

# Killed Once, Lived Twice

By

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## Prologue

It all started here in the hilly countryside of western Pennsylvania.

It was May 25th in 1961 in Barbourville, Pennsylvania. The town of Barbourville was located north of Pittsburgh with a population of 15,700 law-abiding people.

It was situated fifteen miles southwest of the town of Hampton and eighty miles southeast of the major town of Kingsville.

There was a two-lane country road that connected Barbourville to the towns of Kingsville and Hampton. This road was Amster Road and provided a beautiful view of the rolling countryside for this part of Pennsylvania.

Amster Road ran south from Kingsville for fifty-five miles. Then Amster Road made a forty-five degree bend to the left and headed east for fifteen miles.

During that fifteen-mile trek east, Amster Road went over a section of the Brandywine Lake by way of an old wooden bridge constructed in 1939.

Brandywine Lake was a skinny lake that ran north and south with depths of twenty-five feet. It had cabins along the shore

where the local people loved to relax and fish during the summer months.

Before the wooden bridge was constructed, Amster Road dead-ended on the east and western shores of the Brandywine Lake. A dirt bumpy road provided the detour around the northern part of the lake so drivers could get back onto Amster road. During these times, Amster Road was the only way to get to the larger town of Kingsville. This dirt detour was rough on the trucks that left the General Motors plant to deliver the new Chevrolets.

Amster Road made another forty-five degree bend to the right and headed straight into Barbourville.

Amster Road changed names and was called Shady Hill Avenue when it ran straight through Barbourville.

It turned back into Amster Road again after exiting the northern part of town.

The major industry in Barbourville was the General Motors plant that now assembled the Chevrolet Bel-Air and Corvair. The plant opened for business in 1936 and was located on Montvale Circle.

Montvale Circle started from Amster Road south of town then ran a circle around the western part of town and ended on

Shady Hill Avenue at the northeastern end of town.

At the northeastern part of town was located the Barbourville College. It had well known engineering English, fine arts, nursing, and science programs. The college was founded in 1918 and was located off Shady Hill Avenue.

Barbourville was a friendly and great town to raise a family.

Shumaker's Lounge was located near the General Motors plant and the majority of the patrons were workers from the plant. They loved to stop off there for a drink after a hard day of assembling the 1961 Bel-Air and Corvair.

This evening, Michael Osborne sat alone at a booth inside the Shumaker's Lounge off Montvale Circle.

He was twenty-seven years old and was handsome with a Rock Hudson style of black hair and piercing blue eyes.

Michael looked like he lacked the lust for life and hadn't slept in days by the bags under his eyes and five days of beard stubble.

He glanced at a Barbourville Times newspaper on his table. It was placed next to four empty glasses. His fifth glass of whiskey and water was next to a pack of

Marlboro cigarettes, lighter and an ashtray with five cigarette butts.

Michael picked up the glass and took a drink. He set the glass down and continued to look depressed at a newspaper article.

The article had the “Local Woman Shot and Drowned In Brandywine Lake” headline.

The article also had a black and white photo of Jennifer Stodden, his twenty-seven year old fiancé. She had black hair in a Bouffant hairstyle and wore black cat eyeglasses. She was a beautiful woman with light blue eyes, a warm smile.

Michaels's eyes welled up while he glanced at Jennifer's photo. He smashed his cigarette into the ashtray.

Kenneth Mueller in a black suit, white shirt and white tie and Fedora hat in hand walked up to Michel's booth smoking a Lucky Strike cigarette.

Kenneth was a twenty-seven year old unattractive man with thinning hair. He had acne pot marks on both cheeks and a four-inch scab across the middle of his forehead.

Kenneth frowned at the sight of Michael drinking alone at the lounge. “Are you going to live at Shumaker's for now on?” Kenneth asked while he sat down in the booth across from Michael. Kenneth took another drag on his cigarette then put it out in the ashtray.

“Maybe,” Michael replied without taking his eyes off the newspaper article.

“You never frequented this place,” Kenneth said. He frowned when he saw the newspaper article about Jennifer.

The skinny old waitress Nancy walked up to Kenneth. “Hey sugar. Want your usual?” she asked.

“Tonight, I’ll take three shots of Jack Daniels,” Kenneth replied.

Nancy smiled and walked away.

“I know you miss her. But she drowned and drinking yourself to death won’t bring her back to life. And don’t worry, I’ll find the killer,” Kenneth said then paused. “Because I carry a badge,” Kenneth said in his best impression of Sergeant Friday from the Dragnet Show. He hoped to get a chuckle out of Michael. He did not.

Michael reached out and removed another cigarette from the pack of Marlboros. He grabbed the lighter and lit his cigarette.

“When did you start smoking?” Kenneth asked.

Michael ignored his question and took a drag.

Nancy walked back to the booth with her tray in hand. She placed three shots of whiskey in front of Kenneth.

“Who would shoot at her then force her car off the bridge and into the lake? Who would do such a horrible thing? Jennifer didn’t have any enemies. Everybody loved her. She was the love of my life,” he said while he glanced over at Kenneth and tears rolled down his cheek.

“I know,” Kenneth replied then avoided looking at the newspaper article. He grabbed one of his shot glasses and downed the whiskey.

“And why was she driving to the cabin so late at night? That doesn’t make any sense,” Michael said while he looked at Kenneth with tears running down his cheeks.

“I don’t know buddy,” Kenneth replied then grabbed the second shot glass and downed the whiskey.

“She drowned. She was terrified of being in the water. She drowned,” he said while his eyes welled up.

Michael looked at Kenneth. “How did you get that cut on your forehead?” he asked as he forgot.

“A drunk the other night,” said Kenneth then he looked worried about something while he took the third shot glass and downed the whiskey.



“Barbourville has been a nice place to live with hardly any major crimes. I can’t remember anybody being murdered during my lifetime,” Michael said while he looked at Kenneth for answers.

“Like I said buddy, I’ll use all my energy to find her killer. I promise.”

“Thanks,” Michael said while he folded up the newspaper to stop looking at Jennifer’s picture.

While Kenneth smoked his cigarette, he avoided that newspaper article of Jennifer.

He put his cigarette out in the ashtray on the coffee table. He gave Nancy a little motion to come over to the booth.

Nancy walked over.

“Put my shots and his drinks on my tab,” he told her.

“Sure sugar,” Nancy replied then walked away.

“You better get home. I don’t want you don’t ending up a drunk like my old man,” he said then slid out of his booth and walked over to Michael.

Michael grabbed his newspaper and got out of the booth.

Kenneth walked Michael to the door of the Lounge.

Outside Shumaker's Lounge, Kenneth walked Michael to his white four-door 1958 Chevrolet Bel-Air.

"I'll follow you home to make sure you arrive safe," Kenneth said while Michael got behind his wheel.

Michael motioned that that was okay with him. He started up his car.

Kenneth rushed over to his black four-door 1960 Chevrolet Bel-Air car parked close to Michael's car. He got behind the wheel and started it up. This was his car from the Barbourville police department since Kenneth had been a detective for the past three years.

Kenneth drove his Bel-Air and followed Michael's Bel-Air all the way to his house on Dorothy Avenue located in the Brandywine Estates.

After Michael went inside, Kenneth sat behind the wheel of his Bel-Air.

His hands shook a little while he glanced over at the white cottage style house with black shutters to the left of Michael's. That cottage house was where Jennifer Stoddard lived.

He reached under his seat and removed a Jack Daniels bottle. He opened it and took a huge gulp of whiskey. He

placed the bottle between his legs, started his car up then backed down the driveway.

Kenneth drove his Bel-Air away down Dorothy Avenue while taking an occasional drink of whiskey. He looked bothered and a little nervous.

Kenneth drove his Bel-Air through the stop sign while he made a left turn onto Woodland Avenue. He was lucky there was no traffic on Woodland at the moment.

## ***Chapter 1***

Forty-nine years had passed and it was now Tuesday, May 4th, 2010 in Pennsylvania.

The sun started to sink below the horizon to signal the end of another beautiful day.

A 2006 blue Cavalier with a Florida tag drove east on Amster Road at the posted speed limit of forty-fives miles per hour.

Driving the Cavalier down Amster Road was twenty-seven year old Abby Austin.

Abby was drop dead gorgeous with a shapely body, shoulder length blonde hair, soft brown eyes and a mole on her left upper lip. Abby did not wear make-up since she was a natural beauty.

In the backseat of the Cavalier was three cardboard boxes taped up.

Inside the trunk were three more cardboard boxes, a rolled up sleeping bag, a rolled up movie poster.

The six boxes all contained her belongings from her life in Florida.

She enjoyed the beautiful rolling hilly countryside while she drove down Amster

Road. This was a great switch from the flat land of Florida.

She sang along to a classic radio station she found. The Chubby Checker song *The Twist* played and she performed a seated version of *The Twist* while she drove.

Ten minutes later, Abby drove her car down Amster Road and came upon a concrete bridge with the “Brandywine Lake” sign at the entrance.

Abby drove her car across the bridge and checked out the beautiful blue water of the lake.

After she drove off the bridge, she drove a little ways down the road and saw a dirt road off to the right. This dirt road led down to a sandy shore area of the lake that people used for swimming.

She was starting to love the Pennsylvania countryside so far.

Eight minutes later and Abby drove her Cavalier got closer to Barbourville.

Just before bend to the right, Abby spotted a restaurant called the “Brandywine Restaurant” off to the right of the road. It looked like a nice quaint restaurant and she thought about eating there sometime since it was opened for breakfast, lunch, and dinner.

Abby drove around the bend where she saw another road to the left called Montvale Circle.

Amster Road straightened out then turned into Shady Hill Avenue that ran through the eastern part of Barbourville.

She soon spotted a Holiday Inn off to her right then pulled into the entrance.

A little while later, Abby entered a room on the top floor of the Holiday with her suitcase.

She placed her suitcase on one of the queen-sized beds.

She plopped down on the other queen-sized bed. She was exhausted from the two-day drive up from Florida, so she was asleep in minutes.

Hours had passed and Wednesday morning arrived.

Abby slept under the covers in her hotel room bed.

The digital alarm clock on the bedside table blared that annoying sound we all hate to hear in our sleep. The clock showed it was eight thirty that morning.

Next to the clock was the "Snows Of Kilimanjaro And Other Stories" book by

Ernest Hemingway. The bookmark was located in the beginning of the book.

Abby stirred in bed. The alarm continued to blare. Abby reached over and slapped at the alarm. Her hand missed. She slapped another area and turned off the alarm.

Abby threw the covers off her body.

She sat up in bed and stared at the clock.

She stood up and moped across the room still half asleep.

She moped inside the bathroom.

Fifteen minutes later, Abby was dressed in a nice black business suit with white blouse and black trousers.

Abby walked over to her room window.

She opened the curtains and looked outside.

She got a little aerial view of Barbourville. "Quaint," she said in a pleasing tone and closed the curtains.

She walked over to the dresser and picked up her car keys, purse, and a black leather folder by the TV.

She walked off, headed to the door and left her room.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Abby sat in the Barbourville Diner located off Shady Hill Avenue. She ate her breakfast that consisted of French toast.

The diner had the appearance of an old train passenger car. Abby loved the large window at her booth that gave her a good view of the Barbourville College across Shady Hill Avenue. While she stared out the window, she got a déjà-vu feeling about the diner and college. She shrugged off the feeling and worked on her breakfast.

Thirty minutes had passed and Abby sat inside Dr. Bowman's office in the Science Department of the college.

Abby sat in front of his desk.

Behind the desk sat Dr. Phillip Bowman.

He was eighty-two years old with glasses, thin framed, balding white hair, and a white goatee. He always wore a tweed jacket with brown patches on the elbows.

He read Abby's resume.

Dr. Bowman placed her resume down on his desk then looked at Abby.

She got nervous with his eyes looking at her. She silently prayed.

"Your resume looks impressive. But why would you leave a job in Orlando, Florida to move up here to Pennsylvania? I



mean the warm winters verses snow,” Dr. Bowman asked.

Abby looked a little sad. “My boyfriend was killed a year ago. So, I was looking for a new job since we worked for the same hospital. I found this opening online and for some strange reason, I felt compelled to move up here,” she replied and looked sincere.

Dr. Bowman felt sorry for Abby. “I’m sorry to hear about your loss,” he said then paused while he glanced down at her resume for a few seconds. He tapped his right index finger on her resume while he glanced over it again.

It was a few nerve-racking seconds for Abby’s stomach since she took a huge chance moving up here.

Dr. Bowman looked at Abby. “Have you ever lived here in Barbourville?”

“No sir.”

“That’s strange, because I got this feeling that I’ve met you before,” he said and looked sure of himself.

“No sir, I just arrived in Barbourville yesterday for the first time,” she replied and thought his comment was a bit strange.

Abby started to sweat and got nervous while Dr. Bowman glanced back at her resume then glanced back at her. “I would

love to have you here. You can start tomorrow if that's all right. I need someone right away. The other girl that had this job quit when her husband got transferred to another General Motors plant across the country."

"I can start tomorrow."

"Great," Dr. Bowman said while he stood up then extended his hand over his desk.

Abby stood up and smiled while she shook his hand. "Thank you sir. I'm looking forward to working for you."

"Let me walk you to the door," Dr. Bowman said while he walked out from behind his desk.

Dr. Bowman walked Abby to his office door.

"Head over to Human Resources where you can fill out some paperwork. I'll send them an email that I want to hire you. The building is located two buildings over in that direction," he said while he pointed in the applicable direction.

"Thank you."

"Oh, your desk is out there off to the left, and I like to start my day at seven-thirty and leave around four," he told her.

"I'll be here a little before seven-thirty."

Dr. Bowman opened his office door for Abby and watched while she walked away through the office area.

He closed his office door.

“She sure looks familiar,” he said while he walked back to his desk.

Abby walked into the Human Resources Department in the Administration building.

“May I help you?” asked seventy-six year old white haired Maris Wallace from behind a desk.

Abby looked at Maris. “Doctor Bowman just hired me and he said I needed to fill out some paperwork,” Abby said.

“Ah yes, I just received his email a few minutes ago. You must be Abby Austin. Please have a seat at that table,” Maris said while she grabbed a folder and stood up from behind her desk,

Abby walked over to the table on the other side of the room. She sat down in front of a Dell computer with dedicated printer.

Maris walked over and handed Abby the folder. “Inside this folder contains policy and benefits information about the college. On the computer you’ll find job application and other needed forms to complete. You can

print it out, sign them and bring it back to me,” Maris said.

“Thank you,” Abby replied while she looked up at Maris.

Maris got a good look at Abby and her eyes widened a little.

Maris walked away and Abby opened up the folder and glanced at the contents.

Maris sat down behind her desk. *She looks familiar.* She thought to herself then shrugged off that feeling and returned to her work.

Abby opened up the Word file job application on the computer and started typing in her information.

Two hours later, Abby, with a Barbourville College employee badge clipped to her blouse, walked through the Barbourville College campus. The campus was bigger than what she expected and loved the landscaping with large shade trees.

She headed off in the direction of one the visitor’s parking lot.

Later that afternoon, Abby ate lunch in a Denny’s restaurant located on Shady Hill Avenue down from the Holiday Inn.

After lunch, Abby took a drive around Barbourville to get familiar with the town.

During her drive, she saw an 84 Lumber Store off to her right on Broadmoor Avenue. The sight of that store gave her another déjà-vu feeling.

She drove past the 84 Lumber Store and drove around some more Barbourville streets.

Later that night, Abby had her Dell laptop out and she sat at her desk in her hotel room. She conducted a search for homes for sale in Barbourville.

She started checking out the results.

There was nothing that peaked her interests with the first five results.

She clicked on the sixth result and she saw an older style small white cottage style house with black wooden shutters. Abby looked at the picture of the house and she liked what she saw. Abby yawned and saw that it was nine thirty that evening on the digital clock by the bed.

She got up from the desk and headed to the bathroom.

## ***Chapter 2***

The sun peeked above the horizon in Barbourville and it was Thursday morning.

In her hotel bed, Abby was sound asleep.

The alarm blared again from the bedside table.

The digital clock read six fifteen that morning.

Abby's book "Snows Of Kilimanjaro And Other Stories" was by the clock. The bookmark moved down a couple of chapters indicating she did some reading last night.

Abby stirred in bed. The alarm continued to blare that annoying sound. Abby opened one eye and noticed it was six fifteen. "Why can't I win lotto?" she said while she threw the covers off her body, sat up then reached over and turned off the alarm.

She got out of bed and yawned while she stretched.

She moped across the room still half asleep while she headed to the bathroom.

Thirty minutes later and Abby, dressed in a conservative outfit, and purse in hand, went down the hotel elevator.

She was soon in the lobby having some of the Holiday Inn's Continental Breakfast. This consisted of a glass of orange juice, oatmeal, and a bagel. She poured a cup of coffee and took it with her when she left for work.

After an enjoyable drive up Shady Hill drive, Abby drove into the main entrance of the Barbourville College.

She parked in the employee parking lot.

Abby got out of her car and headed to the campus buildings with a spring in her step.

Abby walked through the front glass doors of the Science Department building.

She walked down the hallway and passed by numerous students on their way to class.

Abby walked down to the middle of the hallway and stopped. She looked to the left and saw the wooden door with glass window. The glass had "Science Department, Dr. Phil Bowman, Dean," in black lettering that looked a little old and started to fade.

She opened the door and went inside her new place of employment.

Abby walked over to her desk to the left of Dr. Bowman's office. It was a nice wooden desk with an iMac computer.

"Sweet. An iMac," she said while she placed her purse on the desk then sat down in the desk chair.

The door of the office area opened and Dr. Bowman entered with a cup of Starbucks coffee in hand. "Good morning Abby. I see you're here bright and early," he said the second he saw her at her desk.

"Good morning, Doctor Bowman," Abby said then gave him a warm smile.

Dr. Bowman walked over and stood in front of her desk.

"I've always wanted to try out an iMac," she told Dr. Bowman.

He smiled. "That's the only computer I would use. So, let me drink my morning coffee and get caught up on my emails, then I'll go over your job duties," he replied.

"Yes sir."

"Oh, call me doc. I'm not old enough to be called sir," he said with a chuckle.

"Yes doc," Abby said then watched him walk off and head into his office.



Abby looked at the iMac and looked a little confused. “Where’s the power button?” she said while she looked all over the front of it.

“It’s in the back, lower left,” Dr. Bowman called out from his office.

Abby felt around the lower left of the iMac then found it. She pressed the button and the iMac started up.

It took a few seconds for the iMac to be up and running. Abby started navigating through the iMac to get familiar with the new computer.

An hour passed and Abby had her meeting with Dr. Bowman and she started working on typing a few letters in Word.

Dr. Bowman walked out of his office with an old and faded brown leather attaché tucked under his left arm.

“I’m on my way to my class,” he said while he walked past Abby.

Abby nodded that she heard him and continued with her typing.

Dr. Bowman walked to the door of the office area. He turned around. “Have you found a place to live yet?”

Abby stopped typing and looked over at him. “I’m doing some searches on the Internet at the hotel and found a place I’m

interested in. So until then, I have a room at the Holiday Inn down the street.”

“Well good luck and it’s okay if you want to spend a little time here searching on the Internet. Just don’t let it interfere with deadlines of any assignments. Also, if you need a little time off to get your car registered and what not, we can work that out,” he said.

“Thank you doc.”

Dr. Bowman smiled then headed to the door of the office area.

Abby brought up Safari on her iMac and typed in "Homes For Sale in Barbourville, Pennsylvania," in the search block.

She scrolled at the results of homes for sale.

She stopped on a link and opened it.

It was that small white cottage house with black shutters.

She picked up her desk phone and punched in a phone number from the website.

“Hines Reality. I’m Sally Hines, how may I help you?” she answered Abby’s call.

“Yes, my name is Abby Austin, and I’m interested in that home located on twenty-three eighteen Dorothy Avenue.”

“Oh yes, that’s a very lovely home. When can I show it to you?”

“I get off work at four.”

“Perfect. Come to my office when you get off work and I'll take you to the listing.”

“I will,” Abby replied then hung up the phone.

She continued to check out that home on the computer. She was really intrigued by the listing.

It was four forty-five that evening.

A white Mercedes Benz, driven by Sally Hines with Abby in the passenger seat, drove down Dorothy Avenue.

Sally turned right into the driveway of that small white cottage home at twenty-three eighteen Dorothy Avenue. She parked in front of the carport.

Abby and Sally Hines got out of the Mercedes.

Sally walked over to Abby's side of the car.

“This neighborhood was built in the twenties, so there's a lot of history around this part of town. Dorothy Avenue curves around the other direction and ends again a little farther south on Woodland Avenue,” Sally told Abby.

Abby looked at the home and it was love at first sight for some strange reason.

“Please follow me,” Sally said then walked off toward the front door. Abby followed.

Sally unlocked the front door, opened it and motioned for Abby to step inside.

Once Abby stepped inside the living room, she got a strange déjà-vu feeling. It was a warm loving feeling while she looked the room over.

Sally closed the front door and walked over to Abby. “As you can see, the living room is small but cozy.”

“It is.”

“Let me show you the kitchen,” Sally said then motioned for Abby to head into the archway entrance to the kitchen.

Sally and Abby walked into the kitchen.

“The kitchen has some old appliances but are in great working order.”

Abby looked around the kitchen then saw a sliding glass door for access to the concrete porch and backyard.

She walked over, unlocked then opened up the sliding glass door. She stepped outside onto the concrete porch.

While outside on the porch, Abby looked around the backyard that only had grass without any landscaping.

Abby glanced over the backyard. Her eyes were suddenly drawn to the right and eyed the neighbor's backyard.

She saw a stand-alone garage at the back of her neighbor's yard. She got another strange but warm déjà-vu feeling while she stared at the garage.

Sally stepped in the doorway of the sliding glass door. "The backyard as lots of potential if you like gardening or planting flowers."

Abby gave a little nod to Sally's comment but kept her interested eyes focused on the garage.

The left door of that garage swung opened.

Abby watched while Michael Osborne, now seventy-six years old, thin and frail stepped out of his garage. There was something about Michael that intrigued Abby.

Michael swung the left garage door closed and locked it with a pad lock. He turned around and coughed a horse and wet cough. When he was done coughing, he glanced over at Abby on the porch. There was something about Abby that really intrigued him.

They both stared at each other for a few minutes.

“Let me show you the rest of the house. It has three bedrooms,” Sally said and motioned for Abby to step back inside.

Abby walked over to the sliding glass door.

She started to step inside but looked to her left and took another glance at Michael who still stood by his garage still looking at Abby.

Abby went inside the kitchen.

Sally walked to the right in the kitchen to a door. “This door provides access to the carport,” she said then opened it.

Abby peeked outside into the carport and didn’t have a déjà-vu feeling.

Sally closed the door. “Let me show you the bedrooms.”

Sally walked Abby to the left side of the kitchen where the hallway was located.

They walked down the hallway to the end where the bathroom was located.

Sally took Abby into the bathroom and it wasn’t fancy but clean.

Abby got another déjà-vu feeling like taking a shower when she looked at the tub.

They left the bathroom and went inside the bedroom immediately to the right.

They went inside that bedroom that was located at the rear left corner of the house.

“This is the master bedroom.”

Abby had another strange déjà-vu feeling while she looked at the large empty bedroom. But it was a homey déjà-vu feeling that warmed her heart.

Abby walked over to the two windows of the master bedroom. She took a peek outside at the neighbor’s backyard. She was curious and saw that Michael was not standing by his garage.

“This closet is larger than the other bedrooms,” Sally said while walked over to the left and opened up the closet door.

Abby turned around and walked over to Sally. She took a glance inside the closet.

“Let me show you the other two bedrooms.”

Sally and Abby walked out of the bedroom and into the hallway.

They walked to the first door to right and stepped into the second bedroom.

Abby noticed this was a smaller bedroom than the previous one.

Sally walked over to the door and opened it. “The closets are of course smaller in the other bedrooms, as compared to the master bedroom.”

Abby glanced around the room and had another déjà-vu feeling with the faint sound

of little girls. This room have her heart a warmer feeling than the master bedroom.

“Let’s see the last bedroom,” Sally said while she headed to the door.

Abby followed her out into the hallway and into the next bedroom across the hall.

“This bedroom is same size as the other one.”

Abby glanced around the third bedroom and did not have a déjà-vu feeling about this room.

“The closet is the same size as the other room,” Sally said while she walked over and opened up the closet door.

“Let’s go into the living room and chat a little,” Sally said then walked to the door.

Abby followed Sally out of the third bedroom and down the hallway and back into the living room.

“How do you like the house?”

Abby glanced around the living room then looked at Sally. “Why did is the owner sell the house?”

“The owner worked at the General Motors plant here in town and got transferred to their plant in Arlington, Texas.”

Abby glanced at the doorway that led into the kitchen. “What about the owner before that? Did anybody die in this house?” she asked and then wondered why



she had come up with such a question in her mind.

Sally hesitated for a few seconds as that question caught her off guard. But she was not the type of realtor that kept facts hidden. "I heard that a young girl lived here and she apparently died in nineteen sixty-one. But not in this house, she died from a car accident," Sally replied and silently prayed that wouldn't deter Abby's decision.

Abby took another glance around the living room and that warm and loving déjà-vu feeling returned. "I'll take it," she said with a smile.

Sally looked surprised, as she figured the answer to the last question would kill her sale. "That was quick."

"I know, but this house just feels like home to me for some strange reason."

"Very good, so lets go back to my office and start the paperwork. Are you able to put some money down?"

"I do. I've been saving for my first home for the past three years," Abby replied.

"Very good. Let's get things started."

Abby had a warm smile while she walked with Sally to the front door.

## Chapter 3

Two weeks had passed and it was now Thursday May 20th, 2010.

Abby's loan was approved and she closed on the home on Dorothy Avenue this morning.

She left Sally Hines office so excited about owning her first home.

She drove back to work just in time for lunch.

After lunch, Abby headed down the hallway of the Science Department building.

She stopped at a bulletin board close by her office. She opened up her purse and removed a piece of paper. She found two thumb tacks on the board she used them to tack up her paper.

The paper read, "Looking for two Female Roommates for newly acquired home. Call Abby Austin 555-1804."

Abby walked away and hoped she could get two female roommates to cut down on her expenses of owning her first home.

It was now three forty-five that afternoon.

A 2009 white Chevrolet Impala drove west down Amster Road. It was getting close to the Brandywine Lake. Michael Osborne was behind the wheel and he looked a little sad.

The Impala stopped as soon as it drove on the concrete bridge over the Brandywine Lake.

Michael got out of the Impala while the engine still ran. He had a dozen yellow roses in his right hand while he walked over to the concrete guardrail over in the eastbound lane.

He glanced down at the lake then tossed the yellow roses into the water. He watched while they floated away. "I miss you Jennifer and we'll be together again real soon."

Michael's eyes watered up while he walked back to his car.

He got in and drove away down the bridge.

After Michael drove his Impala off the bridge, he turned around and headed in the eastbound lane to back to Barbourville.

Abby had a nice quiet day at work. Dr. Bowman was hardly in the office since his day consisted of teaching classes and a few

meetings with college management on budget and other boring topics.

Her workday was over and Abby was excited to start living in her new home.

She left her office and headed out to her car with a spring in her step.

A little while later Abby had her car backed into her driveway of her new home with her trunk popped open.

She was at the front door and unlocked it then walked back to her car.

Next store at the house to the right, Michael pulled his Impala into his driveway. He turned off his car and got out.

He started toward his front door and spotted Abby lifting a cardboard box out of the trunk of her car. He got curious with the sight of her.

He walked over to Abby's front yard while she carried the box inside her house.

Michael waited by the rear of Abby's Cavalier.

Abby walked out of her front door and stepped out onto the porch.

She got startled by the sight of Michael by her car. "You startled me," she said and for some reason was not afraid of the old man.

“I’m sorry about that. I’m your neighbor. Michael Osborne. I saw you were moving in here,” he said while Abby walked up to him.

They shook hands.

While her hand was in his, she had a beautiful déjà-vu feeling. It was like she had known him all of her life.

“I’m Abby Austin.”

Michael looked at Abby and something about her gave him a strong loving déjà-vu feeling. “Have we met before? You look very familiar.”

“No, I moved here two weeks ago. But you also look familiar.”

Michael looked at the other two boxes in the trunk of her car. “Would you like some help?”

Abby looked at his frail body and looked concerned. “They might be a little heavy.”

Michael flexed his biceps like a muscleman. “I may be old but still strong.”

Abby got a light chuckle over the sight.

“Sure, some help would be nice.”

Abby grabbed a box out of the trunk then Michael grabbed a box out of the trunk.

Abby and Michael carried the boxes to her front door.

Once they were inside the bare living room, they placed the boxes by the first box she brought into the house.

They went back outside.

A few seconds later, they returned to the living room with two more boxes.

They went back outside.

A few seconds later, they returned to the living room where Abby carried the last box and Michael had her sleeping bag in his right hand and a rolled up movie poster in his left hand.

He placed the sleeping bag on the floor then glanced at the movie poster. He saw that it was a poster for the *Absent Minded Professor* movie. His eyes welled up a little. "I was supposed to see that movie when it came out, but something came up," he added and looked a little sad.

"I can't wait to meet Misses Osborne," Abby said with a gleam in her eyes.

He placed the poster on the floor.

"There's not a Misses Osborne. There was supposed to be, but that didn't happen a long time ago," he said and looked sad.

"I'm so sorry," Abby said and lightly touched his left arm to show support.

The touch of her fingertips on his skin gave them both a warm feeling.

“That’s the way it goes and then life goes on,” Michael said while he looked down at the movie poster that brought back fonder memories.

“I would offer you a drink, but I haven’t had a chance to go to the Shop and Save yet.”

“Why don’t you come over to my house? We can sit on the back porch and chat for a few minutes,” Michael asked and gave her a warm smile.

For some strange reason, Abby felt safe with his invite. “I would love that.”

“Super,” he replied with a smile.

Abby locked her front door and then they headed to the doorway of the kitchen and the sliding glass door.

They stepped outside through the sliding glass door. She closed the door behind them.

Michael walked Abby through her yard and to his backyard.

They arrived to his concrete back porch where he had two plastic lounge chairs.

“Please have a seat.”

Abby sat down in one of the chairs.

“I don’t have any bottle water, I only have some Budweiser beers. So would a beer be okay?”

“I would love one. I haven’t had a beer in weeks.”

Michael smiled while he opened his sliding glass door and stepped inside his house.

While he was inside, Abby glanced at the garage and became intrigued with the building for some strange reason.

Michael stepped outside to the porch with two Budweiser bottles in hand. He walked over and handed Abby her beer then sat down. “I hope you don’t mind drinking out of a bottle.”

“Oh no. Thanks,” Abby said then took a sip while she glanced at the garage.

Michael got a little curious with Abby glancing at his garage.

