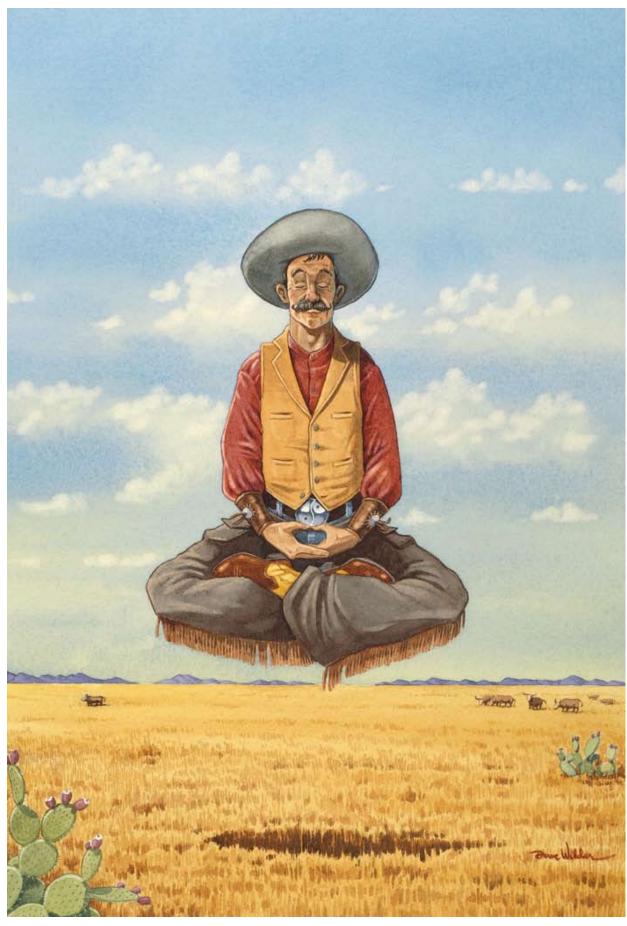
THE WILDER WEST...

the ART & WIT & WISDOM of DAVE WILDER



'Om on the Range'

Louis L'Amour Redux

It was quiet, too damn quiet.

Crouched behind a boulder in the blistering heat of an August afternoon Virgil Justice took stock of his current predicament. The hole in his left side was still bleeding badly and the mixture of blood and sweat glued his shirt to his skin. The lead slug had gone clean through an inch below his rib cage and he tried to tell himself the wound wasn't fatal. The thought didn't bring much comfort as the pain and the heat conspired to fog his mind and dull his reflexes. He knew that he would need every ounce of strength and all the wits he possessed to survive the ordeal that was to come. He checked the action on his trusty Colt revolver and counted the cartridges that remained in the loops of his belt. Twelve. Might be just enough if a whisper of luck were to come his way. Pulling his Stetson down low to shade his eyes he took a chance and stole a look down at the dusty valley below.

His lame and windblown horse still lay at the base of the cliff where he had put the poor beast out of its misery. No buzzards had yet appeared and nothing but dust devils seemed to be moving on the flat, lifeless plain. Or was there? Off to the west a cloud of dust was moving against the wind. Squinting against the glare he could soon see them, twenty armed men riding hard along the trail he had just taken. It was the Logan gang all right, crazed with rotgut whisky and hell bent on revenge for the death of their leader whom Virgil had been forced to kill in self-defense. There were too many of them and Virgil knew it. Soon they would be on top of him. He felt the bile rise in the back of his throat as a cold chill raced down his spine. "Fuck it," he said and pulled out his cell phone to dial

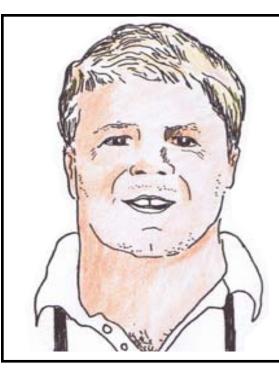
---Dave Wilder

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