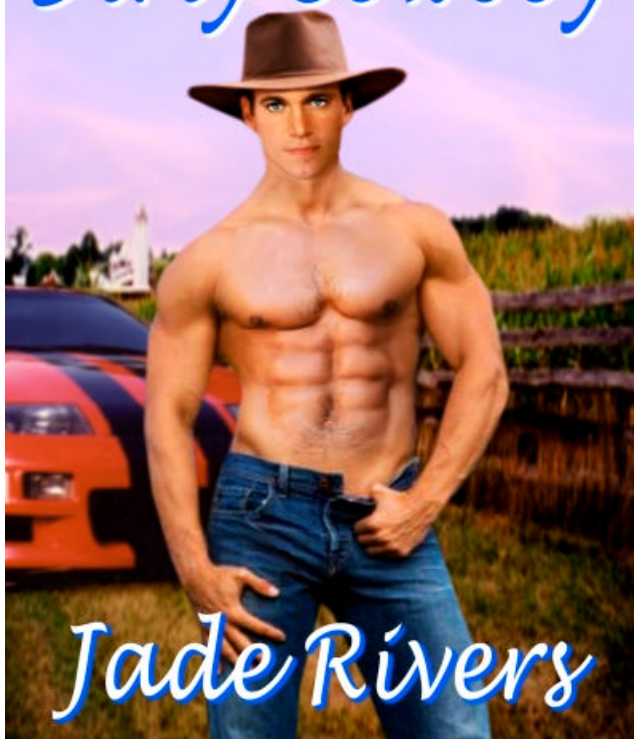


Diary of a Dirty Cowboy



Jade Rivers

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

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DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

BY

JADE RIVERS

AMBER QUILL PRESS, LLC

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DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY
AN AMBER QUILL PRESS BOOK

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters, locations, and incidents are products of the author's imagination, or have been used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual persons living or dead, locales, or events is entirely coincidental.

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*This book is dedicated to the memory
of SSG Bryant Herlem.*

Bryant made the ultimate sacrifice this spring in Iraq, when his unit was struck by a homemade bomb. The courage and honor his wife, LaNita, has shown in support of her husband and our troops is a credit to his memory. LaNita, Bryant, and I served together during Desert Storm in the early 90's. I'm proud to call them friends. Bryant was a sexy, loyal, and dedicated soldier with a terrific sense of humor. He and LaNita shared laughter, passion, and a deep love for each other and their country. LaNita feels blessed to have shared his life, and I know he felt the same.

I hope this book brings a few people closer to the soldiers who are dying in defense of our freedom. They're regular guys, with stories and families just like this one.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

June 6th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

I feel kinda strange, writing to my dead brother, but I think it'd be even stranger, a cowboy like me having a diary.

Today is the first day of summer vacation.

"The first day of the rest of your life, boy!" Daddy said this morning.

You know, I graduated on Sunday, and I'm sure glad to be rid of it. You and Hank were the "big men on campus" when you were there, and I never did manage to live up to everyone's expectations.

Hank brought a little honey along with him, blonde hair, blue eyes, and built like a brick shithouse. You know, the usual.

I couldn't hardly look at her, she was so sweet. She sat next to me and put her hand on my arm, gave me a little squeeze that had my balls tied in knots. She was trying to be nice—you know, to impress Hank.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

Girls don't talk to me. I'm such a damn social retard. I had cake in my mouth when she leaned over to congratulate me, and I spit some on her cleavage.

Damn if she wasn't real gracious about the whole thing, but the whole time I was trying to apologize, I just kept thinking about licking the frosting and crumbs right off of those perky little tits.

I had to scoot closer to the table real fast to hide my boner, and hit my elbow on the edge, right on my funny bone. Damn it, it seems like I'm always making some stupid scene around girls.

Remember that time, when you were teaching me to drive? Tina Lister walked up to talk to you outside the Tasty Freeze, and I accidentally put the car in reverse and ran over her foot. I was so wiggled-out I put it back in drive and ran over it again before you slammed it into park.

Well, I'm headed to Parris Island in the fall. The Marines! Momma's real proud, I reckon Daddy is, too, but he's pretty quiet about it. I wanted to be a pilot, you know, but my eyes ain't good enough. So I'm going for Airborne Radio Operator, and that way I still get to fly with the big boys.

Hank's up at State now, playing ball. He'll be a junior next year, and starting quarterback. Daddy goes to every home game and some of the away games. I don't suppose Momma and Daddy will get out to Pensacola very often while I'm training, but that's just as well. I won't be playing any sports.

I sure do miss you. Hank and I don't get really get along. You were kind of like our common denominator. Now that you're gone, we're just not connecting anymore. Remember when we used to fight, and you'd make us laugh and smooth everything over?

Since you've been gone, we fight harder and longer. It's gotten so we don't talk to each other because the fights are so bad.

Momma always starts crying and Daddy hollers 'til he's hoarse.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

I think both of us want to stop, but we're out of control. We get in the middle of it and we just can't see past the fury.

I'm glad to be leaving come fall. Momma could use some peace and quiet around here.

I bet you're popular in Heaven. Probably have the Savior Himself in stitches with your fishing stories. I can't wait to hear them again someday.

Stay loose, Jesse. And keep an eye out for your little brother, why don'tcha?

* * *

June 7th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

Today was wild! I went down to the quarry for a dip and there were some girls there from State, skinny-dipping.

You know how it is. I couldn't go out there, but I couldn't walk away either. They didn't notice me on the path, so I ducked over behind some bushes and sat down where I could still see them.

My heart was pounding so hard, it's a wonder they didn't hear it!

Glory was there with Taylor and Presley. They're all cheerleaders for State now. Glory's a squad leader. You should see her in that skirt.

I ain't never seen a cheerleader naked in my whole life, and it's not likely to happen again, so I just couldn't pass up the opportunity.

Taylor was sitting on her towel not ten feet from me, slicking herself up with baby oil. I could see drops of moisture rolling down around her neck and trickling between her breasts. Her navel had a shiny little pool of sweat in it. Man, it was so sexy I wanted to lick it.

The way Taylor was sitting, I couldn't see any lower, but Presley was lying on her stomach facing away from me with her legs spread. I could see her whole pussy! It was perfect. Presley's a true redhead, if you know what I mean. Little ginger curls all around those wet lips. I

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was hard as granite, I'm telling you!

Glory was in the water, and when she stood up all soaking wet, I nearly came right there in my pants. Her hair was slick and dripping, it looked like pulled taffy falling down her back. The water was streaming from her hair and running right down the crack of her ass, and that's a really nice ass! Tanned and round, with little dimples above both cheeks.

