

Confession

By

Gary Whitmore

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Chapter 1

It was a peaceful and clear night with a beautiful full Moon in Phoenix, Arizona. It was July 1995. But it was not so peaceful for Sam Woods. Tonight Sam tossed and turned in a puddle of sweat in his bed sheets. He had a nightmare. This nightmare that had been haunting him for almost thirty years now.

In Sam's nightmare...

The field crickets sang in the night in some woods located in the Deep South. It was a cool evening and felt like autumn weather.

Twigs and small branches cracked beneath Sam's shoes while he prowled between numerous tall pine trees.

The full Moon provided light for him to navigate without bumping into a tree but he still used a flashlight.

Sam looked determined while he illuminated the trees in search of something. It was something he had been searching for over thirty years.

His flashlight finally found the object of his hunt. It was a beautiful young woman with shoulder length blonde hair. She was tied to the trunk of a pine tree. She was naked and dead. Hundreds of flies buzzed around her rotting and stinking flesh.

Sam's eyes welled up while he slowly walked closer to her keeping her body illuminated with his flashlight.

"I'm so sorry!" he told the dead girl while stared at her closed eyes. He reached out and touched her cold cheek. The girl's eyes suddenly opened, and gave Sam a blank zombie stare. He jumped back startled almost tripping over a small tree branch in the dirt.

"Please forgive me!" Sam cried out with extreme guilt while he inched closer to the girl.

She gave Sam a loving smile.

He noticed that some blunt object had smashed in all of her front teeth.

She gave Sam a blank lifeless stare.

She screamed a blood-curdling scream that echoed in the woods.

Sam jumped back scared to death.

The woods were an eerie quiet.

She stared back at Sam. There was a few seconds of just a blank stare. Her eyes filled with tears. "Why didn't you catch him? It hurt so much. I can't rest until you catch him. You have to catch my killer! You owe me!" the girl cried out then she sobbed.

She immediately stopped sobbing and stared at Sam with a zombie stare. Her head dropped down and she remained motionless.

Her skin slowly dissolved along with all of her organs. She was nothing but a skeleton tied to the trunk of that tree.

Sam opened his mouth to speak...

Back to reality in Sam's bedroom, he bolted up in a panic from his bed. "I'm so sorry!" he screamed while beads of sweat poured down his face. He frantically looked around his room for the dead girl, but she was not in sight. He wanted to cry knowing he had another nightmare.

He held back his tears while he glanced over at the bare spot where his wife once slept. He remembered those sweet days when he was married to Vicky. But that stopped eight years ago when she divorced him after twenty-eight years of marriage. His drinking and nightmares were intolerable and she could not take it any longer.

He sat up on the edge of his bed and ran a hand through his salt and pepper hair. He silently prayed these nightmares would cease forever.

He reached over at the bedside table and grabbed a quarter empty bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey. As soon as the bottle was opened, he gulped down the booze then dropped the bottle to the floor.

Sam stood up and staggered to his bathroom at the other end of his bedroom.

When he was four feet from the bathroom door, his right foot rolled on another empty whiskey bottle on the floor. He started to tumble to the floor but quickly grabbed the dresser. He did not fall, but the dresser shook knocking down a framed picture to the floor.

This picture was of his son Charles Woods, a Major in the U.S. Marine Corps Major, with wife Beth and eight-

year-old daughter, Mindy. Sam was proud of Charles and his accomplishments in the Marine Corp.

He picked the picture off the floor and set it back on the top of the dresser.

He staggered into the bathroom.

After he shaved and took a hot shower, Sam ate his typical breakfast of Cocoa Krispies and coffee alone in his kitchen.

After he cleaned up his dishes, Sam got dressed his black suit, white shirt with red tie.

The drive this morning through the streets of Phoenix was the drive Sam had dreamt about for years.

Sam entered the FBI building where he worked for the past twenty-eight years.

He walked through a maze of cubicles that was a beehive of activity with agents keeping America safe from criminals.

“Good morning Sam. Are you happy this day finally arrived?” a FBI agent called out from his cubicle the second he spotted Sam.

“Yeah. It’s hard to believe it’s finally here,” Sam replied while he walked past the agent.

Sam entered his cubicle and stared at it for a few seconds. On his one cubicle wall hung a few pictures of Sam, George Williams and Peter Bronson during their annual fishing trips to northern California and some old pictures of a younger Sam and Charles.

Sam grabbed his coffee cup off his desk and left his cubicle.

He came back five minutes later and sat down. He kicked his shoes up on his desk and sipped his morning cup of Java.

Peter Bronson walked up to the entrance to Sam's cubicle. Peter was Sam's chief but Sam remembered the day Peter first joined the agency back in the early 1970s.

"Sam, they're ready for you."

Sam got up with his coffee cup in hand and walked out of his cubicle with Peter.

He followed Peter through the maze of cubicles and Sam rolled his eyes when he noticed the area was void of his fellow agents.

They walked by the coffee pot table where Sam quickly filled his cup.

They headed on down the hallway.

The conference room was packed with fifty agents.

On the one end of the room hung a "Happy Retirement Sam Woods" banner on the wall above a table. On the table was a cake decorated with a fishing boat in water with "Good Luck Sam" above it.

At one end of the table stood, Harry Charles and Nick Wilson who were the top dogs of the office.

"Is he on his way?" Harry asked Nick.

"I heard Peter is rounding him up."

Sam entered the room with Peter.

Everybody stood up and clapped to honor Sam.

Sam motioned hello at everybody with his coffee cup while he walked up to the table. He set his cup down by the cake and shook hands with Harry and Nick.

Nick motioned for everybody to sit down and be quiet. They obeyed.

“Thank you all for attending this special occasion, the retirement of one of the best agents the bureau has had the pleasure of paying. Mister Sam Woods,” Nick addressed the crowd.

“And I would like to say that America has been a safer place with Sam out there putting criminals behind bars,” Harry added.

Nick looked over at Sam. “And now, if Sam would like to say a few words.”

Sam reached down and picked up his coffee cup and took a sip and paused for a few seconds.

“I can't believe I started with the bureau forty years ago. It was a great ride. It was an interesting ride,” he said then took another sip of coffee and paused for a few seconds.

“Harry said that America was safer with me putting criminals behind bars.” He took another sip of coffee and paused for a few seconds.

“That's true but there was one criminal I couldn't place behind bars.” Sam took another sip of coffee and paused for a few seconds.

“I have regrets over my failure with not catching this sicko,” Sam finished then took a long drink of coffee and paused for a few seconds.

In the back of the conference room, Trevor rolled his eyes and leaned over to Wilfred. "I'm going to puke if I hear that nineteen sixties October Slayer sob story again," Trevor whispered.

"Tell me about it! That's all I heard during my first week here at the bureau. I never caught the killer, whine whine whine," Wilfred whispered back.

"I know. Sometime killers just get away. Get over it," Trevor whispered back.

Wilfred nodded in agreement along with everybody around them who heard their whispering.

Sam looked ashamed while he remembered his past failure. "I promised someone I would solve that case. I broke that promise, and that frustrated me so much that it cost me a divorce." Sam looked remorseful. "And then Bo Smithson from the Atlanta took over the case," Sam added and looked pissed. "Why they stuck the dumbest agent in the history of the bureau on that case, I'll never know."

Everybody in the room was sick of hearing his whiny story again but was glad it would be for the last time.

"Thank you Sam, now, if I could get someone to cut the cake, we can proceed," Nick asked the audience.

Laurie an administrative assistant walked up to the table from the other wall. "I'll cut it," she volunteered with a smile.

An hour later and Sam's party was over. Sam was glad, as he hated being the center of attention. But he had

to play the game since everybody who retired was thrown a party.

Sam poured another cup of coffee at the coffee table.

He walked back to his cubicle where Laurie previously placed a cardboard box on his desk.

He looked around to make sure eyes were not watching him. He leaned down and opened up a bottom desk drawer. He discreetly removed five folders that were rubber banded together. They were copies of the case files on the five girls killed by the October Slayer. He quickly dropped the five folders into his box.

George Williamson entered Sam's cubicle and startled him.

"George, you scared me," said Sam while he glanced back at the box making sure the file folders were safely tucked away.

"Sorry about that my friend," George said while he watched Sam remove all the pictures off his cubicle wall. "Sorry I missed your retirement party. I was out checking a lead on a bank robbery case."

"I understand. So, when do you plan on retiring?" Sam replied while he dropped his pictures into his box.

"Hopefully in two years. My bother in-law said he can get me a job with security at Warner Brothers," George replied with a gleam in his eyes thinking about hanging around with famous movie stars.

"Warner Brothers? That sounds like a sweet gig."

"Oh it is. What are your plans with retirement? Do you plan on getting another job?"

“I’m finished with working, so I plan to relax and fish,” Sam replied with a smile.

“Good. Maybe if you finally let go of that old case those nightmares will cease.”

“I had another one last night.”

“You need to find a sweet woman in Florida to take care of you in your golden years,” George added with hopeful eyes.

Sam glanced down at his empty ring finger thinking about Vicky. “That would be nice.”

“Hey George, you have a call about that bank robbery,” another FBI agent yelled out across the cubicles.

“I’ll be there in a second,” George yelled back.

“Well Sam, keep in touch and maybe we can do some fishing out in the Atlantic this time.”

“I would like that very much,” Sam replied while they shook hands.

George rushed out of Sam’s cubicle.

Peter entered Sam’s cubicle.

“I guess this is it, Sam.”

“Yep, the final day,” Sam replied while he glanced around his cubicle.

“Listen, I’m working on a transfer to the Tampa office. If that happens, I’ll let you know and we can get together for some more fishing.”

“That would be grand.”

Peter stuck out his hand and Sam shook it. “I’ll be in touch soon.”

Sam picked up his box and walked out of his cubicle for the last time.

Two months later, Sam packed up his house in Phoenix for his move to Florida to finish off his golden years.

Outside Sam's house he was being stalked.

Billy Stein was stalking Sam and Billy was a bully of a man with a temper to match. He sat inside his brand new 1995 Chevy Impala, with Mississippi plates, a few houses down from Sam's house.

He watched while Sam chatted with the Allied moving men outside their van backed in Sam's driveway.

"It's about fucking time," Billy mumbled to himself, as he was relieved Sam finally retired from the FBI.

He waited and sipped on his third bottle of Budweiser while he eyed Sam's house. He lit up a Marlboro cigarette. He smoked and drank beer while he watched the moving men load Sam's furniture into the moving van.

Two hours later, the men closed and locked the rear doors of the Allied trailer.

They got inside the truck cab, started it up, and drove off down the street.

Billy started up his Impala and drove off after the moving van.

Then for some bizarre reason, Billy followed the moving van all the way to Florida.

He drove back to Mississippi, as soon as he got Sam's new address in Daytona Beach.

Chapter 2

Ten years had passed.

It was a nice cool morning in February across the southeast.

Allan Stein was Billy Stein's brother. Allan had thinning gray hair, with a huge pot belly caused by years of bad diet, being lazy, smoking and heavy drinking.

Allan lived in St. Cloud, Florida. He was a retired Army Lieutenant Colonel and spent his entire career with the Army Criminal Investigative Command (known as CID) up in Fort Gillem at Forest Park south of Atlanta. He retired from the Army twenty years ago after a successful thirty-year career, where he was one of their most respected CID Agents.

Allan picked St. Cloud for his retirement home since his daughter Becky Adams lived in nearby Kissimmee. Another reason was that Disney was close by, and Patrick Air Force Base was another hour to the east for any military needs. In addition, he frequented the Daytona Beach area but stopped those travels five years ago.

Allan spent his golden years writing fiction murder mystery books, which was an idea born during the late 1960s. He decided to make it profitable, as he did not want all his CID experience to go to waste.

Allan sat inside his den where he had his Dell computer, lazy boy chair, television and a wooden cabinet

locked with a pad lock. On the one wall hung pictures of Allan, his wife Beverly and Becky.

Allan sat at his computer desk where his six murder mystery books rested on a shelf above him. The titles were; Die My Darling, Prison For Life, No Remorse, Mr. Kind, The Church Man, and The Stalker. These books supplemented his Army retirement but never became best sellers.

Allan listened to a local country and western radio station with a Lucky Strike cigarette that dangled out of his mouth while he typed away on his new Murder At Night manuscript. He planned to send it to his editor, Rodney Burstein, in a couple of weeks.

“Dad, where are you?” Becky yelled from the living room the second she entered his house with her key.

“I’m in the den, darling,” Allan responded then quickly smashed his Lucky Strike out in the ashtray on his desk. He opened up a desk drawer and hid the ashtray inside and tried to wave away the evidence.

Becky with shoulder length blonde hair entered the den with a gym bag in hand. She sniffed the air and instantly knew he was smoking. But she gave up scolding him about that nasty habit since it only went in one ear and out the other side.

She dropped her gym bag on the floor, walked up to Allan and gave him a loving kiss on his cheek. “How’s the new manuscript coming along?” she asked while she curiously eyed the monitor.

“I’m tweaking the final draft now. I’ll send it to Rodney in a couple of weeks,” he answered.

“I’m ready to edit your manuscript when you’re done.”

“I’ll give it to you in a couple of days. And Rodney, is also talking about another book after this one.”

“You should slow down and enjoy your golden years.”

“No way. I love writing what I know best,” he replied while he revised some dialogue then saved and closed the Word file.

Nancy, his seven-year-old granddaughter and Michael, his nine-year-old grandson ran into the den. “Grandpa!” they both cried out in unison, as they loved Allan.

“Nancy! Michael! Come give Grandpa a hug and kiss,” he called out while he opened up his arms.

Nancy and Michael ran up to Allan and they each gave him a loving hug and kiss on his cheek.

Becky sat down in the lazy boy chair, grabbed the remote and turned on the TV. She flipped through the channels and stopped on the Disney channel where a cartoon played.

Nancy and Michael ran over and sat in front of the TV. Then Nancy eyed the wooden cabinet over at the other wall and she got curious again.

She jumped up and rushed to the cabinet. She fiddled with the pad lock and tried to open it. “Grandpa, are you sure you don’t have toys stashed in here?”

Allan got annoyed and rushed over to her. “I’ve told you before sweetie, please leave that cabinet alone!” he

lightly scolded her while he removed her hands off the lock.

“Yes Nancy, grandpa doesn't want you to see his Army secrets,” Becky said with a sarcastic tone.

Allan playfully stuck his tongue out at Becky while he walked Nancy back to his chair and plopped her on his lap.

“Like I’ve said a million times before, it’s just a bunch of old Army stuff in there. No toys. Now, why don't I tell you a new story!” he offered with a wide grin.

Michael's eyes lit up with joy and ran over to them. He sat down on the floor.

Allan placed Nancy on the floor next to Michael.

“Okay, this is the story of Prince Luna from the planet Neileon. The story starts off with six young animals that lived and were best friends at the Kennedy Space Center. They lived an hour from this house. There was a gator, skunk, rabbit, bob cat, a snake and a poodle that loved watching all the rocket launches,” he told them.

“What were their names?” Michael curiously asked.

“Well, the gator was named Wally. The skunk was named Stinker.”

Michael and Nancy snickered.

“The snake was named Slither, the Bob Cat was named Putty, and the Rabbit was named Bugsy.”

“Just like Bugs Bunny,” Nancy called out.

“Yes, just like Bugs Bunny. Let me see, oh yeah, and the poodle was named Touché,” he added. “Then one day, Prince Luna flew his space ship to Earth but was shot down by some mean Aliens from his home planet. His

spaceship crashed landed down at the Kennedy Space Center one night.”

“Did he die?” Nancy asked being concerned.

“Oh no, he was found by the six animals friends who called themselves the Dreamers.”

“Whew! I’m glad,” Michael said while he wiped his forehead being relieved.

“Why are they called the Dreamers?” Nancy curiously asked.

“Well, because they dreamed of being Astronauts and going on adventures in space.”

“I’m a space dreamer!” Michael called out while he puffed out his chest.

Allan and Becky chuckled.

“See Dad, you should write kids books instead of books about murder,” Becky praised Allan.

“With my thirty years of Army criminal investigative experience, I write what I know. It comforts me.”

Becky rolled her eyes then she got up from the chair. “What ever. I’m going to change then go jogging. Then we’ll head out after I take a shower.”

Allan continued with the story while Becky grabbed her gym bag and headed to the bathroom to change.

An hour passed and Allan finished his story about Prince Luna and the Space Dreamers.

He went back to work on his new manuscript.

Becky returned from jogging was taking a shower.

Michael and Nancy sat on the floor and watched another Disney cartoon while Becky finished her shower and dried her hair.

A few minutes later, Becky entered the den.

“How was the story?” she asked Michael and Nancy.

“It was great!” Michael replied with a huge grin.

“Good,” she said then looked at Allan. “Are you ready to go?”

“Yeah, just let me save my Word file and shut down the computer.”

Thirty minutes later, Becky drove them in her Toyota Sienna mini-van to the Heavenly Peace Cemetery in Orlando.

“I still don’t understand why you choose this cemetery instead of one closer to home,” she said while she drove her van into the entrance of the Cemetery.

“This one felt right to me,” Allan responded then coughed a little and cringed sharp pain shot through his chest.

Becky rolled her eyes while she pulled into the cemetery parking lot. Sometimes she never understood Alan’s way of thinking but knew she could not change his stubborn mind.

After she parked the Sienna, Becky removed a hand trowel and a pot of Daisies they bought at Lowes.

They walked through the cemetery and stopped by a headstone.

“Beverly Stein, Loving and Caring Mother. Born June 18, 1938, Died February 8, 2001” was carved in the white Granite headstone.

Becky knelt down at the headstone and removed the dead Daisies. She used the trowel and planted the new Daisies.

“I don't remember Grandma that much,” Michael said while he stared at the headstone.

“You were around five years old when she died. But she sure loved you and would always kiss your cheeks,” Becky replied with a warm smile while she dropped the Daisies into the hole.

Allan walked away twenty feet and lit up a Lucky strike cigarette, as he could never fight off the addiction.

“Did she love and kiss me?” Nancy asked.

Becky frowned when she saw Allan while he smoked. “Of course. She loved you very much and I can imagine she’s blowing you kisses from heaven, right now,” Becky said while she scooped up some nearby dirt to seal up the flowers.

Nancy blew kisses at the sky. “I love you grandma,” she said and blew some more kisses.

Michael rolled his eyes thinking his sister was goofy.

Allan saw Nancy blowing kisses at the sky and smiled then took another drag on his cigarette. Then Allan went into a bad coughing fit and turned beat red. He coughed so hard he coughed up blood that dripped down his chin. Then he looked concerned and dropped to his knees and vomited. There was lots of blood involved.

Michael and Nancy moved away at the sight of the bloody barf in the grass.

Becky rushed over and got Allan to his feet. “We’re going to the emergency room,” she said then rushed him through the cemetery.

Nancy and Michael lagged behind afraid Allan might vomit at any given second.

Becky drove Allan to the Florida Hospital in east Orlando. During the drive Allan had a few more coughing fits. Nancy and Michael cringed in the back seat afraid he would vomit again.

At the hospital, they ran a bunch of tests and released Allan the next morning. Becky picked him up and drove him straight home.

On Friday morning, Becky drove Allan to his doctor’s office to hear the results of the tests.

Allan, Becky, and her husband Marty waited in the doctor’s office.

Dr. Alicia Kennedy entered the office with a folder in hand. She looked serious while she walked over and sat down behind her desk. She opened up the folder and looked at the test results again. She paused while she glanced at everybody’s waiting eyes. “Allan, I’m afraid your tests indicate you have lung cancer and it’s stage four. You also have cirrhosis of the liver,” she said and hated these moments.

Becky's eyes welled up and Marty comforted her.

“What does this mean, Doctor Kennedy?” Becky asked and feared the news would not be good.

“It's terminal. I would estimate that Allan has about eight to twelve months. We could try some treatments but there's no guarantee it will go into remission.”

Becky sobbed and Marty comforted her. “Let's get started right away,” she said between sobs.

Allan looked shocked, as he knew everybody was going to die but he thought he had at least twenty more years to live. Then he accepted his fate of having a year at the most. “No! I don't want any treatments. Just let it run its course,” Allan said looking serious.

“Dad, it's worth trying,” Becky pleaded.

“She's right dad,” Marty added.

“No!” Allan said with a firm tone and got up and walked out of the doctor's office.

Becky sobbed in her hands.

“I can prescribe something to relieve any pain he will endure,” Dr. Kennedy offered.

Becky nodded in agreement while she blew her nose into a Kleenex.

A week later, Allan sat in his fishing boat with his brother Billy in Lake Tohopekaliga near St. Cloud. Becky accepted Allan's opportunity to tell his brother about his condition. They quietly sat with their fishing lines in the water. Allan just broke the terrible news to his brother.

“It can't be possible!” Billy said while his eyes welled up knowing his big brother would be dead in months.

“I can't stop it Billy.”

Billy looked extremely concerned. "I'm so glad you burned our secret years ago. That was smart."

Allan looked caught. "Well, about that. I never burned it. But don't worry I have it in a safe location. You can trust me little brother, nobody will find it at least while we're alive," Allan said and looked confident.

Billy glared furiously at Allan and wanted to smack the crap out of him. "Where is it? I can't take any chances!" he screamed. He screamed so loud that nearby boaters looked over at their direction to see what was brewing.

Allan opened his mouth to respond but suddenly went into a huge coughing fit and his face turned beat red. He coughed so hard that blood ran out of his mouth and dripped down his chin. He rushed over to the side of the boat and vomited into the lake. When he was finished, he looked at Billy and looked scared. He passed out and fell to the bottom of the boat.

Billy started up the engine and raced the boat off toward the dock.

Later that night, Allan lay in a room at the St. Cloud Regional Medical center. He was asleep in his bed. Becky sat in a chair by his bedside and held his hand. She silently prayed that he would not die tonight.

The room door opened and Billy stepped inside the room.

Becky jumped up furious out of her chair the second she saw him. "Get out!" she screamed at Billy who stood at the door.

“But, he’s my brother,” Billy pleaded.

“Nurse!” Becky screamed.

Billy rushed out the door at the same time the nurse entered.

She rushed over concerned something happened with Allan. “Something wrong?”

“I don't want that man who just left to step one foot inside this room. His name is Billy Stein,” Becky replied and looked furious.

“Yes ma-am,” the nurse said while she looked Allan over to make sure he was stable.

The nurse was satisfied Allan was stable so she walked out the room.

Becky sat back down and stroked Allan's arm.

A month passed and Allan looked thinner while the cancer was taking over his body. He watched TV from his lazy boy chair in his den.

“Grandpa!” Nancy cried out while ran into the den and jumped on his lap.

Allan cringed in pain. “Be careful sweetie. Grandpa's not as strong as he use to be.”

Nancy gave Allan a hug. “I’m sorry grandpa.”

Allan picked up his remote and changed to the Disney channel.

Nancy rested her head on Allan's chest and watched a cartoon.

Becky entered with Michael, who was dressed in his soccer uniform. “Dad, will you be okay with Nancy while I take Michael to his soccer game?”

“We’ll be fine. I’m feeling really good today,” he replied then kissed Nancy on the top of her head.

Becky walked over and gave Allan a kiss on his forehead. “Call my cell phone if you start feeling sick.”

“I will,” he responded while he watched Becky leave the room with Michael. Then he looked sad while he glanced down at Nancy. “Sweetie, did Mommy tell you that grandpa wouldn’t be around much longer?”

“Yes, but everything will be all right,” she replied without a worry.

“Why do you say that?” Allan curiously asked.

“Because Jesus will take care of you, as he loves everybody.”

Allan looked extremely worried. “I’m not sure about that.”

He looked at his wall and eyed an old 1960s era picture of himself in his Army uniform with Captain bars, and his face darkened.

Chapter 3

Two weeks had passed and Becky moved Allan into her spare bedroom to watch over him. It was their computer and exercise room but she had Marty move those items into other rooms. She even bought him a new laptop so Allan could write when he had the strength. She also made sure he had plenty of family pictures on his dresser.

In order to give him the constant care he needed, Becky took a leave of absence from her cashier's job with Publix.

Allan sat in deep thought in the bed with his new laptop. He stared at a blank Word file and pondered if he should pursue his new book idea. He opened up a White Pages website on the Internet and searched for a phone number. He found what he wanted.

He turned off his laptop and set it on his bed.

He walked out of his room and looked determined while he walked down the hallway.

"Where are you going, dad?" Becky asked while Allan walked down the hallway and headed to the front door.

"I feel like taking a little walk."

"Want me to tag along?"

"No, I'll be fine. I want to walk alone."

“Okay, but if you’re not home in ten minutes, I’m looking for you,” she replied but still looked worried.

“That’s fair,” Allan said while he left through the front door and went outside.

Becky rushed over to her living room curtains and peeked out. She watched Allan appeared to have the strength for a short walk down the sidewalk.

Sam Woods lived in a house in a neighborhood across A1A by the beach in Daytona Beach, Florida. Sam now had a head full of white hair. He relaxed on his back porch sipping a cup of coffee. He quit drinking booze after he moved to the Sunshine State.

His phone rang from the kitchen. He got up.

Sam entered his kitchen and picked up the phone.

“Hello,” Sam answered the call.

“Ah, is this Sam Woods? The retired FBI agent?” Allan replied from the phone.

“Yes it is. May I help you?”

Allan quickly hung up his end of the call.

Sam stared curiously at the phone.

“Who was on the phone?” asked Cindy Leinbach, Sam’s girlfriend for the past five years.

Sam hung up the phone and saw Cindy at the entrance to his kitchen.

“I don’t know, Cindy. Someone called and asked if I was Sam Woods the retired FBI agent then they hung up.”

“That’s really weird,” she replied.

“I know,” Sam responded then shrugged it off.

“Well, I need to get home. I’ll pick you up tomorrow and we’ll take my granddaughter Kristen to the movies,” she said then walked over and picked up her purse off one of the counters.

Sam escorted her out of the kitchen.

Back in Kissimmee, Allan walked back to Becky’s house in deep thought.

He went back into his room and relaxed on his bed with his laptop. He opened a new Word file and started a new manuscript. On the title page, he typed out A Killer’s Tale by Allan Stein.

After he wrote “Chapter 1” he stared at the monitor and pondered if he should start this new book. He nodded in agreement and started typing.

“My name was Jimmy Nalla and have you ever wondered, why humans kill other humans?” Allan typed as the introduction. The need to write this new book before he checked out of this world now became a strong desire.

“How was your walk?” Becky said while she entered his bedroom.

“It was extremely rewarding,” he replied with a smirk.

“That’s good,” she replied then looked at his monitor. He quickly minimized the Word file. “So, what were you working on?” she curiously asked.

“Oh, while I was out, I had an idea for another book and started to jot down some thoughts.”

“Well, I let you have some privacy so you can get your creative juices flowing,” she said then left the room.

Allan quickly maximized the Word file and typed some more words.

It was early March and Allan looked thinner and sicker and it was obvious his days on this Earth were numbered. But the drive to finish his last book A Killer’s Tale was so strong that he mustered up all of his energy to complete his first draft. This story came easier for Allan to bang out in record time than his other books.

Becky entered the bedroom. She saw his manuscript on his monitor while he typed away. “How’s the new book coming along?”

“I’m tweaking the final draft now,” he replied while he closed the file.

“I’m ready to do some editing.”

“We’ll see as Rodney is itching to get his hands on the manuscript before I depart.”

“What about the Murder At Night manuscript? Did you send it off to Rodney?” she asked while she sat down on the corner of his bed.

“Not yet. I’ll send it along with this manuscript.”

“Good, now on this new book, does this killer get away like most of your killers?”

“It depends if the FBI agent got smarter over the years,” he responded with hopeful eyes.

“It sounds interesting. So why can’t I edit it?” she asked a little confused.

“No baby, this one I want you to read after it’s published.”

“I don’t understand. You’ve always let me edit your manuscripts.”

“Don’t worry. It will make sense when it gets published,” Allan said then gave her a fake warm smile.

Becky knew he would never cave in so she gave up. Then she looked at the dresser where she placed a couple of family pictures. She walked over and picked up one picture of herself when she was three years old, with Allan in his Army fatigues. “I still wonder what I looked like as a baby.”

Allan got irritated. “I’ve told you, we weren’t into photos when you were first born the way parents are these days, with digital cameras and what not.”

Becky placed the picture back and rolled her eyes as she hit that familiar sore spot with Allan.

“I know and I also wished I had a brother or sister.”

“We decided to only have one child since you were the best kid a parent could ask for.”

Becky smiled over his compliment and walked over and gave him a kiss on his forehead.

“I’ll let you work on your book,” she said then walked out of his bedroom.

Becky walked into the living room and suddenly this creepy feeling became strong.

She walked over to her living room windows. She peeked out her curtains and saw a brand new Chevy Impala parked across her street. She got pissed the second she saw Billy was inside stalking her house.

She rushed out of the living room.

She rushed down the hallway and went into her bedroom.

She rushed out of her bedroom and down the hallway.

She rushed through the living room to the front door.

She opened up the front door and stepped outside.

Inside Billy's Impala, he saw Becky standing outside by her front door and watched while she pulled out a Glock pistol out of her back pocket.

"I want you to stay away or I'll call the police!"

Becky yelled out at Billy's car.

Billy knew she was a good shot because Allan would tell him stories on how they practiced at a local gun range when she was a teenager. He started up his car and drove away not wanting to draw a visit by the police.

Becky went back inside her house and closed the door. She turned around and saw Allan standing four feet away down the hallway.

"What's the matter?" he asked being concerned.

"Uncle Billy was parked across the street," she said then walked away down the hallway still pissed.

Allan followed her into her bedroom where she tucked her Glock back in her hiding place in the closet.

Allan thought for a few seconds. "Becky, I was wondering if you could find it in your heart to forgive Uncle Billy."

"No!" she snapped back.

“Becky, that happened so long ago and he’s sorry. Can’t you please find it in your heart to forgive him? He’ll be your only family and has the money to take care of you.”

Becky got visibly upset and glared at him. “I’m going to ignore the fact you forgave him for that horrible act!”

Becky stormed out of her bedroom.

Allan left her room and went back to his bedroom. He sat back down on his bed with his laptop. He opened up his new manuscript and his eyes welled up while he looked at his new story.

It was now April and Allan mailed the manuscripts for *Murder at Night* and *A Killer’s Tale* off to Rodney two weeks ago.

Becky and Allan sat, with a blanket around his legs, in the living room. He now weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds. Flabby skin remained where that pot belly once protruded. A wheel chair was near the couch since he did not have the strength to walk anymore.

Allan glanced at some paperwork in his hand. “Rodney’s expecting this release, as it will give you all my royalties from the sale of my new books and any royalties from my other books,” he strained to talk then handed her the signed papers. “Use the money for Michael and Nancy’s college fund.”

Becky took the papers and her eyes welled up. “I don’t know what to say.”

“You don’t need to say anything. I just hope my new book becomes a best seller like Rodney believes it will,” he said then coughed.

“He really believes that?”

“He does and I hope it works out the way I want it to,” he strained to tell her.

“How's that?” she curiously asked.

“I don't want to spoil the big secret, so you'll have to wait,” he said and looked like he wanted to fall asleep any second.

“I hope it's not Army secrets.”

Allan nodded his head to disagree to save his strength since talking was becoming too difficult.

Allan got a little remorseful then coughed a little.

He mustered up some more strength. “Listen, I changed my mind about Uncle Billy,” he said then took a rest for a few seconds. “Don't let him near my house or near you. I have something I don't want him to get his hands on,” he said and took a rest for a few more seconds. “I want you to find it and,” he said then stopped to catch his breath as talking was wearing him down. “I want you to do what's right,” he concluded and looked glad he finally completed his words.

“That's clear as mud. Can you help me out a little?” she said and looked confused.

“Read A Killer’s Tale,” he strained to tell her.

“You and your mysteries. Marty should love this one.”

“I’m tired,” he said and closed his eyes.

Becky got up and assisted Allan up off the couch and into his wheel chair.

She wheeled him out of the living room and into his bedroom and up to his bed. She assisted him on his back and made sure he was comfortable. She kissed his forehead then walked out the room.

His eyes closed and he was soon asleep.

After dinner Becky went into Allan's room to check up on him.

Allan lay in bed with a blank stare at the ceiling.

"Dad," she said while she walked up to Allan's bed. Allan remained silent.

She got suspicious so she felt for a pulse. She did not get one and immediately knew he passed away.

She dropped to her knees and cried by the side of his bed.

Marty, Michael and Nancy heard Becky's cries and they rushed into the bedroom.

"He's gone!" she cried out while she held Allan's hand.

Michael and Nancy's eyes welled up over the loss of their grandfather.

A few days later, Allan was buried in Heavenly Peace Cemetery in Orlando next to his wife Beverly.

A week later, Becky with a potted flower and a trowel in her hand, Marty, Nancy and Michael stood and stared at Allan's headstone.

"Allan Stein, Loving And Caring Father, Born September 11, 1936, Died April 12, 2005," was written on his white granite headstone.

Becky knelt down and planted the flower by his headstone.

Nancy knelt down and assisted Becky.

They stood up and tears ran down Becky's cheeks.

Nancy looked up at the sky and blew a kiss. "I love you Grandpa. Give Grandma a kiss for me."

Marty placed an arm around Becky. "We better go," he said.

She removed a Kleenex from her purse and nodded in agreement while she blew her nose.

They walked away from Allan's grave.

They got about fifty feet from Allan's headstone when Becky got an eerie chill. She stopped dead in her tracks and Marty noticed.

"What's the matter honey?"

Becky turned around and saw Billy standing at Allan's headstone, and she got pissed. "He was told I didn't want him here!"

"Who's that man by grandpa's grave?" Nancy asked curiously while she eyed Billy.

"Nobody. Let's go," she told Marty.

Becky grabbed Nancy and Michael's hands while she rushed them away.

Billy watched Becky and her family leave. He pondered his next move while he stared down at Allan's headstone.

Chapter 4

It was now September and life moved on for Becky.

Allan's new books *A Killer's Tale* and *Murder at Night* were on sale in the bookstores across the nation. Becky even received a six thousand dollar check for advanced royalties. She immediately put it in a special savings account for Nancy and Michael's college fund.

In Daytona Beach, Sam and Cindy ate lunch at Momma's Home Cooking restaurant just Interstate I-95.

"Kristen's going to be in a play at her school next month," Cindy said then sipped some sweet tea.

"What's it about?" Sam asked while he sipped his sweet tea.

Cindy motioned for him to wait while she rummaged through her purse.

"I know, that Fall Killer was sick in the way he would tie the women up naked to a tree, then beat them with a baseball bat," a man told his woman friend at the booth behind Sam.

"And it sure was creepy how he would leave a number on the girl's stomach, as his calling card," the woman replied.

Sam's ears perked up and got interested with the couple's discussion. He turned around and glanced at the couple.

“Her play is about Romeo and Juliet,” Cindy said when she found the flyer.

“I loved how he sent that FBI agent those taunting letters,” the woman told her friend who nodded in agreement.

Cindy saw Sam was interested with the couple behind them ignoring her response. “Sam, I said. Romeo and Juliet. She's been practicing her heart out all week,” Cindy repeated a little louder.

“Excuse me. What are you talking about?” Sam asked the couple.

Cindy looked upset Sam ignored her again.

“That new book, A Killers Tale. It's about some guy who killed five girls in the south during the sixties,” the woman replied.

“It sounds like that October Slayer I remember reading about on the Internet,” the man added.

Sam looked extremely curious.

“Sam!”

Sam ignored Cindy while he looked at the couple.

“Sam!” she repeated.

Sam turned back around and looked at Cindy. “Yes dear?”

“I believe I was talking to you!” she scolded with a stern look.

“I'm sorry.”

“What was so important with their conservation to cause you to ignore me?” Cindy said while she glared at Sam.

“This new book that came out. It sounds like this case I worked on years ago.”

Cindy looked bothered. “Let’s not go there again. Please!” she pleaded.

“Okay, I won’t. So, tell me about her play,” he added with interest.

“Anyway, her play will be next month and she wants us there. It’s Romeo and Juliet.”

“It would be a pleasure to attend,” he said then he drank his sweet tea. Thoughts of that new book started to occupy his mind.

The next day over in Kissimmee, Becky sat in her kitchen and drank her second cup of coffee while she read the Orlando Sentinel newspaper.

Marty walked inside with a copy of A Killer’s Tale book in one hand and his coffee cup in another. He read the third chapter while he walked up to the counter and poured his second cup of coffee. He walked over to the table and sat down.

“I bought a copy of your dad's new books, Murder at Night and A Killer’s Tale,” he said. “A Killer’s Tale sounds very much like that October Slayer case from the sixties that never got solved,” he said while he held up the book where the back cover had pictures of five headstones with the names of the five girls killed.

Becky grabbed the book out of his hands and looked it over. “It sounds like this was Dad's version of what happened with that old sixties case,” she said while she

handed the book to Marty. "He sure loved solving mysteries."

"Would you like to read it after I'm finished?"

"No thank you. I had enough of murder mysteries while I edited his previous manuscripts," she said then returned to her newspaper.

"Maybe I'll figure out that little secret your father mentioned," Marty said then returned to his reading.

"Maybe. All I know so far is that Uncle creepy hasn't harassed me about wanting something. So I don't have a clue what Dad meant," she said while her eyes were glued to her newspaper.

The kitchen phone rang, and she looked at Marty who was engrossed in his book. She waited for him to get up. He was not going to budge.

She rolled her eyes while she got up and walked over to the phone.

"Becky Adams," she answered.

"Hello Becky, William DeHart from the reality company over in St. Cloud. I have some bad news about your father's house."

"What's wrong?"

Marty did not pay attention since he was too engrossed in his book.

"I just found out a lien was placed on your father's house by a Billy Stein. Do you know who this man could be? Is he related to your father?"

Becky looked pissed while she paced around the kitchen.

“He’s my uncle and I don’t know why he would do that,” she replied then she thought about it for a few seconds. “Wait, I know why. He’s a creep!”

“Well, apparently, he's stating his brother was supposed to will him the house and its contents. We can't sell it until this lien is removed.”

“I don't believe this!” she yelled out.

Marty looked up from his book and got concerned with Becky who furiously paced in circles.

“I'll see what I can do to get it removed. But it might cost you some time in court.”

“I'm going to change the locks of his house. Call me if you can work something out without spending time in court.”

“I'll see what I can do,” William said then disconnected his end of the call.

Becky hung up the phone and looked like she wanted to kill someone.

“What's wrong dear?”

“Uncle Billy put a lien on Daddy's house and now we can't sell it until it's removed. Bastard!”

Marty watched Becky while she stormed out of the kitchen.

Way up in Curtis, Mississippi was the Stein Chevrolet dealership. Alvin Stein founded it in 1925 when he was a young man. Billy now owns the dealership, as Allan wanted to spend his life with the Army. Allan would state that selling cars was considered a boring life and wanted thrills that the Army provided.

Billy sat behind his desk in his office where numerous old pictures of Allan and him on fishing trips hung on the wall. These were annual trips he took with his brother from 1957 – 1972.

Billy read his copy of A Killer's Tale book and was halfway through it. In fact, he read all of Allan's books and kept a copy on a shelf in his office. But this new book gave him grave concerns.

Later that night, Sam and Cindy went to the Barnes and Noble bookstore. They walked around for a while, then Sam went in one direction and Cindy went off in another.

Cindy checked out a book about the history of the Biltmore Estates. She longed to visit that beautiful home and it was one of the items on her bucket list.

Sam looked around and saw a display of A Killer's Tale books. He walked away but thoughts of the book weighed on his mind.

He walked over two aisles and saw Cindy reading a Biltmore Estates book. He looked back in at the display of A Killer's books.

He walked back and stopped four feet from the display. A man walked over, picked up a copy and rushed away to the cashier.

Sam walked away while he fought the urge to get a copy. But the urge became too strong. He rushed back to the display and quickly and snatched a book before he changed his mind.

Cindy walked up to Sam with her Biltmore Estates book in hand.

“I’m ready if you are,” she said then saw a book in his hand. “What did you buy?”

“I can’t help it. I’m going to get the A Killer’s Tale.”

“Oh honey, let it go. Didn't that case bring you nightmares that stopped after you retired?” she said and was worried for Sam.

“I haven't had one in eight years, so, it wouldn't hurt to read it.”

Cindy knew he was stubborn and would come back here on his own later on. “What ever,” she said then walked toward the cash registers.

“What did you get?”

“A book on the history of the Biltmore Estates. Since someone won't take me there, I thought I would read about it,” she replied with a hint.

“I’ll take you there. I promise,” he said with a warm smile.

“When?” she asked excitedly.

“Whenever you can slip away from your job. After all, I’m retired and have all the time in the world.”

Cindy thought for a few seconds while they got to the entrance to the cashiers and waited in line. “I can get away in two weeks.”

“Then it’s a date,” Sam replied and followed up with a kiss on her cheek to seal the deal.

Meanwhile, over in Kissimmee, Becky and Marty sat on the couch in the den. Marty was deep into the A

Killer's Tale book while Becky watched a Disney movie with the kids.

"So far, this book is great. We might have a best seller on our hands," Marty said while he started a new chapter.

Becky was too engrossed in the movie and did not hear Marty.

The phone rang in the kitchen.

Becky looked at Marty and he had his head buried in his book and did not budge an inch.

She got up and walked out of the den.

She walked up over to the ringing phone.

"Becky Adams," she answered.

"Becky, it's Uncle Billy," he replied from the phone.

Becky cringed and got the creeps. "What the hell do you want?"

"Listen, it's extremely important I get the chance to search through Allan's house. He has something he wanted me to keep. Something that belongs to me," Billy replied in the sweetest tone he could fake.

"I'm sorry, but he didn't mention you in his will! So the answer is, no!"

"He mentioned it when we recently went fishing down there in Florida. So if you let me search through his house just once, I'll leave you alone and you'll never see or hear from me again."

"No! And why did you put a lien on his house? I want it removed immediately!" she yelled into the phone.

"If you let me inside his house, that lien will disappear forever," Billy said and sounded serious.

“Bastard!” Becky yelled out then strangled the phone. She slammed the receiver down.

She stormed out of the kitchen and headed back into the den.

She plopped down on the couch and sat with her arms crossed. She fumed.

Marty still had his head buried in his book.

“I hate that man!”

Marty glanced over at Becky and saw she was furious.

“What's the matter, honey?”

“That was Uncle Billy. He wants something. What I don't know. And he won't remove that lien until I let him search dad's house,” she said and her eyes welled up as this was becoming too stressful.

“Let him. What would it hurt?”

“I'll never let him set on foot in dad's house. Never!” she responded with gritted teeth.

She got up and Marty and the kids watched her storm out of the den.

Way over in Daytona Beach, Sam walked into his den with his A Killer's Tale book in hand.

He walked past a wall where an updated picture of Charles hung. Charles was now a Brigadier General. Sam sat down on his lazy boy chair and opened the book to Chapter 1 of A Killer's Tale.

Up in Curtis, Mississippi, Billy sat in his Lazy Boy chair with his A Killer's Tale book in hand. He looked

pissed that Becky would not allow him access into Allan's house. He schemed.

Chapter 5

A Killer's Tale story by Allan Stein started...

My name was Jimmy Nalla and have you ever wondered, why humans kill other humans?"

Some humans kill because of war and it's their duty to protect their country from others that are deemed evil.

Some humans kill because it involves money that was stolen from them or their desire to get it the easy way.

Some humans kill to protect their power.

Some humans kill because their lover cheated on them.

Some humans kill in the name of self-defense.

Some humans kill by accident and didn't mean for the other human to die.

But some humans kill because they loved it. It excited them for some sick reason. Jimmy absolutely loved killing. Why? Well, maybe because it started when he was a young lad.

The town of Boldger was a quiet sleepy town located in the lower western part of the State of Alabama. It was located twenty miles from the Mississippi border.

It was now 1948 and Boldger had a total population of two thousand six hundred and thirty people. A quarter of the town's population was the colored folk, but they

were often called by the offensive “N” word. It was the sign of the times in the Deep South and life was grand if you were white.

The main industries that sustained Boldger during this time were a sawmill, some cotton fields, dairy farms, and chicken farms. And of course some Moonshine stills deep in the woods.

Boldger was also home to twelve year-old Jimmy Nalla. Jimmy lived with his father Melvin, mother Elizabeth and seven-year-old brother Ricky.

Melvin Nalla owned Nalla Ford located in the center of the town. Melvin’s father, Gus, founded the Ford dealership in Bolder back in 1925. Gus retired in 1942 and let Melvin take the reins of the business. Melvin was planning on letting Jimmy take it over when he becomes of age.

It was now August 21, 1948 and another hot and muggy Saturday with a clear blue sky.

It was high noon and the Little Baseball field of Boldger was in full swing with a game between the Badgers against the Rattlesnakes. These were the only two teams in the town so they only played against each other.

Young Jimmy was on the Badgers and was one of their worst players. The only other bad player was the only friend Jimmy had besides his brother Ricky. This kid was Homer Maris and he was deemed to be dumb and often poked at by the other kids.

Jimmy played right field today and missed a lot of fly balls and struck out most of the time. Because of this, he would take ribbing from some of the more talented players like Ralph Johnston. Ralph would be Jimmy's nemesis for the rest of his youth.

The game was now in the bottom of the ninth inning and the Badgers were losing to the Rattlesnakes by ten to three. Jimmy had struck out two times and hit a grounder and was thrown out at first base.

Ricky Nalla watched the game from the edge of the woods by the outfield. He loved his big brother Jimmy and always felt bad when Jimmy performed poorly. Since there was no way for the Badgers to come up from behind and win the game, Ricky decided to go home.

At the edge of the woods way over by left field stood twelve year old colored boy named Joey Sampson. He had one trait in that his left nostril was smaller than his right nostril. Joey loved the game of baseball but the colored boys were not allowed to play with the whites. That often brought tears to Joey's eyes as he wanted to play in Little League for years. But he had to accept the way of these times in the Deep South. So he would often watch the games from the woods, as this was a safe location for him.

He turned around and started walking off into the woods.

After five minutes of walking in the woods, Ricky found a long stick in the dirt. "Perfect," he said while he bent down and picked up the stick. He held the long stick

in his hands and pointed it like it was a gun. “Bang!” he called out pretending to fire off a bullet.

Ricky strutted off into the woods and pretended his long stick was a M1 rifle. It was Ricky against the Nazi’s that were trying to take over the town of Boldger.

He stopped behind a pine tree as he thought he heard some Germans approaching. He had his M1 rifle ready and peeked around the trunk of the tree.

He took aim with his stick rifle. “Bang! You’re dead you stinking Nazi!” he said and got a huge smile pretending he killed a Nazi.

Ricky stepped away from the tree and cautiously inched his way through the woods. He scanned the area over for any more sightings of other Nazi’s.

He inched his way through the woods for another ten minutes peeking around the trees in search of the evil Nazi’s.

He walked for another two minutes when a sound filled the air in the woods. “Ahhhh!” a girl’s voice gave a bone-chilling scream that echoed in the woods.

Ricky stopped dead in his tracks and scanned in the direction of her scream. He stood there for a few seconds not knowing what to do. His curiosity took over, as he had to investigate.

He cautiously walked and snuck from pine tree to pine tree to locate the source of the scream.

“Ahhhh!” the girl screamed louder and Ricky knew he was getting closer.

Ricky inched another one hundred feet then saw some commotion up ahead between some trees.

Ricky tiptoed in that direction and was observant that he did not step on any branches to give away his position.

The second he saw a fat redneck, named Buster Chaney, Ricky hid behind a thick pine tree ten feet way.

Buster Chaney was a forty-year old fat slob redneck from Mississippi. He had greasy black hair that he slicked back. His face always had a week's growth of beard stubble and his teeth had never seen a dentist let alone a toothbrush. They were stained and rotten and would make any woman sick when he smiled.

He always wore coveralls that hadn't been washed in six months. The same went for his tee shirt what was once white but now had a gray tinge to it because of his nasty sweat. Buster wasn't married as what woman would want a slob like him on top of her. He made his living making and selling Moonshine.

Ricky peeked around the tree trunk, and got a glimpse of Buster, who stood bare ass naked but still wore his black work boots. His filthy coveralls and tee shirt and filthy boxers lay in the dirt by a tree.

Ricky stared at the sight of Buster's fat hairy ass cheeks and hairy back. He wanted to vomit in the dirt. *Gross.* He thought.

Buster had his hands wrapped around the neck of a fourteen-year-old colored girl named Gale. She was stripped completely naked and dangled from Buster's grip.

Ricky never saw a naked girl before and the sight of her turned him on.

“So, you think you're gonna tell?” Buster yelled at Gale.

He walked her over to a big pine tree and squeezed her throat with a tighter grip. “No you won’t,” he yelled then repeatedly slammed the back of Gale’s head into the tree trunk.

All Ricky could hear was the thud, thud, thud, sounds of the back of Gale’s head slamming against the trunk of the tree. “AHHHH!” cried out Gale, as the pain to the back of her head was excruciating.

Gale was suddenly quiet. Her body went limp with a blank stare from her eyes. Buster let go and she dropped to the dirt. She was dead. Buster looked at the trunk of the tree and saw a stain of blood. He was proud of himself.

“Stupid colored girl thinking she would tell on me,” Buster said then gave her a hard swift kick in her temple with his right boot.

Ricky’s nose twitched, and he knew what was coming. He pinched his nose and fought hard not to sneeze. That did not work and he sneezed from behind his tree.

Buster heard it and immediately turned around looking in the direction of that sound. He knew this wasn’t some critter in the woods.

Ricky peeked around the tree trunk and saw Buster inching his way in his direction. He got scared and ran off back towards the direction for the baseball field.

Buster ran after Ricky, and he ran as fast as his fat body would allow him.

Ricky turned around and saw Buster running naked after him.

Buster huffed and puffed while he ran and more sweat poured out of his skin.

Ricky looked forward and saw a bush in front of him near a pine tree with a curved trunk. It was too late. He ran into the bush and tumbled to the ground.

He looked up and saw Buster's fat naked sweaty body that towered over him with dangling balls and small pecker pointing down at him. Buster was pissed while he huffed and puffed for oxygen.

"Well, well, I seem to have a witness!" Buster said while he reached down. He grabbed Ricky by his throat and lifted him up. He glared at Ricky with fire in his eyes.

Ricky peed his pants and his legs started to tremble with fear.

"This will be your last piss!" Buster said the second he saw the big pee stain on Ricky's crotch.

Buster squeezed Ricky's neck.

Ricky gasped for air while Buster's tight grip closed off his air supply.

Then there was a sudden whack sound behind Buster.

Buster gave Ricky widened and surprised eyes with the sudden pain in the middle of his back. Then another whack sound came from behind Buster. "Ahhh!" Buster cried out in excruciating pain and loosened his grip on Ricky's throat.

Ricky dropped to the ground at the same time Buster dropped to his knees in pain.

Ricky quickly sat up when he realized he was free and scooted away on his butt.

He saw his brother Jimmy was still in his Badger's baseball uniform with a baseball bat in hand. Ricky smiled in relief that Jimmy came to his rescue.

Jimmy had hatred in his eyes while he gripped the bat tighter.

Buster turned around and saw Jimmy. "I'm going to kill you, you little turd!" he yelled out while he started to stand up.

Jimmy swung the bat and made contact with Buster's jaw. Blood and a couple of rotten teeth flew everywhere.

Buster dropped to the ground stunned. He got up on his knees to lunge after Jimmy. But Jimmy swung the bat again and smacked Buster's crotch. Buster froze in excruciating pain while he cupped his crotch. Jimmy swung again and smacked Buster in his left temple.

Buster dropped to the ground on his back with a blank lifeless stare.

Ricky stared at the motionless redneck.

Jimmy poked at Buster's chest with his bat. No movement, just a blank stare of disbelief. Jimmy loved the sight of the dead redneck. Then he repeatedly beat Buster's head and split it wide open. Buster was dead in a pool of blood.

"Go home Ricky and never tell anybody about this! It'll be our secret forever, little brother," Jimmy told him.

Ricky stood up. "Okay Jimmy," he replied then they locked pinkies to seal their promise.

Ricky ran off through the woods scared yet relieved that Jimmy saved his life.

Jimmy stared down at the dead redneck with interest. He smiled over his accomplishment. It felt like a David and Goliath tale.

He turned and saw the dead colored girl Gale. He got really curious so he walked over to her.

He dropped his bat to the ground and knelt alongside the girl. He touched her face, and she did not move.

He looked down at the beginnings of some breasts, and he curiously touched her nipples. He squeezed them.

He looked down at her vagina with very little pubic hairs.

He got curious and touched and stroked her up and down her vagina lips. This would be the first time he saw and touched a naked girl. Yet with her being dead made it even more exciting for some sick reason.

He stood up and grabbed his bat, and walked away. He stopped when he was ten feet from the scene and looked back at the two naked bodies. He liked the feeling killing that redneck gave him. He rushed away with a satisfied smile on his face. He did not notice the blood on the tip of his bat.

This would be the moment in Jimmy's life where he enjoyed killing another human being. August 21, 1948 would be the day that would change Jimmy's life forever.

What Jimmy didn't realize, was that young Joey Sampson was also in the woods at that exact moment. Joey had seen the part where Jimmy hit Buster with the bat while Buster was on his knees.

Joey cautiously followed while Jimmy rushed through the woods.

Jimmy rushed out of the woods and entered the city limits of Boldger. He was totally unaware that Joey Sampson had been following him.

Jimmy saw Joey walk out of the woods from the same direction he came from. He got scared. He ran off.

Joey stood by the edge of the woods and got a little nervous knowing Jimmy spotted him. He didn't know what to do.

His eyes lit up with an idea and he ran off toward the center of Boldger.

Fifteen minutes later and Joey raced into fifty-five year old Sheriff Nate Damon's office. He thought that telling him what he saw in the woods would keep him in the good graces with the Sheriff.

Sheriff Damon always wore a khaki uniform, as that was the dress code for his department. He sat with his brown cowboy boots kicked up on his desk. The office was typically quiet today.

He saw Joey while he ran up to his desk out of breath. "What the hell do you want boy?" Nate said and was irritated that Joey was in his office. He hated colored people with a passion.

"Mister Nate, I saw Jimmy Nalla beat some white man in the woods. He used a baseball bat," Joey cried out of breath. "That man is dead."

Nate removed his boots off his desk and stood up. He glared down at Joey. "Okay boy. I'll check it out. Now get the hell out of my office," Nate said then lit up a cigarette.

Joey ran out of Nate's office and started to wonder if he did the right thing.

Nate sat back down and smoked his cigarette. He wasn't concerned about some story coming from a colored boy.

Later that Saturday night, Jimmy snuck out of the house at one in the morning. He had his baseball bat in hand while he ran off down the dark and quiet street.

He ran through town and headed over to the colored section. He was on a mission that could only be accomplished in the middle of the night when everybody was sound asleep.

Three days passed and two local residents of Boldger named Elmer and Howie were in the woods hunting for squirrel that afternoon. It would be dinner for tonight.

They stumbled upon Buster and Gale's naked dead bodies in the woods.

"What the fuck?" said Elmer while he stared down at the dead naked bodies.

"That looks like Buster Chaney," said Howie.

"It is," replied Elmer and he looked pissed that Buster was killed because he and Howie were frequent customers of Buster's Moonshine.

“We better get Nate,” said Howie while he stared down at the dead naked bodies.

“You’re right,” replied Elmer

Elmer and Howie ran off through the woods to go back to their car.

An hour had passed and Sheriff Damon and overweight sixty-year-old Deputy Ernie Hughes were in the woods with Elmer and Nate.

“Yep, that’s Buster alright,” said Sheriff Damon and he was also a frequent customer of Buster’s Moonshine.

“Looks like we got a murder on our hands, Sheriff,” said Deputy Hughes.

“No shit,” said Sheriff Damon and he always thought Deputy Hughes was getting too old with being a deputy.

The four just stared at the dead bodies for a few seconds.

“I better go round up Doc Stone,” said Sheriff Damon then he looked at Deputy Hughes. “Do you think you can keep people from messing with my crime scene?” he said.

“You bet, Sheriff,” said Deputy Hughes and this was his first murder case involving a white man.

“I hope so,” said Sheriff Damon while he had his doubts. “I need you two to come to my office and fill out a report,” he told Elmer and Howie.

“Sure Sheriff,” said Elmer and Howie nodded in agreement.

Sheriff Damon, Elmer and Howie walked away leaving Deputy Hughes alone in the woods.

After five minutes, Deputy Hughes started to get the creeps being alone in the woods with two dead bodies. Every critter that made a sound caused Deputy Hughes to remove his pistol out of his holster to defend himself from being attacked. After all, he didn't know if that killer was still lurking in the woods.

An hour had passed and Doc Stone had Buster and Gale's dead bodies in the morgue of the small hospital of Boldger.

Later that evening, Sheriff Damon drove over to Melvin Nalla's house in his 1940 black with white squad car. He recalled Joey Sampson's claim on what he saw in the woods on Saturday and decided this was his first visit for his official investigation.

He got out of his car and walked up on the front porch. He knocked on the screened door.

Melvin appeared in a tee shirt with a Mason jar with a little Moonshine at the bottom of the jar. He also had a lit Lucky Strike cigarette that dangled out of his cracked lips. "Why Nate, what brings you over o my house?" he asked then took a little drink of Moonshine.

"Well Melvin, it appears we found Buster Chaney's dead body out in the woods naked along with the dead body of a young naked colored girl," he replied then he looked sad.

The screen door creaked opened while Melvin stepped out on the wooden front porch. He looked sad. "Poor Buster. His daddy will be devastated. Do you

know how he died?” said Melvin while he glanced down at his Moonshine in his jar. This was Moonshine Melvin had bought from Buster two months ago.

“Looks like someone beat him to death according to Doc Stone. His head was split wide open.”

“Who would do such a horrible crime?” Melvin asked and fumed inside that a fellow KKK member was murdered.

“Well, on Saturday afternoon, a young colored boy named Joey Sampson ran into my office. He claimed that your boy Jimmy beat Buster with a baseball bat. I thought that boy was just trying to stir up trouble so didn’t think much of it.”

Melvin looked back inside his house. “Jimmy, get your ass out here,” he yelled out.

They waited for a few minutes then Jimmy appeared at the screen door. “Yes sir,” he said and got nervous at the sight of Sheriff Damon on the front porch.

“Sheriff here says that a colored boy, Joey Sampson, saw you beating someone in the woods on Saturday. Did you do that?” Melvin asked in a stern tone.

“No sir,” Jimmy lied through his teeth and started to shake in fear on having another whopping from Melvin.

“Then why would that colored boy say that?” he asked Jimmy.

Jimmy thought hard for a believable lie and got nervous while Melvin and Sheriff Damon eyed him for an answer. He had one. “I was going to tell you but someone stole my baseball bat on Saturday after the game.

I saw Joey Sampson's father run into the woods with a bat in hand. I thought he stole my bat so I ran after him."

"That colored man Sampson stole your bat?" asked Sheriff Damon.

"Yes sir."

"Why didn't you tell me on Saturday?" asked Melvin in a raised tone that Jimmy knew all too well to know his paw was pissed.

"I was afraid."

"Afraid? Afraid of what?"

Jimmy paused for a few seconds and knew he had to continue with his lie. "Afraid that Joey Sampson's paw would kill me."

"Why?" asked Sheriff Damon.

"Because I saw Joey Sampson's paw beat that man with my baseball bat. He beat him because that man was naked with that colored girl," said Jimmy then he silently prayed the two would believe his story.

Sheriff Damon looked at Melvin. "Sounds like what happened. That colored girl was Gale Washington. She lived on the same street as Sammy Sampson. Never did like him. One of those uppity colored folk."

"Yep. Another of our uppity colored folk," said Melvin.

"Well have to take care of this sad situation," said Sheriff Damon while he looked at Melvin.

"Yep. I'll call a meeting for later tonight," said Melvin then he took a little swig of his Moonshine.

“Call me when you get things arranged,” replied Sheriff Damon then he walked off the porch and headed back to his squad car.

Melvin looked down at Jimmy. “Get to your room,” he said and looked pissed.

Jimmy knew what was going to happen next. “Yes sir,” he said then walked away.

Jimmy walked down the hallway and went into his bedroom. He stood there and waited by his bed.

Melvin entered and placed his Mason jar of Moonshine on the floor. He removed his belt off his pants. “Drop your drawers, boy,” he snarled out while he had his belt in a loop in his right hand.

Jimmy removed his blue jeans and lowered them down to his ankles. He lowered his white boxers down to his ankles. He bent over on his bed.

“Don’t you ever let some dumb fucking colored man make you scared,” yelled Melvin then he swung his belt and it cracked against the white bare cheeks of Jimmy’s ass.

Jimmy cringed over the pain of his paw’s belt hitting his bare ass cheeks.

“Never,” yelled out Melvin while he gave Jimmy’s ass cheeks another whack with his belt.

Jimmy cringed and fought off from crying over a beating by his paw. He learned a long time ago that crying would make the beating last longer.

After three more cracks of Melvin’s belt against Jimmy’s bare ass he stopped and placed his belt back on his pants.

Melvin was quiet while he picked up his Mason jar and left Jimmy's bedroom.

Jimmy fought hard not to cry while he pulled up his boxers and then his blue jeans. He smiled knowing that he got away with killing a human being. So this beating from his father would be nothing compared if they believed Joey's story.

Elizabeth was in the kitchen preparing fried chicken and mashed potatoes for dinner. She heard the crack of Melvin's belt hitting Jimmy's bare ass cheeks. She hated it when Melvin beat the boys with the belt. After all, that was the way Melvin was raised by Gus Nalla and he figured it made him a better man.

Melvin walked into the kitchen with his Mason jar of Moonshine still in his hand. He was still pissed with Jimmy while he took a swig of Moonshine.

"Mel, Jimmy was scared. You can't fault him for that," she said.

Melvin glared at Elizabeth and hated it when she tried to tell him that just maybe he was wrong with punishing the boys. He smacked her across her face. "Shut the fuck up and do you job of getting dinner ready," he yelled at her then stormed out of the kitchen.

Elizabeth's eyes welled up and hated it when Melvin hit her. She was at the point where she started to figure out a way to leave this abusive relationship.

She returned to finishing dinner.

Two days later and it was two that Friday morning with a full Moon.

Deputy Hughes checked out Sammy Sampson's shack in the darkness. He found a baseball bat stashed under the crawl space of the shack and knew this was the murder weapon. He rushed back to the squad car and drove back to the office. He knew that Sheriff Damon would be proud of him when the sun rose above the horizon.

Deputy Hughes was correct and Sheriff Damon was proud of the old deputy. He finally figured that there was hope this kid would be a fine lawman one day. So Sheriff Damon called Melvin at the Ford dealership and told him to round up the guys. They had a mission to perform that night.

It was late one on a Saturday night.

A 1939 and 1940 Ford drove down the dirt street of the colored section of Boldger.

The two Fords stopped and parked in the front yard of a dilapidated one-story shack, which was full of bare spots and weeds.

Eight men jumped out of the two Fords. They were all dressed in their white KKK outfits with pointy hoods.

They rushed up to the front door of the Sampson shack.

"Git out here, Sammy!" one of the KKK members yelled out from behind his pointed hood.

A few minutes passed, and Sammy stepped outside on the front porch in a tee shirt and white boxers.

He saw the KKK members standing in his front yard and freaked out. He ran back inside his house.

Four of the KKK members ran into the house after Sammy.

After a few minutes, they ragged Sammy outside of his shack.

While they dragged him through his front yard, Sammy's wife, Eliza rushed outside in her nightgown with Joey only in his white boxers. They watched in horror while Sammy was dragged over to one of the cars. Sammy tried to free himself, but the KKK members were stronger. They threw him into the backseat of one of the cars. They all got inside it and drove off.