“Do you tinker in your garage? My grandfather did some woodwork types of projects,” she said then took another sip of beer while glancing at the garage.

“Oh, I tinker around in there from time to time.”

“I would love to see the inside of your garage,” Abby asked while her curiosity peeked for some strange reason.

“Oh, it’s a mess inside and I’m afraid you might get cut or hurt on the junk inside.”

Abby looked at Michael. “I understand.”

“So, where did you move from?”



“Orlando, Florida.”

“Orlando? Why would you move up here to Barbourville to battle our cold winters and snow?”

Abby started to look a little sad. “My boyfriend was killed in a car accident last year. We both worked at the same place. Doctor Phillips Hospital. Then for some strange, I felt compelled to move up here while looking for a job.”

“Well, I’m glad you did. So welcome to Barbourville.”

“Thanks,” Abby replied then took another drink of her beer.

“Do you have a job lined up?”

“I just got hired as an administrative assistant at the college for a Doctor Bowman at the college.”

Michael eyes widen after hearing that then he cringed in a little chest pain.

Abby noticed and got concerned. “You okay?”

“Yeah, I’m a little tired. I’m not trying to be rude, but I think I’ll go inside and take a nap. Maybe we can chat tomorrow?”

“Sure, I would love that and I appreciate you helping me,” Abby said then stood up.

“No problem. It was my pleasure,” he said then stood up.

Michael gave Abby a little smile while he headed to his sliding glass door. He went inside his home.

Michael appeared in the doorway of his sliding glass door and looked at Abby. Are you sure we don't know each other?"

"No, unless we met during the past two weeks. And I don't recall that," she replied.

Michael closed his sliding glass door but still had this strange feeling he knew Abby.

Abby walked a few feet through Michael's yard while she headed back to her house. She stopped and glanced back at Michael's sliding glass door. "Now I'm not sure," she said then got concerned when she heard Michael having a coughing fit inside his kitchen.

She walked away and headed back to her house.

Later that day, Abby went out and stocked up on groceries at the Stop and Save store located down on Woodland Avenue.

Abby had just finished washing her dinner plates from her first meal in her new home.

Abby now relaxed barefooted in a new plastic lounge chair on her back porch. She

drank a glass of red wine while she gazed up at the sky that was now completely dark.

She saw a little light that suddenly appeared in her backyard. She saw another little light that suddenly appeared in her backyard. She saw another one in her backyard.

She got curious and placed her wine glass on her porch and headed over to these strange little lights that appeared then disappeared a few seconds later.

While she walked through her grass more of these lights appeared and disappeared in the air.

She got close to one of these lights and noticed it was some type of flying insect.

“These insects are so cool!” Abby said not realizing she was seeing lightning bugs or sometimes called fireflies.

While she looked at all the lightning bugs in her backyard, she heard some drilling coming from Michael’s garage. She looked and noticed his lights were on inside it with the left garage door cracked open a little.

Her curiosity got the best of her so she gingerly walked through the grass over to his garage.

Abby walked over to the left side of the garage where there was a window. She peeked in the window.

She saw Michael tinkering around with a weird looking contraption located in the middle of his garage. "What is that thing?" she quietly said.

All she saw from the window was the front and sloped rear of that contraption. It had outer shiny silver metal material that contained all kinds of wires and tubes connected to numerous ports all over front and the rear. The tubes and wires ran down to a large connection port in the middle of the sloped rear.

It stood about five feet tall and had four struts that kept it one foot off the floor.

She watched while Michael opened the contraption door that swung up being a gull-wing.

He started to go inside with a wrench in hand but had a strange feeling. He glanced back at the window.

Abby jumped out of view just in time and ran back to her house.

While she ran back to her house, she did not notice Michael who poked his head out of his garage door with his wrench in hand. He smiled while he watched Abby run to her back porch.

He went back inside his garage and went back to work on his contraption.

Abby slipped inside her kitchen through her sliding glass door after picking up her wine glass.

She closed the glass door then discreetly peeked out at Michael's garage.

"What a strange contraption," she said then walked over to her counter and grabbed the bottle of wine and poured another glass.

She head out of the kitchen and went down her hallway.

Hours had passed and it was dark outside her home except for the twinkling stars and the quarter Moon in the sky.

Abby used the master bedroom located at the left corner of her house.

Her furniture now consisted of a sleeping bag and a newly purchased lamp on the floor. The only decoration she had was that *Absent Minded Professor* movie poster she tacked on the wall over by the closet.

She lay in her sleeping bag. She was too engrossed in her "Snows Of Kilimanjaro And Other Stories" book to notice Michael's

head was visible curiously peeking through her curtain less window.

Michael's head slipped away in the darkness.

Thirty minutes later, Abby placed her book on the floor and set her alarm clock also on the floor. She turned off her lamp.

She lay on her back and closed her eyes. She was fast asleep in minutes.

## Chapter 4

It was the middle of the night and Abby was sound asleep in her sleeping bag.

She started to toss and turn in her sleep. She was having a nightmare.

In her nightmare, Abby was driving a car down a two-lane country road.

The car came to a wooden bridge with wooden guardrails that crossed part of a skinny lake.

A gunshot filled the air.

A vehicle bumped her car from behind.

Abby screamed while the car swerved all over the road.

The car crashed through the wooden guardrails to the left.

The car splashed into the lake.

The car immediately started sinking into the water.

Abby panicked and tried to open the car door. It would not open. She frantically tried to roll down the door window. It wouldn't open.

Water poured inside the car.

The inside of the car was soon filled with water.

Abby floated wide-eyed in the water filled interior of the car.

Back to reality, Abby shot up from her sleeping bag in a panic while she gasped for air thinking she was drowning.

Abby looked around the room dazed and confused. It dawned on her she had a nightmare. She felt relieved.

She felt a little discomfort then got out of her sleeping bag.

Abby walked out of her bedroom and made a left into the bathroom.

She peed.

After she was done, she walked out of the bathroom and noticed flashing red and blue lights inside on her second bedroom walls.

She got curious and went in there to investigate.

Once she was in that bedroom, she noticed the flashing red and blue lights came from the outside in the direction of Michael's house.

She got curious and rushed out of the bedroom, down the hallway, then through the living room.

She headed to the front door.



Abby rushed out her front door and into her front yard.

She looked in the direction of Michael's house and saw an ambulance and a Barbourville police car parked in the street in front of Michael's house.

She walked over to where a woman and man stood on the sidewalks across the street from the ambulance.

While she walked over to the man and woman, she noticed that all the neighbors across the street from Michael's house peered out their living room windows.

As soon as she got to the sidewalk, she saw two EMT's wheel a gurney out from the side of Michael's house and over to the sidewalk.

Michael lay on the gurney with an oxygen mask around his mouth and eyes closed.

She looked worried while the EMT's rolled the gurney and placed Michael in the back of the ambulance.

The EMT's closed the ambulance doors and rushed to the cab.

They got inside and drove away down Dorothy Avenue.

The police officer got in his car and drove away after the ambulance.

Abby looked at the woman and man on the sidewalk.

“What happened?” she asked the neighbors.

Russ stepped toward Abby. “I let my dog outside in our backyard, and I saw Michael face down on the ground by his garage doors. So I called the police,” he said.

“He spent the whole night drilling and doing who knows what in his garage,” Fran added while she stepped forward and stood next to Russ.

“Hi, we’re Russ and Fran Stalwart. We live next to Michael. You must be the girl that moved in on the other side of Michael,” she said.

“I am. I’m Abby Austin.”

Abby shook hands with Russ and Fran.

“Where did they take him?” Abby asked.

“Heartfelt Care Hospital on York Avenue. That’s in the northern area of town,” Russ replied.

“Thank you and it was nice meeting you, but I have to get back to bed. I have an early day tomorrow,” Abby said then smiled at Russ and Fran then walked back to her house.

Russ and Fran across the street and headed back to their house.

Abby went back inside her home.

Back inside her house, Abby was in deep thought while she walked through her living room and headed into the kitchen.

She went to the refrigerator, opened it and removed some bottled water.

She opened up the water bottle and took a drink. Something caught her eye.

She looked down at the sliding glass door and saw what appeared to be an old photo album propped up against the glass.

She placed the bottle on the counter and walked to the sliding glass door. She unlocked then opened the door and picked up the album. She peeked outside and saw nobody out in the darkness.

She closed and locked the sliding glass door.

Curiosity got the best of her so she walked out of the kitchen with the photo album in hand and went back into her bedroom.

Back in her bedroom, Abby sat on her sleeping bag, with her back against the wall and knees up. She rested that old photo album against her angled thighs.

She flicked on the lamp on the floor then opened the photo album.

On the first page, were school photos of Michael, when he was six years old and Jennifer, when she was six years old.

She glanced at a photo of Michael when he was seven years old taken in the backyard and he had his hand on the handle of his red Radio Flyer wagon. He had a huge grin.

Abby looked at the three photos and got a strange warm déjà-fu feeling. "Why do they look familiar?"

She flipped to the second page.

On this page were photos of Michael and Jennifer during their tween years. One photo was Michael in his Little League uniform with his glove while he stood at first base.

One photo was Jennifer in her Brownie uniform at a Brownie's function. She just started wearing glasses before this photo was taken.

Another photo was Michael standing knee deep in the Brandywine Lake and he looked like he was freezing.

Another photo was of Jennifer while she had a birthday party with her friends.

The last photo on this page was of Michael in his pajamas on his bed filled with toy P-38, Mustang, Thunderbolt, Typhoon, Corsair, Wildcat, Tiger Shark, Hellcat, and

Spitfire airplanes. Michael held up a B-17 Flying Fortress in his hand pretending he was flying in the air.

Abby thought that picture was cute.

She got another strange warm déjà-vu feeling while she glanced at all those photos again. She felt as if she knew Jennifer but didn't have a clue of her name.

She flipped to the third page.

On this page were photos of Michael and Jennifer during their teen years.

One photo was of Michael in the Barbourville Bears High School football uniform with Kenneth, with a face full of pimples, and other buddies Mark Owens, Jack Curtis, Joe Pappas, and Wendell O'Donnell posing on the field. They were all sixteen years old. Of all the guys, Kenneth was the only one that was not that attractive.

One photo was of Jennifer as a Barbourville cheerleader with friends Maris Sommers, Linda Maharis, Diane Turley, and Gail Abbott also a cheerleader.

Abby recalled those fond memories when she was a cheerleader back in Orlando. But the girls in this photo suddenly felt familiar to Abby. She could not explain it she felt as if she knew these girls.

One photo was of Michael while he sat behind the wheel of his father's 1946 Chevy.

Michael held up his newly obtained driver's license. He looked so proud.

The last photo on this page was of Jennifer and Michael in Michael's living room. They were going to their Senior Prom. He wore a black suit, white shirt with black tie. Jennifer wore a long blue beautiful dress. They looked so happy.

Abby did a double take with the photos on the first, second and third page. She couldn't believe that Jennifer was a splitting image of herself except for the darker hair, glasses. "No wonder he thought he knew me," Abby said while she stared at the photos on the third page again.

Abby flipped to the fourth page that showed pictures of Michael and Jennifer during their college years.

One photo showed Michael and Jennifer kissing while sitting on the shore of the Brandywine Lake while having a picnic.

Abby had another strange warm déjà-vu feeling. She touched her lips while she stared at the kissing photo. It was as if she felt Michael's young lips touching her lips.

One photo was Kenneth, with visible acne pot marks on his face, standing next to Jennifer's right while they leaned against the driver's door of her brand new blue 1960 Corvair. Kenneth had his left arm around

Jennifer's shoulder while she had her arms crossed in front of her body. He looked so happy.

There was something about that photo that bugged Abby and gave her an eerie feeling while she stared at it. She suddenly got his creepy chill throughout her entire body.

She flipped to the fifth page and saw a wedding invitation for Michael Christopher Osborne and Jennifer Kathy Stodden for May 20, 1961.

She got another warm déjà-vu feeling while she looked at that invitation. And then she felt sad for some unexplained reason.

Abby set the album down then got off the sleeping bag.

She rushed across the room and headed to the closet.

She opened up the closet where her clothes hung. She reached down and grabbed her black backpack off the floor.

She rushed back across the room to her sleeping bag.

She sat back down on the sleeping bag then unzipped her backpack. She reached inside and removed her HP laptop. She opened it up and turned it on.

After a few seconds, she navigated through her computer using her index finger

on the track pad. The song *Angel Baby* by Rosie and the Originals started playing on her laptop. Abby set the laptop down on the floor next to her.

She picked up the photo album and turned to the fourth page. She glanced at the photo of Michael and Jennifer kissing on the shore of the Brandywine River.

Abby reached over to her backpack. She reached inside and removed a photo.

That photo showed Abby with her boyfriend Rich arm in arm on a Florida beach filled with people. Behind them was the ocean and up in the sky was the Space Shuttle being launched.

She turned the photo over and it had "STS-123 Discovery launch, May 31, 2008" written on the back in her handwriting.

She placed that photo next to the photo of Michael and Jennifer kissing.

"My heart skips a beat, I can hardly stand on my own two feet," Abby sang along with the *Angel Baby* song while she stared at the two photos.

She stopped singing along with the song. Her eyes welled up while she stared at the two photos and listened to the song.



After the song was over, Abby shoved the picture of her and Rich back into her backpack.

She powered off her laptop then shoved it back inside her backpack.

She got up and placed her backpack back in her closet.

She walked back to her sleeping bag, turned off the lamp.

She lay on her sleeping bag and stared at her ceiling. The thoughts of today's events filled her mind.

*Why did he leave me that photo album?* Question ran over and over in her mind. She could not come up with a viable answer and she was soon sound asleep.

## Chapter 5

The sun performed its daily job of peeking over the eastern horizon for Friday morning.

In Abby's bedroom, her alarm clock blared at six fifteen that morning.

Abby stirred in the sleeping bag. She reached over and turned off her clock.

She sat up, stretched out her arms while she yawned.

She got up and headed out of her bedroom.

A little while later, Abby was dressed in her work clothes and finished her breakfast and her first cup of coffee.

She leaned against one of her kitchen counters while she reached in her purse. She removed her cell phone and made a call.

"Hello doc. Listen, I will be a few minutes late this morning. I need to run by the hospital to check up on my neighbor. He was taken away by ambulance last night, and I want to check up on him. I'll stay late to make up the time. Thanks and I'll see

you shortly,” Abby said while she left a message on Dr. Bowman’s work phone.

Abby dropped her cell phone into her purse then walked out of the kitchen.

A little while later, Abby walked down a hallway of the Heartfelt Care Hospital.

She walked farther down the hallway and stopped at Room 480. She hesitated for a few seconds while she got a little nervous. She took a deep breath then opened the door.

Abby stepped inside Room 480 and closed the door. She stood there and saw Michael while he lay in bed with an oxygen hose up his nose and other hoses stuck in his arms. A monitor monitored his vital signs. They appeared to be good at the moment.

Michael saw Abby standing by the door and he smiled.

His smile broke the ice. “Hi, remember me? I’m Abby, your new neighbor,” she said while she walked over to his bed.

Michael’s smile grew larger when Abby walked closer to his bed.

“The nurse told me you had a heart attack. How are you feeling?”

“A little better,” he replied and sounded a little groggy.

Abby hesitated for a few second. “Did you leave that photo album at my house?”

Michael nodded "yes."

“Why?”

Michael opened his mouth to respond but he looked to be in pain all of a sudden.

Michael's monitor started beeping louder.

Michael's eyes welled up while he looked at Abby. “I love and miss you, Jennifer,” he said in a voice filled with pain.

“I'm Abby Austin,” she replied a little confused with what he said and wondered why he said that.

“I was trying to come back to save you,” he said while tears ran down his cheek

Abby was bewildered and speechless while she try to understand his comment.

Michael cringed in pain. His monitor started peeping and his heart rate started showing signs of stress.

Michael's body suddenly arched up in extreme pain. His body went limp. The monitor flat lined and started beeping.

Abby stood here stunned and clueless on what to do. She looked around the room in a bit of a panic, as she figured this was not a good sign.

Nurse Carrie slammed open the door and ran into the room.

“You need to leave now,” she told Abby while she ran up to Michael’s bed.

Abby walked to the door and was met by Dr. Snyder who opened the door and rushed into the room.

Abby stood in the doorway and watched while Nurse Carrie and Dr. Peabody frantically checked Michael out.

She left the room looking worried.

Abby walked down the hallway and headed back to the nurse’s station. She was in a bit of shock with what she just witnessed.

Abby paced back and forth in front of the nurse’s station not sure what she should do at this moment. She silently prayed that Michael was okay, as she wanted him to remain her neighbor.

A few minutes passed and she noticed Dr. Snyder and Nurse Carrie walk out of Michael’s room. They looked saddened.

Dr. Snyder walked off down the hallway in another direction.

Nurse Carrie headed back to the Nurse’s station.

Abby ran down the hallway up to Nurse Carrie.

“Is Mister Osborne okay?” she said the second she arrived at the nurse.

Nurse Carrie hesitated for a few seconds to respond. “I’m sorry, he didn’t make it. It appears he had another heart attack,” she said then walked back to the Nurse’s station.

Abby felt heartbroken for some strange reason.

Her eyes welled up while she walked away down the hallway.

She walked past the Nurse’s station where Nurse Carrie was talking on the phone to the morgue downstairs.

Abby got inside her car in the hospital parking lot. She started up her car then immediately turned off the radio. Abby normally always had the radio on when she drove. She had it turned off the day her boyfriend Rich died and now she felt like turning it off since Michael died.

She drove off down the parking lot.

Thirty minutes passed and Abby was back at her desk. She stared at her monitor and could not believe a man she just met last night died right before eyes this morning.

Dr. Bowman walked into the office area with his old leather attaché tucked under his right arm. He returned from teaching a class.

“Is your neighbor okay?” he asked while he walked over to her desk.

“He died right in front of my eyes at the hospital,” she replied and looked like she wanted to start sobbing.

Dr. Bowman felt bad for her. “I’m sorry to hear that,” he replied while he stood by her desk.

“The strange thing, is that last night before they took him away in the ambulance, he left a photo album by my back sliding glass door.”

“A photo album? Of what?”

“An album with photos of his life. But the strangest part is that when I looked at the photos, the strangest déjà-fu feelings came over me. Really strong warm déjà-vu feelings.”

Dr. Bowman looked interested in her last comment. “And you just met this man?”

Abby nodded that she did.

“I have this strange feeling to learn more about this man. His name is Michael Osborne.”

Dr. Bowman's ears perked up. “Did you say Michael Osborne?”

Abby nodded it was.

“Did you buy your house on Dorothy Avenue?”

Abby nodded "yes."

“I knew your neighbor. He was a professor here at the college. Physics professor. He retired about ten years ago.”

Abby found that interesting and looked curious. “What was he like?”

“I first met him in nineteen fifty-eight when he started teaching here. He was a great guy, but turned into a loner in the summer of sixty-one.”

“A loner. How sad. Why?”

“Well, he was supposed to get married in May of sixty-one, but his fiancé was killed that morning before she made it to the altar. So maybe that's why he withdrew from people.”

“Killed? How?”

“I think she drowned.”

“Drowned?” she asked recalling her nightmare last night.

“Yes, drowned,” he replied then thought for a few seconds. “Then Professor Osborne had this strange obsession with time travel. It was rumored he was building a time machine. I don't know if that's true. I've never seen it.”



“He was building a time machine?” she asked not sure she heard him correctly.

“That was the rumor around campus for years. Anyway, I’m sorry to hear he died.”

Dr. Bowman walked away and headed into his office.

Abby got really curious with what Dr. Bowman said while she stared at her computer.

She opened up Safari and typed in “Time Travel” in the search block.

She looked at the list of results. She started clicking on some of them.

After work was over, Abby bought a six-inch tuna Subway sandwich for dinner tonight. Since she stayed late at the college, she was not in the mood for cooking tonight.

Darkness fell upon Barbourville and Abby sat on her back porch drinking a glass of red wine.

While she sipped on the wine, she kept on glancing over at Michael’s garage. Then she recalled Dr. Bowman’s comment on how Michael was obsessed with time travel.

Her curiosity got the best of her again.

She gulped down her wine then placed the empty glass down on the concrete.

She stood up and looked to her left then looked to her right. The coast was clear of any neighbors out and about in their backyards.

Abby walked off her porch and snuck through her grass toward Michael's garage.

She snuck over to the left side of the garage and snuck over to the window.

She peeked in the window. It was dark inside the garage but she saw the hint of that contraption she saw last night. But it was too dark to see exactly what it was, so she snuck around to the front.

She snuck over to the two doors of the garage.

She pulled on the left door handle and was surprised when it swung opened. Michael forgot to lock it yesterday.

She stepped inside the garage.

She looked around the garage and saw the silhouette of that large contraption.

She looked to her left and saw the lighted switch of the light switch. She flicked the switch and the overhead lights of the garage came on.

She saw the contraption that Michael worked on the other night. Now that she got a closer look, it resembled a 1950s flying saucer. She thought it looked cool.

She turned around and closed the garage door so none of the neighbors would see what she saw.

She walked over to the front of the oval shaped shiny silver contraption. She tapped on the metal and it felt like aluminum.

The front contained a sloped window that looked like a windshield.

Tubes and wires ran from the roof, down sides of the sloped front windshield to numerous small ports on the front hood.

Also at the front hood she got a closer look at the front two of the four landing struts with small ski's that rested on the floor.

She looked at the roof that had numerous tubes and wires that were connected to from numerous small ports to other numerous small ports.

She looked at right side and saw a door with a window.

She walked over to the sloped rear end and saw that larger connection port located in the middle. This was the starting point of all those tubes that ran to the smaller connection ports all over the roof and then to the sloped front hood of the contraption.

She glanced over at the wall where the window was located that she peeked in from last night.

She saw a workbench under the window.

She walked around over to the left side of the contraption and saw some bookshelves that hung on the wall.

Abby glanced at shelves and saw numerous books about traveling through time. She looked back at the contraption and got extremely curious.

She rushed back over to the right side and headed to that door.

Abby pulled up on the door handle. It was a gull-wing so the door swung upward with a whish sound. Her curiosity got the best of her and she could not resist the temptation.

She sat inside the machine on the plush black leather bench seat. It was up against the back and side walls that were done up in black tuck and roll leather.

She looked at the console aluminum plate dashboard that was had five toggle switches, a gauge and two analog devices.

On the console she saw a "Power" toggle switch with "Powered Down" at the switch down position and "Powered Up" in the switch up position markings. Above it was a round green lens.

Below that switch was a round “Engine” gauge with a white “Engine Warming Up” arc, green “Engine Ready” arc and red “Engine in Danger” arc and a needle.

Next to the “Power” toggle switch was a “Now” toggle switch.

There was a dial for the month, a dial for the day, a dial for the year and a dial for the time in 24-Hour clock time. This was the date and time when you left for your time traveling adventure.

Next to the “Now” toggle switch was a “Destination” toggle switch. Above it was a round green lens.

Below that switch was a panel that had four dials. There was a dial for the month, a dial for the day, a dial for the year and a dial for the time in 24-Hour clock time. This was the date and time when you wanted be your destination for time travel.

Next to the “Destination” toggle switch was a “Pick-up” toggle switch. Above it was a round green lens.

Below that switch was a panel that had four dials. There was a dial for the month, a dial for the day, a dial for the year and a dial for the time in 24-Hour clock time. This was the date and time when you wanted the time machine to come pick up at your destination. This was used when it would be deemed

impossible to hide the time machine while you time traveled. If the machine got in the wrong hands, one could be stuck in that time forever.

Next to the time toggle switch was a “Door” toggle switch. Above it was a round green lens.

Next to the door toggle switch was a “Travel” toggle switch. Above it was a round green lens.

All of the toggle switches were in the down position and the needle in the engine gauge was at the beginning of the white arch. The contraption was quiet and all of the lens were not illuminated.

“Did he actually build a time machine?” she wondered while she glanced at the console and the switches, gauge and displays.

Something caught her eye. She glanced down at the floorboard and saw a rolled up old and faded newspaper. She reached down and picked it up. It was an old Barbourville Times.

She unrolled the paper and saw a front-page article titled “Local Woman Shot and Drowned In Brandywine Lake” was dated May 22, 1961.

She glanced back at the console and got a hair-brained idea. She rolled up the newspaper and got out of the time machine.

She closed the time machine door and it closed with a whish sound and a click when the door locked.

She rushed over to the garage door.

She flicked off the light then stepped outside.

She closed the garage door. She paused for a few seconds while she stared at the standard hasp. She looked a little concerned.

She stepped back and stepped on something in the grass.

She bend down and found a Master pad lock with the key still inside. She realized that Michael must have dropped it when he had his heart attack.

She picked up the lock and locked the garage doors. She shoved the key into her jeans pocket.

She rushed off to her house satisfied that the time machine would not fall into the hands of anybody else.

Once she stepped inside her kitchen, she placed the key to the padlock in an empty drawer under he counter.

She walked out of the kitchen.

Later that night, Abby sat on her sleeping bag with her back leaned up against the wall.

She sipped on a glass of wine while she read that old article about Jennifer's death.

Her eyes welled up for a reason she could not explain.

She read that article numerous times then drifted off to sleep with the newspaper on her chest.



## Chapter 6

A week had passed and it was a quiet for Abby.

But she spent every night intrigued with Michael's garage, his old photo album and the old newspaper article about the death of his fiancé.

Saturday morning arrived and Abby slept in this morning.

She woke up around eight thirty that morning.

She took a shower and got dressed in a nice dress and high heels.

She drove off in her Cavalier down Dorothy Avenue

A little while later, Abby drove her car into the parking lot of the Donohue Funeral Home where there was only three cars parked.

She parked then walked inside the funeral home.

Abby walked inside the Donohue's Funeral Home where an old tall and lanky

white hair man in an expensive suit stood in the entrance area.

“Welcome. Are you here for Mister Osborne?” the man asked in a nice pleasant voice.

“Yes sir.”

“Please sign his guest book,” the man said when pointed to an opened book on a pedestal located to the left of the doorway of one of the viewing rooms.

Abby smiled at the man then walked over to the pedestal.

Abby noticed that nobody visited Michael so far and she was the first. She thought that was so sad to die and nobody comes to your viewing to pay their last respects.

She placed the pen back in the book then walked into his viewing room.

Abby stood near the doorway and saw Michael while he lay so peaceful in the casket at the other end of the room.

She walked down the aisle between the folding chairs and headed up to the casket.

She felt so sad while she stared at his lifeless body.

A few minutes passed and Abby turned around. She jumped a little startled when

she saw Kenneth Mueller three feet from her.

He was now seventy-six years old and wore a suit that looked to be twenty years old. He was bald but wore a cheap toupee. He was still an unattractive man with his red bulbous nose and pot mark scars from his acne youth. "Did you know him?" he asked while he eyed Abby.

Abby fought to avoid glaring at his red bulbous nose that you could not help but notice. She thought of Rudolph the Red-Nosed Reindeer for a second and had fight off a chuckle. "Briefly. He was my neighbor for a brief period," she replied.

"A brief period? What do you mean by that?" Kenneth replied with inquiring eyes.

"Oh, I just moved in next door to him the day he had his heart attack," she replied while she fought to keep her eyes focused on his eyes and not his nose.

"So I take it he talked with you that day? I mean he must have for you to visit him here," he asked with more inquiring eyes.

Abby started to feel like she was being interrogated.

Kenneth looked at Abby and he got this strange déjà-vu feeling. "Have we met before?" he asked while he reached over

and touched the top of her right shoulder with his left hand.

Abby felt uneasy with his touch and his comment. “No, but Michael and a few other people have made that same comment. I moved here a few weeks ago from Orlando, Florida.”

Kenneth noticed he started to make Abby feel a little uncomfortable. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to make you feel uncomfortable. I’m Kenneth Mueller. I was Michael’s best friend since we were kids. Michael became a professor and I became a detective, hence the questioning. It’s an old bad habit. I’m now retired living in Kingsville,” he said with a warm smile to put her at ease.

His warm smile worked and put Abby at ease.

Kenneth extended out his hand and Abby shook it with a smile.

“I’m Abby Austin.”

Kenneth looked at Abby with interest. “This is really strange, but you’re the splitting image of someone I once knew. A long time ago.”

Abby found his comment interesting. “Michael’s fiancé?”

Kenneth found her comment odd and suspicious. “How do you know about her?”

“Michael left his old photo album on my back porch. Then later that night he had his heart attack and was taken away in the ambulance,” she replied.

“Where you present when he had the attack?”

“No, the neighbor on the other side of him, named Russ, said he found Michael in his back yard. He called the police,” she replied.

“Neighbor Russ,” he said then thought about that for a few seconds. Then his eyes lit up a little. “So you live on the other side of Michael?”

Abby nodded that she did.

“You bought Jennifer’s old home,” he quietly said to himself. His eyes widened little concern. “Why would he give his old photo album to you? That doesn’t make any sense.”

“I don’t know. But I think it’s so sad that his fiancé died the day they were going to get married.”

“Yes, that was indeed a sad day for Michael,” Kenneth replied and did not appear to care about her death while he thought for a few seconds. “Listen, I could like to have that photo album. For my memories of him,” he said and looked sincere.

“I don’t see why not.”

Abby gave Michael one last look. Then she looked back at Kenneth. “Nice meeting you.”

Abby walked away.

Kenneth eyed her with suspicious eyes while she left the room.

When Abby got to the door, she almost ran into Jack Curtis, now seventy-six years old and a little chubbier than his high school days. He retired from General Motors twelve years ago and now lives in the Phoenix, Arizona area.

“Kenneth!” Jack called out the second he saw him down by the casket.

“Jack,” Kenneth replied but kept an eye on Abby while she walked away into the entrance area.

Kenneth headed to the door while Jack headed to toward the casket. They met halfway down the aisle.

“You’re a sight for sore eyes,” Jack said while he looked at Kenneth.

Kenneth patted Jack on the top of his right shoulder with his left hand. “I’ll be right back,” he said then rushed down the aisle toward the door.

Jack looked and watched Kenneth rushed out the door. He thought that was

odd behavior, but he always thought Kenneth was a little odd.

Jack turned around and headed to Michael's casket.

Outside the funeral home, Abby did not notice Kenneth who stepped outside and checked out the rear of her car while she got inside.

Kenneth removed a small pad and pen from the pocket inside he suit coat. He jotted down Abby's Florida tag number while she backed out of her parking stall. He shoved the pad and pen back into his suit pocket.

"Hey Kenneth," called out Joe Pappas, now seventy-six years old with a head full of white hair and a white goatee. Joe retired from General Motors ten years ago and lived in the mountains near Boone, North Carolina.

"Hey Joe," Kenneth said while he kept an eye over Joe's shoulder and watched while Abby drove her car out of the parking lot and drove off down the street.

