The sentry, who Chester shot the two assassins, was asleep at the end of the camp.

He slept in the open on his sleeping bag.

Scott was raised by his grandfather.

Scott mother and his grandmother and his uncles died in a farmhouse fire.

Scott and his grandfather were not in the farmhouse they were in the woods picking berries.

Scott wanted to sell the berries to the travelers for the Fourth of July holiday.

They were gone all day.

As they were riding down the road to go home.

His grandfather started sniffing the air.

The grandfather said, “You smell that?”

Scott lifted up his nose and started sniffing the air.

Scott looked at his grandfather and said, “What grandpa? I only smell my berries.”

His grandfather was riding and saw some neighbors.

The neighbors were running up the street.

Scott’s grandfather pulled his wagon up by one of the neighbors and said, “What’s going on?”

The neighbor looked at Jim and said, “They say your place is on fire.”

The neighbor hopped on the back of wagon as Jim sped home.

The neighbor on the back of the wagon looked at all the berries in the wagon.

Neighbors on the road were yelling, “Jim it’s your place.”

Jim continued to sped along the road.

He could not believe his eyes.

He could see the flames a mile away.

Jim began to cry and said, “Oh my LORD.”

Scott looked up at his grandfather.

Scott saw the people running and screaming.

The people were running and yelling, “Go Jim.”

Scott was looking at the people, then he finally looked at the direction the people were pointing and saw his farm burning up.

He jumped out of his seat and his mouth flew opened and he could not sit.

Scott began to yell, “Go faster!!! GO faster!!!!”

Neighbors saw Jim jump out of his wagon.

Scott jumped out the wagon.

The neighbor who Jim picked up and who sat in the back of the wagon jumped out the wagon.

The two men were running through the fields that lead to the house.

Scott jumped out the wagon and fell.

The neighbors were standing across the road from their family’s house.

The neighbors ran to pick Scott up.

Scott hook his head and when he looked up he saw a strange woman who stared at him.

She was not dressed like his mother and grandmother. She had a very hard face and her eyes were not kind.

The neighbor picked him up and he stood and shook himself and looked for the strange woman and she was gone.

Scott said, “Where she go?”

The neighbor who picked him up said, “Who?”

Scott was looking for the woman in the people and he did not see her. He thought he saw her back but did not run after her because he heard his grandfather screaming.

Scott turned and ran through the fields to his grandfather and the neighbor who were on their knees at the end of the fields where the entire house and barn was on fire and nearly burnt to the ground.

It took two days for the fire to burn out.

Scott grandfather could not sleep.

He and Scott sleep in a neighbor’s barn.

They had to try to find anything of a body.

Scott grandfather blamed this seven year old boy for the deaths of his wife, daughter and three sons.

Scott’s grandfather and the neighbors planned the funeral for the five members of his family.

Scott’s grandfather the night after the burial at the local church, that it was Scott’s fault the family had died.

If they had not gone to pick the berries he could have been there to help them escape the fire.

Scott had no one else.

His father he did not know, he was someone she meet in the city and came back home when she was pregnant.

Scott always held in his heart what his grandfather said, it was his fault that the family died.

The insurance company did the investigation and after a year said the fire was set on purpose.

The grandfather fell out and had to be revived.

Scott was eight years old and did not know what was being said.

The insurance company was trying to say Jim set the fire that killed his family and destroyed his house and barn.

Jim was arrested and Scott stayed with the good neighbor until his grandfather’s brother came into town and brought a lawyer with him.

 After three months in jail, Jim was released.

The neighbors turned their backs on Jim because they believed he set the fire that killed his family.

The good neighbor said, “You’ll know that is not true.”

One neighbor said, “It’s just Jim and his grandson left.”

Another neighbor said, “I don’t want him near me and my family.”

A man and woman came to town and went to the land and asked who the land belong to.

The neighbors told them Jim Bentley.

Jim drank everyday and did not work.

The good neighbor told Jim, “You have been through hell. You have a grandson, you have to live. We, me and my wife love you and Scott, but you know times are hard and you and Scott have been here nearly two years. You have not worked and not gone fishing and hunting like we use to.”

Jim said, “What are you saying?”
The good neighbor said, “I need you and Scott out by the end of the month.”

Jim sat in a half drunken state and said, “That’s in seven days.”

The good neighbor said, “What happened? Didn’t the insurance company had to pay you?”

Jim was about to fall off the back of the wagon they were sitting.

He said, “All of that went to pay that big city attorney my brother brought to get me out of the jail.”