Eliza cried, as she knew she would never see Sammy alive again. Joey cried, as he also knew what was going to happen. And he knew why and peed in his boxers.

Twenty minutes passed, and the two Fords drove into the woods by a creek.

Jimmy and Ricky ran through the woods after the cars. They knew what was going to happen since they eavesdropped to their father's phone conversation earlier in the evening. They just had to watch so they ran as fast as their legs would move.

The two cars stopped by a tree that was normally used for this event.

All eight KKK members got out and two of them dragged Sammy behind them.

"I did nothing!" Sammy cried out in fear. "Please! I did nothing," Sammy cried out again while they dragged

him closer to the tree with a noose tied to a thick overhead branch.

Jimmy and Ricky finally got closer and peaked around a pine tree. They saw two KKK members stand Sammy up on a stool while another member place the noose around Sammy's neck.

"You're going to hang for killing Buster Chaney," one of the KKK members yelled at Sammy and he sounded like the Sheriff.

"I didn't kill anybody! I swear!" Sammy cried out and his eyes welled up.

"We found the baseball bat that you used to kill Buster and we have a witness," yelled out one of the KKK members and his voice sounded familiar to Jimmy and Ricky.

One of the KKK members punched Sammy in his stomach. "Shut up boy and face justice like a man."

"God help me!" Sammy cried out while he looked up at the dark sky and full Moon.

"What do we do now Jimmy? You killed the man. Not Joey's daddy," Ricky whispered and felt sorry for Sammy.

"I don't want to get hung for murder, so this has to be another one of our secrets until we die. We didn't have a choice. Besides, he's colored and nobody will care. If I wasn't there, that guy would have killed you," said Jimmy and he felt powerful with getting an innocent man hung.

Ricky nodded in agreement with his older brother and remembered how he couldn't breath with Buster's right grip around his throat.

Jimmy and Ricky locked pinkies to seal their secrecy. They watched while one of the KKK members kicked the stand away.

Sammy's body dropped. The young boys heard his neck snap. It would be a sound they would never forget for the rest of their lives.

Jimmy watched with extreme interest while Sammy's dead body swayed like the pendulum of a clock.

The two boys watched while all eight KKK members removed their pointy hoods. Their father was with them and he was the one that kicked away the stand.

Also amongst the Klansman was Roscoe Purcell. He was an old high school buddy of Melvin and they play football together. Roscoe was actually a First Lieutenant in the Army Reserves and served his duty as Military Policeman down at Fort Benning. Roscoe also worked at the Tom's Snacks Company down in Columbus, Georgia. He often visited Boldger so that Melvin could give him a great deal on a new Ford. Roscoe was in town to buy a new 1948 Ford when Melvin told him about the upcoming lynching. Since Roscoe had not been involved with the KKK since the beginning of World War Two, he decided to participate in tonight's event for old times sake.

"The beers are on me," Melvin told his buddies. "It's on me," he added.

Jimmy and Ricky ran away through the woods while the KKK members walked over and got inside the two Fords.

The eight KKK members drove their cars off in a dusty trail down the road.

Jimmy and Ricky ran all the way home undetected. Tonight would be another event that would help Jimmy's craving to kill to flourish.

Two days had passed and Eliza Sampson packed two suitcases. A friend of Eliza drove her and Joey to the bus station in the nearby town of Watson. They were moving to Chicago to be with her sister, as she felt that would be safer for Joey. She didn't want the risk of Sheriff Damon coming after Joey in the middle of the night.

Joey was lucky that his momma moved him out of Boldger. Because Jimmy was seeking some midnight revenge on Joey for telling Sheriff Damon what he saw in the woods that day.

A month had passed and Jimmy bought his first issue of *True Detective* magazine at Paul's Drug Store in town. He loved that magazine as true detective stories started to fascinate him. But the sick part was that some of those murder stories gave young Jimmy an erection. He would then jerk off while reading those stories. This could have been the start of a sick future for young Jimmy.

Back to reality...

Sam found the first chapter of Allan's book interesting and he was glad he bought it. He continued to read the second chapter.

Chapter 6

A Killer's Tale story continued...

The years moved on and Jimmy and Ricky were true to their words and kept the secret about Sammy being innocent. Jimmy often thought about that Saturday afternoon when he beat Buster to death and then that Saturday morning when they watched Sammy Sampson get hung.

During the past four years, Jimmy found the joys of jerking off. One sick way he would do it was to venture back to the woods to the spot where he killed Buster Chaney. Jimmy would drop his blue jeans and boxers down to his knees and jerk off while he looked at the spot where it all began. This became an event he would quite frequently during the summer months.

It was now the spring of 1954 and Jimmy was now a seventeen-year old teenager and his hormones raged.

Jimmy also picked up one bad habit he started with his friend Homer. He started smoking cigarettes and loved Lucky Strikes. He was young and hooked and Melvin could care less Jimmy smoked.

But smoking wasn't all he enjoyed. His mind was also flooded with nasty thoughts of having sex with a girl.

Because of this he was head over heels in love with Fran Schaefer her to satisfy his nasty sexual desires. She had a gorgeous curvy figure with shoulder length blonde hair and blue eyes that would warm your heart for hours.

But Fran hung around with Ralph Johnston the high school football quarterback and King of the campus. Ralph was the he same guy that had been Jimmy's nemesis for years.

But Jimmy could care less about Ralph since he still wanted Fran's love and could not resist her gorgeous curves.

Ralph somehow knew that Jimmy has eyes for his girl and he didn't like it. He told his fellow football buddies that Jimmy would pay deeply if he ever tried to make a move on Fran.

It was now the middle of April in 1954 and all the kids in Jimmy's class was excited about graduating soon.

Jimmy toyed with the idea of asking Fran out for a date. So at the end of April he finally got up the courage to ask her out. She refused.

A couple of weeks had passed and Jimmy was still determined. He asked her out again. She refused and told Ralph.

He waited three more days.

It was now Friday and Jimmy saw Fran at the outside of the high school after classes were over. Ralph was out

with his buddies and he saw this as an opportunity since she was alone.

“Fran,” he called out from behind her.

Fran turned around and saw Jimmy walking up to her. “Yes, Jimmy,” she said and gave him a hint of a warm smile.

“Listen, I know I’ve been bugging you lately, but I can’t resist and have to try again.”

Frank looked at Jimmy and knew what he was going to say.

“I would really love it if you would allow me the honor to take you out on a date,” he said with his heart racing.

Fran looked at Jimmy and paused for a few seconds and this made Jimmy’s heart race even faster. He got butterflies in his stomach.

“You know what Jimmy, I’m impressed that you’ve been persistent with asking me out on a date. So I would love to go out with you.”

Jimmy was stunned that she finally accepted. He didn’t know how to reply. “Ah, I, guess I need to figure out where we can go,” said Jimmy and he was jumping up and down for joy inside his body that she finally accepted.

“I know, why don’t we have a little nighttime fun down at the lake tomorrow night” said Fran and she gave Jimmy a warm smile.

Jimmy was in heaven for a few seconds then he looked sad when he remembered something. “I don’t have a car. Paw won’t allow me to use his new Ford. He said I have to get a job and buy my own car,” he said then

realized that his dream of getting Fran naked down by the lake was now gone. *So close yet so far*. Though Jimmy while he looked at Fran.

“I’ll tell you what, my daddy won’t mind if I use his car. I could pick you up,” she said with another warm smile to entice Jimmy.

Jimmy’s eyes lit up knowing that his date with Fran would be a sure thing. “Great. Pick me up at the end of my street at nine tomorrow night.”

“Okay. I’ll see you then,” said Fran then she turned around and walked away with a smirk.

Jimmy strutted away with a spring in his step and a huge smile on his face.

After supper, Jimmy took a quick shower for his date with Fran. He knew that tonight he would lose his virginity. He started to get erect while he soaped his body thinking about Fran. He decided to fight off his thoughts of sex so he wouldn’t blow his load and ruin it for later.

He ran out of his house at eight fifty that night and ran down to the end of his street.

He anxiously waited by pacing back and forth along the side of the street.

He saw a pair of headlights coming down the adjacent street. He got butterflies in his stomach while he waited for the car to get closer to see if it was Fran.

“Here she comes,” he said the second he noticed Fran was behind the wheel of a white 1953 Ford Victoria hardtop. A huge smile grew on his face when she stopped her Victoria by the end of Jimmy’s street.

Jimmy rushed around to the passenger side of the Victoria and got in the passenger side of the front seat.

The country song *I Really Don't Want to Know* by Eddy Arnold played on the radio while Fran drove off down the street.

“Is that that new Eddy Arnold song?” asked Jimmy to get the conversation going between the two.

“It is and I love it,” replied Fran while she made a left turn down another street.

It was a quiet in the Victoria while Fran drove through the streets of Boldger and headed west. Jimmy lit up a Lucky Strike cigarette to act cool.

“Put that cigarette out. Daddy will kill me if he thinks I've been smoking in his car.”

Jimmy rolled down his window and flicked out his cigarette out his window. He rolled the window back up.

Once Fran drove out of the city limits on the eastern side of Boldger, Jimmy slid across the front seat and sat next to Fran. She didn't say anything so he took that that she approved. He decided that since that move worked, he would try another one so he put his arm around Fran's shoulder. She did not resist his romantic move. He smiled and felt like a stud.

Fran drove down Route 123 that was the road that led to the next town of Harpersville. Jimmy pondered if he should take another bold step and try to touch Fran's left boob with fingertips of his left hand. He decided to wait until they got to the lake. He thought that touching her

bare nipples would be better than fondling her breast through her blouse material.

Fran drove her dad's Victoria a quarter of a mile down Route 123 then she slowed down and made a left turn onto a dirt road.

Jimmy's heart started to race knowing they were getting closer and closer to the lake.

She drove the Victoria one hundred yards down the dirt road and the headlights showed tire tracks in the road of previous visitors.

She soon drove to the fifty-foot circular dirt clearing by the edge of the lake. It was where the kids would park at night by the lake to fool around and hopefully get laid. Jimmy saw the tire tracks of previous cars that were all over the dirt.

Tonight the clearing was void of other cars and this made Jimmy happy that he would have Fran all to himself tonight.

Fran parked the car and left the engine and headlights on.

"Let's go have some fun," she said and blew a kiss at Jimmy to indicate he had a great chance for sex.

Jimmy couldn't wait and he lunged over at Fran and planted a kiss on her lips.

Fran pushed him away. "Hold your horses. There will plenty of time for that outside by the lake."

Jimmy felt a little embarrassed. "You're right."

"Let's go," she said and gave Jimmy another wink.

Fran and Jimmy opened their doors and got out of the car.

They walked over to the edge of the lake and looked out at the full Moon that reflected on the waves of the water.

Jimmy got brave and decided to go for it again. He leaned in and planted a kiss on her lips. She accepted his kiss, and they soon engaged in a passionate kiss.

She pulled him away then leaned in to his ear. “I want you Jimmy and I want you now,” she whispered in his ear. She looked at Jimmy while she ran the tip of her tongue around her lips. “Here’s what I want. I want you to strip for me then I’ll strip for you.”

“Okay,” Jimmy said and almost popped his buttons while he fumbled with unbuttoning his shirt.

“Hand me your clothes so they don’t get dirty,” she requested with a seductive tone.

Jimmy handed her his shirt, and she dropped it on the hood of her car.

He removed his tee shirt and handed it to Fran.

He removed his black Keds Converse sneakers and socks and handed them to Fran.

She placed them on top of his shirt and tee shirt.

He unzipped his jeans and pulled them down. His erection immediately poked out from his white boxer shorts.

Fran snickered when she saw his boner, as it was not that big. In fact, Jimmy’s member was smaller than average.

Jimmy pulled his boxers down and handed her his pants and underwear. She dropped them on the hood of her car.

Jimmy stood bare ass naked in the dirt with the headlights of Fran's car providing the wilderness a perfect view of his body.

"Okay, are you ready for me to strip?" Fran asked seductively while she slowly unbuttoned her blouse.

"You bet!" Jimmy cried out.

He heard a branch break in the woods to the left of the Victoria. He now heard a bunch of laughter emanate from the woods in that direction. His gut told him that sound from the woods was not a good sign.

Ralph, two of the other football players named Jake and Charlie and two girls, named Alice and Judy from his high school class ran out of the woods laughing.

"Jimmy has a baby dick!" Ralph yelled while he pointed at Jimmy's crotch. He busted out laughing.

Everybody busted a gut while they laughed at Jimmy's small member.

Jimmy quickly covered his crotch with his hands and dropped to his knees. He was motionless on what to do and his face turned beet red with embarrassment.

Fran quickly grabbed Jimmy's clothes off the hood while Ralph and the other kids ran over to her car.

She tossed Jimmy's sneakers at him. They landed in the dirt by his feet.

Ralph got behind the wheel while Judy and Fran got in the front seat. Jake, Alice and Charlie jumped in the backseat.

Ralph shoved the car and quickly backed down the dirt road with the headlights shining on Jimmy naked on his knees in the dirt. The laughter from the gang in the car was heard while it backed down the dirt road.

“Please don’t leave me here!” he yelled out at the headlights that got smaller and smaller down the dirt road.

Jimmy knelt there naked with only his sneakers near him. He was furious! He could still hear their laughter from the car while the headlights disappeared in the darkness.

“Fuck!” yelled out Jimmy while he looked around the darkness of the woods. He slipped his feet into his Keds and slowly walked down the dirt road. He wondered how was he going to get home without being noticed.

Jimmy walked down the road and stayed close to the woods. He figured that if a car drove down the road he could quickly duck behind a tree for cover.

After fifteen minutes of sneaking along the dark road and having to duck behind a tree five times, Jimmy finally arrived at the edge of Boldger.

He got to the edge of town and saw a home twenty feet away.

He looked the area and wondered how could he make it home without being seen naked. His eyes widened and felt that his luck suddenly changed for the better.

He was lucky because he saw the backyard of old lady Bertha’s house and she had a set of towels on her clothesline.

Jimmy looked around and the coast was clear. He quickly made a dash across the street to old lady Bertha's backyard. He snatched a towel off the clothesline and wrapped it around his waist.

He ran away but did not see old lady Bertha who peeked out her kitchen window. She saw Jimmy and looked pissed that he yanked one of her towels off her clothesline and wrapped it around his naked body.

Jimmy ran out of Bertha's backyard and ran down the street. He felt lucky nobody was out and about tonight and figured he had a great chance on making it home undetected.

Jimmy ran down the street holding onto the towel wrapped around his waist.

Jimmy made it down the end of Bertha's street when a flashing red light illuminated the street in front of him. At first he didn't have a clue what could have caused that flashing red light. It finally sunk in his head when he heard the squeaking sound of some car brakes. *Fuck!* He cursed out in his head while he stopped in the street.

He turned around and saw Sheriff Damon sitting behind the wheel of his 1953 black and white Ford squad car ten feet away.

Jimmy and Sheriff Damon stared at each other for a few seconds. Sheriff Damon stuck his left hand out his opened car window. He motioned for Jimmy to come closer to the car.

Jimmy reluctantly walked over to the squad car holding on to the towel wrapped around his waist.

Sheriff Nate looked at Jimmy. “What the hell are you doing, boy? Walking down my street half naked,” Sheriff Damon asked then his eyes lit up with surprise when he noticed it was Jimmy Nalla.

“I can explain sir,” he said and looked down at the street ashamed of himself.

“Get in the back.”

Jimmy walked over and opened the rear passenger door. He got in the backseat and closed the door. For a second he wished Sheriff Damon had shot him first then asked questions. He didn’t want to go home.

“Okay boy, tell me why you were naked in Bertha Wilson’s backyard and stole one of her towels,” Sheriff Damon asked while he drove the car off down the street.

While Sheriff Damon drove down the street, Jimmy told him how Fran, Ralph, Jake, Charlie, Alice, and Judy tricked him and stole his clothes down at the lake.

Five minutes later, Sheriff Damon pulled his squad car into the dirt driveway of Jimmy’s home.

He parked his car behind Melvin’s red 1954 Ford Crestline. “Let’s go,” Sheriff Damon told Jimmy while he turned the engine off.

Sheriff Damon and Jimmy got out of the squad car and walked to the front porch.

Sheriff Damon knocked on the screen door.

Jimmy stared down at the porch in shame while he moved away to his left out of view of the door.

A few seconds later, Melvin appeared at the screen door with a beer can in hand and a Lucky Strike cigarette that dangled from his lips. “Nate, how can I help you?”

Sheriff Damon grabbed Jimmy’s right arm and moved him into view.

Melvin looked pissed the second he saw his son wearing nothing but a towel and sneakers. “What the hell is going on?” he barked out.

“Well, it appears Fran Schaefer and some of her friends tricked Jimmy here into thinking they were going to have sex. Then two other boys and two girls showed up out of the woods. They snatched his clothes and left him naked at the lake. He stole a towel from Bertha Wilson’s clothes line,” Sheriff Damon explained.

Melvin fumed while he stared at Jimmy who stared down at the front porch. “Get your ass inside boy.”

“Thanks Nate.”

Sheriff Damon gave Melvin a little wave while he walked back to his car. He knew what would happen next as he was all too familiar with Melvin’s temper.

Inside their living room, Melvin glared at Jimmy. “How the hell can you let a girl get the better of you?” Melvin yelled while his eyes bugged out and the veins in his neck bulged ready to burst.

Ricky crept down the hallway when he heard the yelling. He peeked around the corner just in time to watch Melvin remove his belt from his pants.

Melvin snatched the towel away from Jimmy’s waist and spun his around. He raised his hand and whipped the

belt hard across Jimmy's butt cheeks. "Never let a woman get the best of you!" Melvin yelled out in anger while he repeatedly whipped Jimmy's butt with his belt. "Never! Never!"

Jimmy took his beating like a man because he knew if he cried he would be beaten harder.

Ricky did not show any emotion with Jimmy getting a beating. He was accustomed to Melvin beating their mother and him. The beatings from Melvin were the reason she finally got up the nerve and ran away last year. She went to live with her cousin in Charlotte, North Carolina to start a new life without the abuse. Melvin thought his wife was worthless for running like that and gave her a divorce.

"Get you chicken shit ass to bed," Melvin yelled while he placed his belt back on his pants.

Jimmy ran down the hallway with his butt cheeks red with numerous bloody cuts.

Jimmy walked inside his bedroom then he went to his dresser and got dressed in a fresh tee shirt and white boxers. He got in bed and did not say a word to Ricky who lay quiet in his bed.

I'm going to kill that bitch! Jimmy said in thoughts about revenge while he lay on his back and stared at the ceiling.

After an hour of fuming, Jimmy finally fell asleep.

Jimmy spent Saturday at his father's Ford dealership washing cars with Ricky.

That night he stayed at home and watched TV. He was a little nervous about hanging out with the other kids in front of Herman's Drug Store. But then again, when he did hang out with them he always felt out of place.

Sunday arrived and Jimmy stayed home all day with Ricky. His father was out with his KKK buddies drinking Moonshine at one of their hunting spots in the woods north of town. In the afternoon, Ricky and Jimmy went in the backyard and tossed the baseball around.

Jimmy had a Lucky Strike cigarette that dangled out of his mouth to look cool while he tossed around the baseball.

"I want to try one," asked Ricky while he threw the baseball to Jimmy.

Jimmy caught the ball, reached inside his shirt pocket and removed a pack of Lucky Strikes. He removed a cigarette and walked over to Ricky. He handed Ricky the cigarette. Ricky smoked his first cigarette and thought he was so cool.

Monday morning arrived and Jimmy was off to school.

He did his normal walk and things were quiet so far so he figured what happened on Friday night was forgotten or word about it never spread.

Jimmy walked down the sidewalk to the school where other students were heading in the same direction. So far nobody said anything.

Jimmy went inside the three-story school building and went down the hallway to his locker. While he unlocked his locker, he sensed that a bunch of eyes were on him. He looked to his left and saw Ralph, Fran, Jake, Charlie, Alice and Judy with ten other fellow classmates standing in the hallway with shit eating grins on their faces.

“Hey baby dick,” said Ralph then he placed his right hand over his crotch and stuck out his pinky finger to show it was Jimmy’s dick.

All the kids in the hallway busted out in laughter at Jimmy.

Jimmy’s anger was about to blow and he wanted to lunge after Ralph. But he knew Ralph and his two goons would beat him to a pulp. So he fought off the urge, closed and locked his locker.

“Baby dick! Jimmy has a baby dick!” Ralph called out taunting Jimmy.

“Break this up Ralph Johnston and get to class,” yelled out Principal Jerry Briggs while he walked down the hallway seeing the gathering of student.

“Ah, yes sir, Mister Briggs,” said Ralph and he motioned for his entourage that they better head off to class.

The crowd walked away and headed to class.

Jimmy stayed by his locker.

“That means you, Mister Nalla,” said Principal Briggs.

“Yes sir,” said Jimmy then he walked off down the hallway.

Principal Briggs turned around and headed down the hallway in the opposite direction to go back to his office.

Jimmy was the last one to arrive in the classroom for the first class of the day. It was American History and Jimmy sat in the very back by the windows. He liked that seat because he would often stare out the windows when the teacher lectured. His stares out the windows came with dreams of a life where he would be somebody.

While the teacher started to discuss the details on their final exam next week, Jimmy stared at Ralph and Fran while they were near the front of the class. *One day. Just wait. One day.* He thought while he stared at Ralph and Fran and had visions of beating the two to a pulp with a baseball bat. Those visions made him smile and feel good inside.

Two weeks had passed and the day that all the seniors of the high school have been waiting for years had finally arrived. It was graduation day! And they were free from the bonds of their high school teachers. The sky was the limit for their future.

After the ceremony was over that Friday night, the vast majority of the kids had plans to have a huge party down at the clearing at the lake. Jimmy and his buddy Homer were some of the few that were not invited.

So Jimmy had a plan. It was one where he could get a little revenge with Fran. So he waited that night until he knew the gang was down at the lake. When the moment

was right, he got on his Schwinn bicycle and rode off down the street.

He headed to the western part of town.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Jimmy raced his Schwinn down Route 123.

A little while later he rode his Schwinn down the dirt road that led to the clearing by the lake.

Jimmy could hear the laughter of everybody down at the clearing.

He stopped his Schwinn and pushed it into the woods.

Jimmy set his bike down in the woods and cautiously moved through the woods and headed to the clearing.

While he got closer and closer to the clearing the laughter of his classmate partying got louder and louder.

He stopped when he had a good view of the clearing and peeked around a pine tree.

He saw that there were six cars in a semi-circle with the front ends pointed at the lake. They all had their headlights on and Jimmy could see they were drinking bottled beer and obviously had a good buzz going.

Jimmy spotted Fran's Ford Victoria two cars to his left. He got a smirk and cautiously moved through the woods over to the rear of her car.

Jimmy got to the rear of Fran's Ford and saw that nobody had seen him. He smiled while inched his way to the driver's side of Fran's car.

He got to the driver's door and quietly opened the driver's door and sat behind the wheel. He quietly closed the door with a soft click.

He sat behind the wheel and noticed he was still undetected. He felt it was safe so he unbuckled his belt and pulled down his pants and boxers.

Jimmy lifted his ass off the seat and proceeded to take a dump on the front seat.

After he was done, he ever so carefully opened the driver's door and ever so carefully got out of the car so he wouldn't disturb his graduation present.

He quietly closed the door and it closed with a soft click.

Jimmy pulled up his jeans and quietly inched his way back into the woods.

Once behind a pine tree, Jimmy buckled his belt and moved away to a safer location in the woods.

He debated if he should stick around to hear Fran's screams later that night. He felt it was too risky so he cautiously moved through the woods and went back to his Schwinn.

After Jimmy moved his Schwinn back through the woods and to the dirt road, he hopped on it and raced back home with a smirk on his face.

For the next few days, Jimmy heard how Fran found that surprise left on the front seat of her daddy's car. He wanted so bad to tell her what he did but decided that he didn't want another beating from his paw. So he kept his mouth shut until he found the right moment.

It was Tuesday morning and Jimmy went to work at his paw's Ford dealership to wash cars. Ricky always tagged along, as he loved hanging down at the dealership seeing all those brand new shiny Fords.

Working at the dealership was a job doing shit chores he loathed. But Melvin said that if he didn't work full-time down at the dealership Jimmy would have to move out of the house. Jimmy decided that washing cars for sixty-cents an hour wasn't too bad as compared to living on the streets. So he figured he would tolerate it until he figured out what he wanted to do with his life.

Friday rolled around and Jimmy just finished washing a white with blue top and blue interior 1954 Crestline Victoria hardtop Ford that was just sold. It was still wet after the rinse.

"Are you done?" asked Melvin while he walked up to Jimmy with now Major Roscoe Purcell still in the Army Reserves down at Fort Benning.

Jimmy looked and saw Melvin and Roscoe. "Yes sir. Mister Purcell's car is ready. And hello Mister Purcell," replied Jimmy.

"Hi Jimmy, listen, have you given it much thought on what you want to do after high school?" asked Roscoe.

"No sir."

"You might want to consider the Army. It would be good for you," said Roscoe.

"Maybe," said Jimmy and Melvin and Roscoe sensed Jimmy wasn't interested. That bugged Melvin.

“Finish his car and bring it around front,” said Melvin.

“Yes sir.”

“Then come into my office, I want a chat with you,” said Melvin then he and Roscoe walked away.

Jimmy started drying the Ford with a towel.

Ten minutes had passed and Jimmy brought the Ford to the front of the dealership.

Roscoe drove away happy with his new Ford.

Jimmy went inside the dealership and went straight into Melvin’s office.

“Sit down,” said Melvin from behind his desk the second Jimmy stepped into his office. He walked over and sat down in one of the two chairs in front of Melvin’s wooden desk.

“I’m not going to live forever and want this dealership to stay in the family,” said Melvin then he paused and looked at Jimmy. “But I’m having my doubts that you could keep this dealership afloat if you’re in charge, so I think it’s best you find some other career. You didn’t sound like you wanted the Army.”

“No sir.”

“Okay, maybe I could get you a job down at the sawmill. Some hard labor might do you some good,” he said then he paused while he took a sip of coffee. “How does that sound?”

Jimmy looked at Melvin and didn't like the idea of sweating like a pig in sawdust. He was clueless on how he wanted to spend the rest of his life.

"Excuse Mister Nalla, I hate to interrupt," said Melvin's thirty-year-old secretary standing in the doorway.

"What Wilma?"

"I wanted to remind you that you have the retirement luncheon for Deputy Ernie Hughes in thirty minutes," she said.

"Thanks Wilma."

Wilma left the doorway.

Jimmy looked back at the doorway then at Melvin. An idea popped in his head and it was a grand of an idea. He finally knew how he wanted to spend the rest of his life. "Paw, I know what I want to do."

"What's that?"

"I want to become a police officer," he said then paused on what he said. "Yeah, that's what I want to do. I want to become a police officer," he added and the mover he thought about it the more he liked that idea.

Melvin thought about Jimmy's idea for a few seconds. "Okay, I'll have a talk with Nate later today," he said then motioned for Jimmy to leave his office.

Jimmy got out of the chair and headed out of Melvin's office.

The next day arrived and Jimmy was sitting in the Boldger Police Station filling out his job application. This

was a mere formality, as he had the job based on a phone call from Melvin.

Two days had passed and Jimmy had his khaki police uniform without a badge. He wasn't issued a revolver yet but had a nightstick, as his only protection.

That afternoon, Sheriff Damon took Jimmy out to a grassy field north of the town where they had a gun range. The range just consisted of a ten-foot high dirt berm where the town folk would fire off rounds of bullets.

After twenty minutes of firing at a target placed in the berm, Sheriff Damon was satisfied that Jimmy could safely handle a gun.

They left the gun range and headed back to the office.

Jimmy was given Ernie's gun belt and a 38 Special revolver. He was also given Ernie's old desk and had a book on Boldger Police Procedures to read and learn.

For the next two weeks, Jimmy shadowed Sheriff Damon around town as part of his On-The-Job training.

Jimmy was finally awarded a badge and that made Jimmy proud. Even Melvin was proud that Jimmy started to show some potential, as he had his doubts with his mediocre grades. So Melvin did something nice for Jimmy for once, he sold him a 1950 white Ford coupe for half price. Since Jimmy was now earning his own money, he also was able to afford to rent an efficiency apartment at the south side of town. Jimmy started to love the way his life was turning out and loved being out from under the abusive control of his daddy.

Since Jimmy was new with the department, Sheriff Damon had him work the night shift. He figured that would be a good start as the town was quiet in the evenings. Jimmy loved driving the squad car around town with a Lucky Strike dangling from his lips. He thought he was so cool.

So it was a Tuesday night and Jimmy sat behind his desk reading his current issue of his *True Detective* magazine. His stomach growled and he glanced at his watch. He set the magazine down and decided to head out and get some dinner at his favorite place.

He left the department and decided to drive around town to see if there was anybody he could arrest.

Jimmy sat behind the wheel of the squad car and he felt like he was on top of the world and power.

He drove down Main Street and spotted Fran while parked her daddy's Ford Victoria by the fire hydrant near the front of Woolworth's.

He drove down the street and glanced out his car door window and saw Fran get out of her car and rush into Woolworth's.

He made a U-turn in the street and headed back to Woolworth. He parked his car behind Fran's car.

Once Jimmy entered Woolworth's he spotted Fran walking through the aisles heading to the food counter.

He walked through the aisles after Fran and stopped a safe distance when he spotted in her waitress uniform

Judy standing behind the food counter giving an old man his Salisbury steak dinner.

He saw Fran walk over with her left hand behind her back and sat at one of the stools at the counter.

He hid behind an aisle of feminine products so he could eavesdrop on the girls.

Judy looked to her right and saw Fran. She motioned that she would down be there in a second.

Fran sat on the stool with her left hand behind her back and looked anxious.

After Judy was done with that old man, she walked over to Fran.

“Want a milkshake?” asked Judy.

“No, I’m here to share some exciting news.”

“What exciting news?” Judy asked not having a clue and wondered why Fran sat at the counter with her left hand behind her back.

Jimmy craned his neck over some boxes of Tampons to see what Fran wanted to show them.

Fran whipped her left hand out from behind her back. She flashed her hand at Judy to show off her diamond engagement ring.

“Ahhhh!” yelled out Judy at the sight of Fran’s diamond ring.

The old man down at the other end of the counter glanced over to his left at the girls wondering why Judy yelled. He shrugged it off and continued eating his Salisbury steak dinner.

“When’s the wedding?”

“Ralph wants to get married next week. He went to Tuscaloosa and enlisted in the Navy. He leaves in two weeks for basic training at the Great Lakes north of Chicago.”

“Ah, are you going to move?” asked Judy and she looked worried with the answer.

“Yes. My Aunt Sue lives in Chicago and I’m going to live with her until Ralph gets out of basic. I have to get out of this town.”

“I know. I can’t believe Sheriff Damon made Jimmy Nalla a deputy. He’s such a loser,” said Judy.

“Another reason I want to leave. That creep has been wanting me for years and the thought of that makes my skin crawl,” said Fran and her body shivered at the thought of Jimmy.

Jimmy looked pissed and walked away from that aisle.

Jimmy walked out of Woolworth’s and that memory of that mean trick down at the lake started to make his blood boil.

He looked at Fran’s Victoria for a few seconds. He thought about giving her a ticket for parking by the fire hydrant for a few seconds. “Naw. She would know that I was here,” he quietly muttered to himself. Then he got an idea. He looked up and down the street. Nobody was in sight. He looked across the street. He looked back at Woolworth’s and nobody was in the store that could see him outside. He felt it was safe so he walked

He got a smirk while he walked to the rear of the Ford Victoria. He looked around the area again and felt safe that nobody would see him. He removed his nightclub and smacked the right rear taillight of the Victoria shattering it. He looked around and felt safe nobody saw him so he walked over to the left side of the Victoria. He smacked the left rear taillight of the Victoria shattering it.

He walked over to his squad car, got behind the wheel, started it up, and pulled out into the street.

Jimmy drove away down the street and was a little satisfied with his piece of revenge, but he still had thoughts of killing her.

Ten minutes had passed and Fran left Woolworth's. She got in her Victoria and started up the engine.

She pulled the car out onto the street and was heading over to Alice's house to break the news to her.

Alice drove down Main Street with a huge smile. She couldn't wait to become Ralph's wife.

She drove past Maple Avenue and didn't notice the squad car parked along that street.

Fran drove a little farther down the street when all of a sudden she saw a flashing red light reflecting off her front windshield and in her rear view mirror. "Fuck!" she said then pulled over to the curb and placed the car in park.

She sat with her arms crossed and looked pissed.

She heard footsteps of someone approaching her door from the opened window. She looked and saw Jimmy standing by the door with a ticket pad in hand.

“Ma-am,” said Jimmy playing the police cop role. “The reason I pulled you over is that both of your rear taillights are busted out.”

“What?” said Fran disbelieving Jimmy’s story. “No way deputy.”

“You’re welcome to get out and look for yourself.”

Fran opened up her car door, got out and rushed over to the rear of her car.

She saw that both taillights were busted out. “How the fuck did that happen?” she asked.

“Well, maybe you backed into something and didn’t realize it.”

“No way.”

“I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to write you a ticket,” said Jimmy then he removed his pen from his shirt pocket and started to write out a ticket.

Fran walked back over and got back inside her car. She closed her door and was fuming mad. But she knew she would have to accept the ticket and had her suspicions with how those taillights got busted.

After a few seconds of waiting, Jimmy walked back over to her door. He handed her the ticket then walked away with a smirk and got back inside his car.

Fran started up her engine and pulled out onto the street.

Jimmy sat in his squad car for a few seconds and felt like he had some power being a police officer. He loved that feeling.

He started up his engine and made a U-turn in the street.

He drove off to eat dinner.

Two days had passed and Jimmy just finished his night shift. He knew that Fran would be married in a few days and he still had some deep-seated hatred for her. After all, she spurned his love and made him look like a fool down at the lake.

Jimmy drove away from the station in his Ford Coupe.

The town was quiet and void of anybody on the streets. The folk of Boldger were great for staying home at night and not wonder around the streets causing problems.

But instead of heading home he decided to make a pit stop.

Jimmy parked down on Watson Avenue where Fran lived. He parked two houses down the street from her house.

He got out of his car and rushed down the street and headed over to Fran's house.

He stopped by her house, looked the area over and sensed nobody was watching him.

He rushed through her front yard, down the left side of her house and to the backyard.

After he felt he was safe from observing eyes so he walked over to Fran's bedroom window.

He saw that her window was opened to allow the cool night air to keep her cool while she slept.

Jimmy peeked in the window and saw Fran asleep on the top of her covers in her white nightgown. He wanted her in the worst way and hated the fact that she wouldn't return his love. For a split second, he felt like climbing through her window and strangling her in her sleep.

He shrugged off that thought and walked away from her window.

Jimmy rushed back over to his car and got behind the wheel.

He drove off and headed home.

A month had passed and Fran and Ralph were married and no longer residents of Boldger. Jimmy placed Fran out of his memory figuring getting stressed over her was not worth the effort.

His buddy Homer Maris left Boldger to attend the University of Alabama. He had poor grades in school but his daddy used his KKK connections to get Homer into college. Homer studied Criminal Justice and wanted to become a FBI Agent.

It finally happened. In September of 1954, Jimmy finally lost his virginity. He didn't have to resort to jerking off in his apartment for sex this time. It was a Saturday night and Jimmy had to arrest one of the town drunks. She was Nancy Brown a fifty-seven year old

short woman that loved spending her free time down at The Thirsty Tavern located on the south end of town.

Jimmy found her sitting out on the sidewalk two streets over from the town while making his rounds. She was singing out the Hank Williams song *I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry* song, as loud as she could.

So he stopped his car and got her in the backseat.

After he placed her in one of their two jail cells, he made a pot of coffee.

“Hey Jimmy. Did I ever tell you that I think you’re a handsome young man?” called out Nancy from the bars of her cell.

“No,” said Jimmy then he poured himself a cup of coffee.

He walked back over to his desk and sat down. He picked up his current issue of his *True Detective* magazine and read his article while he sipped on his coffee. He grabbed his pack of Lucky Strikes from his desk, lit a cigarette and smoked while he read the magazine.

“Well you are and if you want, you can come fuck me,” called out Nancy.

Jimmy couldn’t believe his ears. He never had a woman offer him sex in his life. The thought of finally feeling his cock slid in a pussy was turning him on.

He walked away from the coffee pot and headed down the hallway that housed the two jail cells.

He walked up to Nancy’s jail cell.

She looked at him and winked. She turned and walked to the wall to her right. She unbuttoned her Capri pants and slid them down to her knees.

Jimmy couldn't believe his eyes when he saw her slide her panties down to her ankles.

"Come on boy. Fuck me," said Nancy while she wiggled her bubble butt ass cheeks.

Jimmy unlocked the jail cell and opened up the door.

He went cell and immediately removed his gun belt and tossed it on the bed. He unbuckled his belt and unzipped his pants. He lowered his pants and boxers at the same time down to his ankles. He already had a boner.

He walked up to her and she reached around and assisted guiding him inside her.

Jimmy smiled at the feeling of finally being inside a woman. He grabbed the sides of her hips and started pumping her. He pumped faster and faster. Then after a minute of pumping, he exploded inside Nancy.

He pulled out and got redressed.

"You men are always so fucking quick," said Nancy unsatisfied with Jimmy's performance.

He left the cell and locked the door.

Nancy got redressed while Jimmy walked down the hallway.

She got on the bed while Jimmy went back to his cup of coffee.

Jimmy went to his desk and sat down. He had a huge grin while he drank his coffee. He was no longer a virgin.

October rolled around and Jimmy and Ricky started their own yearly tradition. They would go fishing and camping outing on Artabatian Lake outside Pierce, Mississippi.

Meanwhile, up at Quantico, Virginia, twenty-two year old Robert Fillert started his first day with the FBI Academy. He recently graduated from Georgia Tech with a degree in Criminal Justice. Robert was so happy as being a FBI Agent was a childhood dream. All Robert wanted to do was to put the evil criminal behind bars. Little did he know that one criminal would be his toughest case in the future.

It's back to reality...

In Daytona Beach, Sam sat in his lazy boy chair in his den. He highlighted some more items in the A Killer's Tale book. He had this weird feeling that this author was making a connection to the fictitious Robert Fillert with Sam's career.

In Kissimmee, Marty read The Killer's Tale while Becky reminisced with some old pictures of Allan with the kids. It was from a trip to Disney two years ago.

In Curtis, Mississippi, Billy was pissed with A Killer's Tale book.

Chapter 7

A Killer's Tale story continued...

Two years had passed and it was now 1956.

Jimmy still loved being a deputy with the Boldger Police department and love having the feeling of power over people. A lot had happened during these past two years.

Jimmy would still arrest Nancy during one of her drunken spells and fuck her back in one of the jail cells. Sometimes she wanted sex and sometimes Jimmy forced himself on her. She knew she couldn't say anything about that so she tolerated his forceful ways.

Melvin also talked Jimmy into becoming a KKK member and he loved how the colored folk feared this organization.

It was August of 1956 and Jimmy found a new hobby while patrolling the streets of Boldger late at night.

It started on August 11th and was a hot and steamy Friday night. The night sky was full of twinkling stars and a full Moon.

Jimmy did his usual patrol around town every two hours.

It was eleven at night and he decided to check out the clearing down by the lake. He loved peeking in the

windows of a car at the lake and scaring the crap out of the teenage lovers. Jimmy figured if he didn't get a chance with getting laid down by the lake, why should any other teen.

Jimmy drove his squad car out of town and headed down Route 123.

He made the left turn down the dirt road that led to the clearing by the lake.

When he got close to the clearing he turned off his headlights. He drove his car slow and entered the clearing and saw a black 1950 Ford pickup truck parked in the clearing with the front end pointed at the lake.

Jimmy turned off his car engine and could see a lone person behind the wheel of the pickup truck.

He quietly opened his car door and stepped outside then quietly closed his door.

Jimmy had a smirk while he tiptoed over to the pickup.

He got to the driver's door of the pickup and looked in the window. He saw a black hair girl giving a white Alvin Cooper, a sixteen boy a blowjob. It took Jimmy a few seconds to realize that that black haired girl was fifteen-year old colored girl Lizzy Sharp.

He tapped on the driver's door window.

Alvin glanced over at his window with a smile. He stared at Jimmy for a few seconds and it dawned on him that Deputy Nalla was peeking at him. "Shit!" yelled out Alvin from inside in a panic from inside the truck. Alvin pushed the head of the colored girl off of his erection. His

erection quickly turned flaccid while he looked over at Jimmy.

The colored girl looked bewildered as to why Alvin pushed her away. Then she looked over at Alvin and saw Jimmy standing outside the pickup. She got scared, as she always feared Jimmy knowing he was part of the Klan.

Jimmy stared at the two and got an idea. "I want the colored girl out of the truck," he said.

The colored girl scooted across the seat of the truck, opened the door and got outside.

"Go home Alvin and I won't tell your daddy about this. You know he'll beat your ass raw if he finds out," said Jimmy.

Alvin nodded that he agreed with Jimmy and started up his pickup.

Jimmy and the colored girl moved away while Alvin backed up his pickup. They watched him drive away out of the clearing and head down the dirt road.

Jimmy looked at the colored girl in the darkness of the lake. "Now, what am I going to do with you Lizzy?"

"Please don't tell my paw," she said with pleading eyes that looked scared.

Jimmy looked at Lizzy who wore a worn white flowery dress to her knobby knees and was barefooted. "I know you're paw will beat you for sucking a white boy's cock," he said.

Lizzy's eyes welled up and knew Jimmy was correct. "Please don't tell my paw, please."

Jimmy looked at Lizzy and knew he had her right where he wanted her. “Come with me, Lizzy,” he said and motioned for her to come over to him.

Lizzy reluctantly walked over to Jimmy knowing he would take her to his paw and tell him what she did.

Jimmy grabbed Lizzy’s left arm and walked her over to the rear of his car.

He moved her and bent her over to where her face was on the trunk of the car. He leaned down and moved her feet apart then lifted up her dress and exposed her backside. He noticed in the Moonlight that Lizzy didn’t wear any panties while he unbuckled his belt.

Lizzy knew what Jimmy wanted and she wasn’t a willing participant. “I don’t know about this Mista Jimmy.”

“If you don’t, I’ll tell your paw,” said Jimmy while he unzipped his trousers then lowered them down to his ankles.

Lizzy knew she didn’t have a choice, as getting the belt on her ass cheeks by her paw was not an option. So she just stayed in place and waited.

Jimmy pulled down his boxers and already had an erection. He moved closer to Lizzy. He reached down and rubbed her bare crotch. After a few seconds of getting Lizzy primed, he penetrated her and started humping her.

Lizzy was relieved that this only lasted two minutes.

After Jimmy got himself redressed, he placed Lizzy in the backseat of his squad car. He got behind the wheel, started the car and drove out of the clearing.

Jimmy drove back into town and stopped on a street by the edge of the colored section. He looked back at the backseat. "Okay Lizzy, I won't tell your paw and what we did tonight will be our secret."

"Yes Mista Jimmy," said Lizzy and she felt a bit relieved that her paw wouldn't find out.

"And Lizzy, you will do me whenever I want. Understand? You know what I can do."

"Yes Mista Jimmy."

"Good, now go home."

Lizzy opened up the rear door, got outside, closed the door and ran off down the street.

Jimmy drove away while he lit up a Lucky Strike cigarette.

The months had passed and it was now the spring of 1957.

Jimmy spent the last year with his occasional nighttime meetings with Lizzy. Sometimes he would take her down to the lake in the middle of the night and screw her in the backseat, or other times he would have her give him a blowjob while he parked along a street in Boldger.

But while he had sex with her, he often thought about that dead colored girl in the woods when he was twelve years old. While he screwed Lizzy he kept on thinking about that naked colored girl. He even started to think about taking Lizzy out to that same spot and beating her to death. But he fought back those urges.

It was the spring of 1956 and Robert Fillert had completed the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia and started his first assignment in the Field Office in Atlanta. He already made his first arrest of three bank robbers that hit banks the States of Georgia, Tennessee and Alabama.

It was August of 1957 and during this hot and humid month, Jimmy got another taste of killing another human being.

It apparently happened during Friday night on August tenth. Sixteen-year-old Emily Mochrie came home at ten that night crying. When her father Gus Mochrie asked what happened, Emily said an unknown guy that wore a black ski mask raped her while she walked home from her girlfriend, Amy's home. He came up behind her and forced her way penetrating her from the rear. She only saw the back of his head when he ran away.

On Saturday morning, Jimmy's brother Ricky, told Jimmy that he saw a colored man, named Howard Williams running down the street and removed a black ski mask off his head. Jimmy of course told Sheriff Damon.

This was an open and shut case as far as Sheriff Damon was concerned so he summoned the boys.

Later that night, Sheriff Damon, Melvin, Jimmy, Rick, Sam, John, Carl, and Max met at Melvin's home at ten.

"We can't have these uppity colored scum raping our young women," said Melvin furious over the situation.

"I agree," said Rick.

"Me too," said Jimmy.

Sam, John, Carl, and Max all nodded in agreement.

"Then we have to take care of this situation to send a message to the rest of the colored folk," said Sheriff Damon.

"Then we know what needs to be done," said Melvin.

"Yep, we don't have a choice," said Sam.

"Poor Emily. Raped by some colored piece of shit," said Carl and he looked furious.

"We does justice get served?" asked Max.

Sheriff Damon looked at Melvin.

"Tomorrow night. We can't take a chance on him leaving town," said Melvin then he looked at Jimmy.

"You ready?"

"I'm ready," Jimmy replied and couldn't wait.

"We meet at the church at ten tomorrow night," said Sheriff Damon.

Everybody nodded in agreement then Melvin broke out eight cans of Black Label beer from his refrigerator. He handed a can of cold beer to each of the guys.

It was Sunday night and the town of Boldger was quiet. A 1952 Dodge Cornet with four occupants inside and a 1951 Chevrolet Fleetline Deluxe with two occupants inside pulled into the parking lot of the First Baptist Church of Boldger. Both cars had Mississippi license plates.

Ricky, Sammy, Sheriff Damon and Melvin got out of the Dodge dressed in their KKK glory suits with their hoods removed.

Jimmy, Carl, John and Max got out of the Chevrolet dressed in their KKK glory suits with their hoods removed.

They all gathered in front of the Dodge and Sheriff Damon looked the guys over for a few seconds. "Let's go get some justice," he said then placed his hood on his face.

All the other guys nodded in agreement then placed their hoods over their heads.

The eight Klansmen got back in the two cars and drove out of the parking lot.

A little while later the Dodge and Chevrolet raced down one of the dirt roads in the colored section of town.

They stopped in the weedy front yard of the Williams shack.

The eight Klansmen rushed out of the two cars and headed to the front porch of the Williams shack.

"Get out here, Howard Williams," yelled out Sheriff Damon from behind his hood.

The eight guys waited for a few seconds then the front door of the shack opened and Howard Williams a fifty-two year old man appeared in a white tee shirt and boxers at the door. His eyes widened with fear the second he saw the eight Klansmen on his porch in their glory suits. He knew they were here for coffee and social talk. He panicked, turned around and ran through his living room.

“Cover the back,” Sheriff Damon told John and Sam. John and Sam ran off the back porch and ran to the rear of the shack.

Sheriff Damon and the rest ran inside the house.

John and Sam ran to the back of the shack the second Howard ran out of the back screen door.

John tackled Howard to the ground.

“I did nothing,” cried out Howard while John pressed the left side of his face into the dirt.

“You’re a fucking liar, Howard,” yelled out John while he got off Howard and brought him to his feet.

Three minutes had passed and they had Howard, still in his tee shirt and underwear, in the backseat of the Chevrolet and sat between Jimmy and Max.

Howard was scared to death while the car drove down his street. “I didn’t do nothing,” he said.

“Don’t you lie to us,” said Jimmy. “We know what you fucking did. You raped young Emily Mochrie on Friday night,” he added.

“I didn’t rape any white girl. I promise,” said Howard and he was dead serious.

Jimmy elbowed Howard in his face. “Fucking liar. We hate you colored folk when you lie all the time.”

Howard remained quiet, as he knew any more talk would get another elbow or possibility a fist.

While the Dodge and Chevrolet drove off down the street, Howard’s wife, Anita and ten-year-old daughter Molly watched from the front porch of their shack. Anita’s eyes welled up and she knew Howard would not

be coming home. This was an all too familiar sight in the Deep South during these times. And the colored folk had nobody to complaint to who would listen and stop this activity.

Five minutes passed and the Dodge and Chevrolet drove to a secluded area of the woods to the east of Boldger. They stopped with the headlights illuminating a large oak tree with a nice thick horizontal branch to the left of the trunk. On that branch was installed a noose earlier this evening. Below the noose were too small wooden stools.

Everybody got out of the Dodge.

Carl and John got out of the front of the Chevrolet. Jimmy and Max got out and dragged a reluctant Howard with them.

“Please let me go. I swear I didn’t rape that white girl. I swear!” Howard pleaded with Jimmy and Max.

“Shut the fuck up and take your punishment like a man,” said Sheriff Damon while he walked over to Howard.

Jimmy and Max escorted Howard who still dragged his feet in the dirt.

“Please let me go!” cried out Howard while they walked him over to that tree branch.

The Klansmen ignored Howard while Jimmy and Max escorted Howard to his fate.

Howard started to squirm when Jimmy and Max got within two feet of the wooden stool.

Howard used all his might and squirmed free from Jimmy and Max's grip. He ran.

"Get him!" yelled out Sheriff Damon.

John and Carl ran after Howard.

John lunged and tackled Howard to the ground.

Jimmy ran over.

John and Carl brought Howard to his feet.

Jimmy punched Howard hard in his stomach. He buckled over in pain and gasped for air.

"Let's get this over with," yelled out Sheriff Damon.

John and Carl brought Howard with his feet dragging in the dirt back over to the noose.

John and Carl with the help of Jimmy and Max placed Howard on the stool right under the dangling noose.

Jimmy got on the other stool and placed the noose around Howard's neck.

"Please! I swear. I didn't rape that girl. I swear to God!" cried out Howard and his eyes welled up.

"We hope God forgive you," yelled out Melvin.

"It's time," called out Sheriff Damon.

Jimmy tightened the noose around Howard's neck.

Jimmy got off his stool and immediately kicked out the stool from under Howard's feet.

Howard dropped and everybody heard his neck snap.

They all watched Howard's lifeless body swing from the noose.

"I need a beer," said Max.

"Me too," added Carl.

The Klansmen removed their hoods and headed back to the cars.

While Jimmy got back in the Chevrolet, he glanced back at Howard's lifeless body dangling from that tree branch. Although he enjoyed tonight, he wanted something else. Hanging colored men was not making him satisfied.

Everybody got in the Dodge and Chevrolet and drove away.

Back at the Melvin home, Ricky lay in bed with a huge smile on his face. He was elated that Howard Williams got hung for the crime that Ricky actually committed. He turned his thoughts to Emily. He really liked her and couldn't stop his urges to have sex with her. It was something about forcing himself on her that turned him on.

The weeks rolled around and it was the end of July.

Jimmy went into the Woolworth on Thursday night for some supper during his night shift. He decided on Woolworth for some reason and broke his normal routine.

He walked over to the counter and sat down at a stool.

He looked at the other end of the counter and saw someone he never seen before. "We have a new waitress," Jimmy said quietly while he looked at the new female. She was nineteen years old, black hair, thin shapely figure with a small chest. Jimmy liked what he saw so far.

The new waitress walked over to Jimmy once she noticed he was there.

“Welcome. How may I help you, deputy?” asked Betty Harris.

“First of all, you can tell me your name.”

“Betty,” she said while she pointed at her name tag on her uniform. “Betty Harris.”

“Well, Betty Harris. I’m Deputy Jimmy Nalla. I don’t recognize you as being from Boldger.”

“I moved her last week. I’m from Jackson, Mississippi. Moved here to live with my Aunt and Uncle. Bob and Cindy Harris.”

Jimmy thought for a few seconds. “Ah, yes I know them. Good folk,” he said while he checked her out. “Why leave Jackson for our little sleepy town?”

“Abusive boyfriend wouldn’t stop beating me.”

“Well, fear not my darling. If he sets foot in Boldger and lays a hand on you, I’ll be there to save you.”

Betty smiled and liked Jimmy’s charm. “Well, thank you and I’ll keep that in mind,” she said and gave him a warm smile. “Now, how may I help you tonight?”

“Oh, how about the country fried steak dinner.”

“Coming right up,” she said walked away.

Jimmy’s eyes were on Betty’s backside while she walked back over to the window to give the Cook Jimmy’s order.

Jimmy had a keen interest in Betty and after his dinner arrived, he couldn’t take his eyes off her while he ate.

For the next week, Jimmy continued to eat his supper at Woolworth. He normally ate dinner at Wally's Country Diner located on the south side of town. But he wanted to eat all his dinners at Woolworth to see more of Betty.

Then one night Jimmy finally got up the nerve to ask Betty out for a date. She gladly accepted, as it was Jimmy's charm that was so refreshing, as compared to her abusive boyfriend Willard.

It was the first Saturday of October and there was another wedding in Boldger. Today numerous town folk packed the First Baptist Church of Boldger to watch the holy matrimony of Jimmy Nalla and Betty Harris. Ricky was Jimmy's best man.

For their honeymoon, Sheriff Damon gave Jimmy a week off with pay. Melvin was also generous and gave the young couple a used Buckskin Tan and Snow Show White 1955 four door Ford.

The young honeymooners drove their new car down to Winter Haven to visit Cypress Gardens. This was a place that Betty had dreams of visiting when she was a little girl. She had always wanted to see the water ski shows, the beautiful gardens and the Southern Belles.

Jimmy wasn't that impressed with the activities Cypress Gardens had to offer, it was the sex with Betty that he wanted every night.

So since Jimmy was a married man, he decided to stop seeing Lizzy for his nighttime pleasures.

The months rolled around and it was March 1958.

Sad news occurred for the white folk of Boldger. Sixty-five Sheriff Damon had a heart attack in the middle of night while he slept in bed.

But the colored folk of Boldger were not heart broken over the loss of Sheriff Boldger. He was the leader behind so many lynching by rope for the colored folk since he became Sheriff in 1926. But they realized that the replacement Sheriff probably would be just as evil as Nate Damon. They were right. With Melvin's influence Jimmy became the Sheriff of Boldger. The voting was rigged.

As soon as he took over the department, he hired Alvin Cooper as his new Deputy. He figured that he owed Alvin since he didn't tell anybody that he left Lizzy alone with Jimmy that night down at the lake in 1956.

Jimmy felt so powerful now that he was the official law of Boldger.

The year of 1959 arrived and Jimmy started to abuse his powers with being Sheriff. He would not think twice of beating up a uppity colored man when he talked back to any of the white folk. But he stayed away from screwing Lizzy since he was married. He loved being married to Betty and they tried every chance they could get to have a child. Jimmy yearned for having a son he could call Jimmy Junior. Betty yearned for a daughter.

The year of 1960 arrived and Jimmy's life started to change. It wasn't so grand as it was last year. For starters

Betty still wasn't pregnant and it looked hopeless. But they still tried.

On the night of June twenty-first, Jimmy returned to his old ways. He spotted Lizzy, now nineteen years old, walking down the street late at night.

At first Lizzy didn't want to have sex with Jimmy anymore. But Jimmy reminded her that he was the Sheriff and had the power to have her daddy see the end of a rope.

Even though Lizzy wasn't fond of her father, she didn't want him killed because of something she did.

So Lizzy got in Jimmy's car and he drove her out to the clearing by the lake.

Jimmy had Lizzy in the backseat and she straddled over his crotch. He missed the feeling of being inside her.

Then to Jimmy's surprise, Lizzy suddenly left town for good five months later. What Jimmy didn't know was that he got Lizzy pregnant that night down at the lake. Her father was furious when she confessed that Sheriff Nalla got her knocked up. Feeling scared that he would hang from the end of a rope, he sent Lizzy off to live with his sister down in Mobile.

Another happy event happened in late June. Nineteen-year-old Ricky married nineteen year old Emily Mochrie. She never even suspected that it was Ricky that raped her that night. Never. She fully believed that Howard Williams raped her and justice was served. She was satisfied and put that memory behind her.

Ricky was on his best behavior during their honeymoon down at Biloxi, Mississippi. He had urges to be rough with her in bed during their honeymoon but fought them off.

The rest of 1960 was still the same for Jimmy. He still had the urge to rape the young colored girls of the town.

One recent conquest was with fourteen Nelly Winston.

He drove her off to the lake late one night and had her naked against the hood of her car.

After he was done he threatened Nelly that if she told anybody he would make sure her father would see the end of a rope.

Nelly kept her mouth shut.

This year also brought on moments where he would yell at Betty and gave her an occasional slap across her face. Betty didn't believe in divorce or leaving her husband so she put up with it. After all, her father would often slap her mother from time to time.

But 1960 was an eventful year for FBI Agent Robert Fillert. He made five more arrests and with his record, his head started to swell and he had a hint of a strut in his walk. Some of the other Agents started to notice and talked about Robert behind his back. It was not favorable talk.

The year of 1961 rolled around and things started to pickup for Jimmy. But his relationship with Betty started to get rocky. His desires to have sex with her started to become less and less frequent. He had other desires he wanted to fulfill and couldn't fight them off.

It was a steamy month of June and Jimmy had the urge to abuse his power again.

It was one that afternoon on a Wednesday in the middle of June. Jimmy patrolled the streets with his 1960 Ford Galaxy white and black squad car. He still wore the standard Khaki shirt and pants as his uniform for the Sheriff of Boldger.

On the passenger seat of his car was his new Tower 32A 35mm camera that he bought four months ago from the Sears store in a nearby town. He used his camera to take some very special photographs of the young colored girls around down. He first used it on Nelly Winston right after he bought the camera.

He drove out to the woods, snapped some naked pictures of the young girl then forced himself on her.

He again threatened that if she told anybody her father would see the end of a rope.

She kept her mouth shut.

He had one more to take and then he could try his skill with developing them.

He drove near the outskirts of the colored section of town on Addison Avenue.

He spotted someone walking alone. "Perfect," he said when he saw fifteen year old colored girl Melissa

Washington walking alone in a faded white dress and bare feet.

He pulled over into the left lane of the street and stopped by Melissa.

She stopped and looked nervous Jimmy pulled up by her side.

“Melissa. What are you doing walking all alone in this heat?”

“I was bored Sheriff Jimmy.”

Jimmy looked at her. “You know, you’re growing up into a nice woman,” he said.

Melissa smiled. “Thank you Sheriff Jimmy,” she said thinking a nice comment from him would mean he wasn’t going to arrest her on some trumped up charges.

Jimmy looked around and didn’t see anybody within eyesight. He glanced at his camera on his car seat. He looked back at Melissa and leaned out his door window. “I tell you what. If you want to earn some money, I bought this new camera. I would love to take some pictures of you.”

“Money?” Melissa said and her eyes widened a little thinking getting some money would be nice since her parents are dirt poor.

“Yeah, I’ll pay you ten dollars if you let me take some pictures of you.”

The sound of ten dollars easy cash overrode Melissa’s better judgement. “Yes Sheriff Jimmy.”

“Get in,” he said and motioned for her to ride in the front seat with him.

Melissa rushed around the front of his car and got in the front passenger seat.

Jimmy drove away down the street and headed out of town with Melissa.

Ten minutes had passed and Jimmy drove his squad car to a secluded area of the woods that was accessible by a dirt road. The local hunters often used this area of the woods for their hunt for the sport of killing animals.

Jimmy parked his car. He reached behind his back and removed his wallet out of his back pocket. He opened it up and removed a ten-dollar bill. He set the bill on the seat. "You can have this when we're done," he while he looked at Melissa.

"Yes Sheriff Jimmy."

"Let's go outside," he said then he grabbed his camera and opened up his car door.

Melissa opened up her door and they both stepped outside.

Jimmy walked over to a good spot away from his car. He looked around the woods. "It sure is hot out today, ain't it Melissa?"

"Sure is, Sheriff Jimmy," she replied and stood five feet from him not knowing what to do next.

Jimmy looked at Melissa then he looked at his camera. Melissa looked at Jimmy and wondered what pictures of her he wanted to take.

"Take off all of your clothes," Jimmy said while he removed the cap off the camera lens.

“I don’t know, Sheriff Jimmy,” she said and now started to regret getting inside his car.

“Now, now, Melissa. You know what will happen if you obey me?” he said and looked dead serious.

Melissa knew all too well the wrath of crossing Jimmy. “Yes Sheriff Jimmy,” she said then fidgeted with her dress.

“Okay, now take your fucking dress off,” he said with a louder more stern voice.

Melissa got nervous, as she’s never been naked in front of a man in her life. She grabbed her dress and pulled it over her head. She let it drop to the dirt

Jimmy saw that she didn’t wear a bra and the sight of her perky A-cup tits was a turn-on. “Remove your panties,” he said then he looked through his camera and had it aimed at Melissa.

Melissa grabbed the waistband of her panties and slid them down her legs and stepped out of them. She started to cover her tits and crotch with her arms and hands.

“Now, now, Melissa. Don’t be shy,” he said while he looked through the camera at Melissa.

Melissa removed her hands and arms away and showed Jimmy the naked front of her body.

Jimmy smiled while he snapped a picture of Melissa.

He moved the camera away from his face. He liked the sight of this young colored girl standing naked before his eyes. He got an erection in his pants.

Melissa didn’t like the perverted look in Jimmy’s eyes. “Is that all, Sheriff Jimmy?”

Jimmy started to unbutton his shirt. “No, Melissa, that’s not all,” he said with a smirk.

Melissa started to shake. She knew what Jimmy wanted and was scared to death to refuse.

Within a few seconds, Jimmy was bare ass naked and stood by his pile of clothes and camera in the dirt.

Jimmy had fucked Melissa while he had her bent over the trunk of his squad car. When he was done he pushed her away and she fell on her butt in the dirt.

“Now Melissa, you know what will happen if you tell anybody?” he said while he walked over and towered over her naked body.

Melissa just looked down at the dirt.

“Yes, Sheriff Jimmy. I know,” she said and shook in fear. Jimmy towered over Melissa while he put on his pants.

“Now Melissa, if you don't cooperate, I'll make sure your Daddy gets hung. Do you understand?”

Melissa stared down at the ground while she nodded in agreement. That pissed Jimmy off so he picked her up by her hair.

“Ahhh!” she cried out in pain while Jimmy brought her to her feet. She started to sob.

“Didn’t your momma teach you any fucking manners?” You’re suppose to answer your elders,” he yelled at her.

“Yes Sheriff Jimmy. I’m sorry,” she replied between sobs.

“You will cooperate. Won’t you?” he snarled at her.

“Yes sir,” she replied between sobs.

Jimmy threw her back on the ground where she sobbed.

Jimmy put on his shirt then walked back to his squad car. He got inside and removed a camera from the glove box. He stepped back outside his car and snapped a few pictures of Melissa the second she stood up. He smiled at the thought of having a naked picture of his conquest. He got back inside the car and started it up.

He drove down the dirt road and left Melissa to sob alone in the woods.

Jimmy drove back to his office where he got a cup of coffee and sat behind his desk. He opened up his top desk drawer and removed his latest issue of *True Detective* magazine. He opened it up and picked back up where he left off yesterday. He picked up his pack of Lucky Strikes from the top of his desk, removed then lit a cigarette. He took a drag on his Lucky Strike and smiled while he exhaled thinking about his conquest with Melissa.

Back at the woods, Melissa started her long trek back home on foot.

Later that night, Jimmy worked in his garage where he built a dark room for developing pictures. He built this dark room four months ago and wanted to start photography as a hobby.

He opened up his camera and started to follow his instructions on how to develop film.

