

# The Wurtherington Diary Buffalo Bill and the Indians

Fully restored color 9 to adult reader Print Edition

**Bonus: Music Video “Cute Little Stone”**

“This book is available in print at many online retailers.”



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The Wurtherington Diary: Buffalo Bill and the Indians

Book Seven in the  
Series

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- Flesch-Kincaid Reading Grade Level is 4.2 suitable for 9

to adult readers.



## Chapter One

October 15, 1883

Dear Diary,

**L**ucinda had given me a full day to live a normal life. By that I mean that I can wake up in my own bed and go to school like all of my friends. I am beginning to feel that I am living a secret life that few would ever believe. My diary is my one place where I can reflect upon all that has happened to Alfred, Zeke, Cedric, Polly, and me.



"Help!" I heard Zeke and Cedric calling for me from the back yard. I jumped out of bed and ran out fully expecting that Zeke and Cedric were up to their old tricks and had

done something dire to poor Polly. It was only a few days before when I caught the pair playing "William Tell" and tossing rocks at an apple on Polly's head. I taught them to use Super Duper slingshots and to shoot at a face painted on a post. I discovered the trio behind the shed and to my surprise Polly had turned the tables on Zeke and Cedric. She had them tied up like flies in a spider web! I could only imagine how all this had come about. I tried to hold back my laughter as they begged to be unwrapped.



Cedric cried, "Get us out of here, Tammy!"

Zeke scolded, "Polly did this to us. Bad Polly! Bad Polly!"

I unwrapped the rope and said nothing. I imagined that Polly had somehow

turned the tables on the mischievous pair.

She said, "Caw, caw, caw!"

"You are right Polly," I agreed. "They probably had it coming."

Of course, the pair claimed to be innocent. I could do no more than hug all of them as I loved them dearly and understood that they enjoyed playing these games on one another. I sat the trio down on the floor of the shed and read a few more chapters of *Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men*, while they sat wide-eyed and hanging onto every word. Of course we idolized William F. Cody as we had completed an adventure with him during his years with the Pony Express.



The story had Wild Bill Hickok and William F. Cody being the best of friends. Together they fought wild Indians and renegades on the Missouri, Kansas border.

Polly had a question, "Caw, caw, caw?"

I said, "I don't know if Wild Bill Hickok is a real person or just a character in the story that was made up by the author." I glanced at the cover and saw that it was written by Ned Buntline. "All of this is a made-up story. I can only guess how much of it is true."

Zeke brought out a poster advertising *Buffalo Bill's Wild West* given to us the

day before and passed it around.

Zeke said, "We all want to go see Buffalo Bill, Tammy."

I had told them that it was much too far way and it was unlikely that Lord Wixby and Aunt May would let us go all the way to Columbus. Now that we had become his friends in 1860; to see him again would be simply marvelous. During breakfast, I decided to show the poster to Lord Wixby and Aunt May



while my little friends peered around the corner. My stepbrother, Mark was excited and said he would like to go too.

Lord Wixby studied the poster. He said, "Columbus is much too far away."

Aunt May said, "Buffalo Bill? That name rings a bell. Now where have I seen that?"

I pulled out my ten cent novel and passed it around. She said, "I have seen this in your room. Buffalo Bill is famous, Lord Wixby."

Lord Wixby studied the cover, "My, my—so he is. It is little wonder he is appearing in Columbus. River Falls has no place to host a show as big as this."

I said, "I do know that I am too young to go alone. You would need to take me, of course. I know all of us would enjoy the show."



Aunt May said, "Let us think about it, Tammy. Maybe we can find a way."

I said, "Thank you. I know that it is a lot to ask."

Mark said he wanted to show me some magic tricks. I met him in his

bedroom where he had it set up. Of course I brought Cedric, Zeke, and Polly with me. He had a little stage set up and a banner that read, *Mark the Magnificent*. We took a seat on the floor and discovered that he was quite amazing with the illusions. He was very insistent that he be called an *illusionist* which is a step up from being a magician. He did card tricks, mind reading, and then escaped from a pair of handcuffs. He saved his best trick for last when he disappeared in a puff of smoke and then walked in behind us through the door!