I was so anxious to get my hands on it I had to sit on them.

Glory came out of the water and shook her hair all over Presley's back, and Presley's pussy clenched up tight when she jumped. I actually *felt* my dick in there, getting squeezed.

Well, Taylor smacked Glory on the ass with her bare hand, and I got to thinking about how much I'd like to have that one bent over my knee. Her hand left a red print on Glory's cheek, just as pretty as a picture.

Presley cooed and rubbed the sore spot, then what do you think she did?

She kissed it! Planted her hot lips right in the middle of that handprint!

I swear I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes.

Glory just laughed and then she squatted down and kissed Presley right on the mouth.

I think there might even have been a little bit of spit swapping, but I couldn't see that well from my place in the scrub.

I had one hand busy in my shorts and was biting the other, trying to keep from hollering out. I was doing my best not to rustle the bushes, but they wouldn't have noticed anyway.

They started giggling and carrying on about football players. You-know-who's name came up and my hard-on wilted just like that.

I guess he's been with all three of them at one time or another, and they sounded like they wouldn't turn down seconds.

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Damn Hank probably didn't give them a second thought after he pushed them out of the truck. He doesn't even walk them to the door anymore.

I snuck back out and drove home fast with the windows down. I had to cool off somehow.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

June 14th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

I'm working behind the counter at the Tasty Freeze for gas money this summer. It's not very exciting, but it pays, and I get all the free ice cream I can eat.

This afternoon Lorelei Buchler and her baby sister Lenae came in for chocolate malts. Lenae was making doe eyes at me, and her being all of sixteen years if she's a day. I didn't know how to make her quit, but when I looked to Lorelei for help, she was off somewhere else.

Not to say she wasn't sitting right there at the counter by her sister, but her thoughts were in the wind. She's so pretty, pale and ethereal, almost like an angel.

She didn't look very angelic today, though, lemme tell you. She had on a pair of Daisy Dukes so high you could see the curve of her ass cheeks, and a tiny, cut-off tank top with some sparkly writing on it. Her flip-flops were white with a big yellow daisy between her toes, and her toenails were painted bright pink, like strawberry sherbet.

It was scorching hot outside, and the peachy-soft hairs on her neck and temples were damp and plastered to her skin. She had a real high ponytail, like Barbara Eden's in *I Dream of Jeannie*. Remember that show? It made me want to grab on and take her for a ride.

If there's such a thing as reincarnation—and I hope I'm not going to hell for saying so—I want to come back as Lorelei Buchler's straw.

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She kept dipping it in the malt and pulling it out, then dangling it just above her lips before lowering it into her mouth and sucking the soft ice cream right off. It was too thick to suck yet, (you know how they are when you first make 'em,) but she was ignoring the spoon I stuck in the side for her.

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When she leaned forward, I could see right down her shirt to the space between her breasts, all sweaty and tanned. She was wearing a strawberry-red lace bra that clipped in the front. Even her armpits are sexy.

I imagined licking them right after she shaved, slick, warm, and wet. That got me thinking about her in the shower, and before you know it, we were fucking like rabbits in the cool spray.

Well, I came around sputtering, and choking, half-drowned. I must've been making some weird noises or something because Jasper had taken the soda gun and sprayed it full in my face. He said he thought I was going to pass out or something.

Jasper, Lenae, and Lorelei were laughing like jackals, and I was just thankful my boner was hidden behind the ice cream counter.

What a day!

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

June 17th, 2005

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

Dear Jesse,

It's Friday night, and I'm almost ready to turn in, but I wanted to tell you about today. Momma and Daddy took us down to the lake to water-ski, (the only sport I'm good at,) and Hank made a dang fool of himself.

You know how he is. Whenever he's not the best at something, it ain't worth doing. So he got ripping drunk and hollered at girls from the boat all afternoon. Beats me why Daddy wanted him along. He knows Hank's afraid of water, since the accident.

Wasn't nothing anyone could do about it, Jesse. It was dark and cold, and the lake water isn't clear enough to see through in broad daylight, let alone at night. We searched for hours and hours, but we didn't find you until morning.

You shouldn'ta been drinking out there at night—you knew that. When you died, it made me so mad. I didn't think I'd ever get over the mad, but then came the hurt.

I'm still hurting, but it's not as sharp now.

Momma still cries a little whenever we go the lake, but she puts her flowers in the sand and says a prayer, then she feels a little better.

Daddy takes us out there to remember you and your life. You were his first, his favorite, and I think he's looking for a way to feel close to you again.

Sometimes when I'm ripping the wake behind the boat I can tell Daddy's seeing you, not me. He looks proud and sorrowful at the same time, and I get a lump in my throat and pray he sees you just a little while longer before I wipe out. I wish I was you sometimes, just for them. It's a powerful sorrow, losing a brother and a son.

Most of the time, I don't look anything like you. I have to wear these damn coke-bottle glasses and my hair won't lie down in the back. My jeans are always too baggy and I don't have muscles like yours

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

poking out of my sleeves.

It's different on the water. Somehow, I inherited your natural ability. I never did get up on one ski until that summer, and now I'm bare-footing and wake boarding. It gives me a good tan and keeps me in shape, and when my hair's wet, it looks a little darker, kind of like yours.

Momma sees it too. When I climb back in the boat, she smooths my hair and kisses me on top of the head, and I can see the tracks from the tears she wiped away.

Do you feel it? Can you see through my eyes when they're looking at you and missing you so much? Can you feel how much Hank and I miss you, Jesse?

We built a bonfire and roasted weenies, like old times. Only it wasn't. And it won't ever be again.

Miss you, Jesse.

Stay loose, okay?

* * *

June 19th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

It's Sunday, and I'm going to hell for sure for the thoughts I had today! We had Sunday services at the Baptist campground by the river. It was a revival week. Momma's been going to evening services all week, and she got all het up about us going as a family, so I had to call in to work and take the day off.

She dragged us right down front, right smack in front of the choir.

Lorelei was the soloist this week, and I could tell she wasn't happy about wearing the choir robes.

Wanna know how?

She was buck naked underneath. It's the God's honest truth, brother. The sun was shining right behind her and she was wearing a

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white robe with nothing else. It was like shadow puppets. Her body was silhouetted behind the white satin, and she was swishing all around to keep the air circulating.

Whenever she sang, she lifted her arms way up to make the sleeves fall down, and you could see the sweat pouring down her forearms. She had pretty gold bangle bracelets on, glittering in the sun like heavenly handcuffs.