Joe noticed Kenneth looking over his shoulder. "Hey Kenneth, you okay?" he asked while he snapped his fingers in front of Kenneth's face.

Kenneth looked at Joe. "I'm fine. So, how are you doing?" he asked.

"Good, but tired of get-togethers at funeral homes," he said and looked a little sad.

"I know what you mean. Let's go inside," Kenneth said then placed an arm around Joe's shoulder and walked him to the door of the funeral home.

After they went inside the funeral home, Dr. Bowman pulled into the parking lot in his new Chevrolet Impala.

A little while later, Kenneth walked through the Detective's Room of the Barbourville Police Department.

He walked over to the desk of Detective Sammy Wallace.

"Hey Kenneth, long time, no see. How's retirement?" Sammy asked happy to see Kenneth.

"Great." Kenneth replied while he stood at Sammy's desk.

"What brings you here?"

"I need to do a search on the owner of a car with Florida tags. Her name is Abby Austin," Kenneth replied.

"Doing some free lance work?" Sammy asked.



“Naw, just a strange feeling about this girl. You know, once a detective, always a detective,” Kenneth replied.

Sammy smiled. “I remember you telling me that when I first became a detective back in seventy-four.”

Kenneth nodded that he remembered.

“So, what information to you have on this girl so far?” Sammy asked then motioned for Kenneth to sit down in the chair by his desk.

Kenneth sat down, reached in the pocket in the inside of his suit coat and removed his small pad. He passed it over to Sammy. “Here’s her Florida tag number and her name is Abby Austin. She claims to be from Orlando.”

“Go get a cup of coffee while I do some searching,” Sammy said while he opened up a program.

Kenneth smiled then stood up. He walked away and headed over to the coffee pot located on a table on the other side of the room.

Kenneth poured coffee into a Styrofoam cup and took a sip. He turned around and walked back to Sammy’s desk.

Kenneth walked over and sat down in the chair by Sammy’s desk. He took a drink

of coffee while he watched Sammy do his searches on his computer.

Sammy looked over at Kenneth. "So far, I'm coming up with nothing on this woman. No known criminal records. She's clean as a whistle."

Kenneth looked a little disappointed. "Thanks Sammy," he said then stood up with his cup of coffee.

"I'll continue to snoop around on the computer in my spare time. I'll give you a holler if I find anything,"

Kenneth nodded that he was good with that.

He dropped his cup of coffee into Sammy's trash can by his desk then walked away.

Abby spent the rest of her Saturday shopping for some furniture for her home.

She found a couch she liked but figured she might have to save up for a couple of weeks. She hated to buy things on credit and run the risk of getting too deep in debt.

Saturday night was spent buying a 32-inch TV and DVD player with a few DVDs to watch. She figured this would do until she got a larger TV and cable installed.

She placed the TV and DVD player against the wall to the right of her bedroom window.

She watched the *Absent Minded Professor* movie on the DVD player.

Sunday was also uneventful for Abby.

She spent the day cleaning her house and shopping for some more groceries at the Stop and Save store.

After a nice Sunday night dinner she cooked in her kitchen, Abby retired to her sleeping bag on her bedroom floor and wore a tee shirt over her panties.

Abby sat on her sleeping bag with her back against the wall. She had a glass of wine in hand while she glanced at all the photos in Michael's photo album. She looked like she was reminiscing about old times when she glanced at the photos.

Her doorbell rang while she took a sip of wine.

She placed the photo album on the floor.

She got up with her wine glass in hand and walked out of her bedroom.

She walked to the door.

She walked down the hallway then walked into her living room.

She headed to the front door and peeked through the peep hole.

“What does he want?” she said then opened up the door.

Kenneth stood outside on her front stoop and his eye brows raised, as he liked seeing Abby in her tee shirt and bare feet. I’m sorry to bother you so late, but I wanted to pick up Michael’s photo album before I forget.”

“Ah, sure. I’ll be back,” Abby said then closed her front door then set her wine glass down on the floor.

She rushed through her living room, down the hallway and into her bedroom.

Abby rushed over to the photo album on the floor. She picked it up then looked at it for a few seconds.

She opened up the album to the fourth page. She removed the picture of Michael and Jennifer kissing.

She glanced at the picture of Jennifer and Kenneth by her Corvair. For some strange reason, she felt compelled to keep it. She removed it then tucked both pictures under her sleeping bag.

She rushed out of her bedroom with the album in hand.

She rushed down the hallway then into her living room.

She rushed to her front door. She opened it.

She stepped to the threshold of her front door. "Here you go," she said while she handed him the album.

"Thanks," Kenneth replied while he grabbed the album.

Abby gave him a fake smile then closed and locked her front door.

She walked over and peeked out living room window and watched while Kenneth got into his Impala, started it up and backed down her driveway.

"I hope I never see him again," she said as he started to give her the creeps.

She picked up her wine glass off the floor with her left hand.

She walked out of her living room and headed down the hallway then back into her bedroom.

Abby stood in by the doorway of her bedroom. She stared at her sleeping bag then over at the closet.

She walked over to her closet and opened up the door. She reached up to the shelf and removed that old newspaper.

She glanced at the article about Jennifer's death. Her eyes started to well up. "Why am I upset over a girl that died in

sixty-one?" she said while she wiped away some tears that ran down her cheeks.

Abby got curious while she looked at her bedroom window. She placed the newspaper back on the shelf in the closet.

She walked out of her bedroom with her glass of wine still in her left hand.

Abby walked down the hallway and into the kitchen.

She placed the glass of wine on the counter then opened up one of the counter drawers. She removed a key from the drawer then headed to the sliding glass door.

She unlocked the sliding glass door and slid it opened.

She stepped out to her porch.

Abby rushed through her backyard and headed over to Michael's garage.

She went to the door and unlocked the pad lock. She swung opened the left door.

She stepped inside the garage and flicked on the light.

She walked over to the right side of the time machine.

She pulled up on the door handle. The door swung with a wish sound.

She got inside the time machine and sat down on the seat.

She looked at the console.

“This doesn't look difficult.”

She looked determined while she stared at the console.

Abby got out of the time machine and closed the door and it made a whish sound and click when it locked.

She left the garage flicking off the lights.

She pad locked the door then headed off through the grass back to her home.

After she entered her kitchen, she placed the pad lock key back in the empty drawer under the counter.

At Kenneth's house in Kingsville, he sat in a lazy boy chair in his den drinking whiskey and water. An opened Jack Daniels bottle, half-full, was on the small table by his chair.

Kenneth was on his sixth drink and was feeling pretty good since it was more whiskey than water.

Kenneth had Michael's old album sat his lap. He opened up the album to the first page and glanced at the school photos of Michael, then six years old and Jennifer,

also six years old. He touched Jennifer's photo with love in his heart.

He turned to the second page and glanced at the pictures.

He only focused on the pictures of Jennifer and could care less about the pictures of Michael.

He turned to the third page and glanced at the pictures. He focused on the picture of Jennifer in cheerleader outfit. He really liked that photo, as the sight of her shapely legs started to get him horny. He poured more whiskey into his glass. He took a huge gulp from the glass then set it on the table by his chair.

He fumbled with the photo album while he lowered his pants and boxers down to his ankles.

Kenneth placed the photo album down by his knees. He started pleasuring himself with his right hand while he stared at the picture of Jennifer in her cheerleaders uniform.

The photo album slid off his knees and dropped to the floor the instant he had an orgasm.

Kenneth pulled his boxers and pants up and got off the lazy boy chair.

He walked out of the den to clean himself up.



The photo album lay on the floor upside down by the chair.

## Chapter 7

It was Monday morning May 24th, 2010.

Abby typed on her iMac at her desk back at the college.

While stopped then glanced over at the door of Dr. Bowman's office.

Her curiosity peeked again so she got up and walked over and stood in his doorway. "Doc, I have a strange question to ask you."

"What's that, Abby?" he replied while he graded a test paper.

She hesitated for a few seconds while she pondered if she should ask. But her curiosity won again. "Do you believe that time travel is possible?"

Dr. Bowman looked up over his glasses with a surprised look. "That's some question. Ah..." He thought for a second. "I guess it's possible. I mean I never heard of anybody actually traveling through time. Why do you ask?"

"I don't know. I recall you telling me how Michael Osborne was obsessed with it. I wondered why?"

“Some of us suspected he wanted to go back in time and save his fiancé’s life. But I guess time travel might not be possible, since she’s not alive today.”

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” she said then turned around and took a step back to her desk. She got curious again, turned back around and went back to the doorway of Dr. Bowman’s office.

“Doc, if time travel was possible. And if Michael Osborne actually did build a time machine, would you want to travel back in time?”

Dr. Bowman glanced up from his test paper. “Would I travel back in time?” he said while he thought about her question. “No. I would prefer to find the Fountain of Youth. I would benefit from that instead of going back in time. It’s a shame Ponce de Leon didn’t find the Fountain of Youth down in St. Augustine, Florida. It’s a shame,” Dr. Bowman said then returned back to his grading his test paper. “I hoped that answered your question?” he added with eyes focused in the paper.

“It did. I was just a little curious. Thanks,” she replied then turned away and headed back to her desk.

After lunch, Abby visited the Fine Arts Department to see Mindy, who managed all the costumes for the plays performed by the college.

Abby followed Mindy into a storage room where numerous aisles contained racks and racks of costumes and various outfits.

“What types of dresses are you looking for again?” Mindy asked.

“I’m looking for a dress that would be from the early sixties.”

“You going to a costume party or something?”

Mindy turned left down another aisle with Abby behind her.

“Yeah. A birthday party for an old friend that grew up in the sixties. We thought this would be nice touch.”

“Someone from the university?” Mindy asked while turned right down another aisle.

“No. He lives in my neighborhood and works at the General Motors plant,” Abby replied thinking that a little white lie now would be easier than explaining a potential trip in a time machine.

Mindy walked down to this aisle and stopped. “Here’s some dresses from that era. Take your pick.”

Abby looked at six dresses from the 1960s. She smiled at her selection. She picked out a blue dress with flowers. She placed it up against her body.

“Looks like that will fit,” Mindy said.

“Great, then I’ll use this one.”

Mindy and Abby walked away down the aisle.

Abby spotted some 1960s purses on the floor. She snatched up a small white purse.

Later that night, Abby walked into the Fancy Cuts hair salon in the Barbourville Mall wearing blue jeans, a light blue blouse and thong sandals.

Suzie, a young hairstylist walked up to Abby. “How may I help you?”

“I’m Abby Austin. I called earlier for an appointment.”

“Ah yes. You have an appointment with me.”

Suzie walked Abby to her station got her situated in the chair.

“What can I do for you today?” Suzie asked while she placed the hair stylist cape over the front of Abby’s body.

“I want a earlier sixties style haircut. A Bouffant style.”

Suzie looked a little stumped.

“Bouffant? I’m not familiar with that style,”

she said then looked at the other young hairstylist working on customers. "Does anybody know how to do a Bouffant style?"

All the other young hairstylists nodded they did not have a clue.

Gail Abbott, now seventy-six years old was sitting in a chair near Suzie. "I do. I did them when I was a beginning stylist back in those days."

Suzie looked relieved when Gail spoke up that she could help. But she did feel it was an odd request for a hairstyle.

A little while later after Gail was finished getting her hair done, she instructed Suzie on Abby's requested old style.

Later that evening, Abby walked out of the hair salon sporting a 1960s Bouffant hairstyle.

She got all kinds of stares from people while she walked through the mall.

An old couple in their late seventies walked past Abby. They turned around and glanced back at her.

"I remember when you had that style," the man told his wife.

"I remember too. Like it was yesterday," the lady replied while she lightly touched her

white hair. "But my hair was black then," she said with a chuckle.

The man chuckled then held his wife's hand while they walked away.

A little while later, Abby walked out of a shoe store with a shopping bag in hand.

She walked off down the mall.

A little while later, Abby walked out of a coin shop in the mall.

She looked determined while she walked away.

After Abby returned home, she paced back and forth in her bedroom in her bare feet. She wore blue jeans with a light blue short sleeve blouse. She had the photo of her and Rich in her right hand.

She would stop and glance at Jennifer's newspaper article on top of her sleeping bag.

She debated in her head while she glanced back and forth between the black and white photo of Jennifer and the photo of her and Rich. She glanced back at Jennifer's photo.

"Why does Jennifer seem so familiar? It's like I knew her," she said then paced around some more.

She stopped by her closet and looked like she made up her mind.

She reached inside the closet and removed her high heels.

She reached back in her closet and grabbed her backpack; she unzipped it and dropped the picture of her and Rich and the high heels into it.

She reached up and grabbed the blue dress she got from the college. She neatly folded it and tucked it into the backpack. She grabbed the small white purse and opened it up.

Inside the purse she saw some of the money she bought at the coin store.

She rushed over to her dresser with her small white purse.

On top of her dresser was where her modern day purse. She opened up that purse, grabbed some bills then shoved them into her white purse. "They'll never notice the dates," she said while she snapped the white purse shut then tucked it into the backpack.

She rushed back to her closet and slipped her feet into her thong sandals.

She rushed over to her sleeping bag with her backpack in hand. She reached under the sleeping bag and removed the pictures of Michael and Jennifer kissing and



the one of Kenneth and Jennifer. She dropped them into her backpack, zipped it up then headed to her bedroom door.

She left the room leaving the lamp on the floor turned on.

Abby walked down her hallway and headed into the kitchen.

Abby walked over to the counter and opened the drawer. She removed the key to the padlock then closed the drawer.

She opened her sliding glass door and stepped out onto the porch.

She closed the sliding glass door and glanced over at Michael's garage.

She took a deep breath then headed off through the grass to the garage with her backpack in hand.

Back at Kenneth's house in Kingsville, he sat in his lazy boy chair in his den with another whiskey and water drink. He had Michael's photo album in hand.

He opened it to the first page and glanced at the pictures.

He flipped to the second page. He took a drink of his whiskey while he glanced at the pictures.

He flipped to the third page and glanced at the pictures.

He flipped to the fourth page. He took another drink of whiskey while he glanced at the pictures. His mouth opened and some whiskey ran down his cheek onto his shirt when he noticed two pictures were missing.

He placed his drink on the table by his chair. "Where the hell are those pictures?" he said while he frantically flipped through all the pages of the album. He slammed the album to the floor. "Who is she and what does she want?" he said then got this strange feeling.

He jumped up from his chair and rushed out of his den.

Back in Michael's garage, Abby opened the door to the time machine.

She hesitated for a few seconds while she took a peek inside the machine. She made up her mind and looked determined while she sat inside with her backpack in hand.

She closed the door.

Kenneth raced his Impala east on Interstate 76 doing ninety miles per hour. He raced by a "Barbourville – 60 Miles" road sign.

Back in Michael's garage, Abby looked unsure while she stared at the console. She stared at it for a few seconds and got a little nervous and scared.

"What am I thinking? This will never work. You can't change time. It is what it is," she said then opened the door and got out with her backpack in hand.

She closed the door of the time machine and headed to the garage door.

Outside the garage, she closed the garage door.

She shoved the lock key into her jeans front pocket while she moped back to her house.

Kenneth continued to race his Impala south on Interstate 76 still doing ninety miles per hour. He passed by a "Barbourville - 25 Miles" road sign.

Back in Abby's house, she entered her kitchen through her sliding glass door. She looked disappointed while she closed it.

She walked over to her refrigerator and opened the door. She reached inside and removed her bottle of red wine.

She got a wine glass out of her cabinet. She poured wine into the glass then walked out of the kitchen with her backpack.

Kenneth continued to race his Impala south on Interstate 76 doing ninety miles per hour. He passed by a "Barbourville - 10 Miles" road sign.

Back in Abby's house, she relaxed on her sleeping bag with her back against the wall.

She sipped on her wine while she stared at the old article about Jennifer.

She stared at the Florida beach photo with her and Rich.

Kenneth continued to race his Impala south on Interstate 76 doing ninety miles per hour. He passed by a "Barbourville - 1 Miles" road sign.

He slowed his car down to seventy miles per hour.

Back in Abby's bedroom, she sipped on her wine while she glanced at the photo of Jennifer and Michael kissing. Her eyes welled up.

She glanced at the photo of Kenneth and Jennifer.

She glanced at the photo of her and Rich.

She glanced at the photo of Jennifer and Michael kissing.

“Well, I already had my hair looking that way,” she said and looked determined while she shoved the three photos into her backpack.

She got up off her sleeping bag.

She grabbed her backpack and rushed out of her bedroom.

She left the newspaper on top of her sleeping bag and the lamp light on.

Kenneth drove his Impala down Shady Hill Avenue from the northern end of town.

He stopped at a red light and impatiently tapped his fingers on his steering wheel while he waited for it to change green.

Back at Abby's house, she flipped off the light switch to the kitchen.

She stepped outside to her porch through her sliding glass door with her backpack.

She stared at Michael's garage.

She took a step in the grass then hesitated.

She took a deep breath and rushed through her grass toward Michael's garage.

Abby rushed over to the garage door that she previously left unlocked. She swung the left open and stepped inside the garage. She closed the door behind her but left it cracked open.

She flicked on the lights to the garage.

Kenneth parked his Impala in Abby's driveway.

He left his car running while he rushed out.

He rushed to her front door and rang the doorbell.

He waited for a few seconds and Abby did not appear. He peeked through the living room window and saw it was dark inside here house.

In the garage, Abby sat in the machine with her backpack on her lap.

She stared at the console and looked at all the gauges, knob, and switches. She looked overwhelmed. "Now what do I do?"

Abby looked around the console. She spotted a small glove box type of door off to the right side of the console.

She opened it, peeked inside, and saw a rolled up piece of paper. She removed it and saw it was a set of instructions. She was glad.

She read the instructions and noticed that the times were in 24-hour clock times.

She flipped the Power toggle switch to the “Powered Up” position.

She heard a low hum at the rear of the machine. She looked at the gauge below that toggle switch and noticed that the needle jumped a little and moved a tad upward in the white arc.

She noticed that the round green lens above that toggle switch was illuminated green.

She waited and the humming at the rear of the machine started to get a little louder while the engine warmed up.

She dialed in May 24, 2014, 2200 for the “Now” date. She flipped the “Now” toggle switch up. The round lens above that toggle switch was illuminated green.

She dialed in May 19, 1961, 0300 for the “Destination” date then flipped the “Date” toggle switch up. The round green lens above that toggle switch was illuminated green.

She dialed in May 20, 1961, 2200 for the “Pick-up” date then flipped the “Pick-up” toggle switch up. The round green lens above that toggle switch was illuminated green.

She flipped the “Door” toggle switch up. She heard the door latches click. The round green lens above that toggle switch was illuminated green.

The humming at the rear of the machine was a low constant hum and pleasant to the ears.

Abby noticed that the needle in the engine gauge was in the middle of the green arc.

She smiled knowing that things appeared to be going smooth.

Back at Abby’s house, Kenneth ran around to the rear of her house and peeked in the sliding glass door. Her kitchen was dark.

He rushed to her bedroom window and peeked through the window. His eyes widen in surprise when he saw the old newspaper about Jennifer’s death on top of Abby’s sleeping bag.

He looked over at Michael’s garage and looked concerned when he saw the lights were on inside and the left garage door was cracked open a little.

In the garage, Abby listen to the low constant hum of the rear of the machine.



Across the top of the console the row of small green lights were illuminated except for the Travel lens.

She debated in her mind while she stared at the "Travel" toggle switch.

She looked at the date display then remembered that Jennifer died on May 20th and she accidentally dialed in May 19th. She placed two fingers on the dial to change the date.

A loud bang on the window startled Abby. She jumped and inadvertently rolled the day button by too far while she saw Kenneth pounding on the window.

"Get out of there!" he yelled slinging spit all over the window.

Kenneth tried to open the door from the outside the second Abby flipped the "Travel" toggle switch up.

The time machine's rear engine started to roar with a louder hum.

The row of green lens started alternately blinking indicating the process started.

Outside the time machine, Kenneth's hand got zapped from the door handle the second the rear of the machine started to vibrate.

Kenneth fell back in pain and landed hard on his butt. He cringed in a little pain

as his butt bone took the brunt of the landing.

Sparks started dancing all around the time machine.

Kenneth got scared and he scooted away on his butt as fast as he could to the garage door.

He got to the door and looked back at the time machine. He watched while million of sparks danced all around the time machine while it hummed and vibrated a louder and harder.

Abby sat in the time machine a little afraid with what was happening.

The engine in the rear hummed louder.

The entire machine vibrated harder.

The row of green lights started alternately blinking at a faster rate.

Abby cringed in pain. "Ahhh!" she cried out.

The vibration got severe.

Abby buckled over in pain with her entire body.

Psychedelic colors filled all of the windows like a late 1960s psychedelic rock concert light show.

Abby experienced extreme pain while she attempted to sit straight up. She passed out and slouched down in the seat.

Inside the garage, Kenneth peed his pants while he watched the sparks furiously dance around the humming and vibrating time machine.

The machine disappeared with a poof sound sending million bits of lights all over the garage like an explosion.

Kenneth covered his face with his hands fearful those lights would burn holes in him.

The garage was quiet.

Kenneth peeked through his fingers to see if it was safe. It was safe and he saw a bare spot where that time machine once stood.

He got up and ran out of the garage scared to death with a huge wet spot in the crotch of his pants.

## Chapter 8

Abby was still passed out while the time machine hummed, vibrated and the psychedelic colors filled all the windows.

The row of red lights furiously blinked.

The psychedelic colors started to slowly dissipate from the windows.

The machine's vibrations started to slow down.

The machine's humming started to slowly soften.

The frantic blinking row of green lens started to slow down.

It was quiet and still inside the time machine except for the low hum of the rear engine.

Abby was still passed out slouched down in her seat with her knees pressed up against the bottom of the console.

It was now nighttime on Sunday, May 14th, 1961.

The sound of thunder booming outside the garage was heard. It was quiet.

The sound of lightning cracking outside was heard. Another loud boom of thunder was heard and this time it was a little closer to the garage.

Those two sounds caused Abby to stir a little.

Abby's eyes slowly opened.

She looked dazed and confused while she looked around the time machine. "What happened?" she said while she looked at the front windows of the time machine.

She noticed it was dark in the garage and remembered she left the lights on when she got in the machine. That was a good sign something unique happened.

The sound of lightning cracking outside was heard. The booming sound of thunder followed a few seconds later. Abby jumped in her seat startled with the sounds of the storm.

She did not notice the revised destination date on the display while she grabbed her backpack off the floorboard.

She pulled up on the handle of the door.

The door lifted up with a whish.

Abby stepped out into the garage.

She closed the time machine door then stood in the darkness of the garage.

Her legs were wobbly like she's been on a cruise ship for two weeks.

It took her a few seconds to get her bearing straight on where she was in relation to the garage doors. A flash of

lightening illuminated the inside of the garage for a few seconds and that helped.

She felt a little weak all of a sudden.

She took a step forward and her right knee gave out. She dropped to the floor.

She stood up and headed to the garage doors.

She started to feel a little nauseous when she was five feet from the doors.

When she got near the doors, she bent over and vomited on the floor by a stack of unknown items.

She stood up and felt better so she walked the rest of the way to the doors.

She grabbed the left garage door handle and pushed. It was locked. She tried again. The door would not swing open.

Abby looked concerned at the door.

She remembered something and looked to her right.

She looked at the window down at the wall above a workbench.

She rushed over to the bench where she saw an old Radio Flyer wagon stored underneath the bench. She smiled when she remembered that wagon from the photo album.

She reached up and unlatched the window. She pushed the window up.

Abby climbed up on the workbench with her backpack in hand.

While Abby climbed out the garage window, lightning flashed and cracked in the sky followed by booming thunder that rumbled in the air. This sound startled Abby and caused her to tumble to the ground and land on her back.

“That’s the part of Florida I hated and now it followed me to Pennsylvania,” she said recalling those monstrous Florida storms when the thunder made it sound like the area was being attacked by bombs.

She stood up and picked up her backpack off the ground.

The air was cool and no rain was felt falling from the sky.

Abby looked over at the rear of Michael's house where the light on inside the kitchen and living room.

She looked over at Jennifer's house to the right and saw that the light of the bedroom she used in 2010 was on.

She did not know where to go but decided she better leave and find a nearby hotel room. She figured that she could hang out at the Holiday Inn on Shady Hill Drive. She figured it was here back in 1961.

She walked through the backyard and headed off to Dorothy Avenue.

While she started walking down Dorothy Avenue, the inside of that garage was filled with million pieces of flying bits of light.

Abby walked down Dorothy Avenue and looked at all the houses on both sides of the street. They looked different and when she saw numerous 1950s and early 1960s cars parked in the driveway. She knew she traveled back to 1961 and was in awe of what had happened.

A few minutes later, the sky opened up and the rain came pouring down.

She was soaked from her head to her sandals in a matter of minutes. She was not a happy camper.

A white four-door 1958 Chevrolet Bel-Air drove down the Dorothy Avenue heading toward Abby.

Driving the Bel-Air was Michael Osborne, now twenty-seven years old. He wore a brown Montgomery Wards casual shirt and slacks.

He spotted Abby walking down the street in the other lane facing his car. His eyes widen when he caught a glimpse of her. "What is she doing out here?" he said



while he slowed his car down to a stop. He rolled down his door window. "Jennifer, what are you doing in the rain? You're soaked. And where's your glasses?" he called out his window.

He looked at Abby and looked a little confused. "Why are you dressed like that?" he called out to her.

Abby stopped and looked at Michael's Bel-Air. "What" she asked a little confused with his questions.

A bolt of lightning struck the ground not too far from Abby. That scared her and she jumped back, her sandals slipped out from under her and she fell to the street. She banged the back of her head on the street and passed out cold in a puddle of water.

Michael opened his car door in a panic and bolted out of his car.

"Jennifer!" he cried out while he ran worried over to Abby.

He got to Abby and got a closer look at her face. She resembled Jennifer but he sensed she wasn't Jennifer. "Who are you?" he said while he looked at Abby's motionless body.

He knelt down getting his knees in the puddle of water while she picked Abby.

He carried her over to his car.

He struggled and came close to dropping Abby while he opened up the rear passenger door.

He placed her in the back seat then closed the door.

He glanced back at where she fell and saw her backpack.

He ran over to it and picked it up.

He ran back to his car and got behind the wheel and closed the door.

He looked at the backpack and thought it was strange. He placed it on the passenger side of the front seat.

He made a U-turn in the street.

He floored his car. It fishtailed on the slick street then straightened out.

He raced off down the street.

Michael raced his car down York Street and arrived at the Emergency Room area at the side of the Heartfelt Care Hospital.

He stopped his car under the overhang, opened his car door, and jumped out with the engine running.

He ran to the Emergency Room entrance doors and went inside the hospital.

A few seconds later two hospital employees rushed out those doors with a gurney. Michael trailed behind them while they rushed the gurney over to his car.

Michael rushed around them and opened his rear passenger door.

The two hospital employees reached inside his car and got Abby out then placed her on the gurney.

They rushed the gurney back to the doors of the Emergency Room.

Michael tagged along behind them.

Ten minutes had passed and Michael was finished with providing all the information he could about Abby. Which was very little since she did not carry any identification.

Michael left the Emergency Room and headed back to his car where the engine was still running.

He drove away and for some strange reason, he could not get Abby out of his mind while he drove back home.

At the Heartfelt Care Hospital, Abby was placed in a room where she was in a bed still out cold. The monitor that was hooked up to her indicated she was in good condition.

## Chapter 9

It was Monday morning in Barbourville and the rain stopped hours ago. The sun was now shining for another beautiful day.

Back at the Heartfelt Care Hospital, Abby's eyes opened in her room. She looked groggy.

She looked around the room dazed and confused. She didn't have a clue where she was at the moment.

She cringed in a little pain.

The door opened and a nurse named Mary stepped into the room.

Nurse Mary was middle-aged and wore a white nurses uniform where the skirt was down to the top of her knee caps. Plus she wore that standard white nurses cap on her head.

Abby saw Mary walking up to her bed. "Where am I?"

Mary glanced over at Abby's monitor and was pleased with the display. "You're at the Heartfelt Care Hospital here in Barbourville," Mary replied while she looked over at Abby.

“What’s today?” Abby asked and looked a little lost.

“Monday, May fifteenth,” Mary replied and looked a little concerned with Abby.

Abby looked around the room and realized these were not furnishing from her time. “What happened?”

“You apparently fell and hit your head on the street last night during the storm.”

Abby thought about Mary’s response for a few seconds. “I remember. And some guy stopped his car. He said something to me then lightning struck close by. I got startled and slipped in the water and fell backwards. That’s all I remember.”

“That would be Michael Osborne. He brought you to the hospital.”

It took a few seconds for his name to register with her. “Did you say Michael Osborne?”

“Yes,” she replied while she back at the monitor. “How do you feel?” she asked while she looked back at Abby.

“The back of my head hurts,”

“That’s from smacking it hard on the street. I’ll get you something to ease the pain,” Mary said then turned around and headed to the door.

She placed her hand on the door handle, then turned around and looked

curious. "Are you from Barbourville? Because you were wearing a fancy pair of sandals when you came in here last night.

"Orlando, Florida," Abby replied while she glanced at Mary's uniform. She remembered her time in the time machine last night.

"People down in Florida sure wear fancy clothes. Must be that surfer life style," Mary quietly said to herself while she opened the door then left the room.

"I made it to nineteen sixty-one. Cool!" Abby said while she did a little victory dance in her bed.

The door opened and Abby stopped her little dance.

Michael poked his head inside the room.

Abby's widen the second she saw Michael's familiar face in the doorway.

He entered her room. "Hi, mind if I come in?"

"Ah, no," said Abby, as there was something about him caused her to feel good inside. She really wanted to meet him.

While Michael walked closer to her bed, she noticed that he was handsomer than in his pictures. She thought he was a hottie.

"I'm Michael Osborne," he said.

“I know. The nurse told me your name,” Abby replied and felt like a young girl where the boy she had a crush on finally spoke to her. She felt a little flushed.

“How are you feeling?” he asked while he walked up to her bed and looked like he was concerned.

“The back of my head hurts. The nurse is getting me something to ease the pain,” she said and could not stop staring at his piercing blue eyes. But she looked away and felt ashamed knowing that he belonged with Jennifer.

“You hit it pretty hard in the rain last night,” he said while he looked her.

Abby gave him a bashful smile the second the door to her room opened.

Mary entered with a small paper cup in one hand and a water cup in her other hand.

Michael stepped aside while Mary walked up to the bed.

“These should ease the pain,” Mary said while she handed Abby the small cup.

Abby emptied the cup into her hand and two white pills fell out. Abby swallowed the two pills in the cup then Mary handed her the cup of water. She washed the pills down her throat.

Mary smiled at Michael then headed off to the door.

Michael waited until Mary left the room. "Thank you for bring me here," Abby told him.

Michael looked at Abby and could not believe his eyes. "You're welcome. I thought you were someone else out there in the rain when I stopped."

