighteen eighty three during a bank robbery. “So I don’t remember this Rusty Moore.”

“He owned the horse ranch where I would rent horses. He went through Crazy Hole to become a Marshal back in eighteen eighty-three,” said John and he paused. “History had it that he stayed there with a career in law enforcement and died in nineteen fifteen. I’m thinking Crazy Hole moved up his death because of Blue Earl.”

“I still don’t think we should go back,” said Clint and he looked like he was sure about this.

John turned the page. “Blue Earl and his gang killed Merijildo,” he said.

Clint snatched the book out of John’s hands. He read how Blue Earl and his gang killed Merijildo because they hated Indians with a passion. He looked pissed then saddened. “I’ll go,” said Clint with an air of revenge in his tone.

John looked a little concerned. “But I’m probably still wanted as the Kissing Bandit,” he said and started to realize this would be a mistake.

Clint thought about what he said for a few seconds. "Well, we are ten years older. Meaning that in eighteen eighty-three we aged ten years in less than two weeks. We could be different people. Nobody will think you're the Kissing Bandit and I'm Marshal Bartley. We look older," he said the more he thought about it the more he thought it would work. "We should use different names." "And besides, I now have a moustache."

"Being ten years older might work. And we would wear different clothes and you wouldn't wear your badge," said John.

"Yeah, I should leave the badge here," said Clint.

"Good, it's settled, we'll go back," said John while he stood up from the couch with the textbook in his hand.

Clint walked him to the door.

"So, are we still on for pizza tonight with the wives?" said Clint while he opened up the front door.

"We are," said John.

"We'll have to run this buy the wives tonight," said Clint.

John thought about that for a few seconds. "Here's comes the hard part. I'll see you later," he said and left house.

Clint closed the front door.

He walked over and sat down at his piano at the bench. He placed his fingers in the Ivory keys to play a song. He started to play a song. He stopped. It wasn't in his heart to play.

He got up off the piano bench and walked out of his living room.

He left the living room and went into the den.

He headed straight to the computer and started an Internet search on an outlaw named Blue Earl Olson.

Some results appeared on his search for "Outlaw Blue Earl Olson." He clicked on the first link.

An historical website on the outlaw life of Blue Earl Olson appeared.

Clint started reading the pages on Blue Earl.

He read on the third page about how Blue Earl shot and killed Carl Kent, who was the Town Marshal of Cactus City in

the New Mexico Territory. Clint looked sad because he knew Carl. He heard rumors that Carl was killed when he was in 1883 but couldn't confirm it. This Internet article just confirmed it.

Clint went to the fourth page. His eyes widened in shock when he read the article about Merijildo being shot and killed in the desert while he was paid to track down Blue Earl after Blue Earl shot and killed Rusty Moore the Town Marshal of Mountain Ridge.

Clint's eyes welled up. He missed his old friend.

He clicked on the fifth page and read how Blue Earl and his gang committed four other murders. One in Rattlesnake, two in Stone Valley and one in Mountain Rock. They shot innocent people during bank and stagecoach robberies. The article stated that Blue Earl and his gang left that area and that Blue Earl had his whereabouts were unknown. It was not known when he died or when the other members of his gang died.

But Clint figured they changed names and methods and probably continued their outlaw ways elsewhere. He hated these outlaws with a passion that was stirred up again by reading this article.

It was Friday night and still September 30th, 2016.

Clint and Alicia just arrived at John and Angie's house.

After the pizza arrived from Dusty Trails Pizza Company and the bottles of Oak Creek beer were removed from the fridge, they sat in the living room.

They opened their bottles of beer.

But before they started to munch on their pizza, John popped a in the DVD player.

"What are we watching tonight?" said Angie while she opened up one of the boxes of pizza.

Her question was answered when she saw the *Back to the Future III* movie menu appeared.

"Back to the Future three? Why are we watching that tonight?" said Angie.

Alicia nodded in agreement with Angie's question.

John and Clint looked at each other for a few seconds.

Angie and Alicia could sense something was up hence that movie. "Okay, what's going on?" said Alicia.

"There's something we need to talk about. It's an important problem I just discovered earlier today while in class," said John while he clicked on "Play" for the DVD.

"What's this important problem you need to discuss?" said Alicia.

John grabbed his textbook off the coffee table. He strategically placed it there an hour ago. He opened up the page he bookmarked. "I had two students in my class named Dalton Trevor and Chrissy Barron."

"So?" said Alicia with Angie nodding in agreement.

"To keep it short and sweet. They learned about Crazy Hole," said John.

Alicia and Angie looked at each other and knew where this was going.

"And they traveled back to Oak Creek," said Clint.

"Yes. They traveled back yesterday. And then I had this strange flashback. It had this overwhelming feeling that they might have been in the crowd at my hanging," said John.

"And then this Dalton kid became the Town Marshal of Oak Creek immediately after I left to come here," said Clint.

"Did they come back and tell you about going through Crazy Hole?" said Angie.

"No. Dalton was killed by another outlaw gang led by Blue Earl Olson and it was in retaliation for Dalton killing Blue Earl's younger brother during a bank holdup in Oak Creek," said John.

Alicia and Angie looked at each other and they both had the same deduction.

"So what you're leading to, is that you want us to go back and save this Dalton kid?" said Alicia. "Go back to Oak Creek?"

“Exactly,” said John. “With your marksman skill, I think we can save his life,” he said to Alicia.

“I don’t know,” said Angie.

“Yeah, I’m done with time traveling,” said Alicia. “Why do you want to go back?” she asked Clint.

He looked over at Alicia. “When I was the Town Marshal of Oak Creek, I heard rumors that the Town Marshal of Cactus City, in the New Mexico Territory was killed. He was Carl Kent and we were childhood friends in San Francisco. We both headed east to become lawmen. I couldn’t confirm back then that Blue Earl killed Carl. But the Internet confirmed it,” said Clint then he paused and he really looked sad. “Then the Internet also told me that Blue Earl shot and killed Merijildo,” he said while his eyes welled up.

“Merijildo? He killed Merijildo?” said Alicia.

“He did,” said John.

Alicia looked saddened. Even though she only knew Merijildo briefly, she liked him. “I’m in,” she said while she placed her hand on Clint’s hand for comfort.

“Oh yeah, did I say that Dalton was engaged? To Chrissy?” said John hoping that would get that soft spot in their heart.

“Engaged?” said Angie as that caught her attention.

“Never to be married. I can imagine she was heartbroken,” said John to soften them up some more.

“What happened to her?” said Alicia.

Angie looked interested in hearing that answer.

“I believe she returned. I thought I saw her on campus today. But lost her in the crowd. She looked like she had a broken heart,” said John in a soft voice. “Looked so depressed and moped down the sidewalk.” “She lost her loved one,” he added with a sad tone.

“Ohhh,” said Angie feeling sorry for Chrissy.

“That’s so sad,” said Alicia also feeling sorry for Chrissy.

“Don’t know. I think I would have seen her around campus or back in my class,” said John. “So I don’t think that happened.”

“Nobody should die from a broken heart,” said Angie. “Let’s do this.” “But won’t they recognize John, as the Kissing Bandit?” she said looking at John.

“Maybe, but I’m ten years older and when we go back it would be less than two weeks after my escape from the noose,” said John.

“We’ll use different names,” said Clint. “And besides, I have a moustache that can’t look like this in two weeks,” he added.

Angie and Alicia looked at Clint and thought the moustache is believable.

“What names?” said Alicia.

“We’ll come up with some names later,” said Clint.

“So, what’s our plan?” said Angie. “Our plan to save some lives.”

“I haven’t gotten that far yet,” said John.

“We’ll have to think on our feet once we get back to Oak Creek,” said Clint. “All plans don’t normally go as planned.”

“You’re right,” said Alicia.

John and Angie nodded in agreement.

Alicia’s eyes widened remembering something. “I thought we planted some cacti at the opening of Crazy Hole ten years ago?” “So how did they use Crazy Hole?”

“We did and I’m thinking Dalton and Chrissy had to cut them down in order to get inside the cave,” said John.

“Sounds plausible,” said Alicia with Clint and Angie nodding in agreement.

“We better spend Saturday preparing for the trip. We can leave on Sunday,” said John.

Everybody nodded in agreement and they returned to their pizza and beer and *Back to the Future III* movie.

It was an hour into the move. Clint's eyes widened a little. "I haven't shot my pistol in ten years. I need to hit the gun range tomorrow."

"Sounds good to me," said John. "I should get some practice also."

"We'll probably need some clothes," said Angie.

"Yeah, we'll have to go shopping for clothes tomorrow," said Alicia.

They remained quiet during the rest of the movie.

The movie ended.

"What time do you want to meet tomorrow?" said John.

"How about high noon," Clint said.

"Yep, getting ready for the old west with the talk," said Alicia.

Everybody chuckled.

"High noon it is. We'll head off to the gun range and then shop for some clothes," said John.

Everybody nodded they agreed then Clint and Alicia went home.

When they got back, Alicia went into the bathroom to get ready for bed.

Clint was in their bedroom and got undressed to his tee shirt and boxers.

He looked at his closet. He looked at it for a few seconds then walked over to it.

He opened up the bi-fold doors. He reached up and grabbed a cardboard box on the closet shelf. He brought the box down and walked over to his bed.

He opened up the box. It contained his old 1883 clothes, cowboy hat, and his pistol and holster. Also in the box was his old Oak Creek Town Marshal badge. He picked up the badge and glanced at it. Even though it brought back some fond memories Clint still preferred living in the future.

He removed his old 1883 clothes from the box.

He put on his old western clothes. They didn't fit. He gained a little weight during the past years. The shirt was ready

to pop all the buttons. The pants wouldn't button. If they did the button would probably pop off in seconds.

Alicia entered the bedroom. She saw Clint in his clothes ready to pop the entire buttons. She chuckled. "We also need to get you some new clothes."

"I guess I gained a little weight over the past years," he said.

"Yeah, a little," she said and chuckled again.

Clint took off his clothes and dropped them to the floor. He reached back in the box and removed his pistol and gun belt out of the box. He looked at it and smiled at the thought of firing it again. He reached back in his box and removed his Town Marshal badge.

He put the clothes back in the box and placed his pistol and gun belt, and badge, on his dresser.

He returned the box back to the shelf in the closet.

