

Amos Branson-Part 7-Fini (End)

It's been seven months since Amos was arrested. A lot has happened since then. It was a given, in my mind, that the sheriff had him dead to rights. That the law would take its course and that he would, Amos, spend the rest of his life in jail; at the least.

I'm not one who is necessarily opposed to the death penalty but neither am I one who wants to see *any* life taken. It's kind of like Gandalf said to Frodo: "Did he deserve death? Certainly. But, dear Frodo, there are those who deserve life also. Can you give it to them?" Well, that's from memory but it rather nicely packages my thoughts concerning lethal sentencing. I'm just glad I don't have to make those types of decisions or I probably wouldn't have any hair left.

Anyway, all that's beside the point. Life, if nothing else, is full of surprises. I got a call from Dan the cook. After my spending another two days in town Dan and I got to know each other a little so I gave him my number and asked him to keep me informed as the trial and sentencing. I wasn't expecting him to actually call me but he did just a few days ago.

It seems there was a technical evidentiary problem with the way the sheriff gathered evidence having to do with improper search warrants. It came down to the demolishing of the wall Amos had built to entomb his parents. Dan couldn't explain it very well but the judge, and this is the kicker, threw the case out and let Amos go free. All the while admonishing the sheriff that he had wronged Amos and that he, the sheriff, should be investigated by the F.B.I. for past management decisions in the sheriff's department.

That wasn't the part for which Dan called me however. Seems

one of the deputies overheard Amos when he was leaving the jail. He was talking with some friend who came to pick him up and on his way out was overheard to say that he was going to look me up sooner than later. He said that he owed me a debt and he intended to pay it back in full.

I've always wondered why, no matter how hard you try to do the right thing, someone finds a way to shit on you despite your good intentions. The weird part is that this "shit" comes from directions totally unexpected. Usually, it catches you full in the face when you have just turned around. Like when you help an old lady across the street and you get hit by a bus for your effort. She is just standing on the curb thanking you and *wham!* You know what I mean?

I'll tell you what, this town just got to small for me. The last thing Dan said was that Amos had left town. He caught the bus out and was heading south. South is my direction. It's a great time to take that vacation I've been putting off. I hear Fiji is nice this time of year. I wonder if my old friend Buck Hale is back from his "wilderness journey" yet? We might go together.