Well, you know that got me started, seeing her standing there singing in handcuffs. I imagined her cuffed to a wall, naked as a jaybird, moaning my name over and over... I ran my hands all down her body and touched her secret places, made her scream for me to fuck her silly.

I pressed the hymnal down on my prick because I didn't want Momma catching me with a hard-on in church, but there wasn't nothing I could do when we all had to stand up to sing.

I stood back to the left of Momma and tried to hide behind her skirt a little, but I caught Lorelei peeking at me from the front row of the choir. She winked big as life.

I couldn't stand it anymore. I ran off into the woods and whacked off behind a tree.

These damn daydreams are driving me crazy, Jesse. I get all worked up thinking about girls all the time, not knowing what they really taste and feel like. I can imagine, but it's hell not knowing.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

June 21st, 2005

Dear Jesse,

I spent the night in the tree house over at the Carvers. Remember Bobby Carver's house? We used to sleep out there in the tree and watch his mom get into her nightgown before bed. Remember his sister,

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

Cecily? The ugly girl with big ol' buckteeth and ratty, dirty-brown hair?

She got braces in the seventh grade. She got boobs in the eighth grade, and her hair got darker. It's a rich coffee color now.

I guess she never really was that ugly...we were just blind to it. She's friggin' gorgeous, Jesse. With a body that could stop a clock.

Anyway, I was over there with Bobby, getting stoned in the tree house. We were three sheets to the wind, and it was beautiful out there, so we decided to roll out the old sleeping bags and sleep under the stars.

Bobby passed out and started snoring like a chainsaw, but I couldn't sleep.

Cecily came home from a date around ten, and wasn't I surprised when she came upstairs to the bedroom right in front of the tree house.

She wasn't worried about covering the window. I guess she figured that big tree would block her from the street, but then she wasn't thinking someone might be *in* the tree.

I couldn't help myself. I tried, I swear. I felt like a damn peeping tom up in that tree. She was just so beautiful. She sat down in front of her mirror and whipped her hair up into a ponytail, then she rubbed Noxzema all over her face to wipe off her makeup. I could smell it on the breeze, clean and sharp.

She's even prettier without makeup.

When her face was clean, she took her hair down and started brushing it with a big, old silver brush like Granny's. She propped one foot up on the chair and cocked her head to the side, her hair falling like a velvet curtain in front of her face.

I ached to run my fingers through it. Soft and cool, and I bet it would feel like silk.

Well, when she stood up and pulled her shirt over her head, I was lost.

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She had on one of those sweet cotton bras, white with little pink flowers. And when she shimmied out of her jeans, her panties matched.

She walked over to the closet and took out a robe, then laid back on her bed and turned on the late show.

I would've sat there all night long, just watching her, so relaxed and peaceful.

I guess she wasn't as peaceful as she looked, though, because she got to fumbling around with that bra pretty quick. In a snap, she was pulling it out of her sleeve and flinging it on the chair by the window.

I held my breath for five minutes. I thought she was going to look over that way and see me, big as life, right across from the window. It was dark in the tree house, but she might have seen my eyes, reflecting light just like a possum.

I squeezed them shut tight as long as I could stand it, but, after a while, I just had to peek.

She was laid out on the bed, head back on the pillows, gasping, with her hand working between her legs.

Her panties were hanging from the back of the chair, and her robe was wide open.

I couldn't believe it. I didn't think girls really did that, besides the girls in porno movies. It was mind-blowing, watching her diddle herself with three fingers and squeeze those pretty tits with the other.

She's built small, but beautiful. In my head, my hands roamed all over her body. I squeezed those toned thighs and kissed every inch of her. When she started pushing down against her hand, I could feel her shaved pussy banging against my balls, hard.

I tried, I mean, really tried, to look away and let her have her privacy. I just wasn't strong enough. I've never seen anything inside a real live girl before, and her hand is as good as anything.

It came out wet and slick, and she licked and sucked on her fingers until they were clean.

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I was whacking off hard while she lay there panting, not believing I'd just witnessed Cecily Carver finger-fucking herself.

Ever see anything like that? I bet you did. I bet your girlfriends did it for you whenever you wanted. Did you do that, Jesse? Did you like to just watch? Nah. I bet you were a real man.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

June 25th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

I headed down to the Cineplex last night to get out of the heat. I saw the new *Batman* flick. It was great. You'd've loved it.

It was date night, so everybody was making out in the back rows. I sat behind Lorelei and Tommy Francis.

He tried all evening to get his hands under her blouse, but she wasn't having it.

She crossed her legs real tight and put her arms over her breasts like a shield. When he tried to kiss her neck, she hissed at him.

I guess she really wanted to see the movie, and there was Tommy, making an ass out of himself pawing her during the picture.

She finally had enough and dumped her jumbo soda right in his lap.

He went on and on, hollering like a big baby. He told her to fuck off and find her own way home, and she stormed out of there, ready to do just that.

After a few minutes I got up and went to the car. I didn't think it was safe for her to be walking all the way out to the Buchler place in the dark. That's more than five miles from town.

I found her walking fast on Route 42, keeping her head down, ornery as a viper. I pulled alongside her real slow and offered her a ride home. I promised her I'd keep my hands to myself.

She laughed and jumped in, easy as you please. I guess everybody

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knows I'm harmless.

I told her I thought Tommy was an asshole and she was better off without him anyhow.

She said she knew that, and she only went with him because it ticked off Reverend Buchler.

When we got to her house I saw her up to the porch, and her Daddy thanked me for bringing her home safe. He was pretty happy when she didn't come home with Tommy.

They invited me in for a beer and we played Monopoly on the screened-in porch. I let Lorelei beat me. I didn't have the heart to take her money.

When Reverend Buchler kept trying to hint to Lorelei that she should hook up with a nice boy like me, I could've died right there.

I don't reckon he could've said anything that would make her want me less. Lorelei's never been interested in nice boys. Everyone knows that.

Ever since the ninth grade, when she tried to run off to Nashville with Jason Rocky, she's been chasing after the wild ones.

She laughed and patted me on the cheek, and it felt like she was cutting off my dick.

I don't mean any more to her than a friendly dog.

I felt pretty crappy after that, so I excused myself and drove back to the Cineplex to catch the late show.

Hank was there, making out with Taylor. I tell you, I couldn't win for losing tonight. Well, anyway, the movie was good.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

July 2nd, 2005

Dear Jesse,

They had the parade today down in front of the fire station.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

All the neighborhood kids were there with red and blue ribbons tied to their bike handlebars, and everybody's dog was covered up with stupid paper hats and scarves like Uncle Sam.