"Who?" she asked but knew the answer.

"My fiancé. Jennifer. You looked a lot like her. But you have different hair color, eyes and your nose is a little smaller. And she wears glasses."

Abby looked up at Michael. "I'm Abby Austin. I don't wear glasses."

"Well Abby, why were you walking in the rain? Do you live in my neighborhood?"

Abby looked caught. She pondered for a few seconds. "Ah, I just moved to town. I got off the bus at the station and walked around looking for a motel. I guess I got lost."

"You were lost. The bus station is on Montvale Circle across from Shumaker's Lounge. The Barbourville Motor Court is one street to the east on Piedmont Avenue. You were so close."

"New town and it was dark. I thought I heard there was a Holiday Inn over on Shady Hill Drive," Abby replied.



Michael thought about her reply for a few seconds. "We don't have a Holiday Inn here in town. Someone gave you bad information."

"Oh," Abby said while she pretended to believe him.

"So, why did you move here?"

Abby hesitated for a second. "A fresh new start. My boyfriend was killed a year ago in a car accident after he left my apartment," she replied and looked sad.

"I'm so sorry to hear that. Where did you move from?"

"Orlando, Florida."

"Why did you do? I mean for a job?"

Abby hesitated for a second. "I'm a secretary full time at a hospital. And for some extra cash, I'm a swimming instructor."

"I'm a physics professor at the Barbourville College. I know that my Dean is in dire need of a new secretary. Did you bring your resume with you?"

"Ah," Abby said then knew she stepped in a little trap. "I was busy packing when I left Florida, so I think I might have left it back down there."

"No problem, we'll figure something out," he replied then gave her a warm smile.

"Thank you."

“So, I need to be heading back to the college. I'll check up on you later.”

“I'd like that.”

“Bye,” Michael said then turned around.

Abby watched while Michael walked to the door.

He placed his hand on the door handle and paused for a second. He turned around and looked at Abby. “Do you have any relatives here in town? I mean you really do look a lot like my fiancé.”

“I'm sorry. I only have some grandparents and they live in Florida.”

Michael smiled while he left the room.

“I guess working for a few days in nineteen sixty-one won't hurt.”

Her eyes started to droop as the pain pills were making her sleepy. They were soon closed and she was fast asleep.

Outside the Heartfelt Care Hospital, Michael walked back to his Bel-Air in the parking lot.

He opened the driver's door then paused. He glanced back at the hospital for a second and focused on the fourth floor.

He got inside his car, started it up, and headed off to work.

A little while later, Michael was at his desk in his office at the college.

He worked at grading a multiple test. He was on the last page and all those answers had a red "X" over them.

He turned the test back to the first page then stared at his desk phone. He reached over, picked up the phone and made a call.

"Michael Osborne here, I heard you were looking for a secretary," he said into the phone then listened for the response.

"I believe I found someone that would be a perfect fit," he replied then listened to the response.

"Sounds good. She won't be able to stop by until Wednesday morning, if that's okay," he said into the phone then listened for the response.

"That great," I'll bring her by your office at eight on Wednesday morning," Michael then hung up his phone and looked happy.

He returned to finishing grading that student's test. He frowned when he wrote "63" in red ink on the front page of the test then placed a red circle around the number.

He placed that test the completed pile then grabbed the next test.

Later that night, it was a beautiful sky with tons of twinkling stars.

Jennifer and Michael decided to take another nightly stroll around the neighborhood.

He walked over to her house where she waited by the front door.

Michael held Jennifer's right hand while they walked down the driveway.

Back in her hospital room, Abby was feeling better while she lay in her bed. Then all of a sudden, she had this warm tingling feeling in her right hand. It was a feeling that felt good so she did not ring for the nurse.

Back on Dorothy Avenue, Michael and Jennifer started their walk down the street.

"Oh, I didn't tell you what happened last night," he said and looked a little excited.

"What happened?"

"I was driving home from the college after doing some paperwork, and it was raining with lightning and thundering," he said.

"I know, I was home and heard it."

"Anyway, I drove down Dorothy Avenue heading to the house and I thought I saw you walking down the street."

“Me? Why would I be walking down the street in the pouring rain?” she replied and thought that that was an odd thing to think.

“That’s the bizarre part, this girl looks, except she has blonde hair.”

“I’m thinking you got pretty close to her,” Jennifer said and sounded a little upset.

“No honey, not that close. Lightning struck close by and she slipped and hit her head on the street. She passed out and I took her to the hospital.”

“Okay, do I have to worry about this girl taking you away from me?” she asked and looked a little worried.

Michael stopped her in the street. “Never Jennifer. You’re the one I love. I don’t want anybody else,” he said then kissed her lips.

Back in her hospital room, the warm tingling feeling left her right hand and was now in her lips. It was a tingling feeling she enjoyed but could not explain it and did not care. It felt good and she enjoyed it.

Back on Dorothy Avenue, Michael and Jennifer stopped kissing and continued to walk down the street holding hands.

“There’s something about this girl. It’s as if I’ve known her for most of my life. But

that's not possible because she just moved up here from Orlando, Florida. She was a secretary and part-time swimming instructor."

"I'll have to meet her sometime."

"You'll probably meet her tomorrow night," he said.

"Tomorrow night?"

"Yeah, I told mom about Abby."

"Her name is Abby?"

"Yeah. Anyway, when mom found out Abby just arrived in town, with no relatives, no job and was hurt, she wants her to stay in our house for a few days until she got settled. Especially since she hit her head pretty hard on the street last night."

"Where in your house?"

"My room and I'll sleep on the couch. After all, I'll be moving into your house by next week. Or I guess I should call it our home," he replied.

Jennifer thought about this arrangement for a few seconds. "I guess that's okay. I mean, you're mom's light sleeper and would immediately sense when some hanky panky is going on in your room," she said and gave Michael the eye.

Michael chuckled. "I know. Remember when we first started dating and we in my room kissing on night?"

Jennifer thought about it for a few seconds then chuckled. "Who would have thought that her ears would pick up on that?"

"Probably our moaning," Michael replied.

Jennifer chuckled. "I forgot about that part."

She rested her head against his shoulder while they walked down the street.

"I trust you. And I know you are always there to help people when in need," she said.

They continued to walk down the street.

Jennifer's eyes widen a little when she remembered something. "I believe Doc Bowman needs a secretary."

"Already on it. I got her an interview Wednesday morning. Hopefully she'll be out of the hospital by then."

"Like I said. You're always there to help people and that's one of the reasons why I love you."

"What's the other reasons?" he asked with a curious smile.

"Well, you're a great kisser," she said.

"Oh yeah," he said then stopped her and immediately planted a kiss on her lips.

Their lips separated and they walked down the street hand in hand.

“So, when we’re old and gray, will you still take me for romantic nightly strolls around the neighborhood?” she asked.

“You better believe it,” Michael replied.

Jennifer snuggled against Michael while they continued to walk down the street.

Back in Abby’s hospital room, she fell fast asleep with a loving smile on her face.



## Chapter 10

It was seven that Tuesday morning and it looked like it was going to be another beautiful day.

It was quiet in the Heartfelt Care Hospital, when Michael walked up to the nurse's station.

Mary looked up from her paperwork and saw Michael. "Hello Mister Osborne. You're here awful early. Are you here to check up on our patient?"

"Yes. How's she doing?"

"Fine."

"Can you call me when she's ready to be discharged. She'll need a ride and he has a job interview tomorrow morning. So I hope she'll be discharged today," he added.

"So far Doctor Harris doesn't see any problems. So he might release her as soon as he shows up for work," Mary said with a smile.

"Thanks," Michael said then walked away and headed left down the hallway.

Michael walked up to Room 480.

He lightly knocked on the door and opened it and peeked inside.

He saw Abby still asleep in her bed so he closed the door and walked away with the hallway.

Hours had passed and Doctor Harris finished giving Abby and examination with Mary in the room.

“I think she’s ready to be discharged,” Doctor Harris told Mary then walked away and headed to the door.

“Take a shower if you want before you get dressed. Then come down to the nurse’s station, we need to get your insurance information,” Mary said.

“Insurance information?”

“Yes. Come down to the nurse’s station when you get dressed. I have the form you need to complete,” Mary said then turned around and headed to the door.

Abby looked a little nervous while she got out of the bed.

After Mary left the room, Abby removed her hospital gown and walked naked over to the bathroom.

Back at his office desk at the college, Michael graded some more test papers.

After he finished placing a “93” on the front of an exam, he glanced at the framed picture of Jennifer on his desk. He placed

that exam on the completed pile then started grading the next exam.

His desk phone rang. Michael picked up the phone. "Professor Osborne," he answered.

"It's Mary here at the hospital. Abby Austin is ready to be discharged, as soon as she completes filling out the insurance form."

"I'll be right over in a few minutes," Michael replied into the phone then hung up.

He got up from his desk and headed to the door.

Back at the hospital, Abby walked out of her room wearing that blue dress with flowers and blue high heel shoes and had her backpack in hand.

She glanced back at the door while it closed and noticed it was Room 480. She thought nothing of it and walked down the hallway and headed to the nurse's station.

It dawned on her and she stopped, turned around and glanced back at the room. "Four eighty," she quietly said while she remembered being in that room a few days ago when Michael died in 2010.

She walked away while she recalled that morning in her mind.

She walked up to the nurse's station where Mary worked on some paperwork.

Mary looked up and saw Abby standing by the counter.

"Come have a seat," she told Abby.

Abby walked around behind the counter and sat down next to Mary.

"Here's the insurance form," Mary said then slid the form and pen over to Abby.

Abby looked a little nervous while she started to fill out her information. But she figured that with the way paper moves around in 1961, it would be months before they figure out she gave them bogus information.

She started to fill out the form.

Out in the Heartfelt Care Hospital parking lot, Michael parked his Bel-Air.

He got out and rushed to the front entrance of the hospital.

Up on the fourth floor, Michael walked over to the nurse's station where Mary reviewed Abby's completed insurance form.

"Blue Cross Blue Shield is good insurance," Mary said then placed Abby's insurance form on top of the other insurance forms to be processed.

Abby saw Michael standing on the other side of the counter.

“Is she discharged?” Michael asked Mary.

“She can go,” Mary said.

Abby got up with her backpack in hand and headed out from behind the nurse’s station.

“I thought you could use a ride,” Michael told her when she walked up to him.

“That would be nice,” she replied and enjoyed the thought of spending time with him.

They walked down the hallway and headed in the direction of the elevators.

Michael glanced down at her backpack held against her stomach. “That’s a strange backpack. Looks like some kind of fancy Army backpack,” he said.

She held her backpack tighter against her body. “A new design from Florida,” she replied and avoided eye contact since she told a lie.

The elevator dinged and the door opened.

Michael motioned for Abby to go inside first.

She did and he followed behind her.

The elevator door closed and made its journey to the first floor.

A little while later, Michael and Abby walked to his Bel-Air in the parking lot.

Michael walked Abby over to the passenger door. He opened it. Abby looked a little surprised, as no guy in 2010 ever opened a door for her. She loved this and wished more men during her time acted like gentlemen.

Abby got inside her car and he closed the door.

While Michael walked around to the other side, out of old habit, Abby reached over her right shoulder and grabbed in the air for the seat belt. She looked to her right and noticed one wasn't installed. She felt a little stupid while Michael opened the door.

Michael got behind the wheel, started up his car then backed out of the parking spot.

"I hope your fiancé doesn't mind you picking me up," she said while he drove off through the lot.

"Oh no, we talked about that last night. She's looking forward to meeting you."

"I'm looking forward to meeting her," Abby said while Michael turned his car down the hospital entrance road that led to York Avenue.

Michael's eyes widen when he remembered something when he got to the

end of the hospital entrance and stopped at the stop sign.

“Oh, I got you an interview tomorrow morning for a secretarial job at the college. I hope you don't mind,” he said while he waited for an opening in the traffic.

Abby actually thought it might be a neat adventure. “Thanks.”

“And since you don't have a place to stay yet, why don't you stay at mom and dad's house with me. You can sleep in my old bedroom until you find a place. I'll sleep on the couch.”

“I don't want to be a bother,” he said then made a left turn onto York Avenue after a break in the traffic.

“No bother. Mom insisted and wants to make sure you're okay from your fall. She's a bit of a worry wart.”

Abby looked a little nervous about staying at his house but she was looking forward to it.

Michael smiled at the thought of Abby staying at his house for a few days.

Michael drove farther down York Avenue and stopped at a red light.

The light turned green and Michael made a left turn onto Shady Hill Avenue.

“The college is down this road a little ways,” he told Abby.

She smiled then looked out her window enjoying the 1961 sights of Barbourville.

It was not long before Michael drove by the entrance of the college to the right.

“And there’s the Barbourville College. It’s located in the northeastern part of town,” he said while he pointed to the right.

Abby looked and saw a “Barbourville College” sign. But it was a big wooden sign and was nothing compared to the fancy sign encased in stone she saw in 2010.

“How long have you worked there?” Abby asked.

“Oh I started teaching in fifty-eight,” he replied.

Abby faked looking interested with his reply but she already knew the answer.

Michael continued his drive down Shady Hill Avenue.

While they got to the northern end of the college property, Abby spotted the Barbourville Diner off to the left. She thought it was cool seeing that place back here in 1961. It had not chance at all during the past forty-nine years.

Abby’s eyes widened when she ran her tongue across her upper teeth. “I need a tooth brush and tooth paste.



“There’s a Woolworth down on Bumby Avenue up ahead,” Michael replied while he continued down Shady Hill Avenue.

“Thanks.”

Michael drove a little farther down Shady Hill Avenue then made a U-turn when the traffic was light.

He drove a little farther down Shady Hill Drive then made a right turn onto Bumby Avenue.

He drove down Bumby where the Woolworth’s store was to the right.

Abby was looking forward to going into Woolworth’s as she heard her grandmother talk about shopping at one in Orlando.

A little while Michael and Abby finished shopping at Woolworth’s where she bought some toothpaste, toothbrush, deodorant, shampoo, and a hairbrush.

Abby loved these prices while she paid for the items with a ten-dollar bill but this time, she used the one she bought at that Coin Store in 2010. It had a 1959 date on it.

A little while later, Michael turned his Bel-Air right into the driveway of his home. Well, it was actually his parent’s home that he would inherit in 1982.

Abby with her backpack, and Woolworth shopping bag in hand got out of the Bel-Air with Michael.

Abby glanced over and stared at what would be her new home in 2010. It felt weird, as the house looked the same.

Michael walked Abby walk to his front door. He opened it and motioned for Abby to go inside.

Abby stepped inside the living room and saw it was furnished with 1940s style furniture still in excellent condition. The room had a strange déjà-vu homey feeling.

“Mom,” he called out when he stepped inside the living room and closed the door.

“Coming,” Martha called from down the hallway.

Abby noticed that Michael didn't lock the door behind him. Then she remembered her grandmother telling her that during her days, people didn't lock their doors. They didn't fear someone would break inside. But times sure have changed and Abby actually liked these times so far.

Martha Osborne entered the living room. She was in her late fifties, and wore an apron around her plain flowered dress. “Hi

Michael,” she said then saw Abby.  
“Jennifer? Did you dye your hair?”

Michael chuckled.

Abby looked at Martha and she appeared familiar to her.

“No mom. She’s Abby Austin. I told you about her last night,” he said.

Martha looked in awe at Abby looking so much like Jennifer. “Oh yeah, the poor girl that hit her head in the street. I’m Martha,” she said then walked over and gave Abby a little hug.

“I need to get back to the college and finish grading some exams, so why don’t you two get to know each other,” Michael said then walked over and gave Martha a light kiss on her cheek.

“Okay dear,” Martha said.

Michael took a step to the front door then his eyes widened when he remembered something. He turned around. “Mom, show Abby my typewriter and paper supply in my room. She needs to type her resume for an interview tomorrow.”

“Yes dear,” Martha replied.

Michael smiled then turned around and headed back to the door.

Martha grabbed Abby’s hand and walked her out of the living room while Michael left the house.

Martha walked Abby down the hallway to the second bedroom on the right just before the bathroom.

She took her inside the bedroom and Abby immediately knew it was Michael's room. She glanced around the room and it also felt familiar.

Martha walked her over to a small wooden desk and wooden chair against the wall across his bed.

Abby dropped her backpack on the floor by the desk.

Abby saw an old Royal manual typewriter in the middle of the desk. She looked a little intimidated while she looked at the keys.

"There should be enough paper in here," Martha said while she opened up the top drawer to the right side of the desk.

"Thank you," Abby replied while she sat down in the chair.

"You're welcome my dear," Martha said then walked away toward the door.

Martha stopped in the doorway and watched while Abby removed a piece of paper from the desk. There something about her that gave Martha a warm loving feeling. She shrugged it off and went out of the room and headed down the hallway.

Abby looked the typewriter over for the place to insert the paper. After a few bad attempts, she finally got it right. She moved the carriage return handle knowing how that worked from seeing that done in old movies.

She started typing her resume with an occasional finger slipping between the keys.

A few minutes passed and Abby had four crumpled resumes in the trash can. Typing on a manual typewriter was harder than she thought, but she was now getting the hang of it.

Martha walked into the bedroom with a ham and cheese sandwich and two chocolate chip cookies on a plate and a glass of milk.

She walked over to the desk while Abby typed.

“Here you go my dear. I thought you might want something to eat,” she said while she set the plate and glass of milk in front of Abby.

Abby looked at the sandwich, cookies and milk. “Thank you,” she said and loved Martha’s hospitality and knew she would enjoy her stay here.

“You’re welcome. So how’s the resume coming along?” Martha asked while she looked at the typewriter.

“A little slow. I hate typing resumes,” Abby said.

“I don’t know how to type. That machine looks too complicated if you ask me. But Michael has fast fingers. All we would hear was clickety clack clickety clack when he typed his papers for college,” she told Abby.

Abby smiled, as she liked that little story.

“Well, I’ll let you get back to your typing,” Martha said then turned around and headed to the door.

Abby grabbed the glass of milk and took a drink. She set the glass down then picked up the ham and cheese sandwich. She took a bit and it was really good and gave her a feeling of being back home.

While Abby ate her sandwich and drank her milk, Martha would occasionally peek in the doorway. She looked happy to have Abby stay at her home. She loved Michael, but also wished she had a daughter. But as fate would have it, she would only have one child and now age worked against her.

She left the doorway and headed down the hallway to the kitchen.

## Chapter 11

Hours had passed and Abby finally finished typing her resume. And of course Michael's trash can was filled with crumpled rejects. But she was proud of herself for eventually beating the manual typewriter monster.

She pulled the resume out of the typewriter and placed it on the desk.

She walked out of Michael's bedroom and headed down the hallway.

She heard Martha in the kitchen so she headed in there.

Abby saw working on a pot roast in a pan.

Martha turned and saw Abby in the doorway.

"Would you like some help? I'm not much of a cook, but I would like to earn my stay here," Abby said.

"Sure my dear," Martha replied and motioned for Abby to come over to her.

Abby walked into the kitchen.

Martha looked at Abby's dress. "Oh, you better change into something else, I would hate for you to get your dress dirty."

Abby nodded then headed out of the kitchen.

A little while later, Abby returned to the kitchen in her 2010 blue jeans, sandals and light blue blouse.

Martha glanced down at her sandals. “You do have some fancy sandals. I like them.”

“Thanks, now how can I help?” Abby watched while Martha finished chopping up some onions.

Martha looked over her counter. “Why don’t you cut up those carrots into thin round pieces,” she replied.

Abby noticed the carrots on the counter next to a knife. “I can handle that,” she said then headed over to the counter.

While Abby grabbed the knife and started cutting up a carrot, Martha looked at her with a smile. “Reminds me of when Jennifer was a young girl and would help me with cooking.”

Abby looked at Martha and another strange déjà-vu feeling about cutting carrots. “I really hope I’m not a bother staying here,” she told Martha.

“Oh, no bother my dear. If you need a place to stay a little longer until you get established in town, I would actually love to



have a woman around the house. After all, Michael will be moving in with Jennifer next week,” Martha said then her eyes started to well up a little. “These onions always get to me,” she told Abby but in reality, she was already missing not having Michael around the house. He was still her little baby as far as she was concerned.

Abby smiled while she returned to chopping those carrots and was looking forward to spending a few days here. After all, she planned on heading back to 2010 by Saturday night after she saved Jennifer’s life. But she still did not have a plan on how she would do that yet.

Hours had passed and the sun started to head to the horizon in the west.

Michael parked his car in the driveway and got out. He glanced at Jennifer’s house and noticed her Corvair was not in her carport. He knew she must have worked a little late today.

He headed off to the front door.

Michael entered the living room and closed the front door behind him.

Her heard some chatter and laughter from the kitchen and knew Abby and his mom hit it off.

He walked through the living room and headed into the kitchen.

Martha saw Michael while he walked to the doorway.

“Dinner smells great,” he said while he watched Abby finish with the salad in a large bowl.

“Abby’s a jewel. Just like Jennifer,” Martha told Michael.

“I’m home,” Harry Osborne said from the living room then the front door was heard closing.

“That’s my dad,” Michael told Abby.

Harry Osborne, late fifties with salt and pepper hair with more salt than pepper, entered the kitchen in his work clothes and gray metal lunch box. He looked exhausted.

Harry stopped near the doorway the second he saw the back of Abby at the counter placing tongs into the salad bowl.

“We have a guest.”

Abby turned around and looked over at Harry.

“Abby, that’s my dad, Harry. Dad, meet Abby, she just arrived in Barbourville Sunday night for new start in life.”

Harry walked closer to get a better look at Abby. His mouth opened a little in awe. “For a minute, I thought...”

"I know. You thought she was Jennifer. So did I," Martha said interrupting him.

"Strange," Harry said while he placed his lunch box on the counter.

"I'd shake your hand, dear, but they're dirty from the plant," Harry told Abby.

"Dad inspects the Corvairs while they get assembled down the line," Michael told Abby.

Abby smiled at Harry. "It's a pleasure to meet you Mister Osborne."

"Aw, call me Harry. I'm not old enough to be called mister," he said with a chuckle.

"That's debatable," said Martha jokingly while he opened up a cupboard and removed four white plates. She placed them on the counter.

Harry playfully stuck out the tip of his tongue at Martha.

"Put that tongue back in your mouth, and go get washed up for supper, Harry," Martha said while she walked over to the oven.

"Yes dear," Harry replied then walked up to Martha and gave her a kiss on the cheek.

Harry walked out of the kitchen and headed down the hallway.

"And you professor," Martha said while she glanced over at Michael then opened the oven door.

Abby grabbed four plates off the counter and walked them to the dining room while Martha removed the pot roast from the oven. Michael walked out of the kitchen.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and Abby, Martha, Michael, and Harry sat down for a nice pot-roast dinner at the dining room table.

They talked and asked Abby about her life down in Florida. She had to be careful answering to avoid suspicions, but she made it believable she was from 1961.

Abby helped Martha clear away the dishes from the dining room table.

Abby dried the dishes while Martha washed the dirty dishes by hand in the sink with yellow rubber gloves.

Harry entered the kitchen and walked over to the refrigerator. He opened it up, looked inside then closed it. "I need to get some beers out of the garage."

Abby's eyes widen with a little fear. She placed her dried plate back in the cupboard. "I'll get it for you."

"No. I can do that."

"No, let me since you've been so kind, as to give me a place to sleep and meals to

stay for a few days,” she said then rushed to the sliding glass door beating Harry.

“She sure does want to help out,” Harry said while he stepped out of her way.

Abby opened the sliding glass door to the left of the counter and did not notice the small key that hung on a hook on a wooden plaque on the wall to the right of the door.

Martha, Michael, and Harry watched while Abby stepped outside and closed the door behind her.

“I still have this eerie feeling I’ve know her all my life,” Martha said while she looked at the sliding glass door.

Harry glanced over at Martha then back at the sliding glass door. “I know what you mean. And she sure has some fancy sandals.”

“She fell in the street Sunday night in the pouring rain and hit her head. Michael took her to the hospital,” Martha said then returned to washing a dirty plate.

“That’s my boy,” Harry said looking proud of Michael.

Harry’s eyes widen when he remembered something. He rushed over to the sliding glass door. He grabbed the small key off that wooden plaque.

He opened the sliding glass door and stepped outside.

Michael went after Harry.

Outside at the garage, Abby pulled on the handle of the left garage door. It would not open and she remembered it was locked Sunday night.

“You’ll need the key,” Harry’ voice called out from behind her.

Abby turned around in a bit of a panic and saw Harry walking up to her.

Harry took the key and unlocked the padlock. He swung the left door open.

“I thought I’d help out also,” Michael said from behind Michael.

Abby saw Michael walking up to her. She turned back around and saw Harry enter the garage. She rushed after him in a panic and wondered what would happen next after they saw the time machine in the middle of their garage.

Once he stepped inside the garage, Harry flicked on the lights.

Abby’s face cringed and closed her eyes in anticipation of Harry’s reaction.

“What is this?” Harry said from inside.

Abby wondered what would be her response but remembered she told Michael she arrived in town on the bus. She stepped

inside the garage to face the music with Michael who looked curious.

Once they got in the garage, Abby's eyes widen and her eyebrows rose in a little shock when she saw that the time machine was gone. She did a double take and it was still gone. *How am I going to go home?* She said in her mind while she stared at the bare spot in the middle of the garage. Then she remembered the part of the instructions where she told the machine to come back on Saturday night. She forgot about the five minute timer where it went back to 2010. She'll just have to find an excuse to slip into the garage that night to return home.

Harry pointed down at a puddle of dried vomit by his two cases of Budweiser beer to the right of the door. "Some critter must have gotten into the garage," he said while he scrapped a little of the vomit with the toe of his right work boot.

Michael glanced down at the other end of the garage and saw the window above the workbench was opened. "That critter must have climbed through that opened window," he said and pointed at the workbench.

Harry looked at the opened window. "I must have left it opened when I worked in here Sunday afternoon," he said.

Abby saw the opened window she left opened after arriving from the future. She opted to keep her mouth shut and left them believe that's what happened.

Michael walked down and closed and locked the window.

He headed back to the other end of the garage.

Harry reached down and picked up a six-pack of beer. "Got what I need," Harry said.

Abby looked back at the bare spot in the middle of the garage then stepped outside looking worried.

Michael walked out after Abby.

Harry flicked off the garage light then went outside.

Michael and Abby walked away from the garage while Harry closed and locked the garage door.

"Listen, I thought I could take you to Montgomery Wards so you can buy a new dress for your interview tomorrow. I mean I can imagine you didn't bring a lot of clothes with you up here."



Harry walked away from the garage with his six-pack in hand.

“You don’t have to do that,” Abby said while she glanced at the garage over her shoulder.

“It’s no bother. Besides, I was thinking of bringing Jennifer along. She wants to meet you. She’s the love of my life and we’re getting married this Saturday,” he replied with a smile, a he could not wait to make Jennifer his wife.

“I’m happy for you, and I would love to meet her.”

But Abby looked a little sad while she saw Michael's smile.

While Michael and Abby walked to the sliding glass door, they did not see Jennifer who curiously peeked out one of her bedroom room curtains.

“Let me call Jennifer to tell her we’ll go in fifteen minutes,” he said while he opened the sliding glass door.

Abby stepped into the kitchen. Harry stepped into the kitchen after her then Michael stepped inside and slid the glass door closed.

## Chapter 12

It was seven thirty that evening.

Harry settled in his favorite chair in the living room and started watching the *Gunsmoke* TV show. He sipped on his beer while the opening credits started.

Martha sat in her favorite chair and read an Ernst Hemmingway book with reading glasses.

Michael and Abby entered the living room.

“We’re going to pick up Jennifer and head on out to Montgomery Wards. Abby needs some new clothes,” he told his mom and dad.

“Have a nice time,” Martha said while she glanced up over her glasses.

Harry gave them a little wave while his eyes were fixed on the *Gunsmoke* show with his beer in hand.

Michael and Abby walked to the front door.

He opened the door then Abby stepped outside.

Michael stepped outside closing the door behind him.

While Michael and Abby walked through Jennifer's front yard, she spotted Jennifer's blue Corvair parked in her carport.

Michael walked Abby to Jennifer's front door. He knocked.

A few seconds passed and her front door opened and Jennifer appeared wearing a white blouse and black Capri pants.

"Jennifer, meet Abby Austin. The girl I told you about last night."

Jennifer looked at Abby. She did a double take, as she could not believe how much Abby resembled her.

"So, Michael tells me you moved up here from Florida?" Jennifer said while she stepped out her front door with a purse strapped around her shoulder. She closed her front door behind her without locking it.

"Yes," Abby replied and looked at Jennifer in awe, as she felt Jennifer resembled her. She also noticed that Jennifer also did not use makeup. She also had a natural beauty about her.

Abby and Jennifer shook hands. While they shook, a strange warm tingling feeling went through their body. They both found that odd yet enjoyed the feeling.

Michael noticed that Jennifer was about two inches shorter than Abby.

The three of them walked off through Jennifer's front yard headed to Michael's Bel-Air parked in his driveway.

Michael told me you have an interview, as a secretary tomorrow morning."

"Yes I do," Abby replied while it felt nice and weird to be talking to Jennifer recalling that old newspaper article.

"I'm also a secretary for Dean Higgins of the Engineering Department. And I heard that you're a part-time swimming instructor?"

"Yes I am."

"I'm terrified of the water," Jennifer said and had a little body chill while she thought about the idea of swimming.

It was quiet while they walked through Michael's front yard and over to his car in the driveway.

Michael opened up the front passenger door carefully not to ding his dad's two tone blue 1955 Bel-Air parked next to his car.

Jennifer got inside and scooted over to the middle of the front seat.

Abby looked at the rear door.

Michael motioned for her to get in the front seat.

Abby got in the front seat sitting next to Jennifer.

Michael closed the door and rushed around to the driver's side.

He got in, started up the car and backed down the driveway.

It was quiet inside Michel's Bel-Air while he drove down Dorothy Avenue.

Michael turned his car left onto Woodland Avenue.

It was still quiet inside Michael's car while he drove down Woodland.

Abby decided to attempt to break the ice. "So Jennifer. How long have you lived next to Michael?"

"Pretty much my whole life. I was born here in Barbourville, as were my parents," Jennifer replied.

"I was born in Miami, Florida. Mom died when I was a year old. I don't remember much about her. Then dad died in a car accident two years later. My grandparents raised me do up in Orlando. Then they both died two years ago," Abby said and looked sad.

"Oh, is that why you moved up here?" Jennifer asked and touched Abby's hand.

"No. My boyfriend and I had a little spat a year ago. So he left my apartment mad and drove off in the pouring ran. He got into an accident and didn't make it. So I decided to start my life over somewhere out of

Florida. So here I am,” Abby said and her eyes welled up a little.