Jimmy surprised himself and did a great job of developing the twelve pictures. He glanced at the twelve photos he had taken of developed the pictures he took of Melissa, Nelly and ten other colored girls over the past four months.

After the pictures were developed, he stashed them in a small metal box and secured it with a lock. He kept this box under the developing table.

He left his dark room and locked the door. His wife Betty knew she was not allowed in there because he claimed it contained secured confidential police information. She knew a beating would pursue if she questioned him.

July rolled around.

Rumors spread throughout Boldger about colored girls being raped and the colored community was getting upset. The problem was that none of the girls would identify the sick individual.

One colored man was getting pissed with the stories of the young girls being raped. He was forty-five year old Lester Winston and his daughter Nelly finally confessed to Lester that Sheriff Nalla raped her on numerous times. Lester got madder and madder the more he thought about Sheriff Nalla getting away with rape.

Then one Saturday night, Lester was drunk and ranted off about wanting to kill Sheriff Nalla for raping the young colored girls.

Word of Lester's rant about Sheriff Nalla spread throughout the colored community.

A tattletale scared colored man named Wally Brown told Sheriff Nalla one night about Lester's rant. Wally figured by telling on Lester, he would stay in good standing with Sheriff Nalla.

After hearing that news from Wally, Jimmy felt he had to spring into action for his own protection. So he schemed up a plan.

It was early August on a Wednesday night.

Jimmy drove around Boldger on a hunt. This time his hunt concentrated within the colored community.

Then he found what he was looking for. He saw Lester walking alone down one of the dirt streets.

Jimmy stopped his car and rushed out.

He rushed over to Lester who stopped dead in his tracks the second he saw Jimmy. He was afraid to speak.

Jimmy just glared at Lester. "What's this talk you've been saying about me?"

"Ah, I don't know what you be talking about, Sheriff," said Lester while he looked around for a place to run.

The second Lester thought he could run away, Jimmy whipped out his nightstick and whacked Lester across his face.

Lester dropped on his knees to the dirt in pain.

Jimmy grabbed Lester by his left arm. "You're under arrest, Lester Winston," he said while he brought Lester up to his feet.

“I ain’t done nothing,” said Lester and started to get mad.

Jimmy whacked Lester across his mouth with his nightstick.

Lester doubled over with a split lip.

Jimmy escorted Lester over to his squad car and placed him in the back seat.

Jimmy got back behind the wheel and drove off.

A little while later, Lester sat in one of the jail cells down at the station. He knew his mouth got him in trouble.

The next morning arrived.

Jimmy drove his squad car down a dirt road at the outskirts of town. He pulled into the front yard of a run down wooden shack.

Three colored males and two colored teens with an old colored man, sat on the front porch. They got nervous when they saw Jimmy’s squad car stop ten feet from their front porch.

They watched while Jimmy stepped out of the car with a look of authority. They soon spotted an unidentified colored male in the back seat.

Jimmy faced the front porch. “Wilma. Send Melissa out here right now!”

After a few seconds, the front screen door creaked open and Wilma Washington, a heavy-set colored woman, stepped out on the porch. She had her arm around her daughter Melissa, who had a bit of a pouch stomach and was still scared to death of Sheriff Nalla.

“What do you want Sheriff Nalla?”

“I caught that rapist and I need Melissa to identify him,” Jimmy said while he walked to the back door of his squad car.

Melissa cowered scared to death behind Wilma.

Wilma looked at Jimmy and knew he would not back down. “Let's get this over with,” she said and walked Melissa, who dragged her feet down the steps.

She walked Melissa to the squad car.

The colored males on the porch stayed fearful of Jimmy.

“Now Melissa, I need you to look at that boy, named Lester Winston, in the backseat. I want you to identify him, as the one that raped you. Do you understand?”

Jimmy noticed Lester stared at the floorboard. He got pissed and banged on the window. “Look at me Lester!”

Lester looked scared to death at the window. He had a fat lip and swollen eye from a beating Jimmy gave him last night with the nightstick.

“Now Melissa, is this the man that raped you?” Jimmy asked with a serious tone.

Melissa looked at Lester and shook her head in disagreement.

Jimmy got pissed. “Come now Melissa. I had Melissa identify him. I want you to do the same.”

Melissa shook her head in disagreement while she rubbed her pouchy tummy.

Jimmy noticed and it hit him like a ton of bricks. He knew what this meant.

Wilma looked brave. “We can't do this. It ain't right. It just ain't right. So it would be best for Melissa, if we just forget the whole thing,” she told Jimmy.

Jimmy looked at Melissa who avoided eye contact.

Jimmy was pissed while he got inside his car but knew he better leave this one alone this time.

Wilma rushed Melissa back to the house.

Jimmy's squad car sped off through the front yard kicking up dirt and rocks that showered the shack.

Two months passed and it was a quiet night in Boldger, Alabama.

Inside the Nalla home, Betty read a romantic book in bed.

Jimmy entered the bedroom in his sheriff's uniform looking extremely proud. “They gave Lester Winston twenty years for rape,” Jimmy said while he hung up his Sheriff's shirt in the closet.

“Damn I'm a great Sheriff,” he said while he got into bed next to Betty.

Betty didn't reply. She knew that any colored man would automatically be found guilty with an all white jury that's supportive of the Klan.

After a few minutes of laying in bed, Betty leaned over and kissed his cheek. She seductively kissed her way to his lips, as that romantic book put her in the mood.

Jimmy pushed her away from his face. “I'm not in the mood tonight.”

Betty felt rejected and turned over to her side.

Jimmy got out of bed and walked out of the room. Betty turned off the bedside lamp and closed her eyes.

A little while later, Jimmy sat in his chair in the living room.

He looked at a copy of *True Detective* magazine with his pants down to his ankles. He masturbated while he read the magazine and looked at the pictures. He ejaculated on the page then laid the magazine down on the floor. He lit a cigarette and took a drag. He felt satisfied again.

It was now September 1961 and Jimmy for some strange reason started to like the idea of joining the Army. He felt that he could get paid to legally kill people. But he also loved his job being the Sheriff of Boldger. He loved how he had power and could abuse it without fear of being held accountable. So he talked with Melvin and thought that joining the Army Reserves would be the answer.

Melvin called his good friend Colonel Roscoe Purcell who was now the Commander of the Army Reserve Military Police Commander down at Fort Benning. Roscoe said he would help get Jimmy into his unit since Melvin had been giving him good deals on new Fords for the past years.

Much to the quiet objection of Betty, Jimmy enlisted in the Army Reserves. He leave home and went down to Fort Benning, Georgia for boot camp at the end of

October. During all this Army training, Deputy Wallace Brown maintained law and order in Boldger.

After Jimmy completed boot camp and his MP training at Fort Leonard Wood in Missouri. He was now an Army Reservist and couldn't wait to start his weekend drills.

Jimmy returned home to Boldger and Melvin was extremely proud of his son.

Betty was also happy as all that time away had Jimmy extremely horny and he showed her by whisking her away to the bedroom.

One of the first tasks Jimmy did when he returned home was to drive by Melissa Washington's home.

It took a couple of drive bys but Jimmy finally caught a glimpse of Melissa in a rocking chair on the front porch of their shack. She was definitely pregnant.

Back to reality...

In Daytona Beach, Florida, Sam sat in his lazy boy chair and highlighted areas of extreme interest in the A Killer's Book.

In Kissimmee, Florida, Marty continued to read A Killer's Tale with extreme interest. Becky still was not interested in the book. She was more interested in looking at some pictures of Allan in their family album.

Up in Curtis, Mississippi, Billy sat in his den and read A Killer's Tale. He was pissed! "That bastard," he yelled out while he slammed the book down on the arm of his chair. He got up and walked over to his little bar and poured a shot of Jack Daniels. He gulped it down then looked back at the book. He could not resist and walked back to his chair with the bottle of Jack Daniels. He took a swig and picked up the book.

Chapter 8

A Killer's Tale story continued...

The year of 1962 rolled around and Jimmy already had some weekend drills as a MP down at Fort Benning, Georgia. He loved the temporary life of being a Military Policeman coupled with his full-time job as being Sheriff of Boldger.

It was a Saturday and Private Jimmy Nalla was down at Fort Benning for another weekend drill. Most of the previous weekend drills had been boring with on the base. But today things became more interesting.

Jimmy's unit received a call that the body of a dead Private was found in the woods south of the main post.

An Infantry unit out on training maneuvers for the week stumbled up the dead Private's body.

Jimmy and two other MPs were summoned out to the woods to secure the crime scene.

After Jimmy and the other MPs arrived in the woods, they spotted the dead Private's body in the dirt. He had on fatigues and lay in the dirt on his back.

Jimmy and the other two MPs immediately secured the crime scene with rope

While Jimmy stood guard by one roped off area, he would take an occasional glance back at the dead body with keen interest. He saw that the dead soldier that had a

gaping bloody hole in the middle of his chest. *Must be a gunshot that killed him.* Jimmy thought to himself trying to figure out what happened. He glanced down at the bloody hole in the chest of the Private. The fatigues soaked up much of the blood and Jimmy thought that sight was cool. Jimmy recalled that day in the woods when he was twelve with the dead colored girl and dead redneck. He couldn't stop taking his eyes off the dead body.

An Army Criminal Investigation Command (CID) agent in fatigues with WO2 insignia walked up to Jimmy and flashed a badge. "CID," the agent said.

"Yes sir," Jimmy said then lifted the rope for the Agent.

The agent headed over and checked out the dead body.

One of the other MPs glanced over at the dead body, and he turned pale. This was the first body he saw. He ran away covering his mouth, and vomited the second he arrived at a nearby tree.

Pussy. Jimmy thought while he watch his fellow reservist vomit.

Jimmy's curiosity started nagging at him so he stared at the dead body with fascination while it lay on the ground without a soul. Then Jimmy wondered if the killer would get caught. *Not me if I killed that guy. I would be too smart.* He thought to himself.

The CID Agent removed a pad of paper from his fatigue shirt pocket. He started jotting down notes about the dead body and the crime scene.

Jimmy stared at the CID Agent and thought that that was a cool job to have.

The CID Agent walked over and went under the rope. He walked away over to his Jeep.

After a few seconds, the CID Agent and an Army Corporal in fatigues walked up with a Kodak camera in hand. They both went under the rope and headed back to the dead body. The CID Agent watched while the Corporal started snapping pictures of the dead body and the crime scene.

After the CID Agent and Corporal left the scene Jimmy's curiosity got stronger and he could not resist.

He looked and nobody higher than the rank of Private was in sight.

He discreetly slipped under the rope and rushed over to the dead body. He looked at the blank stare the dead soldier had in his eyes. Jimmy knelt down by the body. He touched the soldier's cold skin. He looked down at the chest wound and was fascinated by the sight of the gaping hole. "Probably a shot gun," he quietly said.

He rushed back to his post by the rope. While he stood guard, all he could think about was the four dead bodies he had seen in his life.

It was August 1962.

It was a hot and steamy day and Jimmy drove his squad car around Boldger to show his presence.

He drove through the colored area and headed down by the dirt road where Melissa Washington lived.

He stopped his squad car on the road and glanced to his left at the Washington shack. He saw Melissa in a rocking chair on the front porch. On her lap was a baby girl that looked to be little over a year old. That baby was not of the darker skin color as Melissa. The baby's skin color was a lighter shade of brown.

Melissa saw Jimmy's squad car, got off the chair with her daughter and went into her house.

Jimmy drove his squad car off down the dirt road leaving a train of dust.

Melissa peeked through one of the living room windows to see if Jimmy was gone. After she was satisfied he was she went back outside to the porch with her daughter in her arms.

Two days had passed and Jimmy had a visit from his only high school friend Homer. Homer was visiting his parents for a few days.

So he hooked up with Jimmy to talk law enforcement talk over at Jimmy's house.

Betty let the two guys chat in the living room drinking beer. She lay in bed reading a book.

Jimmy would tell Homer about his Army MP duties down at Fort Benning, the dead Private and how they arrested a Staff Sergeant for the murder.

Homer would then tell Jimmy about the cases he worked on and also information about active investigations. This friendship would serve Jimmy well in the future years.

It was now October 1962 and things took a turn in Jimmy Nalla's life. This would be a turn in his life that Jimmy would love for a few years.

Back home, Melvin Nalla decided to go into retirement from the Nalla Ford dealership. Since Ricky had started working there four years ago and had a good handle on the business, Melvin decided to give Ricky full reins of the dealership. Since Jimmy did not want any part of the family business, Melvin decreed that Jimmy could get a brand spanking new Ford every year for free. He told Jimmy this would be his inheritance. This would be the first year Jimmy could jump on this offer and wanted to surprise his wife Betty.

Every October, Jimmy and Ricky still went on their annual fishing and camping outing on Artabatian Lake outside Pierce, Mississippi. They still found it was a great way to relax.

It was a beautiful cool Friday morning in Boldger.

Inside Jimmy's bedroom, Betty finished dropping a pair of pants and shirt into a suitcase for Jimmy's trip. "While you're gone, I'm going to visit my sister, Maggie over in Montgomery," Betty said while she snapped the suitcase closed.

"Sounds good, Betty," he replied but his mind was on another desire. It was a desire that had been eating away at him ever since he saw that dead body at Fort Benning. A desire he had to try and get away scot-free.

Jimmy grabbed his suitcase and walked out of his bedroom. Betty followed him out of the bedroom.

Outside his house, he walked to a 1954 Ford in the driveway. He dropped his suitcase on the backseat where a camera, tripod and baseball bat was on the floorboard.

“Are you going to pick up Ricky?” Betty asked.

“Not this time. We decided to drive separate, as I have some official business to attend to first,” Jimmy lied.

“What business?”

Jimmy glared at Betty and she knew wouldn’t get an answer.

Betty glanced inside the car. “Why are you taking a baseball bat and camera on this trip?”

Jimmy glared at her and looked pissed for asking more personal questions. “It’s actually none of your business.”

Betty was intimidated, as she knew Jimmy would not hesitate to slap her.

He gave her a quick kiss on the cheek then got inside the Ford.

Betty walked to the front door and watched while Jimmy started up his car and backed down the driveway.

He pulled his car into the street and tooted the horn while he drove away.

She went inside the house. Part of her was glad he often went away for these fishing trips with Billy and went away on his Army Reserve duties.

While Jimmy drove down his street, he ran his proposed plan over and over in his head.

It was later that evening.

Jimmy stopped and filled up his tank and ate dinner in Jasper, Alabama located north of Boldger.

After dinner he drove farther north.

He started to get thirsty and soon found a place.

He stopped for a few drinks at Buster's Bar. This establishment was decorated with red, white and blue neon lights, outside Oak Hill, Alabama in the boonies in the northern part of the state not too far from the Mississippi state line.

Jimmy walked inside Buster's Bar and cased the joint. There was an old lady, with bleach blonde hair at the bar and obviously drunk. *Yuck!* He thought to himself when he eyed her skinny unsightly legs filled with spider veins.

He saw a young sexy brunette who drank with a man around the same age. *Not her.* He thought to himself then looked around the bar again.

He set his eyes on Annette Boyer and liked the woman. She was a sexy curvy young blonde dressed in blue cabin boy pants with light blue jester shirt. She was a bar maid and he instantly knew he had to have her.

He sat down at an empty table and waited.

Annette walked up to his table a few minutes later. "Hey sugar, what would you like?" she asked and followed it with a loving smile.

“I would like you,” he said then saw her name tag pinned to her shirt. “Annette,” Jimmy replied with a smirk.

“Oh, a fresh one. But I think you may want a drink first.”

“That really sounds nice, Annette. I’ll take a bourbon and coke.”

Annette smiled then walked over to the bar.

Jimmy’s eyes were on her backside every inch of the way to the bar. He watched while he spoke with the bartender and bar owner, Bruno, who was about three hundred pounds of pure redneck.

He kept his eyes on her and watched while she walked his drink back to his table.

“Here you go, sugar,” she said while she set his drink down.

Both eyes were on her butt cheeks while Annette walked away back to the bar. He knew she was going to be all his later tonight.

Jimmy drank his drink while he stalked Annette with his eyes. When he was finished, he motioned with his empty glass that he desired another drink.

She walked over to the bar and spoke with Bruno.

A few minutes later, she arrived back at Jimmy’s table with a fresh bourbon and coke.

“So Annette, I was thinking,” he said then took a drink. “After you get off work tonight, why don’t we go out somewhere private so we can have some fun?” Jimmy asked while he looked her over from head to toe.

She smiled at his offer. "I'm sorry sugar, but I have a boyfriend," she said then walked away.

"Creep." Annette said quietly while she walked back to the bar. She hated it when the drunks would hit on her. But she needed the job so she tolerated their pickup lines.

Jimmy kept his eyes on her and looked determined.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Jimmy motioned he needed another drink.

She acknowledged from behind the bar and soon brought it over.

"Why don't you reconsider? I'm just passing through town and your boyfriend will never find out," Jimmy said with determined eyes.

Annette looked down at Jimmy and saw his wedding ring. "You're married man and shouldn't be asking women out for dates. Shame on you! So if you don't mind, I would appreciate it if you would leave this bar after this drink," Annette said with a serious tone.

"And what if I don't?" Jimmy replied with a smirk.

"I'll make sure Bruno behind the bar will have your wife asking how you got a broken nose, black eye and split lip," she said and crossed her arms to let him know she meant business.

Jimmy looked at Bruno and knew he did not want to tangle with that redneck and draw undo attention upon him. He reached in his pants pocket and removed some cash. He laid the cash on the table and stood up. "I'm sorry for being a jerk," he said with fake eyes. He walked away and headed to the door.

Annette watched while Jimmy left the bar and felt relieved that creep was out of her hair.

She walked back to the bar.

Outside the bar, Jimmy walked back to his Ford and got inside. He started his car up and drove off to a secluded area of the parking lot. He parked his car allowing him visibility of the front door of the bar. He turned off his engine and waited.

He leaned over and opened up his glove box and removed a pint bottle of Jack Daniels. He opened it up and took a sip while he eyed the door to the bar.

Three hours later and it was two in the morning and a 1960 Chevy Impala drove out of the parking lot.

The only two other vehicles in the lot of the bar were a 1959 Dodge pickup and a 1960 Corvair.

Jimmy just knew the Corvair belonged to Annette so he got out and rushed over to it.

He knelt down by the rear driver's tire and removed a pocket knife from his pocket. He sliced the air valve, and air hissed out of the slit.

He rushed over and sliced the air valve of the rear passenger rear tire where air hissed out of the slit.

He rushed back to his car and sat behind the wheel. He waited and kept his eyes on the front doors of the bar.

Twenty minutes had passed and the neon lights to the bar went out.

A few minutes later, the front doors to the bar opened and Bruno and Annette, with her purse, walked out into the dark parking lot.

Bruno locked the front doors.

“I’ll see you tomorrow afternoon,” Bruno said to Annette while he walked away to his pickup.

“Have fun fishing,” she said.

Annette walked over to her Corvair while Bruno got inside and started up his pickup.

Bruno did not waste any time driving out of the parking lot since he wanted to go fishing in six hours.

Annette got inside her Corvair and started it up. She drove off but her car lagged. She stopped her car.

She got out of her car and left her engine running with the driver’s door opened.

She walked around and saw that her two rear tires were flat. “Shit!” she cursed as she was tired and wanted to go home and get some sleep.

She walked back over to her opened driver’s door.

This was Jimmy’s opportunity so he slipped on his leather gloves he had stashed in his glove box. He drove his car over to Annette’s Corvair.

He stepped out of his Ford. “What’s wrong?” he asked with the best fake tone of concern he could muster.

“Just my luck. I have two flat tires,” she said while she walked to the rear of her car. She showed Jimmy the flats, and she did not remember him from earlier.

Jimmy looked at the flat tires then looked the area over where nobody was in sight. “That’s a shame. Can I give you a lift somewhere?” he offered.

Annette looked at Jimmy and was going to accept his offer. But she remembered him from earlier and this sudden eerie chill took over her body. “No thanks. I’ll go back inside the bar and call my boyfriend,” she said then walked over to the driver’s door, and reached inside to turn off her car engine.

The second Annette’s head was inches from the roof line of her car; Jimmy sprang into action. He grabbed the back of her hair and smashed her forehead into the top of the door jam. She was stunned, as she did not know what hit her. “Never reject me!” he cursed while he repeatedly slammed her head into the top of the door jam. Annette’s body went limp while she passed out.

Jimmy picked her up in his arms and carried her to his car. He opened up the passenger door and plopped her down on the front seat.

Jimmy rushed over and opened up his trunk. Inside his trunk were rope, tube of axle grease and a bunch of rags on top of his camping gear. Jimmy reached inside and grabbed one of the rags.

He rushed over to her Corvair and wiped the top door jam of any blood that was visible. He reached in and turned off her car engine and dropped her keys into her purse that was on the front seat. He grabbed her purse and slammed the car door shut with the rag in his hand.

With her purse in hand, he rushed back to his car, threw the purse and rags into the trunk, and slammed it shut.

He got inside his car and drove out of the parking lot.

He drove down the street at the speed limit so that he wouldn't attract any attention.

Jimmy's heart raced with excitement. He couldn't believe he actually went through with his plan.

While he drove down the street, he kept a watchful eye on his rear view mirror for any police cars. It was looking like the coast was clear. He smiled.

He reached over and turned on his AM radio. The *Misery Loved Company* song by Porter Wagner played on the radio. Jimmy whistled along with the song happy as a clam.

Jimmy drove deeper into the country down a two-lane country road. The *Big Bad John* song by Jimmy Dean played on the radio. Jimmy whistled along with this song while he looked down the road for a place to do his deed.

He glanced over at Annette who was still passed out up slumped against the passenger door. His heart raced. He got a nervous stomach all of a sudden. He started to have second thoughts about continuing with his plan.

He pulled over the side of the road and pondered for a few seconds if he should set her free. He turned off his radio to think straight.

"I don't have a choice now, as she might identify me," he said then pulled back on the road and drove off down the street.

After driving for another ten minutes, Jimmy soon found a dirt road and turned down it. He figured this would lead to nice secluded place.

He was correct after a few minutes of his Ford bouncing around while he drove down the dirt road. He thought this road was perfect since the road had numerous other tire tracks in the dirt.

He pulled over to the right to a clearing in the woods.

He looked at Annette who was still slumped over against the passenger door passed out.

He positioned his car and shined the headlights on a nearby pine tree.

He leaned over and removed Annette's jester shirt.

He removed her bra and felt up her bare breasts.

He reached down and removed her shoes. He tossed them to the floorboard.

He unzipped her cabin boy pants and slid them down and removed them. He tossed them to the floorboard.

He ran his hand all around her panties. He grabbed the waist band of her panties and slid them down her leg, and over her feet. He tossed them to the floorboard.

He stared at her naked body slouched down next to him.

He leaned over the front seat and grabbed the baseball bat from the back.

He got out and rushed to the trunk of his car.

He opened it up and removed some rope.

He rushed over to the tree and dropped it down on the dirt.

He rushed back to the car and removed the camera and tripod out of the backseat.

He set it up by the front of his Ford.

He rushed over and removed Annette's naked body from the passenger seat.

He carried Annette over to the tree and propped her up. He held her up with one hand and used his free hand and grabbed the rope down in the dirt.

He tied her naked body to the tree trunk with the rope.

He bent down and grabbed the baseball bat.

After a few smacks with his hand across her face, Annette woke up. She looked dazed and confused when she saw Jimmy. Her eyes widened when it dawned on her that she was tied naked to a tree out in the woods.

"Help!" Annette screamed in total fear once she saw Jimmy with the baseball in his hand.

Jimmy stood in stance remembering his Little League days and swung the bat and whacked her across her right kneecap.

"Ahhhh!" she screamed in pain.

He swung again with the bat and whacked her left kneecap.

"Ahhhh!" she screamed in pain.

He swung again with the bat and whacked her right hip.

"Ahhhh!" she screamed in extreme pain.

He could not stand her screaming so he swung the bat and made hard contact in her throat. She frantically gasped for air from her severely injured throat.

He swung the bat and whacked her across her right jaw.

He immediately swung the bat and whacked her across her left jaw. Teeth and blood flew out of her mouth.

He swung the bat and whacked her across her right temple. Then he immediately swung the bat and whacked her across her left temple. He dropped the bat and grabbed her head. He twisted her neck until he heard a snap and knew she was dead.

“Will you go out with me now?” he asked with a smart-ass tone.

He chuckled while he walked back to his car with the baseball bat.

He reached in the trunk and dropped the bat inside then grabbed the tube of axle grease.

He walked back to Annette and ran a streak down her stomach to represent the number “1” as his calling card.

He rushed the tube of axle grease back to the rear of his car and dropped it into the trunk. He reached inside the trunk and grabbed her purse. He slammed the trunk closed.

He rushed over to the front of the car. He tossed the purse onto the front seat.

He rushed over to the camera. He snapped a picture. He snapped a few more pictures from different angles.

He set the timer and rushed over Annette.

The camera snapped a picture and Jimmy stood like a proud hunter who bagged a prize deer.

He rushed over and looked around the ground then picked up as many of her teeth he could find. He shoved her teeth in his pants pocket.

He grabbed the camera still on the tripod and rushed and placed it in the rear seat of his car.

He walked over and got behind the wheel of his car.

He started up the engine then backed it up down and backed down the dirt road.

He stopped when he got to the paved road.

He got out and found a small tree branch with leaves.

He ran back down the dirt road and into the clearing where Annette was tied to the tree.

He wiped away his entire boot and tire track prints from the dirt.

He threw the branch into the woods and got back into this car.

He opened up Annette's purse and removed her driver's license and eight dollars in cash.

He smiled while he drove away down the paved road.

He turned on the radio. The *Wings of a Dove* song by Ferlin Husky played on the radio.

Jimmy whistled along with the song while he drove down the two-lane country road. He was satisfied that he got away with murder.

The next morning, Jimmy stopped in Amory, Mississippi located in the northern part of the state for breakfast.

He paid for two scrambled eggs, bacon, toast and coffee with Annette's money.

Afterwards, he discreetly dropped Annette's purse and shoes in a garbage can outside the restaurant.

Jimmy got in his car and headed south out of Amory.

Later that morning, Jimmy met up with Ricky at Artabatian Lake outside Pierce, Mississippi.

They always parked their cars at the secluded dirt clearing with a sandy bank into the Artabatian Lake.

Jimmy parked his car in the clearing.

He got out with his bottle of Jack Daniels and sat on the hood of his car. He sipped on bourbon while he glanced at the lake. He ran last night's event over and over in his mind to make sure he didn't leave any clues. He was satisfied he covered his tracks.

The sound of an approaching car was heard behind him. Jimmy turned around and saw a brand new shiny red with red interior 1963 Ford Galaxie. Ricky had installed a trailer hitch and towed his fishing boat behind.

Ricky parked the Galaxie by Jimmy's Ford.

Jimmy got off the hood the second Ricky shut off the Galaxie's engine.

"Whew! She sure is pretty," Jimmy said while he walked over and admired his new car.

Ricky got out of the Galaxie. He handed Jimmy the keys when Jimmy walked over to him.

"Why did you want me to give you the car here? You could have come down to the dealership," asked Ricky.

Jimmy went over and opened the trunk of his new car.

He rushed over to his old car and opened the trunk. He gathered up the bat and Annette's clothes inside the trunk and rushed over to his new Ford. He dumped them inside his new trunk.

Ricky looked a little confused as to why Jimmy dumped some clothes and a bat into the trunk of the Galaxie.

Ricky walked over and curiously looked inside the new trunk. "Is that women's clothes?"

"Well little brother, I had a some fun on the way over here last night, so I would appreciate if you have my old car crushed the second you get back home."

"What did you do last night?" asked Ricky and he was extremely curious.

Jimmy looked around the area and it was clear of anybody to eavesdrop. He inched closer to Ricky. "You'll have to swear you'll keep this a secret."

Ricky looked at Jimmy and wondered what he did last night. "You bet."

Jimmy inched closer. "I killed a girl last night."

It took a few seconds for that to dawn on Ricky. "You really killed a girl?"

Jimmy nodded with a huge grin.

Ricky looked back inside the trunk then back at Jimmy. "So, how was it?" he asked as he recalled that dead colored girl when he was seven. That dead body of that colored girl fascinated even Ricky back in 1948.

"Kinda nice," Jimmy replied with a huge grin.

Ricky looked proud of his big brother. "I'll get rid of your old car."

Jimmy rushed over to his old Ford. He opened up the rear door and removed the camera and tripod.

He rushed it over to his new Galaxie and placed it in the trunk. He looked at Ricky. "Let's get go fishing," he said then slammed the trunk closed.

Ten minutes later, they were off in the lake fishing in the boat and Jimmy told Ricky all the details about Annette.

The weather was great while they spent two relaxing days fishing, camping and drinking beer.

Jimmy took his camera with him on a few trips in Ricky's boat in the lake. He snapped a picture of Ricky while his fishing line in the water then Ricky snapped a picture of Jimmy with his fishing line in the water.

It was morning and Jimmy and Ricky were ready to call it an end to another yearly tradition. They started packing up all of their camping gear.

When they were ready to go home, Jimmy tucked all of Annette's clothes, his bat, and leather gloves inside his tent.

He set his camera and tripod on top of the tent then closed and locked the trunk.

He walked over to Ricky standing by his old Ford.

"Okay little brother, we'll keep this a secret until the day we die," Jimmy said while he approached Ricky.

"Until we die," Ricky said while they locked pinkies to seal their promise.

Jimmy drove off in his new 1963 Ford while Ricky drove off in the old 1954 Ford.

But along the way back to Boldger, Alabama, Jimmy made two stops in Madison, Alabama located in the northern part of the state.

His first stop was at Elmer's Pawn Shop where he bought an old wooden chest. It had a hasp with a pad lock, and would be great to keep his souvenirs of his new hobby.

After leaving Elmer's Pawn Shop, Jimmy drove over to Tad's Tattoo Parlor down the street.

He went inside as there was something he also had to do to confess his tale.

After his tattoo, Jimmy got back in his car and drove off south to head back home.

Jimmy turned on the radio and the song *Don't Worry* by Marty Robbins started playing on the radio.

"Don't worry 'bout me, it's all over now," sang out Jimmy along with Marty Robbins.

He drove down the road singing his heart out while taking an occasional glance in his rear view mirror for a cop car. He never saw one.

Back to reality...

Sam jotted down some notes on a pad of paper after finishing this chapter.

Marty was so engrossed into the story he had to read the next chapter.

Billy was steaming mad while he finished this chapter.

Chapter 9

A Killer's Tale story continued...

It was early in the morning and Jimmy drove his new Galaxie down Route 123.

He was three miles to Boldger and sang along to the *Country Girl* song by Faron Young.

He stopped glancing in his rear view mirror an hour ago and knew he was in the clear.

A little while later, Jimmy drove down his street then pulled his new Ford Galaxie into the driveway and turned off the engine.

He stared at his home for a few seconds then he tooted the horn to let Betty know he was back home.

A few seconds later, and Betty walked out of the front door and saw the new car in the driveway. It took her a few seconds to see Jimmy behind the wheel. She looked a little bewildered.

Jimmy got out of the car and stood back with admiration for his car.

Betty walked up and looked at the beautiful new car. Then she saw the grin on Jimmy's face and got upset. "We can't afford this on a Sheriff's paycheck!"

“Don't worry. Daddy said that since I don't want to join the family business, he'd give me a new car each year. It's my inheritance he's giving to me early.”

She looked at him unsure she heard correctly. “Did you say he's giving you're a free car every year?”

“Yep, now sit inside, take a whiff of that new car smell.”

Betty sat in the drivers seat and looked around the inside. She took a whiff and that aroma of a new car was a sweet smell to her nostrils.

She looked over at Jimmy's right bicep and saw a skull tattoo with the "A" letter below the right side of the jawbone. “Why did you got a tattoo?” she said with a frown.

Jimmy rubbed his bicep and looked his tattoo with admiration. “Army guys gotta have tattoos.”

“You're in the reserves.”

“I know, but I'm still a soldier.”

“What does the A mean?” she asked.

He thought for a few seconds to come up with a viable answer. “Ah, Army.”

She discreetly rolled her eyes and accepted his foolishness.

She took the key out of the ignition and got out.

Jimmy looked concerned when she walked to the rear of the car.

She stuck the key in the lock and Jimmy's heart raced in a panic. She opened the trunk. He quickly slammed it shut and almost caught her hand. She jumped back shaken by his behavior.

“What's your problem? I just wanted to see how big the trunk was!”

Jimmy glared at her. “I have secret Army Reserve files you're not authorized to see,” he lied through his teeth.

Betty looked at Jimmy's standard serious look and got intimidated.

She discreetly rolled her eyes while she walked away from the car. “Bring me your clothes and I'll do load in the washer,” she said when she got to the front door.

Jimmy stared at the trunk while Betty went inside the house. He felt the coast was clear so he rushed over and opened the garage door.

He rushed back to the rear of the car and opened up the trunk. He reached inside and grabbed his folded tent.

He rushed it into the garage and dropped it to the floor.

He rushed back to his trunk and removed that old wooden chest he bought at the Pawn Shop.

He rushed back inside his garage and set the chest on his work bench.

He rushed back to his car and removed his camera and tripod from the trunk then closed it.

He rushed back into his garage with his camera and tripod.

After he turned on the light inside the garage he closed the garage door.

Jimmy walked to a door in the end of the garage with his camera and tripod in hand. This was a dark room he constructed two months ago.

He opened up the door and placed the camera and tripod inside the room.

He went back into the garage and grabbed his folded tent. He walked over and placed that inside his dark room.

He went back out into the garage and brought his wooden chest into his dark room.

He turned on the red light and locked the door.

He went to work on the film.

After a few minutes inside his dark room, Jimmy developed the pictures he took of Ricky and himself in his fishing boat. "Pretty good," he said while had the two pictures clipped to a line to dry.

He went to work developing the rest of the pictures.

Ten minutes had passed and Jimmy had the pictures he took of Annette developed. He wanted to keep proof of his crime.

Jimmy reached under the developing table. He removed that small locked box and opened it up.

He removed the twelve pictures he had taken of the naked colored girls he raped.

He opened up the wooden box and dumped the pictures of Annette and the twelve colored girls.

He unfolded his tent.

He removed Annette's clothes, Corvair car key and drivers license from the tent then dropped them inside the wooden chest.

He grabbed his baseball bat from the tent and saw the bloody tip.

He left his dark room with the bat and headed back into the garage.

He looked at the access panel in the ceiling of the garage that led to his attic. He knew that would be a perfect hiding place. It was perfect as Betty got the creeps going into the attic after she saw a mouse and spiders up there years ago.

He rushed over to his workbench and grabbed a small jar with screwed on lid. He opened it up and dumped the nuts and bolts onto the bench. He reached in his pocket and removed Annette's teeth. He dumped them into the jar and screwed on the top.

He rushed back into the dark room and placed the jar inside the wooden chest.

He rushed out of the dark room with the leather gloves from the tent.

He rushed over and powered up a power saw on the one wall of the garage. He immediately sawed the bat into numerous pieces and dumped it in his trash can except for the bloody stained tip. He stared at the pieces of the murder weapon in the trash. He decided to quit raping young colored girls. Killing white girls would now satisfy

his sick desires. He dropped the gloves in the trash on top of the pieces of bat.

He rushed back into the dark room.

As soon as he got into the garage he dropped the sawed off tip of the bat that had Annette's dried blood on it and the jar of her teeth into the chest. He locked chest with a pad lock he previously set on his developing table last week.

He grabbed the wooden chest and rushed out of the dark room.

Jimmy set the wooden chest on the floor of the garage.

He rushed over to the other side of the garage and grabbed his stepladder.

He rushed it over and placed it under the access panel to his attic. He climbed up and opened the access into the attic. He climbed down and grabbed the wooden chest. He climbed back up the ladder with the wooden chest and went inside the attic.

Inside the attic, he placed the wooden box ten feet away from the access hole. He reinstalled the panel and climbed back down the ladder.

He secured the ladder and went back inside his house with some pictures.

He went back inside the dark room and grabbed the two pictures of Ricky and him on their fishing trip.

He left the dark room locking the door.

Once inside his house he showed Betty his pictures of Ricky and himself during his fishing trip at the lake.

Later that night during dinner, Jimmy talked in more detail about his annual trip with Billy. Betty knew better than to ask what he was doing in the garage.

Two days later, in the woods outside Oak Hill, Alabama, two young hunters stumbled upon Annette's naked dead body still tied to the tree. They had killed lots of animals but seeing a dead naked woman sicken them.

They immediately ran back to their pickup truck.

They raced the pickup truck back into town and contacted the Sheriff.

Twenty minutes had passed.

FBI Agent Robert Fillert sat behind his desk drinking a cup of coffee while he read a case file.

"Fillert," said Agent Johnny Moore, his superior while he walked up to Robert's desk.

"Yah boss," replied Robert.

"The Sheriff down in Oak Hill, Alabama wants help. Some hunters found a dead naked girl tied to a tree out in the woods."

"Dead naked girl. They're a dime a dozen," said Robert not excited about this news.

"What ever. Take Meyers with you and go down there and see how we can help," said Agent Moore then he turned around and walked away.

“I’ll have this case solved and the killer behind bars in no time,” said Robert while he set down his case file then got up from behind his desk.

Four hours had passed.

Out in the woods outside Oak Hill, Alabama, sixty-year old Sheriff Jay Rollins had the area roped off and two of his deputies guarded her body. He contacted the FBI for assistance because he knew Annette from the bar. He waited.

One of the deputies, that guarded the area, was named Ernest Booker. Ernest had been a member of the KKK for the past twenty years. He had a big mouth and loved to spill his guts about police activities. It was the only way he could feel important.

Then a few minutes later, a black 1962 Chevrolet Bel Air government car drove down the dirt road and stopped behind the Sheriff’s 1960 Chevrolet squad car.

Robert Fillert and Carl Meyers, a younger FBI agent got out of the Bel Air.

They walked over to Sheriff Rollins and both flashed their FBI identification cards.

“I’m agent Robert Fillert and this is agent Carl Meyers,” Robert said.

“Sheriff Rollins,” he said while he shook hands with Robert and Carl.

“Well, Sheriff, you did the right thing by calling the FBI. Watch and learn, as I’m the best,” Robert said with an arrogant tone in his voice that did not impress the Sheriff.

The two deputies that guarded the crime scene also rolled their eyes not impressed with the government agent.

“The scene was spotless. No tire tracks. No footprints and no clothes. But we know her as a bar maid at a local bar outside town. Her name is Annette Boyer,” Sheriff Rollins said.

Robert and Carl walked up to Annette’s naked body where flies now buzzed around her dead flesh.

“Who found her?” Robert asked while he looked her over for any clues.

“Two hunters.”

“I want to talk to them,” Robert requested.

“I can arrange that,” Rollins replied.

“The killer sure beat the hell out of her with some blunt object. But what’s with the black mark on her stomach?” Robert said while he moved in closer to examine it.

“It smells like axle grease,” Rollins replied.

Robert looked at Rollins and noticed his eyes welled up. “You okay Sheriff?”

“I’ve known Annette ever since she was born,” Rollins said while he tried to fight from crying.

“Well, fear not Sheriff, I’m like a Canadian Mountie. I always get my man,” Robert replied with a cocky tone.

Carl rolled his eyes as he’s heard this cocky attitude too many times.

Ernst noticed Carl when he rolled his eyes. He chuckled, as he was not impressed with Robert.

“Go get our camera. I want tons of pictures,” Robert ordered Carl.

Carl nodded in agreement and rushed off toward their car.

He came back and snapped fifteen good pictures of Annette and the area.

After the pictures were taken, Robert and Carl headed out Sheriff Rollins.

Robert and Carl followed the Sheriff into Oak Hill so the two hunters could be interviewed.

After the interviews, Robert and Carl headed back to Atlanta. Robert knew he would have this case solved within months.

Three days later, Buster's Bar in Oak Hill was packed with patrons who came to pay tribute to Annette.

Ernst was the center of attention while he told the story of the arrogant and cocky FBI agent who swore he would catch Annette's killer.

"It's one of those uppity colored boys if you ask me," one guy yelled out pissed.

"Let that sissy FBI agent identify him then we'll take care of justice ourselves," another guy yelled out who was a KKK member with ties to KKK chapters in Mississippi.

One of the other KKK members simulated a black man being hung. Half of the patrons in the bar, including Bruno, nodded in agreement.

A week later, and the news Ernst's told at the bar had migrated over to Boldger through the KKK gossip channels.

Jimmy sat in Hank's Bar having his daily bourbon and cokes while he discreetly listened to Ernst's story.

"What ya think of that FBI agent?" the bar maid asked Jimmy while she brought him a fresh drink.

"Well, I can imagine he's just doing his job and he'll probably catch that scumbag killer before too long," Jimmy said then sipped his new drink. But his thoughts were going in another direction. He wanted to make this a game since he hated FBI agents. *Lawmen should never wear suits!* He thought to himself while he sipped his drink. He decided to make this an annual event and swore this FBI agent would never catch him.

Thanksgiving arrived and it was another loving family moment at Jimmy's home. Betty slaved all morning in the kitchen cooking a turkey with all the fixings.

Later that night, Melvin, Ricky and Emily arrived for their traditional Nalla Thanksgiving dinner.

After Melvin said grace at the dining room table, he showed a sign that he was getting mellow in his old age. He actually told Jimmy and Ricky that he was proud of his two boys. Jimmy and Ricky looked at each other and smiled knowing what happened in October.

It was early December.

Up in the Atlanta office, Robert sat behind his desk drinking a cup of coffee and reviewed Annette's case file.

Agent Homer Maris walked up to Robert's desk.

“Hey Robert. How’s that case down in Alabama going? Find the killer yet?”

Robert glanced up from his case file at Homer. “Not yet,” he said then looked back at the file and the pictures of Annette tied naked to that tree.

Homer walked away and walked by Carl Meyer’s desk.

Carl had seen Homer talking with Robert. “He doesn’t have a single lead,” he told Homer.

“Ah, I see,” replied Homer then he walked away.

Carl glanced over at Robert who appeared frustrated he was going nowhere with this case. Carl got a bit of a chuckle out of Robert’s frustration.

Homer walked away with a smirk, as he never liked Robert’s cocky and arrogant attitude.

Some weeks passed and Christmas 1962 was right around the corner.

Jimmy heard through the grapevine that Homer was coming home to spend Christmas with his folks.

It was Christmas Eve and Jimmy invited Homer over to the house for some Christmas cheer.

They just sat down in Jimmy’s couch in living room.

A Christmas tree was decorated and lit up with lights by the window. All decorated by Betty without Jimmy’s assistance.

Jimmy and Homer opened up their cans of Black Label beer.

Jimmy looked at Homer while he took a drink of his beer. “Well Homer, nothing much has been happening

with me here in Boldger. Crime has been quiet. Even my MP reserve duty has been quiet. Not like that dead Private down at Fort Benning earlier in the year,” he said to get the dialogue going.

Homer took a drink of beer. As usual, he was itching to tell what’s going on with his office. “Well, did you hear about that dead girl found in Alabama?” asked Homer while he set his beer can down on the coffee table.

Jimmy pretended to be searching his memory. “Nah, can’t say I heard about that one. What’s the story?” he said then took another drink of beer while he looked at Homer.

“She was found tied naked to a tree in the woods outside Oak Hill, Alabama,” said Homer then took another drink of beer.

“Shot?”

“No, some beat her with a blunt object.”

“That’s terrible,” replied Jimmy and pretended to be concerned.

“Yeah, beat her pretty good and even left a mark.”

“What kind of mark?”

“The number one with axle grease on her stomach. Strange.”

“That is strange. So, are you working on the case?” asked Jimmy and took another drink of his beer. He hoped Homer was on the case, as he knew Homer was never the sharpest kid in school.

“Not me. They have Agent Robert Fillert working the case,” said Homer then he took a drink of his beer.

“He’s one of those agent’s that thinks he’s the best. Arrogant.”

“I see,” said Jimmy and he started to get a little nervous about that FBI Agent being on the case.

“But, at the moment, he doesn’t have a single lead,” said Homer then he chuckled. “That’s great for that arrogant asshole. Not a single piece of evidence. The scene was wiped clean,” he added then took another drink of beer.

Jimmy took a drink of his beer and felt better and had a gut feeling he got away with killing Annette. “You’ll have to keep me up to speed with this case. After all, I’m also in law enforcement and can learn from this.”

“That killer must pretty be smart to clean his tracks and not leave any evidence behind,” replied Homer and motioned to Jimmy that his beer can was empty.

“Yes, he must be pretty smart,” said Jimmy while he got up off the couch and headed into the kitchen for some more beer.

In the kitchen he saw Betty eating some cookies and drinking some tea while she read her recent issue of *Woman’s Day* magazine.

He got two more Black Label beers out of the fridge and headed back into the living room.

“So Homer, tell me more about this Agent Robert Fillert. I would like to learn from his mistakes,” said Jimmy while he handed Homer a can of beer.

“Well, like I said, he’s cocky and arrogant and always believes he’ll catch the crook,” said Homer while Jimmy sat down on the couch.

Christmas day arrived and passed.

Betty decided to go spend the rest of the Christmas week with her sister Maggie over in Montgomery. She left early Wednesday morning and drove the new Galaxie.

Jimmy used his squad car to get back and forth from work that week.

With Betty gone, this gave Jimmy some time to finally revisit his chest of souvenirs.

So that Thursday afternoon, Jimmy bought the latest issue of the *True Detective* magazine. This one was of interest since it had an article about Annette's killing. It also mentioned how the hunters found her dead body, and that the FBI agent in charge was Robert Fillert. Jimmy was proud and felt like a celebrity but couldn't tell anybody else.

Jimmy immediately drove over to the dealership and had to show off that article to Ricky. Ricky was impressed.

On the way back to the police station, Jimmy drove his squad car through the colored section of town.

He drove down that dirt road and stopped by Melissa's home. He stopped his car and saw Melissa sitting in the rocking chair on the front porch. Her daughter was on the porch.

Jimmy drove away down the dirt road.

Later that night, Jimmy went up into his attic in his garage. He brought down that wooden chest.

He carried the chest into the living room and opened it up.

He left the room and returned a few seconds later with a bottle of Jack Daniels whiskey.

He opened up the bottle and took a healthy swig of whiskey.

He then removed all of his clothes and sat naked in his chair.

He reached inside his chest and removed all the pictures of Annette and the colored girls.

He masturbated in his chair while he glanced at the photos and the magazine article about Annette.

It take Jimmy long and he ejaculated on the page about Annette.

He closed the magazine and the pages he ejaculated on stuck together. He dropped it and his pictures into the chest. He locked it. He lit a cigarette, took a drag and felt satisfied.

He got up from the chair.

He locked his chest then picked it up.

He walked naked out of the living room and returned the chest back to its hiding place up in his attic above the garage.

It was New Year's Eve.

Jimmy met with Ricky at Hank's Bar for some drinks to ring in 1963.

Jimmy arrived at Hank's Bar that was half-full with the local Boldger residents. He grabbed a booth.

“Hey Sheriff, what’s your pleasure,” asked Nancy the fifty-four year old bar maid that tried her best to look like she was in her thirties. She was short and could cake on the makeup thinking she was still young. But she wasn’t and she looked like a hooker.

“Hey Nancy, usual,” replied Jimmy.

“Bourbon and coke coming right up, darling” she said and winked at Jimmy.

Jimmy glanced up when he saw the front door to the bar opened. He smiled at the sight of Ricky while he entered the bar.

“Hey big brother,” said Ricky while he walked up to the booth.

Nancy brought Jimmy his drink. “Hey Ricky, want the usual?” asked Nancy while she set Jimmy drink down in front of him.

“Yes, seven and seven.”

Nancy winked at Ricky then walked away.

Ricky suddenly looked a little bothered. Jimmy noticed.

“What’s wrong?”

“Ah, me and Emily had another fight. I got pissed and hit her a few times. She locked herself in her bedroom and cried.”

“Don’t worry about her. You can sleep at my house. She’ll forget it by tomorrow morning.”

“Okay,” said Ricky then noticed Nancy walking over to their table.

Nancy set Rick’s drink down on the table. She winked at him then walked away.

“I told her that if she ever left me, you would arrest her,” Ricky said then took a drink.

“I could find some charge,” Jimmy said then he took a drink. “Actually, I don’t think she likes me.”

Ricky looked at Jimmy and hesitated. “You’re right. She said you give her the creeps. Then I slapped her afterwards. She’s never stated that again.”

“Thanks for looking after me little brother.”

Jimmy and Ricky smiled, as they knew they could trust each other until the day they died.

It was finally midnight and Jimmy and Ricky welcomed 1963 by being drunk.

They left Hank’s bar and drove home swerving all over the streets of Boldger.

The both fell fast asleep the second they arrived at Jimmy’s home.

Back to reality...

Sam jotted down some more notes.

Marty was still engrossed in the story.

Billy was still fuming mad.

Chapter 10

A Killer's Tale story continued...

Nineteen sixty-three started off boring for Jimmy.

He and Betty tried hard to get her pregnant but it just wasn't happening. This often led to fights with him slapping her then feeling guilty afterwards. Jimmy actually wanted to have a kid. Sometimes he wanted a boy but knew how he turned out then started to lean towards having a daughter.

It was now February and FBI Robert Fillert sat behind his desk at the Atlanta Field Office.

He had his eyes going over Annette's case file over and over again. This was his first case he hadn't solved within months. He went over and over the pictures and the statements of the hunters.

Agent Carl Meyers sat at his desk drinking his coffee. He glanced over at Robert and at times he felt sorry for him. But then he recalled those days when Robert was so cocky and arrogant.

Homer walked over to Carl's desk. He stood by the desk and glanced at Robert then glanced down at Carl. "He still hasn't solved that case?"

"Nope. Not a single lead. This is his first failure with solving a case," replied Carl with a hint of a smile.

“That’s the way it goes sometimes,” said Homer then he walked away.

Carl nodded in agreement with Homer’s comment then he returned to some case files he was reviewing.

March arrived and Jimmy made another pass by Melissa house. It took four attempts on week for him to see Melissa out on her front porch with her daughter.

“She’s getting big,” thought Jimmy while he eyed the baby girl. Part of him wanted to keep that baby girl but he knew he would be run out of town on a rail.

Jimmy drove off down the dirt road and silently prayed he could get Betty pregnant and they would have a daughter.

The 4th of July arrived and Homer drove down from Atlanta to spend the weekend with his parents.

While he was in town, he was invited over to Jimmy’s home for a few beers.

Jimmy brought two cans of cold Black Label beers into the living room where Homer waited on the couch.

“So, Homer, how are things going with the FBI in Atlanta?” he asked while he handed Homer a can of beer.

“Still the same,” said Homer while he opened up his can of Black Label beer.

Jimmy opened up his can of beer and was itching for some more information. “Nothing going on here in Boldger or with the Military Police duty with the Army Reserves. My weekend drills are quiet and actually quite boring,” said Jimmy then he took a drink of beer.

“It’s actually been boring for me,” said Homer then he took a drink of beer.

Jimmy couldn’t wait. “I recalled during Christmas you mentioned about some arrogant agent on a murder case in the northern part of the state. Any new developments on that case that I can learn from? You know, from an Army MP standpoint.”

“Oh yeah, from what I learned from a fellow agent, that Robert Fillert doesn’t have a fucking lead. He’s going nowhere with that case. Nowhere,” said Homer.

Jimmy smiled knowing he was still in the clear. He and Homer did some more chatting while they drank their Black Label beer.

More months flew by and it was October 1963.

FBI Agent Robert was no way close to identifying Annette’s killer.

Jimmy still had boring weekend drills down at Fort Benning. He hoped to see another dead body but all he had to deal with was drunken soldiers who partied too hard on Saturday night at the local bars in Columbus. He did have the opportunity to whack on soldier across his head after he got rude and cussed at Jimmy. Jimmy enjoyed that moment.

Jimmy was behind his desk at the office. He drank some coffee and smoked a Lucky Strike cigarette while he read the latest edition of his *True Detective* magazine. Seeing the black and white photos of dead girls brought back his fond sick memories of that night with Annette.

After he sat back down at his desk from pouring his second cup of coffee, his desk phone rang. “Sheriff Nalla,” he answered the call.

“It’s me Ricky,” he said from the phone.

“Hey little brother.”

“Ready for our fishing trip next week?”

“You bet,” replied Jimmy then he opened up his middle drawer and removed a road map.

“Okay, I’ll meet you there with a new car.”

“Sounds great.”

There was a few seconds of silence. “I can’t wait to hear about your drive over to the lake.”

“If I don’t make it to the lake on that Saturday, rush back home. As something might have gone wrong and I don’t want anybody coming after you.”

“Okay big brother. But I know you’re too crafty for the FBI,” said Ricky then he hung up his end of the call.

Jimmy opened up the road map and it was for the State of Mississippi. Jimmy grabbed his pack of Lucky Strikes, removed and lit a cigarette while he studied the map for a place to pick up his next victim.

After four minutes of looking the State of Mississippi Jimmy found where he wanted to make his next mark. He smiled and thought this would be the perfect spot. It was a spot he heard from some of the young Army soldiers down at Fort Benning.

He folded up the map and shoved it back in his desk drawer.

He propped up his boots on his desk and couldn’t wait for his next fishing trip.

It was now time for his trip.

It was Friday morning and Betty had packed some clothes in a small suitcase for Jimmy in their bedroom. Jimmy had earlier that morning packed his trunk with the necessary camping and fishing gear.

Jimmy entered the bedroom after finishing the egg and bacon breakfast she made for him.

“I still don’t understand why you can’t drive with Ricky,” she asked while she closed the suitcase.

Jimmy glared at her. “Listen, I have some secret military police business I have to attend to every year. So it’s none of your business,” he said and looked like he wanted to slap his wife.

Betty knew she touch that sensitive ground again and decided not to press him for anymore questions.

Jimmy grabbed the handle of his suitcase and gave Betty a quick kiss on the lips.

He walked out of the bedroom.

Betty stayed behind and started to wonder why Jimmy was acting so strange suddenly with his fishing trips with Ricky. But she knew she better shrug it off as saying anything about that to Jimmy could set off his temper.

She left the bedroom and headed to the kitchen to make a cup of tea.

Jimmy got in his Galaxie and drove off down his street. He turned on the radio and Johnny Cash’s *Ring of Fire* song started to play on the radio.

“I fell into a burning ring of fire,” he sang along with Johnny Cash on the radio.

He whistled along with the song while he drove through the streets and headed to the southern part of town.

Jimmy drove his Galaxie south through Alabama.

He first stopped off at a Hardware Store and bought some new leather gloves.

After the Hardware Store, he drove through Mobile and found a nice diner. He stopped for dinner.

When it got dark, Jimmy filled up his car then drove out of Mobile.

He headed west into Mississippi.

Later that night, Jimmy drove to Biloxi and headed to the west side of Keesler Air Force Base.

He found the part of Biloxi that had bars and knew he could find what he wanted.

Jimmy up and down the streets until they were void of any witnesses.

That time finally arrived and he spotted a lone hooker waiting by a street corner. Her name was Rhonda.

“How dare they charge for sex,” Jimmy would often tell Ricky during some of their chats.

She paced the corner alone, as her other coworkers already found customers. She wore a tight black Montgomery Wards sleeveless scoop neck dress with straight skirt. She thought she might be done for the night and started to walk away from the corner to head home.

But then the sound of the squeal of brakes caught her attention.

Jimmy pulled his Ford over to the curb and stopped. He glanced around and the streets were still empty with potential witnesses. So he leaned over and rolled down the passenger window.

“Hey baby, you look extremely lonely. Want some company for a little while tonight? A small party between the two of us,” Jimmy called out his opened passenger door window.

She strutted over and leaned in his window with a smile knowing she would earn some more money tonight. “Yeah honey, I would love a little party with you.” She had a huge smile when she saw Jimmy’s cash in his hand.

She opened the door got inside his car.

Jimmy handed her the cash and she immediately shoved it in her small purse.

He drove his car away down the street.

“So sugar, where can we go to have our little party?”

“I know the perfect place. It’ll be nice and romantic,” Jimmy replied with a smirk.

Rhonda slid over next to Jimmy to start their date.

He drove for another five minutes and headed out of town. Soon nothing but quiet and dark woods filled their view while he drove down the lonely two-lane road.

Rhonda started to get nervous. “Where is this romantic place?” she said while she glanced over at Jimmy then saw the skull tattoo with the “A” letter below the jaw.

“I have a farm house north of town, where it’s nice and quiet,” he responded.

She kept an eye on his tattoo as it started to bug her. “What’s with that tattoo?”

“Oh it’s just my little memory of the girls I had a party with. Her name was Annette. When I’m done with our party, I’m going to have an R tattoo in your honor,” he said with an evil smirk.

Rhonda’s gut started to sour telling her this was not a good idea. “You know something, I’m getting a splitting headache. I really don’t feel like partying, so I better get back to town. Here’s your money back,” she said then handed back his cash.

“You say you have a headache?”

Rhonda nodded and rubbed her forehead to make it believable.

“Okay,” he said then he discreetly slipped on a pair of new leather gloves he bought in Mobile.

“What’s with the leather gloves?” Rhonda asked and started to get scared.

“No finger prints,” Jimmy replied then he quickly grabbed the back her head before she had time to react. “I’ll give you a headache,” he yelled out while he slammed her forehead into the dashboard. “Never refuse to party with me!” he screamed at her while he repeatedly slammed her forehead into the dashboard. Her body went limp when she passed out. He let go of the back of her head and left her slump against the passenger door.

Five minutes later, Jimmy whistled while he drove down a two-lane road. He looked forward to having fun with this hooker.

He finally spotted a dirt road off to his left. He pulled into the road and drove down it for another fifty feet. He positioned his car so the headlights illuminated a tree.

He leaned over and immediately removed her shoes and dress. He tossed them on the floorboard. He removed her bra and slid her panties down her legs and tossed them on the floorboard. She was naked in his car. He looked her over and the sight of a naked hooker didn't excite him. He was disgusted by the thought of her screwing numerous men day after day.

He quickly got out of his car and rushed over to the trunk. He opened up his trunk and removed his camera on the tripod. He rushed over and set up the camera by the front grill of his Galaxie.

He rushed back to the trunk and removed the rope and baseball bat that he bought three months ago in Boldger. He rushed over and dropped them at the base of the tree.

He rushed back to the passenger door and opened it up. He reached inside and pulled naked Rhonda out and carried her back to the tree.

After a few minutes, she was securely tied to the tree. He looked at her naked body.

She stirred and opened her eyes. She looked around in a daze and did not know where she was or what she was

doing. Then it dawned on her. She was naked and tied to a tree out in the middle of the woods.

“Help!” she screamed when she saw Jimmy standing four feet from her with a baseball in his hand.

Jimmy quickly took a swing and whacked her crotch with the bat.

“Ahhhh!” Rhonda screamed in pain.

“You should never make men pay for sex,” he yelled at her then swung the bat again and gave her crotch another whack.

“Ahhhh!” Rhonda screamed in pain.

“Why are you doing this?” Rhonda sobbed out in extreme pain.

“Why am I doing this? Well, I’m doing this because I enjoy it. Now, shut up!” he replied then took a hard swing and whacked her in the throat.

She gasped for air through her injured throat. He took another hard swing and whacked her right jaw. Teeth and blood flew out of her mouth. She tried to scream out but nothing emitted since her vocal cords were smashed.

He swung and whacked her left side of her jaw and more teeth and blood flew out. The pain was so intense that she was on the verge of passing out.

He stepped back a foot and swung the bat and whacked her right temple. She passed out from the pain. He then swung and whacked her left temple. Her body slumped downward on the tree. He dropped the bat and grabbed her head. He twisted her neck until he heard a snap. Her head slumped forward.

Jimmy walked back to the trunk of the car with a spring in his step.

He removed the axle grease and rushed back over to Rhonda. He smeared grease on her tummy to resemble the number “2.” He looked around the dirt and picked up all of her teeth he could find. He shoved them in his pocket.

He walked over to his camera and snapped a picture. He walked his tripod over to a couple of different areas and snapped some pictures of Rhonda.

He set the timer and rushed over Rhonda. The camera snapped a picture and Jimmy looked like a proud hunter who bagged a prize deer.

He rushed over to the camera and grabbed it.

He rushed the camera and tripod to the rear of the car and dropped it in the trunk along with the grease. He removed his gloves and dropped them in the trunk and slammed it shut.

He rushed over and got behind the drivers wheel. He backed down the dirt road. When he got to the side of the two-lane hard paved road he stopped.

He got outside of his car and repeated the process of covering his tracks with a tree branch and leaves.

He got back inside his Ford and drove off down the road.

When he was thirty miles from the crime scene, he threw out Rhonda’s shoes and empty purse on a lonely country road.

The next day, he drove away and met up with Ricky at Artabatian Lake outside Pierce, Mississippi.

Ricky pulled up in a brand new shiny white with white interior 1964 Ford Galaxie. He installed a trailer hitch and towed his fishing boat behind.

“Whew! She sure is pretty,” Jimmy said while he walked around and admired his new car. Ricky handed him the keys.

Jimmy went over and unlocked the trunk of his new Galaxie. He rushed over and opened the trunk of his old Galaxie. He gathered all the items inside and walked over to his new Ford and dumped them inside his new trunk.

Ricky curiously walked. “Did you do it again?” he asked while he peeked inside.

“Oh yeah little brother, I had so much fun last year and since I got away with it, I decided to do it again. You know, make it an annual event every October,” Jimmy said with a satisfied smile.

“I like the sound of that,” Ricky said while he looked at Rhonda’s dress. Then his eyes widened with an idea. “Can I watch the next time?”

Jimmy thought about his offer. “I don’t see why not.”

Ricky looked excited about going on one of his brother’s killing trips.

Jimmy removed his camera then closed the trunk of his new car.

Fifteen minutes later, they were in the water to start their next week of fishing and camping. Jimmy filled Ricky in on all the details with his time with Rhonda.

The weather was a little cloudy while they spent the week fishing and camping. They caught enough bass for dinner plus Ricky brought enough beer from home.

When it was time to head home, Jimmy hid all of Rhonda's clothes inside his tent when he packed it in the trunk of his new car.

"Again little brother, we'll keep this a secret until the day we die," Jimmy said while he closed the trunk.

"Until we die," Ricky said then they locked pinkies to seal their promise.

Jimmy drove off in his new 64 Ford while Ricky drove off in the 63 Ford.

On the way back to Boldger, Alabama, Jimmy stopped off in another tattoo parlor in another town in Mississippi. He had to add to the tattoo he got last year.

Jimmy pulled into his driveway in his new 1964 Ford Galaxie. He tooted the horn and turned off the engine. He got out and stood by the front fender.

A few seconds later, Betty came out of the house and saw their new car. "She sure is pretty," Betty said while she walked around and admired the shiny Ford.

She saw the "R" that was added next to the "A" under his skull tattoo on his right bicep. She rolled her

eyes and knew better than to ask questions. So instead, she sat down behind the steering wheel and took a whiff of that new car smell.

Jimmy opened the rear door and removed his suitcase. "I'm starving. Go make my dinner while I unload my stuff. I'm also going to develop the pictures from my trip with Ricky, so I don't want to be disturbed."

Betty nodded in agreement while she got out of the car. He handed her his suitcase.

She walked back to the front door.

Jimmy waited until Betty went inside their house. When the coast was clear, he rushed over and opened up his garage door.

He rushed back to the rear of his car and unlocked his trunk. He removed the tent and camping supplies.

He rushed them inside the garage.

He rushed back to the car and removed his camera and tripod. He rushed back into his garage.

He turned on the garage light then closed the door.

He grabbed his step ladder and placed it under the attic access panel. He rushed up the ladder and removed the access panel.