He walked over to the bed and got under the covers with Alicia. They turned off the lamps on the bedside tables.

They were soon fast asleep.

Saturday morning arrived. It was October 1st, 2016.

During breakfast, Alicia called Kent Moore and reserved four horses from his ranch for Sunday and Monday. Even though Clint had been living in the future for ten years, they often went on horseback rides in the desert during the weekends. Alicia loved this to relieve stress from her work as a detective.

After breakfast, everybody met at the Mountain Gun Range.

After an hour of practicing, John practiced with his Colt Peacemaker that he bought when he was the Kissing Bandit,

Alicia used her old western replica piston, while Clint used his old pistol. They felt ready for the old west.

After the gun range, they all headed to a western clothes store. They all bought some jeans, western style shirts, cowboy hats and boots. They didn't mind spending the money, as they

considered this upcoming adventure like a vacation. It would be cheap vacation compared to others.

They headed off to a few coin shops and purchased the cheapest silver dollar coins they could find.

They went to their homes and got relaxed for the rest of Saturday.

Sunday morning arrived. It was October 2nd 2016.

After John, Angie, Clint and Alicia had their breakfast they were getting ready for their trip.

Alicia got her Winchester rifle out of the closet.

Clint put his pistol in the holster of his gun belt.

They both got dressed in their western attire.

Back at John's home, he got his Colt Peacemaker placed in its holster and got dressed along with Angie. He also made a copy of that page about Dalton from his textbook on his printer in the den. He folded the paper and shoved it in his left pocket of his western shirt.

He made a copy of the page that had the picture of the Blue Earl gang with names. He folded that paper and shoved it in his right shirt pocket.

Clint and Alicia got in her Ford Flex SUV and she drove over to John and Angie's house.

Alicia drove over to Kent's Desert Horse Ranch and Stables and parked in the parking lot.

While they got out and headed to Kent's office, they saw a 2005 blue Honda Civic.

"Probably belongs to Dalton and Chrissy," said John while they walked past the Civic.

Clint, Alicia, and Angie nodded in agreement.

They headed off to the office.

"Well hello there, Alicia and Clint. Good to see you again," said Kent when the four of them entered the office.

Kent saw John and Angie. "You two look familiar," he said.

"We came here a few times. It's been a couple of years," said John.

“Ah yes. Let’s see,” said Kent while he looked down at his reservation book. “You have four horses for today and tomorrow.”

“That’s correct,” said Alicia.

“Good, I have four horses left. My other two are out with a nice young couple. They should return later today,” said Kent.

Clint and John glanced at each other. They knew exactly who that young couple were.

“Let’s go get your horses,” said Kent. “They’re ready to ride.”

They followed Kent out of his office.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Clint, John, Angie, and Alicia were sitting in the saddles of their horses.

They rode out of the back gate.

It was a little later and they eventually rode up to the base of Miners Needle and Crazy Hole.

They saw the cut pieces Cereus Peruvian column cacti they planted ten years ago were off to the right side of that huge rock.

They all got out of their saddles of their horses and immediately tied a large piece of cloth over the eyes of their horses.

Clint and John got out their flashlights and they walked their horses single file into Crazy Hole.

They slowly walked deeper and deeper into the dark cave with their flashlight guiding the way.

They continued their trek into Crazy hole when cave tunnel dead-ended. Clint and John shined their flashlights all over the dead end and illuminated a stone imbedded in the cave wall with carved image of a priest holding a cross.

They saw backpacks in the dirt under the priest carving.

“Those backpacks must be from Dalton and Chrissy,” said John.

“Probably,” said Clint.

They all looked at the tunnel to the right.

“Everybody ready for this again?” said John. “Last chance to back out.”

Clint, Angie, and Alicia looked at the tunnel.

“Let’s pray we get there in time,” said Clint while thinking about Merijildo and Dalton.

John took a deep breath the walked into the cave with his horse.

The split second John and his horse entered inside the tunnel, blue plasma light flashed and illuminated all around them. It stung his whole body. The horse whimpered.

“Ahhhh!” John cried out in pain in unison while he walked his horse through the tunnel.

John and his horse walked out of Crazy Hole and he soon realized he was back to 1883.

Clint and his horse walked out of the cave.

Angie and her horse walked out of the cave.

Alicia and her horse walked out of the cave.

“We’re back,” said John.

“Let’s go,” said Clint while he took the blindfold off his horse and got in the saddle of their horses.

John, Angie, and Alicia removed the blindfolds from their horses and got in their saddles of their horses.

They rode off into the 1883 desert returning to Oak Creek.

Chapter 38

It was Tuesday, October 1st, 1883. Again.

John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia rode their horses into Oak Creek.

Seeing the entrance to his old town brought back some fond memories for Clint.

They rode their horses down Main Street.

Some of the town folk were out watching Harvey and a helper pick up Deke's dead body off the wooden sidewalk.

John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia rode their horses down Main Street and saw Harvey and his helper plop Deke's dead body in Harvey's wagon.

Some of the town folk saw the four strangers ride by on their horses.

"Is that Marshal Bartley?" said one old man to his wife.

"Looks like him but he's older," said the man's wife. "And has a moustache."

Another man and his buddy saw the four strangers while outside the Prickly Cactus.

"That guy looks like Marshal Bartley," said the man to his buddy.

The other man looked. "That other guy sorta looks like the Kissing Bandit," he said and looked again. "Naw, he's a little older." "Plus that guy that looks like Bartley has a moustache. Bartley didn't have a moustache."

"Yeah, you're right. They're both older and Marshal Bartley didn't have a moustache," said then man then they both went inside the Prickly Cactus.

They rode their horses up to Felix Willoughby's stable and got out of their saddles.

Clint walked into the stable and saw Felix beating away on a horseshoe on an anvil.

“May I help you,” said Felix when he saw the stranger enter the stable and stopped beating the horseshoe.

“We have four horses we need kept here for the night,” said Clint who wanted to say hello his old acquaintance but wanted to pretend he was a stranger. So he didn’t say anything.

Felix looked at Clint. His eyes widened a little. “Clint? Is that you Marshal Bartley?” said Felix.

“Oh, no sir, I’m not Clint Bartley. I’m,” said Clint and he paused to think of a name. He didn’t plan for this. “I’m,” he said and paused again then recalled some old reruns of a 1950s through 1970s western TV show. “I’m Matt Dillon.”

“Oh, you look like our old Marshal Clint Bartley. But you are a little older than what he was and Clint didn’t have a moustache. But he had a similar scar,” said Felix and shrugged off the feeling. “So, I hear you need to keep four horses here?”

“That’s right.”

“Well, bring them in, I have four stalls available,” said Felix.

After they placed their horses into the stalls and removed their saddles they left the stable.

Felix stood outside the entrance to his stable and watched the four strangers left. “He sure look like Clint. Maybe it’s true with what they say. Everybody has a double somewhere in this world.”

John, Clint, Angie, and Alicia walked down Main Street with more stares on how they looked so familiar.

Mayor Mason walked down the street and saw the four strangers.

He glanced. “Howdy,” he said while he walked by them.

He stopped and turned around. There was something every familiar about those strangers. “Excuse me,” said Mayor Mason while he rushed up to Clint.

Clint, John, Angie, and Alicia all stopped.

Clint saw Mayor Mason. *It's Mayor Mason.* He thought and it was good to see him again.

Mayor Mason looked at Clint. "Clint? Is that you? Clint Bartley?" he said and started to wonder as this guy looked like Clint but was a little older. And Clint didn't have a moustache but his man had a similar scar as what Clint had.

"Ah, no sir, I'm Matt Dillon," said Clint.

John, Angie, Alicia all looked at Clint a little surprised with the name he used.

"But you do look like our old Marshal Clint Bartley."

"Nope. I'm Matt Dillon," said Clint.

Mayor Mason looked confused. This guy looked like Clint Bartley but he was older. "I'm sorry. You look just like our old Town Marshal Clint Bartley."

"Sorry. I'm not that man," said Clint.

"There's a saying that everybody has a double in this world," said John.

Mayor Mason looked at John. His eyes widened a little. "And you look so much like that outlaw the Kissing Bandit."

John faked a chuckle. "Me the kissing bandit? I don't think so. My name is," said John and he hesitated to think of a good cover. "My name is..." "Chester Arness, and this is my wife Kitty," he said placing his arm around Angie's shoulder.

Clint looked at John and tried not to bust out laughing. "And this is my wife Annie," he said.

Mayor Mason looked at the four strangers. "Well, Clint wasn't married and didn't have a moustache." "So, what brings you to my fair town of Oak Creek?" "I'm Mayor Mason."

"We're passing through. Heading to Phoenix. We'll spend the night and head out in the morning," said Clint.

"Well then, enjoy our town," said Mayor Mason. "Good day," he said and walked away.

"He sure looks like Clint," said Mayor Mason then shrugged it off while he headed down Main Street toward the Courthouse to his office.

"Matt Dillon?" said John with a light chuckle.

“And, I’m Kitty?” said Angie. “Why Kitty?”

“Well, he said Matt Dillon and I thought of Kitty from that show,” said John.

“Annie? Why Annie?” said Alicia.

“Thought of Annie Oakley,” said Clint. “You know, the female sharpshooter from the old west.”

Alicia thought about what he said for a few seconds. A proud smile grew on her face being considered the same caliber as Annie Oakley.

“And you’re no Chester,” said Angie at John.

John faked a limp like what the Chester character had in the Gunsmoke TV show.

They all chuckled while they walked down the street.

They walked up to the Marshal’s Office.

“I wonder if we didn’t arrive too late?” said John.

Clint glanced up and down Main Street. “I think we arrived in time,” he said then grabbed the door knob of the door.

Inside the Marshal’s Office, Dalton sat behind his desk. Zeke was out back using the Outhouse. Dalton’s thoughts went back and forth between him killing Deke and that Gus was selling the General Store.

The door to the office opened.

Dalton glanced up and saw four people enter the office. He didn’t recognize them. “Can I help you?” he said standing up at his desk.

“Dalton, it’s me. Professor Mathers,” said John while they walked up to Dalton removing his cowboy hat.

Dalton looked at him. It took a few seconds. “Professor Mathers? Why are you here?”

Zeke entered the office from the rear door. He saw the four strangers standing by Dalton’s desk.

Clint saw Zeke and remembered him.