It was great. I got a funnel cake piled with strawberries and sat on the grass beside Momma. She took the lawn chairs down and got us front row seats early.

You could've knocked me over with a feather when Lorelei came and sat down beside me.

She had a great big corndog slop-covered with yellow mustard and a liter bottle of Pepsi-Cola. She threw a handful of salted peanuts in it and offered me a swig.

I never had Pepsi-Cola with peanuts in it, but I wasn't gonna say no. It was pretty damn good!

Her sister was marching in the parade with the drill team, in front of the band. Glory was on the State float with the rest of her squad, throwing candy at everybody.

I hardly noticed anything after Lorelei sat down.

I was watching her out of the corner of my eye, working on that corndog. She had on short red shorts and a red, white, and blue bikini top, just like a flag. Only I never saw a flag look that good before.

I could stand at attention for that flag in more ways than one!

She licked the mustard off the corndog so it wouldn't drip on her shorts.

I think she caught me watching once, but she didn't let on.

She just kept licking and nibbling on it, like a hard dick on a stick.

It was pure agony, watching her, without being able to touch her. I was wearing swim trunks and a T-shirt, but I was dripping sweat like I was sitting in a sauna.

It was the tasty freeze all over again, Jesse. She tortured me with that thing. Long licks, short licks, tiny nibbles, then great big bites, like she'd never get enough.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

When she swallowed the last of that corndog, I just about exploded, right there in the street.

She grabbed the Pepsi out of my hand and took a big swig, and I had to look around real quick to find something to cover up my Johnson.

Luckily I still had the funnel cake.

She grinned and nicked some strawberry topping with her fingers, then licked them clean.

I smiled and acted like nothing was bothering me, just as cool as you please. You would've been proud, at least for a minute.

When I tore off a hunk of funnel cake and got ready to eat it, she leaned over real quick and snatched it, along with the tips of my fingers, and pulled them in her mouth.

Oh man, oh man. When her hot lips closed around my fingers, the heat went straight to my tool.

I could hardly see straight, but I knew I had to get out of there before I did something really stupid.

I don't remember what I said—something about the peanuts in the Pepsi Cola making me sick or something—but I high-tailed it out over there quicker'n a jack rabbit. I pushed the rest of the funnel cake at her and ran like the devil was on my heels over to the public restrooms at the Tasty Freeze.

Jasper was working the counter, thank God. He didn't say anything about me locking the bathroom door. Abner would've had a fit.

I never jerked off so hard. It was so stiff it almost hurt, and I thought I'd be shooting off forever. I made a real mess, but I cleaned it up so Jasper wouldn't bitch about it.

I'm going to the fireworks tonight at the lake, but I've already seen 'em in broad daylight.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

July 3rd, 2005

Dear Jesse,

Momma practically had to drag my ass out of bed with the tractor this morning. She said I smelled like the inside of a whiskey barrel and looked like I'd slept *under* the doghouse.

You know what that means. I had to go to church with her.

She gave me the temperance lecture about the evils of liquor and loose women, then she spit-shined my face and threw me into my Sunday suit.

I swear to Christ, Reverend Buchler on a hangover is hell on earth. With my ears ringing and the whole chapel spinning like a carnival ride, his fire and brimstone sermon battered my eardrums and burned in my gut.

Now I remember why I haven't had a sip since freshman year, since that time you and Hank took me out on a turkey shoot and made me drink a whole fifth of Jack Daniels by myself.

If I remember correctly, Momma made the two of you suffer almost as much as I did for that little stunt.

The floor of ol' Abner's chicken house was the cleanest in the state! Hank still don't eat chicken. The smell alone makes him gag.

So last night I tied one on, in case you hadn't already picked up on that. I stayed late for the bonfire after the fireworks.

The football team tapped a coupla kegs and everybody was hangin' real loose and easy. Glory and Presley were makin' out with everybody and sometimes each other, and Taylor was stuck to Hank like a fly to honey.

Hank was trying to shake her, but not very hard. I think he's a little soft on her. He wasn't paying much attention to anyone else.

Lorelei was there, trying to keep her baby sister Lenae out of the beer.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

That asshole Tommy Francis kept trying to get Lenae away from the fire, and Lorelei was getting hotter every minute.

She couldn't ask me to take care of Lenae for her, knowing how Lenae is, so she asked me to take care of Tommy.

Christ, what am I? His fuckin' babysitter? I couldn't handle him sober, so I got him drunk. The only way to get him drunk is to try to out-drink him, so there I was, parked underneath the keg, tipping back the foam with Tommy Fucking Francis.

Lenae finally got a ride home, and it's a good thing because I was in no shape to drive after the party.

Lorelei owed me, since I took her home from the Cineplex. She collected me out from under the keg and poured me into the backseat somehow. I don't even want to know what I said while she was doing it.

I might've told her I loved her, for all I know. I just hope I didn't ask her to eat my corn dog.

She dropped me on the front porch and drove the car home.

I guess the reverend figured out why I wasn't driving last night because he kept catching my eye and wagging his finger at me, while he hollered about the lake of fire.

Momma was laughing under her breath the whole time. She kept pinching me whenever I tried to close my eyes for a minute, and plucked a sawbuck outta my wallet and dropped in the collection plate right under my nose.

Well, Reverend Buchler can use it to buy some new communion wine 'cause the swill he's serving is vile.

I'm going back to bed and sleep this shit off.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

July 7th, 2005

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

Dear Jesse,

I went out to Miss Cassy's ranch this afternoon and cleaned up brush for her.

She had her hip replaced last week, and the church ladies got together and promised their kids would do the hard work around the house for a while.

I'm not complaining, mind you. It's just that some of that work ain't been done in years, bad hip or no.

The fence around her yard was plum grown over with tangle-vines and thorns. She sat up on the porch with a big pitcher of tea while we worked, and bitched about what a crummy job I was doing.

I guess she's just cranky 'cause her hip hurts, but I wasn't feeling very charitable after that, and I might've torn out some lilac and honeysuckle, too, without noticing.

Lorelei was painting the rail and posts around the porch. She was wearing her cut-offs with a man's shirt, rolled up at the cuffs. She tied it in a knot around her waist and put a hankie over her hair to keep the paint off.

Miss Cassy was nice as pie to Lorelei, offering her tea and telling her to rest a spell if she got too hot.

That would've been enough to send me packing, but Lorelei brought me a glass of tea and plopped down in the shade with me for a little while.