“Mom died when I was four years old. Then dad had a heart attack three years ago and passed away in the hospital. I don’t have any brothers or sisters,” Jennifer said.

Abby recalled that morning when Michael died from his heart attack in 2010 while she glanced over at him. “Me neither. And no cousins,” Abby said while she looked straight ahead at the windshield.

“The same for me,” Jennifer said and started to feel like they both had something in common.

Abby started having that strange déjà-vu feeling while she thought about Jennifer’s life story.

Michael turned his car right onto Broadmoor Avenue.

Jennifer and Abby were chatty all the way down the street, so Michael turned on his radio.

He softly whistled to the *16 Candles* song that played on the radio and tuned out the girls conversation from his ears. But he was happy they were getting long just fine.

Michael turned left into the Montgomery Wards parking lot.

Jennifer and Abby were still chatty about all kinds of girl stuff. They were becoming best of friends.

Michael parked his car in a parking spot. "We're here," he told the girls who stopped talking.

Everybody got out of his car.

Abby looked at the Montgomery Ward store. It looked familiar. It dawned on her that that's where the 84 Lumber Store was located during 2010.

They walked to the front entrance of Montgomery Wards.

A little while later, Abby, Jennifer and Michael headed to the ladies clothing section of the store.

Michael paced back and forth in the aisle by the clothes while Jennifer and Abby checked out the dresses. He wanted to stay out of their way but also would be clueless with decisions on what dress to buy.

Ten minutes later, and Abby and Jennifer picked out three dresses and three pairs of high heels, a pair of pajamas, and some panties and bras. For some strange reason, both girls had the exact tastes when it came to clothes.

Jennifer and Abby headed to the cashier located by dressing rooms.

Jennifer remembered something when she saw Michael pacing back and forth in the aisle. "You go to the cashier. Michael and I need to look at the lawn mowers. Mine is about to cut its last blade of grass. Meet us over there," Jennifer said then pointed to the area of the store where the Garden Center was located.

"Sure," Abby said.

"Great," Jennifer replied with a warm smile.

She rushed off to Michael.

Abby walked over to the cashier and placed the dresses, shoes, pajamas, panties and bras on the counter.

The cashier started ringing up her items.

"That will be thirty-one dollars and forty-three cents," the cashier told Abby.

Abby reached into her purse removed her two twenty dollar bills and handed them to the cashier.

The cashier placed them in the cash register and gave Abby her change.

Abby dropped the change in her purse while the cashier placed the clothes in a paper bag.

Abby grabbed the bag and headed off in the direction of the Garden Center.



Abby saw Michael and Jennifer checking out a red push mower while she walked up to them.

Jennifer glanced over at Abby and smiled. "Michael and I were thinking of stopping off at the diner for some coffee and pie,"

"That sounds good," Abby replied.

"We'll come by next week and get the mower," Michael told Jennifer.

"Let's get some desert," he told the ladies.

The three of them headed out of the Garden Center and headed through the aisles to the front entrance of the store.

A little while later, Michael turned his Bel-Air left into the parking lot of the Barbourville Diner where the words "Barbourville Diner" was lit up in red neon lettering.

Later in the diner, Abby sat on one side of the booth while Michael and Jennifer sat on the other side of the booth.

Abby faced in the direction of people entering through the entrance in the middle of the diner.

Michael ordered coffee with cherry pie where Jennifer and Abby ordered their favorite coffee with apple pie a la mode.

“Dad started working at the General Motors his plant the day it opened. It was a better job than working at the steel mill up in Hampton,” Michael said then took a bite of his cherry pie.

“My dad and Michael’s dad were also high school buddies. My dad also started working at the plant after it opened,” Jennifer added then took a drink of coffee.

Abby looked at them and had another strange déjà-vu feeling. She shrugged it off and took a bite of her apple pie.

“Then in forty-three, the plant started production of Army trucks for the war,” Michael added.

Abby glanced over at the entrance to the diner the second Kenneth, still twenty-seven years old, stepped inside the diner.

He took a look down his left and his eyes lit up the second he spotted Abby’s pretty face.

He rushed down the diner to her direction.

“Jennifer. You dyed you hair and where’s your glasses?” Kenneth asked while he approached the booth.

Abby looked up at Kenneth and something about him seemed familiar.

Michael's ears perked up when he heard that familiar voice. He glanced over his shoulder and saw Kenneth. "Hey buddy."

Kenneth looked a little confused for a second when he saw Jennifer sitting next to Michael on the other side of the booth. He looked back at Abby. "You're not Jennifer."

"Abby Austin, meet Kenneth Mueller," Michael said.

Abby's ears perked up when she heard Kenneth's name. She remembered him back in 2010 when he visited Michael's funeral viewing. She noticed that Kenneth still had those acne pot marks on his cheek but not the red bulbous nose.

Kenneth looked in awe at Abby and he was instantly smitten. He gave Abby a little tap on her left shoulder to slide across the seat.

She slid across the seat to the window along with her pie and coffee.

"I swore she was Jennifer," he said while he sat down.

"We all did," Michael said.

"Amazing," Kenneth replied while he looked over at Abby making her feel uncomfortable.

“Michael, while I’m here, the guys are ready for your bachelor party on Friday night.”

Michael does not look thrilled about the idea of a bachelor’s party.

“We’ll start around nine,” Kenneth said then he looked at Abby while she took another bite of pie. “So, what’s your story?”

“She arrived in town on Sunday and moved up here from Orlando,” Michael said.

“How did you meet Michael?” Kenneth asked while he stared at Abby making her nervous.

“Sorry Abby, but sometimes he can’t stop being a detective,” Jennifer said then she took a drink of her coffee.

Abby started feeling an uneasy feeling with Kenneth.

“She fell in the rain down the street from my house. I took her to the hospital. She’s staying at my house until she gets a place of her own.”

“Fell in the rain? What were you doing walking out in the rain? I recall we had a bad storm Sunday night,” Kenneth asked with his best integrator’s stare.

“I arrived at the bus station Sunday night, and then got lost trying to find a hotel,” Abby replied while she avoided eye contact with Kenneth.

“Got lost from the bus station,” Kenneth said then looked up at the waitress that just walked up to their booth.

“Your usual?” the waitress asked.

“Yeah. Coffee and Shoofly pie,” Kenneth said while he looked up at the waitress.

The waitress nodded then walked away.

Kenneth returned his eyes to Abby.

“I got her an interview for a secretary’s job at the college in the morning,” Michael said to get Kenneth’s prying eyes off of Abby, as he could sense it made her feel uncomfortable.

Kenneth looked at Michael.

“She’s staying at our house in my room.”

“In your room with you?” Kenneth said while he glanced at Jennifer for her reaction.

“No. I’m sleeping on the couch.”

Jennifer sensed Abby felt uncomfortable. “Enough of the questioning,” Jennifer said and gave Kenneth serious eyes that she meant it.

Kenneth motioned he would then he turned and looked at Abby. He extended his hand out as a friendly gesture. “Well, it’s nice to meet you Abby. And welcome to Barbourville.”

Abby shook his hand. Kenneth quickly turned her hand and kissed the top of it.

Kenneth winked at Michael.

The waitress brought Kenneth his Shoofly pie and cup of coffee.

Abby looked at Michael with a look that she wanted to leave.

Michael saw them and motioned at Jennifer they should leave. Jennifer nodded in agreement.

“Well, Kenneth, we better get going,” Michael said then got out of the booth.

Jennifer scooted across the seat and got out of the booth.

Abby looked at Kenneth who blocked her way out of the booth.

Kenneth saw Michael and Jennifer standing by the booth. He got out of the booth and stood by Jennifer. He watched while Abby scooted across the seat and got out of the bench.

“I’ll see you later,” Michael said.

Kenneth nodded but he kept his eyes on Jennifer and Abby.

He stood by the booth and watched while Abby, Jennifer and Michael headed to the diner entrance.

He sat back down in the booth and took a bite of his Shoofly pie while he kept an eye on the entrance.

Abby, Jennifer and Michael walked out of the diner.

“I think Kenneth likes you,” Michael said while they walked to his Bel-Air.

Abby glanced over her right shoulder and saw Kenneth at the booth staring at them from the window. She still felt uneasy about him.

The three got inside Michael’s Bel-Air.

He started it up, backed out of the parking spot, and drove off heading to Shady Hill Avenue.

A little while later, Michael pulled his car back in his driveway and parked next to his dad’s Bel-Air.

He got out and rushed over to the passenger side of the car. He immediately opened up the passenger door.

Abby and Jennifer got out.

Jennifer looked at Abby with a warm smile. “I’m so glad I finally got a chance to meet you,” she said then gave Abby a little hug.

While they hugged, Abby got a strange warm tingling feeling like she and Jennifer was somehow connected.

Jennifer separated from Abby. “I’ll see you later,” she said then turned her eyes to Michael.

Michael gave her a kiss on the lips.

After they kissed, Jennifer looked at Abby and gave her a little good by wave.

She turned around and rushed off through Michael's yard to her house.

Michael walked to the rear of his car and opened the trunk. He reached inside and grabbed Abby's shopping bag from Montgomery Wards.

He closed the trunk.

Michael had her shopping bag while they walked to his front door.

Michael and Abby entered the living room where Martha already had the couch made up in a bed for Michael.

"Mom's always on top of things," he said the second he saw couch.

"Well, goodnight, Abby," Michael said then had this strange urge to kiss her. He blushed a little feeling guilty about his urge. He handed her the shopping bag.

Abby took the bag. "Goodnight," she said and she also had this strange urge to kiss him. She blushed a little feeling guilty about her urge.

Abby turned around and headed to the hallway.

Michael watched her and could not figure out why he felt like he has known her



for all his life. He shrugged off that feeling and looked at the couch where he saw his folded up pajamas.

Back in Michael's bedroom, Abby walked over to the closet where the door was opened. She saw Michael's clothes pushed over to the left side of the closet and there were empty hangars on the right side. She knew those hangars were meant for her.

She walked over to the closet with her shopping bag and started hanging up the dresses she bought. When we got everything hung, she left her panties and bras in the bag. She removed her pajamas out of the bag then tucked them under her left armpit.

On the floor she saw a box with all those toy airplanes she saw in that photo from the album. She picked up the B-17 airplane out of the box. She held it up in the air and flew it around a little pretending this was how Michael played as a boy. She placed it back in the box.

She looked at another box to the left and saw a Gilbert Erector set in the box with numerous steel cars, trucks and busses.

She figured he tucked them away since he grew up.

Abby turned her eyes out of the closet. She saw a portable electric phonograph on top of the dresser with a small stack of 45 records by it in their paper jackets.

She walked over to the dresser and looked at the phonograph and small stack of records.

She picked up the record on top and looked at it. It was *16 Candles* by The Crests.

Abby started humming part of that song while she looked at the record. She placed it to the side then picked up another record.

It was *Kansas City* by Wilbert Harrison.

Abby started humming part of that song while she looked at the record. She also loved the version The Beatles recorded. She placed it to the side then picked up another record.

It was *The Twist* by Chubby Checker.

Abby started humming and moving her hips in a twisting motion while she looked at the record. She placed it to the side then picked up another record.

It was *Angel Baby* by Rosie and The Originals.

Abby could not resist. She opened up the phonograph lid then removed the record from its jacket. She placed the record on the turntable and turned it on. She moved

the needle to the beginning of the record then immediately turned down the volume. She did not want to wake up Martha from her bedroom across the hallway.

She softly sang out the lyrics to *Angel Baby* while she started undressing.

A little while later, Abby had the records back in a stack and the phonograph lid closed.

She lay in the under the bed covers in her pajamas and stared at the ceiling.

She had another strange déjà-vu feeling while she glanced around his bedroom. But she also had a good feeling about Michael.

Her eyes widened a little and wondered if that time machine would return on Saturday. For a second she was worried it wouldn't then again she thought that living in 1961 would not be that bad.

She closed her eyes and wondered what tomorrow would bring.

## Chapter 13

The sun started to peek above the horizon. It was Wednesday morning.

Martha did her normal routine on waking up Harry and Michael every morning for work.

She walked over to Michael's closed bedroom door. She lightly knocked then opened up the door and poked her head into the room.

"Time to wake up," Martha called out while she glanced at Abby sound asleep in Michael's bed.

Abby stirred a little then her eyes opened. She saw Martha in the doorway in her nightgown.

"Good morning my dear," Martha said with a smile.

"Good morning."

"Harry and Michael offered to let you get to the bathroom first. There's a towel for you on the hook on the back of the bathroom door," Martha said then closed the bedroom door.

Abby tossed the covers off her body and got out of bed.

She headed into the bathroom and got ready for her day.

After a nice breakfast provided by Martha, Harry headed off to the General Motors Plant.

Michael drove Jennifer, and Abby off to the college. The three of them did small talk during the drive to the parking lot of the college campus.

In the parking lot, Abby, Jennifer and Michael got out of his car.

Abby wore one of her new Montgomery Ward outfits. It was dark blue dress with dark blue high heels. She clutched her white purse under her left arm with her resume in her right hand.

They walked off to the college buildings with Michael and Jennifer holding hands. Abby got a little jealous.

When they walked to the campus grounds, Abby glanced around the area and noticed numerous small trees that were recently planted, as they had their brace wires in the ground. She recalled how they were tall and provided shade around campus. Now the campus grounds saw plenty of sunshine.

They walked down the sidewalk amongst numerous students rushing off to their first class.

Abby, Jennifer, and Michael turned left down another sidewalk and headed over to the front entrance of the Science Department building.

“Well, good luck with your interview,” Jennifer told Abby then gave her a good luck hug.

“Thanks.”

“We’ll all meet at my car after work,” Michael told Jennifer.

She smiled then walked off down the sidewalk toward the Engineering Department building next store.

Michael walked over and opened up the right glass front door to the building.

Abby went inside then Michael entered behind her.

The main hallway was busy with students rushing to class.

Michael walked Abby down the main hallway.

“Good morning Professor Osborne,” a young girl student said while she passed him in the hallway.

“Good morning Professor Osborne,” young guy student said while he passed him in the hallway.

Michael walked Abby to a door on the left where a maintenance man just finished painting the black "Science Department" lettering on the glass window. The maintenance man stepped aside when he saw Michael and Abby and knew they needed to go inside.

Michael opened the office door for Abby.

Abby glanced around the office area. She knew it was the office she worked out of in 2010. It looked the same except for the old 1950s style office furniture and filing cabinets.

She glanced at the spot where her desk from present day was and saw an older 1950s style desk. On top of the desk was a Royal manual typewriter, a wooden inbox and outbox stacked on top of each other, and a dial type phone.

Michael entered and closed the door behind him.

He walked her to another door with a glass window that was opened.

Michael entered the office while Abby waited a little nervous outside the door.

“Good morning Doctor Bowman,” Michael said from inside the office.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Abby, but her eyes widened. “Doctor Bowman?” she mouthed the words.

“Good morning, Professor Osborne,” Dr. Bowman replied from inside his office with a younger voice.

“Abby Austin is out here ready for her interview,” Michael replied.

“Very good,” Dr. Bowman replied.

There was a new seconds of silence from inside the office and that gave Abby butterflies in her stomach.

Michael stepped out of the office. He winked at Abby then walked away and headed to the other door.

“Please come in, Miss Austin,” called out Dr. Bowman from inside his office.

Abby took a deep breath of courage and stepped inside his office.

She saw a young and vibrant thirty-two year old Dr. Phil Bowman working behind his desk. He wore a tweed jacket with patches on the elbows. But now he did not have to wear glasses or sported a goatee. Abby thought he actually looked cute.

Dr. Phil Bowman got up from behind his desk and walked over to Abby with a smile.



“You came highly recommended by Professor Osborne,” he said then he got this strange feeling. “Do I know you? You look extremely familiar.”

“I’m sorry, but we never met,” she lied.

“You’re a striking resemblance to Michael’s fiancé Jennifer,” he said while looked at Abby then saw the resume in her right hand. “Ah good, you have a resume,” he added and held out his hand.

Abby handed him her resume.

“Please have a seat,” he said while he walked back around to his chair while he glanced at her resume.

He sat down in his chair while Abby sat down in the chair in front of his desk.

There was silence in his office while he glanced over her resume.

She glanced at the top of his desk and saw a brand new brown leather attaché. It looked just like the faded one he had in 2010. Then Abby realized that that was the same attaché but forty years younger.

“Secretary at the Dr. Phillips Hospital in Orlando for the past four years,” he said while he talked out loud.

Abby nodded in agreement.

Dr. Bowman spent a few seconds glancing at her resume. This caused the

butterflies in her stomach to really start fluttering.

Dr. Bowman placed her resume down on his desk. "Well Miss Austin, I'm in dire need of a secretary. I just got this Dean's position and the previous secretary retired along with the previous Dean. So if you're interested, it starts at a sixty-five cents an hour," he said then waited for her answer.

"Yes sir that would be great."

"Good, you can start right away. The next step is for you to head over to the Human Resources Department in the administration building. It's located two buildings behind us," he said.

"Thank you," she replied.

"Go over there to fill out some paperwork then report back here and we'll get started," he said.

Abby nodded in agreement then stood up and walked out of his office.

Dr. Bowman looked at the doorway and tried to understand his feeling that he met her before. He shrugged it then picked up his phone and dialed a number.

Abby knew the way and walked into the Human Resources Department office in the Administration building.

Behind the desk in the entrance area sat Maris Sommers, now twenty-seven years old with black hair. Abby looked at Maris and she looked familiar. But Abby did not realize that this is the same woman from Human Resources in 2010.

“May I help you?” Maris asked while she looked up from her paperwork. Her eyes widened a little as she thought Abby resembled Jennifer.

“Yes, I’m Abby Austin. Dr. Bowman told me to come here for some paperwork. He wants to hire me as his secretary,” Abby said.

“Yes, he called a minute ago,” Maris said then picked up a job application form and pen from the top of her desk.

She walked out from behind her desk and walked over to Abby.

“Please fill this out at that table,” Maris said while she handed Abby the form.

Abby took the job application form and pen then walked over to the table. She sat down and started filling out the application.

## Chapter 14

Hours had passed and Abby was officially an employee of the Barbourville College for the second time in her life.

Dr. Bowman gave her a briefing on her job duties and her first assignment of typing a letter.

At her desk, Abby struggled to type on that Royal manual typewriter. Her fingers painfully slipped between the keys while she typed a letter with three carbon copies. But she felt it was a little easier since she had practice on Michael's typewriter.

The door of the office area opened and Kenneth poked his head inside. He was in love in the second he saw Abby at the typewriter. He stepped inside wearing a black suit, white shirt and black tie and his black Fedora hat.

Abby was too frustrated with her typing to notice Kenneth walking up to her desk.

"Hi Abby," Kenneth said the second he walked up to her desk.

Abby looked up and was not happy with the sight of Kenneth standing by her desk. "Hi."

“So, this is where you work?” he said with a smile.

Abby nodded and struggled to type.

“I’m lousy at typing the reports I have to complete for the police department,” Kenneth said while he felt her frustration.

“That’s nice,” Abby replied not really paying attention to him.

“I stopped by to ask you out to lunch,” Kenneth asked with hopeful eyes.

Abby stopped typing and looked up at Kenneth.

“I’m too busy for lunch. This is my first day and I want to make a good impression,” she said and looked sincere. “Maybe some other time,” she added then returned to her typing.

Kenneth hung around by her desk for a few seconds.

Abby ignored him and continued typing her letter.

Kenneth frowned and walked away to the door.

When he got to the door then turned around and glanced at Abby. He was a little mad while he watched Abby type and ignore him.

He opened the door and left the office area.

Out in the hallway, Kenneth looked angry while he walked down the hallway. Getting constant rejection by women was starting to eat away at him.

The afternoon flew by and Michael headed out of the Science Department building.

He walked off down the sidewalk and headed to the employee parking lot.

Michael walked through the parking lot and over to his car. He saw Abby leaning against the front end. She looked exhausted.

“A birdie told me that Doctor Bowman hired you,” Michael said with a smile.

“He did and thank you for highly recommending me,” she said with a smile.

He saw a black smudge on the right side of her chin.

“You have an ink smudge on your chin,” he said then walked over to her and rubbed her chin with his right thumb.

She accepted his touch with a warm smile.

“Hello,” Jennifer said while she walked up to Michael and Abby.

Michael quickly removed his thumb off of Abby's cheek afraid Jennifer might think they were fooling around.

"Hi Jennifer, I was," he paused for few seconds as he felt Jennifer was mad. "I was trying to removed an ink smudge off of Abby's cheek.

Jennifer looked and saw some of the black smudge still on Abby's chin. "I looked like that when I learned how to type in high school," Jennifer said then she opened her purse and removed a white handkerchief. She used the handkerchief and wiped the rest of that black smudge off Abby's chin.

"Thanks, Abby said while Jennifer shoved the handkerchief back into her purse.

"So, I take it by that black smudge that you got the job?" Jennifer asked while she closed her purse.

"Yes I did."

"Congratulations," Jennifer said then gave Abby a little hug.

Michael walked around and opened up the front passenger door.

Jennifer got inside the car followed by Abby then Michael closed the door.

Michael rushed around and got behind the wheel.

He started up his car, backed out of the parking spot and drove off through the lot.

Michael pulled his car left onto Shady Hill Avenue, out from the college parking lot.

“Oh Jennifer, mom wants you to come over for dinner. Then after that we can go with mom and dad to the church for a meeting with Pastor Kane later tonight,” Michael said.

Abby looked over at Michael. “I’ll be home alone, is that okay?”

“Sure. You’re like family now. You can watch TV. Father Knows Best is on at eight then The Joey Bishop is on after that. Or you can watch Wagon Train and let dad know what happened. That’s his favorite show,” Michael said.

Abby thought about his response for a few seconds. “I do love the Father Knows Best, but I’ve never seen Wagon Train.”

“Jennifer and I always watched it. But they’re nothing but repeats this year.”

Abby smiled then she glanced out her door window to take in 1961 Barbourville.

A little while later, Michael parked his car in his driveway.

He got out and walked over to the passenger side of the car.



“Does he always open the door for you?”

“Ever since he started to drive. Something his father instilled in him,” Jennifer replied.

“The guys back home are not gentlemen like up here,” Abby replied.

“That’s a shame,” Jennifer said while Michael opened up the passenger door.

Abby and Jennifer got out of the car.

“I’m going to freshen up. Then I’ll be right over,” Jennifer said then blew Michael a kiss.

She headed over to her house while Michael and Abby headed to the front door.

Dinner in the Osborne home was light tonight since they had to be at the church. Martha cooked some chicken noodle soup with ham and cheese sandwiches.

After dinner, Harry and Michael were dressed in their suits while Martha was dressed in a nice dress.

After Jennifer came over in another dress, they all left in Harry’s Bel-Air.

Abby sat alone in the living room and watched TV. She watched the opening credits to the *Wagon Train* show.

After *Wagon Train* was over, she watched *The Joey Bishop* show.

Nine o'clock rolled around and Martha and Harry returned home from their meeting with Pastor Kane at the church.

Michael went over to Jennifer's house to watch *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, as it was part of their weekly ritual.

Martha and Harry retired to bed.

Abby stayed up and watched *The Dick Van Dyke Show*. She was not into this episode, as she's seen numerous times on cable TV back in 2010.

Near the end of the show, Abby started thinking about that time machine and the possible dilemma that it came back early.

She got a little curious then got up off the couch.

She headed out the living room and into the kitchen.

Abby took the garage key off its hook by the sliding glass door.

She opened the sliding glass door and stepped outside.

Abby rushed through the backyard and headed to the garage.

While she unlocked the garage door, she did not notice a back four door 1960 Chevrolet Bel-Air that drove down Dorothy

Avenue and headed down the street past Jennifer's house.

Abby walked over to the garage.

She unlocked the lock, swung open the left garage door and stepped inside.

The garage was dark inside when she stepped inside.

"Please don't be here. Please don't be here," she prayed in the dark. She flipped on the light switch. She looked and that bare spot was still there. But she was relieved. Because if the machine suddenly reappeared in the garage and Harry found it, well, she would be forced to live in 1961.

"I'm so glad," she said then her eyes welled up when she thought about Jennifer. And she couldn't explain why that upset her.

"What are you glad about?" Michael's voice called out from the garage door.

Michael's voice startled Abby and she jumped with a little scream when she saw Michael in the doorway.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to startle you," he said while he walked over to Abby.

He looked concerned when he saw tears in her eyes. "What's wrong?"

"Oh nothing," she said while she paused for an excuse of why she was in the garage at night. "Things have really changed for

me. I was in Florida with a boyfriend. Then he died and I was alone. Then I moved up here and your mom and dad are making me feel part of your family. This has been so nice. It feels like home now. I'm so glad," she said.

He held her in his arms for comfort.

She glanced up and gazed in his eyes. She moved toward his face. Their lips lightly touched. They kissed.

Kenneth peeked in garage window from the outside. He looked pissed with what he saw then moved away in the darkness.

Michael's eyes widened when it dawned on him he was kissing Abby. He pulled away in a panic. "I'm so sorry," he said then stepped away and paced around a little. "What' have I done? I'm going to marry Jennifer."

Abby felt sorry for Michael while she rushed over to him. "Don't worry. It's just an innocent kiss. I'll never tell. I know you love Jennifer."

"For a second there, I actually thought you were Jennifer when I held you in my arms," he said and looked ashamed.

"It's okay. You were not cheating on Jennifer. I would never do anything to crush the love between you two," Abby told him.

“Okay. I better pick up what I came here to get,” Michael said then walked over to the cases of beers by the door.

He picked up a six-pack of beer then walked out of the garage.

Abby walked over to the garage door, flicked off the light then stepped outside.

Outside the garage, Abby closed and locked the left garage door.

She glanced back at the house and saw Michael enter through the sliding glass door with the six-pack in hand. Since Michael kissed Abby, he forgot to ask here why she was in the garage in the first place.

Abby walked through the grass and headed to the house.

Kenneth stepped out of the shadows by the side of the garage wearing black pants and a black turtle neck sweater. He looked angry while he watched Abby head to the house. “I don't fucking understand it.”

He glanced at Michael's house then over at Jennifer's house. He removed a flask from his back pants pocket, and took a drink while he watched Abby go inside Michael's house.

He watched while the light to Michael's kitchen turned off.

He glanced back at Jennifer's house where her bedroom light was turned off.

He waited in the darkness by the side of the garage and drank from his flask.

He saw the bedroom light turn on in Michel's bedroom.

He drank from his flask while he watched Jennifer's house.

## Chapter 15

Some time passed and Kenneth still watched Jennifer's house from the shadows by the side of Michael's garage.

He took another drink from his flask. He looked at Jennifer's house and saw her bedroom light turn on.

He looked over at Michael's house and Michael's bedroom window was turned off.

Kenneth smiled while he shoved the flask back in his back pant pocket.

He removed a ski mask from his other back pocket. He slipped the mask over his head.

Kenneth rushed off through Michael's yard and headed to Jennifer's house.

Kenneth snuck over to Jennifer's bedroom.

He peeked through the crack in her bedroom window curtains.

Through the crack, he saw Jennifer in her bedroom while she sat at her chair in front of her makeup desk naked. She just got out of the shower and she brushed her hair with her glasses off.

Kenneth unzipped his pants while he watched Jennifer brush her hair. He could

see her bare breasts in the reflection of the mirror of the makeup desk.

He pulled his dick out and started stroking it while he drooled at the sight of her bare breasts in the mirror.

Jennifer stood up and he saw her bare ass cheeks. He stroked faster. He watched while she turned around and he saw her patch of black pubic hair. He stroked faster and started to moan. He stoked faster.

“Ahhh!” he cried out when he had his orgasm.

He had his dick in his hand when he saw Jennifer looking through her curtains to investigate that sound she heard outside.

Jennifer’s eyes widened when she saw the masked man. But it was too dark for her to see his dick in his hand.

She screamed from inside her bedroom then ran away from the window.

Kenneth panicked and ran away with his dick protruding from his opened zipper.

He ran to the other side of her house.

Kenneth ran through the side of her yard and to the street.

He ran down the street to where his Bel-Air was parked three houses down from Jennifer’s house.



He got inside his car, started it up, and drove away from Michael and Jennifer's house.

While he drove down the other end of Dorothy Avenue, he realized the tip of his dick protruded out of his opened zipper. He zipped it up.

Back at Michael's house, he lay on the couch and stared at the ceiling in deep thought.

In Michael's bedroom, Abby lay in her pajamas under the covers in Michael's bed. She stared at the ceiling in deep thought.

Abby suddenly had a panicked feeling. She sat up in bed and had this strange feeling something creepy just happened.

She heard the phone ringing from the kitchen.

That was a sign to her that something happened so she got out of bed.

She headed to the bedroom door and left the room.

While Abby walked down the hallway, the phone stopped ringing.

"Osborne residence," she heard Michael say while he answered the phone in the kitchen.

“What?” she heard Michael from the kitchen and it sounded like something was wrong.

Abby walked into the kitchen and saw Michael in his pajamas on the phone. He looked upset.

“I’ll be right over,” he said into the phone then hung it up.

He turned and looked at Abby. “Jennifer saw a peeping tom outside her bedroom window. She called the police.”

Martha and Harry walked into the kitchen.

“Who called?” Martha asked.

“Jennifer. She caught a peeping tom outside her bedroom window.”

“Oh my,” Maratha said then looked worried.

Harry looked pissed. “I’ll get my shotgun,” he said turned around and went into the hallway.

“No dad. The peeping tom ran off. Jennifer called the police. They’re on their way over,” he said then walked out of the kitchen.

Harry returned to the kitchen.

“I’m going over to Jennifer’s house,” he said while he walked through the living room.

“I’m coming along,” Abby said then she rushed out of the kitchen and headed to the living room.

Martha and Harry looked worried.

Michael and Abby rushed over to Jennifer’s front door.

Michael opened the door and rushed inside with Abby right behind him.

Once he got inside her living room, she saw Jennifer sitting on the couch shaken up.

Michael ran over to the couch and sat down next to her. He placed an arm around her shoulder for comfort.

Abby closed the front door behind her then walked over to the couch.

She sat down next to her and touched her back for comfort.

“Did he try to break in?” Michael asked.

“No, he was peeking at me. I was naked since I just got out of the shower.”

Abby looked at Jennifer and she had another strange déjà-vu feeling.

A flashing red light suddenly became visible through living room curtains.

“The police are here,” Abby said while she looked at the curtains.

There was a knock on the door.

Michael got up off the couch and walked to the door. He opened it and Officer Williams stood outside.

“We got a call about a peeping tom,” Officer Williams.

“Yes, my fiancé Jennifer lives here,” Michael said then moved to the side.

“Please come in,” he added.

Officer Williams stepped inside the living room.

“My partner is looking around the backyard for any signs of the guy,” Officer Williams said while he removed a small pad of paper and pen from his shirt pocket. “I’ll need a statement,” he told Jennifer.

