

## Prologue

Sure, I can tell you how they cleaned up that nest of vipers but the information won't do you much good in today's world. These days you have to be so very careful you follow the rules while the low-life you're up against just ignores the rules and slithers around them. Back in those days, though, things were a little different.

Not that cleaning out that bunch of snakes made a long-term difference. True, for a few years those that took over, mainly that first woman boss, were not as harmful to the area as those they replaced but as time went on, they became more dangerous to society in general. That female boss, slick as she was, became even slicker when she made herself respectable and others took over. The new bosses, the third bunch were quicker to break bones and for a while it was hard to find safety.

But if I'm to tell you the story I have to tell you about the fence. Not that it had much to do with the story, but it showed Bob what a greenhorn his neighbour was. He and his neighbour had a few words over that fence and Bob knew that he needed to go away again for a while before those words resulted in someone getting hurt.

You see, Bob heard of this fellow coming to the country looking for gold and somebody said his name was Dave McCallum. The original David McCallum was a Scottish king and, having heard this newcomer's name Bob wondered if the back ground of this David McCallum was similar to his own.

Bob had first been hung with the name of another Scottish king, a descendant of the original McCallum. Because of some danger in his past and with some guidance from old Major Brash a few years before, Bob had changed his name and most knew him as Bob Morgan. But he thought there might be a chance this McCallum was his half brother.

You see, Bob's father had never married his mother. When she became pregnant, he told her he would buy passage for her to one of the "colonies" as they called them, but she had to christen the boy Robert Bruce and leave immediately after the birth as soon as she was able. By exerting more than a little pressure on Bob's sire including threats of exposure, his mother managed to receive a little more than just sea passage from the cad.

The heritage thing didn't bother Bob a great deal. His mother was Scottish and in the early days, before the English changed things, Scots followed their ancestral line through the mother's clan. However, from what his mother had told him, the man who had abandoned her had been an Englishman.

When he and his mother had been in New York for a few years it became apparent to her that the US was about to experience war. To avoid that war, she arranged in 1860 to move west with her young son. With some of the money from England and with more she had managed to save working in the "New World" as a book keeper she arranged to be part of a wagon train filled with what she thought were others avoiding war.

However, at least one of those fellow travellers had been an opportunist, a thief and a murderer. The nine-year-old boy woke one morning to find the wagon train gone and no hint of its dust. His own head was bloody and full of blinding pain. His vision was blurred but he could easily recognize the body of his mother beside him.

He felt, despite his youth that it was his duty to bury the mortal remains of Heather Gregory Stalker but first he needed some horses and a shovel. He forced himself to his feet and walked toward the setting sun following a few tracks.

Another train found the boy before he died and eventually, after travelling with several families, Bob had found himself in Barkerville. Following five years of education he had left the gold town and become a hunter of thieves and bad men. He proved to be adept at his chosen profession and enjoyed an excellent income.

His reason for bounty hunting and becoming a lawman-for-hire had nothing to do with the money, although he did well, but was to find his mother's killer. However, he had no luck finding the man who had called himself Jacobson back on the plains.

Then he heard about a man calling himself David McCallum who had bought an old but promising gold claim. Was this man truly a seventh or eighth grandson of the King David the First or was he Bob's half brother, another son of the same father and consigned to the "colonies" to avoid embarrassment for some English aristocrat?

Bob arranged for this new British immigrant to receive the "inheritance" of a half section Bob owned next to his own place. There was a chance that McCallum would find something suspicious in this manufactured inheritance but he proved to be naïve and a genuine greenhorn. So green that the fence he built while Bob was away on one of his trips proved to be a problem and helped to result in a new direction for Bob's life.

So now we're back to the fence.

Bob came home that spring expecting and wanting to stay there for the summer. However, the misplaced fence put him on the opposite side of a war that was developing with his new neighbour. He didn't want a violent confrontation but until Mary Ballantine appeared on the scene, he didn't really have a reason to leave.

So, in a way the fence that didn't follow the proper boundaries resulted in everything else.

## *Boundaries*

With some outside, unwanted pressure, range detective Bob Morgan decides to return to the city and investigate a group with a little too much power over those building that city and the railroad leading to it.

How long has this been going on?

Smuggling humans and drugs and selling "protection"?

Big business is funding the outlaw?

Small business is funding the outlaw?

Police are outnumbered ten to one?

Government funding is an insignificant fraction of outlaw income?

How to protect the people and the future?

<https://www.amazon.com/Boundaries-David-M-McGowan-ebook/dp/B0CRMWVRLW?ref>