

*Levi Adams is a cowboy who works at a neighboring ranch tending to cattle and running horses. He's saving up to seek revenge on the outlaw who killed his pap! Will he get his justice?*

## **Walk of a Dead Man**

By Jackie Adams

**Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](http://Booklocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13400.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**

# WALK OF A DEAD MAN



JACKIE ADAMS

Copyright © 2024 Jackie Adams

Paperback ISBN: 978-1-958892-96-1

Hardcover ISBN: 978-1-958892-97-8

Ebook ISBN: 979-8-88531-754-2

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, recording or otherwise, without the prior written permission of the author.

Published by BookLocker.com, Inc., Trenton, Georgia.

The characters and events in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and not intended by the author.

BookLocker.com, Inc.  
2024

First Edition

Library of Congress Cataloguing in Publication Data  
Adams, Jackie  
Walk of a Dead Man by Jackie Adams  
Library of Congress Control Number: 2024940194

# Chapter 1

It's a moonlit night. From the dirt I stood upon, I could see all the way to the hills that lay trouble just behind. I feel for my gun's grip realizing within seconds there's going to be a shootout. Rather I live or die I know it's not in vain. Justice, justice is what I seek from the man who shot my father. I was only a boy, but even a boy's eyes could see the trouble that came and went and took my world. My name's Levi Adams and I'm no yellow belly. The man that took my father's life, they call him Merle Fogarty.

Now's my chance to seek vengeance. I can hear his horse's hooves stomping closer as I put my hand on the revolver feeling for the trigger I'll soon pull. As I feel the sweat from my brow, I can already taste the salt of his death on my tongue.

I hear the stomping stop. I seek refuge behind a tree. I stare up the hill and see him looking down. I gather he's looking for a spot to camp. I'm not going to kill any man that's not staring me in the face. I want him to see me. To see the boy who he took the father from.

While he makes his way from the hill, I'll walk my horse back to town. Tonight isn't the night Merle Fogarty will have his last breath. I release my finger from the trigger and put my gun back in its holster. Come light of the day, I'll have my way.

It's my first time stepping foot in this town. I tie my horse in front of the saloon. I know that no good Merle is headed this way. I'll be ready for him come dawn. I walk inside. It's full of loud talk and even louder laughter, while some fellow plays the piano. I walk to the bar, take a seat, and order a shot of whiskey. It doesn't take long before the madam takes a seat next to me. I buy her a shot and we down them together. She keeps me company most of the night's drinking.

I mention the name Merle Fogarty and how he killed my pappy. Soon she walks over to a table where the sheriff and his deputy are seated. Both walk towards me, and I know there's about to be some kind of trouble. I want to put my hand on the revolver, but my guts telling me differently.

"You here for trouble?" The sheriff asks with a tight jaw.

I've had one too many shots of whiskey. My sound comes out louder than I mean. "Trouble

*Walk of a Dead Man*

already happened, Sheriff. I'm just here to take care of some business."

He puts his hands on his suspenders close to his sheriff's badge. "We don't want no trouble in this town, Mister. Take it someplace else. The likes of a few towns over."

I tell him, "I'm not here to cause no trouble. I'm just looking for my peace of mind."

He looks at his deputy and then back at me, "Well, you're not to find it around here."

I raise my shot of whiskey in front of him and swig it down letting him know it's known. They find their way back to the table. I look over at the Madam I've been buying drinks for all night. I'm feeling betrayed, but I don't say nothing.

Soon after, one of her ladies, if you want to call her that, finds her way to me. She whispers in my ear, "You should lay with me. We could go upstairs..."

Before she can finish, I put my finger to her lips stopping her. "I ain't in no way needing to." I stand, grab my hat, and tip it at her. "Have a good night, ma'am." I show myself out passing by the Sheriff and his deputy.

Once out, feeling faint on my feet, I take in a deep breath of the night's fresh air. I find myself a spot at the edge of town to get some shut-eye. I tie my horse to a tree and find a flat enough ground to sleep. Come morning, I'll kill Merle, and then top it off with a sponge from the local merchant. I'm sure there's a river to bathe as I travel up north.

The whole moon shifted, while I tossed and turned in thoughts of Merle's death. I decide I'm going to tie him to my horse and take him to where he shot my daddy. I'll kill him in the same spot he killed. He'll get a taste of his own infernal he caused.

I can see dusk getting ready to dawn, and I didn't even get a wink of sleep. I sit in front of the tree, wipe some sweat from my forehead, and tap my hat against my knee. Dust goes flying into the air. I climb up on my horse and make my way to Merle's camp.

When I get close enough for sound, I tie my horse and walk the rest of the trail. I bend down behind a tree and see he's still sleeping. A man has to wait for another man to wake. Only a yellow would knock him, while he sleeps. I pick up a rock plenty big and wait.