Zeke walked up to them. His eyes widened the second he saw Clint. “Marshal Bartley? You’re back,” said Zeke.

Dalton looked at Zeke and didn’t know what to say.

“No, I’m Matt Dillon,” said Clint.

Dalton looked a little surprised over that name.

“Matt Dillon?” said Zeke a little confused.

“I’m his wife, Annie,” said Alicia.

“I’m Chester,” said John.

“And I’m his wife Kitty,” said Angie.

Zeke still looked confused.

“Yes, that’s Matt Dillon. Matt and John are old friends of the family. From back East,” said Dalton. “Pittsburgh.”

Zeke still looked confused as this guy sure looked like Clint Bartley. But he was a little older with a moustache and married. He knew that their former Town Marshal wasn’t married. “Well, it’s nice meeting you all. I’m Zeke Cooper,” he said then shook Clint and John’s hands.

“Dalton, if your deputy wouldn’t mind. We have some personal business to discuss. Can we have some privacy?” said John.

Dalton looked at Zeke. “Why don’t you take the rest of the day off,” he said. “I got things covered with my friends here.”

“Are you sure?” said Zeke.

“It’s okay, Zeke. Don’t worry,” said Dalton.

“Okay, see you in the morning, Marshal,” said Zeke and he walked away and headed to the front door.

Everybody remained quiet until Zeke went outside and they knew he wouldn’t be back for a while.

“What brings you to eighteen eighty-three?” said Dalton.

John reached in his shirt pocket and removed a folded piece of paper. He unfolded it and handed it over to Dalton.

Dalton looked at the paper and the article about Blue Earl Olson. His eyes widened. “I’ll be killed?” he said in disbelief then read the paper again. “I’ll be killed tonight or tomorrow by Blue Earl?” “Why” he said then it took a few seconds for it to sink in. “That’s right, I killed Deke,” he said while he slowly sat down in his chair. “His younger brother.” Dalton put the

paper on the top of his desk. "I'm going to be killed," he said again and started to get nervous.

"We came here to save your life," said John.

"But why would you care about me?" said Dalton.

"I can't let Blue Earl kill again," said Clint and he paused.

"He killed a good friend of mine who was the Town Marshal of Cactus Wood in New Mexico. That's why he's in this area."

"Do you know when I'll be killed?"

"Not exactly. Your body was found in the Superstition Mountains a few days from now," said John.

Dalton picked up the paper off the desk. He read it and saw that that's what the article said.

"I'm thinking that Blue Earl and his gang will come back to Oak Creek sometime today and take you away. Probably tonight," said John.

Dalton sat there stunned over what he was told. "So what do we do?"

"We take out the Blue Earl gang before they take you out," said Clint.

"We don't wait for them to come here to Oak Creek?" said John.

"I don't want a gunfight here in town," said Clint.

"Innocent people could get shot."

"Got that right, I heard someone was wounded in the Prickly Cactus Saloon when Deke Olson was shooting at me," said Dalton.

"Right about not dealing with innocent people getting hurt," said John.

"But we don't know where they're hiding? To get them there," said Dalton.

Clint thought for a few seconds. "But I know someone that can help us," he said with a smile that soon went away knowing what history will bring.

"Who?" Dalton said.

"An old Indian tracker friend of mine," said Clint.

"Merijildo."

John looked at Clint. "Yes. Merijildo will help," said John and he smiled thinking about seeing him again.

Dalton's eyes widened remembering something. "I met him."

"When?" Clint asked.

"Right after you left from saving Professor Mathers from being hanged. They used Merijildo to track you down when you didn't come back. Merijildo said he couldn't find you that you left the area for another life," said Dalton then it dawned on him. "Ah, he went through Crazy Hole with you."

Clint nodded in agreement. "So why don't John and I ride out to get Merijildo? Bring him here to Oak Creek. Then we can head out and find Blue Earl and his gang." "We'll arrest them for the robbery performed earlier today," he said then looked over at Dalton. "Or rather the Town Marshal can arrest him," he added.

John and Dalton nodded in agreement with Clint's plan.

Clint looked at Alicia and Angie. "You two ladies can stay here with Dalton."

"But what if they come while you're gone?" said Dalton.

"I don't think they'll come during the day. I'm thinking they'll come at night," said Clint. "Besides, Alicia here is a Detective in Phoenix. She's a marksman. She'll protect you," he added.

"Okay," said Dalton. "I'll take the ladies and show them our lovely town."

"Good. Let's go," Clint said while looking at John.

They watched while Clint and John rushed over to the door and left the Marshal's Office.

Dalton folded up that piece of paper and set it down on top of his desk. "Well, ladies, want to take a walk around town?"

"Sure," said Angie and Alicia in unison.

Dalton got up from the desk and escorted the two ladies to the door. They left the Marshal's Office.

“I saw you when you rescued Professor Mathers from the noose,” said Dalton while they walked away down Main Street.

“John said he had this strange flashback you were there,” said Angie.

While they walked farther down Main Street, Clint and John galloped their horses away from the stable and headed in their direction.

John and Clint tipped their hats at their wives when they galloped past them.

A couple strolled down Main Street. They stopped when they saw Clint and John gallop their horses past them.

The man looked at his wife. “I swear that was Marshal Bartley,” he told his wife.

She glanced back at John and Clint. “I don’t know. He’s an older man than Clint,” she said.

“He sure looked like him,” said the man while they continued their stroll down the street forgetting about those two on the horses.

Dalton walked Angie and Alicia near the Prickly Cactus.

“So, I can imagine that you’re not Kitty,” he said to Angie.

“And you’re not Annie,” he said to Alicia.

“I’m Angie.”

“And I’m Alicia.”

Dalton looked at the café doors to the Prickly Cactus.

“Would you two ladies join me for a beer?” said Dalton trying to find ways to keep the ladies occupied.

“Sure,” said Angie.

“I would love one,” said Alicia.

Dalton escorted the ladies into the Prickly Cactus.

Thirty minutes had passed.

While Dalton, Angie, and Alicia left the Prickly Cactus and continued their walk around Oak Creek, Clint and John rode their horses into a small Indian camp.

Four Indians walked up to the two white men on horses concerned they might be a threat.

Clint and John stopped their horses and they got out of their saddles.

“What you want?” said one of the Indians while he held his Winchester rifle.

“I’m here to see Merijildo,” said Clint.

“Who want him?” said another Indian.

“Tell him Clint Bartley is here to see him.”

The Indians looked at Clint. Their eyes widened, as this white man did indeed look familiar.

“You Clint Bartley? You older,” said another one of the Indians.

“Clint? Is that you?” said the voice of an older Indian from behind the four Indians.

Clint looked and saw Merijildo walk up to them. He smiled. “It’s me, Clint,” he said then looked concerned. “We need to talk in private.”

Merijildo motioned for them to follow him.

Clint and John followed Merijildo through the camp.

Merijildo walked them to his teepee. He looked at Victorio. “Go play.”

Victorio nodded and ran off.

Merijildo, Clint and John went inside the teepee where inside was Merijildo’s wife Preeti with baby Victorio

“Preeti, meet Clint and John,” said Merijildo.

“Hi,” said Clint and John in unison.

Clint saw Victorio and smiled.

Preeti smiled for her greeting then left the teepee with Victorio in her arms so her husband could talk in private.

Merijildo, Clint, and John sat down on blankets inside the teepee.

“Me can’t believe you back here,” said Merijildo. “You here for good?” he said then looked at John. “You brought the Kissing Bandit back.” “Why?”

“I’m a teacher back in two thousand sixteen,” said John.

“You older, Clint,” said Merijildo.

“I know. I lived ten years in the future and had to come back here,” said Clint.

“Why?” asked Merijildo.

“To make it short and sweet as to why we’re here, there’s two students of mine, Dalton and Chrissy and they discovered Crazy Hole. They came back here.”

“And Dalton became the Town Marshal of Oak Creek,” said Clint.

Merijildo looked at Clint. “I hear Oak Creek got a new young Town Marshal.”

“Well, there was a bank robbery today, Dalton killed one of the guys of the Blue Earl outlaw gang,” said John.

“I hear about them,” said Merijildo.

“The outlaw killed was Blue Earl’s kid brother,” said John. “Blue Earl will kill Dalton either tonight or tomorrow.”

“Too bad,” said Merijildo. “Take him back to Crazy Hole and to back to future.”

Clint looked at Merijildo. “We could but there’s another problem.”

“What that?” said Merijildo.

“History said that Blue Earl will kill you after he kills Dalton,” said Clint. “He hates Indians.”

“So do many white men,” said Merijildo then he looked a little sad that he would die soon.

“Well, we can’t go back until we make sure this Blue Earl doesn’t kill you, Merijildo,” said Clint with John nodding in agreement. “We need to find his hideout.”

“I know where he hide,” said Merijildo surprising Clint and John.

“You do? How?” Clint asked.

“Hear this Blue Earl and men been going to the towns. Act suspicious,” said Merijildo. “I track them.”

“Well, that makes it easier,” said Clint. “So here’s what I’m thinking we should do,” he added.

They all leaned in and listened to Clint’s plan.

Forty minutes had passed.

Back at Oak Creek, Dalton was walking Angie and Alicia through the residential area, while Chrissy was finished with teaching and let the students all go home.

She left the schoolhouse and headed straight to the Marshal's Office.

Chrissy went inside the Marshal's Office. "Dalton," she called out when she didn't see anybody. "Dalton," she called out again thinking he was in the back room. Nobody answered.

Chrissy thought that maybe he was out back in the outhouse. So she walked over to his desk and sat down in the chair to wait for him.

She spotted the folded piece of paper on the desk. She thought that that piece of paper looked too modern for the old west so she got curious.

She grabbed the paper and opened it. She saw that it was a printout from a modern printer. "That's odd," she said and wondered if Dalton brought it with him. She read the article about Blue Earl. It wasn't long before her eyes widened with shock. "What?" "Dalton will be killed?" she cried out.

She didn't know what to think. Then something was odd about this printed article. "Why would Dalton print this before we left? And, why would he want to come here knowing what would happen?" she said and then her eyes welled up. Her gut got nervous. She thought that Dalton was already dead. Killed for killing Deke. Her eyes welled up and her lips quivered. She sat in the chair stunned. Her mind froze up and she didn't know what to do next.

