**CONCLUSION**

Brazos! That was the name of the man who held the reins of the cattle, a man who had been born to the life of the range. He had seen it all, lived it all, and had earned the right to know. In his eyes, there was a story that spoke of adventure, of adventure, and of adventure.

"Renn!" she whispered. "Listen, Holly. This is the time for you to be brave. Do not let fear become your guide."

"I know it. But how can I?"

"You can by trusting in yourself."

"But what if things go wrong?"

"Then it will be your fault for not trusting in yourself."

"I will try."

"And you will succeed."

Holly nodded, and turned to go. But as she stepped out of the door, she paused, and turned back to Renn.

"Renn, I love you."

"I know it, Holly."

"Then why do you not come with me?"

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Because I am a cattleman, and I must stay with my cattle."

"But you cannot stay forever."

"I cannot, Holly."

"Then when will you come back?"

"I do not know."

"Then you will never come back?"

"I do not know."

"Then I shall wait."

"Good lad."

"Thank you, Renn."

And with that, Holly left, and Renn stood alone in the barn, his heart heavy with the weight of love, and the hope of a future that might or might not come.