While Jennifer provided what little information she could provide, the other police officer searched all around Jennifer’s and the neighbor’s yards.

Five minutes passed and there was a knock on the door.

Officer Williams opened the door and Kenneth rushed inside with a fake look of concern. Kenneth wore brown suit pants, white shirt and his brown suit jacket.

“Hi detective,” Officer Williams said the second he saw Kenneth.

“Is Jennifer okay? I heard on the radio while I left the diner that a peeping tom was in her backyard.”

“She's fine. The peeping tom just watched her. He didn't try to break in,” Michael replied.

“Did you catch him?” Kenneth asked Officer Williams.

“My partner is searching the grounds now.”

There was another knock on the door.

Officer Williams opened the door and his partner Officer Adams stepped inside.

“I searched her yard and the neighbors yard. Nothing,” Officer Adams told his partner. He saw Kenneth. “Hi detective.”

“This creep is probably long gone by now. I'll talk with some of the neighbors tomorrow to see if they saw the guy,” Kenneth said.

Officers Williams and Adams nodded in agreement.

“Did you get a good look at the creep?” Kenneth asked Jennifer.

“No. He wore a ski mask,” Jennifer replied.

Kenneth looked at the two officers. “I would recommend units do a little more patrolling around the other neighborhoods in

case this creep wants to do this somewhere else.”

The two officers nodded in agreement then left the living room through the front door.

“Michael, why don't I stay here at Jennifer's until the wedding. In case this creep shows up again,” Kenneth offered.

Michael looked at Kenneth and nodded that he agreed. “Thanks.”

Jennifer looked at Kenneth. “Thanks. I'll feel safer.”

Abby looked at Kenneth and got an eerie déjà-vu feeling. But she couldn't explain it.

“It's getting late and we have work in the morning,” Michael said then stood up off the couch.

Jennifer stood up from the couch and Michael gave her a kiss.

Michael shook Kenneth's hand thanking him for watching over Jennifer.

Abby stood up from the couch gave Jennifer a hug.

Michael walked to the front door.

Abby walked to the front door where Kenneth opened out his arms for a hug.

Abby looked at Michael and Jennifer who looked like they expected her to hug him.

She let Kenneth hug her and she did not enjoy it.

Kenneth let Abby go and she left the house with Michael.

Kenneth closed the front door then looked at Jennifer.

“I’ll get you a blanket and pillow for the couch,” she said then headed out of the living room.

Outside Jennifer’s house, Michael and Abby walked through her front yard.

“Thanks for coming over. I know Jennifer appreciated it,” he said.

To Abby’s surprise, Michael placed an arm around her in a friendly way.

They walked back to his house.

Hours had passed and Jennifer’s house was dark and quiet.

In the living room Kenneth lay under a blanket on the couch in his tee shirt and boxers.

He sipped on his flask while he stared at the other side of the living room in the direction of the hallway. He put the cap back in the flask.

He got up with the flask and walked over to the nearby chair that had his clothes. He

tucked his flask in the inside pocket of his suit jacket.

He listened for any sounds of Jennifer. The house was quiet.

He gingerly walked out of the living room and headed down the hallway.

He gingerly walked down the hallway to the bathroom at the end of the hallway.

He stopped by Jennifer's closed bedroom door. He pressed his ear against the door for any sounds of activity inside her room. It sounded quiet inside her room so he slowly turned the doorknob and cracked the door open. He paused for any signs of Jennifer. It sounded quiet inside her room.

He slowly opened her bedroom door and peeked inside. Through the crack of the opening he saw Jennifer sound asleep on her back in bed.

He opened the door opened a little more and quietly stepped inside her bedroom. He knew she was a heavy sleeper so the chances of her waking up were slim.

He stood by the door and waited to see if Jennifer would wake up. She did not stir in bed.

He carefully walked toward her bed. She did not move.

He gingerly walked over to her bed and stood by it. He stared down at her with lust



in his heart. He leaned down and flicked her bangs out of her eyes.

He waited to see if she would wake up. She did not so he leaned down and gave her a light kiss on her cheek. She stirred but remained asleep.

He walked over to her dirty clothes hamper.

He opened it up, reached inside and removed a pair of her panties. He shoved his nose into the inside of the panties crotch. He dropped the panties back into the hamper.

He turned around and gingerly walked back to the door.

He left her bedroom and quietly closed the door behind him.

Kenneth walked down the hallway proud of himself for his perverted successes tonight.

He walked back into the living room and headed back to the couch.

He got back on the couch and got under the covers. He closed his eyes the second his head hit the pillow.

## Chapter 16

Thursday morning arrived.

Kenneth got up before Jennifer and headed out to go to his apartment to change suits.

Jennifer got up after he left and got ready for work; she headed over to Michael's house.

During the drive to the college, there was a small talk between Michael, Abby, and Jennifer.

After Michael parked his car, they three walked to the Science Department building.

After Michael gave Jennifer a good-bye kissed, she headed off to the Engineering Department building.

Michael and Abby went inside their building.

Once they were in the main hallway, Abby looked at Michael. "You're okay with Kenneth staying at Jennifer's house?"

"Sure. We've been best friends since the first grade. I trust him."

Michael smiled at Abby while he turned down another hallway and headed to his office.

Abby looked a little unsure while she headed to Dr. Bowman's office.

Later that afternoon, Abby was typing at her desk and she started to master the typewriter.

The office area door opened and Kenneth stepped inside.

Abby was busy typing and did not notice Kenneth while he walked up to her desk.

"Hello Abby."

Abby glanced up from her typewriter and did not look thrilled with the sight of Kenneth.

"I was thinking of taking you to lunch."

Abby looked disinterested. "I'm sorry, but I have too much work for lunch."

While Kenneth stared at Abby her desk phone rang.

"Doctor Bowman's office. May I help you?" she answered the call.

Abby listened to the caller and ignored Kenneth.

He fumed inside while she ignored him. He turned around and headed to the door.

"I would love to," she said into the phone with a smile.

Kenneth left the office area.

Out in the hallway, Kenneth looked angry while he stormed down the hallway.

A male jock with crew cut wearing a letterman's sweater walked in front of Kenneth then stopped suddenly causing Kenneth and him to bump into each other.

"Watch it asshole," Kenneth snarled at the jock then pushed him aside.

The jock got pissed and inched at Kenneth with clinched fists ready to duke it out in the hallway.

Kenneth flashed his police badge.

The jock motioned he was sorry and rushed off afraid of being arrested.

Kenneth stormed down the hallway pushing other students out of his way.

A little while later, Abby and Jennifer sat at a table in the college cafeteria that was packed.

"Kenneth came by my office fifteen minutes ago. He wanted to take me to lunch."

"Why didn't you go?"

"I don't know. He's been coming on to me, but he's not my type."

"Kenneth has a hard time with women. They don't find him attractive. He tried to

date me but I've always had my eyes on Michael."

"You know something strange. Since I was a young girl, I've always wanted to name my son Michael Christopher," said Abby.

"Really? How did you know Michael's name was Christopher?"

Abby felt a little caught and she scrambled in her brain for a believable answer. "I saw the wedding invitation at Michael's house."

"Do I have to worry about you trying to steal Michael from me?"

"Oh no. The both of you belong together. I'll never be threat."

"I'm just teasing. I trust you for some strange reason."

Abby looked relieved.

"Listen, I was thinking. I'm short one bridesmaid, so I was thinking you could fill in? You're the same size as Betsy, so I already have a dress. She had to rush off to Ohio because her grandmother became deathly ill."

"I would love that."

"Good, we have rehearsal tonight at the church then dinner afterwards."

Abby and Jennifer did not notice Kenneth who spied from outside at one of

the windows from across the cafeteria. Kenneth looked furious while he rushed away from the window.

Later that afternoon in the detective's room at the police station, Kenneth sat behind his desk dialing a number on his desk phone.

"Orlando police department, how may I help you?" an officer answered the call.

"This is Detective Kenneth Mueller from the police department in Barbourville, Pennsylvania. We have a lady up here named Abby Austin who claims she came from your city. I'm doing a background check on her for her employment with the Barbourville College. I'm trying to verify she lived in Orlando and if she has a criminal record."

"Abby Austin. I'll get back with you. What's your number Detective Mueller?"

"Five five five, one eight zero eight."

"Got it. I should have a response later today."

"Thank you officer."

Kenneth hung up his phone and looked suspicious.

The workday was over and Michael, Jennifer and Abby left the campus parking lot in his Bel-Air.

Michael turned his car left onto Shady Hill Avenue from the college parking lot.

“Oh, Betsy couldn't be one of my bridesmaids, so I asked Abby to fill in.”

“That would be great,” he said then thought about Betsy. “I hope her grandmother gets better,” Michael added.

“Plus Kenneth's been coming around trying to take out Abby,” Jennifer said.

Michael turned his car right down Bumby Avenue.

“This isn't the way home,” Jennifer said.

“I figured we have some time, so I thought we could show Abby a little part of our town.”

Michael turned his car right on Juniper Avenue.

Down Juniper and to the right was the Peterson Elementary School.

“Here's where Jennifer and I sent to elementary school.”

Abby looked at the school while the car got closer. She got another strong déjà-vu feeling while Michael stopped his car by the curb. She heard the voices of two young kids in her mind.

“Hi, my name is Jennifer. What's yours?” the voice of a young Jennifer was heard in Abby's mind.

“I'm Michael,” the voice of young Michael was heard in Abby's mind.

Abby looked a little baffled by the voices in her head.

“This is where I first met the love of my life.”

“It was the first day of first grade. My dad moved to the house next to Michael's a day before first grade started. Before that we lived on the other side of town,” Jennifer said.

Abby turned and gave Michael and Jennifer a warm smile but then felt sad for Michael.

Michael drove his car off down the street then stopped at the stop sign. He made a left turn onto York Avenue.

Abby looked over at Jennifer and Michael and saw she had her head rested on his shoulder while he drove down York Avenue.

She looked away.

Michael turned his car to the left onto Thorndale Avenue.

He drove down Thorndale a little ways then turned left down Oak Avenue.



Up ahead to the left was a little league baseball field.

Michael stopped his car and looked at the baseball field. "Here's where Kenneth and I had our first fight," he said then recalled the memory with a chuckle. "I was pitching and Kenneth was the batter. I struck him out and he got pissed, flung his bat at me then charged after the mound."

"Kenneth has a bit of temper, but he's still been a good friend," Jennifer added.

"He got his temper under control years ago," Michael said.

Abby glanced at the field. No voices. No strange déjà-vu.

Michael drove his car off down the street.

"We love Kenneth. But what he really needs is a woman," Jennifer said while Michael turned left down Rancher Avenue.

Up ahead to the right was a small city park.

Michael stopped his car by the entrance to the park. They all glanced at it.

"This is where Michael finally got the nerve to kiss me."

Michael smiled recalling that day. "I was scared to death. Shoot, I was only fourteen and never kissed a girl."

Abby saw a large oak tree to the right of the park. She got a strange feeling of being kissed. "He kissed you by that large oak tree."

Michael and Jennifer looked surprised. "How did you know that?" Michael asked.

"Educated guess. My first kiss from my ex-boyfriend was also by large tree," she lied.

Abby looked at Jennifer and Michael just in time to see her give him quick kiss on his lips. She felt the kiss on her lips. It felt wonderful.

Michael drove away down the street then turned left on Broadmoor Avenue.

"Michael proposed to me at his parents cabin after we graduated from college."

"That's where we'll spend our honeymoon," Michael added.

Jennifer snuggled closer to Michael.

Abby felt loved all of a sudden and it was a great feeling.

Michael stopped at the red traffic light at the end of Broadmoor Avenue.

After the light turned green, Michael made a left turn and headed down Montvale Circle.

After a few minutes of the drive down Montvale, the Shumaker's Lounge was

visible on the right side. The parking lot was packed.

Abby looked over at Michael and saw the bus station across the street from the lounge.

“And you know the bus station,” Michael said while he saw Abby looking at it.

Michael drove down a little farther and a huge plant was visible to the right.

“And there’s the General Motors plant,” he told Abby while he slowed down.

Abby looked out her window and saw a huge lot full of shiny new 1961 Bel-Airs and Corvairs ready to be transported to their dealers.

Michael continued his drive down Montvale Circle then made a left turn onto Woodland Avenue at the green traffic light.

Michael drove a little ways down Woodland. “There’s Piedmont where the Barbourville Motor Court is located. See, you were close to it on Sunday night,” he said while he pointed to the right at Piedmont Avenue.

“Yeah, I see what you mean,” Abby said playing along.

While Michael drove down Woodland, Abby saw another newer neighborhood called Oak Forest Estates.

After a little farther drive down Woodland, Michael made a left turn on Dorothy Avenue coming in at the other south entrance to his neighborhood.

Michael drove down Dorothy Avenue and made a left turn into his driveway.

## Chapter 17

It was early evening.

Kenneth sat at his desk in deep thought while he drank his seventh cup of coffee at the police department. It was a slow day for criminal investigations so the other two detectives left early.

Kenneth's phone rang on his desk.

"Detective Mueller," he answered.

"Yes Detective Mueller. I'm Officer Bruce Kayne from the Orlando police department. You inquired earlier about an Abby Austin from down here?" Officer Bruce Kayne replied from the phone.

"Yes I did."

"We don't have anything on this woman. No known driver's license. No known address and no criminal record. Are you sure she was from Orlando?"

"That's what she claims."

"Sounds like she might be hiding something. But if anything shows up, I'll give you a call."

"Thank you officer," Kenneth said then hung up the phone.

He looked suspicious while he gulped down the rest of his coffee.

He glanced at this watch after placing his coffee cup on his desk.

“I got some time,” he said and looked like he had an idea.

He got up from his desk and rushed out of the room.

Out in the parking lot of the police station, Kenneth got inside his Bel-Air and drove out of the parking lot looking like he was on a mission.

A little later, Kenneth parked his car about eight houses down from Michael's house. He parked knowing Michael never drives down this part of Dorothy Avenue.

He sat inside his car and conducted a little surveillance on Michael's house. The police radio under his dash made an occasional call to patrol cars working the night shift.

He watched while Jennifer walked out of her front door and headed across her front yard to Michael's driveway.

Michael walked out of his front door with Abby, and Martha and Harry behind him.

They walked to Michael's Bel-Air parked next to Harry's Bel-Air.

Michael smiled the second he saw Jennifer standing by the front passenger door.

Kenneth still watched from inside his Bel-Air while Michael was a gentleman and opened up the car doors for the girls and his parents.

“Always the fucking gentleman,” he said and did not sound impressed with Michael.

He watched while Michael’s Bel-Air backed down his driveway, the drove off down Dorothy Avenue in the opposite direction.

Kenneth pulled his car in drive and slowly moved down the street closer to Michael’s house.

Once Michael's Bel-Air was way down Dorothy Avenue Kenneth pulled his car into Jennifer’s driveway.

Kenneth got out of his car and rushed to Jennifer’s front door. He stepped inside her house.

A few seconds later, Kenneth rushed out of Jennifer’s sliding glass door.

He rushed though the sliding glass door at Michael’s house.

He opened up the door and rushed inside Michael’s kitchen.

Kenneth rushed down the hallway and entered Michael's bedroom.

Once he was inside the room he looked around for any of Abby's personal items.

He rushed over to the closet and opened the door.

In the closet, he saw Michael's clothes on the left side then saw Abby's clothes on the right side.

"Well ain't this fucking quaint," he said while he started to check out her dresses.

He glanced down at the floor and saw a Montgomery Wards shopping bag, next to pairs of high heel shoes and her sandals, next to her black backpack.

He reached down and opened up the shopping bag and saw two pairs of white panties and two white bras inside.

He looked at the sandals and backpack and thought they looked strange. He picked them up and walked them over and sat down on the bed.

"What the hell are these? I've never seen these types of sandals before," he said while he checked out her sandals. He sniffed them then dropped them down to the floor.



“Is this some type of Army backpack?” he said while he looked it over.

He saw the zipper then unzipped it. He reached inside and removed her blue jeans. He found them strange and dropped them to the floor where they landed on her sandals.

He reached inside and removed her blouse. He looked at it then dropped it to the floor. It landed on her jeans.

He reached inside the backpack and removed a pair of her black sexy 2010 panties. “Whoa!” he said while he checked them out then sniffed the inside of the crotch. “Sweet,” he said with horny grin then dropped the panties to the floor. They landed on top of her clothes.

He reached back inside the backpack and removed three photos.

He looked at the photo of Jennifer and Michael kissing that he remembered taking with Michael’s camera. “Why does she have this?”

He set it down on the bed.

He looked at the second photo. He saw it was of him and Jennifer leaning against her Corvair. “What the hell?”

He placed it on top of the first photo.

He looks at the third photo of Abby and Rich on the Florida beach. He found it odd.

He focused on the space shuttle launching in the sky.

“What the hell is that?” he said then looked closer at the photo. “Is that some weird rocketship?”

Kenneth glanced down at her clothes then at the Florida beach photo in his hand. “What the hell is her story?” he said and really got suspicious.

He snatched up the other two photos and dropped all three into the backpack. He rethought that then reached back inside the backpack and removed the photo of him and Jennifer. He tucked it away in the inside pocket of his suit jacket.

He reached down and grabbed her clothes and sandals. He shoved them in the backpack.

He got off the bed and rushed over to the closet. He dropped the backpack on top of her high heel shoes then closed the closet door leaving it cracked open.

He spotted the dirty clothes hamper close by. He could not resist.

He rushed over and opened up the hamper. He looked inside then removed pair of Abby's dirty panties. He stuck his nose into the crotch of the panties and took a sniff. “Smells like Jennifer,” he said then

dropped them in the hamper. He closed the hamper lid then rushed out of the bedroom.

Michael rushed through Michael's house and out the sliding glass door.

He rushed through his backyard then through Jennifer's backyard.

He rushed over to his car. He chose that path in case one of the neighbors had peering eyes through their curtains.

Over in the nearby Church Of Our Savior, located on Thorndale Avenue south of Broadmoor, Michael stood on the raised area in front of the pews.

To Michael's left stood Pastor Kane.

To the Pastor Kane's right were the bridesmaids, Abby, and Gail Abbott now twenty-seven years old.

Martha sat alone in one of the front pews on the right side.

Michael glanced down at the front doors past the pews. He glanced over at Abby. She gave him a warm smile.

The rear door opened and Kenneth rushed down the aisle.

"Sorry I'm late, police business came up at the last minute," he said the second he walked up to Michael.

Kenneth stood next to Michael then glanced over at Abby. He gave her his suspicious detective stare.

Abby glanced over at Kenneth and felt uncomfortable with his peering suspicious eyes. She looked away and avoided eye contact.

The organist started playing the Wedding March song.

A side door at the end of the pews to the left opened.

Jennifer strolled out of the opened doors arm in arm with Harry.

Kenneth stared at Abby while Jennifer and Harry strolled down the aisle while the Wedding March song played.

Abby could feel his eyes on her even though she avoided eye contact. It started to make her skin crawl.

Kenneth took his eyes off Abby and looked at Jennifer. He got a strong feeling of jealousy while Jennifer walked down the aisle arm an arm with Harry.

They continued to practice the wedding ceremony.

After rehearsal, Abby, Gail, Michael, Martha, Jennifer, Michael and Kenneth had reservations at the Brandywine Restaurant located on the outskirts of town just off

Amster Road before the bend that soon becomes Shady Hill Drive.

Abby recalled seeing this restaurant in 2010 when she first drove into town. She was glad the place survived the test of time and was still opened.

The restaurant was packed but the Osborne party had one of the three private rooms that catered to larger parties. The room was to the left of a larger room.

They sat at a round table where Jennifer, sat next to Michael's right side. Abby sat next to Michael's left side.

Gail sat next to Abby's left side.

Harry sat next to Gail's left side.

Martha sat next to Harry's left side.

Kenneth sat next to Martha's left side and Jennifer's right side to complete the circle.

Dinner was recently delivered and they started to eat. Everybody drank iced tea except for Kenneth who was on his second whiskey and water.

"So Abby, now that you're part of our happy family, we should know more about you," Kenneth said while he glanced across the table at her.

"There's nothing much to tell."

“Do tell,” Kenneth replied with inquisitive pair of eyes.

Abby felt uncomfortable with all the peering eyes from around the table.

Martha leaned over at Harry. “I just can get over how much she feels like family,” she quietly told Harry.

Harry nodded in agreement with Martha.

“Well, like I said before, I’m from Orlando, Florida. I was born in Miami and moved to Orlando after my parents died. My grandparents raised me.”

“What where in Orlando?” Kenneth fired out the next question.

“I lived off Orange Avenue.”

“Where did you work?” Kenneth fired back.

Abby paused for a few second while she took a sip of water.

“Secretary at a hospital.”

“What hospital?” Kenneth fired back.

Abby paused for a few seconds while she took another sip of water. She fidgeted in her seat. “Doctor Phillips Hospital.”

Michael, Jennifer, and Gail looked bothered with Kenneth’s rapid fire of questions.

“Stop the interrogation,” Jennifer said while she lightly smacked Kenneth’s left hand.

Kenneth glanced at Jennifer and she gave him eyes to show she was getting a little mad with him.

"I'm sorry, Abby. It must be the detective in me," he said while he looked back at Abby and appeared to be sincere.

Abby accepted his apology but still felt uncomfortable.

"I'll tell you what, I'll take Abby out for a few drinks and some dancing after dinner to make up for me acting improper," Kenneth said.

"That would be nice," said Harry.

"Yes that would. After dinner, I have to help Jennifer get her dress ready," Martha said.

"I actually brought some exams home to grade. So I'll be busy," Michael added but for some strange reason, he felt a little jealous with the thought of Kenneth taking Abby out.

Abby felt pressured and a little nervous with this proposal. "Okay."

"I promise I'll be a gentleman with our new friend," Kenneth said then crossed his heart.

"I know you will," Martha said and winked at Kenneth happy he had a date.

It was quiet around the table while they all continued with their dinner.

Martha glanced across the table at Gail. "How's your new job at Wendy's Hair Salon?"

"It's going great. But hopefully I'll find sweet man to marry and settle down," Gail replied while she discreetly glanced over at Michael.

"I'm available," Kenneth said while he took a sip of his drink.

Gail rolled her eyes. She was never interested in Kenneth and recalled those creepy times in high school when he asked her out on dates. "But my first plan is to save up for a car," she said then took a drink of her tea.

After dinner, Jennifer, Abby, Gail, Michael, Kenneth, Martha, and Harry walked out of the restaurant. They headed to the parking lot.

"Thanks for dinner," Gail said then gave Martha a kiss on their cheeks. She then gave Jennifer and Michael a kiss on their cheeks.

Kenneth moved his cheek out at Gail for a kiss.

"Good night Kenneth," she said then looked at Abby. "Will I see you tomorrow night, Abby?"



"Tomorrow night?" Abby replied and did not have a clue.

"Of course she's going to be at my bachelorette party," Jennifer said.

"Of course," Abby added with a smile and looked forward to partying with some 1961 ladies.

"Good. I'll see you tomorrow night," Gail said then walked over to a two-tone green four door 1957 Chevy that belonged to her dad.

The rest of them walked away and headed over to Michael and Kenneth's cars parked side-by-side at the other end of the lot.

"Well, thank you for dinner. And I hope you all have a nice night," Kenneth said then walked over and gave Martha a kiss on her cheek. He shook Harry's hand.

He walked over and gave Jennifer a kiss on her cheek. He shook Michael's hand. "I'll be in touch for tomorrow night, buddy," he said then winked at Michael.

"Okay," Michael said and did not look thrilled.

Michael walked over and opened up the rear passenger and front doors.

Kenneth escorted Abby to his car. He did something he does not agree with, he opened up the front passenger door for

Abby. He figured he needed to pretend to be a gentleman tonight.

He got inside behind the wheel.

The second he started up the engine, the police radio started broadcasting a radio call.

Kenneth reached down and flipped the radio off. "We don't need to listen to that crap," he said then backed his car up.

He drove his car through the parking lot behind Michael's Bel-Air.

"I am truly sorry about my behavior tonight at dinner," Kenneth said while he pulled his car back onto Amster Road after Michael's car.

Abby looked over at Kenneth and he appeared to be sincere. "That's okay."

Kenneth had a smirk while he drove around the bend and followed Michael's car into town.

Kenneth made a left turn down Montvale Circle while Michael continued his drive down Shady Hill Avenue.

A little while later, Kenneth and Abby sat a two-person table in Shumaker's Lounge.

The lounge was half-full with patrons. A jukebox played songs. A Rickey Nelson *Traveling Man* song played at the moment.

Kenneth hummed to the song.

Abby smiled, as she likes that song.

Kenneth stopped humming. "Since I've asked you so many questions about your life, I guess it's fair for me to tell you a little about me."

"That would be nice."

"Well, I was born in Kingsville located seventy miles away. My dad worked at the steel mill over there. Then in thirty-eight when I was around four, dad got a job at the new General Motors plant that opened up here in Barbourville. We moved here," he said then gulped down the rest of his whiskey and water.

He motioned for Nancy the waitress that he wanted to see her.

"I met Jennifer and Michael in the first grade and we've been best friends ever since.

Nancy walked over to the table. "Yeah sugar."

"Another one, Nancy," he said while he handed her his glass.

Nancy glanced at Abby while she took his empty glass. She leaned over at Kenneth's ear. "Nice date. But she looks like Jennifer," she whispered in his ear.

Kenneth smiled while Nancy left the table.

Abby looked suspicious. "What did she say?"

"Oh, she's just an old friend teasing me about having drinks with you."

Abby sipped on her drink that looked like it was hardly been touched.

Kenneth looked a little apprehensive while he looked at Abby. But he had numerous whiskeys and water drinks so he decided to go ahead. "I've never told anybody this, but I still have a huge crush on Jennifer. I've had it ever since I hit puberty. But she wanted Michael, so we just remained good friends. But I'd marry her in a heartbeat if she left Michael. I mean I don't want that to happen. But if she did, I'd be there."

The *Angel Baby* song started playing on the jukebox.

Kenneth smiled. "That's Jennifer's favorite song."

Abby could not believe her ears.

Nancy brought Kenneth his new drink.

"That's also my favorite song," Abby replied then realized she should have kept her mouth shut.

Nancy looked at Kenneth. "A gentleman would ask the lady to dance to her favorite song."

Kenneth's eyes lit up then looked at Abby. "May I have this dance?"

Abby hesitated to respond, as that did not sound appealing.

"Go ahead sugar. Dance with him. After all, its Jennifer's favorite song," Nancy said then walked away from the table.

Abby reluctantly got up from the table.

Kenneth got up and walked Abby over to the dance floor where four other couple slow danced.

Abby and Kenneth started slow dancing. She was not enjoying it while he hummed the song in her ear.

The time at the lounge was finally over and it was a quiet in the car while Kenneth drove her back to Michael's house.

A little while later, Kenneth pulled his Bel-Air into Jennifer's driveway. He parked behind her Corvair that was in the carport then turned off the engine.

"Thanks for tonight and the slow dance," he said.

"You're welcome."

Before Abby could react, Kenneth scooted over, and forced a kiss on her lips.

Abby tried to push Kenneth off her.

He forced his lips harder against hers.

Abby was finally able to push Kenneth away with her left hand against his forehead while he opened the door with her right hand. She fell out of the car and landed on her butt on the driveway.

Outside his car, Abby got up and rushed away through Jennifer's front yard and headed over to Michael's house.

Kenneth closed his passenger door and was pissed. "Damn it!"

He slammed open his glove box and removed his silver flask. He opened the flask and took a long drink. He closed the flask and shoved it in his right suit pocket.

Inside Michael's house, Abby entered the living room.

She gingerly walked past Michael while he slept on the couch.

She went down the hallway where she gingerly walked to Michael's bedroom door.

She went inside Michael's bedroom where she closed the door. She leaned against the door and a creepy chill ran through her body while she thought about Kenneth kissing her.

## Chapter 18

It was in the middle of the night and Kenneth lay on Jennifer's couch under a blanket in his boxers and tee shirt. He had his flask in hand and took a periodic drink while he stared at the photo of him and Jennifer leaning against her Corvair.

He started to get horny while he looked at Jennifer in the photo. He placed the flask on the floor and shoved his free hand under the covers. He started rubbing with his crotch while he started to fantasy about Jennifer.

He got off the couch.

He staggered a little down the hallway and to the bathroom.

He stood in the doorway of the bathroom and looked at the closed door to Jennifer's bedroom. He debated in his mind for a few seconds. He removed his tee shirt and boxers and stood there naked.

He stepped out into the hallway and quietly opened her bedroom door. He peeked inside and saw Jennifer was sound asleep on her back.

He quietly opened the door and stepped inside her room.

Once he got inside her room he paused in the doorway.

He tiptoed over to Jennifer's bed.

Kenneth looked down at Jennifer with lust in his eyes while he fondled his crotch. He started stroking himself but decided that was too much of a risk.

He turned around and tiptoed back to the door.

He left her room and slowly closed the door behind him.

He stepped back inside the bathroom and slipped on his boxers and tee shirt.

He walked back down the hallway and headed to the living room.

Over in Michael's bedroom, Abby was in bed and stared at the ceiling in deep thought. Something started to bug her and she glanced over at the closet. She saw the closet door was cracked opened. She remembered closing it this morning when she left for work.

She got up and walked over to the closet.

She opened the close door and saw her backpack was on top of her high heel shoes.



She looked in the closet and noticed her backpack was on top of her shoes. "That's strange. Was someone in here?"

She reached down and grabbed her backpack and walked back over to her bed. She reached inside her backpack and rummaged around with her hand. She removed two of the three photos she dropped inside when she left 2010.

She saw the photo of Michael and Jennifer kissing and the photo of her and Rich at the Florida beach.

"Where's that other photo?" she asked while she rummaged through the backpack for the photo of Jennifer and Kenneth. She could not locate it in the backpack.

"Someone took it. But who?" she asked then it took a few minutes for it to dawn on her. "Kenneth!" she said and that thought made her extremely nervous.

She looked at the photo of her and Rich on the beach during the space shuttle launch. Then that photo started to get blurry.

Abby rubbed her eyes.

She looked at the photo again and Abby in the photo morphed into another girl named Becky. Rich did not change. They appeared to be extremely happy. "What?" she said while she rubbed her eyes again.

Abby looked at the photo of Michael and Jennifer kissing. Jennifer in the photo got blurry then morphed into Abby. It was now a photo of Abby and Michael kissing.

“What the hell is going on?” she said while she stared at the photo of her and Michael kissing.

She stared at the two changed photos while she tried to comprehend what is going on. Her eyes widened when it dawned on her.

“This explains all those déjà-vu feelings. I'm really Jennifer! But how can that be possible? Am I her reincarnated?”

While Abby continued to glance at the photos, they mysteriously morphed back to their original condition.