"Amazing!" said Zeke while he clapped his paws together.

Polly gave her approval, "Caw, caw, caw!"

"How did you do that?" asked Cedric.

"An illusionist never gives away his secrets," Mark said. "It is mostly misdirection."

I did notice the window was open where he disappeared, but I wasn't telling.

Later, out in the shed, Cedric asked, "If they say you can go to Columbus, what about us?"

I said, "I don't know. I should have mentioned that all of us wanted to go."

Zeke said, "You could stuff us all in a suitcase and we could sneak in."

Polly said, "Caw, caw, caw." She liked the suitcase idea. She ran to the closet and dropped one at my side.

Cedric said, "We could punch a tiny hole in it and breathe through a straw."

I said, "We will all go if we go at all. I will tell them I have been reading the ten cent novel to you and all of you want to go."

We practiced our rope tricks and lassoing behind the shed. I set up a scarecrow on the fencepost and we took turns lassoing it.

Alfred the mouse appeared in a magical puff of smoke. He said, "School is cancelled for you today, Tammy. Lucinda says we must hurry if we are going to save the Indians." He pointed to the magic hourglass that had nearly run out of sand. "Hurry, hurry!"

We ran into the shed just as the hourglass dropped the last grain.

I held the red jasper amulet while I said the magic words,

"Magic sands of time, hear our words today,

And whisk us back to Kira, up and away!"



Dear Diary,

**S**ometimes these time trips are quite scary! As time trips go, this one was not the best nor the worst.

A whirlwind opened up outside the window and the entire shed was sucked into it. We all held on for dear life as the shed spun 'round and 'round. We could see Indians circling a wagon train and shouting for all they were worth. The poor pioneers hid behind their wagons and fired rifles in every direction.

Zeke shouted, "I hear a bugle!"

Alfred said, "It is the cavalry come to save the wagon train!"

I held on to the counter as we spun even faster. The Indians and cavalry disappeared and we could see tourists shooting at a herd of buffalo from a moving train. Carcasses lie rotting in the sun as far as one could see while Indians watched helplessly from a distant hill.



"Thud!"

We staggered out of the shed, happy that the world had stopped whirling 'round and 'round. However; our heads never stopped spinning. Alfred turned green and Zeke landed on his head. Cedric set him upright, then dusted him off. He said, "You gotta stop looking at the world upside down, mate." He squeezed Zeke's head. "I think your head is becoming flat from all these trips."

Zeke grabbed his ears and gave an outward jerk. He pulled out a stick of bubble gum. It appeared to help his head while he blew a bubble.

"Pop!" went the bubble.

He said, "I'm alright now!" He took a step; then spun around and fell to the floor. Cedric and I served him gumpa (made from gobble berries) and that seemed to help. Alfred the Great took his human form as he always did when we returned to Kira.

We were ushered to the palace garden that rested alongside the shimmering blue waters of Lake Kira. It was a cool, clear morn with a slight breeze that drifted ever so gently across the waters. A distant range of snow-capped mountaintops undulated and swelled like a line of long lost fairytale sandcastles.

Princess Catherine (the queen of the bees) gave us a warm welcome. No longer did she look at all like a bee. Her hair was now a golden honey that glistened spectacularly in the sunlight. She explained that she had important business with the bees to attend to after our meeting. "They are my little darlings. Not a day goes by without a crisis!" She laughed; then sat with us at copper-topped tables with emerald parasols that shaded us from the afternoon Sun.

If you remember, Dear Dairy, Catherine had turned Alfred the Great into a mouse in hopes of ruling the kingdom. The spell had been broken; however Alfred transformed into a mouse whenever he accompanied us on our time travels. She inquired of her Father, Alfred, "I must work on getting you to become human once again on your time travels. It is an aftereffect of that wicked spell I cast upon you."

"No, no, my dear," he protested while Kakuna elves served us gobble berry



pastries and pink lemonade. "I am quite happy being a mouse."