There wasn't anything that old bat could say about it, since she'd offered it to Lorelei.

I was parched after an hour in that heat, and downed the whole glass in one swallow.

I was so hot I didn't think twice about ripping off my T-shirt. I dumped the ice in it and tied it in a little bundle, then plopped it on my head.

Lorelei only laughed for a minute, until she got to feeling the heat,

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

and then she took my ice bundle right off of my head.

I made a show of snatching it back, but I wanted to see what she would do with it more than I wanted it back.

She tipped her head forward and put it on the back of her neck first. She had the Jeannie ponytail in again today. I guess it's cooler that way. After she cooled the back of her neck, she dragged the ice around to the front, and leaned back against the tree.

She spread her feet out for balance, and I could see the insides of her thighs.

They were paler than the rest of her legs, but smooth and supple. I could tell they were soft, like rose petals. I could almost feel them on my face.

She let the ice melt on her neck and the water trickled down into the vee between her breasts. The shirt wasn't buttoned up, just tied, and she wasn't wearing a bra at all.

Her shirt got a little wet and I could see her nipples through the fabric, dark and small.

She squeezed a little water out of the T-shirt onto her hands, and rubbed it on her legs.

I could see a little damp patch forming in the front of her shorts, from the water running down her front. I thought about pressing her down in the shade of the tree and lapping the cool water from her pussy.

When she rubbed ice water on the insides of her thighs, her fingers brushed up underneath her shorts a few times, and I could tell she was really enjoying herself.

I wasn't getting any cooler watching her, but I'd've given her every last piece of ice in the county just to keep her going.

Miss Cassy'd had enough of our "break," though, and started hollering about the work not doing itself.

That's not the best part, though.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

Lorelei took my ice-filled T-shirt and dumped it right down her under-drawers. Then she smiled and handed it back, empty.

I'll never wash this T-shirt again.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

July 12th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

I'm leaving on the twenty-third for Boot Camp at Parris Island. Training starts on the twenty-fifth.

I've been working out every morning at sunup—two hundred pushups, three hundred sit-ups, and a six-mile run. Sometimes I run to the lake and swim out to the platform and back to cool off a little.

This morning, just as I was coming up to the lake, Lorelei came off the path from the other direction. She was as sweaty as me. She must've run all the way from the Buchlers' place. That's two miles to the lake, and two back! I didn't know she ran, but it makes sense, with those legs!

She grinned because I was standing at the edge of the water with my T-shirt off and my hands on my fly. I usually swim naked so I don't soak my clothes, but I wasn't going to yank my shorts off with her standing there looking.

She didn't even hesitate. She just smiled big as you please and stripped down to her jog bra and panties. She was wearing those super high-cut kind, dark blue with light blue trim.

She floated on her back for a minute and hollered out at me. "Ain't cha comin'?"

Man, oh man. Swimming in my skivvies with Lorelei Buchler, with the whole lake to ourselves?

What do you think I did? I got the hell in there and tore off after her.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

She's a strong swimmer. I didn't catch her until she was almost to the platform.

I grabbed onto her ankle and pulled her underwater, and scrambled up there as fast as I could.

She came up laughing and hauled herself up after me.

I guess she would've tried something, but she was spent.

We laid there for a few minutes catching our breath, letting the sun warm us.

She's so beautiful, Jesse. With her hair grimy and wet, no makeup, worn-out and loopy. I finally knew what it felt like to want to make love to someone.

I realized I'm not just infatuated anymore...I really love that girl.

I closed my eyes and put my hands under my head to keep from touching her, and bit my lip to keep from saying something stupid.

I could feel the wet planks under my skin, kind of worn and smooth. The platform was rocking a little in the water, like a cradle almost. It was so perfect. The time and place was perfect for loving.

I couldn't keep myself from peeking.

She was lying on her side, with her head propped on her elbow, watching me. "Tired, Clinton?"

Those big brown eyes were all over me. She gave me the once over, from head to toe. "I believe you've been working out. Just look at that six-pack! You could bounce a quarter off it."

She trailed a finger up my stomach, from bottom to top, and left it pressed right into my sternum. "Pretty hot, cowboy."

I couldn't even talk. I was trying not to grin like an idiot and spoil the moment. I just nodded and rolled over onto my stomach, so she wouldn't see the bulge in my shorts.

She rolled over next to me and put her head on her arms. We were so close, our thighs and sides were touching.

Mine felt like they were on fire. Every inch of me felt like it was

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covered in hot sauce. My skin was so sensitive I could feel the peachy-soft hairs on her arm touching mine, and her breath on my neck was like a caress.

I couldn't handle it! I turned over to look at her and she grinned.

Before I knew it, she was pushing me off the platform into the water. She held my head under with both hands, and boy, that girl is strong!

I grabbed her wrists and hauled her in head first, and gave her a righteous dunking.

I didn't keep her down very long. I didn't want her drinking too much lake water.

She came up laughing and tickled my ribs. I had to hold onto the side of the platform to stay up, and she put her arms right around my neck, piggyback style. Her legs were wrapped tight around my waist, and she was jumping up and down trying to push me under.

It was as close to actually having sex as I've ever been in my life.

My dick was rubbing against my zipper and it hurt like a son of a bitch, but I hardly noticed. Not then anyway.

I pretended to catch my breath for a minute, just to keep her hanging on a little longer.

She's so soft. Her skin smelled like lake water and coconut sunscreen. Her breasts were pressed against my back, and I could feel her groin against my tailbone.

After a minute she pushed off and headed for shore. She hollered back at me, "Race ya!"

I let her win. I had to get my boner down before I got out of the water, and I needed the extra time.

She cocked an eyebrow at me while she was putting her clothes back on. "Took your time getting back, Clinton."

I tried to blow it off. "Just enjoying the view, Lorelei."

She winked. "So I've noticed."

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She took off like a bullet, and I just stood there, watching her run down the path, wondering what she meant by that.

I'm gone, Jesse. Done for. She has me by the short hairs and I think she knows it. I just wish I had the guts to do something about it.

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

July 17th, 2005

Hank and I went at it up at the barn dance up at Buck Ridge last night.

I wasn't even gonna go, but Jasper's bluegrass band was playing, and he would've killed me if I skipped out.

Momma and Daddy came, too, and you should've seen them swinging together, like old times.

Taylor found us a couple of minutes after we got there, and pulled Hank outside. It looked like she'd been crying and Hank didn't look too happy to see her.