The front door to the Marshal's Office opened. Chrissy jumped as it startled her. Her heart raced thinking that someone was coming to tell her that Dalton was dead.

But in walked Clint, John, and Merijildo.

Chrissy's heart raced faster and she started to feel faint. She just knew that these guys were here to tell her that Dalton was dead. "He's dead? Isn't he?"

“Dead? Who?” said John while they walked over to the desk.

“Dalton. The Town Marshal,” said Chrissy.

John saw that Chrissy had his paper her printed about Blue Earl in her right hand. He wished he remembered to take it earlier. “Oh, no. He’s not dead,” he said. “He should be out there showing our wives Oak Creek,” said John pointing at the windows of the office.

“Not dead?” said Chrissy and then got confused. She glanced at the piece of paper. She glanced at the three strangers standing by her desk. It took a few seconds for it to dawn on her. “Professor Mathers?” she said then glanced at Clint. “And you’re,” she said then paused for a few seconds to place his face. She remembered. “Clint Bartley.” “What are you two doing here?” she said then saw the old Indian. “I don’t know you.”

“Me Merijildo.”

“Merijildo?” said Chrissy while she couldn’t initially place the name. She remembered. “Yes, the Indian tracker?”

“The one and only,” said Clint placing an arm around his old friend.

“Why are you here, Professor Mathers?” said Chrissy then it took a few seconds for her to figure it out. “Dalton. You came to save Dalton?” she said holding up that piece of paper.

“I’m sorry you had to discover what will happen by reading it from my textbook,” said John.

“That wasn’t in your book when we left,” said Chrissy while she looked at the paper again.

“It hasn’t happened yet,” said John.

“And we’re going to make sure it doesn’t happen,” said Clint.

Merijildo nodded in agreement.

Chrissy’s eyes widened when she read about Merijildo. “Thank you for coming here,” she said and stood up and handed John the paper.

John folded it and shoved it back in his left shirt pocket.

The front door to the Marshal's Office opened, in walked Angie, Alicia, and Dalton.

Dalton saw Chrissy sitting at his desk when he closed the door. He saw how she looked scared and instantly knew she knew about his future demise.

Chrissy jumped up and ran over to Dalton. She hugged his tight. "You're not dead," she said and kissed him. "Let's go back. Now."

"We can't," said Dalton.

"Why?" Chrissy asked. "I sat that article in Professor Mather's textbook."

"Well, I don't want my friend Merijildo to be killed by Blue Earl's gang," said Clint.

"Me don't want to die now," said Merijildo.

"And if we do leave through Crazy Hole, Blue Earl and his gang might follow us. You don't want him and his gang running around two thousand sixteen Phoenix looking for Dalton," said John. "Just like what Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler did to me," he added recalling that scary experience. "You don't want that, trust me."

Angie, Alicia, and Clint nodded in agreement with John.

"We have to get this guy before he gets us," said Clint. "Hopefully he'll see the end of a rope."

Chrissy looked at John, Clint, and Merijildo. She then looked at Angie and Alicia. "Who are you?"

"I'm Angie. I'm John's wife," said Angie while walking up to Chrissy then shaking her hand.

"I'm Alicia. I'm Clint's wife and I'm a Detective from the Phoenix Police Department," said Alicia while walking up to Chrissy then shaking her hand.

Chrissy looked at everybody who all looked serious.

"We have to deal with this Blue Earl and his gang now," said Dalton. "I'm still the Town Marshal. I don't want to go down in history as a chicken."

"We could us an extra gun," said Clint. "What about your deputy? Zeke?"

“I can go chase him down and ask him to help,” said Dalton.

“How are you going to get Blue Earl and his gang before he gets Dalton?” said Chrissy.

“Let’s have some food brought over here from the restaurant. Then we’ll talk about my plan while we eat,” said Dalton.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

Alicia looked over at Chrissy. “Why don’t us ladies head over to the restaurant and go get us some dinner?” she said.

Angie and Chrissy nodded in agreement and they left the office along with Dalton. .

While the ladies headed off to the restaurant and Dalton headed off to find Zeke, Clint made a fresh pot of coffee on the pot belly stove just like in the old days. But he still liked the automatic drip makers in the future. It was a quicker way to get a hot cup of coffee he thought.

Chapter 39

It was still Tuesday, October 1st, 1883.

Dinner was finished. And while they ate John made sure everybody knew the names of members of the Blue Earl gang. He used the copy of his textbook article that had a picture with their names.

Zeke was rounded up by Dalton and he agreed to go on the posse to arrest Blue Earl and his gang members.

“Are we ready?” said Clint while she filled up his pistol with bullets.

Everybody nodded in agreement that they were ready. A little nervous but they were ready.

Clint grabbed two of the Winchester rifles and gave one to Alicia and one to John. They each grabbed a hand-full of bullets and loaded their Winchesters with fifteen rounds and shoved the rest in their shirt pockets.

Clint also gave Merijildo a loaded Winchester rifle for his protection. After all he would be in the area with outlaws that had hatred for Indians. And history proved he wouldn't survive against this hatred with Blue Earl in the area.

“Let's go arrest some outlaws,” said Clint. “And stick them in jail or with a noose around their neck,” said Clint but inside he wanted a different outcome.

Chrissy walked up to Dalton. “Please be careful,” she said and he could see she was scared. “I will,” he replied then kissed her on the lips.

“You too,” Angie told John who tipped his cowboy hat at her

John, Angie, Clint, Alicia, Dalton, Chrissy, Zeke, and Merijildo left the Marshal's Office.

Once they got outside they headed to the stables with Chrissy and Angie following.

They watched while the posse got their horses, got in the saddles of their horses and rode out of Oak Creek.

The town folk milling about Oak Creek saw them and knew that this had to be a posse to go after the Blue Earl gang.

Chrissy looked over at Angie when the posse rode out of the entrance to Oak Creek. "Let's head over to my house. I'll make a pot of coffee," she said.

"That sounds nice," said Angie.

They walked away and headed to the residential area.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Chrissy and Angie sat in the living room drinking coffee talking about all sorts of stuff.

Clint and his posse were riding off in the desert with Merijildo leading the way.

They all had the same thought in their minds. *Will I die today?*

Clint rode his horse up along of Merijildo's horse.

Thirty minutes passed.

Merijildo motioned for the posse to stop. They stopped.

"Up ahead, behind those bushes," said Merijildo in a quiet voice.

Clint looked up ahead about a tenth of a mile and saw a large clump of trees a little distance from a rock wall. They also saw smoke rising up in the air from the bushes. A campfire.

"Get in your positions," Clint told everybody in a quiet voice.

They all quietly got off their horses and walked them over to some bushes. They tied the reins to the branches of the bushes.

Over at that clump of bushes near the rock wall, Blue Earl was taking a piss. He spotted six horses off in the desert standing by some bushes. These weren't wild horses. They all had saddles.

He saw six people scattering off in different directions. Heading toward his hideout. But they were too far away to

recognize them. "Fuck!" he said, as he immediately knew there was a posse coming after his gang. He quickly shoved his member back in his pants and buttoned them up. He rushed away.

Blue Earl rushed over to Hank, Frankie, and Bo.

"We got a posse coming after us," said Blue Earl while he grabbed his binoculars.

He rushed back to the bushes and went inside them. He used his binoculars to get a closer view of this threat.

"Figures," he said when he spotted Dalton and Zeke running toward a large rock that was a little closer to his hideout. He scanned the area with his binoculars and noticed others running to other large rocks closer to his hideout.

He moved out of the bushes and rushed back to his gang.

"We do have a posse coming after us."

They all whipped out their pistols from their holsters. They scattered off in different directions as they had practiced this when other posses came after them. In fact, that's the first thing Blue Earl has his gang do when they find a new hideout, they practice on where to go when a posse arrives.

Clint, Alicia, John, Dalton, Zeke, and Merijildo were all stationed behind rocks for cover. They were within shouting distance from Blue Earl's hideout.

Clint and Merijildo were in the center.

Alicia and John covered the right flank.

Dalton and Zeke covered the left flank. They started to get a little nervous. You never know when a well thought out plan will fail miserably.

There was a few seconds of silence.

Clint and Merijildo peeked their heads above the rock they hide behind.

"See smoke above trees," said Merijildo.

Clint saw some smoke rising in the air from behind that clump of trees. "Yea. I see the smoke."

"That how I find them. Easy," said Merijildo with a light chuckle.

“Sometimes they just fall in your laps,” said Clint then he paused for a few seconds. “Come on out Blue Earl,” Clint yelled out. “We have your gang surrounded and out numbered.” “Come on out and nobody gets killed.”

There was a few seconds of quiet.

But what Clint didn't know was that since Blue Earl spotted them while taking a piss, he had his men in position to fight.

There was sudden gunfire from the vicinity of the hideout.

Bullets ricocheted off the rocks where Clint and Merijildo hid, where Alicia and John hid, and where Dalton and Zeke hid. They all crouched behind their rocks for cover ready for more bullets to come their way.

It was quiet. Blue Earl remained quiet figuring if he yelled back his voice would give away where he was hiding.

Clint and Merijildo cautiously poked about the side of their rock. They fired at the clump of trees figuring that's were Blue Earl and his gang were hiding.

It was quiet.

A barrage of gunfire had bullets ricocheting again off the rocks.

“Fuck!” cried out Zeke while he hugged the ground for cover.

“You can say that again,” said Dalton.

“Fuck,” said Zeke while more bullets ricocheted off their rock.

It was quiet.

Zeke and Dalton still hugged the ground. It remained quiet. They cautiously got up and peeked around their rock. They didn't see anybody.

Then all of a sudden, Dalton felt someone grab him by the back of his collar and yank him to his feet. He didn't know what the hell was happening until he was brought up to his feet and felt the metal of a gun barrel pressed into his right temple. He knew this wasn't good.

Zeke saw Blue Earl behind Dalton with Blue Earl's pistol pressed into Dalton's temple. He whipped his pistol up at Blue Earl out of reaction.

Gunfire. A bullet struck Zeke's right forearm sending his pistol off into the dirt. It landed six feet away out of reach. Blue Earl had shot Zeke using his left hand. He had his pistol back in his left holster and re-grabbed the back of Dalton's color within seconds.

Zeke dropped to his knees in pain while holding his right forearm. It was bleeding. He quickly removed his handkerchief from his pants pocket and wrapped it around his wound.

