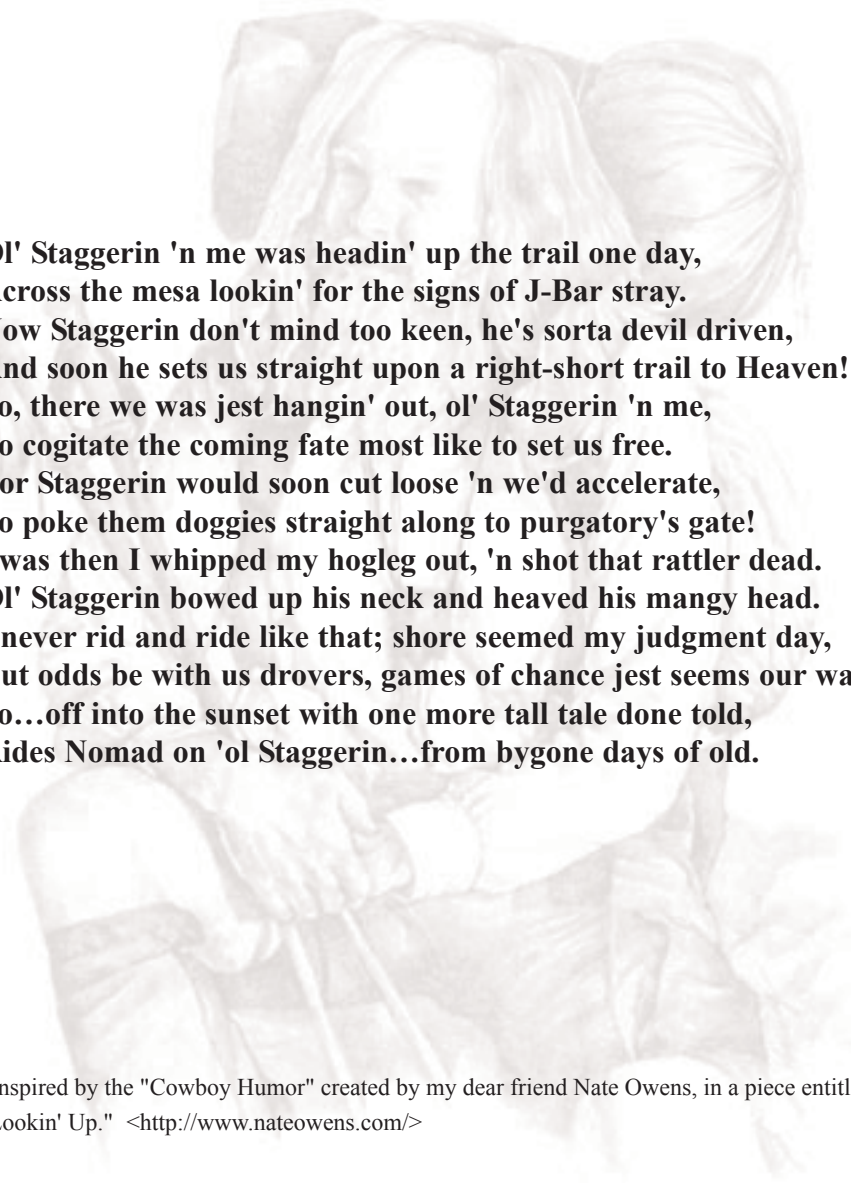


***\*OL' STAGGERIN [10-99]***



**Ol' Staggerin 'n me was headin' up the trail one day,  
Across the mesa lookin' for the signs of J-Bar stray.  
Now Staggerin don't mind too keen, he's sorta devil driven,  
And soon he sets us straight upon a right-short trail to Heaven!  
So, there we was jest hangin' out, ol' Staggerin 'n me,  
To cogitate the coming fate most like to set us free.  
For Staggerin would soon cut loose 'n we'd accelerate,  
To poke them doggies straight along to purgatory's gate!  
'twas then I whipped my hogleg out, 'n shot that rattler dead.  
Ol' Staggerin bowed up his neck and heaved his mangy head.  
I never rid and ride like that; shore seemed my judgment day,  
But odds be with us drovers, games of chance jest seems our way.  
So...off into the sunset with one more tall tale done told,  
Rides Nomad on 'ol Staggerin...from bygone days of old.**

*\*Inspired by the "Cowboy Humor" created by my dear friend Nate Owens, in a piece entitled, "Lookin' Up." <<http://www.nateowens.com/>>*