

Copyright 2024 by Ron Knight and 81 Minute Books.

All rights reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording, or otherwise, without the written permission of the publisher and author/illustrator.

Cover Art and Layout by 81 Minute Books.

For information regarding permission, email Ron@RonKnightEntertainment.biz

☆☆☆☆☆ “An inspiring true western story that should have been told a long time ago!”  
~*T.I.P.S. (Teens Investigating Paranormal Situations)*

## **81 Minute Books Presents**

*Rose Dunn*

*Preview*

**Written by Ron Knight**

“I ain’t afraid to love a man...I ain’t afraid to shoot him either.” ~ *Annie Oakley*

### **Part 1**

*This is a true story of a young girl becoming a famous outlaw in the Wild West.*

*1890, Pawnee, Oklahoma...*

Rose Dunn raised her Winchester Rifle steady, one eye closed, finger on the trigger and one hand on the barrel. She slowed her breathing, ready to shoot.

Twenty yards in front of Rose was her oldest brother, Bill Dunn. He sat on a rocking chair with a large smile, rocking back and forth. Next to him was a small wood table with three large potatoes.

Rose’s second oldest brother, George, also sat in a rocking chair, but he seemed a bit more nervous, eyes bouncing to the table next to him to Rose with the rifle pointed in his direction.

To the side were the rest of her brothers, Bee, Calvin and Dal, not moving an inch.

George: “Are you sure this is a good idea? She’s only twelve-years-old.”

Bill kept his smile. “She’s ready. Been teaching little Rose to rope, ride and shoot since she could walk.”

George was about to say something else when Rose suddenly fired the rifle. The bullet exploded into a potato, sending chunks in every direction.

Bee, Calvin and Dal yelled with excitement. George jumped up and jogged away from the table, unable to keep his nerve.

Bill remained on the rocking chair, picked up a potato in each hand, threw one up in the air, followed by the second potato.

In quick fashion Rose raised the rifle and cocked the lever, fired a quick shot, cocked the lever again and fired a second shot. Both potatoes exploded in the air, sending small pieces raining down on Bill’s cowboy hat.

Once again, her brothers cheered including George who was now at a safe distance.

Bill stood up, approached young Rose and kissed her on the forehead. He then looked down at her and said, "I suspect its supper time. Better get it ready."

All five brothers were served by Rose before she could sit down and eat. Rose's dinner consisted of wild berries, cold beef and potato salad. Her brothers ate like this was their first meal in weeks.

Rose sat and finally began eating, though she had a nervous stomach. Her brothers ran a boarding house and meat market, but their real occupation was robbing banks and cattle rustling.

Rose took in a deep breath. "When can I be an outlaw?"

For a moment the five brothers froze, stared at Rose, then burst out laughing.

Rose: "I'm not foolin'! I want to rob banks with y'all!"

Bill: "What about school?"

Rose: "I go to a convent. It's horrible! The nuns keep telling me it's good to be poor."

Bill shook his head and continued eating. "Well, don't that beat all."

Rose: "I'm ready."

Bill: "Y'all get supplies for us in town. It's important."

Rose: "Speakin' of town, pick any town in any state and I can tell y'all everythin'."

Bill rolled his eyes while continuing his meal.

Her brother Bee played along. "Okay Rose, what about Wichita?"

Rose stood and spoke with a strong tone. "Wichita Kansas has twenty-five grocery stores, nine dry good stores, four banks, eight hardware stores, ten blacksmiths, four saloons--"

Bill slammed his fist on the table. "Enough!" He leaned back. "Finish your meal. Y'all have more chores if you don't get to eatin'."

Calvin leaned towards Rose and whispered, but loud enough so everyone could hear. "How many cigar and tobacco shops are there in Wichita?"

Rose plopped a berry in her mouth, glared at Bill and said with heavy sarcasm, "Four."

Everyone laughed, even Rose.

She loved living with her brothers instead of her step-father, who was a prominent doctor. He taught her to read, write and advanced mathematics. Despite that, it's not what she really wanted to do.

Her brothers taught her to ride a horse at full speed and how to snatch a chair from fifty feet away with a rope.

Most of all they taught her how to shoot. Rose was more comfortable with a rifle, but she could shoot a pistol if needed.

Her oldest brother Bill was one of the few men in Oklahoma who got along with Indian tribes. He complained how the Pawnee Tribe was forced to relocate. This was a common theme in many cities.

Bill would say, “Every time we want a piece of land, we force away a tribe. We arrest African-Americans, even in Free States. What if the U.S. Marshals decide to enslave women? Or enslave the poor? We need to take a stand!”

Rose learned much from Bill and paid careful attention when he spoke. He was an expert at robbing, but even more an expert of the world. He read books and newspapers every evening before bed. Rose followed his example and did the same.

That night when the stars filled the sky, her brother Dal began telling a story while all of them sat on the porch. Bill was the only one to ignore the story. He sat in a chair with his boots on the railing while reading a book called *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* by Mark Twain.

Dal spoke with a theatric voice. “The Earp brothers and Doc Holliday spotted five members of the Clanton-McLaury gang in a vacant lot behind the OK Corral. Thirty shots were fired in thirty seconds.”

Rose: “Who shot first?”

Dal: “No one knows.”

Bill chimed in without looking up from his book. “Virgil Earp shot first then Doc Holiday. Everyone knows.”

Dal ignored him and continued with the story. “Wyatt Earp wounded Frank McLaury with a shot in the stomach. Frank managed to get off a few shots before collapsing, as did Billy Clanton. When the dust cleared, Billy Clanton and the McLaury brothers were dead. Ike Clanton and Claiborne had run for the hills.”

Rose: “What about the Earp brothers and Doc Holliday?”

Dal: “Virgil and Morgan Earp along with Doc Holliday were wounded.”

Rose: “Oh my!”

Dal: “Sheriff John Behan of Cochise County, who witnessed the shootout, charged the Earps and Holliday with murder. A month later a Tombstone judge found the men not guilty, ruling they were fully justified in the killin’s.”

Bill looked up from his book. “Outlaws get murdered and the U.S. Marshals go free. It’s an unfair system.”

Rose pulled in a deep breath. She admitted to herself the whole thing seemed wrong. The law can do whatever they wanted. What if Wyatt Earp or some other Marshal came after her brothers and began shooting?

Her brothers would be murdered and the Marshals would go free.

Rose loved her brothers.

She loved outlaws even more...and she was going to be an outlaw whether her brothers liked the idea or not.

*To be continued...*

*You have completed 9 Minutes of this book.*

**This 81 Minute Book is available in the Safe Room at the Middle Room Haunted Store.**

**[www.RonKnightEntertainment.biz](http://www.RonKnightEntertainment.biz)**