

Everyone has dreams. Whether you're rich, poor, pretty, ugly, fat, or skinny, everyone wants their fifteen minutes of fame, or more.

Mine's to be a country musician. I have my guitar and my voice, and I write my own music. Someday, somehow, I'm gonna go on tour and play for people all over the world!

Leaving home can be difficult, especially when the family is relying on you to make money. Me and my dog, Ricky, hunt for neighbors, work fields, and fix broken down tractors.

I guess it ain't just the family that relies on me; the whole community does. Really, I think some people have gotten lazy and depend on me too much. So when I get old enough, I'm gonna leave. Nashville is the place to be.

I woke up this morning to the smell o' bacon and the screamin' o' family members. My grandpapa don't like my momma and my momma don't respect my papa, and I just come 'n go as I please, pretty much invisible. Sittin' 'round the table, it's not much different than any other day.

It turned out very different than most. Momma shot papa, grandpapa shot momma then had a heart attack, and the house burned down. Horses got away, though I don't know how. Hell I barley made it out alive!

Well, that's it I guess. It's all gone. It don't matter too much. I was going to split anyhow. I whistled for my dog, then pick a piece of wheat grass to chew on.

Ricky came out o' the brush a'waggin' his tail. He is a four-year old Pointer, and hunts great. With him, at least I know I will have some food while travelin' on the road.

I walk 'bout a mile east and picked up my pack I hid two nights ago. My guitar, pen, paper, clothes, matches, knives, beans, and dog food are inside. We're heading to Nashville.

I got a lot to write about now I guess. That's what country music is all about ain't it? A man and his dog, and their adventures. I guess Ricky getting run over by a horse would make it even more country, but I hope that don't happen.

I pick a few more stalks of wheat grass. Who knows the next time I'll see some after I leave this field?

Ricky and I continue on to the road and I stick my thumb out. And wouldn't you know it, just like in the movies a VW van pulls up and Ricky and I hop in.

"Where you headed?" the stoned driver asks me. He offers a hit o' his joint but I decline and point to my trusty wheat grass.

"Nashville" I says.

The stoner gives me a piece sign, turns onto the road and off we go into the sunset. Yup, just like in the movies.