He went up into the attic and grabbed his wooden chest.

He rushed down the ladder with the chest in hand.

He set it on the floor and unlocked it. He reached inside the chest and removed the jar. He opened it up then reached in his pocket and dropped Rhonda's teeth into the jar. He secured the lid and placed it inside the chest.

He rushed over to the tent and unfolded it. Inside were Rhonda's dress, panties, and his baseball bat with the bloody tip. He grabbed he dress, panties, and dropped them inside the chest.

He grabbed his bat and rushed over to his work bench. He grabbed his power saw and plugged it in the outlet. He secured the bat and proceeded to cut in up into numerous pieces.

Inside the house, Betty heated a pot of water for spaghetti and heard the power saw from the garage. She rolled her eyes and was not about to ask questions.

Inside his garage, Jimmy dropped the bloody tip into the chest. He dropped the sawed off pieces of the bat into the trash along with his leather gloves.

He covered the chest with the tent then he grabbed his camera. He rushed inside his dark room.

Inside his dark room, Jimmy opened up his camera, and preceded to develop the pictures of Rhonda and his trip with Ricky.

A little while later, he rushed out of his dark room with the developed pictures of Rhonda and pictures of his fishing trip. He removed the chest from under the tent. He dropped her pictures inside it the chest then he locked it.

He rushed up the ladder and placed the chest back inside the attic.

After he reinstalled the access panel, he rushed down and secured the ladder.

He went inside the house with the pictures of Ricky and him while they were fishing in the boat.

He showed them to Betty during dinner.

While Betty and Jimmy ate dinner, two teenagers down in Mississippi found Rhonda's dead body still tied to the tree with tons of flies buzzing around her rotting flesh. They drove down that road for an evening of romantic heavy petting in the woods. But the sight of Rhonda's naked body tied to the tree killed the mood.

They raced back to town and contacted the Sheriff in Biloxi.

The next morning, Biloxi Sheriff Hank Wilfred had three of his deputy's rope off the area. Rhonda's dead naked body was still tied to the tree.

He called the FBI up in Atlanta and requested to speak to agent Robert Fillert. He got his name from the article in the Confidential Detective Cases magazine about Annette Boyer.

Sheriff Wilfred and his deputy waited outside the roped off area.

He saw a plain black 1963 Chevy Bel Air and knew it was a government car. He smiled knowing the FBI had finally arrived.

Robert parked the car behind the Sheriff's 1960 Ford Galaxie. Robert and Carl got out of the car.

Robert walked up to the Sheriff with Carl by his side with a camera in his hand. They both flashed their FBI identification cards.

“FBI agents Robert Fillert and Carl Meyers,” Robert said.

“Pleasure to meet you,” Sheriff Wilfred said while he stuck out his hand. “I wanted the FBI involved as the killer could be one of the Airmen from Keesler,” he said.

Robert shook his hand while he glanced at Rhonda’s dead body tied to the tree.

Robert pulled his hand away and rushed under the rope. He walked around and got a déjà vu look while he looked at Rhonda’s naked body. Flies still buzzed around her dead flesh.

“She’s Rhonda Wilt, a local hooker,” Sheriff Wilfred said.

“She was beaten with a blunt object. About a week ago,” said Robert still checking out her body. “And it’s weird she has the number two painted on her stomach,” Robert said while he continued to look her body over. Then it dawned on him. “That Annette Boyer girl killed last year in Alabama had a grease mark down her belly,” he said while he looked at the grease mark. Then his eyes widened. “I believe these two girls were killed by the same person, who’s numbering his victims, as his calling card.”

Sheriff Wilfred looked at Robert then at Rhonda’s belly. “I believe you could be right,” he said recalling reading about Annette’s murder.

Robert got a cocky smirk. He loved being correct and being reminded of that fact.

“Take plenty of pictures,” Robert ordered Carl.

Carl immediately went around and started snapping pictures of Rhonda and the entire area.

Fifteen minutes later, the sound of a vehicle was heard along with the squeal of brakes.

Carl looked and saw a TV van behind their car.

“The news media is here,” Carl told Robert.

He looked and saw the TV van. “Who called the media?” Robert asked.

“I did,” Sheriff Wilfred said.

Robert combed his hair to make sure he was presentable for the public. He made sure his suit was presentable. “I don’t want the girl shown on TV,” he ordered Sheriff Wilfred.

Robert and Carl watched while a TV reporter and a camera man walked over to them.

The reporter walked up to Robert and Carl.

“I’m Bob Burbank from Channel Four News out of Mobile,” he said.

“Don’t show the girl’s body,” Robert demanded.

“Sure,” Bob replied then he looked at Rhonda’s dead body and started to get sick. He quickly positioned Robert to where Rhonda’s body was not visible.

Meanwhile over in Boldger, Alabama, Jimmy drank a Black Label beer while he watched television from the

couch. Betty was in the kitchen making pot roast for dinner.

Then the Channel 3 News came on and there was a special report from Mississippi.

Jimmy sipped his beer while on the TV, he saw Bob Burbank standing next to Robert. Rhonda's body was not visible. His eyes widened the second he knew that that was his crime scene.

"Bob Burbank here in a deserted area outside Biloxi, Mississippi. I have FBI Agent Robert Fillert, from the Atlanta office. Agent Fillert will be investigating the killing of a prostitute named Rhonda Wilt," Bob told the camera.

"So Agent Fillert, do you have a suspect identified yet?" Bob asked Robert.

"A suspect has not been identified as I just started my investigation. It could be one of the Airmen at the local Air Force Base. And this is extremely similar to a killing in Oak Hill, Alabama last October. But don't worry, it won't take me long to catch him," Robert said to the viewers and he really believed someone in the Air Force was his killer.

Jimmy laughed. "In your dreams dumbass!" he called out to the TV.

"What did you say, Jimmy?" Betty called out from the kitchen.

"Nothing honey," he replied with a smirk while he watched Robert on the TV.

Jimmy's eyes widened when he got an idea. He got up of the couch and rushed over to a desk. He looked at

the entrance to the kitchen and made sure Betty was not in sight. She was not visible so he immediately grabbed a piece of paper. He then rushed over to his magazine rack by the couch and grabbed a magazine.

"I'm going to work my dark room until dinner's ready," he told Betty.

"Okay," she replied from the kitchen.

Jimmy rushed out of the living room.

Two weeks passed and Robert sat at his desk in the Atlanta office. He reviewed the file cases on Annette and Rhonda. He ran his hand through his hair in frustration since he didn't have a single lead on this killer. He had worked with the Security Police at Keesler Air Force Base and they couldn't come up with a possible suspect.

Carl looked at Robert from his desk and smirked. He was happy that arrogant Robert was going nowhere with this case.

A female secretary walked over and dropped off a letter on Robert's desk. She walked away and delivered mail to other agents.

Robert picked up the letter and noticed there was not a return address. He opened it up looked at the letter.

"Robert – You're too stupid to catch me. All my love, the Fall Slayer," the letter taunted him in magazine print letters glued to the paper.

Robert read it again to make sure he was reading it correctly. It took Robert a few minutes for him to finally figure out the killer was messing with his head.

Robert tucked the letter inside his desk drawer.

Robert got up pissed and grabbed his coffee cup.

He stormed over to the coffee pot almost knocking down a fellow agent.

Off in the back of the office area, Homer had watched Robert and got really curious about that letter he shoved into his desk drawer. He knew Robert was pissed about something and Homer got really curious.

Four months passed and Betty spent another weekend with her mother.

Homer was back in town visiting his parents. Jimmy invited him over for some beers.

Jimmy and Homer sat on the couch drinking Black Label beers.

“I saw on the TV that another girl was killed in the same fashion as the one in Alabama last year,” said Jimmy then he took a drink of beer. “And I finally saw that Robert Fillert Agent on the TV. You’re right. He is arrogant.”

“He thinks that someone from the Air Force Base down in Biloxi is the killer. But after working with the Air Force Security Police, he doesn’t have a single lead,” said Homer and took a drink of beer.

“Interesting that an Air Force guy would be the killer,” said Jimmy and was jumping in joy inside that this location for his second murder was playing out like he hoped.

Homer chuckled when he recalled something he saw at the office. “It also appears that that killer sent Robert a taunting letter.”

“Taunting letter?”

“Yeah, it was made from letters from a magazine and called Robert too stupid to catch him. He even called himself the Fall Slayer,” Homer said and chuckled again.

“The Fall Slayer. Catchy name,” said Jimmy and had a smirk while he took another drink of his beer.

Jimmy and Homer spend the next hour drinking beer and chatting about other events.

After Homer left, Jimmy revisited his chest and salivated over his souvenirs from Annette and Rhonda. He also had his new issue *True Detective* magazine and it had an article about Rhonda’s killing. The article talked about the two teenagers finding her dead body, and how FBI agent Robert Fillert was still on the case thinking an Airman killed the hooker.

Later that night, Jimmy sat naked in his living room chair and masturbated while he read the article about Rhonda. He ejaculated on the page then closed the magazine.

He dropped the magazine into the chest and locked it. He lit a cigarette and took a drag feeling satisfied.

He returned the chest back to its hiding place in his attic.

The rest of 1963 was quiet for Jimmy and he never had any concerns about being identified at the killer.

Thanksgiving was the same at Jimmy's home with Betty, Melvin, Ricky and Emily.

At the end of December, Jimmy and Ricky again rang in the New Year of 1964 by having way too many drinks at Hank's Bar.

Back to reality...

In Daytona Beach, Sam sat in lazy boy chair and highlighted additional items of extreme interest, as his hunch was becoming even stronger.

"How did this author know some of these details?" Sam said while he closed the book and headed to the bathroom.

In Kissimmee, Marty could not put his A Killer's Tale book down. Becky started watching old videos of Allan and the kids. She viewed one where he played baseball in the backyard with the kids two years ago.

Up in Curtis, Mississippi, Billy sat in his den and read his A Killer's Tale book. He was furious! "What the hell was Allan thinking of?" he yelled out while he threw the book across his room.

Billy then grabbed his Jack Daniels bottle off the floor. He took a huge gulp while he got up and walked across the room. He picked up his book then walked back to his chair. He continued to read but was still furious.

Chapter 11

A Killer's Tale story continued...

The year 1964 rolled around.

It was Sunday February 9th of the New Year.

Jimmy and Betty relaxed in the living room and watched *The Ed Sullivan Show*.

Then Ed introduced The Beatles.

"Who the hell are the Beatles? Bugs?" asked Jimmy, as he had never had heard of this up and coming Rock and Roll band from England.

Jimmy's eyes widened the second he saw The Beatles on stage. "What the hell? Looks like four girls dressed in suits," he said.

The Beatles started their song *All My Loving* and the camera showed all the teenage girls screaming in the audience.

"What the hell kind of music is that?" asked Jimmy and couldn't believe what he saw. "Why are these girls acting crazy for these creeps?"

"They call it Rock and Roll," replied Betty and she tapped her foot to the beat of the song.

"I know what Rock and Roll is. But these guys look like girls with their hair. Those four guy have to be queer," said Jimmy then he got up off the couch.

Betty rolled her eyes. She actually thought the four young lads from Liverpool were cute and adorable.

“I’m heading to my dark room,” he said, as he couldn’t stand listening to that music.

Betty could care less he left the room. She actually liked the music from The Beatles.

While he passed through the kitchen, Jimmy got a new Black Label out of the fridge.

He headed into the garage and then into his dark room.

While inside the room, he thought about October and couldn’t wait. He had the craving for another episode.

March rolled around and Robert Fillert and Carl Meyer drove back down to Biloxi to work the Rhonda Wilt case.

Before they headed over to Keesler, Robert and Carl stopped off at the scene where Rhonda was found.

Carl watched while Robert looked the crime scene over with the pictures of Rhonda in hand.

After twenty minutes of searching the ground by where Rhonda was found, Robert didn’t find any new evidence. But Carl figured that since some months had passed and there was the possibility rubberneckers came here to check the area out.

After they left the crime scene, Robert and Carl drove east to Keesler Air Force Base to talk with the Security Police. They had an Airman First Class they wanted to FBI to chat with, as this young kid was their first suspect.

It was again July 4th and like clockwork, Homer came back down to Boldger to visit his parents. And of course Jimmy had to have Homer over for some Black Label beers.

“So Homer, how’s that Fall Slayer case going?” asked Jimmy while he opened up his can of beer.

Homer opened up his can of beer. “Nowhere. Robert went down to Keesler Air Force Base to talk with a suspect the Security Police had down there.”

“Oh, he finally found the killer?”

“Nope, that Airman they suspected had a valid alibi.”

“What was that?”

“The Security Police forgot to check to see he was on leave. He was so he couldn’t have killed that hooker outside Biloxi.”

“Maybe he killed that girl in Alabama?”

“He couldn’t have. He was in some type of advanced training up at Chanute Air Force Base in Illinois at the time.”

“Sounds like he did have a good alibi. So, do they have any other suspects?”

“None. Robert is going nowhere with this case,” said Homer then he took a drink of beer. “That’s good for the arrogant bastard.”

Jimmy drank his beer and looked a little disappointed someone didn’t take the blame for his murders, but then on the other side, he was happy because he wanted to continue killing again this fall.

It was now the first week of October.

Jimmy sat at his desk in the police station. He drank a cup of coffee while he looked at a road map of the State of Georgia. He figured that the best way to not get caught was to commit a murder in a different state each fall. That would really make it even more difficult for that FBI Agent to catch him.

His desk phone rang. "Sheriff Nalla," he answered the call.

"Hey big brother," said Ricky from the phone.

"Ricky."

"I'm so excited about our trip," said Ricky from the phone and Jimmy could tell he was from the tone of his voice.

"I'm glad. This will make our annual trip very special."

"So, where we going to do it?"

Jimmy glanced at the map of Georgia. He smiled when he found the perfect spot. "Georgia."

"Georgia. That sounds great. How do we meet? How do we pick her up? Where do we do it?" Ricky blurted out those questions in rapid succession.

"Calm down. We'll plan things out once we get there. It's better that way."

"Ok, where do we meet?"

Jimmy glanced at the map of Georgia and picked a city that gave him a good feeling. He told Ricky and Ricky agreed.

After their conversation, Jimmy got up from his desk and walked over to the coffee table. He poured a cup of

coffee the stood there and thought about what his third victim would look like.

It was now time for their adventure. It was Friday morning.

Emily had finished packing Ricky's suitcase for the trip. She had a black eye from Ricky punching her last night. He had too much beer and she started to complain. So he punched her again and it was becoming more and more frequent. Emily actually loved this annual event Ricky had with Jimmy. It left her home alone. Oh how she wanted to get out of this marriage. But her father would never allow her to get a divorce from Ricky. So she hoped that just maybe he would get too drunk and get in a car crash. Plus Emily knew that Jimmy and Melvin would never allow her to leave their precious Ricky. So she tolerated the punches.

She jumped for joy inside while she watched Ricky drive off down the street in his car. His first stop before heading to Georgia would be at the dealership and then he would pick up his boat and trailer.

Back at Jimmy's house, Betty stood by the front door and watched while Jimmy drove off down their street. She was also glad to see Jimmy leave as their marriage was becoming strained with he inability to get pregnant. She had planned on visiting a doctor to see what was the problem.

Jimmy drove through the streets and headed to the eastern side of town.

He turned over and turned on his radio. The Jim Reeves song *I Guess I'm Crazy* played on the radio.

"I guess I'm crazy for loving you," sang out Jimmy while he had all of his thoughts concentrated on the side trip to Georgia.

Ricky drove a brand new blue 1965 Ford Galaxie with blue interior with his boat on his trailer hitched to the car. He headed east on Route 17.

Ricky had the radio on and listened to Roger Miller's *Dang Me* song. "And hand me, high from the highest treeee," Ricky sang out along with Roger Miller.

He then whistled along with the song and was so excited about this year's trip.

A little while later, Jimmy drove out Boldger and he headed east on Route 17. He was ten miles behind Ricky.

It was early evening and Jimmy drove his Ford into the small town of Cedarville, Georgia.

He drove around until he found the Holiday Inn on the other side of Cedarville.

He pulled into the parking lot then drove around the back of the hotel. He smiled when he saw a brand new 1965 Ford Galaxie parked at the rear of the hotel with Ricky's boat and trailer hitched to it.

Jimmy turned off his engine and got out of his car.

He walked over to the new Galaxie the second Ricky got out of the car.

“She’s a beauty,” he said with a whistle while he walked around and admired his new shiny Ford.

“Yep, I like the sixty-five models,” said Ricky and he looked antsy while Jimmy walked around his new car. “Can we get started?”

Jimmy looked at Ricky and noticed he started moving around like he had ants in his pants. He smiled. “Okay little brother. Let’s get this show on the road.”

Ricky looked excited while he locked up the new Galaxie.

He rushed over to Jimmy’s 64 Galaxie where Jimmy was already behind the wheel.

Jimmy started up his car and drove away through the rear of the hotel and headed to the front parking lot.

Twenty minutes had passed and Jimmy drove his Galaxie into the town of Somerset, Georgia.

He drove around the streets looking for the perfect place to pick up a woman.

His eyes widened the second he saw a Piggly Wiggly grocery store. “Perfect,” he said then made a right turn into the lot of the store.

Jimmy parked his car near the street side of the parking lot and had a good view of the front doors to the store. He turned off his engine.

Ricky looked a little baffled as to why Jimmy parked her. “Are you going to shop for some groceries?” he asked.

“No, we’re going to wait for the perfect woman to come out,” said Jimmy then he removed a pack of Luck Strikes from his shirt pocket. He punched in the cigarette lighter in the dash then removed two cigarettes from the pack; one for Jimmy and one for Ricky.

After a few seconds the light popped out and Jimmy used it to light his cigarette. He took a drag. “We wait,” he said while he exhaled smoke.

“Okay,” replied Rickey while he exhaled smoke but looked a little disappointed.

Inside the car, Jimmy and Ricky smoked some Lucky Strike cigarettes and sipped on Jack Daniels whiskey while they eyed the front doors of the Piggly Wiggly.

The street out in front of the grocery store was quiet with traffic, as it was getting closer to the grocery store to close. To help him, some of the parking lot lights were burnt out.

They saw a young woman push a shopping cart out of the store.

“There’s one,” Jimmy said.

Ricky leaned over the front seat and got closer to Jimmy. “She looks great. Let’s get her,” he replied.

But then they saw a young girl run out of the Piggly Wiggly and up to that woman.

“She has a young girl. She won’t due,” Jimmy said, as even though he was a killer, he did have some standards.

“I thought you liked the young ones?” Ricky said from the back seat.

“She won’t due! Not for tonight!” Jimmy said in a raised voice and looked bothered by Ricky’s question.

Ricky knew he better let Jimmy drive this adventure tonight.

Ten minutes passed.

Angie Dunham, a sexy young blonde walked out of the Piggly Wiggly with a bag of groceries in hand. She wore a blue pattern shirtwaist dress.

She walked over to a red 1964 Mustang.

“There’s our date, little brother,” Jimmy said while he put on his pair of new leather gloves.

Ricky looked and saw Angie. “Nice,” he said and couldn’t wait to get this party started.

Jimmy got out of the car.

Ricky put on his pair of new leather gloves and slid across the front seat and started up the car.

Jimmy walked over to Angie’s Mustang.

“Excuse me. I’m new in town and was wondering where a single guy can have a little fun? Maybe with you?” he said with a warm smile the second he got to her car.

Angie looked apprehensive when she saw his gloves on his hands. “I’m sorry. I can’t help you since I’m engaged,” Angie replied and quickly opened up her car door fearful for her life.

She placed her grocery bag in her back seat.

Jimmy immediately moved in and punched Angie hard in her kidneys. She dropped to her knees in pain and dropped her purse.

He grabbed her hair.

“Ahhh!” she cried out in pain while Jimmy pulled her up to her feet.

He repeatedly slammed her head on the top of the door jam. She was stunned and on the verge of passing out.

A car drove up and stopped by her Mustang, and it was Ricky inside Jimmy’s Ford. He leaned over and opened up the passenger door.

“Hurry up,” Ricky nervously called out while he scanned the area over for any possible witnesses.

Jimmy dragged Angie by her hair over to his car. He lifted her up and threw her in the passenger seat.

He rushed back to her car, picked up her purse and opened it up. He grabbed her car keys and leaned inside her car and stuck them in the ignition. He locked and closed her driver’s door.

While he rushed over to his car, Ricky climbed over the front seat and got in the back seat.

Jimmy hopped inside his car and drove off through the parking lot with nobody witnessing this event.

Ricky looked over the front seat and couldn’t believe his eyes that they finally got a woman.

Jimmy drove out of the parking lot and drove off down the street without any witnesses.

Five minutes had passed and Jimmy successfully drove out of the town of Somerset.

He head down a two-lane road into the country.

Ricky was anxious about their upcoming time alone with Angie.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Jimmy found a secluded dirt road that led into the woods.

Jimmy and Ricky had Angie tied naked to a tree in that secluded area of the woods.

Angie woke up stunned and confused as to what had happened.

Jimmy handed Ricky the new baseball bat Ricky bought two weeks ago. “Well little brother, I want you to have the honor.”

Angie eyes widened the second she realized she was naked and tied to a tree. She realized these two might be that same killer she read about in the newspaper.

Ricky smiled while he walked up to Angie and gripped the bat.

Angie got so scared she peed and it puddle on the ground below.

“Please don’t! I won’t tell anybody if you let me go. I promise!” Angie cried out.

Jimmy saw the puddle of piss on the ground below her crotch. He had her right where he wanted her – scared to death.

“Okay. I won’t tell anybody that we didn’t let you go,” Ricky said with a smart ass tone then swung the bat hard and whacked her bare breasts.

“Ahhh!” Angie screamed.

“Strike one,” Jimmy chuckled.

Ricky swung again and whacked bare breasts again.

“Ahhh!” Angie screamed.

“Strike two,” Jimmy chuckled then he rushed over to the camera while Ricky got in position for another swing.

Jimmy snapped a picture the second Ricky’s bat made contact with Angie’s nose.

She passed out from the pain.

“Take some pictures of me,” Jimmy said.

Jimmy rushed over and Ricky handed him the bat.

Ricky rushed over to the camera while Jimmy got in his batter’s stance. He swung his bat.

Ricky snapped a picture the second Jimmy’s bat whacked Angie across her right temple.

Jimmy swung hard and whacked Angie’s forehead. He swung hard again and whacked Angie’s jaw, and four teeth and blood flew out.

Her teeth landed scattered out in the dirt.

Jimmy dropped the bat to the dirt. He grabbed her head. He twisted her neck until he heard a snap. Her head slumped down.

Jimmy was satisfied she was dead.

“Take one more picture of me then let’s get the hell out of here,” Jimmy told Ricky.

Jimmy posed like a proud hunter next to Angie’s dead body.

“Got it,” Ricky said after he snapped the picture. He rushed over and dropped the camera and tripod into the trunk.

Jimmy rushed over and dropped the bat in his trunk.

“Let’s pick up all of her teeth,” Jimmy ordered.

Ricky and Jimmy quickly searched the dirt for her teeth.

They found four of which Jimmy placed them in his pocket.

He rushed back to his trunk and removed his axle grease. Ricky watched while Jimmy rushed back to Angie and smeared a “3” on her belly.

“What’s that for?” Ricky asked.

“It’s my calling card,” Jimmy replied then he picked up his bat out of the dirt.

Jimmy rushed back to his car and dropped the grease and bat inside the trunk.

“Creative,” said Ricky and looked impressed.

He closed the trunk while Ricky rushed over and grabbed a small tree branch with leaves.

While Jimmy backed the Ford to the dirt road, Ricky wiped away the tire and shoe tracks.

Jimmy slowly drove the Ford down the dirt road while Ricky tagged behind and erased all signs of their short visit in the woods.

Ricky threw the branch into the woods and got inside the car.

Jimmy drove away down the country road.

They drove back to the bar in Holiday Inn in Cedarville.

After Jimmy had everything in the trunk of his new 1965 Galaxie, he locked pinkies with Ricky.

Ricky got in the 64 Ford and drove away.
Jimmy got inside his new 65 Galaxie and drove away.

When Jimmy was forty miles away from the crime scene, he threw Angie's shoes and empty purse out the window along a lonely country road.

But along the way to Artabatian Lake outside Pierce, Mississippi, Jimmy stopped off in a town Mississippi and got his third tattoo to honor this recent event.

Jimmy and Ricky had a great time fishing, camping and talking about their adventure with Angie. They cut this year's trip short because they first went to Georgia.

Their trip was over and Ricky drove away with Jimmy's old Galaxie while Jimmy drove off with his new Galaxie.

Hours had passed and Jimmy returned home and Betty saw that the letters under his skull tattoo now read "A, R, A" and it did not make sense. But she knew that if she asked too many questions, he might slap her. So she rolled her eyes and concentrated on their new 1965 Ford instead.

She went inside the house after she was done admiring their new car.

Jimmy rushed inside the garage with the contents from his trunk. He did his usual routine.

He dumped Angie's clothes, panties, drivers license and the bloody tip of the bat, pictures of Ricky and Jimmy beating Angie, and her teeth in the jar into the chest.

He locked the chest, then rushed up the ladder and stashed it back in his hiding place in the attic.

He went inside the house and rushed Betty off to their bedroom. Thinking about Angie made him horny.

Two days had passed and Robert was summoned to the woods, outside Somerset, Georgia. He learned that two young boys discovered Angie's body still tied naked to that tree.

Carl watched while Robert walked around the crime scene, with Sheriff Jerry Buston. Robert was ready to pull his out hair in frustration of this killer getting away with his horrible crime. His arrogance was not as prevalent as it was last year.

Carl snapped tons of pictures per Robert's instructions.

Thanksgiving arrived and it was the traditional turkey dinner at Jimmy's home with Melvin, Ricky and Emily. It looked like your normal Norman Rockwell Thanksgiving picture of the Nalla family eating their turkey dinner.

Later that night, Jimmy sat alone in his living room and read his new issue of True Detective magazine. He read the article about Angie and felt famous.

He went to bed and got Betty up for a round of sex.

It was now early December.

Jimmy sat in his living room. He watched a rerun of Whirlybirds while he drank a beer and smoked a cigarette. He had a smirk while he occasionally glanced at the envelope on the arm of the couch. It was ready to be mailed to Robert.

Betty entered through the front door and looked depressed. Jimmy discreetly moved the letter out of view and hid it under his thigh. "What did the doctor say?"

"I'm fine. He believes you're the problem. He wants you to come in for some tests so he can verify it," she said while she walked into the kitchen.

Jimmy got pissed with Betty. "I'm not the problem! It's gotta be some part of your body that's fucked up and preventing you from getting knocked up!" he yelled out from the living room.

Betty leaned up against one of the kitchen cabinets and was deeply hurt by his comment.

"I'm going out for a few drinks," Jimmy yelled from the living room.

Betty heard the front door open and slam shut. She broke down and sobbed on the kitchen floor.

Two days after Christmas, Jimmy and Homer had their usual chat. Jimmy learned that Robert Fillert still had no leads on the three murders. Jimmy knew he was doing the right thing and it felt good to get away and become secretly famous.

But before Homer left Boldger to head back to Atlanta, Ricky surprised him by giving he a sweet deal on a 1965 white on white Mustang. It was Jimmy and Ricky's way of thanking Homer for telling them about Robert Fillert. Homer was too stupid to realize what was going on, as all he could think about was this brand new Mustang.

Jimmy and Ricky again had drinks on New Year's Eve to ring in 1965 by getting drunk.

Back to reality...

In Daytona Beach, Sam sat pissed while he highlighted areas of the book that were of extreme interest.

"I wasn't that cocky or arrogant," Sam said while he looked at the book. "Or at least I don't think I was," he added then continued to read.

In Kissimmee, Marty read his book on the living room couch. He still could not get Becky to read it.

Becky sat in the den and watched a video of Allan with everybody on a Disney cruise they took three years ago.

Nancy and Michael watched and remembered very little of that vacation.

In Curtis, Mississippi, Billy was about to blow a gasket while he read the book.

Chapter 12

A Killer's Tale story continued...

It was now February in 1965. It was early in the morning.

In Boldger, Jimmy created another letter to his FBI friend and dropped it off in the mail. He wished he could be in Atlanta there to see the expression on Robert's face.

A few days passed.

The FBI office up in Atlanta was humming with phones ringing and typewriters clacking away on crime reports.

Robert sat at his desk. He was extremely frustrated while he reviewed his case files on Annette Boyer, Rhonda Wilt and Angie Dunham.

Homer sat at his desk and watched while Robert discreetly brought his coffee cup down out of view. He knew Robert was secretly pouring whiskey in his coffee cup. He also knew Robert kept a whiskey flask in his desk drawer because he searched his desk on day when he called in sick.

A female secretary walked up to Homer's desk with some letters in her hand.

“Hey Homer, I love your new Mustang this morning while you parked. It’s nice. Maybe you’ll take me for a ride sometime?” she flirted.

“It would be my pleasure,” Homer replied while he kept an eye on Robert.

“Great, call me anytime,” the secretary said with a warm smile. She headed to Robert’s desk.

She dropped off a letter on Robert’s desk then walked away to deliver the other mail to the other Agents in the area.

Robert took a huge gulp of his whiskey and coffee and glanced at the letter. His eyes widened, as it looked extremely familiar. He quickly tore open the envelope. He read the letter.

"Hey stupid. I killed a girl in the woods 3 miles east of White Falls, Alabama last week. All My love, Fall Slayer," the letter stated in magazine print with hand drawn directions to some woods.

Robert quickly redrew the directions on another piece of paper.

When he was finished, he stashed the letter in his desk drawer on top of the previous taunting letter.

He jumped up from his desk and ran over to Carl’s desk with the directions.

“I got news that the Fall Slayer killed a girl in White Falls, Alabama. Let’s roll,” Robert ordered and was pissed that the killer struck again.

Robert rushed away from his desk.

Carl got up and followed.

Later that afternoon, Robert and Carl summons Sheriff Bobby Rainy and two deputies from White Falls, Alabama, which was twenty-five miles southeast of Boldger, Alabama.

Robert rode with Sheriff Rainy in his squad car while Carl rode in the deputy's cars. They raced down a two-lane country road with their red lights flashing.

Sheriff Rainy followed the directions Robert provided in that letter.

Fifteen minutes later, the cars turned down a dirt road that led to a lake.

Sheriff Rainy stopped his car forty feet down the road. The deputy's car stopped behind them.

Everybody rushed out of the cars and ran into the woods.

After two hours of scouring the woods for a dead body, they came up with empty handed.

They walked back to the cars disappointed.

"Looks like we wasted our time," one of the deputies told his buddy when they arrived at their car.

"Tell me about it. I thought these women were only killed in the fall? It's February," another deputy replied.

Sheriff Rainy looked at Robert and was a little bothered. "I don't believe there's a dead body out here, agent Fillert," Sheriff Rainy said.

Robert was furious. "Can we look some more?" he asked.

“No, it’s going to be dark soon. If we find anything in the future, I’ll immediately give you a call,” Sheriff Rainy replied.

Robert reluctantly walked back to the Sheriff’s car.

The two cars and backed down the dirt road to the two-lane road.

Three days later, Robert sat in a stupor at his desk at his office. He just stared at the Fall Slayer file folders.

The secretary walked up to Robert, dropped a letter on his desk then walked away.

Robert saw the envelope and ran his fingers through his hair in frustration. He knew it came from the scumbag killer. He tore it opened and read the letter.

"Chasing False Leads Dumbass? All my love, Fall Slayer," the letter read with magazine print.

Robert’s blood boiled while he stared at the taunting print. He opened up his desk drawer and placed the letter with the previous two letters. He discreetly grabbed his whiskey flask. When the coast was clear, he quickly poured whiskey into his coffee cup. He hid his flask back in the drawer.

Robert got up and walked over to the coffee pot. He poured another cup of coffee.

Two days later, Jimmy was restless and needed some action, but he did not want to perform this year’s event any sooner.

So he found action in the woods with a young colored girl named Donna. She was only sixteen years

old. He previously agreed to stop this activity, but he couldn't resist the temptation. So he forced his way with Donna while he tricked her into the woods.

"You know what will happen if you tell anybody about this Donna? It's our little secret so don't let your daddy get hung," Jimmy told her with a serious tone.

"Yes Sheriff Nalla. I won't tell a soul. I promise," she said softly while she shook with fear.

"Good girl. Now run along," Jimmy motioned with his hand.

He watched while she stood up naked and slipped on her panties then put on her bra. She slipped on her flowery dress then put on her shoes.

She ran away while her eyes welled up.

Jimmy watched while Donna stopped and barfed by a tree. He chuckled and looked proud.

Then from behind another tree, Ricky stepped out with a camera in his hand.

"Did you get some good pictures?"

"I sure did."

"Good, now I better head on back to the office," he told Ricky while they walked over to his squad car.

Three months later, Jimmy was alone again one Saturday afternoon. Betty went back to Montgomery to visit her sister. So he revisited his chest and looked at his souvenirs from Annette, Rhonda and Angie. He had his new *True Detective* magazine. It had an article about Angie's killing and talked about the kids playing the

woods that found the dead naked body. It also mentioned how FBI agent Robert Fillert was still on the case.

Later that night, he sat naked in his living room chair and masturbated while he read the article about Angie. He ejaculated on the page then closed the magazine. He dropped it into the chest and locked it. He lit a Lucky Strike cigarette and took a drag. He exhaled the smoke and again felt satisfied.

He returned the chest back to its hiding place in his attic.

The fourth of July rolled around again.

Jimmy and Homer had their usual drinking Black Label beer. Jimmy again learned that Robert Fillert was still clueless on the killer being dubbed the Fall Slayer by the media. Jimmy was satisfied that he could press on for his fourth victim.

October finally arrived and Jimmy was anxious to fill up his chest with more souvenirs.

It was early in the morning.

After Betty packed his required items in his suitcase, he kissed her then drove away and tooted his horn.

But this time, Ricky decided he did not want to tag along for the killings. So they agreed to meet at their fishing spot in Mississippi. So Jimmy left two days early and Betty knew better than to question his reasons.

He drove up to Tennessee to find his next victim.

Later that night, Jimmy drove down a two-lane country road twenty miles outside Downing, Tennessee. There was a full Moon out tonight. But he wondered where he would find his next victim, as Downing did not provide many opportunities.

Then a car raced past him in the other direction.

He turned on his radio and the Buck Owens *Leavin' Dirty Tracks* song played on the radio. Jimmy whistled along with the tune while he smoked a Luck Strike.

He soon saw the figure of a woman on the road about twenty feet ahead. "A lonely girl on the road in the middle of the night. How stupid can one be? But this will be great for me, as it's my lucky day!" Jimmy talked to himself.

Jimmy drove closer and saw Sandy Lurcott, a young drop dead gorgeous girl with shoulder length blonde hair and a mole on her upper lip. She was dressed in black Capri pants and a white blouse while she walked on the other side of the road. He looked upset about something.

Jimmy drove down the road another twenty feet then turned his car around.

He drove back and stopped his car by Sandy. He leaned over and rolled down the passenger window.

"Are you okay?" Jimmy asked while he put on a good act that he was concerned.

"Sorta," Sandy said while her eyes welled up a little.

"Would you like a ride back into town? I'm a very good listener," Jimmy offered with a warm smile.

"I don't know," replied Sandy a little nervous of Jimmy.

“Don’t be afraid of me. I’m a sheriff over in Alabama. I’m safe,” Jimmy said. He removed his wallet and showed her his badge.

Sandy looked at his badge and felt comfortable with Jimmy. Then the loud clap of thunder from an approaching storm was heard.

“You’ll be completely soaked if you walk into town. Or possibly struck by lightning,” Jimmy said.

A bolt of lightning fifty feet away changed her mind. She hopped in his car.

She rolled up the window while he drove off down the road.

“So, what has you so upset? If you don’t mind me asking,” he asked with concern in his eyes and a fatherly tone in his voice.

Sandy looked at Jimmy and felt safe with him and felt he would be great listener to her problem. “Well, the evening started off nice with some drinks at Bobby’s Bar with my boyfriend, Burt. Then on the way home, the booze turned him into a jerk again!” she replied really pissed.

“What did he do to act like a jerk?” he asked.

“He tried to force his hand down my pants after I told him I wasn’t in the mood. Then he slapped me a couple of times thinking *that* would put me in the mood. I’m going to dump his ass first thing tomorrow.”

Jimmy reached under his seat and removed a small bottle of whiskey. He opened it up and handed it to Sandy. “Want to forget him for a while?”

Sandy grabbed the bottle and took a swig. She coughed, as she was not a frequent whiskey drinker.

She handed Jimmy the bottle. She cringed at the Buck Owens song on the radio.

“Mind if I change the channel?” she asked.

“Be my guest.”

She changed the channel and stopped when The Beatles song *Day Tripper* just started.

“Got a good reason for taking the easy way out,” Sandy sang along with The Beatles and forgot about her boyfriend for a second.

Jimmy cringed. “Those guys are fucking queer with their long hair,” Jimmy said while he turned off the radio. He took a swig of whiskey then handed her the bottle.

She took another swig and did not cough with this drink.

Jimmy looked at Sandy and got an evil grin while he decided to make his move.

“So, Burt tried to shove his hands down pants?”

“Yeah. Creep!” she said while she looked out her passenger window.

“You mean like this?” Jimmy said then he quickly grabbed her crotch with his right hand.

“Hey!” Sandy yelled out while she grabbed his hand and moved it away. “Let me out!” she cried scared of Jimmy.

“Okay,” Jimmy said while he slowed his car down.

Before she knew what happened, he grabbed the back of her head and slammed her face into his crotch. He rubbed her face into his crotch and loved every second.

His eyes widened in pain. “Shit!” he screamed in pain while she grabbed a hold of his crotch with her teeth. He quickly pulled her off his crotch and threw her up against the passenger door.

“Let me out!” she screamed while she repeatedly slapped Jimmy across his face. His car swerved all over the road while they fought with each other.

Headlights shined through his windshield and a car horn blew.

Jimmy got startled when he saw a car directly in front of him. He panicked and swerved his car back into his lane.

“You almost killed me! You *fucking* idiot!” Sandy screamed.

Jimmy got furious then punched her in her face while he slowed his car down.

He quickly glanced out his rear window and saw the other car was far away down the road. He felt it was safe to proceed.

“*Fucking bastard!*” she yelled out at Jimmy and punched him in his face.

Jimmy whacked her in her throat.

Sandy gasped for air.

Jimmy grabbed her hair and repeatedly smashed her head into the dashboard. She passed out and slouched down in the seat.

Jimmy turned his car around and headed down the road.

Twenty minutes later, Jimmy had Sandy stripped naked and tied to a tree in the woods.

A big boulder about four feet high was ten feet away.

His camera was by the front of his car on the tripod ready to capture this moment.

He heard more thunder in the sky and knew it would probably start raining soon.

Jimmy walked up to Sandy who was groggy and had a splitting headache from having her head pounded on the dashboard.

“So, you like hitting men?” he yelled then swung his bat. He whacked her collarbone and it instantly snapped.

“Ahhhh!” Sandy screamed.

Jimmy swung his bat again and whacked her other collarbone and it instantly snapped.

“Ahhhh!” Sandy screamed in extreme pain.

Jimmy swung his bat and whacked her in her throat to shut her up. It worked as Sandy gasped for air while in pain.

Jimmy swung his bat and whacked her jaw. Teeth and blood flew out. He swung his bat again and a few more teeth and blood flew out when he whacked her jaw again.

He dropped the bat and grabbed her head. He twisted her neck until he heard a snap. He knew she was dead.

He walked around and picked up all her teeth he could find in the dirt. He shoved them in his pocket, and then he picked up his bat.

He rushed back to his trunk and dropped the bat inside. He removed the axle grease from his trunk.

He rushed back to Sandy and ran a streak down her stomach to represent the number “4” as his calling card.

He rushed over to the camera and snapped a picture. He took a few more pictures from different angles.

He then set the timer and rushed over Sandy. The camera snapped a picture and Jimmy looked like a proud hunter who bagged a prize deer.

He rushed over to the camera and tripod and grabbed it.

He rushed the camera and tripod to the rear of the car. He dropped it in the trunk along with the grease. He removed his gloves, dropped them in the trunk and slammed it shut.

He rushed over and got back inside his car.

He moved his car down to the paved road and stopped. He got out and performed his usual cleanup with a small tree branch to erase his tracks.

He quickly got back in his car and drove off with a satisfying smile.

The second Jimmy pulled his car onto the two-lane country road, the sky opened up and it poured.

“Perfect,” said Jimmy with a smiling knowing that the rain would help erase any signs of him being there with Sandy.

He drove off down the street whistling a tune.

When he was thirty miles down the road, he threw her purse and shoes out the window.

The next morning, he met up with Ricky at Artabatian Lake outside Pierce, Mississippi.

Ricky had a new white 1966 Ford Thunderbird with blue interior for Jimmy.

While they fished on the lake, Jimmy told Ricky of his time with Sandy.

Ricky then confessed he raped a white teenage girl on the way to the lake. Her name was Betsy and was from Melford, Mississippi.

Jimmy looked proud of his little brother and they again promised to take their secrets to their graves.

The next day arrived. Billy drove off in the 65 Galaxie while Jimmy drove off with the 66 Thunderbird.

But along the way back to Boldger, Alabama, Jimmy stopped off in another tattoo parlor in another town.

Jimmy drove his new 1966 Ford Thunderbird home and showed it off to Betty.

She loved it.

Then she saw that the letters under his skull tattoo has grown to "A, R, A, and S" and she just accepted his foolishness.

Inside his garage, Jimmy did his same routine of placing Sandy's clothes, teeth, and the bloody tip of the bat into his chest. After he developed the pictures from his camera, he dropped the photos of Sandy and himself, as the proud hunter into the chest and locked it. He hid the wooden chest back up in his attic.

He went inside the house and showed Betty the pictures of Ricky and himself fishing on the lake. She never had a clue what Jimmy actually did before he went fishing.

Two days later, a farmer's hound dog ran off into the woods and he went after him. The farmer found his dog barking at Sandy's dead body tied to the tree. The farmer ran back to his farm house and called the Sheriff.

An hour later, Sheriff Phil Dickson from Downing, Tennessee arrived at the scene with three deputies. The farmer showed them Sandy's body, and they immediately roped off the area. After Sheriff Dickson noticed the number on her belly, he got pissed. He knew that the Fall Slayer was in his neck of the woods.

"Steve," he called out to his deputy.

"Yeah, Sheriff," Steve replied while he walked over.

"Call the office and request they call the FBI office up in Atlanta. I want Agent Robert Fillert down here. I think we have another Fall Slayer victim," he told Steve.

"Yes sir," Steve replied then ran back to his squad car. He sat inside his car and called their dispatcher.

Sheriff Dickson and his other two deputies stared at Sandy. They were furious that some scumbag would do such a horrible crime to a woman close to their quiet town.

Four hours had passed.

A government car drove down the dirt road and parked behind the squad cars.

Sheriff Dickson watched while Robert and Carl got out and walked over to the area.

“I’m agent Robert Fillert,” he said while he flashed his identification badge. “And this is Carl Meyers,” he added while Carl flashed his identification.

They all shook hands.

Robert went under the rope to check out the fourth victim.

“Does anybody know her name?” Robert asked while he walked up to Sandy.

“No sir,” Sheriff Dickson replied.

Robert stopped four feet from Sandy where flies buzzed around her dead flesh. He saw the “4” grease mark on her belly and knew this was the work of the Fall Slayer.

He looked at her face and saw the mole on her upper lip. Something struck him as being familiar with this girl. He reached in his suit pocket and removed a pair of white gloves. After he put them on, he lifted her face by her chin to get a better look. It hit him hard. He looked sick and turned white as a ghost.

He rushed over to that big rock and barfed behind it.

Carl, the Sheriff and the deputies watched while Robert barfed up the rest of his breakfast.

“He’s never done this with the other victims,” Carl said and looked a little concerned.

“I thought about barfing the second I saw her,” Sheriff Dickson said.

The three deputies nodded in agreement, as they've never had such a horrible crime in their peacefully county.

“That scum of a human sure beat the crap out of this poor girl. We couldn't find any identification,” Sheriff Dickson said while they watched Robert sit white as a ghost on the rock.

“Her name is Sandy Lurcott,” Robert told everybody while his eyes welled up.

“Do you know her?” Carl asked.

Robert choked up and fought off from crying. “She’s the sister of my best friend from college,” Robert said then he walked away.

“Oh my God,” Sheriff Dickson said quietly to himself and felt sorry for Sam.

“Take tons of fucking pictures,” Robert yelled at Carl while he headed back to his government car.

Carl snapped tons of pictures.

Inside the government car, Robert’s eyes welled up and he removed a small flask of whiskey from his inside suit pocket. He took a huge swig. All he could think about was finding that killer and snapping his neck like a twig. His body started shaking while all he could think about was Sandy being killed. His blood started to boil thinking about that killer. But he knew the killer was smarter than what he was and might never catch him.

It was quiet while Robert and Carl drove back to their Atlanta office.

Thanksgiving arrived and it was the traditional turkey dinner at the Nalla house with Melvin, Ricky and Emily.

Christmas arrived.

Jimmy and Homer had their usual Christmas Black Label beers at Jimmy's house.

"How's that Fall Slayer case coming along?" Jimmy asked the second Homer sat down on his couch.

Jimmy handed Homer a can of beer.

"Nowhere," said Homer while he opened up his can of beer.

"Oh," said Jimmy while he opened his can of beer but was smiling inside with Homer's response.

Homer's eyes widened the second he remembered something. "Oh yeah, I heard something really interesting about the last victim. Well actually, it's sorta sad for Robert."

"What's that?" asked Jimmy and he was a little worried that maybe Robert had a good lead.

"Well, it appears that this last victim was the sister of a friend of Robert's. How about that?"

"A sister to the friend of Robert?"

"Yeah. He knew the victim. How coincidental is that?"

"Yeah, that is coincidental," replied Jimmy with a smirk then he took a drink of his beer. He realized he was good but not that good.

Jimmy and Homer spent the next hour putting away two more cans of Black Label and chatting about other police stuff.

New Years Eve arrived.

Jimmy and Ricky did their other usual event and had drinks at Hank's Bar and rang in 1966 by getting drunk

Back to reality...

In Daytona Beach, Sam sat in his back porch, while he highlighted some areas of the book that were of extreme interest. His eyes welled up, as this book brought back those memories that haunted him for so many years. Then his blood boiled thinking how that killer taunted him.

In Kissimmee, Marty was so interested in Allan's book that he could not put it down. Becky was more interested in collecting all the loose photos she had of Allan. She wanted to make a special photo album on his life.

In Curtis, Mississippi, Billy was in his office at his Chevy dealership. He was steamed while he read more of Allan's book. He threw it to the floor then stormed over to his wall. He looked at the framed pictures of previous fishing trips, including the ones during the years of the October Slayer. He wanted to strangle his older brother.

He stormed out of his office and went out to the sales department to cool off before he did something stupid.

Chapter 13

A Killer's Tale story continued...

It was now March 1966.

Up in Atlanta, FBI Agent Robert was still cold with any viable leads on finding this killer of now four women.

Then one afternoon in late March, Carl watched Robert from his desk.

Robert stared at Sandy's file folder in between discreet sips of whiskey from his flask.

Homer was at his desk and he also watched Robert.

Homer's phone rang. "Agent Maris," he answered.

"It's me Ricky. How are you liking your new Mustang?" Ricky asked from the phone.

"I love it!"

"Great. I'll see you at Christmas time again," said Rickey.

"Looking forward to it."

"Listen, Jimmy wants to know if that Robert Fillert has a favorite drinking hole."

"Yeah and he's been going there every night for the past month," Homer replied.

"I need the name of the place," Ricky said.

"Why?"

“Don’t worry about it. I’m giving you a Mustang each year and that’ll all you need to know.”

“Oh, okay. He frequents Wet Willie’s,” just outside Hatfield,” Homer responded.

“If you still want these new cars you better not tell a soul about our conversations.”

“Okay, I won’t,” said Homer as he loved the new Mustangs and it was making him a hit with some of the women in the office.

“Great. Now, don’t forget to come to the dealership at Christmas. I’ll have a new red 1967 Mustang waiting with your name on it,” Ricky said then disconnected their call.

Homer looked excited and couldn’t wait for his new car.

Back in Boldger, Jimmy was alone one Wednesday night while Betty played bridge with her girlfriends.

Jimmy revisited his chest and looked at his souvenirs from Annette, Rhonda, Angie, and Sandy. He had his new *True Detective* magazine and it had an article about Sandy’s killing. The article mentioned that the FBI agent, Robert Fillert, on the case personally knew Sandy Lurcott, as she was the sister of his best friend. Jimmy looked happy when he read that bit of news.

Later that night, Jimmy sat naked in his living room chair and masturbated while he reread the article. He loved the fact that this killing was closer to home for

Robert. He ejaculated on the page about Sandy and closed the magazines.

He dropped the magazine into the chest and locked it. He lit a cigarette and took a drag.

He felt satisfied then returned the chest back to its hiding place in his attic.

The following week, Jimmy gave Betty some bullshit story that he had to go up to Atlanta for a conference new advances in law enforcement procedures. She bought his story hook line and sinker.

It was around nine that evening a few nights later, and at Wet Willie's bar in the Atlanta area business was slow. The building stood alone off a country road, and was outlined with red neon lights. A 1966 Ford Thunderbird pulled into the parking lot and parked.

There were only three drinkers inside the bar and one of them was Robert. He drank alone in his suit.

Jimmy entered in a Fedora hat, and he walked to the back of the bar and sat down at a table.

A waitress walked up to him.

"Bourbon and coke, please," Jimmy instantly replied.

She nodded she got his drink order and walked away.

Jimmy glanced down the bar to his left and saw Robert drinking alone. He got a smirk and walked over to him.

Jimmy sat down one bar stool down from Robert.

The waitress walked up and gave Jimmy his drink.

Jimmy took a sip while he glanced at Robert who had five empty glasses in front of him. Robert looked like a sad and pathetic drunk.

“Hey buddy, did you have a rough day?” Jimmy kindly asked Robert and faked he was concerned.

Robert looked glassy eyed over at Jimmy. “It’s been a rough three fucking years,” Robert slurred out his response. Robert gulped down his sixth drink.

Jimmy motioned at the bartender. “His next drink is on me.”

The bartender nodded that he acknowledged.

Robert lifted up his glass at Jimmy. “Thank you my good man.”

Robert gulped down his drink.

A few seconds later, the bartender walked up and placed another drink down in front of Robert.

Robert sipped his drink. “How about joining me?” Robert slurred out while he held up his drink and felt like he wanted some company. He just wanted someone to listen to his sorrows, as the bartender got tired and ignored Robert.

“I wish I could, but I just got a promotion at work and I’m taking my wife out to dinner to celebrate,” Jimmy replied.

Jimmy patted Robert on his back then discreetly dropped a pair of his Army’s Sergeant’s stripes into Robert’s suit pocket. Jimmy was promoted to Staff Sergeant in Army reserves two months ago.

“My name is Jimmy Nalla,” Jimmy whispered near Robert’s ear, but Robert did not hear him. Jimmy patted Robert on his back and headed to the door.

Robert remained in a drunken stupor at the bar and was on the verge of passing out.

Jimmy went home that night and did not have any concerns that Robert would pick up on him being the killer. “He’s too stupid,” chuckled Jimmy while he thought about Robert finding those stripes in his suit coat pocket.

October 1966 took forever to arrive and Jimmy was getting itchy for another adventure. He sensed he would never get caught and could last for years.

This time, Jimmy decided to make it a longer trip to Arkansas.

He drove his Thunderbird into the parking lot of a Piggly Wiggly in the small town of Garrison, Arkansas one night. He waited in his car for his next victim.

Then he saw a blonde female get out of a 1964 Dodge Dart about one hundred feet away.

She walked into the store with her purse in hand.

“She’s my girl,” Jimmy said while he sipped his bottle of Jack Daniels. He put the bottle down and got out of his car.

He rushed over to the Dodge Dart. He opened up the hood and reached inside. He yanked the cable from the

ignition coil to the distributor cap. He closed the hood and rushed back to his car.

Inside his car, he tossed the cable under his seat and waited while he sipped more Jack Daniels.

Twenty minutes later, he watched while the blonde woman walked out of the store with her grocery bag in hand. He noticed she wore a brownish pattern micro mini dress and thought she was extremely sexy.

She walked to her Dodge and got inside. She tried to start her car. It would not start so she tried again, but it still would not start.

She got out and opened up the hood and peeked inside. She knew nothing about engines but for some reason, she felt that if you peeked inside it would magically fix itself.

She got back inside and tried to start it again, but it would not start.

She got back out and walked over and started at the engine.

Jimmy started his car and drove over and parked near her Dodge. He got out and left his engine running.

“Excuse me, are you having car trouble?” he asked while he got out of his car and walked up to her.

The woman looked up at Jimmy and his eyes lit up, as he knew her. It was Fran Schaefer, the girl he had a crush on in high school and played that cruel joke on him.

Jimmy looked her over and she was still sexy but gained a little weight. Then the horrible memories of that day flooded his mind and made his blood boiled.

“Fran Schaefer? Is that you?” he said while he acted cool.

Fran thought for a couple of seconds while she glanced at Jimmy. Then her eyes widen when she remembered.

“Jimmy Nalla? I don’t believe it. What are you doing here in Arkansas?” she replied happy to see someone from her hometown even though she thought he was creepy back in high school.

“I was sitting in my car looking at a road map, as I got lost on my way to Little Rock for some Army Reserve duty. Then I saw you,” he lied through his teeth. “What’s wrong?”

“My car won’t start. It was fine when I went in the store, but now it won’t start now,” she said.

“That’s the way it goes with automobiles. They work one minute then are broke the next,” he said. “Let me take a look,” he added then looked in the engine compartment.

After having his head buried under the hood of her car, Jimmy looked at Fran. “Ah, there’s your trouble, your cable is missing from the distributor cap to the ignition coil,” he said and pointed to the distributor cap.

“How could that be missing when the car was sitting still?” she asked.

“I don’t know,” he replied then faked like he pondered a viable answer. “Maybe it fell out and is underneath the car?” he said then dropped to his knees and

peeked under the car. “Nope, it didn’t fall out,” he said then stood up.

Fran looked worried. “What am I going to do?”

“Why don’t I give you a ride home and you can get it fixed in the morning?” he offered.

“I don’t want to be a bother. I can call a friend,” she replied.

“Oh no, it’s no bother. After I drop you off, I’ll head to Little Rock.”

The sound of thunder filled the air and drops of rain started to fall.

“Let’s hurry before we get soaked,” he said.

Fran ran over with Jimmy to his car and got inside while the clouds poured on them.

Once inside, she looked at his Thunderbird. “You have a beautiful car,” she replied in awe.

“Ricky took over dad’s business and since I didn’t want to join him. So dad said I can get a free car each year for the rest of my life. It’s part of my inheritance,” Jimmy said while he drove out of the parking lot.

“Are you still living in Boldger?” she said while he pulled out onto the street and drove off.

“Yep. And the place hasn’t changed much,” he said then glanced over at Fran. “How do I get to your place?” he added.

“Turn right at the second traffic light,” she replied.

“How long have you been living here in Arkansas?” he asked while he made the right turn at the traffic light.

“I moved here to Arkansas to be with mother but she recently got remarried and moved down to Orlando, Florida. I’m going to move down there in three months,” she replied.

Jimmy thought for a few seconds. “Ah yes, I remember hearing your parents got a divorce,” he said while he turned right at the second traffic light.

While he drove down the street, he reached under his seat and grabbed his whiskey bottle. He opened it and took a swig.

“Would you like a drink?” he offered and held out the bottle.

“No thanks,” she replied.

Jimmy screwed the cap back on the bottle. Then he looked a little mad. “Remember that cruel joke Ralph Johnston, those other guys, gals, and you played on me? Remember how you tricked me into a romantic moment at the lake but left me naked in the woods?”

Fran thought for a few seconds while she recalled her high school days. “I do and I’m so sorry for that day. We were stupid jerks back during high school. I hope you can forgive me,” she said but got a little nervous all of a sudden.

“Sure. We were dumber back in those days,” Jimmy pretended but inside he was still furious. “So, what ever happened to Ralph?”

“We got married after we graduated from high school. He's in the Navy and just left for Vietnam three months ago. We have a little.”

“That’s nice,” Jimmy said interrupting her sentence. “Remember that night we graduated? And you had that party down at the lake.”

Fran thought for a few seconds. “Yeah. But someone played a mean trick on me with daddy’s car.”

“Oh, you mean someone took a shit on the seat?”

Fran looked surprised at Jimmy for knowing. “How did you know?”

Jimmy had a smirk on his face and Fran knew it was his confession.

“Why the fuck would you do that? You’re an asshole!” she said recalling getting home and her daddy being furious that she had shit all over the rear of her jeans when she came into the house.

“I was in love with you and you treated me like shit! My dad beat the hell out of me with a belt for letting a girl get the better of part of me that day!” he yelled out.

Fran looked at Jimmy. She saw the hatred in his eyes, and she got scared.

“Please let out right here. I can walk home,” she said but didn’t finish the sentence because Jimmy tightened his grip on the neck of his whiskey bottle and slammed it into the side of her head.

“What the hell’s wrong with you?” she screamed while she felt the side of her head and saw blood on her fingers after she touched the area the bottle hit.

He slammed the whiskey bottle harder into her temple and it shattered. She got woozy.

She looked shocked at him. “Why are you doing this?” she softly said while she was weak.

“Because I love it,” he replied then punched her hard in her face and broke her nose.

She slumped down in her seat passed out cold.

Thirty minutes later and Jimmy found a secluded area in the woods, ten miles east of Garrison, Arkansas. It was an area that wasn't touched by that small storm. He stripped Fran naked and had her tied to a tree with his bat ready. He wore his new leather gloves and his camera was in position to capture this moment.

Jimmy ran the tip of his bat up and down Fran's naked body. She became conscious and was dazed and confused as to what was happening.

It dawned on her she was tied naked to a tree. She shook in fear when she saw Jimmy with the bat. She knew exactly who he was since she heard about those horrible past events in the news.

“Please let me go. I swear I won't tell a soul,” Fran pleaded.

Jimmy got a smirk on his face. “I don't think so. It's now time for me to leave you naked in the woods,” he said then he swung his bat and whacked her on her right ankle.

“Ahhhh!” she screamed in pain.

He swung hard and whacked her other ankle.

“Ahhh!” she screamed in pain.

He swung the bat hard into her crotch. She silently screamed, as the pain was unbearable.

Jimmy took more batting practice with his bat and whacked her in her throat. She immediately gasped out for air and tried to scream, but was a silent scream.

He whacked her across her jaw and teeth and blood flew out of her mouth.

He used her forehead for batting practice.

He dropped the bat and noticed Fran was on the verge of dying. He grabbed her head. He twisted her head and her neck snapped, and she was dead.

Jimmy picked up the bat and rushed over to his Thunderbird. He dropped the bat inside the opened trunk.

He reached in the trunk and grabbed the axle grease. He walked back to Fran and ran a streak down her stomach to represent the number “5” as his calling card.

He walked over to the camera and snapped a picture. He then took a few more pictures from different angles.

He set the timer on the camera and rushed over Fran. The camera snapped a picture and Jimmy looked like a proud hunter who bagged a prize deer.

He rushed over to the camera and grabbed it.

He rushed the camera and tripod to the rear of the car and dropped it in the trunk along with the grease. He removed his gloves and dropped them in the trunk and slammed it shut.

He secured the area and did his usual technique of erasing all tire and boot tracks in the dirt.

He got back in his car and drove down the road. He got out and completed his technique of erasing all tire tracks down the dirt road.

He got back inside his car and drove off down the paved country road.

While he drove down the road he glanced down at Fran’s clothes, purse and shoes on the passenger

floorboard. He pulled over and stopped his car alongside the road.

He looked inside Fran's purse and removed her driver's license. He saw a picture of a baby girl that looked to be about seven months old.

He shoved them into his pants pocket.

He got out of his car and rushed back to the trunk. He opened it up and dropped her clothes inside then slammed it shut.

He rushed back inside his car and drove off.

When he drove thirty miles from the crime scene, he was about to throw out her shoes, but decided to keep them.

He pulled his car over to the side of the road, got out and opened up the trunk. He dropped her shoes inside and closed it, as he had another use for the shoes. He rushed back and got inside his car.

He drove off and headed back east, to meet up with Ricky for their annual fishing and camping trip.

Then the next day, Jimmy drove to Artabatian Lake outside Pierce.

Ricky met him there with a new 1967 yellow Ford Mustang.

Ricky looked inside the Thunderbird and saw broken glass and blood stains in the passenger seat. "This doesn't look good, big brother," Ricky said and was concerned.

Jimmy pondered a solution while he paced by his new Mustang. Then his eyes lit up with an idea. "Have the car destroyed when you get home," he said.

"Won't doing that to a brand new car raise questions," Ricky said a little concerned.

"Not if someone broke into your lot late one night and damaged it," Jimmy said while he opened up the trunk.

He removed the bat and took batting practice on the fenders and other areas of the car.

Ricky watched while Jimmy beat the Thunderbird.

"I'll come in a few days and we'll fill out a police report," Jimmy said while he continued to beat the car. "We'll say someone vandalized the car while we were fishing," Jimmy said then beat the fenders.

"I like that, now let's go catch some fish," Ricky said.

Days had passed and the annual fishing and camping trip was over for Jimmy and Ricky.

Jimmy was back home and showed off his new 1967 Mustang to Betty.

She loved it.

She saw the letters under his skull tattoo had grown to "A, R, A, S, and F." She just rolled her eyes as that didn't make up a word.

She went inside the house while Jimmy opened up his garage door.

Inside his garage, Jimmy did his same routine of placing Fran's clothes, shoes, teeth, driver's license, the baby girl picture, car engine cable, and the bloody tip of the bat into his chest. After he developed the pictures from his camera, he dropped the photos of Fran and him as a proud hunter into the chest. He locked it.

He hid it back up in his attic.

He went inside the house and showed Betty the pictures of Ricky and himself fishing on the lake.

Later that night, Jimmy could not help but think about Fran while he glanced over at Betty who slept. He closed his eyes and slept like a baby.

Three days later, the Sheriff of Garrison, Arkansas, Edgar Raymond, called the FBI office in Atlanta and informed them that some hikers found a dead woman he believed to be the fifth victim of the Fall Slayer.

They sent Robert and Carl out to Arkansas to look at the dead woman.

Robert and Carl arrived at the scene. Sheriff Raymond and his deputies had it roped off and guarded the area.

Robert looked terrible and he had bags under his eyes from lack of sleep and heavy drinking.

He walked around and looked at Fran's naked and beaten body. Flies buzzed around her dead naked flesh.

“Take some pictures,” he ordered Carl. But this time he had less enthusiasm since he had given up on believing he will find the killer.

“I’ll be in touch if I need anything,” Robert told Sheriff Raymond.

Robert walked back to his government car and sat behind the wheel. He drank from his flask and fumed while Carl snapped pictures and asked Sheriff Raymond some questions.

Two weeks later, Jimmy had the craving to mess with Robert again.

So he drove off one weekend to Parksville, Mississippi. He drove around the town until he found a Piggly Wiggly store.

He parked his Mustang while he searched for his victim. Then he saw a skinny mild mannered man around thirty-five years old get out of a white 1962 Chrysler Valiant.

“He’s perfect,” Jimmy said while he sipped on his bottle of Jack Daniels.

He waited until the man walked into the Piggly Wiggly. He waited until nobody was within sight.

Jimmy moved his car and parked behind the Valiant. He put on his new leather gloves, grabbed a brown paper bag and a lock-opening device.