*Walk of a Dead Man*

Merle sits up and stretches to his toes. As soon as he turns around, I let him get a look at me, and then I hit him upside the head knocking him faint to the ground. I go to my horse bringing him over to Merle and tie him. "Good boy, Boots." A name I'd given my horse a time back. I hope the Sheriff is happy now. I in no way caused any mischief there.

While Merle is still knocked out, I grab his canteen of water and take a few swigs. I pack up what little he has and tie it to his horse. When he starts to rouse, I jerk him by his arm with my gun to his back, I put him on his horse with his hands tied and tie his horse to my own. Once we are ready for travel, I decide to still head up north to where my father's cabin which is now my own lies in a valley between the hills.

"Look, Mister, I don't know who you are, but I stirred no trouble with you." He says as I finish tying his hands to the saddle.

I'm without words at first. Soon after I say, "I know who you are, Merle Fogarty, and I know my business with you. You'll find out soon, once we've traveled north. I reckon you'll be all too familiar with it when we get to where we're getting."



He whines like a horse whinny's, "I don't know how you know me or what you want with me. If you let me go, I have some tin I can share with you."

I take a few more swigs of his water, "I'm not even interested if you had greenbacks, Merle. There's only one thing I'm interested in."

As he takes me in, he sees his death escape my eyes. He knows now. I nod letting him know how right he is. Once Merle is on the horse trailing behind mine, we make our way north. We travel for a day's half before Boots, and I grow weary.

I find a river. Without the sponge I was meaning to buy, I decided to rinse off. I jump off my horse, stand at the edge of the water, and splash my face. By the time I turn back, Merle is kicking his horse. Traveling at a fast speed, I climb back on Boots and race my way to him. I ride beside him and grab his reins that are hanging loosely by his horse's gird. As I slow his horse down, I ask Merle already knowing, "What are you meaning to do? Kill yourself?"

He says, "Better by horse than the likes of you."

*Walk of a Dead Man*

I tie his horse back to mine and make sure it's tighter this time. "No more coming loose for you."

"Who are you?" He asks as he squints his eyes at me.

"You'll know soon, too soon, Merle, and once you do, you'll be taking your last breath." I lead the horse north until the moon lights our path. I and then know it's time to stop traveling for the night and find camp.

I grab Merle and pull him down off his horse. When he lands on the ground with a sound of a thud he wiggles around. "You could have broken my neck!"

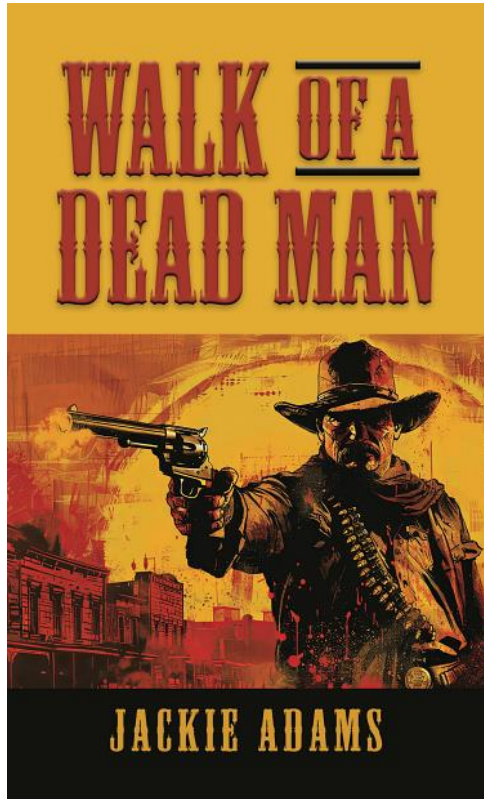
"I'm not that lucky, Merle. Any type of luck I once had, you stole." I drag him to the nearest tree and tie him to it. I check the rope making sure it's tight enough not wanting him to run for it by the time I wake at dawn.

"That's what this is about ain't it! You're mad I stole something from you. Let me go, and I'll be sure to make it up to you, Mister. Come on now. Have some heart and give me a shot."

"Yes, a shot is what that'd end up as. I'm no fool, Merle. Stop wasting the light before dusk." I

look for some wood to start a fire. I grab the matches out of the saddle bag on Boots. I throw a match or two on the gathered sticks. Once the fire is going, I find a grassy spot to lie on. The rest of the night is mine.

There are a few times I wake up on the night of the moon checking on Merle to be sure he hasn't escaped. I soon after fall back to sleep. Up and down all night. Checking on Merle and Boots. Once, I even found a tree to empty myself behind. Soon fast asleep, again.



*Levi Adams is a cowboy who works at a neighboring ranch tending to cattle and running horses. He's saving up to seek revenge on the outlaw who killed his pap! Will he get his justice?*

## **Walk of a Dead Man**

By Jackie Adams

**Order the book from the publisher [Booklocker.com](http://Booklocker.com)**

**<https://www.booklocker.com/p/books/13400.html?s=pdf>**

**or from your favorite neighborhood  
or online bookstore.**