"I have this coward of a Marshal from Oak Creek," yelled out Blue Earl. "Leave me alone with him and nobody else gets hurt. Like that Deputy of Oak Creek," Blue Earl added.

Blue Earl scanned the area for the rest of the posse. "Kill them all," he yelled out to his gang.

Clint peeked around the side of his rock. He could see Blue Earl standing behind Dalton with his pistol pressed into Dalton's temple. "Merijildo, give me your rifle," he said.

Merijildo peeked and saw Blue Earl and Dalton. He handed Clint his pistol.

There was more gunfire with bullets ricocheting off the rocks.

Alicia and John saw movement to the left of that clump of trees behind a rock. They fired again.

Hank and Bo fired back at Alicia and John with bullets ricocheting off their rock. Alicia and John ducked for cover.

Blue Earl glanced around when he heard the gunfire. No threat to him. He started backing Dalton up to get to a safer location.

There was more gunfire at Alicia and John then more gunfire at Merijildo and Clint with bullets ricocheting off their rocks.

Blue Earl continued to move Dalton backwards with Dalton scared that his life would soon be over. Dalton silently prayed that he wouldn't piss his pants.

Clint handed Merijildo his pistol. He didn't want to leave him without a weapon.

Clint scanned the area. He got up and ran over to another rock with bullets coming from Frankie killing the dirt at the heels of his cowboy boots.

Clint safely made it to that other rock and crouched behind that rock. He peeked around the rock. "Perfect," he said and took aim with his Winchester.

More gunfire came from Hank and Bo at Alicia and John's rock with bullets ricocheting off it.

More gunfire came from Frankie and Merijildo's rock with bullets ricocheting off it.

Clint took aim with his Winchester while Blue Earl inched Dalton backwards towards another rock. He had Blue Earl in his sights. He silently prayed that his aim with a rifle was still good. Blue Earl was about to take Dalton behind that rock. It was now or never. Clint fired off a shot.

Blue Earl didn't know what hit him. He dropped to the dirt with a bullet in the side of his head. He was dead before he hit the dirt.

Dalton didn't know what the hell happened while he fell to the ground with Blue Earl landing on top of the outlaw. He lay there frozen with fear praying again that he wouldn't piss his pants.

Frankie saw Blue Earl from behind his rock. He noticed that his boss wasn't moving with Dalton on top of him. He saw Dalton suddenly jump off Blue Earl. He knew his boss was dead and he got pissed.

Frankie jumped out from behind his rock. He took aim at Dalton with his pistol with fire in his eyes. He wanted this Town Marshal dead to grant Blue Earl's his wish.

Gunfire. Frankie was stunned for a second. He didn't fire his pistol. Then he realized someone shot him when he saw the

bloody hole his chest. It was Merijildo. Frankie felt faint. He felt really faint when he dropped to the dirt face first. He lay there feeling cold with his face in the dirt. He died.

From behind their rock, Hank and Bo could see Frankie dead in the dirt.

“Blue Earl!” yelled out Hank. No reply. “Frankie!”

“Blue Earl! You okay?” yelled out Bo. No reply.

“Frankie! You okay?”

Hank and Bo looked at each other. They both didn’t have to say it, as they both knew Blue Earl and Frankie were dead.

“I ain’t gonna have a noose around my neck,” said Hank.

“Pissing my pants when my neck snap in front of everybody.”

“I ain’t going to hang either,” said Bo feeling his neck.

They both nodded in agreement as to what they should do next. It was discussed, as this would be their final exit. No jail cell and no noose for them.

They jumped out from behind their rock and charged Alicia and John’s rock firing their pistols. “AHHHHHHH!” they both screamed out in unison.

Bullets ricocheted off the top and sides of Alicia and John’s rock.

Alicia and John cautiously peeked around the sides of their rock. They took aim at the screaming outlaws running at them. They fired their pistols.

Hank and Bo kept on charging firing their pistols and screaming. They both suddenly flew backwards and dropped to the dirt firing their pistols into the air. It took a few seconds for them to stop firing. Their arms went limp and dropped to the dirt. They were both dead.

It was quiet again.

After minute of silence, Clint walked around from behind his rock.

Merijildo walked around from behind his rock.

Zeke walked around from behind his rock holding his wounded arm.

Alicia and John walked around from behind their rock.

Dalton moved away from Blue Earl's dead body.

Clint walked up to Dalton. "You okay?"

"I'm fine," said Dalton.

Clint looked at Blue Earl's motionless body in the dirt.
"He knew that outlaw was finally dead."

Clint walked away he headed over to Frankie's dead body while Alicia and John headed over to Hank and Bo's dead body.

Clint, Merijildo, Dalton, Zeke, Alicia, and John all walked up to each other.

"Blue Earl and Frankie are dead," said Clint.

"Hank and Bo are also dead," said Alicia.

Alicia looked at Zeke. "You okay?" she said after seeing him cradle his wounded arm.

"I'm good," said Zeke and had a hint of a smile thinking that some of the young ladies of Oak Creek would give him some much-needed attention.

"I need to find the loot they stole earlier today, said Dalton.

"Good idea," said Clint.

They all headed over to that clump of threes.

They found Blue Earl's campsite where their campfire was starting to burn out.

They saw six bedrolls out in the dirt.

By one of the bedrolls was a cloth bag.

Dalton walked and picked up the cloth bag, he looked inside and saw the loot was still there. "Got it," he said.

Clint saw five horses tied some other bushes near the rock wall. "Let's get the bodies on those horses and take them to Oak Creek for burial."

Everybody nodded in agreement.

Alicia and Zeke watched while Clint, John, Dalton, and Merijildo all placed the dead bodies on those horses.

They walked those outlaw horses over to their horses.

"Me help take dead to Oak Creek," said Merijildo.

"Thanks," said Clint.

They all untied the reins of their horses.

Dalton shoved cloth bag of loot into one of his saddlebags. They all got in their saddles.

Dalton shoved that cloth bag into one of his saddlebag.

Clint held the reins to the horse that had Blue Earl's dead body across the saddle. That horse trailed behind Clint's horse.

John held the reins to the horse that had Frankie's dead body across the saddle. That horse trailed behind John's horse.

Merijildo held the reins to the horse that had Hank's dead body across the saddle. That horse trailed behind Merijildo's horse.

Dalton held the reins to the horse that had Bo's dead body across the saddle. That horse trailed behind Dalton's horse.

Alicia held the reins to the remaining horse that trailed behind her horse.

Zeke rode on his horse still in a little pain.

They rode off in the desert heading back to Oak Creek.

Back in Oak Creek, Chrissy and Angie were really wondering how the arrest of Blue Earl and his gang was going.

Chrissy and Angie both silently prayed that their loved ones were not killed. They had nervous stomachs thinking about the worst-case scenario.

They decided to take a stroll around town to help calm down their nerves. Sitting around her house wasn't calming them down.

They just finished their fourth stroll around the town and were back at the entrance of the residential area. They turned around and were heading back into town when they spotted five horses riding into town.

"Someone's coming back into town," said Chrissy.

"Six horses with five trailing horses. And what appears to be dead bodies," said Alicia. She looked again and smiled a smile of relief. "Our guys look unhurt," she said.

Chrissy looked and saw Dalton on one of the horses. She smiled.

The town folk milling around Oak Creek saw the horses and dead bodies and knew that the posse was successful.

They both rushed off down Main Street.

Everybody stopped the horses off at Harvey's shop.

Harvey walked out of his shop when he saw the horses.

He saw the five dead bodies on the other horses. "More business. It's been a busy day," he said. "Must be the rest of the Blue Earl gang. Hear you went after them."

"It's them," said Dalton while he got out of his saddle as did John, Clint, Merijildo, Zeke, and Alicia.

"I'll get the photographer, Wally Gilbert over in Stone Valley to get over here to take a picture. Might be some reward for these dead scoundrels," said Harvey. "Plus the Weekly Phoenix Herald newspaper editor will want it for his newspaper."

"If there is a reward, make sure the town of Oak Creek gets it," said Dalton.

"Will do," said Harvey. "I'll send a telegraph to Stone Valley for the photographer," he said. He rushed off and headed to the train station.

Mayor Mason rushed over to Harvey's shop. "You got em, he said the second he saw the dead bodies of the Blue Earl gang.

Dalton reached inside his saddlebag. He removed that cloth bag. "Here's the loot from their bank robbery earlier today," he said when Mayor Mason walked up to him.

Mayor Mason took the cloth bag and looked inside. "Good job, Marshal. I'm sure glad I hired you," said Mayor Mason. "I'll take this over to the bank," he said then walked away.

Chrissy and Angie walked up.

Chrissy walked up to Dalton. "I was so scare you would be hurt or killed," she said while she hugged him tight.

Angie walked up to John. "You survived again," she said giving him a hug.

"But this time I was on the right side of the law," said John.

Clint smiled over John's comment while he walked over to Alicia.

"Good shooting with getting Blue Earl," she said while he placed an arm around his shoulder.

Chrissy saw Zeke was wounded. "Better go see Doc Bartholomew about that wound," she said.

Zeke nodded in agreement. He hated doctors but knew if he didn't get that bullet out of his arm it would be bothering him for years.

Zeke walked away and headed over to Doc Bartholomew's office.

"I'm thirsty," said Dalton.

"Me too," said Clint.

"Yeah, it's Miller Time," said John.

They all chuckled.

"Me no understand Miller Time," said Merijildo.

"Saying in the future. Meaning time to drink a beer after surviving a successful battle or something else successful," said Clint.

"Me want Miller Time," said Merijildo with a smile.

They all walked their horses away from Harvey's shop and headed to the stable.

Felix stood outside his stable because he heard the talk about how the posse was successful. He also saw the extra five horses.

"Put up our horses and sell the outlaw horses," said Dalton when they walked up to Felix. "Give the money to Mayor Mason for Oak Creek," he added.

"Got it," said Felix and assisted them with putting the horses in empty stalls in his stable.

After the horses were secured, Clint, Alicia, John, Angie, Dalton, Chrissy, and Merijildo all walked over and went inside the Prickly Cactus.

The second they entered the saloon everybody inside starting clapping, as they heard how they killed the Blue Earl gang.

They walked up to the bar.

“Beer for everybody,” said Dalton.

The bartender poured seven beers and set them on the bar in front of everybody.

