

The Jim and Bob Sanders Collection Book 1

Capture on the Rock Canyon Trail

By John Boatright

“Hi, fellows! We are here again! It’s Jim and Bob Sanders. We just got back from the sheriff’s office, and now we are searching for some thieves who robbed the bank. The thieves stole two million in gold, but one of them was shot in the arm. Well, we better be off. Come on, Blaze. Come on, Buck.”

While Jim and Bob Sanders were searching for the thieves, whose names were Jake, Pete, Bob and Lewis, Pete, who was the leader, said, “We better be careful. They are bound to send a posse after us.”

“Oh, it does not matter. We have the money,” said Jake.

“Shut up Jake! The boss is right; we should be careful,” said Bob.”

“Don’t listen to him. Let’s have a good time,” said Jake.

“Does anyone know where Lewis is?” asked Bob, interrupting Jake. “He should have been back by now.”

Suddenly the thunder of hoof beats sounded. Lewis rode up and quickly dismounted. He was out of breath and gasping. “They’re after us!” he shouted.

“Who’s after us?” sputtered Jake.

“Two fast riders,” Lewis replied.

“Oh, it’s probably just another outlaw gang,” drawled Jake.

“That’s what I thought too, until they started chasing me. But I guess I knew the terrain better, because I lost them. But I couldn’t cover my tracks,” said Lewis.

Meanwhile, Jim and Bob Sanders were steadily following the tracks. “It looks like they head into the hills, Bob,” said Jim.

“Yes, Jim it does. If we are going to catch those hombres, we better be careful, or they may guess we are coming. We better dismount and make sure our guns are fully loaded.”

The two brothers crept forward. In the distance they could hear voices. “That’s them Jim. We’re going to have to be extremely careful. Now here’s what we’ll do....”

They silently drew their guns. Bob Sanders carefully picked up a rock and threw it to the other side of the rocks. It made a very loud noise. The outlaws spun toward the direction of the noise. Instantly, Jim and Bob Sanders sprung into action.

BANG!!! POW!!! BANG!!! POW!!! Guns flew from the thieves’ hands. “Stick up your hands!” the Sanders shouted. The outlaws’ hands shot into the air.

“We give up!” yelled Pete, Bob, Jake and Lewis. They did not notice Jake quietly slipping away.

Suddenly, Jake picked up a pistol and raced off. The Sanders didn’t even have a chance to fire. “It’s no use going after him, or we would end up losing the rest of them,” said Jim. “Alright, you three get on your horses. We’re heading for the nearest jail.”

After three days of riding with only stops for rest, food and water, they finally reached town. People laughed in mock at the outlaws. “Ha! Ha! Serves them right!” Others shouted, “The sheriff’s office is this way, boys.”

Hurriedly they rode to Sheriff Mack Peter’s office and said, “Sheriff, we have three men who are ready to go behind bars.”

“Sure, by all means, bring the low-down rats in. I will see to it they are severely punished. But wait a minute...what have they done?” asked the sheriff.

“They robbed two million in gold,” answered the Sanders.

“You surely don’t mean the men that robbed that gold shipment in Rock Canyon?” queried the sheriff.

“These are the men,” replied the Sanders.

The sheriff said, “Well, I will make sure they are hung as soon as possible. But wait, I only see three men. There were four.”

“One of them escaped,” said Bob.

“We didn’t want to risk losing the rest of them,” said Jim. “Well, we better be going. Goodbye, Sheriff.”

That night Jake crept up to the sheriff's office. He drew his gun and kicked the door open. The sheriff didn't have a chance. "Alright, Sheriff, reach! Now hand over those keys."

"Here you are mister," said the sheriff.

"Thanks, Sheriff. Here's your reward."

Jake leaped. The sheriff hit Jake in the stomach, which made Jake furious. Jake quickly drew a knife that he had in his belt, and then threw it through the sheriff's chest. Then, to make sure the sheriff was dead, he shot him several times. The sheriff fell to the floor dead.

Quickly, Jake ran to the cells. "Out you go, boys! We have to get out of here before the sheriff's deputies get us. I have the horses you told me to get, Boss, and they are ready to ride. Now come on!" Quickly, after grabbing a few guns, they mounted and galloped away.

The Sanders were staying at the Bunkhouse Hotel, and when they heard the gunshots, they scrambled down the stairs and out to the stable. When they got there, Jim said, "Bob, Buck and Blaze are gone!"

"Gone?" asked Bob.

"Yes," said Jim. "I guess we will have to run to the sheriff's office."

When they got there, Jim said, "Bob! The sheriff's on the floor bleeding!"

Bob rushed in, and knelt next to the sheriff. After listening for a few minutes, Bob slowly said, "He is dead."

Jim immediately rushed to the cells and quickly came back. "They're gone!"

"They're probably the ones who took Buck and Blaze," said Bob.

"Quick! To the livery stable," shouted Jim.

As they walked out the door, they each grabbed a rifle, in addition to their two pistols, and raced to the stables. When they got there, they each chose a stout horse, saddled and bridled it, and rode off.

Meanwhile, the outlaws were steadily moving forward. “We have got to make it to the Rock Canyon Train Station in twenty minutes, or we’ll miss the train,” said Pete, glancing at his watch.

“It’s alright, Boss, we will make it on time,” said Jake.

“I wouldn’t be so sure,” said Lewis. “Look!”

Everybody looked in the direction Lewis pointed. “I can’t believe it!” exclaimed Jake. “The train is leaving!”

“And you’re the one who said everything would be all right,” sneered Bob. “Why, if the Boss wasn’t here I would knock you to the ground.”

“It wasn’t my fault,” whined Jake. “It was these stupid horses’ fault.”

“What do these horses have to do with our missing the train?” asked Lewis.

“They are the horses of the men that were chasing us. Of course they wouldn’t want to leave their masters,” said Jake.

Bob was about to say that Jake was a crack-brained idiot, and that he didn’t know what he was talking about, when Pete said, “Look over there, boys.”

Jake, Bob and Lewis looked and said, “So what? It’s just two riders.”

“Not just two riders! That’s Jim and Bob Sanders,” replied Pete.

“Well, well, Boss. This time you made the mistake of picking them twos’ horses,” said Bob.

“Shut up, you fool! You’re the one who said for us to get their horses!” yelled Pete.

Bob instantly turned red, and sat on his horse looking stupid. This made Pete even more angry, and he yelled furiously at Bob, “Are you just going to sit there looking stupid? Or are you going to start riding before you are murdered?”

But it was too late. “Here they come,” said Lewis.

All of the outlaws dove behind the rocks and opened fire. “It’s more than just the Sanders...it’s a whole posse!” shouted Bob, who had spotted about twenty more riders.

After about ten minutes of fighting, a voice suddenly called out, “Drop your guns!”

The outlaws whirled around and saw Jim Sanders. “Jim Sanders!?!” gasped Jake.

“That’s right!” Jim said. “This fight is over.”

“Oh no it is not,” said Pete.

With those words, Pete’s fist shot out, but Jim was quicker. He kicked Pete’s fist, and pointed his pistol at Pete’s head, and said, “Try anything else and I’ll blow your head off!” With that he called over the rocks and said, “Come on over boys! The fight is over.”

Within five minutes the outlaws were bound and on their horses. It wasn’t even thirty minutes, and the outlaws were behind bars. The gold (which was found in their saddlebags) was in the Rock Canyon Bank where it belonged.

“Now that’s what I call a good ending,” said Jim. And Bob agreed.

“UNTIL NEXT TIME, THIS IS JIM AND BOB SANDERS!” THE END