The good neighbor said, “It was worth all of it to have you free. Scott is having a bad time. He doesn’t have his mom anymore, you blame him for their deaths and the neighbors wont’ let their children play with him and at school the teacher makes him sit by himself.”

Jim sat leaning over to his side.

Scott was in the wagon asleep. Pretending to be asleep.

Jim listened to the neighbor and said, “I’m sorry for all of this.”

The good neighbor said, “For what? Did you have any part to do with that fire?”
Jim looked at the neighbor and said, “No. I and Scott were way all day. The insurance company said the fire was set on purpose. You know I have plenty. Rather I had plenty of guns and everybody knew how to shoot. “

The good neighbor said, “What are you thinking?”

Jim said, “I drink because I can’t put the pieces together. A woman came asking to buy my farm and all the fields. I told her no. Three months later my family is dead, all my property is lost, I am put in jail and now I am being run out of town.”

The good neighbor said, “Well I hate to tell you a man been asking around town who owns your piece of land.”

Jim thought and turn and put his right leg up on the wagon bed.

He started drifting off into sleep.

The good neighbor said, “Maybe you should sell that piece of land and let all the bad memories go with it.”

He heard Jim snoring.

He looked over t Jim and the bottle of whiskey in his hand.

He good neighbor reached and eased the bottle of whiskey out of Jim’s hand and was turning his back but took a big swallow of the whiskey and said, “Ahh.”

Jim said, “It’s good ain’t’?”

The good neighbor nearly choked and turned quickly and said, “You skunk. Seven days.”

Scott laid awake and thought about what his grandfather said, “That somebody wanted his grandma and mother and uncles dead and if he and his grandfather would have been there they would have died also. He thought his granddaddy was real sad because our family is gone to heaven.”

The next morning the good neighbor ran to the wagon and woke Jim.

He shook Jim until he finally woke.

The good neighbor fanned and said, “Wash your face and brush your teeth and come and meet the folks that want to buy your land.”

Jim said, “I don’t want to see them. You sell the land to them and take your part and bring me the rest.”

The good neighbor sold the land and was going to take forty percent of the sale of the land and give Jim sixty percent.

His wife grabbed the money and gave her husband twenty per cent to give to Jim.

The good neighbor looked at his wife and said, “Why are you doing this?”

She shrugged her shoulders and grinned.

The good neighbor said, “Marlene this is not going to last him and his grandson no more than six months. How can you do this?”

He reached for the money and she pulled it back.

The good neighbor went to Jim with the little money in his hand and reached it to Jim and said, “That’s it. That’s all of it.”

Jim looked at the little cash and counted the money over and over.

Marlene walked out the house and sashayed and stood behind her husband with the large amount of cash in her hands and grinned at Jim and then she began to fan the money.

Jim looked at Marlene and as fanned with the money, Jim was counting the money in her hand.

The good neighbor said, “Choo. You go on now.”

Jim said, “That’s blood money. If I ever find out you two had something to do with the killing of my family I will be back for you.”

The good was scared but Marlene was not.

Scott was on his knees and looking out the wagon and listening to his grandfather and the good neighbor and Marlene.

Marlene did not say anything but fanned the money like it was her personal money.

That image was stayed in Scott’s mind.

Jim stepped out the back of the wagon and walked to the driver’s side and hopped up and Scott turned from the back of the wagon and sat up front next to his grandfather.

The good neighbor and his wife walked to the driver’s side.

The husband said, “We’ve been good to you…”

Pointed at Scott, “… and your grandson. Be sure to tell everyone me and my wife was good to you’ll for two years, “and held up two fingers.

Jim pulled off and he and Scott rolled their eyes at the good neighbor and his wife Marlene.

The good neighbor was nervous but Marlene was happy as though she earned the money.

The good neighbor said, “Where would he go that is not enough money Marlene. Give me some more.”

Marlene handed him a dollar.

The good neighbor ran behind the wagon and Jim stopped.

The good neighbor reached Jim the one dollar.

Jim sat and stared at the good neighbor.

Scott leaned over Jim and reached for the dollar.

The good neighbor laughed and gave the dollar to Scott.

Scott said, “I will hang this dollar up to remind me killed my family.”

The good neighbor could not speak.

He held his head and fell to his knees.

Jim looked back at the good neighbor.

The wife ran to her husband and looked for the one dollar bill and said, “Where’s the dollar?”

The husband had fallen on his hands and threw up and he finally said, “Scott toke the dollar…”

Marlene grinned and twisted.