Dalton took out some silver dollars and set them on the bar.

“On the house,” said the bartender. “For getting rid of those scoundrels,” he added.

They took a drink of their beers and it tasted so good.

The first round of beers was free and Dalton bought the second round.

“So, what’s next?” said John looking at Dalton while he took the last gulp of his beer.

Dalton glanced over at Chrissy. “Well, I guess we’re done here,” he said.

Chrissy nodded in agreement.

“Let’s head back to the Marshal’s Office,” said Dalton.

Everybody nodded in agreement and they walked away from the bar.

They left the Prickly Cactus and headed back to the Marshal’s Office.

“We should leave before it gets dark and head back to twenty sixteen,” said John the second they stepped inside the Marshal’s Office.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

Dalton’s eyes lit up. “I better tell Mayor Mason that I’m leaving. I would hate for them to send Merijildo out to search for me.”

“Me no find you anyway,” said Merijildo.

“Plus I should check up on Zeke,” said Dalton.

“What are you going to tell the Mayor?” said John.

Dalton thought for a few seconds. “I’ll tell him we’re riding to California with you.”

“Sounds plausible,” said John.

Chrissy’s eyes widened when she remembered something. “My wedding dress”

That caught Angie and Alicia's attention.

"Wedding dress?" said Angie.

"Yes, Edith Lincoln made me a dress. I should go pick it up and pay for it. I don't want to leave without paying her for her work," said Chrissy. "That would be wrong."

"I'll go with you," said Angie.

"Me too," added Alicia.

"We'll be back," said Chrissy and she left the office with Angie and Alicia.

"I'll also be back soon," said Dalton and he left the office right behind Chrissy, Angie, and Alicia.

Clint, John, and Merijildo sat around the office and talked. They recalled their little adventure back in 20016 Phoenix with Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler.

When Dalton walked down Main Street, he saw Mayor Mason walk out of the bank. "Mayor!" he called out and rushed over to him.

"Yes, Marshal," said Mayor Mason when Dalton rushed up to him.

"Ah, yes, listen," said Dalton and he paused for a few second. "Ah, I wanted to tell you that I'm leaving Oak Creek."

Mayor Mason looked a little stunned. "Leaving Oak Creek? Why? You're a good Town Marshal," said Mayor Mason.

"Well, my fiancé Miss Barron and I decided to head out to California with my news friends. Maybe San Francisco."

Mayor Mason looked at Dalton. He was disappointed but understood. "Well, I guess I'll have to get a new Town Marshal." "And a new school teacher."

"Zeke Cooper is qualified to be Town Marshal. I recommend him," said Dalton.

"Yes, Zeke. He'll make a good Marshal. And then I'll have to round up a deputy for him," said Mayor Mason. "Well, thank you for all that you've done here. And if you change your mind, you're always welcomed back her in Oak Creek," he added.

“Thank you Mayor Mason,” said Dalton and he shook the Mayor’s hand. “Let me go check up on Zeke,” he said then walked away.

Mayor Mason walked away disappointed that he had lost two Town Marshal’s within a month.

Chrissy, Angie, and Alicia entered Edith’s shop.

“Miss Barron. Here to pick up your dress?” said Edith the second she saw Chrissy and the two other ladies enter the shop.

Edith walked Chrissy over to a mannequin that wore a beautiful white wedding dress.

“It’s so beautiful!” said Chrissy the split second she saw her dress.

“It is beautiful,” said Angie with Alicia nodding in agreement.

“Thank you so very much,” said Chrissy to Edith.

“You’re welcomed my dear. Now we’ll have to work on your wedding date next,” said Edith.

Chrissy looked at Angie and Alicia then back at Edith. “About that, we decided to leave Oak Creek. We’re going to California with our friends here,” she said. “So can you wrap up my dress in that brown paper? For my travels.” she added.

Edith looked disappointed. “Yes dear, I can do that,” said Edith while she walked over to her roll of brown wrapping paper.

While Edith was wrapping up Chrissy’s wedding dress in brown paper, Dalton just told Zeke that he was leaving Oak Creek, and that Zeke was now the Town Marshal. He gave Zeke his badge and left the Doc’s office.

Chrissy paid Edith for the dress and she left her shop with Angie and Alicia. They headed back to the Marshal’s Office.

An hour had passed.

Merijildo was back at his home. He went back in his teepee and smiled over having this little adventure today.

Dalton, Chrissy (with her wrapped up wedding dress), John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia rode their horses up to Crazy Hole.

After covering the eyes of their horses with cloth, they walked their horses into Crazy Hole.

Chapter 40

It was Sunday afternoon, October 2nd, 2016.

It was quiet at the entrance to Crazy Hole.

Dalton, Chrissy, John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia walked their horses out of the cave opening.

They removed the cloth over the eyes of their horses, got back in their saddles and rode off into the desert.

They made it back to Kent's place and turned in their horses and paid the bill.

They walked off to their cars in the parking lot.

"So, Dalton and Chrissy, why don't you two come over to our house this Saturday. We'll have a cookout to celebrate our little adventure," said John while he placed his arm around Angie. "And of course Clint and Alicia will be there."

"Yes, please come over," said Angie.

"We would love that," said Dalton.

"We would," added Chrissy.

"And we'll be there," said Clint with Alicia nodding in agreement.

"Good, we'll see you then," said John

Everybody got in their cars and drove off.

Dalton and Chrissy drove straight to his apartment.

He parked his car and they got out.

"Why don't you spend the night with me," said Dalton.

"Sounds good, I'm actually tired from that trip," she said.

They headed off to his apartment where Chrissy placed her wrapped wedding dress in the closet of Dalton's living room.

After they took turns taking a shower they had pizza delivered for dinner and just relaxed watching TV.

They retired to the bedroom at nine that night and were soon fast asleep.

It was Monday morning, October 3rd, 2016.

Inside his apartment, Dalton and Chrissy sat on his couch eating breakfast and drinking coffee. They watched the morning news from Channel 5.

It felt strange waking up in 2016. They both thought about their vacation back to 1883.

They watched the news about Hurricane Matthew impacting Haiti.

A breaking news report came on the TV after the weather report. It was about a young woman who was found raped and murdered last night. This was the third woman raped and murdered and the Phoenix Police Department thought that they might have a serial killer on their hands.

Dalton and Chrissy looked at each other.

“Today’s society is becoming way too sick,” said Chrissy thinking that she could become a victim like these three women.

“I know,” said Dalton while he thought about that news story and his venture back to the old west. “You know, even though I came close to being killed, that was because I was the Town Marshal. If I was, say, an owner of a store or something, I should have to worry about being gunned down,” he said.

Chrissy looked at Dalton and thought about what he said for a few seconds. “Plus the kids back in the old west are way more respectful towards their teachers than the students in today’s world,” she said.

“Are you thinking what I’m thinking?” said Dalton.

“I believe I am,” said Chrissy.

“I’m missing Oak Creek,” said Dalton.

“Me too,” said Chrissy.

Another news report appeared on the TV about a car jacking where the driver was shot and killed.

“Even though I was almost killed, I still feel it’s safer back then. I mean, look at the crime we’re exposed to here in modern Phoenix,” said Dalton.

“I know what you mean,” said Chrissy while she stared at the TV carjacking story.

After the news report about the car jacking there was five stories about armed robberies.

Dalton grabbed his cell phone off the coffee table. He turned it on. He opened up the Gallery folder. He clicked on a picture. He looked at it and smiled. "Do you know what I'm thinking we should do?" said Dalton while he showed him the picture of Oak Creek he snapped when they first went back to 1883.

Chrissy looked at the picture of Oak Creek on his cell phone. "Go back to Oak Creek? And live?"

"That's what I'm thinking."

"But do you really want to be the Town Marshal again?"

"No, I'm thinking that we should buy Gus' store. Be merchants. We could expand and build numerous stores in Phoenix," said Dalton.

Chrissy thought about his idea for a few seconds. "Store owner and teacher. That would be the quiet life."

"Then it's settled. We'll go back to Oak Creek, buy Gus' store and get married right away," said Dalton.

Chrissy looked at the living room closet door. "She couldn't wait to wear that wedding dress. She looked at Dalton. "I'll marry you right away," she said then planted a kiss on his lips.

After breakfast, Dalton and Chrissy headed out and about Phoenix. They had some chores that had to be done today.

Dalton and Chrissy spent the rest of the week selling all of their belongings including their cars.

They told their apartment complex managers that they were leaving in a week.

They also drained their bank accounts and hit the coin shops to purchase enough 1880s cash to purchase Gus' store. They had the thousand dollars with an extra one dollars left over.

And of course John was curious as to why the two didn't attend his Thursday class. He figured he would find out why on Saturday.

It was Saturday afternoon, October 8th, 2016.

After Dalton transferred that picture he took of Oak Creek during their first trip back to 1883 onto a thumb drive, he and Chrissy took a taxi to John's house.

"I missed you in Thursday's class," said John when he answered his front door and let them inside.

"I know, we had tons of stuff to do all week since we came back," said Dalton wanting to tell John about their plans but decided to wait of the right moment.

John walked Dalton and Chrissy to the back porch where Angie, Clint, and Alicia waited. They shook hands and hugged.

John and Clint fired up the gas grill and started cooking steaks while everybody else sat around drinking beer.

It was a little later and Dalton, Chrissy, John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia sat around the dining room.

They ate their steak dinners with corn and baked potatoes. They decided to eat an old western meal. And they drank bottles of Oak Creek beer.

Dalton looked over at John and his curiosity was peaked. "So tell me Professor Mathers."

"Please call me John for now on."

"Okay, John. I'm dying to hear your story about the Kissing Bandit," said Dalton.

"Me too," added Chrissy.

John looked over at Clint and Angie. They both nodded to proceed. "Well, it started one day back in two thousand and six. Angie and I were out at the mall."

"Paradise Valley Mall," chimed in Angie.

"Yes. So Angie went into Macy's for some clothes. I went into the Western Antique store close by."

"He had to buy old junk," said Angie.

"So I looked around the store and found this old wooden chest with the PY initials engraved at the top. Inside that chest was an old journal from Peter Yoemans. He saw an old Phoenix Herald newspaper. He saw an old worn out leather holster. He saw numerous dime novels and some other old

newspapers. I had to have this chest.”