Lorelei and Lenae came in, and I got distracted for a while. They were line dancing with the other girls.

I like line dancing—no chance of rejection there. I hopped in and started showing off like a goober. I couldn't help it. I don't get very many chances to impress Lorelei, and she's been real nice to me lately.

Anyway, Hank started poking fun at me and Taylor got after him. She told him to leave me alone and come outside with her, but he shrugged her off and cut in on Glory and Tommy. They were dancing the west coast swing on the other side of the floor.

Hank and Glory are great dancers, and they looked real good together out there.

It really set Taylor off. She stomped over there and started yelling about how he didn't have any business dancing with Glory at a time like this.

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Hank just laughed at her and she ran out of there cryin'.

Lorelei pushed me out the door after her.

I didn't know what to do! I ain't never had no girl crying over *me*. I found her in Hank's truck, blubbering like the world was gonna end. I sat in there with her and patted her hand, told her everything would be fine. I told her she was better off without him and she started going again even harder.

After a little while, she calmed down a bit. She had the hiccups from crying so hard, and her eyes were puffy and burnt from tears. She laughed a little and asked me if I thought my nephew was going to be better off without a father.

You could've knocked me over with a feather. I should've guessed Hank would get one of these girls into trouble someday. I was riled up after that, lemme tell you. I've never been so mad.

Taylor tried to hold me in the truck, but I was gonna have it out with that S.O.B.

I stormed back in there and gave him the better part of my right arm right through my fist. Glory jumped on me and pinned my arms down for a minute, and Hank laid into me. I don't hit girls, but I tossed Glory off pretty hard.

Daddy came over and tried to break us up, yelling at me to leave Hank alone. He didn't know what kind of trouble Hank was in, or how shameful he was actin'.

I told him to step off and to let me and Hank take it outside, but he wouldn't back down. He said something about how it was just stupid, being jealous of Hank. He thought I was mad cause Hank was dancing with Glory!

I shouldn'ta done it, but I couldn't stop. I told him it didn't have nothing to do with Glory or me. I told him it was between Hank and Taylor, and I was just helping Hank outside so he could talk to her, like a gentleman.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

Hank was riled up, and drunk to boot, and he wasn't having any. He said he didn't need to talk to that little tramp, that she was trying to fork some poor sucker's baby off on him.

Momma heard him and went dead white. She walked over and slapped his face so hard it sounded like a gunshot.

You should've heard her. "You will *not* disrespect my family and my grandchild this way! Don't even think about coming home until this is straightened out." She marched out with Daddy right behind her, and Hank looked like he was going to start in on me again, but he didn't have any fight left in him after that. Momma knocked the wind out of his sails.

Taylor was in there with the other girls, crying again. Glory had her arms around her and was telling her how sorry she was, that she didn't know. Lorelei was giving her little sips of water and patting her hair.

Hank saw her and looked soft for a second, but then he caught sight of me again and his face hardened back up. He stomped out and tore out of the parking lot, kicking up gravel.

Lorelei told me to take Taylor home after she calmed down.

I told Taylor it didn't matter what Hank said, that our family would be there to help, with money or whatever she needed. I told I'd be honored to have a niece or nephew, it didn't matter which, and that if she could stand it, I knew Momma and Daddy would love to visit with their grandchild sometimes.

She was off again after that. She shook her head and gave me a half-assed grin through all those tears. "I'm in love with him, Clinton. I'm not giving up the baby, but I don't want to lose him. I know he's being an ass right now, but you don't understand the pressure he feels. You don't know how much he wants to make your Daddy proud, for Jesse."

I never thought of it that way. I thought Hank was just playing ball because he loved it so much. I didn't figure how he was trying to keep

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Daddy's football hero alive for him. I guess I might've done the same thing, if I was any good at it.

It must be eating him up to think he'll have to give it all up now.

I don't know what to think, Jesse. I love him. He's the only brother I got left. I want to help him, but he's stubborn and proud, and not thinking straight. If you can think of anything...well, put a good word in, okay?

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

July 23rd, 2005

Hey Jesse,

I'm writing this one from the plane. It's been a hard week, that's for sure. Hank didn't come home from the barn dance. I didn't see him again until the twenty-first.

We're quit as brothers. He's too stubborn and stupid to be family anymore. Not to mention mean.

I found him in my room. The letters I wrote to you this summer were out on top of the desk. I guess he was looking for money or something and came across them. He didn't have any business reading them.

He was pretty pissed off. He told me he didn't need any help with his kid from some stinking pervert. And wouldn't Momma and Daddy be proud to know how sick in the head I was.

I felt like he kicked me in the chest. God, I thought he was gonna show the letters to Momma, and I was afraid it would crush her. She's had enough bad news already.

He took off with 'em, and fifty dollars cash I keep in the pencil case for emergencies. I really only keep it there in case he needs a loan...you know how he is with money. He must've thought there'd be more.

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When I caught up with him outside the bowling alley that night he didn't have them. He was sobered up a little, and he told me he was sorry.

I didn't know what to think. I thought he'd shown the letters to Momma, and I asked him what he thought he was doing, tearing her up like that.

He didn't show them to Momma, but he did the worst thing he could've done. He gave them to Lorelei.

She knows, Jesse. She knows how twisted up I am in the head. She knows how I've been watching her, and what I've been thinking. She knows.

I went a little crazy when he told me that. I tore him up pretty good, even though he didn't fight back much.

I told him we were quits, and that the only decent thing left for him to do was to straighten up and start living his own life. To let you have the football trophies and the glory. He has a son coming, and he needs to become a father. I told him he'd better get it right because he'd screwed up enough this summer, and he needed to start filling in the hole.

I haven't seen him since. I haven't seen Lorelei neither. I can't face her. I called off of work. I told Abner I had to get ready to go.

I'm sick thinking about how hard it's going to be. I was looking forward to it before, but it's different now. There's a hole in my heart. I've been in love with Lorelei for so long, I don't know how to let go of it.

I started daring to think I might have a chance with her this summer. She treated me different, asked me for favors. She doesn't do that with other guys. I felt like she trusted me, that she might even be starting to like me.

Well, that's done with. I wonder if I'll ever be able to look her in the eye again. I'm glad to be leaving town, but it's with a heavy heart. I

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feel like I'm holding a ton of bricks on my chest, and one more will be enough to crush me.

Put in a good word? I'll really need the help, if I'm gonna cut the mustard at Parris Island. Pray for me, okay?

Stay loose, Jesse.