He got out of his car and rushed over to the trunk of the Valiant. He looked around the parking lot, and nobody was visible. He used the device and unlocked the

trunk. He opened up the trunk and quickly dropped the paper bag into the trunk then quietly closed it.

He rushed back to his car.

He waited inside his car with a smirk.

Then after a few minutes, the man walked out of the Piggly Wiggly with a grocery bag in hand.

The man got in his Valiant and drove out of the parking lot.

Jimmy trailed the Valiant to the man's house.

He drove away and headed back home after he jotted down the address.

Back to reality...

In Daytona Beach, Sam sat in his den in his lazy boy chair in his den and looked stunned while he reviewed the areas of the book he highlighted. "How the hell did he know about that?" Sam said while he highlighted another area and was pissed.

In Kissimmee, Marty was almost finished with his book. He looked at Becky who worked on her tribute photo album to Allan.

"Baby, I think dad has a best seller here," he said while he went back to his book.

She could care less, as the photo album of Allan was more important.

In Curtis, Mississippi, Billy stared out of the window in his den. He had Allan's book in his hand and he looked scared for once in his life.

Chapter 14

A Killer's Tale story continued...

A week had passed.

Up at the Atlanta FBI Field Office, Carl watched while Robert sat at his desk in a stupor and stare at his five case files for the Fall Slayer. Robert would look at a file then discreetly take a swig from his flask.

The phone on Carl's desk rang. "Agent Meyers," he answered.

"Yes sir, I'm from Parksville, Mississippi. I have reason to believe that a man down my street, Alfred Sampson, might be the Fall Slayer," an unknown male voice said from the phone.

Carl jotted down the information. "How do you know he might be the Fall Slayer?" Carl responded.

"Well, he had this brown paper bag in his house the other day when I was over with my wife. I got curious and opened the bag and saw a pair of woman's shoes, dress and the driver's license for a Fran Schaefer inside. I remember reading in our newspaper about the Fall Layer killing a Fran Schaefer in Arkansas last week," the male said.

"What's his address?" Carl asked while he jotted down the other information.

“He lives at eighteen oh four Harvest Lane,” the male replied.

Carl jotted down the name. “Thank you and what is your name so we can contact you if we need more information?” Carl said.

“I’m sorry. I don’t want this sick killer coming after my wife or me. You have what you need,” the male replied then quickly hung up his end of the call.

Carl jumped up from his desk with his notes and rushed over to Robert.

“We got a huge break! I just received a call from someone in Parksville, Mississippi. He saw some evidence in a neighbor’s house that makes him believe his neighbor is the Fall Slayer,” Carl said a little excited.

“What makes you believe this man in Parksville is the killer?” Robert said and showed very little interest, as he’s been burnt before.

“Well the caller said his neighbor had the driver’s license belonging to Fran Schaefer and a pair of woman’s shoes and dress in a brown paper in his house.”

A spark of light shined inside Robert while he thought he was finally going to catch this scumbag killer. “Let’s go arrest that piece of shit,” Robert told Carl while he sprang up from his desk.

They both rushed out of their area to get permission to pay Alfred Sampson a visit.

The next day, it was peaceful on Harvest Lane in Parksville, Mississippi.

A government car, with Robert and Carl inside, and two Parksville squad cars, with Sheriff Raymond and five deputies, raced down the street. Robert pulled his car behind Alfred's Valiant. The two squad cars parked along the curb. Everybody got out and gathered by Robert's car.

"Everybody ready?" he asked.

Sheriff Raymond, Carl, and his deputies nodded they were ready.

They all rushed to the front door of Alfred's home.

Robert pounded on the door. "Open up Sampson," Robert yelled while he gave the door more pounding.

A few seconds had passed and the front door opened and Alfred appeared. His eyes widened with surprise when he saw two men in suits and Sheriff Raymond with five deputies. He got nervous at the sight of these officers, as he was a true wimp.

"Are you Alfred Sampson?" Robert asked while a vein in his neck started to protrude.

Alfred nodded in agreement while he started to tremble with a gut feeling this was not going to be a good situation.

Robert reached in his suit coat and removed a piece of paper. "This hereby authorizes me to search your house," Robert said then handed Alfred the paper.

He saw it was a search warrant. "Search my house? For what?" Alfred said, as he was about to piss his pants.

Robert barged into Alfred's house at the same time he grabbed Alfred's arm.

Inside Alfred's home, he threw him on the couch. "Watch this scumbag," Robert ordered one of the deputies.

The deputy stood guard while Robert, Carl, Sheriff Raymond and the four other deputies searched Alfred's house.

Alfred's eyes welled up as he was scared to death, and did not have a clue what they wanted.

An hour later, Robert, Carl, Sheriff Raymond and the four deputies came up empty handed. Alfred's home looked like a tornado went through all the rooms.

Robert stormed over to Alfred who sat on the couch. He grabbed him by his shirt and pulled him upright.

"Where is the evidence?" Robert yelled at Alfred with his face red with anger.

Alfred trembled in fear. "What evidence?" he asked completely confused.

"You know what evidence!" Robert yelled back. His eyes widened with an idea. He shoved a hand into Alfred's pants and removed his car keys.

He threw Alfred back down on the couch. "Come with me," he told Sheriff Raymond and one of his deputies.

They followed Robert to the front door and went outside.

They walked over to Alfred's Valiant and Robert and opened the trunk. He looked inside and saw a brown paper bag. He smiled while he reached in his suit pocket

and removed some white gloves. He put them on then reached in the trunk and removed the bag. He opened it up and saw a pair of woman's shoes, a dress and a driver's license for Fran Schafer.

"I found gold!" he said with a huge grin and showed Sheriff Raymond the contents of the bag. "Let's arrest the bastard."

They all walked back to Alfred's house and during this time, Robert started to think about Angie's dead beaten body. His blood boiled by the time he reached the front door.

Alfred sat scared to death on the couch while he waited.

Robert stormed inside the house with that paper bag in hand. Sheriff Raymond and the other deputy followed.

Robert had fire in his eyes when he stormed up to Alfred.

"Here's the evidence I need to send you to the electric chair for killing those five girls," Robert said while he showed Alfred the inside of the bag.

Alfred looked confused when he saw the bag. "That's not mine! I've never seen that bag before," Alfred said while he trembled in fear.

"Bullshit!" Robert yelled while he picked Alfred up by his shirt. "You're the Fall Slayer!" Robert screamed in Alfred's face.

"The Fall Slayer?" Alfred replied scared to death. "No, I never killed anybody in my life," Alfred said while he trembled and peed his pants.

His vivid memory of Angie flashed again in his mind. "Bullshit!" Robert screamed then he threw Alfred across the room.

Alfred slammed hard into his television set knocking it on the floor.

Robert ran over and picked Alfred up and punched him in his stomach. When Alfred bent over in pain, then Robert he punched him in his face. That punch sent Alfred into the air and landed six feet away.

Robert lunged after Alfred but Carl tackled Robert to the floor. Robert fought to free himself so he can whip Alfred's ass.

Two deputies joined Carl and they eventually handcuffed Robert.

Sheriff Raymond walked over and got Alfred up on his feet. "You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed to you. Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?"

Alfred eyes welled up. "But I didn't kill that girl or any other girl! I swear!" Alfred cried out then busted into tears.

"That's for the courts to decide," Sheriff Raymond said then he escorted Alfred out of the house with another deputy.

Robert calmed down then he busted into tears happy he finally found the Fall Slayer.

It was two days later in the Atlanta FBI office, Robert was happier and even whistled while he walked around.

Howard Grayson, Robert's boss, stepped out of his office. He walked into the office area and looked serious.

"Fillert!" I want you in my office now!" Howard called with a pissed tone. He turned around and headed back into his office.

Carl and the other agents looked at Howard and knew Robert was in trouble. They watched while Robert got up from his desk and walked to Howard's office.

Carl and the other agents got up and gingerly walked over to Howard's office.

Inside Howard's office, he was furious while he sat behind his desk.

Robert sat in a chair at the front of the desk.

Howard tapped his pencil on his desk while he stared at Robert. "I got a call from Sheriff Raymond from Parksville, Mississippi," he said while he tapped his pencil again.

"How's that scumbag Sampson doing in jail?" Robert said with a satisfied smile.

Howard slammed his pencil down. "They determined that he's not the killer!" Howard yelled out while the veins in his neck popped out.

Robert looked shocked. "Of course he's the killer. We found some of the Schaefer girl's items in the trunk of his car."

"Well, it appears Alfred Sampson had a valid alibi. He was living in Dundee, Washington during the time of

all the murders. He just moved to Parksville four weeks ago,” Howard replied.

“In Washington? No, that can’t be true,” said Robert totally confused and started to feel like he lost his mind.

“And it appears his father is the Chief of Police of Dundee. He vouched for his son,” Howard added.

Robert looked like his world just caved in. “But, he had evidence in his trunk.”

Howard opened up his top desk drawer and removed a piece of paper. “The Sheriff of Parksville mailed this to me,” he said then handed Robert the letter.

“Hey Agent Robert Dumbass, I Set-up Some Poor Slob For You. Love, Fall Slayer,” the taunting letter stated in magazine print.

Robert sat there stunned while he read the letter for a second time.

“And now, we’re looking at a possible law suit because you beat up Mister Sampson,” Howard said and got pissed. “What the hell is wrong with you?” Howard yelled.

Robert was speechless while he stared at the fire in Howard’s eyes.

“You’re being transferred to the Phoenix office. I want you as far away from the south as I can get you. And hopefully Mister Sampson will cool off and won’t sue the agency. Get the hell out of my office!” Howard said.

Outside his office, Carl, Homer, and the other agents eavesdropped. They quickly ran the second they heard the door to Howard's office open and closed.

Robert moped out of his office with a stunned look. He moped back to his desk. He started to pack up his belongings.

"What happened?" Carl asked from across the room.

"I'm being transferred to Phoenix," Robert said pissed.

Carl felt somewhat sorry for Robert knowing that a friend of his was a victim to the Fall Slayer.

That night, Homer called Jimmy from home.

"Hello."

"Jimmy, it's me Homer. Listen, I have some news for you," he said from the phone.

"What's that?" asked Jimmy and started to get worried that maybe Robert had a good lead.

"Robert Fillert's off the case. He's being transferred to our office in Phoenix."

"Really?" said Jimmy and he was surprised. "What happened?"

Homer told Jimmy the whole Alfred Sampson story.

Jimmy smiled and knew his trick worked in his favor. He was still in the clear.

For the next week, Jimmy schemed another plan and this one would be different and make a positive change in his life.

Two weeks had passed and Jimmy came up with a bullshit story that he had to go away for a long weekend. It was Army Reserve duty and he couldn't tell Betty of his destination. She didn't want to ask questions so she accepted his story.

The long weekend was over.

Inside Jimmy's house, Betty made dinner in the kitchen, as she expected home to be home any second.

"I'm home!" Jimmy called out from the living room after he entered the house.

Betty walked out of the kitchen.

She entered the living room and her eyes widened with surprise. She saw Jimmy, in his Army fatigues with Sergeant First Class stripes. He had a baby girl around nine months old in his arms.

"What are you doing with a baby?" she asked a little concerned.

"Well, honey, we talked about adopting since we can't conceive any children. And with my connections and daddy's connections, I was able to adopt this beautiful baby girl," he said with a proud smile then gave the baby a kiss on her forehead.

"You adopted a baby girl?" she asked a little stunned.

Betty walked up and looked at the girl with motherly eyes. "I can't believe you pulled this adoption off. I know we talked about it, but I can't believe it," she said while her eyes welled up with joy.

“Like I said, daddy and Ricky helped with their connections. But, we must never tell Wendy the truth, as doing so, will ruin it for her,” Jimmy said.

“Wendy? Her name is Wendy?”

“Yes, her parents died in a horrible fiery car crash up in Kentucky,” Jimmy lied.

“Poor baby,” Betty said and took Wendy away from Jimmy’s arms. She kissed Wendy on her forehead.

“Don’t worry honey, we’ll be the best parents in the world and will always love you,” she said while her eyes welled up.

“I have some adoption papers I need you to sign. Then I’ll run it back to the adoption agency tomorrow,” he said.

Betty really did not hear Jimmy since she was too busy being a loving mother.

Years passed and it was 1970.

Jimmy sat Betty down on the couch and he looked serious.

“Listen honey, I volunteered to go on active duty and I’m being sent to Vietnam,” he said.

“Vietnam? But men are getting killed over in Vietnam!” she said with fear in her voice.

“Don’t worry, I won’t be in the jungles. I’ll be in Saigon assigned as an MP,” he said to make her feel better.

It did not make her feel any better and she cried inside.

A week passed and there was a stack of 2x4 lumber and some drywall in his garage. Jimmy entered and wore work clothes and looked ready to work on his project before he headed off to Vietnam.

A week later, and Jimmy had his duffel bag packed and he was in his Army uniform. He waited in the living room for Betty.

"I'm ready," he called out to Betty who was in the kitchen with Wendy, now four years old.

Betty entered the living room with Wendy trailing along. Her eyes welled up when she saw Jimmy in his uniform and his duffel bag. "Jimmy, when you're in Vietnam, could you kill a Vietnamese? I mean, they also have family," she said with a worried look.

"Sometimes you have to do what you feel's right. But, I don't I want to kill," he told Betty then kissed her on her lips. He gave Wendy a kiss on her forehead.

A car blew its horn outside their house.

"I'm going to miss you, daddy," Wendy said while she ran up to Jimmy who bent down and hugged her.

"Be a good girl for mommy," he told her then kissed her forehead.

"I will, daddy." Wendy replied with a warm smile.

Jimmy stood up and grabbed his duffel bag.

Betty and Wendy eyes filled with tears while they watched Jimmy leave through the front door.

Jimmy got inside the taxi cab and it drove away.

Jimmy took a taxi cab to the Greyhound station in Boldger.

He boarded a bus and headed to Columbus, Georgia.

Once the bus he arrived at the Greyhound station in Columbus, he got a taxi and headed off to Fort Benning to meet with other soldiers bound for Vietnam.

From Fort Benning, Jimmy and his fellow soldiers boarded a DC-8 jet. The jet took off and flew to McCord AFB.

At McCord AFB in Washington, Jimmy boarded a Seaboard Airlines stretched DC-8 jet with two hundred and seventy other soldiers all bound for Vietnam. A few of these soldiers were actually on their second tour of that war. The DC-8 took off the runway of McCord AFB and headed to Vietnam.

The flight of that DC-8 had short refueling stops in Anchorage, Alaska, Japan, Okinawa and finally landed in Cam Rahn Air Base, South Vietnam twenty-three hours later.

Jimmy was now going to experience war but his experience was not the horror so many other soldiers would experience. Jimmy was an MP in Siagon, so all he had to experience was soldiers who went off the deep end and committed crimes, sold drugs, or got into fights at the bars.

Four months after he arrived in Siagon Jimmy was strolling the streets late one night. He was off duty and in civilian clothes.

He walked down the street then made a left turn down a back alley. He was heading to the known entrance of a Siagon brothel frequented by many soldiers. Jimmy often checked out the brothel for any Army soldier that might be dealing in drugs.

Down the alley was the entrance to a strip club.

A black soldier in Khaki uniform walked out of the bar and appeared to sway a little from being drunk.

Jimmy walked down to check out the soldier.

Once Jimmy got close to the soldier something appeared familiar with him. It was his nostrils. The left one was smaller than the right nostril. While Jimmy tried to figure out why that was so familiar to him, he glanced down at the name tag on his uniform. It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him. "Sampson," he said recalling this soldier from back in nineteen forty-eight. "Joey Sampson," he said.

"Here," said Joey while he swayed at Jimmy. "Do I know you?" he said while he squinted to get Jimmy into focus.

"Yes you do. Nineteen forty-eight. Boldger, Alabama. My name is Jimmy Nalla."

Joey Sampson swayed while he looked at Jimmy. It took a few seconds then his eyes lit up recalling that time back in forty-eight. "Fuck."

Before Joey could get his rubbery legs to move away from Jimmy, he felt a sharp pain in his stomach. He glanced down and saw Jimmy had shoved a switch blade knife in his stomach. Joey looked up a Jimmy's eyes that were lit with fury. While he started to sink down to his

knees, he felt the sharp blade of Jimmy's knife slice through his neck.

Jimmy watched while Joey dropped to his knees with a blank stare of disbelief in his eyes.

Joey dropped to his side and curled up in the fetal position.

Jimmy watched while a puddle of blood started to flow out of Joey's neck onto the alley pavement. He panicked and looked over his shoulder to make sure nobody saw him. The coast was clear again for Jimmy.

Jimmy stared down at Joey Sampson's dead body for a few seconds.

He rushed away down the other side of the alley.

When Jimmy went to duty the next morning, he got word about the dead black soldier found in the alley last night. His superior officer assigned Jimmy the case of locating the killer.

Of course, this would be one case in Siagon that Jimmy would never solve. He had his superior believing that the killer got away with murder that night.

After his tour of duty in Vietnam, Jimmy returned home to Boldger. He quit the Army Reserves and lived a quiet life as the town Sheriff and while he raised his daughter.

He never took another life again.

So here you have it. The tale of the Fall Slayer killer named Jimmy Nalla. But would FBI Agent Robert Fillert finally catch Jimmy or would Jimmy's secret life go with him to his grave?

Only time will tell. That FBI Agent might find me but only if he gains an additional ounce of a gray matter. And hopefully that additional ounce of gray matter will make him dig a little deeper.

Chapter 15

Curtis, Mississippi had dramatically changed since the 1960s. The Ku Klux Klan no longer set terror into the hearts of the African-American community. The streets of the town were once all dirt but are now paved. It's a peaceful community where everybody gets along.

The Stein Chevrolet had grown into a thriving business with Billy at the helm. He even moved his used car lot to a larger site on the other side of town.

It was the middle of September, and Billy sat in his office behind his desk. He glared at the *A Killer's Tale* book that lay on his desk. He looked at the cover that had pictures of five gravesites. He looked over at the wall of the framed pictures of Allan and his annual fishing trips over the past forty-five years. The wall was covered from floor to ceiling with those fond memories.

Billy glanced back at the book and his blood boiled. He got up and paced around his office with his book in hand. He walked over to his windows and stared out into his lot of new Chevrolets.

His phone on his desk buzzed, and he ignored it. His phone buzzed again. He ignored it.

A few seconds had passed and there was a knock on his closed office door.

The door opened and Judy Williams, an older African American woman who was Billy's secretary, entered his office.

"Mister Stein, your accountant's on line three," she said while she saw him staring out his window.

Billy glared at her. "Like I said earlier, I don't want to speak to him. Can't you listen to orders? I should fire your black ass," Billy yelled.

Judy rolled her eyes and left his office then closed the door. She got accustomed to his temper flare-ups.

Billy threw Allan's book across the room. He stared out his window and looked worried.

In Daytona Beach, Sam read the last page to A Killer's Tale while he relaxed on back porch.

He looked out at his small back yard for a second to rest his eyes. He could hear the traffic on A1A and the sound of the waves of the Atlantic Ocean.

He looked back at the book and wondered if he should pursue the idea that kept on popping in his head.

He got up and went inside his house. He walked inside his den.

He walked up to his desk and opened up the bottom drawer. He removed a bundle of old files and set them on his desk.

They were the case files for the five girls killed by the October Slayer. Sam has not looked at these files since he was in Phoenix. He kept them tucked away for the past ten years. He looked at the case files then looked at Allan's book. He was afraid of unleashing that demon.

He got up and paced around the room while he glanced at the book and case files on his desk. He paced around while he wondered if he should press on with his idea or should he forget about it forever.

He walked back to his desk and sat down.

This bastard must be caught! He thought to himself while he opened up another drawer and removed a pad of paper and pen.

He made a “Fall Slayer” column and an “October Slayer” column on a piece of paper.

He opened up the book and flipped through the pages. Then under the “Fall Slayer” column, he wrote “1962 – Annette Boyer, 1963 – Rhonda Wilt, 1964 – Angie Dunham, 1965 – Sandy Lurcott, and 1966 – Fran Schaefer.”

He looked at the labels of the five folders, then under the “October Slayer” column, he wrote “1962 – Rhonda Moore, 1963 - Fran Adams, 1964 – Sandy Yoder, 1965 – Angie Gardner, and 1966 – Annette Watson.”

“The author used the girls real first names with different years,” he said to himself while he compared the two columns.

He opened up another drawer and removed a cigar box. He opened the box. It contained all kinds of small items, that were mostly junk. He rummaged through the junk and removed two Army Warrant officer bars. “How the hell did that author know about this?” Sam asked himself while he looked the bars over.

He heard his front door open and close, and he knew it could only be one person.

“Sam, where are you?” Cindy yelled from the living room.

“I’m in my den, honey,” he replied then set the Warrant officer bars on his desk.

Cindy entered the den. She walked up to Sam and gave him a kiss on his forehead.

“I hate to sound like a broken record, but when are you going to get an alarm system for you house? Anybody could pick your lock and slip inside,” Cindy said.

“I’ve lived over seventy years without an alarm system. I’ll be fine,” Sam replied while he looked at the case files.

She glanced at Sam’s desk. “What are those folders?” she asked while she picked up one of the folders.

Sam took it out of her hands. “It’s a copy of the case files on the girls that were killed by the October Slayer. They have some pretty graphic pictures inside.”

It dawned on her when she glanced back at the case files. “Why Sam? Do you want those nightmares to return?” she scolded him.

“But Cindy, that book had information that only the killer and myself knew,” he said while he held up the book.

“Like what?”

“Like the night I went out to a bar called Cooters and vaguely remember some guy chatting with me. I never knew his name and don’t remember what he looked like, since I was so drunk. Anyway, a few days later, I found

these in the pocket of my suit jacket,” he said then showed her the Army Warrant officer bars.

“I’m not following you,” she replied a little confused.

“This book described the killer coming up to the FBI agent in a bar and talked with him. When the killer left, he whispered his name and dropped some Army insignia into the agent’s suit pocket. The agent was too damn drunk to realize the killer was within his reach,” Sam said pissed off with himself. “I know believe that same thing happened to me,” he said and now realized that killer was actually within his reach.

“That’s too bad but it happened a long time ago, can’t you let it go? After all, you’re retired,” she said.

Sam looked at the book and case files. “No, I believe this author might have evidence he didn’t publish. Evidence that might finally identify this killer, or maybe he knew who the killer was, and,” Sam said convinced he was correct.

“Forty years has passed and the killer is probably dead by now,” Cindy interrupted.

“That’s always possible. But I’m thinking he’s still alive,” Sam said with a tone of confidence.

“You need to drop this tonight,” she said and walked away. “We’re leaving in ten minutes for dinner,” she said when she left the room.

Sam looked at the case files and the book. He looked determined while he got up and walked out of the room.

They drove away and headed to a nice Italian restaurant.

In Kissimmee, Marty read the last chapter of A Killer's Tale. Becky watched TV in the living room.

The phone rang from the kitchen. Becky glanced over at Marty to see if he would get up to answer the phone. He was too involved in the book and was not about to budge.

She got up and walked out of the living room.

She went into the kitchen and picked up the phone. "Becky," she answered the call.

"I'm tired of waiting!" Billy yelled from the phone.

"I want that lien removed so I can sell his house!"

Becky snapped back pissed.

"I won't remove that lien until you let me go through it. He has something he wants me to have."

"No!" Becky yelled then slammed down the phone.

She stormed out of the kitchen.

She stormed back into the living room. She sat down on the couch. Marty was still too involved with the book to hear her conversation from the kitchen.

"What a creepy jerk!" Becky cried out while she fumed.

Marty looked over at Becky and got concerned.

"What's the matter?"

"That was Uncle Billy on the phone bugging me about Dad's house."

Marty looked curiously at his book. He flipped back through some chapters and stopped at a page. "You know, dad's book had the killer hiding evidence in a wooden chest. He also hid it in the attic of his garage," Marty said while he held up the book.

“So what?” Becky said but thinking of Billy had her blood boiling. Then she thought for a few seconds. Her eyes widened when she recalled a memory. “Wait, I remember on day when I was around five years old,” Becky said.

Becky’s childhood memory...

After Allan returned home from Vietnam, he was still stationed in Fort Benning. He lived in a neighborhood off South Lumpkin Road in Columbus, Georgia.

It was one cool day in March and Becky was almost six years old. Her mother, Beverly, spent the week with her sister in Memphis and left Becky alone with Alan.

Allan fell asleep on the couch. This gave Becky the opportunity to explore the house. She got curious and decided to go inside the garage. “Too many things to hurt you in there my dear,” Allan would tell young Becky.

But today, her curiosity was too strong to resist that day. She went inside the garage since Allan forgot to lock the door.

When she got inside, she was impressed with all the fancy tools Allan hung on the wall. She walked up to the work bench and looked it over.

At the bottom shelf was an old wooden chest. The chest got her curiosity peaked. She dragged it out from underneath the bench. Allan removed the chest from the attic because he was going to find a new hiding place. He

had a spot picked out but it required traveling to another state.

Beck opened the chest and immediately saw a brown dress inside on top of some clothes. She pulled it out and quickly got dressed in it. She strutted around the garage pretending she was a grown woman.

The door to the garage from the kitchen opened and Allan stormed in worried. He had woken up and panicked when he could not find Becky in the house. He saw her in the dress and got furious.

He stormed over to Becky and quickly removed the dress off her little body. “Never, and I mean never come inside my garage!” he scolder her then gave Becky’s butt a few hard whacks.

“I’m sorry, daddy!” Becky cried.

He grabbed Becky by her arms. “You must never tell Mommy you found this dress. It’s a Christmas present for her,” Allan said with a raised tone.

Becky looked scared while Allan shoved the dress back in the chest and locked it. He placed the chest back under the bench.

He grabbed Becky by her hand and marched her out of the garage. He closed and locked the door.

Back to reality...

“After that day, I never saw that chest again,” Becky said.

“Did your mother get that dress for Christmas?” Marty asked.

Becky thought for a few seconds. "I really don't remember," she said. "It's no big deal. It was just a dress and a stupid wooden chest. Dad was right in punishing me. I knew the garage was off limits. Plus it sounds like dad used that memory to jazz up his story," she said then got a chill. "Maybe the dress belonged to Uncle Billy? He was a huge pervert. Maybe that's how he spent his Saturday nights?" she added.

Marty looked curiously at his book. "The story didn't mention a guy dressing up like a woman."

Nancy and Michael rushed into the living room.

"Mommy, can we see the movie, Chicken Little?" Michael asked all excited.

"You promised," Nancy reminded them.

Becky looked at Marty. "If daddy can bear a few hours away from his precious book," she said while she looked at Marty.

"Of course," Marty said then placed his book on the coffee table.

Nancy and Michael jumped for joy while they all walked out of the living room.

An hour later, Sam and Cindy returned to his house from a nice dinner. After they spent some time alone watching TV, he walked Cindy out to her car. He gave her a quick kiss on the lips then watched her drive off down the street.

He rushed back inside his house.

Sam rushed into this den and quickly sat down at his desk. He opened up the drawer with the case files and removed a folder. He opened up the folder and removed three letters. He opened up the A Killer's Tale book to a page.

He opened up the first letter and looked at it.

"Sam – You're Too Stupid To Catch Me. All My Love, The October Slayer," it read in magazine print.

He compared it to the story about the first letter in the book. "It's exactly the same," Sam said. He got mad while he recalled that day in his office when he received the taunting letter.

Sam opened up the second letter and looked at it.

"Hey Stupid. I Killed A Girl In The Woods 3 Miles East of White Falls, Alabama Last Week. All My Love, October Slayer," it read in magazine print.

"Bastard!" Sam said while he compared the letter to what was stated in the book.

He opened up the third letter and looked at it.

"Chasing False Leads Dumbass? All My Love, The October Slayer," it read with magazine print.

"How the hell did the author of this book know about these three letters?" Sam asked himself while he stared at the letters mentioned in the book.

He looked at back of A Killer's Tale and read the short author's bio. "He was an Army CID agent. That's interesting," Sam said while he got up and paced around the den. This story started eating away at him.

In Curtis, Mississippi, Billy paced around his den with a glass of whiskey on the rocks. He looked those pictures of Allan and himself on the wall.

He walked up to a picture of them when they were in high school. "If you were alive right now, I would snap your neck," he cursed at the picture.

He walked over to his bar. He freshened up his drink and filled the glass with more whiskey.

His cell phone rang on the bar. He looked at the viewfinder. "What do you want?" he answered the call. Billy paced around the room while he listened to the caller. "I don't know why Allan wrote it," he said then paced while he listened to the caller. "Why the fuck should I give you more money?" he replied pissed off. "I don't know if Sam Woods is still around. Can't you find out?" he said then sipped some whiskey while he listened to the caller. "He's probably too old to do anything now days," he said while he paced and listened to the caller. "Well find out and call me," he replied and sipped some more whiskey. "I'll think about paying you again," Billy replied then ended the call.

He walked over to his bar and set his cell phone down. He looked at it and decided to make one more attempt.

In Kissimmee, Becky was in bed while she read a romantic book called *Only Time* while Marty had his head buried in *A Killer's Tale*.

The phone on the bedside table rang. Becky kept her eyes on her book while she picked up the phone.

“Becky,” she answered while she continued to read her story.

“If you let me go through Allan's house, I'll pay you five thousand dollars and then I'll remove the lien. I'll also stay out of your life forever. Promise!” Billy quickly blurted out on the phone.

Becky slammed the phone down, which startled Marty.

“What was that about?”

“Uncle Billy again. I don't care if I never sell the house and I don't want his money. I'll never let him get his way!”

Becky put her book away. She turned off her light and rolled to her side and closed her eyes.

Marty looked curiously at his book while thought a about Billy's persistence with getting into Allan's house.

Chapter 16

Sam got up early this morning and grabbed a cup of coffee from the kitchen.

He rushed into his den with something he had to get started on right away.

He sat down at his desk and took a drink of coffee. He set the cup down on the top of his desk then opened up his middle drawer.

He removed a small photo album and opened it up. He flipped through a few pages of photos.

He glanced at a picture of Gary Gardner, and himself when they were young men back in 1951. Angie Gardner took the picture of Gary and Sam while they posed at the construction of a new home. Gary and Sam were best friends in Auburn. Gary's father gave the boys summer jobs at his construction site. This was the first summer Angie met Sam. She was thirteen years old and took a liking to Sam. She wanted to marry him in the worst way.

He flipped to another page in his photo album.

He saw a picture of Gary, Sam and Angie, with a mole on her upper lip, taken at the beach in Pensacola, Florida in 1954. It was the summer after the two guys graduated from college. They decided to party a little before Sam started with the FBI and before Gary started work with his father's construction company. Angie still

liked Sam but decided she did not want to marry him since she had her first boyfriend.

He flipped to another page in his photo album.

It was 1959 and Sam married Vicky Hanson. Gary took a picture of Sam while he slow danced with Angie, who was ready to graduate from college.

Sam's eyes welled up while he looked at those pictures. They brought back so many fond memories.

He looked back at the October Slayer case files that were piled in a stack on his desk. He thumbed through them and looked at the file for Angie Gardner. He hesitated while he stared at the "Angie Gardner – October Slayer Victim #4" label. This was hard for Sam to do, but he opened up the folder.

The first item he saw was a picture of Angie, tied naked to a tree and severely beaten with a blunt object.

While Sam stared at the photo of Angie, bad memories again flooded his head. "How the hell did Allan know that I knew Angie?" Sam said quietly to himself. "How?" he said out loud.

Sam's memory of that miserable day in October 1965...

Sam drove his black 1963 Chevy Bel-Air government car. He followed a Sheriff's 1960 Ford Galaxie car down a two-lane road.

The Sheriff's car turned right at a Lake Downing sign, which ended up on a dirt road. They were fifteen miles west from Downing, Tennessee in the middle of nowhere.

Sam, in his standard dark suit, got out of his car with Joel Nelson his partner. They followed Sheriff Jay Rollins to a crime scene that was roped off in the wee hours of the dark morning. Three deputies guarded the area during the whole night.

“Two teenagers were out here necking last night and found her body. After we saw the number four smeared with grease on her belly, we knew the October Slayer struck again. We’re saddened to think it happened in our neck of the woods,” Sheriff Rollins told Sam while he escorted him to the scene.

They saw a dead young blonde woman tied naked to a tree. Her body was severely beaten with a blunt object. Her forehead was crushed, and her nose was smashed. Her jaw was smashed, and both of her kneecaps were smashed. Hundreds of flies buzzed around her dead flesh.

Sam saw the grease-smeared number on Angie’s belly, the signature for the October Slayer.

Off about fifteen feet from the tree was a huge boulder about four feet high and six feet long.

Sam and Joel went under the crime scene tape and walked over to the dead woman. Joel wore his white gloves then he searched the area for any evidence.

Sam wore his white gloves while he checked her out.

Then his eyes widened with shock with he saw the mole on her upper lip.

“We haven’t identified her since all of her belongings are missing,” Sheriff Rollins told Sam who stared in disbelief at the dead woman.

“Her name is Angie Gardner,” Sam said while his eyes filled with tears.

“How do you know that?” Joel asked while he searched the ground.

“She’s the sister of my best friend from college,” Sam said then he looked sick and turned white as a ghost. He ran over to that boulder and vomited behind it. Sheriff Rollins and his three deputies felt sorry for Sam.

Joel walked over to Sam. “You okay?”

“I’m going to the car. Take lots of photos and make fucking sure you find some evidence,” Sam said while he rushed off to their government car.

Joel watched while Sam got behind the wheel of their car where he discreetly sipped on his whiskey flask. Joel understood Sam’s feeling then he scoured the dirt for some evidence.

Joel found a front tooth in the dirt, and he picked it up and dropped it in an evidence bag.

Joel walked over to Angie and checked the inside of her mouth and found most of her teeth were missing. He looked back at their government car and knew Sam was crying.

He continued to search the dirt and found a few more of Angie’s teeth.

Three days later, Sam drove his government car down from Atlanta down to Mobile, Alabama. He pulled into the driveway of his friend’s house, Gary Gardner. He got out of his car.

The walk to the front door was the longest walk in his life. He knocked on the door. A few seconds later, the door opened and Gary appeared.

Gary's eyes lit up with joy with seeing his old college friend. "Sam! What a wonderful surprise!" Gary cried out. Then he noticed Sam's stone cold serious face. "What's wrong buddy?"

"It's Angie," Sam quietly said then hesitated, as he started to shake inside. "We need to talk," he added while he stared at the bottom of the door.

"Angie? Is she okay?" Gary asked while his stomach got nervous.

Sam's eyes welled up when he looked at Gary's eyes.

Gary let Sam in the house and he broke the bad news that Angie was killed. He watched while his best friend dropped to his knees and sobbed.

"I swear, Gary. I'm going to catch this scumbag and I don't care if it takes me the rest of my life. I promise!" Sam told Gary while he left his house.

Back to reality...

Sam stared at a picture of four of Angie's teeth Joel found during his search. These were teeth he remembered that gleamed when she smiled at Sam. His eyes welled up while he stared at the photo.

Cindy entered his den and walked over to Sam. He turned around when he heard her footsteps.

She noticed his eyes and sad look. "What's the matter honey?" she asked while she stroked his cheek.

“This book brought back memories about Angie's death.”

“You shouldn't have read it,” Cindy said with a concerning tone.

“I had to. I can let it go. If you knew Angie, you would feel the same,” Sam said while he looked back at her case file.

“It's over Sam. Too many years have passed to catch the killer now.”

“No! It's never too late to catch a killer. This book has clues. Now that Peter's been transferred to the Tampa office, I'll going to pay him a visit. Maybe he can get the bureau to reopen the case,” Sam said and looked confident Peter would get that in work ASAP.

“If that makes you feel better, then you should,” she said then gave him a kiss on his cheek. “I'll give you a call tomorrow,” she added.

Sam watched while she walked out of the room.

He quickly returned to the book and the case files. He jotted down some notes for his meeting with Peter.

Sam spent the next three hours jotting down notes. His eyelids started to slowly droop. He yawned then he got up and got ready for bed.

Fifteen minutes later, Sam was sound asleep, but thoughts about Allan's book and the October Slayer case files ran through his mind. He started tossed and turned in bed while his nightmare started.

In Sam's nightmare...

Sam prowled through some woods at night in the Deep South. There was another full Moon and that provided light to navigate without bumping into a tree. But Sam still used a flashlight while he searched the woods. He looked worried to death while he illuminated the trees.

His flashlight found a horrible sight.

Tied to a tree was his best friend's sister, Angie. She was naked and her head slumped down. She was dead and had been there for a week. Flies buzzed around her smelly rotting flesh. He looked at her gray clammy lifeless body.

Sam's eyes welled up the second he saw her. He slowly walked up to her and kept her body illuminated with his flashlight. His eyes welled up when he saw her beaten body. "I'm sorry, Angie!" Sam told her while he reached out and touched her cold cheek.

Angie's eyes suddenly opened. She gave Sam a blank zombie stare. "Why Sam?" Angie asked in a sad tone.

"Please forgive me!" Sam called out while he grieved her death.

She gave Sam a warm toothless smile. Then she gave him a blank lifeless stare. She screamed a blood-curdling scream that echoed throughout the woods.

Sam jumped back scared to death and waited for her next move.

Her eyes fill with tears. "Why didn't you catch him Sam? It hurt so very much. I can't rest until you catch

him. You have to get my killer. You owe me! You promised Gary you would catch my killer,” Angie cried out then she sobbed. She immediately stopped and stared like a zombie at Sam. Her head dropped down and she remained motionless. Her skin slowly dissolved along with her organs. He was nothing but a skeleton tied to the tree.

Back to reality...

Sam bolted up from the bed in a sweat. “I’m so sorry Angie!” he screamed. He looked around his bedroom in a daze.

He sat up on the edge of his bed and ran his hands through his hair in frustration. He reached over at the bedside table and went to grab something. He was on autopilot when he went to reach for a whiskey bottle. But one has not been on his bedside table since he left Phoenix.

Sam lay back on the bed and silently prayed his nightmare wouldn’t return.

It was the next morning through out America.

In Curtis, Mississippi, Billy sat in his kitchen while he drank he morning coffee. He stared at A Killer’s Tale and pondered his next move. He started to look concerned. He grabbed his pack of Marlboro cigarettes, removed one and lit it. Billy smoked while he pondered the situation Allan’s book now created.

His phone in the kitchen rang. It startled him and he jumped a mile.

He walked over and grabbed the phone. "Hello," he answered. He listened to the caller. "Daytona Beach, Florida?" he asked. He listened to the caller. "Great, he hasn't moved," he said then he listened to the caller. "Okay, come to my office and I'll pay you," Billy said then hung up his phone.

He walked over and sat back down. He looked at his information and wondered if Sam would be a real threat.

In Daytona Beach, Sam got up early. He got ready for his trip to Tampa.

He went into his den and opened up his address book. He found the number he needed then made a call with his cell phone.

"Special Agent Peter Bronson. How may I help you?" Peter answered the call.

"Hey Peter, it's me, Sam Woods."

"Hey Sam! What's it been? Five years?"

"Yeah, I believe it has."

"Are you calling me to do some fishing again?"

"Actually, I wanted to come by your office to have a chat," Sam said.

"I would love that. When?" Peter replied excited to see his old friend again.

"I was thinking of driving over now," Sam replied.

"Today? I don't see why not. I have a light schedule. No meetings."

"Good, I should be there in a couple of hours."

“What’s so important that you need to come right away?” Peter asked a little concerned.

“You’ll have to wait. So I’ll see you in a couple of hours,” Sam replied.

“Okay, I’ll be waiting.”

In Kissimmee, Becky, Marty and the kids sat at the kitchen table while they ate breakfast.

“I need to start packing up dad’s stuff and clean his house,” Becky told Marty.

“I’ll help,” Marty said.

Becky smiled at his offer.

His eyes widened with an idea. “We could have a garage sale if you want to get rid of some of his stuff,” he suggested.

“That’s a good idea, or we could donate it to Goodwill,” she added.

“I like that,” Marty said.

“Maybe you can see if that cabinet has toys inside?” Nancy asked curiously.

“Yeah, more toys!” Michael cried out all excited.

Becky and Marty chuckled over the kid’s excitement with the cabinet.

“I’ll tell you what, if I find any toys in grandpa’s cabinet, I’ll bring them home,” Becky offered them.

Nancy and Michael smiled in anticipation of some new toys.

Later that day, Sam made the hectic drive in his Toyota Camry through the maze of aggressive drivers down Interstate I-4 to Tampa.

He finally arrived at the FBI office on West Gray Street. He parked his car, got out then rushed to the building with the book and a file folder in his hand.

Sam walked up to Peter's office, with Alan's book and file folder. He knocked on the wall near the opened door.

Peter glanced up from his desk full of paperwork. He saw Sam standing in his doorway with a huge grin.

"Hey Sam! It's good to see you again," Peter said while he got up from his desk and walked to his door.

They shook hands happy to see each other again.

"I was surprised to get your call. So what's so important that you had to drive across the state?" Peter said while he escorted Sam to the empty chair in front of his desk.

"Well, there was this new book that came out called A Killer's Tale," Sam said while he handed the book to Peter. "I read it and I believe it contains clues to finally identifying the October Slayer," Sam said while Peter looked the book over.

"What makes you believe this book has clues?" Peter said while he flipped through the pages and saw some Sam's yellow highlighted sections.

"The book had the killer dropping some Army sergeant stripes into the FBI agent's pocket, while the agent was stinking drunk at a bar. I drank heavily when I

couldn't catch the killer. I found these bars in my suit pocket the next morning after drinking at Cooters bar. They're Army Warrant Officers bars" Sam said while he removed the Army Warrant officer's bars from his pocket and set them on Peter's desk.

"Do you think the killer was in the Army?" Peter asked while he picked up the bars and checked them out.

"I'm thinking he might have found out who the killer was and decided to make a few bucks. Or, he's protecting a fellow Army buddy," Sam said.

Peter looked inside the back flap and read Allan's biography. "Well he was apparently Army CID," Peter said then looked the book over. "Or it could be his version of what happened."

"That's possible. But nobody else knew about those Warrant officer bars but the killer and myself," he said then reached in his folder and removed the three letters written with magazine print. "These were sent to me while I was on the case. I never told a soul about these letters. And now this book mentioned these letters, pretty much word for word," Sam said while he handed Peter the letters.

"Are you sure you didn't mention this to someone at the Atlanta office back in the sixties?" Peter asked while he checked out the letters.

"I'm positive!"

"Your theory sounds interesting," Peter said while he handed Sam his letters back. He looked at the book. "I heard this book sounded like the October Slayer, so it

doesn't surprise me you're here in my office," Peter said while he handed the book back to Sam.

"I knew you would agree, therefore, I think the FBI should reopen the case and start with the author," Sam said.

Peter thought about his suggestion. "I guess I shouldn't be surprised at your request. But I'm sorry a fiction book might not be a strong enough reason. Plus don't they put some statement that this is fiction and any connection to real life is coincidental?"

Sam looked extremely disappointed. "They do, but you have to try Peter! You have to! I feel it in my gut," Sam pleaded.

Peter thought for a second while he looked at Sam's pleading eyes. "Okay. I'll run it up the chain of command and see if they'll agree."

"Thank you Peter. I appreciate that and call me, if I can provide assistance," Sam said while he shoved the letters back in his folder and the Warrant officer bars back into his pocket.

"I will," Peter said while he got up and walked over to Sam.

"We need to get together and do some fishing. Do you still have your boat?" Peter asked while he walked Sam to the door.

"I sure do and I would love that," Sam while they shook hands.

"I won't be able to talk to my boss until tomorrow morning," Peter said.

"Tomorrow will be good," Sam said.

Peter nodded in agreement he watched while Sam walked away.

All during the drive back up I-4 amongst the aggressive drivers, Sam knew once the FBI reopened the case, they would find the killer. After all, the crime solving technology available today makes solving crimes easier than what was available in the 1960s.

Chapter 17

Sam slept like a baby and his nightmares did not return.

Sam woke up in the morning and was perky knowing Peter would pull through with his request.

Sam waited on his back porch and drank his morning coffee. His cordless phone was on the table by his side.

He would occasionally glance at the phone waiting for Peter's call.

Two hours later, and Sam looked worried since Peter has not called with the news they would reopen the case.

An hour later, Sam was on his fifth cup of coffee.

"Sam, where are you?" Cindy called from the front foyer.

"I'm on the back porch," he yelled out then sipped his coffee.

Cindy entered the back porch. "Hey, I'm having a slow day, so do you want to go out to lunch? My treat."

"I'm waiting on an important phone call," he replied while he looked at his phone and silently prayed it would ring.

"You have thirty minutes, then I'm leaving without you," she said then walked back inside.

A few minutes later, Cindy reentered the porch with a cup of coffee. She sat down on the chair next to Sam.

“What’s with the important call?” she asked then sipped her coffee.

“I visited Peter Bronson at the Tampa office,” he said.

“Oh, that’s right. I forgot,” she replied then sipped her coffee. “How did the meeting go?”

“He’s going to ask his superiors to reopen the October Slayer case,” Sam replied and got a little worried Peter was taking so long to call.

“That would be nice,” Cindy replied but she could really care less about an old murder case.

Sam’s cordless phone rang, and he quickly grabbed it. “Sam,” he answered.

“Hey Sam, it’s me,” Peter responded from the phone. Sam looked excited that his call finally came.

“Listen, I tried, but the guys up at the top won’t reopen the case based on a fiction book and a few items you believe came from the killer. They want more proof,” Peter said with a tone that indicated he was sorry.

“More proof? Just have some agents talk to the author of the book. That might get them some more proof,” Sam snapped back a little pissed.

Cindy noticed and looked concerned.

“They believe the author just fictionalized the real case. Sorry, Sam. They won’t budge on this one. Catching terrorists is their main concern and not some old unsolved murder case,” Peter replied from the phone.

Sam looked extremely disappointed but not yet defeated. "I understand and thanks for trying."

"Sorry buddy, but I'm still up for some fishing," Peter replied.

"Sure, how about tomorrow if you're available?" Sam offered but still had the October Slayer on his mind.

"I believe I can do that. I'll give you a call later to confirm," Peter said.

Sam put the phone away on the table by his chair.

"That didn't sound like good news," Cindy said in a comforting tone.

"The FBI won't reopen the case based on a book. They want better evidence," Sam said then stood up and paced around his porch while he pondered. "Damn, I promised Gary back in sixty-five, I would find the killer of his sister. I let him down," he added while his guilt feeling become stronger.

"Well certainly he isn't holding you to it from the grave," she said in an attempt to make him feel better.

"Maybe this author probably didn't know he found important clues. Maybe I can talk with him and he'll tell me where he got that information. Since he's retired Army CID, he wouldn't mind talking to a retired FBI agent," Sam said and his eyes lit up with a little excitement thinking about doing a little investigating again.

Cindy looked concerned with Sam. "I really don't think that's a good idea. I really, really don't."

“I’ll just spend a day talking with the author and get some more information. Then maybe Peter can get them to reopen the case,” he said and looked satisfied.

“Ok, but don’t let it interfere with our trip to North Carolina in a couple of weeks. I’m really looking forward to seeing the Biltmore Estates,” she said worried that Sam would get too hung up on this killer.

“I won’t honey. I promise,” Sam replied.

She looked at her watch. “We better head out to the restaurant for lunch,” she said.

They left the porch and Sam locked up his house.

The drive to the restaurant, off of International Speedway near the Daytona racetrack, was quiet. Sam’s mind was on Allan’s book and his strong desire to learn how the author knew about the officer bars and letters.

Fifteen minutes later, their lunch arrived and they started eating.

“I was thinking we could go to the movies tonight. I would love to see the Wedding Crashers,” Cindy said.

“Ah, sure,” Sam replied but was not paying attention. But when he heard the word movies, his eyes lit up with an idea. “Excuse me, I need to make an important call,” Sam quickly blurted out then got up from the table.

Cindy was a little hurt while she watched Sam rush out of the dining area.

He went outside the restaurant.

Outside the restaurant, Sam quickly made a phone call on his cell phone. He paced up and down the sidewalk.

“George Williamson,” he answered.

“George, it’s me, Sam Woods,” Sam said.

“Sam! How are you? What has it been, two years?”

George asked all excited about hearing from Sam.

“I believe it has. Listen, I need some help.”

“Are you okay?” George replied with an air of concern.

“Oh yeah, there’s this book that just came out.”

“A Killer’s Tale. I figured you would read it and realized it’s about that killer from the sixties,” George quickly responded.

“Yeah, it’s about the book.”

“How can I help?”

“Do you know anybody from Keystone Publishing Company?” Sam asked.

“No, but I have a good friend that’s a literary agent. Why?”

“I need to talk to the author of A Killer’s Tale. His name is Allan Stein and I need his address.”

“I’ll see what I can come up with,” George said.

“Great, I really appreciate it.”

“I’m now curious. Why do you need to talk to the author of that book?”

“His book had details that nobody but the killer and myself knew.”

“Wow. That’s interesting. What kind of details?” George asked, as his curiosity was peaked.

“In the book, the killer dropped some Army stripes into the FBI agent’s suit pocket when he was drunk at a bar. I got drunk at a bar and found some Army Warrant officers bars in my suit pocket,” Sam told him.

“That’s interesting,” George replied.

“Then the killer in the book sent the FBI agent some taunting letters. The same thing happened to me and the letters in the book were word for word with the letters I received. I never told a soul about the letters or bars.”

“That’s really bizarre,” George said. “I’ll do my best to get you the address of this Allan Stein,” George said with a serious tone.

“Thanks buddy.”

“No sweat, I’ll call you as soon as I find out something,” George said.

Sam closed his cell phone and walked back into the restaurant.

Sam walked back to the table.

“What was so important?”

“I called a friend out in Hollywood,” Sam replied.

“Trying to get an acting job?” Cindy replied jokingly.

“No, I’m trying to get the address of the author of that book,” Sam said knowing he should not lie to Cindy.

Cindy looked irritated with Sam. “I’ve should have known.”

“It’s something I really have to do. I can’t let this go.”

Cindy was quiet for a few seconds. “Okay, but you better not let it interfere with some of our plans.”

“I won’t. I promise.”

Sam’s cell phone rang. Cindy got bothered.

“Sorry honey,” Sam said while he thought George already found Allan’s address. “Hey George,” he quickly answered without verifying the caller from the viewfinder.

“It’s me, Peter,” he said from Sam’s cell phone.

“Hey Peter.”

“Still up for some fishing tomorrow? I’m taking the day off,” Peter said from the cell phone.

“Sure.”

“I’ll call you in the morning when I’m leaving Tampa.”

“Sounds great,” Sam replied then closed his cell phone.

He noticed that Cindy was upset. “It’s Peter from Tampa. He’s coming over here tomorrow and we’re going fishing,” Sam told her to put her at ease.

“Oh,” she said and felt better.

But it remained quiet during the remainder of their lunch. Sam had that book and the October Slayer on his mind while Cindy was worried about him getting involved would start the drinking with the nightmares.

The next day, Peter drove over to Daytona Beach. He and got Sam’s Wellcraft boat into the Halifax River. Sam had a cooler with bottles of Coke for him and a six-pack of Budweiser’s for Peter.

Sam drove out into the river and dropped anchor. They soon had their lines in the water and drinks opened.

“It feels so good to relax,” Peter said while he kicked back.

Sam smiled in agreement while he kicked back and relaxed.

“I’m sorry the boys upstairs won’t reopen the case,” Peter said while he sipped on his Budweiser.

“Oh well, that’s the way it goes,” Sam replied and wanted to say something else but his cell phone rang. He looked at the viewfinder. “Excuse me,” he told Peter. “Hey there,” Sam answered the call.

“I have the address you need and you’re in luck,” George Williamson answered from the cell phone.

“Good, can you text it to me?”

“In work my friend,” George replied.

Sam waited a few seconds and his cell phone buzzed. He looked at his inbox and saw a text message from George. He opened it up. “Allan’s address is forty nine eighty four Kent Avenue, St Cloud, Florida. How convenient!” George’s text stated.

“Thanks,” Sam typed as a reply. He shoved his cell phone into his pants pocket with a smirk.

Peter glanced at Sam and his gut told him that he was up to something. He wondered for a few seconds then his eyes lit up when it dawned on him. “Are you doing your own investigation?”

Sam looked at Peter and knew he could not bullshit him. “Ah, yeah,” he said with guilt written all over his face.

“I should have known.”

“I tried to get the FBI to help. But they’re not interested. What do you expect me to do? I just can’t sit by and let a killer get away from those horrible crimes,” Sam said with a determined tone.

“You better be careful. After all, you’re not allowed to go shooting people now that you’re retired,” Peter said with a tone of authority. Then Peter looked concerned.

“You’re not going to carry a gun, are you?”

“I have a gun, but I’m not going to take it with me. I promise!”

“Good, now I’m worried you’ll start drinking again. After all, that’s why you got transferred to Phoenix.”

“Don’t worry. I haven’t had a drink since I retired and don’t plan on starting up again.”

“Well, I’ll pray you don’t,” Peter said then he got a nibble on his line. “I got one!” he cried out. Peter fought with the fish and finally won. He reeled in a nice redbfish.

They quickly put the fish on ice, and then relaxed while the boat rocked to the waves of the river.

“I bought that book. A Killer’s Tale, and I started to read it,” Peter said.

“It’s about time,” Sam replied while he opened up a fresh bottle of Coke.

“I read the part where the young boy beat that redneck with a baseball bat to save his brother’s life,” Peter said.

“Sounds like the killer started out young,” Sam said.

“Sounds like the killer did it to save his younger brother’s life. Then maybe he liked the feeling,” Peter replied.

“Sounds plausible, but that doesn’t justify killing all those girls,” Sam.

“I know,” Peter said then put his fishing pole away. “Listen, I don’t think I can be of much help if you’re working on your own, but if you find some good evidence, then I’ll push it forward,” Peter said.

“That’s fair,” Sam replied. Then he thought for a few seconds. “There is one small little favor I need from you,” Sam said while he put his fishing pole away.

“What’s that?” Peter asked a little leery.

“I need the address of a Joel Nelson. He was my partner during the investigation of the October Slayer.”

“Joel Nelson,” Peter said while he reached back in his memory to see if he ever met the man. “I’ve never heard of him. How can he help?”

“Well, when you read farther in the book, you’ll find out. I think I might have a bone to pick with good old Joel.”

“Why’s that?” Peter curiously asked.

“The book has him talking with another agent about the case that FBI agent was working on.”

“Don’t believe everything you read, but I’ll see what I can find out,” Peter replied with a promising tone.

Sam smiled. “Let’s head back to shore,” Sam said then pulled up the anchor and started up the boat.

He drove the boat back to the loading dock and was chomping at the bit to start his investigation.

Chapter 18

Sam rose out of bed the next morning ready to act like an FBI agent again. In fact, he missed the thrill of the hunt for criminals and he was not going to let this one to stay hidden again.

After a shower and breakfast, he dressed in a suit like he did during his FBI days. He grabbed a small note pad and pen and shoved them in his suit pocket. He strutted out his front door.

Sam used his GPS and drove down Interstate I-4 toward Orlando.

Later that morning, Sam arrived at Allan's house and parked his car behind Becky's Sienna. He got out of his car and noticed the front yard was freshly mowed.

He heard a lawnmower in the backyard while he walked to the front door. He stood on the front stoop and his heart raced a little in anticipation of meeting Allan. He had this gut feeling he would leave with some good evidence.

Inside Allan's living room were a few boxes filled with some of Allan's clothes. They were ready to be dropped off at Goodwill later in the day. Becky and Marty spent the whole morning cleaning Allan's house.

She dropped Nancy and Michal off at her parent's home in St. Petersburg for a week so they wouldn't get in the way.

The doorbell rang, and it was quiet inside the house. The doorbell rang again.

Becky walked into the living room and wore cleaning gloves and had a rag in hand. She walked to the front door and opened it.

Outside stood Sam. "Hello. I'm Sam Woods, a retired FBI agent from Daytona Beach, may I speak to Allan Stein please?"

Becky looked at little worried with his sudden and strange request. "May I ask why?"

"I need to ask him some important questions about his book, *A Killer's Tale*."

"I'm Becky Adams, Allan's daughter, and I think that might be impossible. My father passed away from cancer just before the book was published," Becky said while a tear ran down her cheek.

Sam's eyebrows furrowed. "I'm sorry to hear about your loss. But it's important that I talk with you."

A Ford Crown Victoria drove slowly past the house. Inside that car was old lady Meredith Grayson who eyed Allan's house with interest. She was a bit of a snoop of the neighborhood.

Becky hesitated. "I'm sorry, but you're a complete stranger," she said and started to close the door.

Sam quickly removed his wallet and showed his retired FBI identification card and Florida driver's license. "I'm really a retired FBI agent," he said. "And I really need to talk with you," he added with pleading eyes.

She glanced at his card and felt he wasn't a threat and telling the truth. "Please come inside, Mister Woods," Becky offered, as she was now a little curious with Sam's interest in her father's book.

Sam stepped inside the house and followed Becky to the couch where they sat down.

"Would you like something to drink? Some tea? A beer?"

"Tea would be nice, as the drive down from Daytona made me thirsty."

Becky smiled while she got up from the couch.

Sam watched while she walked out of the room and headed to the kitchen.

"When did you retire from the FBI?" Becky said from the kitchen.

"I retired ten years ago after a forty year career," he said while he scanned the living room. He saw some old family pictures with Allan, Marty, Becky, Beverly and the kids that hung on the wall across from the couch.

He got up and walked over to the pictures.

He looked at them and studied Allan. He removed his note pad and pen from his suit pocket.

"Now, why would a retired FBI agent drive all the way from Daytona Beach to talk with my father about his book?" Becky asked while she walked into the room with two glasses of tea.

Sam still looked at the pictures on the wall. "Is that Allan?" he asked while Becky placed the glasses on the coffee table.

“Yes, it was taken ten years ago before mom passed away,” Becky said while she sat down on the couch.

Sam walked over Becky and sat down on the couch. He looked at the two glasses of tea. “Thank you,” he said and grabbed the glass closer to him.

Becky smiled while Sam took a drink of tea.

“Back in the sixties, I was the FBI agent on the October Slayer case and didn't catch the killer. So years later, your father's book comes along with facts that only the killer and myself knew,” Sam said while he set his glass back on the table.

Becky looked concerned with Sam. “What are you implying?”

“Your father might have unknowingly dug up information that could lead me to the killer's identity. I would like to know the people he consulted with, so I can talk with them.”

Becky looked uneasy with where this was heading. “I really don't know how I can help.”

“His book mentioned a wooden chest the killer used to hide evidence. I would like to know where he discovered that information. So, would it be possible to go through his old files on his computer? Or maybe his desk?”

Becky got extremely uncomfortable with his requests. “Listen! I'm trying to cope with his passing. Dad was a career Army criminal investigator. If he discovered the identity of October Slayer killer, he'd be in jail right now. So I think it's best if you leave,” Becky said while her temper flared up.

Sam wrote down his home and cell phone numbers on a piece of paper on his note pad. He ripped off the paper and handed it to her. "Thank you for your time. Please call me if you run across anything strange."

Becky walked Sam to the door and opened it.

Sam looked at Becky with sadness in his eyes. "It's really important that I find out who your father talked with for his book. It's especially important to me. So I hope you change your mind," he said when he stepped outside of the house.

"I'll think about it."

Sam gave her a little thank you smile then walked away to his car. He was extremely disappointed.

Becky closed the door then she rushed over to the living room curtains. She peeked outside to make sure Sam got in his car and left.

Marty walked into the living room, sweaty and dirty with grass stained sneakers. He saw Becky peeking out the curtains. "Who came to the house?" he asked while he wiped the sweat off his forehead with the bottom of his tee shirt.

"Some retired FBI agent, who thinks dad's book revealed clues to a killer he couldn't catch back in the sixties. He wanted to look through Dad's computer and desk."

"A retired FBI agent, that's interesting," he said while she watched Sam drive away down the street. "Wait, did you say a killer he couldn't catch in the sixties?"

“Yeah. He said he was a FBI agent that tried to catch the October Slayer,” she said while she closed the curtains.

Marty looked impressed. “Wow, he’s the real FBI agent, Robert Fillert, from your dad’s book,” he said. “Are you going to let him?”

“Are you kidding? I don't want some ex-cop ferreting around dad's personal items. Dad used his Army experience to fictionalize that old Slayer case,” she said still peeking out the curtain to make sure Sam didn’t return. “Besides, I'm sure a lot of those facts were from Internet websites. You know, dad just played detective with his own theories,” she said then looked down at Marty’s shoes. “Take those shoes off, I just vacuumed the carpet,” she scolded him when she saw the grass stains.

Marty quickly removed his shoes and held them in his hand.

Becky walked over and picked up the two tea glasses off the coffee table.

She walked away. Marty followed.

“We’ll need to go to Home Depot and buy some bolt cutters for the pad lock to that cabinet,” Marty said while they walked out of the living room and headed to the kitchen.

“Let’s wait, I found a bunch of keys in dad’s computer desk,” Becky said and set the two tea glasses in the sink. “Go get cleaned up for dinner, she said while she walked out of the kitchen.

The front door bell rang again.

“What the hell does he want now?” Becky said irritated.

Marty watched while she stormed to the front door. She opened it up and was about to give Sam a piece of her mind. But she saw Meredith Grayson standing outside on the front stoop.

“Hello, I’m Meredith Grayson, I live behind Allan’s house. I believe you’re his daughter? I’ve seen pictures of you before,” she said with a sweet tone.

“Ah, yes, I remember dad mentioning you,” Becky said and felt like a fool for almost cussing out this sweet old lady.

“I just wanted to say that I’m sorry for the passing of Allan. He was always nice to me,” Meredith said.

“Well thank you.”

“If you need anything, like I said, I’m at the house behind your father’s,” Meredith said then smiled and walked to her car parked in their driveway.

Becky closed the door. “What a sweet lady,” she said while she walked away through the living room.

Marty followed Becky while she walked into the kitchen.

Sam drove his car down I-4. He was nervous being amongst all the drivers who insisted on driving fifteen miles over the speed limit to get to their destinations quicker.

Sam was disappointed that Allan had passed away meaning he lost his key player into discovering the October Slayer. But he was still determined to press on

with his own investigation. While he pondered his next move, his eyes widened with an idea. He opened up his cell phone and broke one of his rules while on the road, he made a cell phone call while driving.

“Hey Sam. Two phone calls within one week. I’m honored,” George said answering the call.

“George, I need one more favor,” Sam replied.

“Sounds like our old FBI days,” George replied with a chuckle.

“I know. Listen, can you get me the name and address of Allan Stein's editor?” Sam asked.

“Didn’t you talk to Allan?”

“No, he apparently died just before the book was published.”

“I wonder why my contact didn’t tell me that, oh well. I’ll see what I can do. I’ll call you later,” George said then disconnected his end of the phone call.

Sam closed his cell phone and Allan’s book filled his thoughts for the remainder of his drive home.

Later that day, Sam sat at his computer desk.

On the wall behind it, hung a new map of the United States that Sam bought from Office Dept on the way back from St. Cloud.

Sam had a pin stuck in the five areas where the October Slayer murdered the girls. A pin with 1962 flag stuck in Oak Hill, Alabama for Rhonda Moore. A pin with 1963 flag stuck in Biloxi, Mississippi for Fran Adams. A pin with 1964 flag stuck in Somerset, Georgia for Sandy Yoder. A pin with 1965 flag stuck in Downing,

Tennessee for Angie Gardner. And the last pin with 1966 stuck in Garrison, Arkansas for Annette Watson.

Sam sat at his desk and stared at the map in deep thought, while he sipped his cup of coffee.

“Sam, where are you?” Cindy called from the hallway after she entered the house.

“I’m in my den.”

Cindy entered and walked over to Sam.

She saw the map on the wall and rolled her eyes. “How did your the meeting with that author go?”