Angie rolled her eyes hearing that again. Clint and Alicia saw Angie and chuckled.

“So I bought the check took it home and checked out the contents inside it. It all started when I opened up the diary for Peter Yoemans.”

“The PY initials engraved in the chest,” said Dalton.

“Exactly. So I read his diary and soon read how through Peter’s research he documented in that diary, he found the location of some buried loot of Bart Stone.”

“How did he stumble upon that piece of information?” said Chrissy.

“Peter located Bart’s older brother Willy Stone. He was an old retired preacher and disapproved of Bart’s life of crime.”

“Maybe since he was a preacher that’s why he didn’t go get the buried loot,” said Dalton.

“That’s my thinking also. Anyway, apparently a map showing the location of that buried loot was drawn in Peter’s diary but I couldn’t find it. But there was a missing page.”

“Someone tore out the page with the map,” said Chrissy.

“My thoughts also,” said John and he paused and took a drink of his beer. But the diary mentioned Crazy Hole in the Superstition Mountains so I figured that that must be the location of the buried loot of Bart Stone.”

John took another pause while everybody took a drink of beer.

“Peter wrote he found Crazy Hole but stopped looking for the buried loot when he discovered something amazing.”

“That Crazy Hole was a time portal back to the old west,” said Dalton.

“Correct. Then I discovered that that chest had a false bottom. I dropped it to the floor of my apartment and smashed it with my cowboy boots. It broke and viola. I found a hidden piece of paper,” he said and paused for dramatic effect. “The treasure map showing the location of Bart Stone buried treasure.”

“Wow, an actual treasure map,” said Chrissy.

“But where was this Crazy Hole. So I asked this old Indian Mel Lincoln. He would tell me stories about the old west in the library downtown. Mel showed me the location of Crazy Hole on a map in the library.”

“Mel was actually the great grandson of Merijildo an Indian tracker I used when I was Marshal,” said Clint.

“I heard of Merijildo through a janitor I worked with,” said Dalton.

“I’m glad to hear his memory is still alive in two thousand and sixteen,” said Clint.

“So to keep this story short, I had this dumb idea,” said John.

“Dumb is putting it lightly,” said Angie in a sarcastic tone.

“Yeah, that’s right. So I came up with this stupid idea to time travel back to eighteen eighty-three, rob banks and run back to two thousand and six as my get away. Perfect plan as I was making money selling old coins and rifles back in two thousand and six.”

“Then you screwed up,” said Clint.

“Yes I screwed up. I tried robbing a bank,” said John.

“You forgot the part that had me almost get rid of you forever,” said Angie.

John looked at Angie. “Oh yeah, another stupid idea. I kissed a girl after robbing a bank and came up with the name the Kissing Bandit,” he said and looked like he regretted it. “I was so obsessed with old western outlaws that I wanted to be in the history books.” “Now I am.” “So I hooked up with Bart Stone and Charlie Chandler while we both tried to rob the Stone Valley bank at the same time.”

“Then it got really bad,” said Clint.

“Yes it did. We robbed the bank at Oak Creek, got into a gunfight with Clint’s deputy Elmer Filson. But I actually never fired my pistol. I got scared and ran off with the bag of loot after Bart shot and killed Elmer,” said John and took a drink of wine. “I ran back to Crazy Hole and went back to two

thousand and six. I thought I was in the clear and decided never to return back to eighteen eighty-three.”

“But what he didn’t know was that I used Merijildo to track John back to Crazy Hole. And what we all didn’t know was that Bart and Charlie also tracked John back to Crazy Hole. We all ended up in two thousand and six,” said Clint.

“I can imagine that finding yourself in the future was a shock,” said Dalton to Clint.

Chrissy nodded in agreement. “Oh it was. First seeing a paved road. Then seeing all those buildings of Phoenix and those horseless stagecoaches called cars,” said Clint.

Dalton and Chrissy chuckled.

“I now I was a fugitive in two thousand six. I had outlaws Bart and Charlie wanting to kill me for taking their loot.”

“And I wanted to arrest him for the murder of Elmer,” said Clint.

“Then Angie dumped me and my life was ruined.”

“But then I met Clint after a shoot out on the streets between him and Bart and Charlie,” said Alicia. “And I later figured out that there was this time travel thing going on when I saw Clint, Bart and Charlie’s pictures in a history book after finding out who this Kissing Bandit was. Witnesses claimed Bart yelled that out during the shoot out.”

“So I came up with this grand scheme to return to eighteen eighty-three, return all the money I stole to the banks and doing that would redeem myself,” said John.

“But I figured out he returned back to eighteen eighty-three with Merijildo and captured John back at the train depot in Oak Creek. He was tried and found guilty of murder and sentenced to be hanged,” said John.

“I saw on the History Channel that John was hanged in eighteen eighty-three. I had to do something,” said Angie.

“So she contacted me and I offered to help. We figured Bart and Charlie was still in two thousand six. Had reports they were hanging with the Devil’s Cowboys biker gang. So we tricked them thinking we had the loot,” said Alicia.

Angie chuckled. "But we actually had a bag full of chocolate looking coins with gold wrappings."

Dalton and Chrissy chuckled.

"I remember that candy when I was a young girl," said Chrissy.

"We recorded Bart confessing to killing Elmer," said Angie.

"Were able to capture them and took them back to eighteen eighty-three," said Alicia.

"They came to my Marshal's office to spring John. He was to be hung in the following morning," said Clint.

"We showed him Bart's confession," said Alicia.

"But Judge Peabody sentenced John and that wouldn't change. Not matter what," said Clint.

"We couldn't show him our recorder from he future with Bart's tape confession. So I came up with a plan," said Angie.

"What was that?" said Dalton.

"To shorten the story, while John had that noose around his neck," said Alicia.

John touched his throat. "I never want to experience that again."

"While he had that noose around his neck and the bottom of the gallows opened up, I was no a nearby building with a rifle. I shot the rope, it broke and John dropped to the ground," said Alicia.

"I rode up on my horse, John hopped on and we raced out of town," said Angie.

"I followed after Angie on a horse," said Alicia.

"Then I told everybody that I would give chase," said Clint.

"But you didn't. You all headed to Crazy Hole and went back to two thousand and six," said Chrissy.

"We were there at John's hanging," said Dalton with Chrissy nodding in agreement.

"We arrived in Oak Creek the day before," said Chrissy.

"I know. I had this strange flashback with overwhelming

feeling a few days ago about that hanging. I recalled seeing you two there.” “In the crowd.”

John, Clint, Alicia and Angie all nodded in agreement.

“Then you planted that cactus at the opening of Crazy Hole to stop people like me from using that time portal,” said Dalton.

Clint and John looked curious.

“How did you know that?” said John.

“Apparently a janitor I work with, Roger, was about to try entering Crazy Hole, as he heard the tale about it when he was a kid. He finally got up the nerve but saw you plant that cactus while hiding behind a bush,” said Dalton.

“Ah, that explains how you stumbled upon Crazy Hole,” said John.

Chrissy’s eyes widened thinking about something. “You know your story, John, would make a great movie.”

John thought about her comment for a few seconds. “It would.”

Clint, Alicia and Angie nodded in agreement.

“Too bad Tom Selleck isn’t younger. He’d be perfect to play me,” said Clint. “Maybe I’ll have to use Ben Affleck.”

“Matt Damon can play me,” said John.

“Jennifer Aniston can play me,” said Angie.

“And Salma Hayek can play me,” said Alicia.

Everybody chuckled.

“So, I hope to see the both of you in class this week?” said John at Dalton and Chrissy.

Dalton and Chrissy looked at each other. They both smiled and gave each other a little nod. Now was the time.

“Actually, we talked this over on Monday and we decided to return to Oak Creek,” said Dalton.

“To live,” said Chrissy.

John, Clint, Angie, and Alicia looked at Dalton and Chrissy a little bewildered.

“Are you want to live back in eighteen eighty-three?” said Angie. “You know, with what we just went through?”

“We do,” said Chrissy. “I mean, look at all the types of crime we have around here now. It’s scary,” she added.

“It’s scary. You now have this serial killer going around Phoenix raping and killing young woman,” added Dalton.

Alicia nodded that she heard about that case and sometimes the crime around Phoenix was becoming too much for he also.

“You want to remain the Town Marshal of Oak Creek?” said Clint.

“No, I want to find some other line of work. I saw that Gus was selling his General Store,” said Dalton. “I could be the new owner.”

“Plus I would be the school teacher of Oak Creek. The kids back then are so much respectful towards the teachers than the kids today,” said Chrissy.

“We went around and sold our cars and everything we owned for the cash to buy Gus’ store,” said Dalton.

“Don’t you have family here?” said Angie.

“No,” said Dalton. “Parents died in a car crash. Granny raised me but she died six months ago.”

“Dad was an abusive drunk and left us. Mom started using drugs then she ran off with some guy. Don’t know where she is and don’t care. Grandpa raised me and he died last year,” said Chrissy.

John, Clint, Angie, and Alicia all thought about this bit of news.

“Well, I guess if you feel you like that life style. I did once but once I got a taste of the future, I love it,” said Clint. “Even with the crimes.”

John, Angie, and Alicia nodded in agreement with Clint.

Dalton reached in his shirt pocket. He removed a thumb drive. “On this drive is a picture I took of Oak Creek when Chrissy and I first went back to 1883. I took it with my cell phone. I thought you two might want a copy. You can actually see Bart Stone hanging on the gallows,” said Dalton while looking at John and Clint.

“That would be nice. Thank you,” said Clint thinking it would be nice to have a good picture of his old town.

“Yes, thank you,” said John taking the thumb drive from Dalton.

Dalton and Chrissy looked at each other. Dalton held Chrissy hand. “Plus we’re going to be married.”

“And we want you to be at our wedding,” said Chrissy.

“Back in Oak Creek,” said Dalton.

“Oh, that’s so sweet,” said Angie. “Wait, did you say Oak Creek?” “Eighteen eighty-three Oak Creek?”

John, Clint, Angie and Alicia all looked at each other.

“Attending an old western wedding would be a nice switch,” said Angie.

“It would,” said Alicia.

“Well, I guess we’re going back to Oak Creek,” said John. “For a wedding.”

Clint all nodded in agreement.

“Well leave in the morning,” said John.

Everybody nodded in agreement.

After dinner and a few more beers, Dalton and Chrissy left after John called them a taxi.