* * *

September 4th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

Well, we're in the middle of boot camp, and I'm hanging out in the head at 3 A.M. with flashlight and pen, trying to translate my aches and pains into words. Every morning we run five miles before sunup, and every evening we do ladders before lights out at 8. They're not the circuits you used to do in football drills. We do them on a gravel-covered slope with nothing between our hands and the ground. We start with one each of sit-up, push-up, and jumping jack, then do two of each, three of each, and so on. We work all the way up to thirty and then back down.

After ladders we run the obstacle course on our way back to the dorms, with five minutes to shower before lights out.

So far, we've spent two weekends on bivouac. We line up before dawn with deuce gear (loaded ruck sacks) strapped on tight and march fifteen to twenty miles into the woods, sometimes overnight. There's a two-week bivouac planned before graduation to test our skills in course-plotting, map-reading, tactical field maneuvers, and marksmanship.

Yesterday we studied hand-to-hand combat, which means I took a beating from every D.I. (Drill Instructor) in our company. I'm one of the stronger boots, believe it or not, which makes me a target. There's no way I'm going to throw down on one of those assholes and invite even more punishment. I took it like a man and let them think they

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earned it, but truth is I could've taken the first four or five of them.

After lunch we trained with pugil sticks and bayonets, and my ears are still ringing. That's where you and your opponent beat on each other with padded sticks. One of the guys in my platoon, Brad Gardenhire, snapped. He's about six-five, a street tough intellectual from Detroit. Anyway, they pick on him constantly, and he finally pummeled one of the D.I.s. The poor guy landed on his tailbone so hard we all heard it crack. They had to carry him off to the infirmary.

Brad is sleeping in the "hotel" tonight. That's what they call the psyche ward, where they send the guys who break down during training. He'll probably be back, if they don't make a case of it. He wasn't all that whacked out. Five of our guys "rocked out" in the first two weeks, so it doesn't take long to weed out the soft ones.

Brad's a good guy. He's big, so they really torture him. That drill had it coming and then some. I'm glad he won't be back. Training is bound to be a little harder on Brad now until graduation, but he's tough and he'll stick it out. He didn't really want to go tonight, but they didn't know what else to do with him. He didn't technically assault the guy, since it was combat training, but he was pretty aggressive. He'll face the C.O. (Commanding Officer) tomorrow and find out if he's getting the Big Chicken Dinner. (Bad Conduct Discharge.)

I won't lie. There've been a couple of times where I felt myself breaking. The first two weeks were the hardest. Lorelei was fresh in my mind, and I could hardly function. I know I was stupid. I know I took the coward's way out. The worst of it is, there's nothing I can do about it right now. That hurts more than anything. Every night I go to sleep with this band around my chest, and every morning when I wake up it's a little tighter and harder to breathe. I wanna hold her and tell her I'm sorry. I'm sorry I never told her how I feel. I'm sorry I let my daydreams get out of control. I'm sorry I wrote 'em all down, where anyone could read 'em.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

I'm one sorry son-of-a-bitch, ain't I, Jesse?

I guess I'm grateful it's so tough out here. Most of the day I'm just numb.

When it gets really hard, where I feel like my heart is set to bust and my body ain't far behind, I just repeat "The Marine's Prayer" until it passes. I need guidance more than anyone I know.

When I signed up, I think it was just as much to escape your shadow as anything. I didn't understand what it meant to be a soldier. Falling in love with Lorelei changed everything. That girl and her crazy Baptist daddy, our Southern way of life...it's worth fighting for—worth dying for.

I know you're looking out for me, bro. There were a couple times there... Well, without your hand on my shoulder, pushing me to keep on, I'd have turned tail and run.

Stay Loose, Jesse.

Love, Clinton

* * *

November 26th, 2005

Dear Clinton, (and Jesse)

I'm writing to say I'm sorry. I'm really sorry about the way I acted, and the things I did this summer. I know I can't make up for everything I did, but I got your letters back for you.

Lorelei was real mad at me. She hardly looked at me when I asked. She wasn't gonna give 'em back, but I told her how much they would mean to you, and she went and got them for me.

She had them in a nice white box with purple flowers, tied up with a red ribbon. What do you think of that? Women. I'll never understand 'em. I was half afraid she'd burned 'em.

Maybe she's not as mad as you imagine.

I didn't really read them all. I read the places where you talked

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about our family and mostly skimmed over the other parts, although they were pretty hot!

I was angry at you for seeing things the way they really were. For figuring all of us out. How are you the smart one? You were such a gullible kid. Jesse and me tortured you all the time. We weren't trying to be mean, but you were just so eager to please. It made you an easy mark.

Anyway, we really missed you (both) at Thanksgiving. I guess the school didn't really give you enough leave, or maybe you were still too mad about everything to come home. I hope it wasn't that. I hope I'm not keeping you from our folks.

Taylor's living at the house now. We got married in October, but you already knew that. I'm sure Momma sends you all the news. We're sharing the den over the garage. Daddy even put in a bathroom and a little kitchen, like a studio apartment.

I'm sticking with football for now, so I can keep the scholarship and finish college. It's not the same anymore. Now I'm playing for my son, not my father.

You won't believe it, but I'm better now than I've ever been, now that my head is on straight. I'm thinking clearly in the game, not about who's watching or how good I look. I'm focused on the goal, and that seems to be everything.

We're undefeated, and we'll probably play in a bowl game this year! I'd be real proud if you could come, since it'll be over the holidays.

You were right about everything. About me and Daddy especially.

We talked after you left, about Jesse and you, and how I was trying to carry the torch.

I told him it was too heavy, and I wouldn't be able to hold it up because I want to hold onto my son and my wife with both hands.

He got a little hoarse, and told me that made him prouder than any

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football trophy ever would.

It was the first time I ever felt like he was really just proud of me, and that he wasn't thinking about Jesse, and what he might've done. It felt like a million bucks.

I want you to be proud of me. I miss my brothers. What you said outside the bowling alley was exactly what I needed to hear. I don't know if you'll be able to forgive me yet, but I hope you'll come home for Christmas. It would mean a lot to Momma and Daddy, and Taylor. I wouldn't mind going a few rounds with my little brother again. I'm ready to whup your ass in Monopoly any day you say, buddy.

Come home and see Lorelei. Tell her you miss her. Tell her you'll do whatever it takes. I know you love her, Clinton. You can't just walk away from her like that.

Just don't ask her to eat your corndog.

Stay loose, Clinton. Miss ya, Jesse.

Love,

Hank

* * *

December 25th, 2005

Dear Jesse,

I'll tell you honestly, I never would've guessed how things would turn out, but I am the happiest I've ever been.