“It didn’t. He apparently died of cancer just before the book was published,” Sam said with a disappointed tone.

“What’s your plans now?” she asked but knew the answer.

“I guess I’ll have to clean the rust off my detective skills,” he said while he sipped more of his coffee.

“Want me to get some navel jelly from the garage?” she jokingly replied.

Sam chuckled. “I might need some.”

She looked at his coffee cup. “A cup of coffee would be nice right now.”

“There’s a fresh pot in the kitchen,” Sam replied.

She walked out of the den.

Sam’s cell phone rang. He opened it up and saw the caller from the viewfinder. “Hey George,” he answered.

“I found Allan’s editor. His name is Rodney Burnstein and his office is at thirty two ninety eight Jumper Avenue in Jacksonville. His phone number is five, five, five, nine, eight oh two.”

Sam jotted down Rodney's address and phone number. "Thanks George. I'll pay him a visit."

"Holler if you need anything else."

"I will and thanks again," Sam said then disconnected the call. He quickly punched in Rodney's phone number, and waited a few seconds.

"Keystone Publishing. Rodney Burnstein," he answered the call.

"Yes Mister Burnstein. I'm Sam Woods a retired FBI agent. I was wondering if I could come up to your office from Daytona Beach. I need to talk about Allan Stein's book, A Killer's Tale."

"A retired FBI agent? Why do you want to talk with me?" Rodney replied a little concerned.

"It's best we wait until I see you in your office. I tried to talk with Mister Stein, but he apparently passed away according to his daughter."

There was a few seconds of silence. "Okay. Can you be up here at ten tomorrow morning?" Rodney responded.

"Ten tomorrow morning will be great. I'll see you then," Sam said then disconnected his phone call.

Sam sipped his coffee while he looked at the map. Then his eyes fell on Charles' picture on the wall, and he got another idea. He picked up his cell phone and punched in another number.

"Snap to attention General Woods!" Sam barked out like a Drill Instructor.

"Dad! Good to hear from you. Why the call at work?" Charles replied from the phone.

"Charles, I need a huge, I mean huge favor."

“You need money?” Charles replied with a chuckle.

“No. But, I remember a certain son always begging for some in college.”

Charles chuckled from the cell phone. “Those days are long gone. So, how’s it going?”

“It’s going good. Listen, I need some information,” Sam said.

“What kind?”

“I need some information on a retired Army officer, named Allan Stein. I’m really interested in where he was stationed during the time from ninety sixty-one through ninety sixty-eight. He was also Army CID.”

“Why do you need information on him?” Charles curiously asked.

Sam hesitated while he pondered if he should tell the truth. “I’m looking into that old October Slayer case.”

There was a few seconds of silence from the cell phone. “Dad, does this have to do with the book that came out, A Killer’s Tale? Some folks around the Pentagon have been talking about it and the similarity with the October Slayer.”

“Ah, yeah.”

“I was wondering how you would react. Did you talk with this Allan Stein guy?” Charles said.

“I can’t. He’s six feet under from cancer. I’m going nowhere and it’s a stretch, but I’m hoping something with his Army career might help.”

“Why are you doing your own investigation?”

“Well, his book has details about the case that only the killer and myself knew. I need to find out how this

Allan Stein discovered them. It might lead to the identity of that killer.”

“Don’t you have some contacts with the FBI?”

“I tried. They won’t reopen the case.”

“I’m really worried you might have those old haunting memories if you pursue this,” Charles said with a fatherly tone in his voice.

“If I don’t pursue this, those haunting memories will never go away,” Sam pleaded.

There was a long period of silence from the cell phone. “I can call in some favors.”

“Thanks son, wait, I almost forgot. His last known address is forty nine eighty four Kiscoe Avenue, St Cloud, Florida. Email me any information if you dig up,” Sam said.

“Okay dad.”

Sam hesitated. “So, how's mother?”

“Good. She and the girls are on a two week cruise.”

“I sure regret never taking her on one,” Sam replied with a tone of remorse.

“How are things with you and Cindy?”

“Good, but I’m worried I’ll screw this one up.”

“I’m sure you’ll do just fine. Unless you let this October Slayer case consume you again,” Charles said.

“I won’t let it and thanks son.”

“Listen, I’ll get back with you as soon as I can. And why don’t you come up and visit soon.”

“I will,” Sam replied then disconnected his phone call.

He picked up his book and opened to the section where Jimmy Nalla raped Melissa. “Now, how does this rape fit into all this?” he said while he jotted down some notes on his note pad.

Cindy entered the den. “Are you ready for some dinner?” she asked from the doorway.

“Sure, I am getting hungry,” replied Sam while he stood up.

Cindy waited at the doorway for Sam.

They left his house.

Chapter 19

Later that night, Becky and Marty continued to clean Allan's house.

During the cleaning of Allan's desk, Marty discreetly looked at the papers Becky placed in a garbage bag. He searched for any evidence Allan used for his book. He found nothing that might lead to the identity of the real October Slayer. But he wasn't going to give up yet. He wanted to conduct his own investigation.

So Marty headed into the garage.

It was dark inside the attic above the garage while Marty removed the access panel.

He stood on a ladder and used a flashlight to search for a wooden chest inside the attic. He discovered the attic had nothing but cobwebs and spiders.

Inside the den, numerous packing boxes were stacked along the wall.

Becky stood at the locked cabinet and tried to unlock it with a bunch of keys she found in Allan's desk.

Marty entered the den. "I didn't find a wooden chest in the attic," he said while he walked up to Becky.

Becky looked irritated with Marty. "I can't believe you searched for one," she said while she tried to unlock the pad lock with a key, and it did not work.

“Do you want me to run down to Home Depot and get some bolt cutters?” Marty offered.

“I have one last key to try,” Becky said then she stuck the key into the lock and it worked. She cracked open one of the cabinet doors. “I hope the Army doesn't bust down the doors and arrest me for seeing their secrets,” she said jokingly.

Marty chuckled while she opened up the cabinet.

They both peeked inside and saw Allan's Army uniforms on hangers, Army hats, a duffel bag, an old 35mm camera and some boxes of old photography developing chemicals.

“It doesn't look like Army secrets to me,” Marty said while he looked the items over.

“I can't understand why he kept it locked and didn't want the kids to get inside,” Becky said.

“Maybe he didn't want them playing with the chemicals,” Marty replied while he looked inside the duffel bag.

Becky nodded in agreement with his statement.

He opened up the duffel bag and turned it upside down. All the contents dumped on the floor.

On the floor, they saw a pair of combat boots, numerous pairs of Army fatigues, numerous old pictures of Allan and Billy, a 38 revolver and five old issues of the Confidential Detective Cases magazine.

“I didn't know he had a gun? Is it loaded?” Becky said while she stepped back a little leery.

Marty picked up the revolver and checked it out.
“No.”

“Uncle Billy's a gun freak, so it must be his. Get rid of that thing!” Becky demanded.

“I'll see if a gun shop will buy it,” Marty said while he walked over and set the revolver on top of Allan's desk.

Marty walked back to Becky just as she picked up the old photos. One was of Billy, then twenty-two years old in 1963. He wore his Sheriff's uniform and stood by his Curtis, Mississippi police car with Allan by his side. They both looked cocky and arrogant.

“I didn't know Uncle Billy was a deputy,” Becky said while she looked at the photo.

“Dad's book had the killer being a Sheriff,” Marty said.

“That man will always make my skin crawl,” Becky said while she dropped the pictures on the floor.

Marty picked up the detective magazines off the floor. There were five issues from various years in the 1960s.

Marty flipped through the pages of the 1963 issue. Then he noticed some of the pages for an article were stuck together.

He flipped through the pages of the 1964 issue. He noticed some of the pages were stuck together.

He flipped through the pages of the 1965 issue. He noticed that some pages were stuck together. He picked at the stuck pages. He then recalled the part of the *A Killer's Tale* book where the killer masturbated into detective magazines. He quickly dropped the magazines like they had some type of disease.

Becky noticed. “What’s wrong?” she asked.

“I need to wash my hands,” Marty said while he rushed out of the den.

Becky shrugged it off then walked over to the other side of the den.

She grabbed an empty cardboard box.

She walked back to cabinet with the box and started to pick up his Army items and dumped them into the box.

Marty walked back over and slipped on a pair of latex gloves. He picked up the five magazines off the floor.

Becky saw him. “Why the gloves?” she asked curiously.

“You really don’t want to know. Trust me,” Marty said while he walked out of the den with the magazines to dump them in the garbage.

“What ever,” she said then continued to dump Allan’s Army items into the box.

They spent the whole night cleaning and packing up Allan’s belongings into boxes.

It was the next morning and Sam got up early and had a quick breakfast with a couple cups of coffee.

After he showered and got dressed, he grabbed Allan’s book and a file folder.

He headed out the front door.

Later that day, Rodney Burnstein, Allan’s former editor, at behind his desk while he reviewed a manuscript from an envelope.

There was a knock on the door. It opened and a woman stepped inside. “Mister Burnstein, there's a Mister Woods, a retired FBI agent, who said he had an appointment with you this morning.”

“Ah yes, please let Mister Woods inside,” Rodney said while he put down the manuscript.

She left and a second later, Sam entered his office with a file folder in hand.

Rodney looked curious while he stood up and walked up to Sam.

“I'm Rodney Burnstein. It's a pleasure to meet you Mister Woods,” he said while they shook hands.

“If you don't mind, do you have some identification? I have to make sure you're really a retired FBI agent.”

Sam removed his retired FBI credentials and Florida driver's license from his wallet and showed it to Rodney.

“Please have a seat,” Rodney said while he walked Sam to a chair in front of his desk.

“May I get you something to drink? Some coffee perhaps?” Rodney offered.

“No thank you,” said Sam while he put his identification back in his wallet and sat down.

Rodney walked over and sat down behind his desk. “So, you said you wanted to see about Allan Stein's book, *A Killer's Tale*?”

“Yes, when I was with the FBI back in the sixties, I was working on the October Slayer case.”

“I remember when that happened. I was living up in Chicago at the time. So what does Allan's book have to do with that case?”

“First it was very similar to that case and second it mentioned events that only the killer and myself knew.”

“What events? I read his manuscript,” Rodney curiously asked.

“Well, there was the part where the FBI agent was drunk in a bar and Jimmy, the killer, talked with him. Then he dropped some sergeant’s stripes in the pocket of the agents suit. Back then, I drank heavily and got drunk one night at a bar, the next morning, I found a pair of Army Warrant officers bars in the pocket of my suit.”

“That’s interesting but could be coincidence,” Rodney said.

“Then the killer sent me taunting letters. Letters like these,” Sam said while he removed the letters from his file folder and showed them to Rodney. “The book had the same exact words in its letters,” Sam said while he showed Rodney the applicable sections of the book.

Rodney looked at the letters and what Allan wrote in his story. “Allan knew how to dig up information and twist things around,” Rodney said while he handed Sam back the letters and book. “Maybe someone else in the FBI knew about these letters and passed it onto Allan.”

“I’m positive nobody knew about them,” Sam said and looked dead serious.

“I don’t know how I can help you.”

“I was wondering if you could give me the list of individuals Allan consulted with? Or copies of his research material?”

“I’m sorry. I don’t have that type of information. Allan kept it all to himself. I only had his final manuscript to review before we published it.”

“But his book had clues I believe will lead to the identity of the killer,” Sam insisted.

“If Allan thought he had discovered the identity of the October Slayer, killer, he would have turned it over to the proper law authorities. He was after all retired Army CID, so I doubt he would let a killer get away. So I’m sorry Mister Woods, you’re wasting your time.”

Sam stood up disappointed. “Thank you, Mister Burnstein,” Sam said while he reached across his desk with his hand.

Rodney stood up. “Have you read his other book, *Murder At Night*?” Rodney said while he shook Sam’s hand.

“No sir,” Sam replied.

“You should. It’s also a great read.”

“I’ll give it a read,” Sam said but didn’t have any intentions on reading Allan’s other book.

“These books always bring out the whacko’s,” Rodney said quietly to himself while he watched Sam leave.

While Sam drove back down I-95 to Daytona Beach, Becky and Marty relaxed at their house in Kissimmee after cleaning Allan’s house.

It was quiet inside the den while they enjoyed the *Nothing In Common* movie on their DVD player. Michael

and Nancy were still at their grandparents in St. Petersburg.

Becky snuggled next to Marty where the Tom Hanks' character just received a phone call from his father, Jackie Gleason, stating his mother just left him.

The movie continued then the doorbell rang.

"I wonder who that can be?" Marty said.

"I'm not expecting anybody," she said while she got up.

Marty pulled her back down on the couch. "I'll get it," he said then got up from the couch and walked out of the den.

Becky watched the movie where Tom Hanks visited his father's apartment where there was loud music playing and a steak burning on the stove.

"Becky, you better come to the door," Marty yelled from the living room.

Becky got up and walked out of the room.

She walked to the living room where Marty had the front door open. He looked concerned while he glanced at Becky. She had a gut feeling this was not going to be good.

Becky got to the front door and saw Billy outside on the front stoop. She instantly got pissed. "What the hell are you doing here?" she yelled.

"Aren't you going to invite me inside?" Billy said with a smart-ass tone and smirk.

"Never!" Becky snapped back.

“Why did Allan write that book?” Billy asked and looked like he wanted to pound on someone.

“Why should you care?” she asked.

“How could he be so stupid? He promised!” Billy said while he paced by the front door.

“What the hell is your problem? If dad wanted to write a book, he didn’t need your permission,” she yelled at him.

Billy walked closer to the front door and tried to get inside.

“No!” Becky said then started to close the front door.

Billy stuck his shoe on the threshold and stopped her from completely closing the door. “Listen, I really need to look through his house. I can pay you ten thousand dollars. Just think, ten thousand dollars! That would be a great start on your kids college fund,” Billy said with a serious tone but he was not going to pay her a dime if he came up empty handed.

“Like I told you before, no! And what is with you and that retired FBI agent?”

“FBI agent? What agent?” Billy said then it dawned on him a few seconds later. “Woods! Damn him!”

“I’m going to call the police if you set another foot on my property or dad’s property,” Becky yelled. She slammed the door in Billy’s face the second he moved his shoe away.

She rushed over to curtains and peeked out. She watched while Billy got inside his red on red 2005 Corvette and drove off down the street.

“Honey, maybe that ex-FBI agent's right about dad's book,” Marty said while Becky continued to peek out their curtains.

“Come on Marty, this was dad's version of solving that case. Pure and simple! So, I can't help it if some old man didn't do his job forty years ago,” she said irritated with him.

“Maybe Uncle Billy wants to find that wooden chest mentioned in the book.”

“Enough! You didn't find a wooden chest in dad's house. So that means it doesn't exist anymore. Dad threw it away years ago. Case closed!” Becky barked out and was getting more and more irritated with Marty.

“Didn't Dad have a skull tattoo with five letters on his back? I thought I remember seeing that when we dated. His book gave the killer the same type of tattoo but on his bicep,” Marty said not realizing he was pushing things too far.

“Can't you let dad rest in peace? He used that to jazz up his story!” she yelled while her face turned red.

Marty looked concerned while he watched her storm out of the living room. He had a gut feeling Allan's book was written to provide clues to the identity of the October Slayer.

It's probably Uncle Billy! He thought to himself while he rushed out of the living room and to make up with Becky. But he did not have the balls now to mention his theory to Becky that Billy might be the killer.

Billy's Corvette raced north on I-4. He weaved in and around traffic and almost caused a few accidents. Some of the drivers blew their horns. And some of the drivers gave Billy the one-finger salute.

Inside his car, Billy could care less he pissed off some other drivers, as finding that wooden chest weighed heavily on his mind.

"I'll wait a couple of days," Billy said to himself while he quickly moved into the left lane and cut off a Honda Civic. The driver blew his horn.

He sped his Corvette up to ninety miles per hour and raced north to I-4 so he can catch the Florida Turnpike.

His cell phone rang, he looked at the viewfinder and it was a text message. He smiled, as it was the address and phone number he needed.

Chapter 20

It was later that evening, and Sam sat at his computer while he conducted some research. His computer made a gunfire sound that indicated new email arrived.

He quickly opened up his program and saw an email from Charles. His eyes lit up and he quickly opened it.

“I hope this information on Allan Stein helps. Please don’t return to your old ways if nothing becomes of your investigation,” Charles’ email message stated.

Sam quickly opened the attachment titled “Allan Stein” and saw that it was scanned information on Allan’s history that covered both military and family.

“Thanks son. And I won’t return to my old ways. Promise!” Sam typed his reply.

He started to review the information Charles provided.

“Allan was born in Curtis, Mississippi in 1936. His father was Alvin and his mother was Sadie. His brother was Billy Stein born in 1941. Allan attended Curtis High School in Curtis, Mississippi and graduated in 1954,” Sam read from the email attachment.

He grabbed his coffee cup and took a drink.

“Allan enlisted in the U.S. Army in 1954. He was stationed in Fort Gillem, Georgia from 1955 – 1960. Stationed in Fort Benning, Georgia from 1960 – 1970. Stationed in Vietnam from 1970 – 1971. Stationed in Fort

Benning, Georgia from 1972 – 1985,” Sam read from the email attachment.

Sam got curious and searched for websites where people could look up old high school friends. He decided to see what information that would reveal about Allan. He found a popular site and opened it up.

Sam clicked on Mississippi. He clicked on Curtis, Mississippi. He clicked on the “Curtis High School” link. He clicked on the “1954” year. A listing of students appeared, and Sam noticed that Allan Stein was not in the listing. He saw a link for “Annette Brown Watson” and curiously looked at it. He clicked on her link, as her name sounded familiar for some strange reason.

Her bio appeared. “Annette married John Watson on July 6, 1958 after John graduated from Mississippi State University. John joined the United States Marine Corps immediately after graduating. Annette died in 1966,” Annette’s bio read.

His eyes lit up when it dawned on him why Annette Brown Watson was suddenly a familiar name. His cell phone rang, and he opened it up and he smiled when he saw the caller from the viewfinder. “Hey Peter,” he answered.

“Sam, I traced Joel Nelson to Memphis. He’s retired from the bureau. His phone number is five, five, five, one, zero, nine, five,” Peter said from the cell phone.

“Thanks Peter. And guess what?” Sam said excitedly while he jotted down Joel’s phone number.

“What’s that?”

“The author and the last girl murdered went to the same high school in Mississippi. There’s a connection so I’m thinking the author must have discovered who the October Slayer was, and didn’t have the guts to tell the authorities. Maybe it was a close friend from his home town.”

“Maybe he wanted to protect this person but gave you clues in his book. You know, one last chance to solve the crime,” Peter replied.

“That sounds plausible,” Sam said.

“Well, the offer still stands to visit me if you find some good evidence,” Peter said then disconnected his end of the call.

Sam jumped up excited and rushed out of his den.

He rushed into the living room where Cindy watched the movie *The Notebook* with James Gardner.

“The author of *A Killer’s Tale* and the last girl murdered by the October Slayer went to the same high school in Mississippi. I’m on to something!” Sam said excitedly.

“That’s nice dear,” Cindy replied while she did not hear Sam, since her eyes were glued to a romantic scene in the movie.

Sam rushed out of the living room.

Sam rushed back into the den and over to his desk. He picked up his cell phone and made a call but got the recording to leave a message.

“Hey Joel, it’s a memory from your past. It’s me, Sam Woods from the Atlanta office in the sixties. Please

call me. It's extremely important," Sam said into his cell phone.

Sam disconnected the call then looked at his computer monitor.

Sam looked at the list of students and found John Watson's name and clicked his link.

"John retired from the United States Marine Corps and now lives in Phoenix, Arizona," his bio stated.

Sam saw the "Send John Watson an Email" link and clicked on it. An email message box appeared.

"John. My name is Sam Woods a retired FBI agent now living in Daytona Beach, Florida. It's extremely important that I get the chance to talk with you about Allan Stein. I believe you went to Curtis High School with Allan. Please call me at five, five, five, eighteen, oh four or email me. Thank you for your assistance in this matter. Sam Woods," he typed in his email message then hit the "Send" button.

Sam got up from his desk and looked anxious for a reply from John. He grabbed his coffee cup and left the room.

He entered the kitchen and poured a fresh cup of coffee.

Sam walked out of the kitchen. His kitchen phone rang. He walked back into the kitchen.

"Sam Woods," he answered the call. All Sam heard was someone breathing very heavily. "Hello. Is there anybody there?" Sam asked. He heard more heavy breathing from the phone.

“Sam Woods. You better leave well enough alone! If you catch my drift!” the caller said then disconnected his call.

Sam slammed the phone down just at Cindy entered the kitchen and saw he was upset.

She yawned. “Who was on the phone?”

“Wrong number,” Sam said but looked pissed and wondered if that was John Watson.

“It looks like that wrong number pissed you off.”

“I was busy researching and didn't want to be bothered,” he said then sipped his coffee and wondered if Joel made the call.

“That’s too bad. Listen, it's getting late and I better be getting home,” Cindy said and yawned again.

“Okay,” Sam replied and kissed her on her cheek.

He set his coffee cup on the counter and walked her out of the kitchen.

Outside, Billy sat in his Corvette down the street and staked out Sam’s house. He watched while Sam and Cindy walked out of his house and Sam escorted her to her Ford Focus. Sam gave her a quick kiss and opened her car door.

“Sammy has a girlfriend,” Billy sang out while he watched Cindy get inside her car and while Sam closed her door.

Cindy backed her Focus out of the driveway.

Sam waved at her while she drove away.

Sam walked back inside his house.

Billy started his Corvette and followed Cindy's car.

Sam went inside his house and went to his den to conduct some research.

He sat down at his computer desk and noticed he had an email message. He opened up his email program. His eyes lit up when he saw it was from John Watson. He quickly opened it.

“Mister Woods, I don’t think I can help you with Allan Stein. I haven’t seen him in over fifty years,” John’s email stated.

Sam quickly replied. “Mister Watson. I would still like to talk with you. I was the FBI agent in charge of the October Slayer case back in the sixties,” Sam typed out then sent the message.

Sam got up and walked out of the den. He started to have his doubts that Joel was the harassing caller. *But who?* He wondered while he freshened up his coffee cup from the kitchen.

He walked back inside his den with his coffee cup and sat back down. He sipped his coffee while he waited. He hoped John would provide a quick response.

Sam’s computer rang the gunfire sound when the new email arrived. He saw it was from John so he quickly opened the message.

“I live in Phoenix. My cell phone number is five, five, five, nine, zero, five, five. When would you like to meet?” John’s message stated.

“As soon as possible,” Sam typed his response and sent it.

Sam waited a few seconds then John's message appeared. Sam opened it.

"How about tomorrow?" John's message stated.

"Perfect," Sam typed and sent his response.

"Send me your flight information, and I'll meet you at the Phoenix Sky Harbor International airport. We can meet at a restaurant in the terminal," John's message stated.

"You got it and thank you very much," Sam typed out his response and sent the message.

Sam then added John's number into contact list in his cell phone.

Sam spent the next thirty minutes on the computer searching for a flight from Daytona to Phoenix. He found one but it was an eight-hour Delta flight with a layover in Atlanta. He made his reservations then emailed the information to John. He also made reservations with the Holiday Inn Express at the airport for tomorrow night.

Five minutes later, he had another email message from John and he quickly opened it up.

"I'll meet you at the airport," John's message stated.

Sam looked at his cell phone. "Here's the hard part," he said while he punched in a phone number.

"Sam, why are you calling so late? Are you okay?" Cindy answered the call and sounded concerned.

"I got in touch with the husband of the last girl murdered. He agreed to meet with me in Phoenix," Sam said.

“Phoenix? When are you leaving?” Cindy replied a little upset.

“At seven in the morning, and I’ll be back the next day.”

“We have Kristen’s birthday party that night. She’ll be hurt if you don’t show up.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll be back in plenty of time.”

“Sam, please be careful. After all, you don’t carry a gun like you did in the FBI days,” Cindy said with an air of concern.

“I’ll be fine. We’re meeting in a restaurant in the airport terminal,” Sam replied to make her feel at ease.

“Okay. I hope you get some more leads.”

“Me too. I’ll call you tomorrow,” Sam said then disconnected his call.

Sam went back to his den where he sat back down at his computer. He thought about his next move then had an idea. He conducted some searches and found one that looked promising. It was the “Find Your Old Military Buddies” website.

He clicked on Georgia on the map of the United States. He clicked on Fort Benning.

He clicked on the CID Battalion. A long listing of names of men who were stationed in this Battalion at Fort Benning and was sorted by years. He found eight names of men listed during the years of 1960 – 1970 and six names of men listed during the years of 1970 - 1980.

“My name is Sam Woods and I’m a retired FBI agent. It’s extremely important that I talk with anybody

who was stationed with Allan Stein at Fort Benning. I was the FBI agent in charge of the October Slayer case during the nineteen sixties. Please email me if interested in meeting or call my cell phone at five, five, five, eighteen, oh four. Thank you for your consideration, Sam Woods,” he typed out as an email message and saved it.

Then one by one, Sam sent that email to all of the fourteen names of men who could have been stationed with Allan.

He turned off his computer and left the den.

He went to his bedroom and packed some overnight clothes for his trip.

Meanwhile, Billy raced his Corvette north on I-95, and was getting closer to Jacksonville.

The flight to Phoenix during the next day was long with the three hour layover in Atlanta. During the flight, Sam had plenty of time to figure out what questions he could ask John.

The jet landed at the Phoenix Sky Harbor International airport.

Sam exited the security area with his overnight bag in hand. He soon saw a man with a gray crew cut and a red golf shirt with the Marine Corp emblem on it. The man held up a “Sam Woods” homemade sign.

Sam walked up to him. “I’m Sam Woods. Are you John Watson?”

“Yes I am and it’s a pleasure to meet you. Now, can I see some identification?” John said with a serious tone.

Sam removed his wallet and showed John his retired FBI identification card and Florida driver’s license. John looked at it and was satisfied Sam was not some crackpot.

“If you want, we can talk at one of the restaurants here in the airport?” John said while they walked away.

“That would be nice,” said Sam then he looked around the terminal. “I retired from the FBI here in Phoenix ten years ago,” Sam said while they walked through the terminal.

“Interesting, I moved here ten years ago. I was living in Virginia to be close to my sister, after I got tired of the snow and cold weather.”

John walked Sam over to a restaurant where they were soon seated.

A waitress walked over with two menus. John ordered a beer and Sam ordered some ice tea. After the drinks arrived, they ordered their meals.

“What’s so important that you needed to see me about Allan Stein?” John asked then sipped his beer.

“Like I stated in my email, I was the FBI agent in charge of the October Slayer case,” he said while he removed his notepad from his overnight bag.

“I haven’t thought about that case in years,” John said while he looked sad. “A day doesn't go by without me thinking of Annette.”

Sam felt sorry for him. “I was extremely frustrated with that case. The girl that was murdered before Annette was the sister of my best friend in college. That caused

me to do some heavy drinking. So I was taken off the case and reassigned to Phoenix,” Sam said while he looked sad.

John felt sorry for Sam. “I’m sorry.”

“Anyway, then this book called A Killer’s Tale comes out written by Allan Stein.”

“I never heard of it,” John added.

“So I read it and learned it’s about the October Slayer case. But he rearranged the names a little. But I then discovered that Allan wrote about some events that only the killer and myself knew,” Sam said then he took a drink of his tea.

The waitress brought their meals then left. They ate while they talked.

“What kind of events?” John curiously asked.

“The killer sent me taunting letters word for word as what was in Allan’s book. Then one night, when I was drunk at a bar, the killer came up to me and chatted. He dropped two Army Warrant officer’s bars in my suit pocket. But his book stated they were sergeant stripes.”

“That’s interesting. But I don’t know how I can help you since I haven’t seen Allan since I graduated from high school. Annette and myself left Curtis right after we graduated.”

“What can you tell me about him?”

“I remember him having a crush on Annette. So, I didn’t get along with him at all. In fact, I hated him.”

“His book started out in nineteen forty-eight where the killer, Jimmy Nalla, beat a redneck to death because he was going to kill Jimmy’s brother, Ricky. The story had

Ricky seeing the redneck killing a young black girl he just raped”.

John thought for a few seconds then his eyes lit up when he remembered. “I recall a story when I was around twelve years old. There was a black man hung for killing a white man in retaliation for raping a young black girl.”

“The book stated Jimmy blamed it on the father of a young boy who saw him run out of the woods with a bloody baseball bat. The KKK hung the man,” Sam said.

John sipped his beer while he tried to recall those days. “That’s possible. I believe that man killed was a member of a KKK chapter in a neighboring county. Allan’s father was a devoted KKK member and many people feared him,” John said when took a sip of beer. “Mississippi was heavily involved with the KKK back then and they were extremely violent.”

“I know. I remember what happened in Philadelphia, Mississippi,” Sam replied then he sipped his tea.

John nodded in agreement then sipped his beer.

“His book also mentioned a joke played on the killer when he was a teenager. A joke where the girl, Fran, tricked Jimmy into thinking they were going to make out at a lake. She talked him into getting naked then some other boys came out of the woods laughing. They took his clothes and left him stranded naked in the woods. He was able to get home but his father beat him for letting a girl get the best of him,” Sam said.

John recalled his high school days. “I remember that day. But it was under the bleachers after a football game.

It was my idea and Annette and a few of the other football players agreed to the joke. Then Allan charged at me and I quickly reacted by kicking him in his balls,” John said then took a drink of his beer. “But looking back now, we were just a bunch of stupid kids and I now feel bad for playing such a mean trick,” John said with sincerity in his eyes.

“I guess we were all young and dumb once,” Sam said.

Then John looked sad. “I was stationed in Hawaii from nineteen sixty-one to nineteen sixty-six. We came to stay with her mother in Garrison, Arkansas, since my next duty was Vietnam. I was in Vietnam for a month when I got the news Annette was killed. I heard that she was taken from the parking lot of a grocery store. Then while I was home on emergency leave, someone broke into my house at night and kidnapped my baby girl. I was drinking heavily to cope with Annette's death, so I didn't hear that happen,” John said while his eyes welled up.

Sam jotted down some notes. Then his ears perked up curiously when he realized what John said.

“Kidnapped? Who was kidnapped?” Sam said while he sat on the edge of his seat.

“My daughter Rachael. The FBI was informed at the time. She was only eight months old,” John said.

“I'm so sorry to hear about that. I got reassigned to Phoenix because the killer set me up to arrest an innocent man. I beat the crap out of the poor soul thinking he was the October Slayer,” Sam said and looked ashamed.

“Anyway, Rachael was never found and I was kind of hoping that that’s why you wanted to see me. I hoped you had some good information about my missing daughter,” John said with a disappointed look.

“I’m sorry. But I don’t have any good news for you.”

“That’s okay. It happened so long ago, I accepted the fact that I may never see Rachael again,” John said while his eyes welled up some more.

John reached to his back pocket and removed his wallet. He opened it up and removed an old and faded black and white picture of Rachael when she was five months old.

Sam really felt bad for John while he looked at Rachael’s photo. He noticed part of a stork bite birthmark on the back of her neck. He jotted down that information.

“So after that, I continued to drink and was on the verge of getting kicked out of the Marines,” John said and looked ashamed.

“I know the feeling,” Sam said feeling ashamed.

“Then I met Laura and she straightened my ass out. We got married in sixty-nine. Our son Jason was born in seventy and daughter Suzie was born in seventy-two. I stayed with the Marines for a thirty-year career. I retired as a full bird Colonel,” John said.

“I had a forty-year career with the FBI. My drinking caused a divorce and I never remarried.”

John’s eyes lit up when he remembered something. “Wait, I don’t know if this is important, but there was something strange that happened back in, oh, around seventy,” John said.

“What's that?”

“Someone planted a bunch of flowers all around Annette's headstone.”

“Flowers? Do you know who?” Sam curiously asked.

“I never found out. But they died shortly there after and nobody replaced them,” John said.

Sam found that interesting while he wrote it down.

They finished their meal and the waitress brought over two checks. “I got the meal since you've been so kind to meet with me,” Sam said while he grabbed John's check off the table.

“Thank you Sam,” John said. Then he looked curious. “Do you think Allan might be the October Slayer?”

Sam thought for a few seconds. “No, but I think he knew who the killer was and protected him until he wrote his book.”

“Have you talked with him?”

“He died just before his book got published,” Sam said.

John thought about his comment for a second. “Sounds like he wrote a confession for someone.”

Sam thought about his statement. “It sure does.”

Fifteen minutes later, they shook hands outside the restaurant. “Email me if you can think of some more questions,” John said.

“I will and thank you for your time,” Sam said then got out of the car and walked to the hotel.

Sam walked off in the direction of ground transportation.

John walked off in the direction of the parking garage.

Sam spent a quiet evening in his hotel room. He thought about his meeting with John while he watched *Another Thin Man* movie on the Turner Classic Movie channel.

“John can’t be the killer since he was in Hawaii or maybe that’s what he wants me to believe,” Sam said while he looked at his notes. “He could have killed those girls. Maybe Annette found out and he killed her to save his ass,” Sam said to himself as a possible scenario. But he had a good hunch about John. But still decided to do his trust but verify belief.

His eyelids got heavy and he soon fell fast asleep.

Chapter 21

Sam got up before the sun rose and got ready for his trip back to Florida.

His flight to Atlanta for his connecting flight to Florida was smooth and that gave Sam time to plan his next moves.

Sam had two hours to kill in the Atlanta airport, so he walked around.

He saw a lounge and walked up to the doorway. He stared at all the booze bottles on the shelves behind the bar. The bottles of booze started to call his name to come party with them.

Sam inched his way into the lounge as he had a strong urge for a drink of liquor. He turned around and rushed away fighting off those evil urges. He saw a Starbucks down the terminal and headed in that direction.

After he got a cup of coffee from Starbucks he sat down at a table. While he sipped his coffee, his cell phone rang. He opened it up and looked curious when he saw the caller in the viewfinder. He did not recognize the name.

“Sam Woods,” he answered the call.

“Sam, my name is Joe Vaughn. You sent an email wanting to know if I was stationed with Allan Stein in

Fort Benning. It was during the sixties. How can I help you?” Joe replied from Sam’s cell phone.

“Like my email stated, I’m a retired FBI agent and it’s extremely important that I talk with you about Allan’s book called A Killer’s Tale.”

There was a few seconds of silence. “Are you that FBI agent that was on the real October Slayer case?” Joe curiously replied.

Sam hesitated. “Yes I was.”

“I live in Birmingham, Alabama. But, I’m leaving for a European vacation to Germany and Italy in a couple of days. So you better get up here quick,” Joe said.

“I can be there tomorrow evening.”

“That’s good. Please call me as soon as you get into town. I’ll provide directions to where we can meet at a restaurant.”

“I will,” Sam replied then disconnected the call and saved Joe’s phone number.

Sam got up and walked to his gate. He waited there for his flight.

The flight back to Daytona Beach was smooth and Sam drove to Cindy’s house.

He knocked on her front door. Cindy opened it up and smiled when she saw Sam. “You made it. How was your trip?” she asked while Sam stepped inside.

“It was good. I learned that after the last girl was murdered, some other creep kidnapped her baby daughter,” Sam told her while they walked through the living room.

“Oh my God. I can't imagine the horror her family went through,” she replied while they walked to the dining room.

“It's a crazy sick world.”

Cindy nodded in agreement.

Sam looked around and nobody else was in her house.

“Where's Kristen?” he said while he saw the birthday decorations in the dining room.

“They should be here any minute.”

Sam cringed when he remembered his layover in Atlanta. “Ah, please don't kill me, but I need to drive to Birmingham, Alabama first thing in the morning. I found an Army buddy of that author and I need to talk to him before he goes to Europe for vacation.”

“Can't you do that over the phone?”

“I work better in person. You know, look for body signs to see if they're lying.”

Cindy looked upset but decided to let it go. “I won't kill you but I'm starting to worry about you gallivanting around the country and possibility meeting face to face with this killer.” She looked worried.

“Don't worry. I'll be alright and I'll probably spend the night up there so I won't be driving back exhausted,” Sam said with a comforting tone while they walked back into the living room.

Her doorbell rang. She opened up the door and Kristen stood outside with Kathy, Cindy's daughter and Kevin, her husband.

“Happy eighth birthday,” Cindy said with opened arms.

Kristen ran into the house and gave Cindy a hug. Kristen saw Sam and her eyes lit up with joy. “Hi Mister Woods,” she cried out. She ran over and gave him a hug.

“Happy birthday, Kristen,” Sam said then gave her a kiss on her forehead.

She looked up at Sam with a gleam in her eyes. “Are you coming to my play? I want you to come to my play.”

“Of course I’ll be at your play. I promise!” Sam said then kissed her forehead.

Kristen had a huge grin.

Kathy and Kevin walked into the house where there were more greetings of hugs and handshakes.

Kristen’s birthday party began a few minutes later.

Sam got up at four thirty in the morning.

It took him thirty minutes to get ready for his trip to Alabama.

He sat down at his computer and went to the map quest website. He got directions from Daytona Beach to Birmingham. He printed them out, grabbed his small overnight bag, and stuffed with some change in clothes.

He headed out the door.

Nine hours later, Sam arrived at the outskirts of Birmingham. He pulled into a gas station just off Interstate I-65. He filled up his car with gas.

After that he pulled over to the side of the building and made a cell phone call.

“Hello,” Joe answered the call.

“It’s me, Sam Woods. I’m at a Chevron station off exit two fifty-eight just off Interstate sixty-five,” Sam said into his cell phone.

“I know where it’s located. Wait for me there. It should take me about twenty minutes,” Joe said then disconnected his phone call.

Sam waited inside his car.

Twenty minutes later a silver Cadillac Seville SLS pulled into the service station.

Sam watched the Cadillac and saw Joe Vaughn, a bald and overweight man driving. Like many military veterans they were once fit and trim while on active duty. But when they retired the flab spread like wild fire.

Joe parked his car by Sam’s car. He got out and walked to Sam’s window.

“Are you Sam Woods?” Joe asked after Sam rolled down his window.

“I am, are you Joe Vaughan?”

Joe nodded in agreement then they shook’s hands. “Follow me,” Joe said then got back inside his car.

Sam followed Joe to a restaurant a half-a-mile down the road. They parked, walked into the restaurant and were seated right away.

As soon as the waitress walked away with their drink order, Sam and Joe got down to business. Sam had his note pad ready. He told Joe about Allan passing away.

Then he mentioned the items that only the killer and Sam knew about.

“I’ve read Allan’s books and loved them all. But A Killer’s Tale was by far the best. It’s his only book where the killer got away,” Joe said then he looked sad. “I’m sorry to hear he passed away. I liked Allan, as did everybody in our office at the time.”

They got quiet while the waitress brought some ice water and sweet tea. She took their meal orders and left.

“And it’s very interesting about those items,” Joe said then sipped his water. “But I do remember he was fascinated with the October Slayer case back then,” he said then paused. “His story also mentioned that the killer got a new Ford from his brother every October. I remember Allan would go on these camping trips with his brother Billy. Then in, oh, around,” Joe said while he tried to remember. “Ah yes, around October sixty-two, Allan returned to Fort Benning with a brand new sixty-three Chevy Impala. He said his father decreed that he would get a new Chevy each year,” Joe said then took another sip of water. “But you know the story mentioned something to that effect.”

“Yes with Ford’s instead of Chevy’s,” Sam said while he jotted down that information on his pad.

“And his book also mentioned the killer having a tattoo on his bicep. I never saw any tattoos on Allan so he must have made that part up. I thought I would throw that out there.”

Sam jotted that information down on his note pad. “What about his brother Billy?”

“I never met him but Allan talked highly about his little brother all the time. He even mentioned he was the deputy sheriff in his hometown for a while in the early sixties. I got the impression Allan and Billy were very tight.”

Sam looked interested with that information. “The book had the killer as a sheriff and in the Army Reserves,” Sam said.

“I think Allan mentioned his little brother was in the Army reserves for a brief period,” Joe replied.

They got quiet when the waitress brought their meals. She left and they resumed and talked while they ate.

“Just like in his book, I remember, oh around sixty-one, I heard Billy arrested some black man and sent him to jail for rape. Allan commented how proud he was of helping Billy send the bastard to prison. Then he bragged he found a new career direction.”

“What kind of new direction?” Sam curiously asked.

“I remembered he started reading tons of detective magazines and murder books in sixty-two. Then talked about writing his own murder mystery books when he retired from the Army.”

“When was the last time you saw him?”

Joe thought for a few seconds. “Sixty-three. That’s when I went to Germany for five years then spent the rest of my career at Fort Brag. I heard through the CID mill that Allan went to Vietnam in seventy,” Joe said then sipped his tea. “So, do you have any prime suspects?”

“Not yet. I believe the killer hid evidence in a wooden chest and hopefully that will identify the killer.”

“Just like his book. Allan probably made up that part. You know, his theory to the killer’s behavior,” Joe said cutting off Sam’s sentence.

“Everybody seems to believe that,” Sam said while he jotted down some more information about Joe. “So, did you retire from the Army?”

“After twenty four years. I retired as a Warrant officer five.”

They had some small talk while they finished their meals then left the restaurant.

After they ate, they stood outside the restaurant by their cars in the parking lot.

“If I can help you with anything, please feel free to call me,” Joe said while he shook Sam’s hand.

“I will,” Sam replied then got inside his car.

They left the restaurant and headed off in different directions.

Sam drove into the parking lot of a hotel.

He parked and got a room for the night.

Later that night, Sam relaxed in his room while he reviewed his notes.

He opened up his cell phone and made a call.

“General Woods,” Charles answered the call.

“Hey son.”

“Dad, two phone calls within a month. Do you need some more help?”

“Ah, yes.”

"I'm all ears," Charles replied with a chuckle.

"Can you verify some service time for three men?"

"I'll do my best."

"First one is a John Watson, Marine Corps stationed in Hawaii from sixty-one to sixty-six. Then he went to Vietnam around sixty-six. He was from Curtis, Mississippi and retired as a Colonel. And the other guy is Joe Vaughn. Army stationed in Fort Benning from sixty-one until sixty-three. He was CID. And the third one is Billy Stein in the Army Reserves probably in the early sixties. He was from Curtis, Mississippi."

"I'll see what I can come up with." Then there was a few seconds of silence from the cell phone. "How's your investigation going?" Charles asked concerned.

"I'm making good progress and don't worry, I'm not hitting the bottle."

"That's good. Do you have any suspects yet?"

"Well, the brother of the author is looking a little suspicious, but I'll have to do some more digging."

"Well, I hope you find this person and put this behind you forever."

"Me too, son and thanks for all your help," Sam said.

"Love you, dad," Charles responded.

"Love you too, son," Sam replied and disconnected their call.

Sam looked at his notes and his eyes lit up with an idea. "Here comes the hard part," he said while he opened up his cell phone and made a call.

"Hey honey, how did your talk go up in Birmingham?" Cindy answered the call.

“Good. I got some more good information.”

“Figure out who the killer is yet?”

“I’m leaning on the brother of the author.”

“That’s interesting.”

Sam hesitated, as he did not want to tell her this, but knew he had to proceed. “Speaking of which, I’m going to make a trip to Mississippi tomorrow and see what I can dig up on this brother,” Sam said then cringed while he waited for her response.

There was a long pause of silence. “Sam, I really don’t think that’s a good idea. I mean, if he is in fact the killer, you might not make it home alive,” she said and sounded really worried.

“I’ll be fine. Don’t worry. I’ll make sure I’m always in a public place.”

There was another long pause of silence. “Why don’t you just forget this whole investigation? Please!” she pleaded.

Sam thought about her request. “I can’t honey. I still have the vision of Gary’s eyes ingrained in my head when I promised him that I would find the killer. It still haunts me,” he said while his eyes welled up.

There was another long pause of silence. “Okay,” she replied then disconnected their call.

Sam knew he was in trouble with Cindy and thought she’ll cool off in a couple of days.

Sam looked at his notes again and thought about his next move. He walked out of the room.

Sam walked to the front desk and asked the clerk for some directions to the nearest Wal-Mart.

After the clerk provided assistance, Sam left the hotel and got in his car.

He drove to Wal-Mart, which was three miles away.

Sam returned from Wal-Mart where he bought a Garmin GPS. He read the instructions and plugged in some cities he wanted to visit.

An hour later, he was sound asleep and tossed and turned. He had another nightmare.

Sam's nightmare...

Sam slept in his hotel room. There was a loud knock on his hotel room door.

Sam got out of bed and slowly staggered to the door. He opened it and nobody was there. He closed it and slowly staggered back to his bed.

He crawled into bed and tried to go back to sleep.

"Why haven't you found my killer?" Angie's voice echoed in his hotel room.

Sam shot up in bed in a panic. "I tried! I promise!" Sam cried out.

Sam looked at the other side of the bed. Angie's dead body shot up from under the covers. "He really hurt me!" Angie's clammy face said to Sam.

"I'm so sorry Angie!" Sam cried out. "Please forgive me!"

“Find my killer! Please!” Angie pleaded with Sam.
Her body slowly disappeared.

Back to reality...

“I’ll find your killer!” Sam screamed while he shot up in bed. He looked around and saw it was 3:41 a.m. He realized it was another nightmare. He lay back down and stared at the ceiling afraid to fall asleep.

Chapter 22

Sam rolled out of bed at six that morning. He didn't sleep a wink after his nightmare.

Sam got ready for his travels in search for a good lead. After eating the hotel's continental breakfast, he hit the road.

When he got down the road from his hotel, he made a change in plans. He just had to go this one place.

Hours later, Sam finally arrived at the outskirts of Downing, Tennessee, which was fifteen miles into Tennessee from the Alabama border.

Sam drove through the small town of four thousand, six hundred and ninety-eight people and it looked so peaceful.

While Sam drove, he couldn't stop thinking about Angie. His hands trembled while he drove down the main street as it brought back bad memories.

He saw a stand-alone liquor store down the street. He couldn't resist.

He pulled into the parking lot and parked his car. He looked at Angie's folder while he glanced at the liquor store. He got out of his car.

Sam walked to the store and went inside.

Five minutes later, he came out of the store with a bottle of Jack Daniels in a brown paper bag.

He got in his car and drove out of the parking lot.
He drove down the main street.

Fifteen minutes later, Sam drove down a two-lane country road.

He slowed down while the area started to look familiar. He saw an old farmhouse, with a front porch to his left. “That wasn’t there backing sixty-five,” he said then looked for a dirt road.

He saw the sign for “Lake Downing” which pointed at a small paved road. Sam wasn’t sure this was the right road since the one in sixty-five was dirt. But he figured they probably paved it years ago.

Sam drove down the road while he looked to his left. Then his eyes lit up when he remembered this spot.

He pulled his car off the road and parked in the dirt. He hesitated when he had second thoughts. He looked at the picture of Angie at the crime scene. He got out with the booze bottle and one of the photos of Angie in hand.

Sam saw the big boulder near the tree where Angie was tied naked.

He walked over to the boulder and sat on top of it. He looked at the photo of Angie tied naked to the tree. He looked at the actual tree. It was a little larger since forty years had passed.

“Ahhhh!” Angie’s scream played in Sam’s mind while he imagined what the woods sounded like that horrible night.

He opened up the bottle of Jack Daniels and stared at the bottle opening.

“Come on, let’s party and make those nightmares go away,” the whiskey bottle said in Sam’s mind.

He looked back at that tree. He imagined the whacking sounds of a blunt beating Angie’s naked body.

He brought the whisky bottle to his lips. As soon as the booze touched his lips, he swiftly threw the whiskey bottle at the tree. It shattered and whiskey drenched the bark.

“What the hell are you doing? Don’t litter my woods! You jerk!” the voice of an old man was heard. That startled Sam and he jumped off the boulder.

“I’m so sorry,” Sam replied when he saw Elmer Johnson, an old thin-framed man with a fishing pole in his hand and a fishing basket around his waist.

“Why would you want to trash up our beautiful woods?” Elmer scolded Sam.

“I didn’t intend to throw that bottle. I had a friend who was killed here a long time ago,” Sam replied while he looked ashamed of himself.

“Oh yeah, the October Slayer killing. Poor girl. I remember that night,” Elmer said while he looked sad.

Sam’s ears perked up when he heard that. “Do you live nearby?”

“Across the street,” Elmer said.

“Listen, my name is Sam Woods and I’m a retired FBI agent and was on that October Slayer case,” Sam said while he removed his wallet and showed his FBI retired identification card and Florida driver’s license. “Can we talk?” Sam asked and silently prayed Elmer would accept.

Elmer walked over and looked at his ID card and license. "I'm Elmer Johnson and I don't see why not. I live alone since Edith died ten years ago. So a little company would be nice," Elmer said then he opened up his basket. "And I caught more bass than what I can eat, if you're hungry," Elmer offered. "They were really biting today and I couldn't resist."

"Actually, I am a little hungry."

Elmer saw Sam's car. "How about a lift to my house? I'm a little exhausted from walking to and from the lake."

"My pleasure."

"But first, you'll clean up that broken glass," Elmer told Sam like he was a child.

Sam looked at the pieces of broken glass in the dirt. "Yes sir," he said then walked over to his car and got the paper bag.

Elmer watched while Sam picked up all the pieces of broken glass and put them inside the bag. He walked over and placed the bag in his trunk.

Sam and Elmer got inside his car. After he started it up, Sam turned his car around and drove back down the road.

He got to the end and turned left on the two-lane road. Then about five hundred yards, he turned right to Elmer's driveway, which led to that old farmhouse he saw earlier.

"I don't recall seeing this farmhouse when I was here in sixty-five".

“It was here, but I use to have lots of trees and bushes by the street. So you couldn’t see it from the road.”

They went inside Elmer’s house and it was in dire need of a good cleaning. His wife Edith would have a hissy fit if she saw how Elmer didn’t keep the house to her spic and span standards.

They went to his kitchen where he immediately started cleaning the fish for frying after the pot of coffee was brewed.

“You said you remembered that day?” Sam said while he sat at the kitchen table with a cup of coffee and his note pad ready.

“I sure do,” Elmer said while he dropped two fish into a frying pan.

“Did you see anything that night?”

“I was on the front porch smoking my cigar. My wife, Ethel wouldn’t allow me to smoke in the house, she said it stunk everything up,” Elmer said then he paused for a minute.

“And?”

“Oh yeah, then I heard numerous blood curdling screams from the woods across the road in the direction of the lake. I ran back inside and grabbed my rifle, a Winchester Model seventy. Then I ran down my front yard to the trees by the road. I hid behind a tree and looked in the direction of the dirt road by the sign for the lake. It was quiet but something still seemed odd with those screams. So I waited and I waited. Then I saw some car headlights drive down the road. The car

stopped, and then it drove a little farther down the road and stopped. Then the car drove out of the dirt road and turned right onto the road in front of my house. It raced away down the street.”

“Do you recall what type of car?” Sam asked while he jotted down that information.

“Sure. I still remember that day like it was yesterday. It was red Chevy. I believe it was a, ah,” Elmer said then he strained to remember. “Ah yes, it was a newer Impala with a young man driving. But it was dark so I couldn’t see much of his face, but I knew he was young,” Elmer replied. Then his eyes lit up when he remembered something else. “Oh yeah, there was someone in the passenger seat, but I couldn’t tell if it was a woman or man since it was dark.”

“I don’t recall the local Sheriff telling me this information. If he did, I would have talked with you back then,” Sam said a little concerned.

“I didn’t say anything because I thought it was just two teenagers fooling around by the lake. That used to be a hangout for them having sex,” Elmer said with a grin.

Sam looked disappointed as that information could have helped when he was investigating the case.

“But I did see the Sheriff in town a week later. I went ahead and told him what I saw,” Elmer added.

“Why didn’t he pass that onto me?” Sam said and looked upset.

“Maybe it’s because he was Klan and hated government agents in his jurisdiction. He remembered the FBI being all over the town of Philadelphia back in sixty-

four. He said he could do a better job of catching that killer than that stupid FBI agent,” Elmer said while he removed the two fried bass and placed them on some plates.

Elmer’s comment hurt Sam’s feeling a little.

“Yep. We had a few Klan hangings in our neck of the woods, not much. It was terrible, but we knew it would be better to keep our mouths shut,” Elmer said while he walked the bass over to the table.

“Looks good,” Sam said while he grabbed his fork.

They ate their trout dinners while they talked.

“So, are you trying to catch that killer?”

“I sure hope so,” Sam replied after he finished chewing on some bass.

“Good, I remember reading how that killer got away. He should spend the rest of his life in jail!” Elmer said then took a bite of bass.

They continued to eat and talk.

After they finished the bass, Sam and Elmer sat in his living room couch and drank coffee to go with their small talk.

“Well Elmer, I have to be hitting the road. I’m driving down to Curtis, Mississippi,” Sam said while he got off the couch.

Elmer looked disappointed while he got off the couch.

He walked Sam to the front door.

“Thank you so very much for your time, Elmer,” Sam said while he extended out his hand.

“My pleasure and I’ll pray that you catch that killer.”

Elmer opened the door for Sam and watched him leave.

He closed the door and looked at his empty house. He looked sad, as he loved the company Sam. He was again lonely. He sure missed his wife Edith.

Sam got in his car and headed back to Downing so he could take the road south to Mississippi.

Meanwhile, back in St. Cloud, Becky and Marty were still cleaning Allan's house.

She cleaned the bathroom while Marty vacuumed the carpet. The vast majority of Allan's belongings were packed away in boxes.

There was one special box where Becky packed all of Allan's family photo albums. She was taking that box home. The rest of them were going to be sold at their garage sale or donated to Goodwill.

Hours later, Sam drove to the outskirts of Curtis, Mississippi and found a Motel 6. He pulled into the parking lot and parked his car.

Fifteen minutes later, Sam was in his hotel room and took a nice hot shower to get reenergized. Doing this investigative work on the road after forty years was exhausting at his age.

After his shower, he lay on the bed and reviewed his notes. His shower didn't help, as he got sleepy. His

eyelids slowly closed and he fell asleep with his notepad in his hand.

Elsewhere in Curtis, Billy stood in his den and stared at his pictures of Allan and himself on fishing and camping trips. He was on his fifth glass of whiskey and water. He looked pissed while he stared at the pictures. “I thought we would keep this our secret? What happened big brother? You lied to me!” Billy scolded the memories with Alan.

Two hours later in Sam’s hotel room, he was sound asleep on the bed and mumbled while he tossed and turned.

His cell phone rang on the bedside table. He jumped up startled, and he looked around a little confused and dazed. He realized it was his cell phone ringing. He reached over and opened it up. He looked at the viewfinder then quickly looked at his watch.

“Hello darling. Sorry I didn’t call sooner. I was exhausted and fell asleep,” Sam answered his cell phone.

“Maybe you should come home.”

“I can’t. I’m getting some great information,” Sam said with a determined look that he was going the whole nine yards.

“If you must,” she replied, as she knew there was no way she could change his mind. “Anyway, what time will you be home tomorrow?”

Sam cringed. “I know I’m on the verge of being killed, again, but I made a side trip to Tennessee and talked with this helpful old man.”

“I thought you were going straight to Mississippi?” she snapped at him from the phone.

“I know, I’m now in Mississippi. I’ll be here at least tomorrow. I have some research to conduct,” Sam said.

There was a few seconds of silence, which seemed like an eternity to Sam. “Okay, but don’t forget Kristen’s play. She has her heart set on you attending,” she said. “Plus be extra careful. I want you back home alive.”

“I won’t miss her play. And don’t worry. I know what I’m doing. After all, I did this for forty years without being shot.”

There was a long moment of silence from his cell. “Sam, this is starting to worry me sick. No wonder your wife divorced you,” she said with a worried tone.

“I know honey. If I don’t try this one last time, I’ll regret it for the rest of my life.”

There was another long moment of silence on the cell phone. “Okay. Be careful.”

Sam closed his cell phone and looked at the five file folders and Allan’s book on the bed. He started to have the urge for a good stiff drink of whisky.

Back in Florida, Marty grabbed Allan’s old laptop. Since Becky was sound asleep in bed, Marty powered up the laptop.

He started to navigate through all the files on that computer to search for any possible evidence Allan had saved.

Chapter 23

Sam slept in and woke at nine that morning in Curtis, Mississippi.

He got out of bed and took a shower.

He changed clothes and stashed his file folders in his overnight bag.

He left his room with his book.

Sam drove around Curtis to get a feel for the town. Since it wasn't that huge, with a population of three thousand, nine hundred and eighty-seven people.

He drove around and eventually found the Stein Chevrolet dealership.

Sam drove farther down the street.

He stopped when he found a nice family style diner.

He went inside for breakfast.

After breakfast, Sam drove to the Curtis Library. He parked his car and walked inside with his book in hand.

Sam walked up to the front counter where Sara Cunningham, an old white haired African-American woman worked.

“Excuse me, I need to search for some old newspaper articles from this area.”

Sara glanced up from her desk. "I'll show you where the reel machine is located," she said with a smile then she walked out from behind the counter.

Sam followed Sara to the back of the library where the reel machine was located.

"The reels are organized by years and months," she said while she pointed to a cabinet with drawers. "Come see me if you have any problems," she said with a smile.

She walked away and headed back to the front counter.

Sam opened up the drawer with "1945 – 1950" drawer.

He removed the "Aug - Dec 1948" reel and sat down at the reel machine.

He read the placard on the machine and inserted the reel.

His cell phone rang, and he opened it up and looked in the viewfinder.

"Hey Charles," Sam quickly answered.

"Dad, those two guys, John Watson and Joe Vaughn checked out. The third guy, Billy Stein, was in the Army Reserves from nineteen sixty-three until nineteen sixty-seven. He spent his duty at Camp Shelby in Mississippi," Charles replied from Sam's cell phone.

"Okay, thanks son."

"Where are you now?"

"Curtis, Mississippi."

"Please be careful," Charles responded.

"I will. I'll talk to you later," Sam said then closed his cell phone.

Sam started viewing the reel.

He spent twenty minutes and went through the whole reel, and found nothing. He scratched his head then opened up his book to the first chapter. "He stated it happened in the summer of nineteen forty-eight," Sam said while he looked at the book.

Sam got up and walked back to the front counter.

"Excuse me, I need some assistance with finding some articles," Sam told Sara.

She smiled and walked out from behind the counter.

"What's the problem?" she asked while she walked to the machine and Sam tagged along.

"I'm looking for an article that probably came out in August of forty-eight," he said while they walked to the reel machine.

"What's the article about?" Sara said. "I've lived in Curtis my whole life. I might remember."

"It's about a redneck that raped then killed a young black girl. Then he tried to kill a young boy and his older brother killed the redneck with a baseball bat. And I believe a black man was blamed then hung for the death of the redneck," Sam told her.

Sara looked at Sam as that sounded so familiar. "Are you from around here?"

"No ma-am, I'm from Florida. My name is Sam Woods and I'm a retired FBI agent," he told her while he removed his wallet and showed her his identification card and Florida driver's license.

“How did you know about what happened with Abraham Jones?” she curiously asked.

“This book started off with that story,” he said while he showed her the A Killer’s Tale book.

Sara looked at the book. “I don’t read murder books,” she said then her eyes lit up when she saw the author’s name. “Allan Stein wrote it. I loath him and his brother,” Sara said with hatred in her eyes.

Sam knew he found a friend. “So that really happened?”

“Yes, but I remember it happening around July nineteen forty-nine,” she said while she opened up a drawer and removed a “Jan – Jul 1949” reel. She sat down and inserted it into the machine.

Within a few minutes, the article from August 4, 1949 from the Curtis Bugle appeared. The article was about Kenny Booker found naked, dead, near the dead naked body of Carrie Washington, a teenaged colored girl. It further stated that Sheriff Jimmy Nathan would conduct an investigation.

Sam looked at the screen then got a smirk. He printed out two copies.

“Why would a retired FBI agent be concerned with something that happened over fifty years ago?”

Sam showed her the book and told her the story of the October Slayer case and why he thought the book would reveal the identity of the killer.

“Like I said, I didn’t read that book. But here’s what I know. Little Stevie Jones ran home one August day scared to death. He told his daddy he saw a white man

being beaten to death in the woods with a baseball bat by a white boy he recognized. The man fell to the ground near a naked colored girl.”

“That follows the book.” Sam replied.

Sara thought for a few seconds. “I don’t recall if I ever heard who beat that white man.”

Sam looked disappointed with that part of her memory.

“Then two nights later, six KKK men busted into Abraham’s home and dragged him outside. They strung up a rope and hung poor Abraham for killing that white man. Apparently, he was a KKK man from Washburn County. Anyway, after Abraham was killed, his mother, Marsha, sent Stevie to live with her sister in Alabama to save him from being beaten or hung,” Sara said while her eyes welled up. It had been a long time since she thought about those days.

“Now there was this other story in Allan’s book where the Sheriff of the town, raped young black girls in sixty-one and tried to get them to testify in court that a young black man raped them.”

Sara thought about what Sam told her. She opened up another drawer and removed a “Jan – Jul 1962” reel. She ejected the other reel and inserted the new one.

A few minutes later, she found a Curtis Bugle news article for February 21,1962. It was about Jerome Franklin, a young colored man that was sentenced to twenty years for rape.

“Poor Jerome. We in the black community knew he was innocent and that Sheriff Stein framed him.”

“Sheriff Stein?”

“Yes. Billy Stein was the Sheriff at the time. He got the job because of his father’s influence. Shortly after he took over in sixty-one, he was rumored to be raping numerous black girls to show off his power,” Sara said while these old memories were making her angry.

Sam found that information interesting. “This is sounding just like the book,” he said while he printed out two copies of that news article.

Sara picked up the book. “You need to talk with Martha Jones. She’ll tell you some more good information about the white man beaten to death,” she told Sam.

“I would like that. Where does she live?”

“She’s my neighbor. I’ll take you there,” Sara offered.

“Thank you,” he replied then followed Sara to the doors of the library.

Sam followed Sara in her car to Marsha’s house out in the country.

After some quick introductions and why it was important for Sam to talk to Marsha, she invited them inside. They sat down on her couch.

Marsha was an old African American woman with a head full of white hair and face full of wrinkles. Half of her teeth were long gone.

“I remember that day like it was yesterday. My boy Stevie ran into the house sweaty, out of breath and scared to death. After he calmed down, he told us how he just

saw Billy Stein beat a white man to death with a baseball while his older brother, Allan, watched. Then Billy ran off while Allan stayed behind. He looked the two dead bodies over,” she told Sam then her eyes welled up.

“Then two nights later, some KKK thugs broke into our home and dragged my Abraham outside. They hung him saying he killed that white man, who was KKK,” Marsha said then her eyes filled with tears.

“Can I talk to Stevie?”

“No you can’t. He joined the Army in sixty and had a great career. Then he went to Vietnam in seventy and was found stabbed to death in an alley in Saigon,” she told him while her eyes welled up again.

“I’m so sorry to hear about that.”

“The Army investigated but couldn’t identify the killer,” Marsha added. “So typical.”

Sam felt so sorry for the horrible events in Marsha’s life. “I can’t thank you enough for allowing me to spend time with you.”

“Mister Woods, I think Billy is the killer you want,” Marsha said with conviction.

Sam stood up. “Thank you ma-am. I’m going to find out if that’s true,” he said.

Marsha and Sara walked Sam to her front door. Then Sara’s eyes lit up when she had an idea. “You need to talk to Gertie,” Sara said.

“Gertie?” Sam curiously asked.

“Yeah, Gertie from the sixty-two story,” Sara said.

Sam felt like he struck gold. “Where were you back in the sixties when I needed a good lead?” he asked Marsha and Sara.

“Hiding scared from the law, as they were in cahoots with the Klan,” Sara said.

“But no more!” Marsha added.

Fifteen minutes later, Sam followed Sara’s car a little farther down the street to another house in the country.

They turned down a dirt road.