“I can save my own life?” she said while she looked at the photos.

Abby took the photo of Jennifer and Michael kissing and got on the bed with that photo close to her heart. She looked determined while she stared at the ceiling.

She closed her eyes and fell fast asleep.

Back in 2010, Michael's garage old, Kenneth stood in the doorway with his red bulbous nose and stared at the time machine. “Where the hell did she go?”

Kenneth looked intimidated while he walked over to door of the machine.

He lightly tapped the door handle afraid of being zapped again. He lightly touched the door handle. It was safe. He opened up the door and sat inside the time machine.

While Kenneth sat in the machine he glanced at the console.

He saw the "Destination" date display with "May 14, 1961."

"What the hell is she doing back there?"

He glanced at the "Pick-up" date and saw May 20, 1961 and didn't think anything about it.

Kenneth got out of the time machine and closed the door.

He walked out of the garage.

Kenneth stood outside the garage and eyed Abby's house where the lights were still on in her bedroom.

He walked off and headed to her house thinking she returned.

Kenneth walked over to the window of Abby's bedroom. He peeked in her bedroom window and saw the 1961 newspaper article about Jennifer's death and picture on her sleeping bag.

He looked back at the garage and looked back through her window. Then it dawned on him. "Damn it."

Kenneth rushed off and headed toward the front of Michael's house.

Back in 1961, Abby tossed and turned in Michael's bed having another nightmare.

In her nightmare, Abby was a passenger in a car driving down a two-lane country road.

The car came to a wooden bridge with wooden guardrails that crossed part of a lake.

There was a gunshot. Another vehicle bumped the car from behind.

Abby screamed and another female screamed while the car swerved all over the road.

The car crashed through the wooden guardrails to the left.

The car splashed into the lake.

The car started sinking into the lake.

Abby panicked and tried to open the car door. It would not open. She frantically tried to roll down the door window. It wouldn't open.

Water poured inside the car from everywhere.

The inside of the car was filled with water.

Abby floated wide-eyed in the water filled interior of the car. Jennifer was gone.

Abby bolted up from her nightmare gasping for air with her arms flailing in the air.

She looked around the room confused. Then it dawned her she had that recurring nightmare. She lay back down and stared at the ceiling looking worried.

## Chapter 19

Friday morning arrived and the sun was peeking above the horizon again.

As with her normal routine, Martha got up before everyone else did in the Osborne household.

The sound of Martha in the kitchen woke Michael up.

While she started cooking breakfast, Michael took his shower and got ready for work.

Abby got up and was ready for work.

Harry got up and was ready for work.

Abby in her dress and high heels helped Martha place plates of scrambled eggs, bacon, and toast on the dining room table.

Then came the four glasses of orange juice along with four coffee cups and a pot of coffee.

“Breakfast is ready,” Martha called out.

Martha and Abby sat down at the dining room table.

Harry walked into the dining room in his work coveralls and sat down.

Michael enters in his suit and sat down.

Martha grabbed the pot of coffee and started pouring coffee into all the cups.

“So Abby how was your evening with Kenneth?”

Martha looked hopeful while she poured coffee.

“We went to a lounge.”

“Shumaker's Lounge?” Harry asked.

“Yes. I had a drink and Kenneth had about four. Then we slow danced to one song.”

“What song?” Martha pried.

“Angel Baby.”

“That's Jennifer's favorite,” Michael said then took a bite of his piece of bacon.

“Mine too,” Abby replied then ate some scrambled eggs.

“That's a coincidence,” Harry added then he took a drink of coffee.

Abby took a sip of coffee and looked bothered. “Then he tried to kiss me when he parked his car in Jennifer's house.”

“That's sweet,” Martha said then she ate some scrambled eggs.

Harry ate his eggs and was not bothered by Abby's comment.

Michael looked a little jealous and could not explain why. “Poor Kenneth wants a girlfriend so bad.”

“I still believe he liked Jennifer. But she fell in love with Michael,” Martha said then winked at Michael.

"We're looking forward to bringing her into our family," Harry said.

Martha looked over at Abby. "I would love to include you as part of our family. And that means that if you move somewhere else in town, you're always welcomed here."

Harry nodded in agreement with a mouth full of scrambled eggs.

Martha remembered something. "Now, I don't want you drinking too much tonight at your bachelor's party," she said in her motherly tone of voice. "Not like someone else I know that had a bad hangover during his wedding," she added while she looked at Harry.

"Guilty as charged!" Harry said then chuckled.

Abby looked at Michael and started to feel sorry for him.

Michael looked at his watch. "We better go. I have a physics class first thing this morning."

Michael got up from the table.

He walked over and gave Martha a kiss on her cheek. "I'll see you tomorrow at the church."

Michael headed to the doorway of the dining room.

"Don't forget the keys to the cabin," Harry called out.



“I won't,” Michael called out while he walked down the hallway.

Abby got up from the table. “I need to get to work also,” she said then smiled at Martha and Harry.

Abby walked out of the dining room.

Harry leaned over and gave Martha a kiss on her cheek then got up from the table. “I got some new cars to inspect,” he said then he headed to the kitchen where his lunch box waited on the counter.

Martha got up and started gathering the dishes off the table.

Michael walked out of the front door with a small suitcase in hand. Martha packed it last night while Abby was out with Kenneth.

Abby followed behind Michael and closed the front door behind her.

While Michael and Abby got inside his Bel-Air, Jennifer walked out her front door and walked over to her Corvair.

Kenneth's Bel-Air was already gone, as he headed off to the police department early.

Michael and Abby got in his Bel-Air.

“You can catch a ride home with Jennifer after work. I'm heading straight to the cabin,” Michael said while he started up his car.

Abby nodded in agreement.

“With Jennifer's bachelorette party tonight, you can meet some of her friends. I know they'll love you,” he said while he backed down the driveway.

“That sound nice,” Abby said and was looking forward to an evening with the ladies.

Jennifer tooted her horn while she drove past Michael's driveway.

Michael backed his car out onto Dorothy Avenue.

He followed Jennifer's Corvair down the street.

At the employee parking lot of the college, Jennifer waited for Michael and Abby by her Corvair.

“Good morning,” Michael said the second he walked up to Jennifer. He gave her a kiss.

Michael held Jennifer's hand and they walked to the campus buildings.

Abby tagged along behind them.

They walked through the sidewalks and stopped at the Science Department building.

Michael and Jennifer gazed into each other's eyes for a second.

“Well, I guess the next time I’ll see you is at our wedding,” he said and looked excited.

Jennifer gave him a warm smile. “Yep.”  
Michael and Jennifer kissed.

Abby looked away sad yet determined.  
“I’ll let you two alone,” she said then headed to the front entrance doors.

Jennifer pulled away from Michael’s lips.  
“I’ll come by for lunch at noon,” she called out to Abby.

“Sounds good,” Abby replied then went inside the Science Department building.

Jennifer and Michael returned to kissing.  
She peeked out the door window and glanced at Jennifer and Michael kissing.

She moved away from the window and disappeared in the hallway.

In the detective’s room at the police station,

Kenneth sat at his desk in deep thought while he sipped on his fourth cup of coffee.

He placed his cup down then picked up his phone and dialed a number.

“Orlando police department. How may I help you?” a police officer answered the call.

“This is Detective Kenneth Mueller from the Barbourville, Pennsylvania police

department, I need to speak with one of officers. A Bruce Kayne.”

There was a few seconds of silence. “I’m sorry Detective Mueller, but Officer Kayne is out on a call. I can have him call you when he gets back to the station.”

“Please do. My number is five, five, five, eight zero eight.”

“I’ll give him the message,” the officer replied.

Kenneth hung up his phone and looked suspicious.

He grabbed his coffee cup, got up and walked away.

Kenneth headed to the coffee pot at the other end of the room.

While Kenneth poured some coffee, his desk phone rang.

Kenneth rushed across the room splashing coffee out of his cup. Some of the coffee splashed on his hand. He cringed in a little pain.

He reached his desk, placed his cup on his desk, wiped his hand on his pants then picked up his phone.

“Detective Mueller.”

“Detective Mueller, Orlando Officer Bruce Kayne. How may I help you?”

“Yes officer. In reference to Abby Austin that claims to be from Orlando,” Kenneth answered while he sat down in his chair.

“I remember,” Officer Kayne replied.

“She claims that she worked as a secretary at a Doctor Phillips hospital. “

There was a few seconds of pause from the phone. “I’m sorry, but we don’t have a Doctor Phillips Hospital down here in Orlando. Sounds like she’s running some type of scam.”

Kenneth thought for a few seconds.

“Yeah, a scam. Thank you Officer Kayne.”

“You’re welcome,” Officer Kayne replied from the phone.

Kenneth hung up his phone and looked even more suspicious while he picked up his coffee cup and took a sip.

The phone on his desk rang.

“Detective Mueller,” he answered while he placed his cup on the desk.

“Detective, Wally Burgess here. I’m the manager down here at Montgomery Wards. I have a situation down here. Apparently someone passed two counterfeit twenty dollar bills in my store.”

“I’ll be right down,” Kenneth said then hung up the phone.

He got up from his desk and walked out of the detective’s room.

A little while later that morning, Kenneth had his Bel-Air parked along the curb by the front entrance of the Montgomery Wards store.

He walked through the front doors and turned to the left and headed upstairs to the store offices.

Kenneth walked down a hallway and came upon Wally Burgess' office. He opened the doors and went inside.

Kenneth walked to a desk where a secretary worked. "I'm here to see Mister Burgess. I'm Detective Mueller," Kenneth told her.

"Yes sir," she said then got up from behind her desk.

She walked over to an opened office door. She poked her head inside.

"Detective Mueller is here," she said.

"Send him in," Wally replied from his office.

The secretary motioned for Kenneth to come over.

He walked over and went inside Wally's office.

When Kenneth entered his office, Wally stood up from behind his desk that was cluttered with invoices and other paperwork.

“Detective Mueller,” Wally said and motioned for him to sit down in the chair in front of his desk.

“These were passed to one of my clerks in the woman’s department on Tuesday night,” Wally said then picked up the two twenty dollar bills and handed them to Kenneth across his desk.

Kenneth looked them over. “They appear to be genuine,” he said while he looked them over.

“I thought so at first, but look at the date,” Wally replied.

Kenneth looked at the date of the two bills and saw that one had a “2008” date and one had a “2009” date. “That’s not correct.”

“I know. And I cannot figure out how a counterfeiter can be so good at making these bills then fuck up with the dates,” Wally replied.

“Beats me,” Kenneth said while he studied the two bills a little closer.

“Did the cashier remember the person that passed these bills?” Kenneth said while she shoved the bills in his suit pocket then reached inside his suit and removed his small pad and pen.

Wally glanced down at a piece of paper where he jotted down notes from talking with his cashier. "She was in her twenties, brown eyes, blonde hair to her shoulders and had a mole on her upper lip. And the girl didn't wear any makeup. She had a natural beauty about her and didn't look like a criminal," he read off to Kenneth.

"They sometimes don't" Kenneth said while he jotted down the description on his pad. Then it took a few seconds to dawn on him. "Did you say blonde hair, brown eyes and a mole on her upper lip?"

Wally glanced back down at his notes. "That's what the cashier said. The girl bought woman dresses, high heel shoes, pajamas, panties, and bras," he added.

Kenneth recalled when he saw Abby's belonging in Michael's closet and remembered that Montgomery Wards shopping bag. "Thanks Mister Burgess," he said while he shoved his note pad and pen back in the inside of his suit.

"Would you want me to call the cashier into work early so you can talk with her?"

"Not right now. I'll get back with you if I need anymore information," Kenneth said while he stood up.

Wally got up from behind his desk and walked around to Kenneth.



“I’ll need a copy of the police report for my accountant,” Wally said.

“Come on down to the station around three and I’ll take care of that,” Kenneth said while he walked to the door with a smirk.

Wally walked around and sat down behind his desk.

A little while later, Kenneth drove out of the Montgomery Wards parking lot and drove away down Broadmoor Avenue. He had a smirk on his face while he thought about Abby.

A little while later, Kenneth turned left into the parking lot of the police station located at the other end of Broadmoor.

## Chapter 20

It was the afternoon just before lunch and Abby typed her fourth letter at her desk. She was really getting the hang on typing away on this antique letter-creating device.

The office door opened and Jennifer stepped inside where the rapid-fire clickety clack typing sound filled the air.

She walked over to Abby's desk with a spring in her step knowing she was getting closer to her wedding.

"Abby, are you ready for lunch?" she asked.

Abby stopped typing and glanced up at Jennifer.

"I'm a little short on cash at the moment. I haven't got paid yet."

"No problem. I got lunch. My treat for filling in as a bridesmaid on short notice."

Abby looked a little apprehensive while she looked at her typewriter and Jennifer noticed.

"Come on Abby. You need to eat."

Abby nodded then got up from her desk. The girls walked to the door.

The cafeteria was crowded with students and teachers.

Abby and Jennifer walked over to an empty table with their trays of lunch. They both chose spaghetti, meatballs, green beans and soda.

The sat down and started eating.

Abby fidgeted a little in her seat. She looked bothered while she watched Jennifer eat.

“Jennifer, there's something I need to tell you. Something really important,” Abby finally got the guts to say.

“What?”

Abby looked at the sparkle in Jennifer's eyes and looked nervous. “Ah. I ah,” she said and debated in her mind if she should tell her.

Jennifer smiled while she waited for Abby to say something.

“Ah. I'm really looking forward to your wedding tomorrow. I think Michael is a super guy and I know you'll be happy,” she said chickening out.

Jennifer reached over and touched Abby's hand. A static discharge zapped the both of their hands. They quickly pulled back their hands.

“Ouch. I never had that sitting down. Maybe touching some of the doors in the

building but never while sitting down,” Jennifer said and looked a little baffled.

“Me neither,” Abby replied while she rubbed her hand that got zapped.

“Anyway, thank you for your sweet comment. I know Michael thinks the world of you and we want you in our lives. Misses Osborne’s right. You feel like family for some strange reason,” Jennifer said and looked sincere.

Abby looked like she wants to cry.

“Michael and I want to start having children a year after we’re married,” Jennifer said with that motherly look in her eyes.

Abby looked at Jennifer and felt her eyes tear up. She stood up with her tray in hand. “I forgot Doctor Bowman needs an important letter ready for when he gets out of class.”

Jennifer looked concerned while she watched Abby rushed off with her tray.

While Abby rushed to the area to drop off her lunch tray, she did not notice Kenneth who was outside and peeked in the cafeteria windows from across the large room.

Kenneth rushed away.

A little while later, Abby rushed into the office and fought back her tears.

She rushed over and sat down at her desk.

“What the hell am I suppose to do tomorrow to save the day?” she said while she sat down behind her desk.

“Save the day? What do you mean save the day?” the voice of Kenneth came from inside Dr. Bowman’s office.

Kenneth's voice startled Abby. She turned and saw Kenneth standing in the doorway of Dr. Bowman's office.

“The doctor is out,” Kenneth said while he walked of the doorway with a smirk.

Kenneth walked over and sat on a far corner of her desk. He made her nervous while he gave her his best detective stare. “So, what did you mean by saving the day?”

Abby fidgeted in her seat a little. “I mean, I guess the wedding. I'm going to be a bridesmaid and I'm nervous.”

Kenneth glared at Abby that made her sweat. “Nervous about being a bridesmaid,” he said then slid down the top to the middle of her desk.

She rolled her chair back a little. Kenneth had a smirk, as he loved intimidating her. It made him feel more like a powerful man.

“Oh, you might like this one,” he said then paused while he slid closer to her. “I

had an interesting conversation with someone from the Orlando police department.”

Abby's eyes widened a little with concern. “Oh?”

“It appears that they don't have any record of an Abby Austin living in Orlando,” he said while he slid closer to the corner of the desk by her.

Abby rolled her chair back a little. “Oh?”

“Oh yeah, Now, another interesting thing is that a Doctor Phillips Hospital does not exist in Orlando. How about that? You worked at a hospital in Orlando that did not exist. How is that possible?” he said and looked serious while he slid down to the corner of the desk.

Abby rolled her chair backward a little.

“But here's the really interesting part,” he said then reached inside his suit pocket and removed the two twenty dollar bills from Montgomery Wards.

Abby looked a little baffled as to why he had forty dollars in his hand.

“I got a call from the manager of the Montgomery Wards. It appears that some female bought some dresses, high heel shoes, pajamas, panties and bras on Tuesday night,” he said while he glared into Abby's eyes.

“So. Women shop for clothes at Montgomery Wards all the time,” she replied and started to feel a little nervous.

“That true. But,” he said then stood up and stared at Abby who looked away. “We’ve never had a local woman use counterfeit money when buying clothes at our Montgomery Wards,” he said while he flashed the two twenty dollar bills at Abby. “Money with two thousand eight and two thousand nine dates on them,” he said then paused for a few seconds to make her sweat. “And the cashier described the woman. A woman with blonde hair, brown eyes, and a mole on her upper lip,” he said then paused for a few more seconds.

His eyes lit up and pretended that something just dawned on him. “Wow. A description that describes you,” he said then returned to his serious stare.

Abby looked caught and speechless while Kenneth inched closer to her with his serious glare.

“Now, I’m proposing that you’re up here in Barbourville to run some type of scam against my good friends,” he said while she shoved the two twenty’s back into his suit pocket.

“No. I’m not doing that,” she said while she nodded her head in disagreement.

Abby rolled her chair backwards while Kenneth inched toward her. She rolled her chair back and smacked into the wall. She swallowed hard while Kenneth walked up and towered over her.

Kenneth grabbed Abby's left hand and yanked her hard up to her feet. He pressed his body against hers with his awful coffee and cigarette breath into her face.

Abby tried to turn away, but Kenneth grabbed her by her chin and stopped her.

She frowned with his bad coffee and cigarette breath hitting her senses.

"Now, if you spend some quality time with me, I can easily overlook these little discrepancies," he said while he stared at her with a smirk.

Kenneth forced a kiss on Abby while he wrapped his arms around her body.

She tried to squirm out from under his arms, but he was too strong. She was trapped.

Kenneth ran his right hand down to her buttocks. He groped her right butt cheek.

Abby cringed in disgust with the feeling of his hands on her butt cheek.

Kenneth quit his kissing then glared in her eyes and looked dead serious. "So, tomorrow night, we're going to see that new Absent Minded Professor movie, then after



that, we're going to have our own honeymoon. And you're going to love me like I'm your husband," he said with a smirk. "Because if you refuse in any shape or form, and I have to admit, you have a great shape," he said then gave her a light kiss on her lips. "I'll slap you ass into one of our holding cells for counterfeiting. Do you know how many years you can spend in jail for counterfeiting? Lots. You'll come out with a head full of gray hair and saggy tits."

Kenneth released his grip of Abby and stepped back a few feet. "I'll pick you up at Jennifer's house tomorrow night at six-thirty," he said with a smile.

He turned around walked around in the middle of the room. "Until tomorrow night, my love. My sweet thing," he said then blew her a kiss. Then his eyes widened when he thought of something. "That's perfect. I'll call you Sweet Thing from now on," he said and smiled at the thought of that name. "I got it off a Route Sixty-Six episode," he said then headed to the door with a spring in his step.

She sat down in her chair and got a creepy chill all through out her body. Her eyes widened with panic.

She jumped up from her chair and bolted to the door and rushed out of the office.

Abby ran down the hallway and rushed inside the Ladies Room.

Inside the Ladies Room, she ran to the nearest stall and rushed inside. She vomited in the toilet.

## Chapter 21

The afternoon dragged on for Abby and the thought of being with Kenneth tomorrow night gave her the occasional dry heaves. And that constant thought got her behind with her work.

Four thirty arrived and Abby tidied up her desk and placed the cover over the typewriter.

She grabbed her purse and headed out of the office happy the day was over but in deep thought.

Abby walked out of the Science Department building and headed down the sidewalk.

Out in the employee parking lot, Jennifer waited behind the wheel of her Corvair. She looked excited, as her wedding day was now closer.

She saw Abby while she walked through the parking lot and headed to her car. She started up her engine.

Abby got in the passenger seat of the Corvair in deep thought.

Jennifer looked concerned. "What happened at lunch?" she said while she backed up her car out of the parking spot.

"Oh it was nothing, I really had to get that letter done for Doctor Bowman. I didn't want to get in trouble during my first week," Abby replied while Jennifer drove off through the parking lot.

"I can understand that," Jennifer replied while she turned to the right on the college entrance and headed to the stop sign for Shady Hill Drive.

Abby fidgeted in her seat and Jennifer noticed then she looked for a clearing in the traffic.

"What's wrong? You look like something's bothering you," Jennifer asked while she pulled out onto Shady Hill Drive and made a left turn.

Abby pondered for a few seconds if she should say anything. "Well, there are two things."

Jennifer looked curious. "What are they?"

Abby hesitated for a few seconds while she got up the courage. "I had a dream last night. Well, it was more of a nightmare."

"I hate those. So what happened?"

Abby paused for a few seconds and started to wonder if she should continue.

“First I was in a car driving over a wooden bridge over a lake. There was a gunshot and another vehicle smacked into the back of the car I was in. The car crashed through the wooden guardrails and crashed into the lake. Someone drowned inside that car when it filled up with water.”

“That’s horrible. So you had it last night?”

“Well, actually I had the same nightmare last week.”

“Last week? Before you arrived here in Barbourville?”

Abby nodded in agreement.

Jennifer thought about Abby’s nightmare while she turned her Corvair left onto Broadmoor Avenue.

“The same nightmare twice. I wonder if that has any meaning? I mean, I heard that your dreams have some significance,” Jennifer said while she drove down Broadmoor.

Abby looked at Jennifer and looked apprehensive. “I believe I was dreaming about you.”

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Jennifer. Me? You dreamed I drowned?”

“I believe so,” Abby replied.

Jennifer thought about Abby’s dream. “That sounds like the old wooden bridge

over the Brandywine Lake on the way to Michael's parents cabin," she said and paused. "But how can that be possible if we didn't know each other last week?"

"Ah, I don't know. But I'm worried about tomorrow. Really worried," Abby said and looked worried.

"Why tomorrow? It's my wedding day. Nothing will happen on such a beautiful day," Jennifer said then paused. "Besides, I'm not going up to the cabin until after the wedding."

"I'm thinking you should maybe have the honeymoon somewhere else."

Jennifer pondered her suggestion for a few seconds. "Nightmares are just that nightmares. They can't predict the future. I've had plenty of them. Maybe you had something in your past that's causing them."

There were a few minutes of silence while Jennifer drove down Broadmoor.

Abby glanced out her door window just in time to see the Montgomery Wards store to her right. She felt a little faint and nauseous while she recalled her encounter with Kenneth after lunch.

"So, what was the other thing?" Jennifer asked and looked curious at Abby.

Abby looked away from the Montgomery Wards. "Oh, I'm thinking of leaving Barbourville next week."

Jennifer looked a little surprised. "Leaving Barbourville? Why? You just got here," she said while she made a left turn onto Woodland Avenue.

"Kenneth was in my office when I returned from lunch. He forced another kiss. There's something about him I don't trust."

"I'll have a talk with him if he's bugging you," Jennifer said.

"He wants to take me out tomorrow night. I don't want to go," Abby said.

"I'll talk with him tomorrow during the reception," Jennifer said and looked confident she could tell Kenneth to leave Abby alone.

Abby hesitated while she looked at Jennifer. "He told me at that lounge that he would marry you in a heartbeat."

"Really?" Jennifer asked while she made a right turn onto Dorothy Avenue. And the thought of that was not a turn on for her.

"Yeah," Abby said then she stared out her window.

Jennifer remained quiet while she drove down Dorothy and headed to her home.

Jennifer pulled into her driveway and parked her car in her carport.

She and Abby get out of the car.

Jennifer walked over to Abby. "I wish you would reconsider staying here in Barbourville. Kenneth's harmless and I will have a talk with him. I promise," she said and looked sadder at the thought of Abby leaving town.

"I'll think about it. So, what time should I come over later?"

"Six thirty. I talked with Maris this afternoon, and we decided that after everybody shows up, we're going to the theater to see The Absent Minded Professor movie. I've been dying to see it. Then we'll come back to my house and party," Jennifer said and looked excited about tonight.

"Maris? She sounds familiar."

"She works in human resources."

"Oh yeah, okay, I'll see you at six-thirty," Abby said then turned around and walked over to Michael's house.

Jennifer watched Abby with interest for a few seconds then went inside her home.

Abby entered Michael's living room where she heard some movement in the kitchen.



While she walked through the living room, Martha appeared in the doorway of the kitchen in her apron.

“How was work dear?”

“It was okay,” Abby replied with a fake smile then noticed Martha wearing the apron. “I’ll get changed and help you,” she said thinking that might help take today’s events out of her mind.

“What time do you need to get over at Jennifer’s house?”

“Six thirty.”

Martha smiled as she started to think of Abby as a daughter.

Martha went back into the kitchen while Abby walked down the hallway and headed to Michael’s bedroom.

Meanwhile over at Shumaker’s Lounge, Kenneth sat alone at a table in his suit. He decided to take a few drinks before heading out for Michael’s bachelor party.

Rusty Shumaker, the middle-aged huge pot belly bald owner of the lounge, walked over and sat down at Kenneth’s table.

“What time do you need her to be ready?” Rusty asked Kenneth.

Kenneth took a drink of his whiskey and water while the thought about his question.

“Nine. I’ll pick her up here,” Kenneth said while he placed his glass down on the table.

“Okay. That’s forty for my fee,” Rusty said.

Kenneth looked at Rusty and always he was a sleaze ball. But this was the pot calling the kettle black. Without thinking, Kenneth reached inside his suit pocket and removed Abby’s twenty-dollar bills. He handed the cash over to Rusty.

Rusty shoved the bills into his pocket without checking them out. He stood up then walked away heading to the bar.

Kenneth continued drinking his drink while in deep thought about Jennifer and Abby. He gulped down his drink and stood up.

He strutted to the door of the lounge like he was on a mission.

Martha had dinner ready a little early so Abby could make it to Jennifer’s bachelorette party.

While they ate Martha notice Abby looked worried.

“You’re quiet tonight. Anything wrong my dear?”

“No. I’m just tired from work. Typing letters all day can be exhausting.”

“You'll get a second wind when you go to Jennifer's bachelorette party later,” Martha replied.

Abby nodded that she agreed.

Down the street from Dorothy Avenue, Kenneth had his Bel-Air parked five houses down the street from Jennifer's house.

He sipped on his flask recently topped off with Jack Daniels whiskey. He was in deep thought while he glanced at Jennifer and Michael's houses.

## Chapter 22

Dinner was over at the Osborne house.

Abby was in Michael's bedroom getting changed for the party. Martha had washed then ironed one of Abby's dresses for her to wear tonight.

After Abby got redressed in this dress, she walked over to the bedroom window and peeked out the curtains. She glanced at the garage for a few seconds and hoped the time machine would reappear tomorrow night. That was her only savior for Kenneth forcing himself on her.

Back outside, Kenneth still sat in his car down on Dorothy Avenue and still spied on Jennifer and Michael's houses.

His eyes widened when a horizon blue 1960 Nomad Chevrolet station wagon pulled into Jennifer's driveway. It had five women, all twenty-seven years old, inside and parked next to Jennifer's Corvair.

Maris drove her dad's Nomad station wagon with Linda Maharis in the passenger seat and Diane Turley, Elaine Smith, and Gail Abbott in the backseat.

Kenneth watched while the five girls got out of the Nomad with wrapped presents in hand.

The girls looked excited while they walked to Jennifer's front door.

Back at Michael's house, Harry sat in his chair and watched the local news on the TV.

Martha sat in her chair and read her Ernst Hemmingway book.

Abby stepped into the living room. "I'm off to Jennifer's party."

Martha looked up from her book. "Have fun, dear."

"Yes. Have fun," Harry added with a smile.

Abby's eyes widen with concern. "I'm so embarrassed. I didn't get her a present. I completely forgot," she added.

Martha's eyes widened remembering something. "I'm glad you said something, I almost forgot. Don't leave yet," she said while she got up from her chair.

"Figures," Harry replied in a jokingly manner.

Martha playfully stuck out her tongue at Harry while she placed her book in her chair.

Harry returned to watching the news on the TV while Martha rushed out of the room.

Abby waited and wondered what Martha was doing.

Martha returned with a small wrapped present. "It's a book. I figured you might need this."

Abby gave Martha a warm smile then kissed her on her cheek. "Thank you for being so thoughtful."

"Oh, my pleasure. Now, go have fun."

Martha headed back to her chair while Abby headed to the front door.

Over in Kenneth's Bel-Air, he watched while Abby walked out of Michael's house and walked Jennifer's front yard.

Abby walked over to Jennifer's front door. She knocked.

The door opened Jennifer appeared in a blouse and Capri slacks. "Abby!"

Jennifer moved to the side and Abby went inside the house.

The door closed.

Abby saw Maris Sommers, Linda Maharis, Diane Turley, Elaine Smith, and Gail Abbott all sitting around the living room.

"Abby, meet my friends that I grew up with. You know Maris from human resources and you met Gail at dinner the

other night. The other girls are Linda, Sandy, Elaine, and Linda.”

All of the girls gave Abby a little wave when Jennifer called out their names.

“For those of you that don’t know, Abby works at the college as a secretary like me.”

Linda leaned over to Gail. “Abby looks like she could be Jennifer’s twin sister.”

“I was thinking the same thing when I met her at the rehearsal last night,” Gail replied.

Jennifer saw the present in Abby’s hand. “You can place that over there,” she said and pointed to the five other presents in a pile by the wall near the couch.

Abby walked over and placed her present on the pile.

“Let’s go to the movies,” Jennifer said all excited.

All the girls jumped up from their seats and they all headed to the front door.

Outside in Kenneth’s Bel-Air, he watched while the five girls walked out of Jennifer’s front door.

They walked over to Maris’ Nomad.

Maris, Abby and Jennifer got in the front seat.

Linda, Gail, and Sandy got in the back seat while Elaine crawled into the rear of the Nomad.

Kenneth started up his car and waited.

Maris backed her Nomad down the driveway and drove away down Dorothy Avenue.

Kenneth put his Bel-Air in gear and slowly drove down Dorothy Avenue and trailed Maris' Nomad.

He kept a safe distance behind the Nomad so they would not realize he was following them.

Out of town on the northwest side of the Brandywine Lake was Michael's cabin.

The cabin was log construction and built by Harry and his father back in 1939.

The front had a wooden porch with a roof.

The inside had a living area and kitchen that was in one big area. Upstairs were three bedrooms with a bathroom with shower. It was a quaint cabin that the Osborne family spent many summer weekends lounging around and fishing.

Michael just parked his car near the front porch of the cabin. He got out and walked to the cabin with a bag of groceries



in one hand and his suitcase in his other hand

He opened the front door and went inside.