Right after Dalton and Chrissy left, Alicia called Kent’s Desert Horse Ranch and Stables and reserved four horses for tomorrow.

They headed back to Dalton’s apartment where they packed for their return to 1883.

It was Sunday morning, October 9th, 2016.

Dalton and Chrissy stood out in the parking lot of his apartment. They were dressed in their 1883 outfits and it had numerous stares. Dalton would tell them that they’re going to an early Halloween party. It was a believable cover story.

Alicia pulled up in her Ford Flex SUV with Angie in the passenger seat. Dalton and Chrissy sat in the back seat and Alicia drove away. Alicia and Angie were dressed in their western attire.

Alicia drove straight to Kent’s Desert Horse Ranch and

Stables where John and Clint waited in the parking lot. John drove his car.

After they paid for some horses, they rode off into the desert and headed to Crazy Hole. Dalton rode with Clint on his horse while Chrissy rode with Alicia on her horse. She held onto her wrapped wedding dress.

It was Wednesday, October 3rd, 1883.

John, Angie, Clint and Alicia rode their horses into Oak Creek at the same time Wally Gilbert sat at the train station. He waited for the train to take him back to Stone Valley. He just took the pictures of the dead Blue Earl gang in their coffins.

They rode over to the hotel and got off their horses and tied the reins to the hitching post. They went inside the hotel and got three rooms for one night.

Dalton immediately went over to the General Store and told Gus he wanted to buy the store. Gus was relieved, as he didn't have any takers. They agreed to go to the bank later to settle the deal.

Dalton and Chrissy found Mayor Mason and told him that they were back to live in Oak Creek. Chrissy stated she still wanted to be the school teacher but Dalton told him that he was going to buy Gus' General Store.

After talking with Mayor Mason they headed over to see Edith. She was so excited to see the young couple and so excited to be allowed to set up the wedding.

Edith took Dalton and Chrissy right away to see Pastor Norris. It was agreed that he would marry them tomorrow.

Dalton and Chrissy headed back to the hotel and gave John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia the news.

Edith went straight to the train station. She sent a telegraph to Gilbert's Photography shop. She wanted a wedding picture taken.

It was Thursday, October 4th, 1883.

Dalton and Chrissy were married in the church in Oak Creek. Everybody in Oak Creek was in attendance including Merijildo. Wally Gilbert from Stone Valley took their wedding

picture then headed back to Stone Valley to get it developed.

After the wedding, Dalton and Chrissy said their final goody-byes to John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia.

John pulled Dalton and Merijildo aside and had a private conversation. Dalton and Merijildo nodded in agreement with John's proposal.

Ten minutes had passed and Dalton and Chrissy headed off to her house in Oak Creek for their honeymoon.

John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia got their horses and rode out of town.

They headed back to Crazy Hole and went back to 2016.

John, Angie, Clint, and Alicia walked their horses out of Crazy Hole.

They took the cloth off their heads of their horses and hopped in their saddles.

They rode their horses fifteen feet away when John got extremely curious. He stopped his horse.

"What's wrong?" said Clint while he stopped his horse next to Clint. Angie and Alicia stopped their horses by Clint and John.

"Something feels extremely different," said John and he turned around and glanced back at Crazy Hole.

Clint, Angie, and Alicia turned around and glanced back at Crazy Hole.

They all saw that the opening to Crazy Hole was completely sealed up by rocks.

"Dalton did it," said John.

"Did what?" said Clint.

"I told him to seal up Crazy Hole with dynamite, I didn't want anymore people to use that cave. We should just leave things the way they are," said John.

"I agree," said Angie. "That cave almost ruined people's lives."

Alicia and Clint nodded in agreement.

They rode away into the desert and headed back to their lives.

Chapter 41

It was Monday, October 10th, 2016.

The university and banks were closed today because of Columbus Day.

John grabbed a cup of coffee and sat in his Lazy Boy chair in the den. He had his textbook in hand and was curious.

He flipped through the pages to Mountain Rock. He saw that Rusty Moore didn't die because of Blue Earl and read he died in nineteen fifteen as was first reported in history. He had his successful career as a lawman in the old west. John felt good saving his life.

He flipped the pages back to Oak Creek. He read the article on Dalton Trevor being the Town Marshal after Clint Bartley. He saw the photo taken of Dalton and Chrissy at Stone Valley. He smiled when he read how Dalton quit his Marshal job and bought the General Store in Oak Creek.

The article mentioned how Town Marshal Trevor with Deputy Zeke Cooper and three strangers and the Indian tracker Merijildo shot and killed the Blue Earl gang while attempting to arrest them for robbing the Oak Creek bank.

John smiled at the picture showing Blue Earl, Frankie, Hank, and Bo's dead body were propped up in wooden caskets in front of Harvey's stop. There was a separate picture showing Deke's dead body propped up in a casket stating Marshal Trevor killed Deke during the bank robbery.

The article ended there stating that Zeke Cooper was the Town Marshal until Oak Creek ceased to exist as a town. But there was something that got John extremely curious about Dalton. He wondered how long he lived in the old west.

So he got up with his coffee cup and headed over to the computer table. He powered up his iMac taking sips of coffee while it booted up.

He conducted a search on Dalton Trevor of Phoenix.

A bunch of results appeared and it took him a few seconds to weed through the non-related links. He found a link that looked interesting.

He clicked on that link the second Angie walked up to him with a cup of coffee in her hand. "What are you looking up?" she asked while she glanced at the iMac.

"I'm curious on how Dalton and Chrissy survived the old west," he said.

Angie and John saw a webpage appeared was the home page for Trevor's Hardware Stores.

"Look, this page is dedicated to the founders of Trevor's Hardware stores. States there are eighteen Trevor's Hardware stores throughout Arizona and New Mexico," said John.

"Trevor Hardware Stores? I don't remember Trevor Hardware Stores being in this area," said Angie then a strange new memory suddenly hit her. "Why is it that I now recall seeing one of those stores around here?"

That same strange new memory suddenly hit John. "This is weird. I suddenly recall seeing one of those stores in Phoenix," said John.

John and Angie read the article about the history of this hardware store chain. It started out with a picture of Dalton and Chrissy Barron's wedding.

"There's a picture of their wedding," said Angie.

"John clicked on it and it expanded into a larger view.

The picture showed Dalton and Chrissy after their wedding with John, Angie, Clint, Alicia, and Merijildo standing with them. It stated they were married on October 4th, 1883.

"This is so cool," said John.

"Feels like it happed the other day," said Angie.

"It did," replied John.

John closed the picture and they read how Dalton bought Gus Master's General Store in Oak Creek in 1883 and that planted the seed for expansion. In 1885 Dalton and Chrissy moved from Oak Creek to Phoenix where he started Trevor's

Hardware store. While Dalton managed the store Chrissy worked as a school teacher in Phoenix.

By nineteen twenty, Dalton had opened two other Trevor Hardware stores in Phoenix, and Tucson.

“Wow, he was successful,” said John.

Angie nodded in agreement.

John scanned over the history of expanding Trevor’s Hardware stores in Arizona and New Mexico.

He got to the end of the article and read how Dalton Trevor passed away at the ripe old age of ninety-two in nineteen fifty-two.

He read how his wife Chrissy, a retired school teacher, passed away a year later at the age of eighty-nine. They had two sons who eventually took over the business.

The great grandson of Dalton and Chrissy, Jack Trevor, was now the CEO of Trevor Enterprises the owner of the Trevor Hardware store franchise.

At the very bottom of the article was a picture taken in 1949 with Dalton and Chrissy and all of their children grandchildren and great grandchildren. They looked extremely happy.

“I’m so glad they had a long and happy life,” said John.

Angie looked at the picture again. “I’m so glad we went back. Otherwise their happy life would have been extremely short,” she said.

John nodded in agreement. Then John’s eyes widened with an idea. “Let’s take a ride.”

“Where to?”

“I think there’s a Trevor’s Hardware Store not too far away. I want to check it out,” he said.

Angie thought about that for a few seconds. “Let’s check it out.”

John powered down his iMac and they left the den.

They left their house and got in John’s Mustang.

John drove away and soon pulled into the parking lot of a “Trevor’s Hardware Store.”

They got out of his car and walked to the store.

When they got close to the front doors they saw the “Founded in 1885” under the “Trevor’s Hardware Store” name.

They went inside the store.

They walked around and near the rear of the store found a small area on the wall that showed the history of this establishment.

John and Angie saw a photograph of Dalton and Chrissy Trevor taken on June 2nd, 1885. The caption stated that it was taken in front of their very first Trevor’s Hardware Store that opened on that day. In fact, the very first Trevor’s Hardware Store was built on the same location as this current store John and Angie visited.

“This is so cool to think that we’re standing on the spot where Dalton built his first hardware store. The one that started it all,” said John.

Angie nodded in agreement while she looked at the photograph of Dalton and Chrissy.

The wording on the display also stated that Dalton passed away in 1952 and Chrissy passed away in 1953. They were buried in the Greenwood/Memory Lawn Mortuary & Cemetery here in Phoenix.

John and Angie left the hardware store and talked about making this their primary store instead of Home Depot.

They got in his Mustang and John drove out of the parking lot.

“Let’s check out something else,” said John while he drove down the street.

“What’s that?”

“You’ll see.”

Twenty minutes had passed and John pulled his Mustang into the entrance of the Greenwood/Memory Lawn Mortuary & Cemetery.

“Why are we going in here?” said Angie then a second after she asked that question, she knew the reason.

He parked his Mustang and they got out.

They went inside the office of the mortuary and got the information they needed.

They left the office and headed off to the cemetery.

A little while later, they found it. Two headstones.

“Here Lies Dalton Trevor, Born Unknown, Died July 12, 1952,” read John while they looked at his headstone.

“Here Lies Chrissy Trevor, Born Unknown, Died August 2, 1953,” read Angie while they looked at her headstone.

“You know something?” said John.

“What’s that?”

“I miss those two kids,” he said.

Angie looked at the headstones. “I also miss them,” she said. “But this was the life they wanted.”

“That’s true,” said John then he held Angie’s hand and they walked away.

“I’m so glad Crazy Hole is no longer available,” he said.

“I’m also glad.”

John and Angie walked back to his Mustang and drove away to live out the rest of their life in the future.

And so was the end of Crazy Hole.