They pulled their cars into the dirt driveway, parked and got out.

Sam, with his book in hand, saw a worn wooded house in dire need of some coats of paint with a front porch that was lopsided.

Sara walked Sam to the front screen door and she knocked on it.

Gertie Howie, an old African-American woman appeared at the screen door.

“Sara!” she said excited to see her.

“Listen Gertie, this is Sam Woods, a retired FBI agent and he really needs to talk to you.”

“Well, if you say I need to talk to him, then I will. Please come inside,” Gertie said then opened up the screen door.

They went inside where Sara told Gertie Sam’s story.

“Betsy, you need to come in the living room,” Gertie called out.

A few minutes later, Betsy Howie, Gertie's older daughter joined them and was told the story.

"It's time to get this out in the open. I'm too old to be scared of Billy Stein," Gertie said.

Betsy nodded in agreement.

Sam looked in the direction of the kitchen when he saw some movement. He saw Candice Howie. She was a middle-aged African-American woman had lighter skin as compared to Gertie and Betsy.

"It was Billy Stein that raped me when I was a fourteen year old girl back in sixty-one," Gertie said.

"Betsy, did Billy Stein threaten to hang your father if you told anybody about the rape?"

"How did you know that?" Betsy said.

"It was in a book written by Allan Stein," Sam said while he showed them the book.

Gertie took the book and looked it over with Betsy.

"Allan Stein was another one I never trusted," Gertie said while he handed the book back to Sam.

"I didn't want any part of sending an innocent man to jail, so I refused to lie for Sheriff Stein. Besides, we knew Jerome Franklin, and he was a friend and had a good heart," Betsy said.

Gertie nodded in agreement.

"Why didn't he hang your father?" Sam asked Betsy.

"He didn't realize my husband was killed by the Klan eight years before that in Georgia. Besides, he already had that Edwards girl claim Jerome raped her," Gertie added.

“The judge was buddies with Alvin Stein,” Betsy said.

“Does that girl still Edwards girl still live around here?” Sam asked.

“Poor Sandy! Guilt got the best of her and she committed suicide back in sixty-six,” Gertie replied.

“For years, Billy Stein would drive by our house, just to let us know he's keeping an eye on me,” Betsy said.

“Then we heard his wife left him years later,” Gertie added.

“His wife?” Sam asked curiously.

“Yes sir. She ran off sometime in the early seventies,” Sara said.

“Do you know where she is today?”

“No, but her best friend is still around. She might know,” Gertie said then looked over in the direction of the kitchen. “Candice, get me the address of Pam Stone,” Gertie called out.

Sam watched while Candice walked over to the phone and opened up a phone book.

“Did Billy know about Candice?” Sam asked Betsy.

“Yes and that’s another reason why he would drive by our house.”

Candice walked over a piece of paper with Pam’s address.

“I’ll call Pam and let her know you’re coming. She volunteers at the hospital, so you can probably visit her after six tonight,” Gertie said.

Sam stood up. “I can’t thank you enough for the valuable information you provided.”

“I just hope you catch this killer,” Gertie said.

“I’ll do my best ma-am,” Sam said. He started to step outside then remembered something. “Do you know how I can contact Jerome Franklin? I can imagine he’s out of prison by now.”

“He’s down in Jackson,” Betsy said while she walked out of the kitchen. “I can call him to see if he’ll speak with you,” she added.

“My number is five, five, five, eighteen oh four,” Sam said.

Betsy nodded that she got his number then walked back into the kitchen.

Sam and Sara left the house. They walked over to their cars.

“Thank you so much, Sara. You’ve been a big help,” Sam told her.

“I hope you catch that killer,” she replied.

Sam gave her a kiss on the cheek to thank her again.

They both got inside their cars and drove away.

Sam went in one direction while Sara drove in another back to the library.

A little while later, Sam pulled into the parking lot of Stein Chevrolet. He got out of his car with his A Killer’s Tale book in hand. He had two folded pieces of paper stuffed inside.

He walked over to the new car area and looked around. He pretended he was shopping a car.

After a few minutes later, Cecil Hackman, a salesman walked up to Sam with hunger in his eyes for a sale. “Well hello sir, looking for a new Chevy today?” Cecil asked.

“I’m thinking about a Corvette. I’ve always wanted one and now that I’m getting up in age, I figured it’s time to live a little,” Sam replied with a smile.

“I can help. I’m Cecil Hackman,” he said with dollar signs in his eyes.

Sam hesitated for a few seconds and then a smirk grew on his face. “I’m Robert Fillert from Boldger, Alabama.”

They shook hands.

“Well, let me show you some of the Corvettes we have in the lot,” Cecil said then escorted Sam to the other end of the lot.

Then twenty minutes later after giving Sam a test ride in a red Corvette, Cecil took Sam inside his cubicle to draw up the sales papers.

“Have a seat Mister Fillert. Can I get you some coffee?” Cecil asked.

“Sure, black only,” replied Sam while he set his book on Cecil’s desk.

Cecil eyed the book but didn’t give it any thought as he walked out of his cubicle.

Sam stood up and watched to make sure Cecil couldn’t see him. He sat back down and grabbed a pen from the desk.

Cecil poured some coffee into a Styrofoam cup and headed back to his cubicle.

He walked back into his cubicle and set the cup down on his desk in front of Sam.

Sam took a sip of coffee while he schemed in his head.

“Okay, let’s get things going,” Cecil said.

“Where is the bathroom?” Sam said while he grabbed his book and stood up.

“Over there past the coffee pot,” Cecil said while he stood up and pointed in the direction Sam needed to head.

“I’ll be back,” Sam said then walked off in that direction.

Cecil started working on the paperwork for the sale of a Corvette. He was dancing in his seat while he thought of his commission.

Sam walked over to toward the coffee pot then turned in another direction. He walked by Judy’s desk.

“May I help you?” she asked.

“I’m looking for the bathrooms,” Sam said while he looked around and saw Billy in his office, buried in paperwork. Billy was too busy to notice Sam.

Judy got up from behind her desk and walked up to Sam.

“It’s over there past the coffee pots,” Judy said while she pointed in the right direction.

“Thank you,” Sam said then walked toward the bathrooms.

Sam went into the men’s room and came back out a few seconds later.

He walked by the table with the coffee pot and dropped those two pieces of paper on the table.

He discreetly found an exit and rushed out of the building.

Outside, Sam rushed over to his car and got inside. He started it up and drove out of the lot.

A car quickly pulled into the parking lot. Inside was Henry Peabody, an accountant. He parked his car, got out with a brief case in hand.

He rushed over to the front doors.

Inside his office, Billy continued to work on his paperwork.

Henry rushed in his office. "Billy! You've been ignoring me for the past couple of weeks. I need documentation showing those trips to Asia were business related. We have the IRS meeting in the morning," Henry said while he rushed up to Billy's desk.

"Judy, get Henry here a cup of coffee," Billy yelled out.

Henry pulled up a chair next to Billy and opened up his brief case and removed a stack of papers.

Judy walked in Billy's office with a cup of coffee in one hand. She also had the two papers Sam dropped off in her other hand.

She set the coffee cup in front of Henry and dropped the two papers in front of Billy.

"I found these by the coffee pot," she said then walked out of his office and looked bothered.

Billy looked at one of the papers.

It was a copy of the news article from the Curtis Bugle, dated August 4, 1949. It was about the redneck and colored girl found dead in the woods. "Billy Stein did this" was hand written on the bottom of this article.

He looked pissed while he looked at the other paper.

It was a copy of the Curtis Bugle news article, dated February 21, 1962. It was about Jerome being sentenced for rape. "Billy Stein did this" was hand written on the bottom of this article.

Billy looked furious while he stared at the papers.

"Billy, I need documentation that these were legitimate business trips," Henry said a little irritated that Billy was ignoring him.

"I don't have any fucking documentation," Billy said while he jumped out of his chair and stormed out of his office.

He stormed over to Judy's desk. "Who left these?" he said in a raised voice.

"I don't know sir," Judy replied.

Billy rushed away and rushed into to the sales area where Cecil stared out the windows at the lot.

"What the hell are you looking at?" Billy snapped at him.

"Somehow, I lost a customer," Cecil said while he looked baffled.

"Lost a customer? How the hell can you lose a customer?" Billy asked ready to slap Cecil.

“Don’t know. I had a Robert Fillert ready to buy a Corvette. Then he left my desk to go to the bathroom and never returned.”

“I should fire your ass,” Billy said then he stormed away.

He got five feet away from Cecil then it hit him like a ton of bricks. He rushed back to Cecil. “Did you say Robert Fillert?”

“Yes sir. He said he was from Boldger, Alabama. He looked to be in his seventies,” Cecil replied then he thought for a few seconds. “I don’t know where Boldger, Alabama is located.”

“You’re the biggest dumbass I’ve ever known!” Billy yelled out then stormed back to his office ready to kill someone.

Cecil got nervous and knew Billy was going to probably fire him. He moped back to his desk.

Meanwhile, back in Kissimmee, Florida, Becky sat in her den and looked at all the memories of her life with Allan. Her eyes welled up when she remembered all those good times.

Marty entered the room with a check in hand. “A check came for thirty-three thousand dollars in royalties from dad’s book. That’s going to help the kids through college.”

“I know,” she said but her eyes filled with tears when she saw a picture of Becky and Allan at Disney. Allan wore Mickey Mouse ears on his head.

Marty looked at Becky and wanted to tell her that he checked Allan's computer and didn't find any notes about his research for A Killer's Tale. He decided he better not say thing so he walked out of the room.

Chapter 24

Later that evening, Sam relaxed in his hotel room. He got a phone call from Pam Stone. She was too nervous to have him come over to her house, since she was still afraid of Billy. So she said she would call Billy's ex-wife to see if she'll agree to see him.

Then thirty minutes later, Sam also got a phone call from Jerome Franklin. He agreed to talk with Sam, as long as he drove down to Biloxi. Sam agreed and told Jerome he'll drive down tomorrow.

Sam turned on the hotel room TV and flipped through the channels. He stopped at HBO and watched the movie *Mississippi Burning* with Gene Hackman.

What a coincidence. Sam thought to himself while he watched that movie. He was about thirty-five miles from the location those Civil Rights kids were murdered in June of 1964.

Sam's cell phone rang. He looked at the viewfinder and was glad this caller finally called.

"Joel Nelson, it's Sam Woods," he said when he answered the call.

"Sam Woods. I couldn't believe it when I got your email. It's been, what, about thirty-eight years? So, what's so important?" Joel answered from Sam's cell phone.

“Yeah, about that,” Sam replied and started to get a little mad. “A book came out called A Killer’s Tale.”

“I heard about that book but haven’t read it yet,” Joel replied.

“That book appears to be based on the October Slayer case. And it also made it sound like the agent working with the lead FBI agent talked to someone else about the case. Possibility the killer or someone connected with the killer,” Sam said in a raised his voice.

There was a few seconds of silence from his cell phone. “Wait Sam, are you implying that I passed on information to the killer?” Joel replied a little concerned.

“The book sure made it sound like that’s what happened,” Sam replied and raised his voice a little louder.

“No Sam. I would never do that. Never!” Joel swore from the cell phone. There was moment of silence.

“Wait, do you remember Bo Smithson?”

Sam thought for a few seconds. “Oh yeah, the guy that took over the case after I went to Phoenix. He didn’t solve the case either from what I heard.”

“I remember he never tried for some strange reason,” Joel responded.

“He was too stupid from what I remembered.”

“And Sam, I swear Bo Smithson was always asking for updates on the case and how you were doing. I thought talking to a fellow agent would be okay. I never talked about the case outside our office,” Joel relied with a sincere tone.

“Okay, thanks Joel,” Sam said then quickly disconnected the call and half trusted Joel.

Since it was late, Sam sent Peter a text message requesting more information.

He returned to watching the rest of the *Mississippi Burning* movie.

Sam fell asleep during the movie, as playing FBI agent wore him down.

An hour later, Sam was sound asleep in his hotel room. Another movie played on the TV.

Someone unlocked the door to his room. The door slowly cracked opened. Sam was still asleep.

A man in a black mask and gloves quietly tiptoed inside the room. He looked around and saw Sam was asleep. He saw Sam’s keys on the dresser.

He quietly walked to the dresser. He removed some modeling clay from his pocket. He grabbed Sam’s keys and made impressions of all the keys he suspected to be a house key.

Sam rolled over to his side and snored. The man stood ready to beat Sam if he woke up. Sam didn’t wake up and he just snored louder.

The man quietly set the keys on the dresser.

He quietly walked to the door and left.

Sam continued to snore in his sleep.

Outside the hotel, the man got into a Chevy Impala. The man removed his black ski mask, and it was Billy Stein.

He drove away. In the morning, he was going to take that modeling clay to a friend of the family who was a locksmith. This guy was an old KKK friend's of Billy's father.

Sam woke up at six that morning. After a shave and a shower, he was raring to head down the Biloxi.

Sam arrived in Biloxi around one thirty in the afternoon. The area looked different from when he was down there for Fran Adams murder back in 1963.

He made a cell phone call to Jerome and agreed to meet in Public Park.

Sam and Jerome sat on a bench in the park.

Jerome was still looked muscular and kept his head completely shaved.

"Betsy called me and said I should talk with you about what happened back in sixty-one. She said you're a retired FBI agent," Jerome said while he looked off at the park. "I guess she's right," Jerome said while he looked at Sam.

"Did you rape those young girls?"

Jerome hesitated while his eyes well up. "No sir. I would never do such a horrible crime like that. Or would I commit any crime. Sheriff Stein framed me. The black community knew he was molesting young black girls back then. But since he was connected with the local Klan, everybody was scared of him. And they were more

frightened of his father. But then some of us finally got sick of it and wanted Billy dead.”

“Who?”

“Well, me for one. After I heard that he raped Betsy, I got pissed and confronted Billy one night in town when I had a few too many drinks,” Jerome said and his blood pressure started to rise while he thought about that day.

“What happened?” Sam asked.

“I told him that I was going to get him arrested for raping Betsy and another young girl named Sandy,” Jerome said and paused for a few seconds. “Then I took a swing at him and missed then fell flat on my face. Then Sheriff Stein proceeded to beat the crap out of me with his night stick. He arrested me and threw me in a jail cell. Then later, he drummed up the charges I raped Betsy and Sandy. Betsy refused to testify in court, or lie, I should say. But Sandy was pressured with the threat of having her daddy hung from a tree,” Jerome said while his eyes welled up.

“I worked up in Atlanta for the bureau in the sixties. I heard some horror stories of the Klan and their activities in the south.”

“Betsy told me about that book and you were the FBI agent on that old October Slayer case. So, do you think Billy could be that killer?”

“I’m leaning in that direction, but need some concrete evidence to get him arrested.”

“Well, if I was a betting man, I would say Billy could be that killer. He’s as mean as a snake,” Jerome said and the hatred for Billy was visible in his eyes.

“I’m working hard to find some evidence.”

“He took away my chances on having a good life. I wanted to attend college. Now that I’m a convicted felon, I can only get crappy paying jobs as a dishwasher,” Jerome said then paused for a few seconds. “I wish I could get my conviction expunged.”

Sam looked at Jerome and thought he might try to accomplish that, but didn’t want to give him false hope. “Well Mister Franklin, I really appreciate your assistance. You’ve provided some good information,” Sam said while he stood up.

“You can pay me back by sending Billy Stein to jail,” Jerome said while they shook hands.

“I’ll do my best.”

They walked away in separate directions.

While Sam walked through the park back to his car, his cell phone rang. He looked at the viewfinder and smiled.

“Hey Peter.”

“Bo Smithson lives at seventy-five ninety-eight Garrison Avenue in Jackson, Mississippi. He apparently grew up in Curtis, Mississippi,” Peter told him from the cell phone.

“Thanks. I’ll think I’ll pay that dumbass a visit,” Sam said while he disconnected his call.

Thirty minutes later, Sam was in his car and headed north to Jackson, Mississippi.

It was early in the evening.

Bo Smithson was overweight and bald, sat in his den of his five thousand square foot three hundred and fifty thousand dollar home. He drank scotch while he watched the TV show CSI: Las Vegas. He never married since he wasn't attractive but found love with escorts he found on the Internet or streets.

His doorbell rang. Bo looked bothered and ignored it, as the show had him intrigued. The doorbell rang again, and he ignored. The doorbell kept on ringing continuously. Bo got irritated and knew if he didn't go to the door, it would probably continue for hours.

He got up with his glass of scotch and walked out of the den.

He walked to his front door. He opened it and he immediately looked nervous when he saw Sam standing outside.

"Hello Bo. Remember me? Sam Woods?"

"Ah, yeah. Sam Woods. How the hell are you?"

"Are you going to invite me inside your beautiful home?"

"Ah, sure. Please come inside."

Sam walked inside his home and Bo closed the door.

Sam looked around the living room that was furnished with expensive furniture. "I can't afford a house like this on my FBI pension. How can you?"

"Good investments while I was in the bureau. So, what brings you here?" Bo asked but knew the answer.

"I'm doing my own investigation into that old October Slayer case."

“Oh yeah. The one you couldn’t solve and caused you to have a huge drinking problem,” Bo said to taunt Sam.

“The author of a book called *A Killer’s Tale* is based on the October Slayer and it was written by Allan Stein who grew up in Curtis, Mississippi. And his book had details only the killer and myself knew.”

“So then why are you seeing me?”

Sam looked around the living room. “Mind if I sit down? I’m exhausted from the long drive from Biloxi.”

Bo walked Sam over to the couch and sat down.

“I discovered Allan Stein, passed away. And since you’re also from Curtis Mississippi, I was wondering if you knew his brother, Billy?”

Sam eyed the mahogany bookcase at the other wall of the living room.

“I knew of Billy just like everybody did in Curtis. I loved Chevy’s and would buy my cars from his family’s dealership. Do you suspect he’s the killer?” Bo curiously asked.

“It could head in that direction. Why did you ask that?”

“Well, you asked about Billy,” Bo responded.

“Yes I did.”

Then Bo looked like he was scheming. “I know what, why don’t we hook up together. I can help with your little investigation. I mean, you must be doing an investigation since you’re up here in Mississippi asking about certain people,” Bo said. Then he saw Sam’s stare and wasn’t sure he would accept his offer. “I mean, I find

it fascinating you're apparently looking for that October Slayer. It's about time that scumbag gets sent to jail," Bo said and silently prayed Sam would accept.

Sam thought about Bo's offer for a few seconds. "I don't know. I heard you didn't even try to solve the case after I went to Phoenix. Plus that book had the agent's partner talking to the killer and passing on information to a fellow agent. Then that agent talked to the brother of the killer."

Bo looked a little guilty. "I would never do that. I'll be a valuable and trusted partner. Promise!" Bo replied and faked a look he was serious.

Sam thought about Bo's response for a few seconds.

"Okay but you have to pay for our own expenses," Sam said thinking he could trick Bo, since he's stupid, to get evidence on Billy.

"That's no problem."

They shook hands to seal the deal.

Bo's phone in the kitchen rang. "Please excuse me."

Bo got up from the couch and walked in the direction of his kitchen.

When the coast was clear, Sam got up off the couch and rushed over to the bookcase.

He glanced at the books and saw copies of all of Allan's books including A Killer's Tale. Then saw a book of interest. He grabbed it and saw it was a 1960 Curtis High School yearbook. He flipped through some pages.

In the kitchen, Bo picked up his ringing phone. "Hello."

“Bo, it’s me Billy.”

Bo made sure Sam wasn’t close by. “He’s here,” Bo quietly replied in the phone.

“Who’s there?” Billy replied from the phone.

“Sam Woods,” Bo quietly responded.

In the living room, Sam found the senior picture of Billy. Then on the same page, he found the senior picture of Bo. He closed the book and placed it back.

He looked at the drawers and opened one.

In the kitchen, Bo still talked on the phone. “He’s thinking you’re the killer,” Bo quietly said while he kept an eye on the entrance to the kitchen.

“Shit!” Billy yelled from the phone.

In the living room, Sam found a photo album in one of the drawers. He opened it up and flipped through the pages. He found some pages of old pictures of Bo and Billy fishing in a lake from a boat.

Sam quickly placed the album back and walked out of the kitchen.

“What do you want me to do?” Bo quietly asked.

“Where’s the bathroom?” Sam asked from the kitchen doorway. Bo got startled and he jumped a little with a little scream.

“There’s one down the hall to the left,” Bo replied while he looked nervous.

“Where is he now?” Billy asked while Bo saw Sam standing in his kitchen doorway.

“Answer me dumbass,” Billy yelled from the phone.

Bo stared at Sam who stared back. It was a nervous moment for Bo and he didn’t know what to do. “Thanks,” Sam finally spoke and walked away.

“Dip shit, are you there?” Billy yelled from the phone.

“Yes, he was in the kitchen,” Bo quietly responded.

“That bastard. He came to my dealership earlier and pretended to be that FBI character in Allan’s book,” Billy replied from the phone.

“I struck a deal with Sam.”

“What the hell do you mean you struck a deal with him?” Billy yelled out.

“I offered to work with him.”

“You what?” Billy screamed.

“Cool down. This could work in your favor.”

“How the fuck can this work in my favor?” Billy yelled.

“I’ll be on the inside and can manipulate his investigation to throw him off you. You know, send him on a wild goose chase that will lead nowhere. Plus if he finds any evidence, I’ll give it to you.”

There was a moment of silence. “I do need to get my hands on that wooden chest that Allan hid somewhere. So, how much will this cost me?”

Bo thought for a few seconds. “Well, I think fifty thousand dollars would be fair. After all, he could accidently discover some other information about our past business arrangement,” Bo said with a smirk knowing he had Billy just where he wanted him for once in his life.

There was a moment of silence, and then Bo heard the toilet flush down the hall. “Okay, we’ll meet tonight and I’ll have the money,” Billy said then there was a few seconds of silence. “But if you fuck me over, I’ll make sure it’s known that you love fucking underage boys,” Billy threatened.

“Have I fucked you over for the past forty-three years?”

“No.”

“Good, I want my money tonight,” Bo demanded.

There was a few seconds of silence. “Okay, we’ll meet at Hoo Hoo Park that’s north of Jackson at two in the morning. You should be familiar with that place,” Billy said.

“Fucking funny,” Bo snapped back.

“It’s that place or the deal is off.”

“Okay, I’ll meet you at two,” Bo said then hung up the phone.

Bo left the kitchen and headed to the living room.

He got nervous when he didn’t see Sam. He turned around just as he entered the room.

“Well, it’s getting late and I better get to my hotel room.”

Bo walked Sam to the front door.

“So, are we going to start first thing in the morning?” Bo asked and looked excited.

“Sure. Meet me at eight in the morning at the Waffle House in front of my hotel. It’s the Quality Inn off Moore’s Avenue.”

“Great. But why don’t you quickly fill me in on the information you’ve uncovered so far.”

Sam thought for a few seconds. “No, I’ll update you tomorrow morning. You better be there by eight, as I have a long drive home and want to be on the road before nine.”

“Okay, eight in the morning,” Bo said then opened up the door for Sam.

He watched while Sam walked to his car in the driveway then he closed his door.

“I’ll squeeze more money out of Billy as things progress,” Bo sang while he did a victory dance around the living room.

Sam arrived at his hotel room, and got ready for bed. He just got under the covers when his cell phone rang.

“Sam Woods,” he answered.

“Mister Woods, I’m Wendy Graham. An old friend of mine Pam Woods called me. She told me about your interest with Billy my ex-husband. Well, if you want to talk, I live in Los Angeles,” Wendy responded from Sam’s cell phone.

“Wendy. I’m so glad you called. I would love to talk with you about Billy. I can come to Los Angeles whenever you like. The sooner the better.”

“How about the day after tomorrow? I’m going to New York with my husband after that day for a week.”

“Perfect,” Sam said.

“Call me with your flight information and I’ll arrange for someone to pick you up. Then we’ll meet,” Wendy said.

“I will and thanks Wendy,” Sam replied.

“We’ll talk later,” Wendy said then disconnected her end of the call.

Sam did a little victory dance then remembered his deal with Bo. Sam thought for a few seconds. Sam decided to tell Bo that they’ll start together in a few days.

Sam closed his eyes. His eyes opened in a panic when he forgot something. He quickly made another phone call on his cell phone.

“It’s late Sam, why are you calling?” Cindy answered a little groggy as he woke her up.

“Listen honey, I have to fly out to Los Angeles,” Sam said.

“Where are you now?”

“I’m in Jackson, Mississippi.”

“When are you going out there?”

“I’ll drive down to Daytona, get a change of clothes then head to the Orlando airport. So the day after tomorrow.”

“Kristen’s play is in a few days.”

“I know, I’ll make it there in time.”

“I think you’ll be cutting it too close.”

“Don’t worry. I’ll make it, I promise.”

“You better,” Cindy replied irritated. She disconnected her end of the call.

He got ready for bed and was asleep in ten minutes.

Meanwhile, in Kissimmee, Florida, Becky fell asleep watching old home videos with Allan. Marty was halfway through reading Allan's book for the second time.

Chapter 25

It was two in the morning and dark in Hoo Hoo Park. The parking lot was empty except for Bo. He waited in his Impala for Billy to show up with his money.

Car headlights shone inside from his rear window. Bo smiled knowing it was Billy.

Billy parked his brown Malibu next to Bo's Impala. He got out and rushed over to Bo's car. He sat in the passenger seat.

"Why can't that jerk leave things alone?" Billy immediately blurted out when he sat down. "Are you sure you didn't tell Woods anything?"

"I didn't. You can trust me. He doesn't have a clue of our connection. Like I said earlier, with me helping, he'll never learn the truth. I'll have him chasing his tail to where he'll get tired and quit," Bo said with a tone of confidence.

"Okay, let me get your money out of my car," Billy said then opened the door and got out.

Bo looked excited while he watched Billy rush over to the passenger door of his car.

Billy hid both his hands behind his back while he rushed back to Bo's car. He stood by Bo's driver's door. He motioned him to roll down his window.

Bo rolled down his window and was really looking forward to all that cash. *I'll get a really nice escort.* Bo

thought to himself while he licked his lips in anticipation of a hot brunette with jumbo jiggly breasts.

Billy tossed a gay nudie magazine into Bo's lap with his left hand in a latex glove.

Bo picked up the magazine and looked at the cover. He looked confused for a second.

"Here's your payment," Billy said the second his right hand in a latex glove appeared with a Glock with silencer. This pistol was never registered to Billy. He bought it from an old KKK member, ten years ago, who was in dire need of some cash.

Bo looked expecting an envelope full of cash. By the time Bo realized Billy had a pistol aimed at his head, it was too late. The bullet penetrated his forehead. Blood and brains splattered the inside of his car. Bo's dead body slumped over the console.

Billy removed his hanky from his pocket and carefully opened up the driver's door. "Sorry Bo, I can't take any chances with a dumb ass helping Woods," he said. He unbuckled Bo's belt, unzipped his pants then lowered them down to his ankles.

He removed Bo's wallet, and he rushed back to his Malibu.

He got inside his car and drove away.

While Billy drove out of the Park, he didn't notice the two individuals hidden in the shadows of the dark woods. They saw the whole episode.

He drove off and headed north back to Curtis.

Later that night, Billy got home. He hid the Glock and Bo's wallet under his spare tire.

He rushed inside his house.

Billy rushed to his computer in his den, and he powered it up. When it was ready, he immediately opened up a Word file and started typing.

Sam rose up at seven that morning and checked out of his hotel.

He had breakfast at the Waffle House at 8:00 and waited for Bo.

Nine that morning rolled around and Bo never showed up. Sam left. He was disappointed but was kind of glad, since he wanted to work alone.

He hit the road and headed south down Interstate I-55 with his usual five miles over the speed limit.

Meanwhile, Billy also rose up early after getting a few hours of sleep. He packed some clothes in a suitcase. After that, he called his office. He told them he was staying home for a few days and didn't want to be disturbed.

He left his house with his suitcase.

On his way south, Billy stopped off and dropped a letter in a mailbox in Jackson.

He got back in his car and headed south.

Later that day, Billy headed south on I-95. He normally speeds, but this time he was a poster child for safe driving and kept it five miles over the speed limit.

Later that afternoon, Sam drove south down I-95. He didn't realize that Billy was a few miles behind him in the Malibu.

"I'm at greater risk with being killed on America's Interstate than chasing killers," Sam said while numerous cars whizzed past him twenty miles over the speed limit.

Sam didn't realize that Billy was only a few car lengths behind his car. Billy was on the hunt and Sam was his prey.

Later that evening, Sam pulled into the driveway of his house. The garage door opened. Sam pulled into the garage then the door closed.

Billy pulled his Malibu across and street. He saw the lights turn on inside Sam's house.

He drove away happy.

Inside Sam's house, he immediately got on his computer and made reservations for a direct flight from Orlando to Los Angeles. He was lucky with reserving a seat for a flight first thing in the morning. He then called Wendy and gave her the information.

Sam got ready for bed and was soon fast asleep.

Elsewhere in Daytona, Billy parked his car in a Wal-Mart parking lot. He crawled in the backseat with a blanket and went to sleep.

Sam rose up early in the morning and packed an overnight bag for this short trip to Los Angeles.

Billy also rose up early and was waiting in his Malibu down the street from Sam's house.

Sam drove south on Interstate I-95.

An hour later, he headed west on 528, the Beachline, to get to the Orlando International airport. While Sam drove down the Beachline, he made a call to Cindy to let her know he was heading to the airport. It was a short call since Cindy wasn't interested in talking. Sam knew he would have to make it up to her somehow and it would have to be the trip to North Carolina.

Billy trailed Sam's car down the Beachline.

Sam drove down the airport roads and headed to the parking lot. Billy trailed Sam's car.

A little while later, Billy drove back out of the airport when he realized Sam was flying off to somewhere.

"Where the hell is he going?" Billy asked himself he turned down the exit out of the airport. He headed east down the Beachline.

While Sam checked in for his flight, Billy headed back to Daytona Beach.

Seven hours later, Sam arrived at the Los Angeles airport. After he walked out of the terminal with his overnight bag in hand.

He saw a man, in a suit that held a “Sam Wood” sign amongst other people who waited for friends and family.

Sam walked up to him. “I’m Sam Woods.”

“I need to see some identification, especially since you’re claiming you’re retired FBI,” the man said with a serious look.

Sam removed his wallet and showed him his Florida’s driver’s license and retired FBI identification card.

The man looked satisfied. “Do you have any luggage, sir?”

“No, just this bag.”

“Very well. Please follow me,” the man said while walked away.

Sam followed the man.

Meanwhile, up in Jackson Mississippi, Andy Berry the Chief of Police for the Jackson police department, was hard at work at his desk. He reviewed some budget reports.

His administrative assistant walked into his office with a letter in hand.

“This arrived earlier. You might want to read it,” she said then handed Andy the letter.

She walked out of Andy’s office.

Andy read the letter.

“To Whom It May Concern. I can’t reveal my identity because I was at Hoo Hoo Park. But it was early in the morning and I saw two cars in the park. Two old men having sex in a car with Mississippi tags. The passenger was an old man. He got out and walked over to his car. It had Florida tags. He walked up to the Mississippi car with a pistol in his hand. The Mississippi man cried out “Don’t kill me Sam.” Then the Florida man shot the Mississippi man. I was scared of being killed. I can’t come forward because I was in the park having sex with another man. I’m married,” the letter stated.

Andy got up from his desk and walked out of his office.

Andy walked through the Detective office area. He walked up to Detective Blaine Salt who worked at his desk. A copy of A Killer’s Tale was next to a stack of case files.

“Blaine, this letter arrived. Looks like the killer of that retired FBI agent might be from Florida. His name is Sam,” Andy told him then handed Blaine the letter.

Andy walked back to his office while Blaine read the letter.

“Great, there’s probably fifty thousand Sam’s in Florida,” Blaine said while he placed the letter in the file folder for Bo’s murder.

Blaine got up and with his coffee cup and headed to the break room.

Meanwhile, back in Daytona Beach, Billy went to the Daytona Beach International Speedway. This was finding

ways to kill some time until it got dark.

Later that day, he drove out to the beach to check out the girls.

Back in Los Angeles, Wendy and Sam sat in her backyard. She lived in an affluent and exclusive neighborhood of Hollywood Hills. Sam just finished telling her about Allan's book and the October Slayer case. He had his note pad in hand and was ready to jot down any new information she provided.

"I didn't read any of Allan's books. I've disassociated myself from that family a long time ago," Wendy said while she sipped on some tea. "So, I haven't thought about Billy in decades. Thank God! When Sarah called, I was hesitant at first. But she said Gertie wanted me to talk with you. So here you are."

"What was your marriage to Billy like?"

Wendy paused then sighed. "Billy was extremely popular in high school and I was madly in love with him, as were most of the girls in my class. But I won and we got married after we graduated."

"Was he the Sheriff at the time?" Sam asked.

"He was deputy at first. Then when the Sheriff retired, Billy's father pushed to have Billy run for office. He won but I believe his father had a lot of influence."

"Allan's book had the Sheriff raping a young black girl."

She looked disgusted after hearing that. "It was about a year after he became Sheriff, I walked in on him

molesting a young black girl in our house. Then months later, I heard rumors he was doing it quite often.”

“I can imagine it was difficult to say anything back then.”

“You bet. His father, Alvin, was heavenly involved with the Klan and they would have killed me. After he raped those two black girls and arrested Jerome for it, I couldn't take it anymore. So I started to planning my escape from the hell I married into,” she said and looked so happy to be free of him.

“When did that occur?”

“Let's see. His father passed away in sixty-nine from a heart attack. Then Allan went to Vietnam in seventy, giving me a year's lead-time. Plus I was praying he would be killed over there. So I left in seventy-one.”

“What was Allan like?”

“I couldn't stand him. But he sure loved Billy and they were both protective of each other. I remember Allan visiting from the Army to help frame Jerome. Their conversations sickened me.”

Sam found that interesting while he jotted that down on his pad.

“Did you know Bo Smithson? He went to your high school.”

“Yeah, I remember Bo. He wasn't very bright. His Uncle got him a job with the FBI. I also remember Bo and Billy would sit the house around and discuss FBI cases.”

“The October Slayer case?”

“Oh yeah. Bo shared information about the FBI agent on the case.”

“That would be me,” Sam said and looked pissed.

“I’m sorry,” Wendy replied and felt bad for Sam.

“No wonder the killer knew so much about me.”

“If I was a betting woman. I’d say Billy was the killer. And Allan helped him cover his tracks with Bo helping,” Wendy said feeling confident.

“It’s starting to sound like Allan confessed his brother’s sins with his book,” Sam replied.

Wendy nodded in agreement then Sam looked curious. “Did Billy by chance have a tattoo? A skull tattoo by chance?”

Wendy thought for a second. “The jerk had a tattoo of a naked lady on each of his shins,” she replied then looked disgusted with remembering that awful sight.”

Sam jotted down that information.

An hour later, Wendy had her man drive Sam to a hotel at the Los Angeles airport.

Sam got a room then found a restaurant and ate dinner.

Afterwards he went to his room. While he relaxed he looked over all the information he gathered so far. His cell phone rang.

“Hey Peter,” he answered.

“Hey Sam. I just heard Bo Smithson was found shot in his car in a park in Jackson, Mississippi. This park was also known as a place where guys go to meet with other guys in the dark,” Peter said.

Sam looked shocked. “I spoke with him the other day at his house. He offered to help me and didn’t show up that morning, so I left Jackson.”

“It appears to be a robbery since his wallet was missing,” Peter said.

“I learned that back in the sixties, Bo would pass on information to the author’s brother, Billy Stein. He would tell Billy what was going on with the October Slayer case. Maybe Billy Stein found out I talked with Bo and killed him. He did get a phone call from someone when I was at his house,” Sam said.

“If that’s the case, I want you to stop your investigation before someone else gets killed. Like you.”

Sam thought about Peter’s suggestion for a few seconds.

“I can’t Peter. This guy needs to spend a few minutes in the electric chair and I’m going to make sure he gets his juice.”

“I know how stubborn you can be, so call me if you find some good evidence,” Peter replied then disconnected his end of the call.

Sam remembered another important phone call. He quickly punched in the number.

“Hey baby, I’m in my hotel room in LA,” Sam said the instant Cindy answered his call.

“When’s your flight?” she asked from his cell phone.

“Seven in the morning, so I should be home around three tomorrow afternoon.”

“Kristen’s play starts at eight.”

“I’ll have plenty of time.”

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Cindy responded then disconnected her end of the call. Sam got an idea. He got up off the bed then rushed out of his room.

Sam rushed down to the lobby where he used the hotel’s free computer. He went to Yahoo and looked up an address. He printed it out and rushed back to his room.

Meanwhile, back in Daytona Beach, it was quiet in Sam’s neighborhood.

A shadowy figure crept into Sam’s backyard. It was Billy. He wore gloves and a black ski mask while he tried a couple of keys into the lock of the back door. One of the keys unlocked the door.

He went inside Sam’s house.

Billy entered Sam’s kitchen and found the trash. He dumped the other keys into the trash. He pocketed the key that unlocked the door.

He left the kitchen and went down the hallway.

He entered Sam’s den and immediately walked up his computer desk. He turned on Sam’s computer. While the computer was booting up, Billy rummaged through the desk drawers. He found the five case files for the October Slayer. He set them on top of the desk and sat down. He flipped through each folder and enjoyed the photos. He put the folders back in the drawer.

He walked out of Sam’s den and went into the garage.

In the garage, he searched and found some Duct tape. He left the garage and went back inside Sam's house.

Billy walked into Sam's living room and went over to the couch. He turned the couch over on its back. He removed Bo's wallet from his pants pocket. He taped the wallet under the couch. He removed the Glock from his pants pocket. He taped it under the couch. He placed the couch up right.

He walked out of the living room.

He walked into the den. He headed straight to the computer.

He started searching through Sam's computer files.

Billy spent the next thirty minutes going through Allan's computer. He didn't find anything beneficial, except for Sam's flight information to Los Angeles. "Who the hell did he see in Los Angeles?"

He opened up a White Pages website and typed in Bo's name and Jackson, Mississippi. Bo's address appeared. He made a pdf copy of that search and placed it on the desktop of the computer.

Billy typed in an URL for an illegal website on naked underage women. He went go through the site and downloaded some sample pics and video clips. He closed it. He typed another URL for naked underage women. He went through the site and downloaded some sample pics and video clips. He closed that website and did the same thing for numerous other types of sites.

Billy left the den and walked into the kitchen.

He opened up Sam's refrigerator and found a microwave fried chicken dinner. He put it in the microwave. While it cooked, Billy drank one of Sam's beers.

A little while later, he sat down at the kitchen table and ate his meal.

He went inside the bathroom and stripped naked. He went into Sam's bathroom and took a shower.

After his shower, he went naked into Sam's bedroom. He walked over to the bedside table. He reset Sam's alarm for four that morning, so he would leave when it was dark.

He got naked under Sam's covers and fell asleep.

Sam rose up early the next morning and took the hotel shuttle bus to the airport.

Back in Daytona Beach, Billy was long gone from Sam's house. He made sure he didn't leave any trace he was inside.

He stopped off at a CVS store and parked by the pay phone.

He made a phone call.

"Jackson police department, how may I direct your call," a female officer answered.

"Ah yes, I want to remain anonymous, but I saw on the Internet news were you found a retired FBI agent that was murdered in your city," Billy replied and tried to disguise his voice.

“Yes we did. Do you have any information pertaining to the case?”

“All I know is, I was in a bar last night in Daytona Beach, Florida. And this old man was drunk. He said his name was Sam Woods. He bragged how he shot some homo up in a park in Jackson, Mississippi the other day,” Billy replied in his disguised voice then hung up the phone.

He walked back to his car with a smirk.

Back in the detectives area of the Jackson police department. Detective Salt worked at his desk. A female officer brought him the information Billy provided.

Two hours later, Sam’s flight took off from Los Angeles and headed back to Orlando.

Chapter 26

Sam's flight landed at the Orlando International airport without any delays. In fact, they had a bit of a tail wind and landed a little sooner.

Later, Sam drove his car out of the airport. He glanced down at his watch while he headed west on the Beachline. "I have plenty of time."

Thirty minutes later in Kissimmee, Becky was in the kitchen and started dinner. Marty was out with Michael and Nancy and was expected to be home in about twenty minutes.

The doorbell rang.

"Coming," Becky yelled from the kitchen.

She walked through the living room to the front door. She opened it and looked upset when she saw Sam outside.

"How did you find my house?" she asked.

"A little detective work. I used the white pages on the Internet," he said while he held up her address he printed out from the hotel printer.

"What do you want? I'm busy," Becky said irritated.

"I visited your Uncle Billy and his ex-wife."

Becky looked a little pissed. "What the hell are you doing?"

“Investigating and to be honest, with the things I uncovered so far, Billy very well could be the October Slayer. Therefore, I really need to know what you can tell me about him.”

Becky thought about Sam’s offer really hard. All she wanted to do was to forget about her Uncle. “Please come inside,” Becky said with a pleasant tone.

Sam entered and she closed the door.

Becky walked Sam to the couch and they sat down.

“What can you tell me about your Uncle?”

Becky stared at Sam, as this was something she didn’t want to talk about. It haunted her as a child. Her hands trembled while part of that memory resurfaced.

Sam sensed something bad happened in the past by the sign of her trembling hands.

Becky hesitated on telling Sam, but after a few seconds, she decided to get it out. “My Uncle Billy molested me when I was younger. It’s not something I’ve talked about for years, but given the case you’re building,” Becky said while her eyes welled up.

“I’m so sorry to hear about that,” Sam replied with a comforting tone feeling sorry for her.

“It happened one night at our house in Columbus, Georgia when I was fourteen years old. Uncle Billy came down from Mississippi and spent the weekend. He was going somewhere with father and I believe it was another one of their fishing trips. So late one night, Uncle Billy entered my room when everyone was asleep in the room,” she said while her eyes welled up. “I woke up when I felt

his hand sliding down my stomach and crept into my panties. He played with my private part,” she said and wiped away some tears.

“Oh my God!” Sam said and his hatred for Billy increased ten fold.

“I screamed then punched him in his nose. Then I quickly jumped up and kicked him in his mouth,” Becky replied with a smile, as that memory was satisfying.

“If my brother did that to my daughter, I would have kicked his ass for a week.”

“Well my dad didn’t do that. He just yelled at Uncle Billy and told him to never touch me again.”

“What? Why?” Sam said, as he couldn’t understand why a father would be so easy. Then he thought about the information he heard about the two brothers. “I understand. I heard those two were extremely tight and protective of each other.”

“Well my mom was at least a little tougher on Uncle Billy. She demanded he never see me again or come within one mile from me or she was going to the police. It took a while, but Dad reluctantly agreed.”

“The bastard got away easy that time. Just like he did those other times.”

Becky looked curious with his comment.

“I found out he raped two black girls back in sixty-one and framed someone to take the rap. You’re father’s book told that story.”

“Oh my God! He’s scum or lower than scum,” Becky replied with a disgusted look.

“I talked to one of the family that refused to allow their daughter to lie in court to frame the man. And I also talked with the man who was sent to jail. He’s now out and his life was ruined by Billy.”

“He needs to sit in jail for the rest of his life,” Becky said.

“That’s what I’m trying to do, but I need more concrete evidence that would identify him as the killer”.

“I haven’t seen Uncle Billy for years until just before dad died. He started bugging me to search his house.”

“Do you know what he’s looking for?” Sam asked as this really peaked his interest.

“I don’t have a clue,” Becky said.

Marty entered the living room with Nancy and Michael.

Sam stood up when he saw Marty.

“We have a guest,” Marty said while he walked over.

“I’m Marty,” he said while he stuck out his hand.

“Sam Woods,” he replied then shook Marty’s hand.

Marty sat down on the lazy boy chair.

“Sam’s that retired FBI agent that came over to dad’s house. He wanted to talk with dad and go through his computer,” she told Marty.

“Ah, yes, about his A Killer’s Tale book,” Marty said.

Becky looked at Nancy and Michael and didn’t want them to hear their discussions. “Why don’t you two go play some video games?”

Nancy and Michael looked surprised with her statement. “We can play before dinner?” they both asked in unison.

“Yes, but only today,” Becky replied.

Nancy and Michael ran out of the room all excited.

“I believe his book has clues to the identity of the October Slayer,” Sam told Marty.

Marty suddenly looked a little cautious. “Can I see some identification?”

Sam removed his wallet and showed Marty his retired FBI identification badge and Florida driver’s license then he put his wallet away.

“Sorry about that. You have to be cautious these days,” Marty said.

“I understand,” Sam replied.

“So why would a retired FBI agent be interested in such an old unsolved case?” Marty asked Sam then he thought about things for a few seconds. Then his eyes lit up when it dawned on him. “You’re the real life FBI agent that tried to find the October Slayer,” Marty said.

“Yes I am,” Sam said then looked sad. “The fourth victim was the sister of my best friend in college. I promised him I would catch his sister’s killer. I failed and can’t let this go unsolved. At least as long as I’m alive,” Sam said and looked sincere.

Becky and Marty felt sorry for Sam.

“I think Billy’s looking for that wooden chest the book mentioned. It had the dresses, bat tip, teeth and pictures showing the dead girls with the killer,” Marty said.

“We searched daddy's house, attic and every nook and cranny, and didn't find a wooden chest,” Becky added.

“But Becky remembers seeing an old wooden chest when she was a young girl. She found a dress inside and put it on. He father caught her and gave her a spanking,” Marty told Sam.

Becky glared at Marty for bringing that up.

“I don't remember if it belonged to dad or Uncle Billy. I only saw it once and dad stated the dress was a Christmas present for mom. Dad probably threw it in the trash a long time ago.”

“Did you mom get that dress at Christmas?” Sam curiously asked.

“I really don't remember since I was young at the time,” Becky replied.

Outside, Billy sat in his Malibu down the street with a view of Becky's house. He smoked a cigarette while he glared at Sam's car parked in the driveway.

He got out of his car and rushed over to her house.

Back in Becky's house, their conversation continued.

“I'm thinking dad must have used that old wooden chest he once had to jazz up the story,” Becky said.

Sam discreetly shook his head in disagreement.

“So if you don't mind, I wish we could let him lie in peace,” Becky said as all this talk was starting to upset her.

A car was heard outside driving away a little too fast.

Sam sensed she was getting a little upset, and he looked at his watch. He got concerned. "It's getting late and I better get going. I'm supposed to attend a play that my girlfriend's granddaughter has a part in tonight."

They all stood up then walked to the front door and Becky opened it.

"Thank you for your time," Sam said then he removed his note pad from his pocket and wrote down his phone number again. He ripped off the paper and handed it to Becky. "Please give me a call. I still need some good evidence to turn over to my FBI contact."

"Believe me, if I find any evidence on Uncle Billy, I'll be calling," she said.

Marty's eyes widened when he remembered something. "Oh, but the way, I checked out Allan's laptop and found nothing that would be evidence," he said the cringed.

Becky glared back at Marty. "You didn't tell me you checked out his laptop."

"Sorry," he said and cringed for forgiveness.

Sam looked curious and wondered if Allan deleted some files with evidence. Then he wondered why he would do that. "Well, I better get going," he said then stepped outside.

Becky closed the door.

"It sounds like your father's book is Uncle Billy's unwanted confession. That's why he's pissed, he's been exposed," Marty told Becky.

“Why can’t I get Uncle Billy out of my life forever?” Becky said while she walked away to check up on the kids.

Marty got a funny feeling when he didn’t hear Sam’s car start up. He peeked out the living room curtains and suddenly looked concerned.

He quickly rushed to the front door and went outside.

The sun was starting to sink below the horizon while Sam had his head inside the trunk of his car.

“What’s wrong?” Marty asked while he approached Sam.

“I got a flat tire,” Sam replied while he removed his spare tire and jack.

Marty looked at the flat passenger tire. Then something caught his eye. He bent down and looked closer.

“Your air valve’s been sliced,” Marty told Sam.

“What happened?” Becky asked while she walked up to them.

“Someone flattened his tire,” Marty told her.

Becky looked up and down the street. “It had to be Uncle Billy,” she said with suspicious eyes.

Sam found it troublesome that Billy could be in Florida.

Marty assisted Sam with changing his car tire.

Forty-five minutes later, Sam was back on the road and just accessed Interstate I-4. He headed north to Daytona Beach.

His cell phone rang and he opened it up. "Hello," he answered.

"Where are you?" Cindy asked concerned from his cell phone.

"I'm on I-4 headed north," he answered.

"Are you close to Daytona?" she asked.

Sam hesitated for a few seconds knowing this wouldn't be good. "No, I'm kinda south of Orlando," he said then cringed knowing she would be pissed.

"South of Orlando? Why the hell are you south of Orlando?" she replied in a raised tone. "Wait, did you have to talk with someone for your stupid investigation?"

"Ah yes. It was really important that I talked with the author's daughter."

"So I take it you're going to miss Kristen's play?"

"I'll make there in time," he said then he broke his own rule. He accelerated his car to fifteen miles over the speed limit. "Why don't I meet you at the school?"

"I'll be waiting outside, so you better not let me down."

"I won't," he responded then set his cell phone down and didn't notice the low battery indication.

An hour later, Sam still drove north on I-4. He checked his watch. "I have plenty of time!" He didn't pay attention to the traffic ahead of him. Then his eyes widen in fear and he slammed on his brakes. His car came to a screeching stop one foot from the rear of another car.

A major car accident had traffic completely stopped in I-4.

A few seconds had passed and Sam's car was blocked in with the other cars stopped for the accident.

"Damn it!" Sam yelled out while he pounded his steering wheel and stared at nothing but cars in front and behind him.

Sam grabbed his cell. He opened it up to make a call. He wanted to cry when he saw his battery went dead.

"I'm dead meat," Sam said while he ran his hands through his hair in frustration while he stared at the traffic jam.

A medical helicopter descended and landed in the highway just ahead of the accident scene. Medical personnel had one seriously injured woman on a gurney ready for transport to the hospital.

Hours later, and Cindy stood outside Kristen's elementary school where no other parents were visible. She looked pissed since Sam hadn't arrived.

Clapping was heard from inside the school auditorium where the play just started.

She opened up her cell phone and punched in Sam's number. A "Caller Unavailable" message appeared in her viewfinder. She punched in Sam's home phone number.

"Sam how could you? You promised to attend Kristen's play and never showed up! She was hurt! It's either me or that stupid case, of which you'll never solve!" she yelled into her cell phone.

She snapped her cell phone shut.

She was furious while she stormed off and went inside the school.

Traffic on I-4 just started to inch forward after all the injured parties were well on their way to various hospitals.

Outside Kristen's elementary school, the play was over. The parents were walking to their cars with their kids.

Outside the auditorium, Cindy gave Kristen a hug while her parents watched.

"I wanted Mister Woods to watch my play," Kristen said and looked hurt.

"I know honey. He had to fly out to Los Angeles for some business and got delayed," Cindy said but inside she was furious with Sam.

"That's too bad," Kevin said and Kathy nodded in agreement.

"Let's get you home, honey," Kathy said to Kristen then held her hand.

"Good night mom," Kathy said and kissed Cindy's cheek.

Kevin kissed Cindy on her cheek.

Kathy kissed Cindy on her cheek.

Cindy watched while Kathy, Kevin and Kristen walked away toward their car.

Cindy went in another direction and cursed Sam under her breath.

Off at another end of the parking lot, Billy sat in his Malibu and watched Cindy while she walked to her car.

He started up his car and waited for her to leave.

He followed her out of the parking lot and tailed her down the street.

Eighteen minutes later, Cindy pulled into her driveway and stopped while her garage door opened. She pulled her car into her garage. She did not notice the shadowy figure that wore a black ski mask and gloves that snuck in her garage. It was Billy.

Cindy turned off her car and closed her garage door.

She got out of her car and walked to the door that led inside her house. She didn't notice Billy who crept up behind her with a piece of Duct tape in his hand. He quickly covered her mouth with tape.

“Get the fuck inside before I kill you here in the garage,” Billy whispered in her ear with a threatening tone.

Cindy's eyes widened with fear and unlocked her door.

“Turn that fucking alarm off,” Billy whispered in her ear after then went inside the utility room.

She immediately turned off the alarm.

“If you signal for the police to come, I'll slit your old throat,” he whispered in her ear then nibbled on her lobe.

Cindy was scared to death while she turned off her alarm.

He forced her through the utility room and exited into the hallway.

Billy then walked her to the dining room. He threw her onto the floor.

Cindy slammed hard on the floor then looked up at her attacker. She saw a man that wore a black ski mask and gloves. She peed on the floor with fright.

Billy chuckled when he saw the puddle between her legs. He was proud of himself.

Chapter 27

Sam raced his car down the street and headed to the elementary school. He whipped his car into the parking lot. He stopped and noticed it was deserted. “Shit!” he said when he realized he completely missed Kristen’s play.

He drove out of the parking lot and headed back down the street.

Later that night, Sam went inside his house and immediately went into his kitchen. He walked over to his phone and saw his message light blinked.

“Sam how could you? You promised to attend Kristen’s play and never showed up! She was hurt! It’s either me or that stupid case, of which you’ll never solve!” she yelled from her recorded message.

Sam quickly punched in Cindy’s phone number from his kitchen phone.

Inside Cindy’s kitchen, Billy wore his black ski mask and gloves. He opened up her refrigerator and looked for something to drink.

Her kitchen phone rang. Billy looked at the phone on the counter. Her phone rang a few more times. The answering machine beeped after Cindy’s message.

“Cindy, I’m so, so sorry. I was on track to make it to Kristen’s school but an accident on I-four stopped traffic. Then my cell phone battery went dead. Please don’t hate me,” Sam’s message said.

“Cindy, I’m so, so sorry,” Billy mimicked Sam’s voice in a teasing tone while he grabbed a Coke out of her refrigerator.

He walked over to the answering machine and deleted Sam’s message.

He walked into the dining room.

Cindy sat naked and scared to death on a dining room chair with Duct tape over her mouth. Her hands were bounded with Duct tape behind her back. Her ankles were also bounded with Duct tape. Rope tied her torso to the chair. Billy also smeared the number six to her wrinkled stomach.

On the floor next to the dining room table was Cindy’s torn clothes. Billy enjoyed them ripping off her body.

He walked up to Cindy and slapped her across her face a couple of times.

Billy chuckled then walked out of the dining room while he sipped on the Coke.

Her front door opened and closed when he left her house.

She looked relieved he was gone then her eyes welled up.

Cindy sat on her chair for an hour. She was scared to make any movement afraid her prowler would return.

Twenty minutes passed. She now felt it was safe so she rocked her chair numerous times and was able to get on her feet.

She hobbled the dining room and into the hallway.

She hobbled down the hallway.

She hobbled through the utility room to her alarm pad that was on the wall. She was able to press her nose into the “P” button.

She hobbled out of the room.

She hobbled down the hallway.

She lost her footing and slammed on the floor.

She lay on the floor near the front door and cried.

Thirty minutes later, someone pounded on the floor. Cindy strained to get up.

“Help!” she cried out from behind her Duct tape and it was a low muffled sound.

More knocking was heard on her door.

“Help!” she cried out again from behind her Duct tape. But it was a low muffled sound. Then she scooted across the floor and headed to the front door.

She positioned herself and pounded on the door with her feet.

Then the doorknob turned and the door cracked opened. Cindy’s chair stopped it.

“Daytona Beach police. We got a call from your alarm company that your alarm sent an indication you needed help,” the officer called out through the crack in the door.

“Help!” she cried out again from behind her Duct tape. It was a low muffled sound.

The officer pushed hard on the door. It slid Cindy in her chair down the hall.

The officer Sean Phillips stepped inside. His eyes widened when he saw Cindy tied naked to the chair.

“Get a blanket,” Sean said while he turned around and called outside to his female partner Dayna Kelley. He kept his eyes off Cindy.

A few seconds later, Dayna entered and threw a blanket on Cindy to preserve her dignity.

Sean stepped inside and they assisted Cindy upright.

Sean removed a knife and carefully cut away all the Duct tape. Then he carefully pulled the tape off her mouth.

Cindy’s eyes welled relieved help arrived. “Someone entered my garage when I drove home. He threatened to kill me if I screamed. Then he forced me into my house. He ripped off my clothes and tied me to a chair,” Cindy told them with a shaky voice.

“Do you get a good glimpse of the man’s face?” Dayna asked.

“No. He wore a black ski mask and gloves.”

“Did he steal anything?” Sean asked.

“Not that I’m aware of,” Cindy replied.

“Did he touch you inappropriately?” Dayna asked.

“No,” Cindy replied. “He marked my stomach with something,” Cindy added then opened up the blanket for the officers.

They saw the number six marking on her stomach.
“That’s strange,” Sean said.

“I better get her dressed,” Dayna said then walked Cindy down the hallway.

“Please call my boyfriend, Sam Woods. He’s a retired FBI agent and working on his own little investigation. This might be related to that. His home phone number is five, five, five, eight, seven, two, nine,” Cindy said while the female officer walked her down the hallway.

Sean opened up his cell phone and called Sam.

In Sam’s house, he was sound asleep when his kitchen phone rang. He shot up out of bed.

He ran out of his bedroom.

He ran down his hallway and into his kitchen.

He ran over to his phone and picked it up. “Cindy. I’m so sorry,” he quickly answered.

“Is this Mister Woods?” Sean asked from Sam’s phone.

Sam thought it was that same caller he had a while back. “Listen asshole, leave me the fuck alone!” Sam yelled into his phone.

“Sir, this is officer Sean Phillips from the Daytona Beach police department. Someone broke into Cindy Leinbach’s house,” he said from the phone.

“I’m on my way!” Sam said then quickly hung up his phone.

He ran out of his kitchen.

Sam ran out of his house and rushed into his car.

He started it up and immediately screeched down this driveway.

His car screeched off and raced down the street.

Sam raced his cars through the Daytona Beach streets.

He ran a red light where two cars screeched to a stop and blew their horns.

Sam's car raced down Cindy's street.

He screeched to a stop along the curb by her house.

He rushed out of his car and eyed the police car in her driveway while he ran to her front door.

He knocked on her door.

Officer Phillips opened up the door.

"Are you Sam Woods?" Sean asked.

"Yes sir," Sam replied.

Sean let Sam inside.

They walked into the living room where Sam looked around and saw Cindy with Dayna on the couch. Dayna had a small note pad out. She jotted down what happened for her report.

"Cindy!" Sam cried out and ran up to her.

Cindy got up from the couch and they hugged.

"What happened?" Sam asked while he sat Cindy back down on the couch.

"When I parked my car in the garage from coming home from the play, some man snuck inside. He then forced me in the house. He ripped off my clothes and tied

me to one of my dining room chairs,” she said while her hands trembled.

Sam sat down and put an arm around her for comfort.

“He then used some grease and smeared the number six on my stomach,” Cindy added.

“We can’t figure that one out,” Dayna said.

“Shit!” Sam cried out then stood up.

“What’s wrong?” Sean asked while he watched Sam get off the couch and paced a little.

Sam looked furious. “I believe the man who did this is named Billy Stein from Curtis, Mississippi. He owns a dealership called Stein Chevrolet. His brother wrote the book called A Killer’s Tale,” Sam told Dayna and Sean while he paced.

“Why would he drive all the way down from Mississippi to break into her house? Tie her up naked. Then smear grease on her stomach,” Sean asked.

“His brother’s A Killer’s Tale book is based on an old case from nineteen sixties called the October Slayer,” Sam told them.

“I read that book,” Dayna said then she started to jot down that information on her pad.

“I believe the book had evidence that will identify the October Slayer,” Sam said while he stopped pacing. He walked over and sat down next to Cindy. He held her hand.

“I also read that book,” Sean said then something about this seemed familiar. “Wait, are you that FBI agent that was investigating that October Slayer case?”

“I am,” Sam replied. “I think Billy Stein could be the October Slayer and he desperately wants to stop me from finding evidence that could put him away.”

“What about his brother who wrote the book? Did you talk to him?” Dayna asked.

“He died of cancer before the book came out,” Sam replied.

“This is one of the most bizarre break-in calls I’ve ever been on,” Sean said.

Dayna nodded in agreement with her partner.

“Well, call me if you have anymore problems with this Billy Stein. I’ll get the word out to dispatch to look out for a car with Mississippi tags in the area,” Sean told Sam.

“He’s probably in a Chevy,” Sam added.

“Right, a Chevy,” Sean replied.

Dayna jotted down that information.

Sean handed Sam his card. “Here’s my number.”

“Do you have a place to stay?” Dayna asked Cindy.

“She can stay at my house,” Sam replied.

Sean thought about Sam’s offer. “You know something, we better drive over to your house and make sure this Billy Stein’s not hiding inside,” he said.

“That sounds good,” Sam said.

Dayna, Sam and Cindy got off the couch and headed to the front door.

Sam and Cindy got in his car while Sean and Dayna got in their cruiser.

They didn't see Billy's Malibu parked down the street while they all drove away. He was smart to figure the police would show up so he stole some Florida tags off another Malibu and placed them on his car.

He drove away and slowly followed everybody.

When they arrived at Sam's house. Sam parked along the street while Sean parked in Sam's driveway.

Sam got out and followed Sean and Dayna to his front door. He unlocked it and rushed back to his car.

Dayna and Sean cautiously went inside Sam's house with their revolvers drawn.

Sam and Cindy waited by his car.

They didn't see Billy in his Malibu parked way down the street watching them.

Twenty minutes later, Dayna and Sean walked out of Sam's house with their revolvers back in their holsters.

They walked over to Sam and Cindy.

"You're house is clear," Sean said.

"I highly recommend you get an alarm system," Dayna added.

Cindy looked at Sam. "I've been telling him to get one for a while."

"I'll get that in work tomorrow," Sam replied.

"Okay. Call us if you have any more encounters with his guy," Sean said.

"We will, but I'm thinking he might not come around here tonight since he knows the police was probably called," Sam said.

“Let’s hope not,” Dayna replied.

Sean and Dayna walked to their cruiser.

Sam and Cindy walked to his front door.

Sean drove his police car away while Sam and Cindy went inside his house.

Billy drove his Malibu down the street and eyed Sam’s house.

Sam went into his bedroom closet and reached up on the top shelf. He removed a box and opened it. He removed a 38 Special revolver then loaded it with bullets. He shoved the loaded revolver into his pants pocket.

Cindy crawled under the covers in Sam’s bed.

He went into his living room and stood guard while he watched TV. He looked at his watch. “Too late to call Becky. I’ll call her in the morning,” he said quietly to himself.

An hour later in St. Cloud, it was a quiet and dark night in Allan’s neighborhood.

A shadowy figure dressed in a black ski mask and gloves walked into Allan’s backyard. It was Billy, and he walked up to a bedroom window. He had a tire iron in his hand and smacked the window glass. It shattered. He smashed out all the glass in the window.

In the house right behind Allan’s, Meredith Grayson heard the sound of glass breaking while she was on her back porch with her dog. She became alarmed when she saw a light come on inside Allan’s house.

She back rushed inside her home.

Inside Allan's bedroom, Billy saw it was cleaned out of all of Allan's personal items.

He ran out and checked all of the rooms. They were also cleaned out of Allan's personal items.

He ran into the kitchen and opened the door to the garage.

Inside the garage, he quickly grabbed a step ladder and placed it under the access panel to the attic. He pounded the access panel open with his fist. He removed a small flashlight from his pants pocket.

He went up into the attic and illuminated the inside. It was bare except for the spider webs.

Billy climbed down out of the attic disappointed.

"Okay dumbass, where did you hide that chest?" he said while he looked around the garage. He rushed out of the garage and went back into the kitchen.

Billy walked down the hallway.

He went into the living room where he saw numerous packed boxes.

He grabbed one of the boxes and ripped it open. He dumped the contents on the floor. He swished the contents around the floor with his boot, and there was nothing of interest.