The good neighbor said, “…as a prey for our lives. He’s coming back to kill us.”

Marlene grin slowly moved off her face.

She stopped her sashay.

Jim drove passed all of his land.

He and Scott cried all the way pass the two hundred acres of land.

Scott said, “I’ll get back for you grandpa.”

Jim said, “I did not sign no papers. They could not sell my land nor buy it. When I am stronger I will come back.”

Scott looked at his grandfather and said, “Me to grandpa.”

Jim drive his two horses until they had to stop.

He and Scott kept going for two days.

Scott nearly fell off the wagon.

Jim took his right hand and grabbed Scott and threw him in the wagon.

Jim was determined he will not loose his last living relative besides his lost brother in the military.

Scott laid in the back of the wagon and slept off and on did not move until they had crossed the state line.

His grandfather finally had to pull the wagon over of the road.

He feed the two horses and gave them water.

He crawled in the back of the wagon with Scott and put the covers over them and slept for a full day.

The woke when they heard thunder rolling past and he and Scott jumped up and peeped out the wagon and saw the military passing by.

Scott was so excited he looked at his grandpa and said,”You did that Grandpa?”

Jim smiled and said, “A very long time ago.”

Commander Bentley was the captain over the troop that passed Scott and Jim.

Scott said, “I want to do that Grandpa.”

Jim said, “It’s up to you, but I want you to become a doctor.”

Scott said, “But soldiers are exciting.”

Jim said, “Anybody can shoot but hardly nobody can heal.”

Scott said, “Can you teach me what a soldier do, so when I join I can be ready?”

Jim saw Scott was determined to join the military.

Jim taught Scott how to hunt and fish and put his head to the ground and feel the ground.

Jim and Scott went into the city and found a little piece of land they could have, but the city said Jim had to develop it.

Jim and Scott slept in the wagon for nearly a year.

The city came out and saw the wagon and Jim had purchased a tent for him to sleep in.

He bought a lot of chickens and began to raise chickens and sell the chicken and the eggs.

The city employees bought dozens of eggs from Jim.

They arranged for Jim to deliver their supply of chickens to the job.

The city workers told Jim he had to put Scott in school.

Jim wanted Scott to go to school, but he did not know what to do.

He could not go and take Scott to school day and go bac and pick him up and leave the chickens unattended.

One of the city workers said, “Miss Arlene can take Scott in and you can come and get him on the week-end.”

Scott did not like that arrangement.

Jim said, “Scott I have to put you in school.”

Scott said, “Because you want me to be a doctor.”

They located Miss Arlene’s house.

It was a small white house with window flower boxes.

Miss Arlene came to the door and opened the door and smiled and said, “Hello.”

Jim spoke and said, “This is my grandson Scott. We have to put him in school. I live too far away and the city workers suggested I come and talk with you about Scott boarding with you.”

Miss Arlene said, “Please come in.”

Jim and Scott walked in the house and looked around.

Miss Arlene watched Scott and Jim.

She was especially interested In Jim.

Miss Arlene said, “I have two boarders they will finish school in a month and go to the military.”

Scott who was not interested in staying away from Jim.

But when Miss Arlene said the’ military’ Scott became interested in boarding with her.

Jim registered Scott in school. He had to recreate all their documents.

He took some of the money from the sale of the farm and bought Scott some boots, underwear and some jeans and shirts.

Jim opened a bank account to put the rest of the money.

School was only four days per week, so Jim would leave and bring the chickens and eggs to the city workers or deliver them to their houses.

Scott would be so excited when he saw his grandfather’s wagon that he would go with him to deliver the goods.

Jim would always give Miss Arlene a chicken and a dozen of eggs.

The other widow women would complain.

Jim would look at Miss Arlene and smile.

Miss Arlene looked forward to her Thursday evening visit with Jim.

The other widows started to complain.

Jim chicken business begin to grow.

Jim bought another tent and fixed it up for Scott and when they arrived home and Scott saw the tent he was very happy.

Scott helped Jim out around the chicken business on Fridays and Saturdays Jim would teach Scott what he remembered.

Sunday they were back to Miss Arlene and Jim would drop Scott off church and stay the evening so he could spend some time with Ms. Arlene.

Scott excelled at school because he knew the quicker he was out of school the quicker he could go to the military.

After years of going to school Scott finished his studies.

He enlisted in the military and spent nearly a year in training.

He was one of the new troop members assigned to Bruce.