After I got your letters back, I called Hank and we talked it out. He's doing right by Taylor and the family now, and I'm real proud of him.

They gave me two weeks' leave for Christmas, so I flew home for the holidays. Hank's going to play in the Fiesta Bowl!

This morning Momma dragged me to church with her. She ironed my dress blues, shined my shoes, starched my cap, and practically dressed me herself.

DIARY OF A DIRTY COWBOY

I didn't wanna go. In fact I never wanted anything less. But if there's one thing I've learned in the Marine Corps, it's not to back down. You have to face your trials head on. So I tied on a set and followed Momma down to the third pew, like the good son she raised me to be.

Hank was there with Taylor. He's settled down some now that he has to think about the future. She's not really showing yet, but she's sure proud of it, rubbing her belly all the time and singing to herself.

Lorelei sat right up front with her family, while her father delivered the Christmas sermon.

It was easier than I thought, seeing her again, but she never turned around once during the whole sermon. Actually, my heart squeezed up a little at that. I would've given anything just to get a nasty look from her after all this time.

Well, after the sermon, we filed out of the church past the preacher, and Lorelei was standing right there outside the entrance shaking hands and kissing babies.

I couldn't avoid it, but I tried making it easy on her. I just looked straight over her head and held Momma's elbow while they hugged and exchanged the usual pleasantries.

You could've knocked me over with a feather when she put her hand on my arm.

Brother, I stood up ramrod straight as fast as you please when she touched me. It was like lightning going through my veins. I turned around real slow, thinking she'd be mad, but I was ready to take it like a man.

She had a look in her eye that's hard to describe, part mischief and part sad.

I didn't know what to think.

"You sure look sharp in that uniform, Clinton. The Marine's have been good to you. Let's see if you managed to hang on to that shaggy

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haircut.” She winked as big as life and snatched the hat right off of my head.

I’m not supposed to be out of doors without my hat, so I took off after her, but she was as fast as ever and I didn’t catch up to her ’til we were way out back of the church. I grabbed her arm to stop her from running any farther, but she turned around and hid my hat behind her back.

She backed up real slow, her chest heaving, keeping her big, brown eyes right on mine, until her back was up against a tree, then she gave me the hottest come-and-get-it look I ever seen in my whole life.

Brother, I went and got it. She tasted like honey wine, and I was drunk with the very first sip. I could feel her perfect teeth on my lower lip and just about fainted. I still couldn’t believe it—that I was kissing her for real out behind the church, where anyone could see.

I slid my hands underneath her coat and hugged her close, and lemme tell you, she was softer than a newborn kitten in that cashmere sweater. I forgot all about Hank and Taylor, standing over by the car, for a minute, with all that softness in my arms. When she pressed up against me and slid her arms around my neck, I got a lump in my throat that almost matched the one in my pants.

I knew it right then that Lorelei was gonna be my very own.

When I finally came up for air, I saw Hank still standing there, holding Taylor close and grinning. He held his fist up in the air like we used to when we were kids. I guess we’re really all right now.

I’m pretty sure I have you to thank for all of this. You must’ve put in a good word for me up there. Well, you’ve earned your wings, buddy. I’ll never miss a Sunday for the rest of my life.

All my prayers have been answered.

I’m writing this from a cabin in Sweet Ridge, Jesse. Lorelei and I hauled the whole family up here straight after church and got hitched. She’s lying yonder, sleeping in the bed of our little honeymoon cottage,

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still wearing my hat. I think I'm going to slip out and see if I can't find a decent corndog.

Stay loose, Jesse.

Love,

Clinton

AUTHOR'S NOTE:

Every family has a story, every story has a different ending. I'd like to share the story of SSG. Bryant Herlem and his wife, LaNita.

I received this letter just a few short hours after Bryant Herlem's vehicle was bombed in Iraq. LaNita Herlem's words are a testament to her husband and their marriage. She beautifully illustrates their love, and the deep commitment of the soldier's families to support their effort.

* * *

Dear Friends,

Today has been a very hard day for me. Last night, April 28, Bryant's group was hit by an IED, (basically a homemade bomb). I had to say goodbye to Bryant today and it is the hardest thing I have ever done in my life. If you know us, then you know that he is my everything and I was his. I can only remind myself of how very blessed

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I am to have experienced a love so deep and so very complete. It is truly a love that is blessed by God. I am the luckiest person in the world to have shared his life, and even after 16 years together, he still takes my breath away.

If you knew Bryant, please remember the laughter and joy. Please do not criticize the war. If we were to pull out, then Bryant's death would be for nothing. You should know that Bryant was the type of man that needed to know he was making a difference. He was not a political person, just a regular guy that was proud to do his duty, and very proud to wear the uniform. Please celebrate his life with me. It is what he would have wanted...laughter and lots of love.

I am told that I am in shock and denial, (1st phase of grief). I can only say that I did not know you could actually feel physical pain when your heart truly breaks. And while I do not at this time know how I will get through this, I simply know that I will, because Bryant wants me to and God's love will carry me through. To be honest, I do not think I have ever felt closer to God than I do right now, but then I have never needed him more. Please pray for me in my struggle to find my way. It is going to be slow and painful, but I want Bryant to look down from heaven and be proud of me.

Bryant was not the only soldier lost today, so please, in your prayers, remember all of the soldiers, airmen, sailors, marines, and civilians that are in Iraq. Also say a prayer for the military families, and especially the other family that lost their soldier today. I love you all.

LaNita Herlem. Proud wife of SSG Bryant A. Herlem

* * *

"Those who have long enjoyed such privileges as we enjoy, forget in time that men have died to win them."—Franklin D. Roosevelt

JADE RIVERS

“My mother would tell you, ‘Jade’s a natural-born prevaricator, fabricator, and all-around manipulator of the facts.’ She’s been saying that ever since I could talk, but I don’t think she strictly means it in a nice way.”

Jade loves to spin a good yarn. Like a front-porch fisherman on a lazy summer evening, she strives to recount a colorful, humorous, and sometimes staggering narrative, both stirring and passionate. She also loves to leave you in tears, whether from laughter, joy, or sorrow.

“Do you really care how many dogs, cats, kids, or men I live with? All kidding aside, I live with Rizzo the wondermutt, one beautiful daughter, and the sexiest man on the planet. My dog is my constant companion and the source of the strange noises and odors emanating from beneath my desk. My husband is my willing research partner and better half. My daughter constantly amazes.”

You can learn more about Jade by visiting her website:

<http://jaderivers.com>

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