He ripped opened another box and dumped the contents on the floor. There was nothing but Allan's clothes inside that box.

He repeated this process until all the boxes were emptied on the floor.

The living room floor looked like a tornado came through.

Billy was pissed while he looked at the mess and realized the wooded chest was not in Allan's house.

"Shit!" he yelled out and walked to the front door.

He left Allan's house and didn't close the front door.

Outside, Billy walked down the street from Allan's house.

He walked up to his Malibu that he parked a safe distance from the house. He got inside.

Billy started up his car and pondered his next move. "I don't have a choice," he said with a stare that showed no emotions while he drove away.

Ten minutes later, a St. Cloud police car pulled into Allan's driveway. Two officers got out and removed their revolvers.

They cautiously walked to Allan's front door.

They saw the front door cracked open. One officer slowly opened the door while the other one provided cover. They cautiously entered Allan's house.

The officers saw the living room looked like a tornado came through with Allan's belongings all over the floor.

They spent the next twenty minutes and went from room to room in search of a burglar.

The two officers walked out of Allan's front door. Since Meredith told them she didn't know where the

daughter lived, one of the officers left a business card and wrote on the back to call them. He stuck it in the door.

They got in their car and called their dispatcher to inform them that they couldn't find anybody in the house.

They drove off down the street.

Chapter 28

The next morning, Marty and Becky got up early with the kids. They sat down for breakfast at the kitchen table.

The phone rang.

“It better not be him,” Becky said while she got up from table and went over to the phone. She picked up the phone. “Hello,” she answered and cringed in anticipation of hearing Billy’s voice.

“It’s me, Sam Woods. I had trouble last night. Someone broke into my girlfriend’s house and tied her naked to a dining room chair with a number six on her stomach. I believe it was your uncle,” Sam said from her phone.

“Was she hurt?” she asked concerned.

“He slapped her around a little, but she’s mainly shaken up,” he replied then paused for a few seconds. “Please be careful.”

“We will and I’m so sorry about your girlfriend.”

“Call me if something strange happens.”

“I will,” Becky replied then hung up.

Marty could sense something was wrong with that phone call.

“Nancy and Marty, please go get dressed for school,” Becky told them.

The kids got up from the table and rushed out of the kitchen.

“It sounds like Uncle Billy broke into Sam Woods’ girlfriend’s house. He tied her naked to a chair and left the number six on her stomach,” Becky told Marty.

Marty thought about what she said. “Did you say there was a number six on her stomach?” he asked.

“Yes.”

“The killer in your father’s book and the real October Slayer left a number on the girl’s dead stomach. The last girl killed was number five.”

“What a sicko!” Becky replied then she thought for a few seconds. Her eyes widened. “Daddy’s house!” she cried out.

“What about his house?” Marty asked.

“I got this strange feeling Uncle Billy might have gone there,” she said.

Marty thought for a few seconds. “We better check it out, he replied.

Becky nodded in agreement.

An hour later, after the kids were dropped off at school, Marty called his boss requesting a vacation day.

He pulled their Sienna into Allan’s driveway.

“His house looks okay so far,” Becky said while they got out of their mini-van and walked to the front door.

They saw the business card stuck in the door. Marty pulled it out and saw it was from the St. Cloud police department. He turned the card over and read the message written on the back.

“Someone broke into father’s house last night,” Marty told Becky then showed her the card.

Marty opened up the door, and they cautiously walked inside.

They stared in horror at the mess scattered across the living room.

“That bastard!” she yelled out while she stared at all the mess flung all over the floor.

Becky removed Sam’s information from her pocket. She called him.

In Sam’s kitchen, Cindy drank coffee and waited while Sam cooked scrambled eggs and bacon. He made two plates then walked them over to the table. He set a plate down in front of Cindy then one at the chair next to her. His cell phone rang. He looked at the viewfinder.

“Good morning, Becky,” he answered into his cell phone.

“Someone broke into dad’s house. I’ll give you three guesses and the first two don’t count,” Becky answered from Sam’s cell phone.

“I think he’s looking for that wooden chest.”

“Well, I don’t know where it could be. We packed up everything dad owns. Well, did pack up everything, Uncle Creepy opened the boxes and dumped everything on the living room floor.”

“I would love nothing better than to fry his ass.”

“Me too and again, I’m sorry for what happened to your girlfriend and please take care of yourself.”

“Take care, Becky,” Sam said then closed his cell phone.

Sam sat down at the table and sipped his coffee.

“Who was on the phone?” Cindy asked.

“The daughter of the guy that wrote that book. Someone broke into her father’s house and made a mess while looking for a wooden chest,” he told her then ate some eggs.

“Why the interest in a chest?”

“The book stated it contained evidence and items from the five girls that were killed. Evidence that would tell me who the October Slayer was,” Sam told her disappointed.

“Do you think he found that chest?”

“No, I think it and the evidence is gone forever. Only the dead author knows,” Sam replied and still had a look he wasn’t about to quit.

“Well, I think it’s time you stop this foolishness. If you don’t, he might come back and really make sure you don’t continue,” Cindy said. She looked frightened when she realized that it could have been that killer that tied her up.

“Okay. I’ll stop my investigation,” Sam replied then ate some more eggs. But the thought of Billy getting away with murder was boiling his blood. But he also didn’t want to lose Cindy so he decided it was really time to give up and forget about the October Slayer.

“I also would love it if you call an alarm company and get one installed in your house,” she said then finished her coffee.

“I promise I’ll call the company,” Sam replied then finished his coffee.

They had a quiet morning, and then around one in the afternoon, there was a knock at the door.

Sam went into the living room and opened the front door.

Outside, stood Detective Salt and a Daytona Beach police officer, Jerry Winston.

“I’m officer Winston and this is Detective Blaine Salt from the Jackson, Mississippi police department. Are you Sam Woods?” Jerry asked Sam.

“Yes I am,” replied Sam and was a little concerned.

“May we come in and talk?” Jerry said.

“Sure,” Sam replied and let the inside his house.

They sat down on the couch in the living room. Blaine immediately whipped out his note pad and pen. In fact, Bo’s wallet was taped underneath the couch right under Blaine’s butt cheeks. The Glock was taped under Jerry’s butt cheeks underneath the couch.

“Did you find the guy that broke into my girlfriends house?” Sam asked.

“I’m not familiar with that case. The reason we’re here is because,” Jerry said.

“We had some information provided to our department concerning the murder of a retired FBI agent up in Jackson, Mississippi,” Blaine interrupted Jerry and told Sam while Cindy walked into the room.

She heard everything Blaine said and walked over and stood by Sam.

“What does this have to do with me?” Sam asked and looked worried.

“We first had an anonymous letter stating an individual saw an old man shoot Bo Smithson a few days ago. The man drove off in a car with Florida tags. Then we got an anonymous phone call stating that a Sam Woods was drunk here in Daytona Beach and bragged about shooting Mister Smithson,” Jerry told Sam with a serious look.

Sam was shocked with Blaine’s accusation. “Listen, I’m also a retired FBI agent and once worked with Bo. I was up at his house a couple of days ago because I’m conducting my own investigation into an unsolved murder case. It’s called the October Slayer. A new published book, *A Killer’s Tale*, makes me believe I can find that killer,” Sam told them.

Jerry’s eyes lit up when he heard Sam’s response. “I read that book,” he said then thought about Sam’s response. “Wait, are you that FBI agent?” he added.

“Yes,” Sam replied then looked Jerry in his eyes. “Listen, I didn’t kill Bo. He was going to help me with my investigation. He didn’t show up the following morning so I left town. I believe the brother of the author, Billy Stein, could be the October Slayer. I also believe Bo passed on information about that case back in the sixties to Billy to help him elude capture,” Sam added.

Blaine thought about Sam's last comment. Then his eyes widened. "I remember that part of the book. But the guys name was Homer."

"That's correct. Allan, the author, didn't use our real names. In reality, Bo talked with my partner Joel Nelson or Carl in the book. He confirmed that a few days ago," Sam said.

"Maybe I can talk with Joel Nelson?" Blaine asked.

Sam opened up his cell phone and looked at his calls for the past weeks. "His number is five, five, five, one, zero, nine, five."

Blaine jotted down the number on his pad.

"Again, I didn't kill him. I would bet money that Billy Stein killed Bo," Sam said with sincerity in his voice.

Blaine shoved his note pad in his pocket. "Okay. But right now, you're our only suspect, so please don't leave the Daytona Beach area."

"I'll stay around here," Sam replied and looked really worried that he might not be able to get out of this one.

Jerry and Blaine stood up. "Oh, I need your cell phone number," he added.

"Five, five, five, eighteen oh four," Sam replied.

Blaine jotted that down then put his pad away.

Sam walked them to the door and let them out.

Cindy glared at Sam. "I told you to stop this foolishness. Now you're a suspect in killing a fellow retired FBI agent," she said then her eyes welled up.

"They don't have any evidence on me," Sam told her.

Cindy didn't believe his response.

She cried while she rushed out of the living room.

Outside and down the street from Sam's house, Billy sat in his Malibu. He watched while Jerry and Blaine got into the Daytona Beach patrol car.

He had a satisfied smirk while he watched them back down the driveway then drove away.

For the rest of the day, Sam and Cindy spent their time alone in different rooms. Sam had called an alarm company and made an appointment for a salesman to come out in two days.

He paced around his den and tried to figure out how he can get out of this mess.

In St. Cloud, Marty and Becky spend the rest of the day repacking all of Allan's items into some new boxes.

The sun dropped below the horizon and darkness fell upon Florida.

In Daytona Beach, Sam and Cindy had a nice quiet dinner.

In Kissimmee, Becky, Michael and Nancy watched a Disney movie while Marty reread A Killer's Tale. But this time, he jotted down notes for his own investigation.

Three hours had passed.

Sam watched TV in his den while Cindy sat on the couch watching TV. They haven't spoken to each other since Jerry and Blaine left.

In Kissimmee, Becky just put Nancy and Michael to bed.

Marty sat in the living room and reviewed his notes then his eyes widened with an idea. He shot up from the couch and ran out of the living room.

He ran into Nancy's room where Becky just kissed her forehead for the night.

"I need to run over to your dad's house," Marty said the second he met Becky at the door.

"Why?"

"I have a really strong hunch on where that wooden chest might be located," he told her while they walked down the hallway.

She stopped and saw the determination in his eyes. "If you must," she replied knowing he would be up all night thinking about this chest. "After this, we'll forget about that stupid thing once and for all," she said then walked into the bathroom to get ready for bed.

Marty ran down the hallway and into their bedroom.

After he got his wallet, car keys and the key to Allan's house, he ran to the front door.

Later that night, Marty entered Allan's house.

He ran through the house and went inside the garage.

It was also a mess from Billy rummaging through everything.

He grabbed the step ladder and placed it under the access panel to the attic. He climbed up the ladder and pushed up on the panel. He climbed further up the ladder and removed a small flashlight from his pocket. He went up inside the attic.

It's dark inside the attic. Marty searched around with the flashlight.

He shined it on the far end of the attic, where he saw a wall of unpainted drywall.

“How did I miss that before?” he said while he thought about the wall.

He had an idea so he climbed out of the attic and found a hammer in the garage amongst stuff on the floor.

He climbed back into the attic and carefully crawled across the ceiling joints with the hammer and flashlight.

Marty crawled over to the unpainted drywall. He set the flashlight down and repeatedly beat the drywall until he made a hole.

He grabbed the drywall and pulled on a piece. The piece of drywall broke off and he fell on his back on the joists. He got up and grabbed the flashlight. He shined a beam on light in the hole of the drywall.

There was an old dusty wooden chest stashed behind the wall of stud. It was locked with a pad lock. “Bingo!” he said proud of himself.

Marty spent the next ten minutes pulling away more drywall. He pulled enough away and reached inside the hole. He grabbed the wooden chest and pulled it out. He blew off some dust. He sneezed.

He carefully crawled across the ceiling joists with the chest and headed to the access panel.

Marty carefully climbed down the ladder with the chest.

He set it on the garage floor and did a victory dance around the items on the floor while he looked for some bolt cutters.

He found some bolt cutters and did a victory dance back to the chest.

He cut the pad lock off the chest. He quickly opened up his cell phone and made a call.

“Becky! I found that wooden chest. It was hidden behind a wall your father built in the attic,” Marty said excitedly.

“You’re kidding me?” Becky replied a little shocked from his cell phone.

“No, and I’m ready to open it up and see the evidence inside,” he told her. “I’ll take a picture with my cell phone,” he added.

“Good! We can finally let Uncle Slime Ball rot in prison. Email me the picture then I’ll call Sam Woods and email it to him,” Becky said excitedly.

“You got it honey,” Marty said while he got his cell phone ready.

“Here it comes,” he said then leaned down and slowly opened up the creaky chest lid. He snapped a picture. He looked inside the chest and saw five magazines. They were old issues of the Confidential Detective Cases magazines.

“Hurry up and email me the picture,” Becky voice was heard from his cell phone.

“Ah, you won’t believe this. But the chest is completely empty,” Marty said with a disappointing tone, as he didn’t want to tell her about the magazines.

“Fuck!” Becky yelled from his cell phone and he quickly pulled his cell phone from his ear. Marty looked in disbelief, as he never heard her use that word.

“I’m going to head home in a few minutes,” he told her.

“Okay.”

He closed his cell phone and shoved it in his pants pocket.

Marty saw a pair of pliers on the floor. He walked over and grabbed them. He walked back to the chest and used the pliers. He grabbed the first magazine.

He set it on the floor and saw it was an August 1963 issue. He used the pliers and flipped to where some pages were stuck together. He saw it was for an article on the killing of Rhonda Moore.

He did the same for the August 1964 issue and the stuck pages were for the killing of Fran Adams. He did the same for the August 1965 issue and the stuck pages were for the killing of Sandy Yoder.

He did the same for the August 1966 issue and the stuck pages were for the killing of Angie Gardner.

He did the same for the August 1967 issue and the stuck pages were for the killing of Annette Watson.

Marty used the pliers and threw the magazines into the trash. He didn’t want Becky to find them. He

definitely had a different level of respect for Allan, a lower level of respect.

Chapter 29

It was one thirty in the morning in Daytona Beach and the town was quiet tonight.

A shadowy figure crept into Sam's backyard. It was Billy in a black ski mask, and gloves.

Billy walked to the back door where he unlocked with his key.

He quietly stepped inside Sam's house.

Billy stood in the kitchen. The house was quiet just like the way he wanted.

He cautiously walked out of the kitchen.

He cautiously walked down the hallway ever so quiet.

He walked to a bedroom where he saw Cindy asleep on Sam's bed.

He walked away while he schemed.

He walked down the hallway and peeked in the den. He saw Sam asleep in the lazy boy chair.

He quietly walked into the den.

Billy removed his ski mask and set it on Sam's desk.

He softly walked up to Sam. He saw the 38 Special that lay in Sam's lap for protection. He snickered while he slowly reached down and grabbed the revolver.

He opened up the barrel and removed all but one of the bullets. He shoved them in his pocket. He closed the barrel then he walked around to the back of the chair.

He touched Sam's temple with the barrel of the revolver. Sam swatted thinking it was a bug.

Billy leaned down to Sam's ear.

"Come to bed honey. I'm horny and want you Sam!" Billy whispered in Sam's ear with a fake woman's voice.

Sam smiled while he woke up thinking of a good time with Cindy. "Wait until I take my blue pill," he said then his eyes widened when he felt the barrel of a pistol pressed into his temple. He looked down and saw his revolver was gone. *This doesn't feel good.* He thought to himself.

Billy walked around the front of Sam with his back to the door of the den.

"No ski mask this time?" Sam said.

"I don't need it," Billy replied.

Sam instantly knew what that meant. He tried to get up, but Billy slammed him back down in his chair.

Billy leaned down to Sam and slowly dragged the barrel of the 38 Special down Sam's nose then to his top lip.

Sam closed his mouth. Billy pressed the barrel harder against Sam's lips. He pressed so hard Sam thought his front teeth would break. He about peed his pants when he heard the click of the revolver. He was relieved but sweat still formed on his forehead.

Billy pulled the revolver away from Sam's mouth and kept it aimed at him. "So, here's what happened. You

are the October Slayer. Guilt finally got to you and you got drunk again. The horror of you killing all those girls back in the sixties finally became so unbearable that you went off the deep end. You killed your girlfriend then killed yourself,” Billy told Sam then a smirk grew on his face. “I’ll make sure her tummy is properly marked.”

“You’ll never get away with this.”

“Of course I will. I’ll leave a suicide note on your computer before I leave. You’ll also admit to killing dumbass Bo Smithson. As I previously taped his wallet and the gun that killed him under your couch, of which you’ll write in your note that that’s where you hid it,” Billy said and looked proud of his achievement. He pulled out a small whiskey bottle from his pants pocket. He opened it.

“I’m not going to continue my investigation,” Sam pleaded.

“Oh, by the way, they’ll also find child porno on your computer. The media will hate you,” Billy said while he forced the bottle into Sam’s mouth.

Sam tried to fight back, but Billy was stronger. He forced some whiskey down Sam’s throat. He choked.

Billy pulled the bottle away and spilled some on Sam’s crotch. He dropped the bottle to the floor.

“If it’s one thing my big brother Allan taught me, it’s how to get away with a crime,” Billy said with a huge proud smile.

Sam got furious and tried to stand up.

Billy forced him back in his chair.

“Get ready to meet Allan in hell!” Billy said with a smart-ass tone while he cocked the revolver.

Then out of nowhere, a cast iron skillet whacked Billy on the back of his head. His eyes crossed and he dropped to the floor on his knees. He was in a daze. He dropped the revolver and it slid across the floor a foot away.

Cindy hovered over Billy with the cast iron skillet in her hand.

Billy stirred and looked up at Cindy. He realized she struck him and got pissed. “You fucking bitch,” he yelled out then started to get up to come after her.

She whacked him one more time with the skillet across his temple. He dropped to the floor out cold.

Sam got up from the chair and rushed over to Billy. Sam looked proud of Cindy.

“Find the evidence to fry this sicko!” she told Sam.

He looked down at Billy and nodded in agreement.

Cindy saw the wet spot on Sam’s crotch.

“Don't tell me you had an accident?”

Sam cracked a smile as he picked up the whiskey bottle off the floor. “He forced this down my throat, and spilled some on my crotch,” he said while he showed her the bottle.

Cindy looked relieved with hearing that story.

Sam picked up the revolver off the floor and aimed it at Billy.

“Go get some Duct tape and rope out of the garage,” he told Cindy.

She ran out of the den.

Ten minutes later, Sam had bounded Billy's wrists and ankles with Duct tape. Cindy called the police and they waited in the den for them to show up.

The doorbell rang.

"They're here," Sam told Cindy.

She rushed out of the den.

A few seconds later, Cindy reappeared in the den with Daytona Beach officers, Dayna and Sean.

"So we meet again," Dayna told Sam while they walked up to Billy who sat tied in the lazy boy chair with a splitting headache.

"This is the guy that broke into Cindy's house. He broke into my house and tried to kill me. He's Billy Stein," Sam told the officers.

Sean walked over and untied the ropes. He yanked Billy up on his feet.

"So you have any weapons or sharp objects in your pockets?" Sean asked Billy.

"No," Billy replied and cringed over the pain in his head.

He reached in his back pocket and removed his wallet. He opened it up and confirmed he was indeed Billy Stein. He reached in his front pockets and removed his car keys.

He handed everything to Dayna.

"Mister Stein, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say or do can and will be held against you in the court of law. You have the right to speak to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be

appointed for you. Do you understand these rights as they have been read to you?" Sean said.

Billy nodded his head in agreement.

Dayna cut the Duct tape off his wrists then handcuffed him. She cut the Duct tape off his ankles.

Sean and Dayna escorted Billy out of the den.

Sam and Cindy followed.

Sam opened the front door.

"We'll need you to come down to the station tomorrow," Sean told Sam.

"We'll be there," Sam replied.

Billy looked really worried while he was being escorted out the door.

Sam closed the door and looked relieved. But he still looked concerned on never finding any evidence to keep Billy behind bars forever.

"I better call Becky," he said then rushed out of the room.

In Kissimmee, Becky and Marty was sound asleep. The phone on the bedside table rang, and Becky stirred. The phone continued to ring. She rolled over and picked up the phone.

"Hello," she answered still half asleep.

Marty woke up and curiously looked at Becky.

"It's me, Sam Woods. I'm so sorry to wake you up, but I have some important news. Your uncle broke into my house and tried to kill me. But my girlfriend got the better of him with a cast iron skillet," Sam told her from the phone.

Becky shot up as hearing that woke her up. “Oh my God!” she cried out.

“What happened?”

“Uncle Billy tried to kill Sam Woods,” Becky told him.

“The Daytona Beach police arrested him and hauled him off,” Sam said.

“He’s in a Daytona Beach jail,” she told Marty.

“I’m going down to the station tomorrow,” Sam told Becky.

“I’ll meet you at the police station in the morning. I want to talk to that bastard,” Becky told Sam.

“Okay, I’ll be there at nine,” Sam replied.

“I’ll see you tomorrow,” Becky said then hung up the phone.

She lay on her back and stared at the ceiling. She looked happy Billy was arrested. She wanted him to stay in jail for the rest of his life.

It was nine the next morning.

Sam, and Cindy met Becky at the Daytona Police station.

After Cindy and Sam provided their statements on what happened last night, they allowed Sam and Becky to talk with Billy.

Detective Matt Paule watched while Sam and Becky sat across the table from Billy in one of their interrogation rooms. Cindy sat at the other end of the room.

“What the hell’s going on Uncle Billy?” she said.

Billy sat tight-lipped at the table.

“I know you're the one that broke into Dad's house and guess what? Marty found that wooden chest!” Becky said while she glared at Billy hoping that would loosen his lips.

Billy got nervous and fidgeted in his seat. He knew his goose was cooked with the discovery of that chest.

Sam looked elated. “Why didn’t you tell me?” he asked Becky.

“Marty found it in the attic. We didn’t call you because it’s empty,” Becky told Sam.

Sam looked like he wanted to cry with that news.

Billy got a satisfied smirk. *Great job Allan!* He thought to himself.

“For once in your life, do the right thing. Tell the truth. Admit you're the killer,” Becky said while she glared into his eyes.

“My attorney will get me out of here soon and I'll live the rest of my life as a free man,” Billy replied with a smart-ass smirk.

“I want that lien removed.”

Billy stared at Becky for a second. Billy looked over at the guard. “Take me back to my cell.”

The guard walked over and Billy stood up.

Cindy, Sam and Becky watched while the guard escorted Billy out of the room.

“Are you sure that chest is empty?” Sam asked Becky.

“I’m sure,” she replied.

They got up and left disappointed with Detective Paule.

Outside the police station, Cindy and Sam stood by Becky at her car.

“I guess your investigation is over,” she told Sam.

“I guess. But, I wonder if that evidence was hidden somewhere else?”

Becky thought for a few seconds. “I don’t know where. We went through all of dad’s stuff at his house. We didn’t find anything that appeared to be evidence,” she told him.

“That’s not what I wanted to hear.”

“I know and I’m sorry,” she replied.

“Well take care,” Sam said while he held Cindy’s hand.

“You too,” Becky replied and walked to her car.

Sam and Cindy walked over and got inside his car.

They drove off in separate directions. But they both wondered if they could ever keep Billy behind bars forever.

Sam dropped Cindy off at her house since she was safe to be alone.

Later that night in Daytona, Sam lay in bed and stared at the ceiling. His eyes welled up when he thought about Angie and his promise to Gary.

In Kissimmee, Marty and Becky lay in their bed and both wondered where the evidence was hidden.

The next day, Becky went to Allan's house to meet some movers she hired.

In Allan's living room, all the stuff was repacked into boxes. The wooden chest was off to the side by itself by the front door.

Becky paced around the boxes while she talked into her cell phone. "Take Nancy home after her dancing lessons," she told Marty.

The front door was opened and Jake and Willy from Cheap Movers entered the house.

They both picked up a box and carried them outside.

"Where's Michael?" Marty asked from her cell phone.

"He's outside on his razor scooter."

Jake and Willy walked back into the living room and picked up two more boxes.

They carried the boxes outside.

Michael ran into the house. He ran over and climbed up on a stack of boxes. He sat on the top box.

"Get down Michael," Becky yelled while she closed her cell phone and shoved it in her pants pocket.

Michael jumped off the boxes just as the two men walked inside the house.

Becky eyed the wooden chest by the front door.

"Can you take that wooden chest to the trash for me?"

"Yes Ma'am," Jake replied.

"May I use your bathroom?" Willy asked.

"Sure, it's down the hall," Becky replied.

Jake walked over and picked up the wooden chest.

He walked out the door.

Willy headed toward the hallway.

The crash sound of wood breaking outside was heard a few seconds later.

Becky looked worried and ran out of the house.

Outside, the moving Jake lay on the ground on top of the smashed wooden chest. Michael's razor scooter was tangled around his shoes.

"Michael! How many times have I told you, never leave that scooter lying in the grass!" Becky yelled then rushed over to the man.

Michael appeared in the front door. He saw Jake in the grass with his scooter tangled around the man's shoes. He looked sorry.

Becky helped the Jake to his feet. "Are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Jake replied.

"I'm so sorry."

"That's alright," Jake replied then bent down and started picking up the pieces of broken wood.

"Go put that scooter away," Becky told Michael while she walked to the door and went inside the house.

Michael ran over to this scooter and picked it up. He walked it over and set it down by the front end of their mini-van.

Willy walked out of the house and saw the broken pieces of wood. "What happened?"

"I tripped on the kids scooter and busted this chest."

"It's a good thing it was going to the trash," Willy said then bent down and picked up some pieces of wood.

Jake saw an old color picture in some of the pieces of wood. He picked it up and glanced at it. Willy peeked over Jake's shoulder.

"That's weird," Willy replied while they looked at the picture.

Jake walked to the house with the picture in his hand.

Becky was in the kitchen when Jake and Willy entered the house.

"Ma-am," Jake called out.

Becky walked out of the kitchen and entered the living room.

"Is there another problem?"

"No, I found this picture amongst the pieces of the wooden chest. Thought you might want it," Jake said.

Becky took the picture from him and looked at it. "This was in the chest?"

"Yes ma-am," Jake said then grabbed another box and walked outside.

Becky stared at the picture. "Why would dad keep this?" she said while she stared at an old color picture of a gravesite for Annette Watson with flowers planted all the way around the headstone.

She immediately removed her cell phone from her pocket and made a call.

"Sam, it's me Becky. Listen, I found something of interest," she said into her cell phone.

"What's that?" Sam replied from her cell phone.

"Well, apparently, there was a picture hidden in that wooden chest."

“A picture? Great!”

“But I don’t understand it because it’s a picture of a gravesite for Annette Watson,” Becky replied.

There was a long moment of silence from her cell phone. “She was the last girl killed by the October Slayer. I talked with her husband a few weeks ago. He’s a retired Marine Colonel.”

“Maybe that’s what Uncle Creepy was looking for?”

“Could be.”

“You’re welcome to come over and pick it up if you wish. I don’t have any use for it.”

“I’ll be over in a couple of hours,” he responded.

“Make it five o’clock. I’m at dad’s and the moving men are picking up his stuff to take it to Goodwill.”

“I’ll be there at five. And thanks. This might lead to something.”

Becky closed her cell phone and shoved it back in her pocket. She stared at the picture and got the creeps.

She walked out of the living room and went into the kitchen where she dropped the picture into her purse.

Chapter 30

It was that late in the afternoon.

Sam snuck out of his house while Cindy dozed off in the living room reading a book. Sam knew she always takes a nap around this time of the day.

Later he arrived at Becky's house and sat down with Marty and Becky at the kitchen table.

He looked at the old color picture of Annette Watson's headstone with flowers around the headstone.

"This is really bizarre!" Marty said.

"Why would dad keep a picture of a dead girl's gravesite?" Becky asked while she tried to understand.

"It couldn't be for research since it was hidden in his attic for years. But why doesn't he have pictures of those other girls' gravesites? Why only this one?" Marty asked and scratched his head while he tried to come up with a reasonable answer.

Sam recalled his talk with John Watson in Phoenix. His eyes lit up, as he strongly believed he had the answer. "Unless it's a good place to bury something. A place nobody would ever think of looking."

Becky got pissed after she thought about Sam's comment. "That's what Uncle Billy was looking for! For

the life of me, I can't understand why dad protected that creep. Well I'm not!"

"But you know something, he didn't protect him with his book," Sam said then opened up his cell phone and made a call from his contacts list.

"Hey John, it's Sam Woods. Listen, I hate to bother you but there's a huge favor I need from you," Sam said into his cell phone.

"What's that?" John replied from John's cell phone.

"I need to dig at the backside of Annette's headstone," Sam replied.

"For what?" John replied a little bewildered with this request.

"Well, remember when you told me about that day when someone planted flowers around her headstone?" Sam said.

"I remember."

"A picture was found at Allan Stein's house. It's an old picture of Annette's headstone taken with flowers planted all around her headstone. A picture that was taken over thirty years ago. I believe there could be evidence buried there," Sam said.

"You have my permission. I'll contact the cemetery," John said immediately.

"Where is she buried?" Sam asked.

"Heavenly Peace Cemetery in Orlando," John replied.

"Thanks and I'll let you know what we find."

"No problem," John replied then disconnected the call.

“You won’t believe this, but she’s buried in a cemetery in Orlando. The Heavenly Peace Cemetery,” Sam told Becky and Marty.

Becky’s eyes widened in surprise after hearing Sam’s news. “Oh my God, dad and mother are both buried in that cemetery.”

Sam couldn’t believe the coincidence with the location of the gravesite and that gave him a gut feeling he would find something valuable.

Sam’s cell phone rang. He looked at the viewfinder and cringed knowing he’s in trouble. “Hello honey,” he answered the call.

“Where are you? I woke up from my nap and you were gone,” Cindy asked and sounded worried.

He hesitated for a few seconds. “I’m at Becky’s house in Kissimmee,” he said.

There was few seconds of silence. “Didn’t that police officer tell you not to leave Daytona?” she scolded him.

“I know, but they found a picture I believe shows where the evidence is buried in Orlando,” he told her.

There was another few seconds of silence. “Be careful,” she said then disconnected the call.

“I better get back to Daytona Beach. A retired FBI agent that was friends with your uncle was killed in Jackson, Mississippi after I talked with him. I believe Billy fabricated some information and told the Jackson police I shot this guy named Bo. Now I’m a suspect,” Sam told Marty and Becky.

Becky looked furious. "I'm going to pray the evidence is found."

Marty nodded in agreement with her statement.

Sam got up and they walked him to the front door.

Meanwhile, while Sam drove up I-4 and headed north to Daytona Beach, Cecil Hartman watched the local news channel on the TV in the break room at Stein Chevrolet.

People in the break room made comments on how great it was that Billy was away on vacation.

"We're on vacation when he's on vacation," one salesman told another salesman who nodded in agreement.

"Down in Jackson, police have an update in the shooting of retired FBI agent, Bo Smithson. Sam Woods, another retired FBI agent down in Daytona Beach, Florida has been identified as the potential shooter in the death of Mister Smithson," the news reporter stated.

Cecil looked ashamed while he got up and walked out of the break room.

He headed to his cubicle and conducted a search on the Internet. He jotted down some information and rushed out of his cubicle.

Cecil rushed out of the dealership and got inside his car.

He drove out of the parking lot.

Twenty minutes later, Cecil parked his car at a CVS store where he rushed to the pay phone. He made a phone call.

“Jackson police department, how may I direct your call,” the female officer answered Cecil’s call.

“I need to speak to the detective working the case on the murdered retired FBI agent,” Cecil said while he tried to disguise his voice.

“One second,” the female officer replied.

“Detective Blaine Salt. How may I help you?” Blaine said from the phone.

“Yes. I would like to remain anonymous, but you have the wrong suspect with the shooting of that retired FBI agent. It wasn’t the man from Daytona Beach, it was Billy Stein from Curtis, Mississippi,” he said into the phone.

“How do you know that sir?” the female officer asked.

“I was in Hoo Hoo Park that night with another man. We were in the woods doing you know what, and I saw Billy Stein shoot that other man then drove off. He was in a two thousand five brown Malibu from his dealership in Curtis. Come to his business and you’ll discover that a Malibu matching that description is missing. I can’t talk anymore since I’m married,” Cecil said then he quickly hung up.

He rushed to his car and felt relieved that he did the right thing. Plus he swore he would never return to that park or any other similar park.

He got in his car and drove back to the dealership.

Three hours later, Sam took a nap in his lazy boy chair with his cell phone was in his lap. It rang and Sam jumped up startled. He quickly opened it.

“Sam Woods,” he said.

“Sam, it’s John Watson. I contacted the cemetery and you have permission to dig on the backside of her headstone only. A Brent Brooke will have a worker dig for you. You can call him at five, five, five, six, nine, six, two, tomorrow,” John said from Sam’s cell phone.

Sam looked happy. “Thanks and I’ll get back with you if we find something of value,” Sam said then he closed his cell phone.

He got up from the chair and did a little victory dance with his cell phone in hand. His cell phone rang again.

“Sam Woods,” he answered.

“Mister Woods, it’s Detective Blain Salt from the Jackson, Mississippi police department,” Blaine answered.

Sam stopped dancing and knew this had to be bad news. “Yes sir,” he answered while his stomach knotted up.

“We had some new developments in the shooting of Bo Smithson case. An anonymous individual called and told us that he was in the park that night and witnessed a Billy Stein from Curtis, Mississippi shoot Smithson. He said it was a new Malibu and we verified that Mister Stein borrowed a Malibu from his dealership a few days ago. Plus your story checked out with Joel Nelson. I’m no longer considering you a suspect,” Blaine told Sam.

“That’s a relief. Thank you detective,” Sam said then disconnected his call.

Sam quickly made another phone call and broke the good news to Cindy. He returned to his victory dancing since he was finally making great progress. But he quickly stopped when his right calf cramped up.

He limped in pain out of his den.

Sam rose up bright and early the next day.

He was excited while he drove down to Orlando to the cemetery. Becky didn't want to be there but told Sam to contact her when they found evidence to fry Billy.

After meeting with Brent Brooke, the director of the Heavenly Peace Cemetery, Sam and a cemetery worker, named Harold, headed out to Annette's headstone.

Sam didn't notice Allan's headstone while they walked through the final resting places for hundreds of people.

They stopped and Sam looked at her headstone.

"Where would you like me to start digging, sir?"

Harold asked with his shovel ready

"At the backside of the headstone," Sam replied.

Sam paced around while Harold stuck the shovel in the ground. He was careful not to disturb Annette's headstone.

Ten minutes later, and the Harold dug two feet down and the earth revealed no secrets.

"There's nothing there, sir," Harold said.

Sam walked over and peeked inside the hole. He looked disappointed. He remembered something from the end of Allan's book. "Dig deeper," Sam told the worker.

Howard looked at Sam and frowned as he was getting tired.

Sam removed and opened up his wallet. "Two more feet, please?" Sam said while he offered Howard forty dollars in cash.

Howard quickly snatched the cash and shoved it in his pocket with a smile. "Don't tell the boss," he said while he started to dig deeper.

"It's our secret," Sam replied while he watch more dirt come out of the hole.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Howard dug deeper into the hole.

"Nothing sir," the worker said.

"No! Something has to be down there," Sam said then grabbed the shovel from Howard. He started poking at the bottom and sides of the hole. He heard the thud from hitting something while he poked at the right side of the hole.

"There's something down here!" Sam said excitedly while he scrapped dirt away from the side of the hole where he heard the thud.

After a few more minutes of digging dirt away with the shovel, Sam saw the side of a plastic bin. "Bingo."

Howard looked in the hole and saw the side of the bin. He took the shovel from Sam and proceeded to dig the bin out.

Ten minutes had passed and Howard dug the bin out from the ground. He set it on the grass.

Sam tried to open the lid, but it wouldn't budge.

Howard removed a knife from his pocket. He pried the lid open.

Sam took a deep breath and part of him was scared this would be another dead end.

He removed the lid, and he looked inside. He stared for a few seconds. A huge grin developed on his face while he looked inside the bin. "It's about time!" he cried out in joy.

Howard didn't have a clue what this was all about. "What's so important that you had to find this bin?"

"It contains evidence to five murders that happened a long ago," Sam told Howard.

A cold chill fell upon the worker and he stepped away from the bin. Even though he worked around graves all day, the thought of evidence to a murder gave him the chills.

Sam knelt down and looked inside the bin.

He saw dresses, pants, panties, driver's licenses, and teeth in a jar, sawed off tips of baseball bats, car keys, pictures and some negatives.

He stood up and removed some latex gloves from his front pocket and slipped them on his hands.

He knelt back down and reached inside the bin, and he removed the pictures.

The first picture he saw was of Billy in mid-swing while he beat Angie with a bat. "Fucking bastard!" Sam

said while his blood boiled, as he knew he finally caught the October Slayer.

He looked at the picture of Rhonda tied naked to a tree. There was another of picture of Allan who stood by Rhonda's naked body. He looked like a proud hunter.

"There's another killer!" Sam said.

He scanned through pictures of Allan who stood next to the dead naked bodies of all the other four girls. In all of these pictures, he looked like a proud hunter.

Sam dropped the pictures back in the bin. "Billy just killed one girl," he said while he thought about all his interviews. Then he thought about Allan's book and it hit him like a ton of bricks. "It was right in front of me the whole time! Jimmy's last name was Nalla. Nalla is Allan spelled backwards. Why didn't I see that? Allan Stein was the October Slayer and Billy helped him with one girl!" Sam cried out.

Sam brushed away dirt from the bin. He picked it up. "Thank you," he told Howard while he rushed away with the bin tucked under his right arm.

A little while later, Sam parked his car in Becky's driveway. He got out of the car with some of the pictures from the bin in hand. He looked at Becky's house. This was going to be the most difficult task he's ever done.

He took a deep breath and walked to the front door.

He rang the doorbell.

A few seconds passed and the front door opened.

Becky appeared with her hair up in her jogging outfit.

Then Marty appeared at the door.

“Sam! Well, did you find some evidence to fry him?” she asked excitedly.

“I found a piece of evidence to get your uncle up on murder charges, but someone else was involved. Someone who was the real October Slayer,” Sam told her with a grim look.

Becky looked curious. “Well, please come inside. I can’t wait to find out.”

With her hair up, Sam saw a stork bite birthmark on Becky’s neck. He didn’t think anything of it while they entered her house.

After they sat down on her living room couch, Sam showed her the picture of Billy.

“That’s the sister of my best friend. Her name was Angie,” Sam said.

“I’m so sorry my uncle killed her. But with this, maybe we can keep him behind bars for the rest of his life.”

Sam hesitated but knew she would eventually find out. “And here’s the real October Slayer,” he said and handed her the other pictures.

Becky looked anxious to see the killer while she glanced down at the pictures. Marty leaned over and they looked at the pictures together. They looked at the picture of Allan with Rhonda.

They looked at the picture of Allan with Sandy.

They looked at the picture of Allan with Fran.

They looked at the picture of Allan with Angie.

They looked at the picture of Allan with Annette.

They both looked stunned with what they saw.

Then it dawned on Marty. “Jimmy Nalla,” he said. “Nalla is Allan spelled backwards. It was in front of me the whole time.”

“I know. I missed the easiest clue there was in his book,” Sam replied and felt a little stupid.

“No, it can’t be! There’s no way!” Becky said while her eyes welled up. She let go of the pictures and they dropped to the floor.

“What other evidence did you find?” she asked.

“Some teeth, sawed off tips of baseball bats, driver’s licenses of the girls, car keys, pants, panties, and dresses,” he told her.

“Just like his book,” Marty said.

Becky thought about the evidence he found. Then it hit her like a ton of bricks. “I wore a dead girls dress!” she cried out when she remembered that day she found the chest.

She looked sick and ran out of the room.

Sam and Marty heard her while she ran down the hallway.

They heard her while she vomited in the toilet.

Sam felt so sorry for Becky. “I’m going to take this stuff to a friend at the FBI in Tampa,” he told Marty.

“I’m going with you,” Marty responded.

Sam opened up his cell phone and made a call.

“Hey Peter, it’s Sam,” he said into his cell phone.

“What do you need now?” Peter asked jokingly.

“I found some evidence and I want bring it over to your office,” Sam said.

“When?”

“I’ll be there in a couple of hours,” Sam replied.

“I was planning on leaving early to go fishing out in the Gulf,” Peter said.

“Sorry, but I finally discovered the identity of the October Slayer,” Sam replied.

“I’ll be waiting,” Peter said then disconnected his end of the call.

“Will she be okay alone?” Sam asked while they heard her vomit some more in the toilet.

“I’ll call her best friend to come over and stay with her,” Marty said then he made a phone call on his cell phone.

Fifteen minutes later, Becky’s best friend, Charlotte, came over and stayed with Becky who cried continuously.

Sam and Marty drove to Tampa with the evidence bin. It was a quiet drive while they both thought about the past events.

They arrived at the FBI office in Tampa.

Peter met them in the lobby and got them authorization to take the bin to his office.

Later inside Peter’s office, he peeked inside the bin that was placed on a table.

Sam reached inside with latex gloves and removed a blue cabin boy pants and a light blue jester shirt. “This belonged to Rhonda Moore,” Sam said.

Peter double-checked her case file.

Sam reached inside with latex gloves and removed a black Montgomery Wards sleeveless scoop neck dress. “This belonged to Fran Adams.”

Peter double-checked her case file.

Sam reached inside with latex gloves and removed a pair of black Capri pants and white blouse. “This belonged to Angie Gardner,” Sam said then his eyes welled up seeing his friends clothes.

Peter double-checked her case file.

Sam reached inside with latex gloves and removed a brownish pattern micro mini dress. “This belonged to Annette Watson.”

Peter double-checked her case file.

“There’s a dress missing,” Peter said while he looked at the files. “Clothing for Sandy Yoder. A blue pattern skirt waist dress,” Peter added.

Sam looked ashamed when he recalled. “That’s because the killer, or I should say Allan, framed me and hid some evidence in the trunk of a car belonging to a Scott Harley in Georgia. I beat the poor man thinking he was the killer. They transferred me to Phoenix after that.”

“I vaguely remember hearing about that,” Peter said.

Sam reached inside and removed five sawed off tips of baseball bats with dried blood on them. “He used a baseball bat on the women,” he said while he placed the tips on the table.

Sam reached inside and removed five pairs of white panties and set them on the table.

He reached back inside and removed a jar with numerous teeth inside. Sam looked pissed when he set the

jar on the table and didn't say a word. He knew some of them were once part of Angie's beautiful smile.

Sam reached inside and removed all the pictures that showed Allan posing like a proud hunter with all the dead girls. There were also numerous pictures of the dead girls tied to the trees.

He removed all the negatives.

He reached back inside and removed two sets of car keys, one for a Chevy and the other for a Dodge and drivers licenses for Rhonda, Angie and Annette. He set them on the table.

He reached inside and removed another photo. Marty saw it was a picture of Allan at Annette's headstone with his back to the camera and his skull tattoo was visible with "R,F,S,A,A," lettering under the jaw of the skull.

"I remember Allan having that tattoo. I haven't seen it in a long time," Marty said while he stared at the photo. "It appears my father in-law used his book as his confession to being the October Slayer," Marty told Peter.

Sam reached inside and removed another picture. "This also shows his brother Billy Stein assisted in killing Angie Gardner," Sam added when he held up the picture of Billy beating Angie. All Sam wanted to do now was strangle Billy by his throat.

Sam reached inside and removed a picture that showed Billy, naked in the woods with a young Betsy who was also naked. "Looks like proof Billy raped a young girl back in the sixties," Sam said then handed Peter the picture.

“The statute of limitations ran out for statutory rape,” Peter said.

“Maybe we can get this guy expunged for raping the young girls that Billy Stein actually performed,” Sam said.

“We’ll talk about that later,” Peter said then set the picture down with the other evidence.

Sam reached inside the bin and removed a black cable for a car engine. He looked at it.

“Looked like the cable that goes to the ignition coil and distributor cap,” Peter said.

“Just like the book,” Marty replied.

Sam nodded in agreement then looked inside the bin and it was empty. “That’s all the evidence,” Sam said.

“I’ll get these items to the lab and I’ll get back with you,” Peter said.

“I’m thinking you finally solved this case,” Peter told Sam while they shook hands.

“Marty found the key piece that led me to the evidence. He helped,” Sam said then patted Marty’s shoulder.

Sam looked happy and he hoped those nightmares would be a thing of the past.

Chapter 31

Three weeks had passed and the FBI lab confirmed that the remains found in the plastic were those of the five girls killed by the October Slayer.

The FBI made the formal announcement that author Allan Stein was the October Slayer that eluded being captured his whole life.

Up in Curtis, Mississippi, Billy was out of jail and sat in his office. He was furious when he heard the news about Allan being identified as the October Slayer.

Judy entered his office.

“Mister Stein, you have some visitors,” Judy said.

“I don’t want to be bothered,” Billy yelled at her.

Peter barged in with two other FBI agents and four Mississippi State Troopers.

“Mister Stein, I’m Peter Bronson of the FBI. I have a warrant for your arrest for the murder of Angie Gardner,” Peter said.

Billy didn’t have his typical smart-ass smirk on his face when he saw everybody. He got scared and trembled.

Sam watched outside Billy’s office while they escorted him away handcuffed. He fought off the urge to beat the crap out of him.

But life for Becky started to head in another direction.

Outside her house, numerous TV Vans were parked along her street. All her neighbors stood outside and rubber necked with all the media attention. They couldn't believe the news they heard.

Out on the sidewalk, Deena Moore, a reporter for Channel 9 news, stood in front of her cameraman with Becky's house in the background.

"I'm Deena Moore from Channel nine news. The FBI has recently announced that retired FBI agent Sam Woods has found the identity of the October Slayer. To make this case even more bizarre, the killer was the author who wrote the book, A Killer's Tale. It appears the author, Allan Stein, used his book as his confession. But Mister Stein passed away from cancer just before the book got published. So he will never spend a day in prison for the murders he committed so many years ago," Deena said in front of the camera.

Numerous other numerous from other TV news stations stood in front of their cameramen while they reported the same news story.

Inside Becky's house, it was quiet. Becky and Marty drove Michael and Nancy to her parents house the second they were told the FBI officially identified Allan as the October Slayer. They didn't want them at the house when the media came in droves.

There was a knock on the front door. "Miss Adams, would you like to comment on your father being a serial killer?" the news reporter said from outside her front door.

The reporter knocked again on her front door.

In her bedroom, Becky sat on the bed with Marty. Her eyes were red and watery from crying all day.

Becky looked at the pictures of Michael and Nancy on the dresser. She suddenly looked worried. "What if there's some type of serial killer gene that skips a generation?"

"Honey, there's no such thing. Don't worry yourself to death," Marty said then put an arm around her for comfort.

They heard more knocks on their front door.

Over in Daytona Beach, Sam and Cindy relaxed in his living room and watched a movie on the TV.

A little while ago, Sam removed the Glock and Bo's wallet from under his couch. He gave it to the Daytona Beach police, who then sent it off to the Jackson police department for further evidence.

"I'm so glad you finally got your alarm system installed," Cindy told Sam.

But he didn't respond since his mind was off thinking about the past events.

"Sam? Are you listening?" she asked.

"I have this feeling I'm still missing something. There's still something that's still unresolved," Sam said.

"You solved the case, Sam. There's nothing else to worry about."

Sam had this burning hunch in his gut. He got up and opened his cell phone. He made a call.

"Hey Sam," Peter answered Sam's call.

“Thanks for pressing forward with the evidence,” Sam told him.

“My pleasure,” Peter replied.

“Listen, I just thought of something. I'd recommend you have someone in Mississippi check Billy Stein's home computer and house. He had a thing for young girls. Especially rape,” Sam said.

“I'll have someone check into it and get back with you,” Peter said.

“Thanks,” Sam said then disconnected the call.

He walked back to the couch and could sense Cindy was getting upset with him.

“Sorry honey, just one more thing I want them to nail Billy Stein with,” he said then he sat down. Then his eyes widened when he remembered something Billy said in his den.

He jumped up and ran out of the room.

Cindy looked concerned while she watched Sam.

Sam ran into his den and quickly sat down at his computer. He turned it on and the second it booted up he searched for pictures and videos. There they were, numerous pictures and videos of child porno. He quickly deleted them then cleared his Internet history.

Two days have passed and the media finally quit hounding Becky's house.

Sam drove to Mobile, Alabama and went to the Woodland Park Cemetery.

Sam walked through the cemetery with two potted plants in hand.

He stopped at two headstones.

One was for Gary Gardner, born July 16, 1932 and died May 2, 1996. The other one was for Angie Gardner, born August 1, 1940 and died October 20, 1965.

Sam knelt down and placed a potted plant by each their headstones. "Sorry it took so long my friend."

He stood up and walked away.

His cell phone rang. "Sam Woods," he answered.

"It's Peter. We had someone from the Jackson office check Billy Stein's home computer and we found tons of child porno. In addition, we found numerous old black and white photos of underage naked African American girls. He won't be getting out of prison while he's alive," Peter told Sam from his cell phone.

"That's great! And I bet those black and white photos were of the young girls he raped in the sixties," Sam replied.

"That might be hard to prove. But we found something else and I need you to come by the office, as soon as possible," Peter said.

"What's up?"

"You'll see when you get here," Peter replied.

"I'll be there tomorrow," Sam said then disconnected the call.

Sam walked out of the cemetery and was curious about whatever Peter discovered.

Sam spent the night in a hotel in Mobile.

Early the next morning, he got up early and drove straight to Tampa.

Later that day, Sam arrived at the FBI office in Tampa. Peter and walked into Peter's office.

"What's going on?" Sam said while he knocked on Peter's office door.

While we searched Billy Stein's house, we found this taped to the inside of his desk in his den," Peter said then handed Sam a folder.

Sam opened up the folder and saw an old form inside. He looked the form over and was shocked. He was even more shocked when he saw a old black and white picture stapled to the form. "Oh my God!"

"I thought that might be important. Plus the IRS contacted us and wants Billy Stein investigated for making trips to Asia for underage sex and deducting it as a business expense," Peter added.

"Becky might be relieved once she learns about this," Sam said while he held up the folder. "Thanks buddy," he added then shook Sam's hand.

Sam rushed out of Peter's office with the folder.

Sam drove down I-4 excited about presenting the news to Becky. But then he saw a billboard along the Interstate for missing children. He slowed down and pulled off the side of the road.

He opened up the folder and looked at the paper and picture again.

“I don’t fucking believe it,” he said then closed the folder.

He opened up his cell phone and made another phone call.

“John Watson,” he answered Sam’s call.

“John, it’s Sam Woods. Listen, it’s extremely important that I see you right away. Extremely important,” Sam blurted out all excited.

“I saw on the news you found Annette’s killer. Thank you. If that scum bag Allan Stein was still alive, I would snap his neck,” John said then paused for a few seconds. “So, what else can be so important that you need to see me right away?”

“It’ll have to wait until I get to Phoenix. I’m heading straight to the Orlando airport and I’ll let you know if I can get a flight,” Sam said.

“Okay. I’ll listen since I owe you a world of thanks,” John said.

Sam disconnected his call and quickly made another call.

“Hey baby, listen I have to try and get the next flight out to Phoenix,” he told her then cringed knowing she wouldn’t be very happy.

“What? Phoenix? Why?” she asked and sounded a little pissed.

“I’ll explain when I return, but this time, it’s not about hunting down a killer. It’s good news and I hope it turns out the way I want it to turn out,” he replied.

“We’re leaving for the Biltmore Estates in a couple of days. You better not forget or our relationship is over,” she said and with a tone that indicated she was serious.

“I’ll be there, I promise,” he replied.

“Have a safe flight,” she said then disconnected her end of the call.

Sam drove to the airport and was lucky to get on the next flight to Phoenix that left in five hours. He called John with the information and he promised to meet him.

Later that night, Sam sat with John on his couch in his living room in Phoenix. Sam had the folder in his lap.

“Why couldn’t you tell me at the airport?” John asked.

“I wanted to wait until we were in your home. I think you’re going to be happy with what’s been uncovered. But first, do you have some photos of your baby Rachael?”

“Of course. Why would you ask?” John answered a little baffled.

“Please let me see some photos of Rachael,” Sam said.

“If you wish,” John said then got up off the couch and walked out of the living room.

A few minutes later, he returned with a small album in hand.

John entered with a photo album, and sat down next to Sam.

“I don’t have many pictures,” he said while he opened up the album.

Sam saw a picture of Rachael around one month old in her crib.

He saw a picture of Rachael around two months old in Annette’s arms.

He saw a picture of Rachael about four months old in John’s arms while he’s in his Marine uniform. Rachael rests her head on John’s shoulder and see the back of her neck. He saw her stork bite birthmark.

Sam got a huge smile.

“That’s all I have of her,” John said.

“How would you like to accompany me to Florida for a few days?” Sam offered.

“Why do I need to go to there?” John replied a little confused.

Sam handed John the folder. “Take a look inside.”

John opened it up and saw an adoption form from an adoption agency in Curtis, Mississippi. The form was dated January 12, 1967 and was for a young female baby eight months of age. The form indicated the baby had a stork bite birthmark and that the parents were unknown.

The form further stated that the baby was found abandoned in a Piggly Wiggly store in Curtis.

“I don’t understand,” John said, as it didn’t immediately sink in his head. Then it took a few seconds and it hit him like a ton of bricks.

Sam removed a picture from his shirt pocket. “This was attached to the adoption form. Allan’s book stated

that he kept a photograph of a baby girl after he killed the fifth girl,” Sam said while he handed the picture to John.

John looked at the picture. His mouth dropped in shock when he saw it was a picture of Rachael. “Annette carried this picture in her purse at all times,” John said then his eyes filled with tears. Then it dawned on him. “Oh my God! The bastard kidnapped Rachael!” John said then he turned red with anger.

“Serial killers often keep souvenirs from their victims. But I never heard of the victims baby,” Sam said.

John’s anger turned to joy when he realized his baby girl is still alive.

“When do we leave for Florida?”

“As soon as we can get you some reservations,” Sam replied.

“I could never repay you for all you’ve done,” John said while he stuck his hand out to Sam.

“It’s my pleasure,” Sam replied while he shook John’s hand.

Sam gleamed that he made John so happy.

Sam and John were able to get on a flight out of Phoenix early in the morning. John insisted Sam spend the night at his house.

Meanwhile in Kissimmee, Marty was busy shredding all pictures that included Allan. After that, he burned all the video tapes that had Allan included. Becky was still sicken about her father being a killer. She never wanted to see his face again, so she had Marty perform this task.

Marty took the laptop that Becky bought Allan.
He took the laptop and went inside his garage.
He used a hammer and smashed the laptop then
dumped it in the trash.

The next morning, Sam and John were at the airport
for their 8:05 flight to Orlando.

Sam called Cindy and told her that he had to make
one more pit stop at Becky's house. At first she was
upset, but after Sam told her the story about finding John's
kidnapped baby, she changed her tune. She was so proud
of her man.

Later that afternoon, Sam pulled his car into Becky's
driveway. Sam and John got out of his car and they
walked to the front door. Sam had the folder in hand and
John had his photo album.

It was a nervous walk for John while the headed to
the front door.

Sam rang the doorbell.

Then the door opened and Becky appeared.

John was speechless when he saw his daughter.

Becky looked a little nervous. "Don't tell me Uncle
Creepy is out of jail."

"No. This is John Watson. His wife was the last one
murdered by Allan," Sam told her.

Becky looked upset. "Why would you bring him
here? I can't be blamed for what dad did so long ago,"
Becky said while her eyes started to well up.

“No, no. It’s not that. Can we come inside? I have some news. News that should make you very happy.”

Becky moved aside and let them inside her home.

After they sat down on the couch, Sam handed her the folder.

She opened up the folder. She saw the adoption form from an adoption agency in Curtis, Mississippi. It was an adoption form with Allan and Beverly as the parents.

“Oh my God! I’ve always had a feeling I was adopted! But why wouldn’t they tell me?” Becky asked while she read the form over again. “And why are you here Mister Watson?” she asked while she looked at him.

John handed her his photo album and opened up the pictures. Becky saw the birthmark on the baby pictures.

“After my wife was murdered, our baby girl, Rachael, was kidnapped. I never found her,” John said while his eyes welled up and his lips trembled.

Then it dawned on Becky. “A serial killer kidnapped me?” Becky got the dry heaves. She covered her mouth in case she vomited.

Sam and John watched while she got up and ran out of the room.

They heard her vomit in the toilet.

“She does this occasionally,” Sam told John.

John could care less. He would rather hear his daughter vomit than never hear from her.

A few minutes after she brushed her teeth and garbled with mouthwash. Becky walked into the living room.

“I’m so sorry for running out like that,” she said.

John stood up. “That’s okay. When you were a baby, you vomited once or twice on my shoulder.”

Becky looked at John and had this overwhelming feeling he was family. “Dad?” she said while her eyes welled up.

“My baby,” he replied and rushed over to her.

They hugged. “I can’t wait for you to meet my son Jason and daughter Suzie,” John told her.

Becky’s eyes widened with joy. “I have a step-brother and sister?” she asked him.

John nodded in agreement.

Sam’s eyes welled up while they hugged each other tight.

Chapter 32

A couple of weeks passed and the paternity tests proved Becky was John's daughter. She was so relieved she wasn't related to Allan that she legally changed her name to Rachael Watson Adams. Marty and Becky also decided to sell their house and move to Phoenix for a new life.

John stayed with Becky in Florida to help her move to Phoenix.

Then one day while they were packing up her Kissimmee home, they made a trip to the Heavenly Place Cemetery with some potted plants and the kids.

They walked over to Annette Watson's headstone. They noticed that the area dug up at the backside of her headstone had new sod installed.

Becky set the potted plants at the front of her headstone then she stood up.

"Who is this person?" Nancy asked curiously.

"Why, she's your other grandmother," Becky replied.

Nancy looked up at the sky. "I love you grandma! And I love my new grandma!" she said then blew kisses at the sky.

Michael rolled his eyes at Nancy. John got a chuckle.

Nancy looked around at the other headstones. “Can we go say hello to grandpa?” she asked.

Becky knelt down to Nancy and looked her in her eyes.

“Don't you love Grandpa anymore?” Nancy asked.

Becky was at a loss of words for a second. “Honey, it's really difficult to explain why right now. So, can I explain it when you get older?” she told her.

“Sure Mommy.”

Becky gave Nancy a kiss on her cheek and stood up. Nancy looked up at John.

“Let's go my new grandpa,” she said while she grabbed a hold of his hand.

Hearing the sound of being called grandpa brought another tear to the old Marine's eyes.

While they walked away, Becky looked back at Allan's headstone. She had an idea.

“There's something I want to do before I move out to Phoenix,” she told John.

“What's that?” he asked curiously.

She pulled him off to the side and whispered in his ear.

He thought about her idea for a few seconds and debated in his mind if he should condone such a plan. Then he thought about Annette's death. “I'm in,” he said.

They walked away hand in hand.

Later that night, she called Brent Brooke at the Heavenly Place Cemetery and asked if she could have Allan's body dug up and have him cremated. He said he

would put the proper paperwork in work and get it approved.

Meanwhile at Sam's house, he relaxed on his couch in his living room and watched the *Dirty Harry* movie.

His phone in the kitchen rang. He got up off the couch and walked out of the room.

He went into his kitchen and picked up his ringing phone. "Sam Woods," he answered.

There was few seconds of silence. "Mister Woods, my name is Les Bowman. I saw on the news that you uncovered that Allan Stein was the October Slayer," Les said.

"Yes sir."

"Well, I know that he's dead but there's something I want to get off my chest," Les said.

"Okay."

"I was in the Army and stationed in Saigon back in seventy. I saw Allan stab a black soldier in an alley one night. Allan said something about payback for something that happened in Mississippi when they were kids," Les stated.

"Why didn't you tell the Army about that?" Sam curiously asked.

"Well, I'm ashamed of this, but back then, I was selling drugs for some extra cash. I was making a drug transaction and after it was done, I saw Allan kill that black Staff Sergeant," Les said. There was a brief second of silence. "I then heard that CID was investigating the murder and learned that the agent who killed the sergeant

was the investigator. I knew I had to keep my mouth shut or I might end up dead.”

“Well, there’s nothing that can be done now since Allan’s dead,” Sam said.

“I know but wanted to tell someone and get it off my chest,” Les replied.

“Well, thanks for telling me. This at least answers one question I had floating in the back of my mind,” Sam responded.

“Thanks for listening,” Les said then disconnected his end of the call.

Sam hung up his phone and knew there was nothing that could be done now. He wished this guy came forward years ago.

He walked out of the kitchen and went back to his movie in the living room.

The next day, Sam drove with Cindy on Interstate 95 in South Carolina and headed north. They passed a North Carolina I-95 road sign while music plays on the radio. The music stopped.

“It’s now time for the news. Billy Stein, brother of the famed October Slayer, was arrested in a Jackson, Mississippi jail on child porno charges. He’s also under investigation for the murder of a retired FBI agent in Jackson, Mississippi. Mister Stein was previously arrested for the murder of a young woman in nineteen sixty-five that was the fourth victim of the October Slayer. Also in Jackson Mississippi, Jerome Franklin had his nineteen sixty-one rape conviction expunged. It was

revealed that Billy Stein actually committed those rapes and frame Franklin for it. Mister Stein pleaded guilty to all of his rape charges. Over in Charlotte...”

“My nightmare's over,” Sam said while he turned off the radio.

Cindy leaned over and kissed his cheek. She returned to her Biltmore Estates book.

A few days later, Becky's plan was ready to be implemented after she received a call from Brent Brooke from the Heavenly Place Cemetery.

John and Becky drove to the cemetery and picked up the ashes of Allan in the cheapest Urn they offered.

John and Becky drove around Orlando for the perfect place to bury Allan's ashes.

They soon drove by a construction site that was perfect.

After they parked their car, they walked the Urn to a Porta Potty. They both went inside and opened up the Urn.

“This is the perfect burial place for you!” Becky said while she dumped Allan's ashes into the bin of human waste. “I hope you smell shit for eternity!” she added then dropped the Urn inside then they left.

They walked back to the car arm in arm ready to finish the life that was taken away from them thirty-nine years ago.

“Marty told me you got another royalty check for his books,” he said.

“Yes. It was a check for fifty-two thousand dollars. Marty and I talked and decided to keep some for our move to Phoenix. We’ll donate the rest to some charity for families that were victims of horrible crimes,” she said.

“That sounds like a great plan,” he said while they walked to her mini-van.

Two days later and Sam and Cindy were inside the Biltmore Estates for another tour. Cindy was in heaven on finally seeing this beautiful mansion and had to visit it again.

Sam’s cell phone buzzed. He opened up and saw it was a text message. He opened up the text message.

“Sam. I just wanted to thank you for everything. Marty and I are selling our house. We’re moving the kids to Phoenix to be closer to my father, stepbrother and stepsister. Please stay in touch,” Becky’s text message stated.

Sam put his cell phone in his pocket.

“Who was that?” Cindy asked.

“Becky thanking me for everything,” he told her.

She smiled then held his hand while they walked to another room in the Biltmore.

His cell phone rang from his pocket. He removed it and smiled when he saw the caller from the viewfinder.

“Hello son,” he answered.

“Dad, I can’t wait to see Cindy and you tomorrow,” Charles said from the cell phone.

“Me too.”

“And congratulations of finally putting this case behind you. You did a great job.”

“Thanks and I’ll call when we get into D.C.,” Sam said then disconnected the call.

They walked off and went into another room where Cindy stared at the room in awe.

The next day, Sam and Cindy drove north to visit Charles in Washington D.C.

Becky and Marty packed up the kids in their mini-van and headed out west to Phoenix to start a new life.