"I do not understand," inquired Catherine.

Alfred explained, "It is much like your new role as the queen of the bees. It gives me a new perspective. I find it to be humbling and quite enlightening to see life as a mouse would view it. I have seen kings become drunk with power; then turn cruel and inhuman. I imagine history would have taken a much happier course had more kings been turned into mice. Your spell was a blessing, my dear. I would not have it any other way. Please, give it no further thought."



"Very well, father. I understand."

They embraced one another while Princess Lucinda strolled onto the terrace. "Good morning, everyone! I did hope to give you a longer rest; however the space-time continuum has gone much farther astray than I would have imagined. I did have a day to study it and I can tell you that your recent 1860 trip to the Pony Express did wonders."

She brought out her crystal ball. "As I moved further ahead to 1870 and after, I could see that everything went tragically off course." We gazed into

the ball. (I placed my hand over Zeke's eyes as it made him dizzy). I could see a cavalry raiding an Indian village and shooting everyone. Lucinda explained,



"This is what I see being repeated over and over."

Cedric pulled at my sleeve. "Tammy, here is your book. It must have fallen out of your pocket during our trip."

I took the book and laid it on the table.

Lucinda examined it. "What is this?"

"It is a book I read to them. It is all about Buffalo Bill. We met him when we were pony riders and we thought he was a wonderful boy."

Zeke said, "We hope to see his wild west show when we return to River Falls."

Lucinda leafed through the book. "It was written in 1869. That is about the time the space-time continuum begins to go astray."

Queen Betty peered over her shoulder. "I wonder if this book had anything to do with it?"

"It would not hurt to check," said Lucinda.

She asked the magic crystal,

"Crystal ball of space and time,

Show us the book after 1870 that had a price of a dime."

We could see that the novel was a big success. Everyone was reading it. Kings and Queens read it too. We saw that Buffalo Bill became a legend in his own time.

Cedric brought out the poster of the wild west show. "We plan to see him in Columbus."

Alfred, Betty, Catherine, and Lucinda looked at it. Alfred said, "I think we have found our answer. Could it be that somehow, William F. Cody and this book somehow changed history?"

Lucinda said, "The book led to the wild west show and he swayed the hearts and minds of the world. Let's take the book out of the equation. Let us examine the space-time continuum." She muttered an incantation and the crystal showed us the altered history. It was clear to all of us. The book had not been written at all and from there the Indians disappeared forever.

Betty said, "Tammy, you must see that this book is written."

Alfred pointed to the cover. "It was written by Ned Buntline. Let me go find

that history book."

Zeke said, "I hope we find Cody and set things straight. I like him a big bunch."

Alfred returned with the book and laid it out for all to see. "Here it is. Ned Buntline met William F. Cody and Wild Bill Hickok in Fort McPherson in June of 1869 and shortly after wrote *Buffalo Bill, the King of the Border Men*. The book was so influential that Washington leaders were sympathetic to the Indians as never before. When the powerful Chief Cochise signed a peace treaty, other tribes followed and lands were given to the Indians and then everyone lived peacefully."

Lucinda said, "That is it, Tammy. You must see that Ned Buntline meets William F. Cody and Wild Bill Hickok. We will send you to Fort McPherson and see that all goes well."

I was excited. I could see Cedric, Zeke, Alfred, and Polly were excited too. "Yippee!" shouted Zeke and tossed his cowboy hat into the air. Cedric did the same and Polly did a cha cha!

Alfred said, "I'm already looking forward to this. It makes me wonder what kind of person Ned Buntline will be. I'd bet he is quite a character."

I imagined that this would be the most exciting time travel trip ever. I was already standing two feet off the ground in anticipation of reuniting with William F. Cody.

Lucinda instructed me to hold tightly to the red jasper amulet that hung around my neck. We climbed into the shed and held on for dear life. Lucinda said the magic incantation,

"Magic necklace of time, hear our words today,  
And whisk us back to 1869 up and away!"

The shed began to tremble and shake. Soon, we were spinning off into the space-time vortex.

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~ End of Sample ~