Once Michael entered the cabin, he went to the kitchen area and started putting away his groceries. But left out a TV dinner box.

He turned on the oven and took his suitcase to one of the upstairs bedrooms.

Over in town, Maris' parked her Nomad in the parking lot of the Barbourville Theater located on Woodland Avenue near Montvale Circle.

The girls got out and headed to the front entrance under the lighted marquee that had *The Absent Minded Professor Fred MacMurray* in black letters.

Kenneth parked his Bel-Air at the other end of the cinema parking lot.

Kenneth got out of his Bel-Air and took his sweet time going into the theater.

Inside the Barbourville Theater it was crowded tonight. The previews had already started to entertain everybody before the main feature.

Jennifer, Abby, Maris, Gail, Linda, Elaine and Sandy sat in the middle of the theater.

Kenneth entered with a bag of popcorn and sat in the back row by the aisle. He kept watchful eyes on Jennifer and the girls while he munched on some popcorn.

The last preview was for *The Time Machine* movie starring Rod Taylor and Alan Young.

Jennifer leaned over to Abby. “Michael heard about this movie. He actually believes time travel is possible. I guess that’s why he’s a physics professor and I’m a secretary,” she whispered.

*If she only knew.* Abby thought in her mind while she watched the preview.

Back at the cabin, Michael ate diner alone at the table by the kitchen. His TV dinner consisted of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn, peas and carrots mixture, and peaches. It was bachelor’s easy meal to cook.

Back at the Barbourville Theater, Kenneth kept an eye on the girls while all other eyes in the theater were on *The Absent Minded Professor* movie.

An hour passed and Michael passed the time by sitting on the front porch drinking some coffee. He decided on some caffeine so he would not fall asleep on his buddies later tonight. So he drank coffee and listen to the sounds of the countryside. He looked happy, as all he could think about was his joyous event coming up tomorrow morning.

Back at the Barbourville Theater, the second the movie ended, Kenneth got up and made a beeline to the exit door.

He rushed out the theater and over to his car.

He got inside his Bel-Air and waited. He eyed all the people while the exited the theater.

He saw Jennifer and the other girls walk out of the theater and head over to Maris' Nomad.

He started up his car.

Back at Michael's cabin he was finished with his coffee so he went back inside.

He went up stairs to his bedroom and got undressed.

He walked naked out of the bedroom and headed into the bathroom.

Back on Dorothy Avenue, Kenneth parked his car four streets down from Jennifer's house.

He eyed Jennifer's house where Maris' Nomad was parked in the driveway. The girls were all inside Jennifer's house to start the party.

He took drinks from a Jack Daniels bottle while he eyed Jennifer's living room window where the lights were on.

Back at Michael's cabin, he finished with his shower and got dressed in a pair of slacks and nice dress shirt.

He heard a knock on the front door of the cabin.

Michael walked out of the bedroom.

The knocking on the front door started to turn into pounding.

"I'm coming," he yelled out while he walked down the stairs.

Michael rushed to the door and opened it.

Outside where his buddies Mark, Joe, Wendell, and Jack. The guys were all excited and each had two six packs of bottled beer in hand.

These guys had been buddies of Michael's since Kindergarten. They have worked on the assembly line at the General

Motors Plant right after they graduated from high school.

“It’s party time,” Wendell called out while he held up his two six packs.

Michael smiled and motioned for them to come inside.

They all entered doing a little party dance.

“Place the beers in the fridge,” Michael told his buddies while he closed the door.

The guys walked over to the kitchen area and placed their six-packs into the fridge. They headed back to the living area.

Jack looked around. “Where’s Kenneth?”

“Probably running late chasing after the bad guys,” Wendell said.

“Maybe he’s out picking up the stripper?” Joe said and got excited.

Mark, Jack, and Wendell all looked excited. Michael did not look thrilled.

Jack’ eyes widened when he remembered something “I need to run out and get the projector and film out of the trunk,” he said then rushed off to the front door.

“I’ll help,” Mark called out then rushed after Jack.

“Let’s crack open some beers,” Wendell said and looked thirsty.

“Yeah, let's get this party started,” Joe added and he also looked thirsty.

Joe and Wendell walked into the kitchen area.

Michael walked over and sat down on the couch.

## Chapter 23

Later that night, Jennifer sat in the middle of the room surrounded by three wrapped presents. On the floor near her was a bottle of perfume, and sexy white lingerie.

All the girls sat on the couch and chairs and had glasses of red wine in hand. They appeared to have a buzz. Two bottles of red were on the coffee table.

Jennifer grabbed one of the other presents. She looked at the tag. "It's from Maris."

At the rear of Jennifer's house, Kenneth snuck to her sliding glass door.

He quietly slid the door opened a little and carefully stepped into the kitchen where the light was on.

He flicked the kitchen light off.

He stood in the dark and listened to the girls talking in the living room.

In the living room, Jennifer held up sexy cream and brown lace nylon Peignoir lingerie.

“Sexy! I wonder how long that will last on your body tomorrow night?” Diane said and the other girls except Abby chuckled.

Jennifer grabbed another present.

Kenneth eavesdropped on the girls from the behind the doorway in the kitchen.

In the living room, Jennifer held up sexy red lingerie. “Thanks Elaine.”

“That’s for the second night of your honeymoon,” Elaine said then took a sip of wine and wondered when she would get married.

Jennifer opened up another present and removed a romance novel. “This will get me in the mood many night. Thanks Linda.”

Jennifer took a drink of wine. “I have to tell you girls something,” she said while she glanced down at the lingerie and romance novel.

Her friends are all ears.

“I was informed that Kenneth would marry me if Michael ever left me,” Jennifer told her friends.

“Kenneth Mueller? Ewe,” Maris said and looked disgusted.

“I remember that creep trying to kiss me in high school,” Gail said and looked disgusted.



“He kissed me and groped my butt cheeks one night after a football game,” Linda said and looked disgusted.

The rest of the girls, except Abby, shivered at the thought.

Abby looks like she’s getting a bad feeling.

“He’s just a friend. I could never date or marry him. Never. Besides, those acne pot marks kinda makes my skin crawl,” Jennifer said with the wine doing the talking.

Abby looked at Jennifer and she felt the same way.

In the darkness of the kitchen, Kenneth touched his pot marks on his right cheek.

He was pissed while he gingerly walked back to the sliding glass door.

Back in the living room, Jennifer opened up the last present. She looked at Ernest Hemingway’s “Snows Of Kilimanjaro And Other Stories” book. She clutched it close to her heart. “Thanks Abby. I love Ernst Hemingway.”

“Me too,” Abby replied but had this strange feeling that Jennifer would love her present.

Back out on Dorothy Avenue, Kenneth was furious while got back inside his Bel-Air. He grabbed the bottle of Jack Daniels from

the seat and opened it. He took a swig while he stared at Jennifer's house. He set the bottle down between his legs. "Fucking bitch!" he yelled out while he pounded on the dashboard with his fist.

He started up his car and put it in drive.

He drove down the street and when he passed by Michael's house, he did not notice the millions of small lights that rained inside of Michael's garage.

Kenneth drove away down the street then suddenly got a strange chill throughout his body. He shrugged off that feeling.

Back in Michael's cabin, Michael and guys lounged around the room drinking beer. A 16mm projector was in place with screen. "Property of General Motors Visual Aids Department" was stenciled on the projector.

Jack looked at this watch. "Where the hell is Kenneth? I want to get this show on the road."

"You know him. Always late," Michael replied.

There was a knock on the door then it opened.

Kenneth stepped inside with a brand new Jack Daniels bottle in hand. Behind him was a young girl around twenty-years

old with pale skin with freckles, shoulder length red hair dressed in a trench coat.

“Guys, I want you to meet Sweet Fire. Our erotic entertainment for tonight.”

All the guys except for Michael looked excited while they stared at Sweet Fire.

She opened her and closed her trench coat in a flashing motion to give them a teasing peek at her sexy red lingerie.

“That’s it baby. Show us what Sweet Fire hides behind the coat,” Jack called out all excited.

Sweet Fire strutted closer to the guys, stopped then removed her trench coat. She let it drop to the floor.

She modeled around in her sexy red lingerie that accentuated her perky C-Cup breasts and nice round tight butt cheeks.

The mouths of Jack, Joe, Mark, and Wendell watered at the sight of Sweet Fire’s breasts and butt cheeks.

Michael appeared too care less and wished the guys did not bring a stripper to the party. But he knew his buddies would rag on him for years if one did not show up.

“Now we’re talking,” Jack said.

“Start the film,” Joe called out.

Mark got up and turned on the projector while Kenneth flicked off the living area lights.

An old black and white stag film started showing on the screen.

Kenneth walked Sweet Fire into the kitchen and got her a beer.

Back at Jennifer's living room, the girls sat around drinking more wine.

Elaine, and Linda smoked a cigarette.

Abby got up from her chair and grabbed an empty wine bottle off the coffee table.

She walked out of the living room and headed to the kitchen.

She stepped into the kitchen where it was still dark. Abby found that to be odd while she flicked on the light.

She walked over to the refrigerator.

She set the empty wine bottle on the counter and got this strange feeling while she glanced over at the sliding glass door.

Her curiosity got the best of her so she opened up the glass door.

She stepped outside.

Once she stepped out to Jennifer's porch, she glanced over to her right at Michael's garage.

Something felt odd and peeked her curiosity.

She rushed over to Michael's house.

She got to his sliding glass door and peeked inside where the kitchen was dark. She suspected that Martha and Harry were sound asleep.

She carefully slid the sliding glass door opened. She reached inside and grabbed the key off the wall. She carefully slid the sliding glass door closed.

Abby rushed off through the yard and headed to the garage.

When she got closer to it, she did not notice that the window she climbed out of on Sunday was opened.

She walked over to the garage door and unlocked it. She swung the left door opened and stepped inside.

She flicked on the light the second she was inside.

Her eyes widened at the sight of the time machine in the middle of the garage.

“It returned. Why now?” she said while she inched a little cautious to the machine.

She paused for a second while she stared at it then walked over to the door.

She opened the door and stared inside and looked a little apprehensive.

She paced a little by the door while she debated in her mind.

“I should go back?” she said while she paced back and forth by the opened door.

Abby sat inside the time machine and stared at the “Destination” date display that had “May 19, 1961” shown.

She closed the door.

She debated in her mind on whether she should leave and let history stay on its path it already played out.

She lightly touched the dials for the “Destination” display.

She hesitated and pulled her fingers away.

She debated in her mind what she should do. She recalled the great time she had with everybody this week. They felt like family and she knew she would miss them terribly.

“I’m going to do it!” she said then configured the machine for a destination of May 20, 2060. She put a “Pick-up” date as all zeros hoping that it would stay in 2060.

She had everything configured except for the step for locking the door and the final travel step.

She got out of the machine while the rear engine had that constant hum.

Abby rushed over to the other wall and grabbed a shovel.

She rushed back to the time machine.

She grabbed the shovel end of the shovel and poked the wooden handle inside the time machine.

She carefully flipped the "Travel" toggle up with the end of the shovel handle.

The rear engine started to hum louder.

Abby used the shovel and closed the door to the time machine.

She ran back to the other wall while the machine vibrated.

The humming and vibration got severe.

Psychedelic colors filled the outside of the time machine windows.

Millions of sparks danced around the humming and vibrating time machine.

The time machine disappeared in a poof raining millions of small bits of lights all over the garage like an explosion.

Abby ducked down to the floor a little intimidated by the lights.

It was quiet in the garage and the millions bits of lights dissipated into thin air.

"Well, I guess I'm now stuck in nineteen sixty-one for good. I better go save Jennifer," she said while she stood up.

She turned to leave but something caught her attention above the workbench at the other wall.

She walked over to the workbench.

She looked at the opened window. "That's weird. I thought Michael closed it the other night?" she said then reached across the workbench and closed and locked the window.

She noticed a puddle of vomit on top of the workbench. She got suspicious.

She rushed to the garage door, flicked the light off and stepped outside.

Abby locked the garage door and rushed over to Michael's house.

After she placed the key back in Michael's kitchen, she headed back over to Jennifer's house.

Abby entered Jennifer's kitchen through the sliding glass door where she saw the refrigerator door opened.

Jennifer closed the refrigerator door with a bottle of wine in hand. She saw Abby.

"Where did you go?"

Abby hesitated for a few seconds. "I stepped outside for some fresh air. The cigarette smoke was bothering my eyes."



“I know what you mean. I'll tell the girls to smoke on the porch for the rest of the party.”

Jennifer noticed that Abby looked concerned. “Are you okay?”

“Yeah, while I was outside, I did some thinking. And I've decided to stay here in Barbourville.”

Jennifer's eyes lit up. “Great!” she said then held up the wine bottle. “Let's go have some fun.”

Abby followed Jennifer out of the kitchen and back into the living room.

## Chapter 24

A little while later at the cabin, the guys polished off two six-packs of beer.

Michael sat in the middle of the room on one of the dining room table chairs. A sexy song played on the record player.

Sweet Fire seductively danced in front of Michael.

He was not impressed but played along.

Sweet Fire danced up to Michael. She wiggled her breasts into Michael's face.

"I love it!" Jack cried out.

All the guys looked excited while they watched Sweet Fire dance in front of Michael.

In another chair, Kenneth sipped on his bottle of Jack Daniels and stared of into space. The sound of Jennifer's voice echoed in his head. *Those acne pot marks kinda makes my skin crawl.* He started to fume inside.

The guys cheered louder when Sweet Fire started to remove her sexy lingerie.

Back in Jennifer's living room the phonograph played the *Angel Baby* song.

All the girls, including Abby, sang along with the song with wine glasses in hand.

The full Moon provided some light in Jennifer's back yard.

At the rear of her house, old Kenneth from present day peeked in her sliding glass door. He heard the girls singing and the *Angel Baby* song playing.

He looked determined while he slipped away into the darkness.

Back at Michael's cabin, the party was really kicking.

Sweet Fire danced naked around Michael who looked disinterested.

The guys all loved her red pubic hair, white skin sprinkled with freckles, perky breasts and tight buttocks. They cheered her on while she sat down on Michael's lap.

She started to give Michael a lap dance and the other guys cheered louder.

Kenneth was still in deep thought while he drank a bottle of beer.

Back in Jennifer's living room Jennifer and the girls danced the *Walk, Don't Run* song by The Ventures that played on the phonograph. Now that the girls had lots of

wine in their system, they cranked up the volume of the phonograph.

Abby sat on the couch drinking wine while the girls danced.

She was in deep thought while the girls danced and sang all around the living room.

Abby grabbed the wine bottle. It was empty.

Abby got up from the couch and walked out of the living room and headed to the kitchen.

She walked over to the fridge and placed the empty wine bottle next to the other empty bottle.

While she opened the fridge, she did not see or hear the sliding glass door while it slowly opened.

She closed the fridge door with a bottle of wine in hand.

Old Kenneth snuck up behind Abby and covered her mouth with his right hand. He pressed the silencer end of a pistol hard into the middle of her back.

Abby's eyes widen with shock.

"I knew there was something funny about you," old Kenneth whispered into Abby's left ear.

Abby's eyes widen and she dropped the bottle of wine. It shattered on the floor. The

rock and roll song still blared from the record player in the living room.

Old Kenneth walked a scared to death Abby back to the sliding glass door.

He walked her outside to the porch leaving the sliding glass door opened.

Once old Kenneth had her outside, he slammed her face forward into the wall of Jennifer's house.

“Scream and I'll put a bullet in your back. I have a silencer on my pistol, so nobody will hear you die,” he whispered with a serious tone.

Abby was scared to death while old Kenneth used his left hand and handcuffed her.

Old Kenneth grabbed Abby by her left arm and walked her away toward Michael's garage.

“You don't have any right coming here and messing with the past. It should be left alone,” he said and looked pissed.

“Why wouldn't you want to save Jennifer's life?”

Old Kenneth remained silent while he walked her through the grass over to Michael's garage.

He stopped when he noticed the window was closed. He walked Abby to the

window. He tried to slide it open with his left hand. It would not budge. "Damn it!"

He rushed Abby over to the garage door and she almost tripped over her own feet.

He tried to open the garage door. It would not open and he saw that it was also locked. "Damn it! Damn it!"

He rushed Abby to the side where he crawled through the window.

He slammed her back hard up against the wall.

He peeked in the window while he had his right arm pressed against her chest. He noticed the bare spot in the middle of the garage. "Where the hell did it go?" he snarled through his teeth.

He looked pissed then grabbed Abby by her throat. "Where the hell is the time machine?"

She could not stand having his red Bulbous nose close to her face. She glanced away at that ugly sight. "I sent it to the year twenty sixty," she replied in a muffled tone.

Old Kenneth looked furious. "You bitch," he said then slapped Abby hard across her face causing her to drop to her knees.

Back in Jennifer's house, it was quiet while Maris, Elaine, Linda, Diane, and Gail went through Jennifer's 45 records for the next song.

Jennifer entered the kitchen. "Abby? Where did you go?" she called out while she looked the room.

She saw the broken wine bottle and puddle of red wine on the floor.

She spotted the sliding glass door was still opened. She had a bad feeling in her gut.

"Girls! Abby's in trouble!" Jennifer called out.

Maris, Gail, Diane, Linda, and Elaine ran into the kitchen.

They saw the broken wine bottle and puddle of wine on the floor.

Jennifer rushed to the sliding glass door with her friends right behind her.

Back by the side of Michel's garage, old Kenneth had Abby back on her feet with her back pressed up against the garage wall.

Old Kenneth had a horny smirk while he looked down at Abby. "I thought you were sexy the day I saw you at Michael's viewing," he said then forced a kiss on her lips.

Abby tried to squirm away from his lips but then old Kenneth pressed his silencer into her belly. She stopped and reluctantly accepted his kiss.

Old Kenneth placed his pistol back in his back pants pocket. He ran his right hand down to Abby's crotch and started groping her.

"Stop!" Abby mumbled behind his forced kiss.

Then out of nowhere, Jennifer body slammed into the side of old Kenneth. They both tumbled to the grass. Old Kenneth's pistol fell out of his back pocket during the tumble into the grass.

Maris and Gail brought Abby to her feet.

Old Kenneth got on top of Jennifer and grabbed her by her throat. He squeezed and she gasped for air. She tried to beat old Kenneth with her fists and this caused him to squeeze her throat harder.

Linda ran over and gave old Kenneth a good swift kick in his right side.

He fell off Jennifer in pain and rolled into the grass. He spotted his pistol within reach and grabbed it.

Back in Michael's cabin, Sweet Fire sat on the couch back in her sexy lingerie. She



sat with Joe, Mark, and Wendell while they drink beer and chatted.

Michael gathered up empty beer bottles from the floor.

Kenneth sat in his chair. He sipped his beer in deep thought then he suddenly cringed in pain and grabbed his right side.

Michael notice and got concerned while he started picking up empty beer bottles on the floor. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just a little pain in my side. I'm fine," Kenneth replied then took another drink of beer.

Michael continued to gather up beer bottles off the floor.

Kenneth sat and stewed.

Back at Michael's garage, Jennifer and the girls all huddled by the side of the wall. They looked scared to death while old Kenneth was back on his feet and had his pistol aimed at them.

"I should kill all of you bitches," old Kenneth snarled at them.

Harry's voice came out of the darkness. "You do that and I'll blow your head off!"

Old Kenneth looked and saw Harry inching close to him with a double-barrel shotgun aimed at his head.

“The police are on the way. So it might be best if you drop that pistol,” Harry said while he inched his double barrels closer to old Kenneth’s head.

A police siren was heard down Dorothy Avenue.

Old Kenneth dropped his pistol to the ground knowing he did not have a chance.

Elaine rushed over and kicked the pistol out of reach for old Kenneth.

“Why was this man attacking you?” Jennifer asked.

Abby pondered for a few seconds. “He’s that peeping tom. I saw him peeping in the sliding glass door.”

Old Kenneth looked pissed. “She’s lying. Tell them the truth why you’re here?”

All eyes were on Abby. “This man is crazy. He’s claiming he came here in a time machine that was in your garage.”

Linda, Maris, Elaine, Diane, and Jennifer rushed to the window of the garage. They peeked inside.

“There’s no time machine in the garage. He must be crazy,” Jennifer said while she looked back at old Kenneth. “Why do you look familiar?”

Old Kenneth remained tight-lipped while he looked down at the ground.

Two police officers ran through the yard and headed to the garage.

Harry dropped his shotgun the second he spotted the officers figuring old Kenneth would not run anywhere.

Martha curiously peeked through the curtains of Michael's bedroom window.

Old Kenneth knew the routine and placed his hands behind his head.

One of the officers immediately handcuffed old Kenneth's hands behind his back.

The other officer started taking statements from the girls.

A little while later, Jennifer, Abby and the other girls watched from her front yard while the two police officers placed old Kenneth in the back of the police car.

"You're right Jennifer. That old man does look familiar. And it's a creepy type of feeling," Maris said.

Gail, Elaine, Linda, and Diane all nodded in agreement.

"This past week has been really weird," Jennifer said.

Abby remained quiet while they watched the police car drive away.

"Should you call Michael?" Abby asked.

“I can't. His cabin doesn't have a phone. But don't worry. That creep will be in jail, so I'm safe. Plus I'm still a little drunk from that wine to drive over to the cabin.”

Jennifer walked back to the house. The girls followed behind her.

## Chapter 25

Twenty minutes had passed and Jennifer's party died.

Maris, Gail, Linda, Diane, and Elaine were at the front door with Jennifer and Abby.

"Thank you all for a wonderful party. And I'm sorry it ended with creep," Jennifer said.

"That's okay, it made it a little interesting," Elaine said.

"Yeah, I've always wanted to kick a creepy pervert," Linda added with a playful kick in the air.

Maris, Gail, Diane, and Elaine all chuckled.

"We'll see you tomorrow at your wedding," Gail replied.

Maris, Diane, Linda and Elaine all nodded in agreement.

Jennifer gave Maris, Gail, Linda, Diane, and Elaine each a hug and kiss on their cheeks.

"And it's nice meeting you Abby," said Elaine.

"I hope we see more of you," added Gail.

Diane, Linda, and Maris nodded in agreement.

The girls each gave Abby a little hug.

Jennifer opened the front doors and the girls left the living room.

“I’ll go get you a pillow and some blankets for the couch. I don’t have an extra bed at the moment,” Jennifer said while she closed the door.

“The couch is fine,” Abby replied.

“Do you have any pajamas?”

“I left them over at Michaels.”

“I’ll bring you a pair of mine,” Jennifer said.

“Thanks,” Abby said while she sat on the couch and watched Jennifer walk out of the living room and down the hallway.

A few minutes later and Jennifer had the couch made up into a bed for Abby.

Abby got dressed in a pair of Jennifer’s pajamas.

Back in her bedroom, Jennifer was a little warm so she cracked open her window about six inches. The cool night breeze felt good once it started flowing into the room.

Jennifer got out of her clothes and wore the cream and brown lace nylon Peignoir

lingerie. She felt a little sexy while she thought about losing her virginity tomorrow night.

Back at Michael's cabin, his party started to whine down also.

Michael and Kenneth stood by the opened front door.

Joe, Mark, Jack, and Wendell all surrounded Sweet Fire.

"Thanks for taking her home guys," Michael said.

"Home? I'm hoping we can have another party later on at my place," Jack said with a horny smile.

Sweet Fire gave the guys a sexy smile. "That'll cost each one of you extra moola," she said while the thought of extra cash sounded great.

"No problem," Joe said while he smacked Sweet Fire on her butt.

Jack, Mark, and Wendell all nodded in agreement and looked extremely horny.

Joe, Mark, Jack, and Wendell left the cabin with Sweet Fire.

Michael closed the door then yawned. "I'm heading off to bed. Are you sure you want the couch?" he told Kenneth.

"Sure. The couch is fine," Kenneth replied then gave a fake yawn.

“Okay buddy. I'll see you in the morning. I'll bring you down some blankets and a pillow.”

Kenneth patted Michael on his shoulder while he walked away then headed off to the stairs.

Kenneth walked over and sat down on the couch. Jennifer's earlier comment about his pot marks was still eating away at him.

Hours had passed and it was in the wee hours of Saturday morning.

Jennifer was sound asleep in her bed.

In the living room, Abby lay on the couch under a blanket with pillow. She stared at the ceiling in deep thought. “What am I looking for? Why does she need to go to Michael's cabin in the morning?” she said then yawned. Her eyes widened with a little concern. She got off the couch.

She walked over to the front door and locked it making her feel safer.

She rushed through the living room and into the kitchen and headed to the sliding glass door. She locked it.

She yawned while she headed out of the kitchen and back into the living room.



Back in Michael's cabin, he was sound asleep in his bed.

Down stairs in the living area Kenneth lay on top of the blanket on the couch in his pants and shirt. He stared at the ceiling while he sipped on his whiskey from his Jack Daniels bottle. It was half-emptied.

Kenneth sat up on the couch in his pants, shirt and black socks. He listened to the quiet of the cabin. He shoved his feet into his shoes.

He grabbed his Jack Daniels bottle and stood up.

He gingerly walked to the front door.

He quietly opened the door then stepped outside to the front porch

Once Kenneth walked off the front porch of the cabin, he rushed over to his Bel-Air parked next to Michael's Bel-Air with his Jack Daniels bottle in hand.

He got inside his car and started it up.

He backed up his car without turning on his headlights.

He drove his car away down the dirt driveway.

Kenneth turned his car left onto Amster Road and raced east.

A little while later, it was dark and quiet on the wooden bridge that went over that skinny part of the Brandywine Lake.

Kenneth's Bel-Air headlights were visible heading to the bridge.

He saw the "Slow Down" sign when he got closer to the bridge.

Kenneth raced his car eighty miles per hour over the bridge.

The wooden bridge and the wooden guardrails shook a little from Kenneth's excessive speed.

Kenneth was in deep thought while he continued to race his car eighty miles per hour down Amster Road.

Back at Jennifer's house, she and Abby were sound asleep.

Back at Michael's cabin, he was sound asleep.

A little while later, Kenneth parked his Bel-Air four houses down from Jennifer's.

He turned off his car then took a huge drink of whiskey. He placed the cap back on the bottle and shoved it under his car seat.

While his hand was under the seat, he removed a black ski mask.

He slipped the ski mask over his head.

Kenneth got out of his car and headed toward Jennifer's house.

Kenneth snuck in the darkness to the rear of Jennifer's house.

He walked to the sliding glass door and tried to open it. It was locked. "Damn it," he quietly said. He peeked in the sliding glass door and saw it was dark and quiet inside her house.

He looked around and then spotted Jennifer's bedroom window that was still cracked open. He smiled at that sight of opportunity.

Inside her bedroom, Jennifer was sound asleep on her side with her back to the window. She did not hear her bedroom window that slowly slid upward.

It was fully opened and Kenneth carefully crawled through the opening.

He stood by the window and stared at Jennifer while she slept in bed.

He gingerly walked to Jennifer's bed.

He stood by her bed and stared down at her.

He reached in his pants pocket and removed his pistol. He placed it on end of her bed.

He removed his shoes and left his black socks on his feet.

He pulled down his pants and stepped out of them.

He lowered his boxers and stepped out of them.

Kenneth carefully lowered the sheets down Jennifer's body.

He stared at Jennifer in her sexy cream and brown lace nylon Peignoir lingerie. "So I'm not good enough for you?" He reached down and started to slowly lower her panties.

She stirred in bed and rolled over onto her back.

He paused afraid she would wake up. But it was safe, as she was still sound asleep.

He carefully lowered her panties down below her pubic hairs. He stared at them for a few seconds.

He carefully pulled her panties down to her feet. He carefully pulled them off and dropped them on the floor.

Jennifer's eyes suddenly opened and she saw a half naked man in a black ski mask standing by her bed towering over her. She was speechless with fear.

Kenneth grabbed his pistol and brought it to his lips. "Shhhh," he said.

Jennifer's eyes welled up and she shook her head to let him know that she did not want this to happen.

Kenneth nodded that it was going to happen then he climbed on top of her.

She tried to squirm out from under his body.

Kenneth took his pistol and pressed it into her right temple.

Tears ran down her cheeks.

Kenneth forced her legs open with his other hand.

"Please no," Jennifer pleaded in quiet cry.

Kenneth kissed her lips to indicate it would.

Jennifer quietly cried when the tip of Kenneth's dick started poking at her crotch.

She started to squirm under his body.

Over in the Barbourville police department, Old Kenneth lay on mattress on a metal bed in a jail cell. He was asleep on his back and humped the air with a smile.

Back in Jennifer's house, Kenneth was not having success entering Jennifer's pussy because she frantically squirmed under his body.

In the living room, Abby was asleep on her back on the couch. She tossed and turned while she cried in her sleep with her legs open.

Abby's eyes opened in a panic. She frantically started moving an invisible person off her body.

It dawned on her what was happening and she jumped out of bed.

She ran out of the living room and ran down the hallway.

She ran to Jennifer's closed bedroom door.

She opened the door just in time to see Kenneth arch his back. He had an orgasm on the inside of Jennifer's left thigh.

Abby stood in the doorway in shock.

He was out of breath and his body relaxed. He lowered his pistol from Jennifer's temple.

Jennifer got pissed. "Bastard!" She cried out then grabbed the top of Kenneth's ski mask and yanked hard. It slipped off his bed.

Kenneth jumped up to his knees in shock. He lost his grip on his pistol and it dropped to the floor.

Jennifer's eyes widen in shock when she saw his face. "Kenneth!"

Kenneth jumped off the bed.

“How could you rape me?” she cried out.

Abby remained in shock while she stood by the bedroom doorway.

Kenneth did not notice Abby.

“What do you expect? I heard you telling the girls that you could never date me. Never. And you said that my acne scars made your skin crawl,” he yelled down at her.

Jennifer's eyes widened in shock when it dawned on her what he meant. “You spied on my party?” “You're a creep!”

“I've loved you since I was a teenager. But no, you had to have *Michael*.”

“I'm going to tell Michael,” Jennifer said while she got out of her bed.

“Oh no! Michael must never find out.”

“Oh, he's going to find out.”

Kenneth rushed over and smacked Jennifer hard across her face.

She flew back and landed on the bed.

Kenneth looked for his gun.

It was on the floor near by his feet.

He bent down and grabbed his pistol the same time Jennifer grabbed her bedside table lamp.

She yanked hard on the lamp. Sparks shot out of the wall outlet.

Kenneth stood up with his pistol aimed at Jennifer.

“He'll never find out because you won't be alive to tell him.”

“You're going to kill me? Are that much of a coward?” Jennifer said and suddenly was not afraid of him.

“Of course. After all, we have a peeping tom out there to blame,” Kenneth said with a smirk.

Abby's eyes lit up with an idea. “You can't blame that peeping tom. An old man was arrested earlier outside Michael's garage for being the peeping tom.”

Kenneth took his eyes off Jennifer and back at Abby in the doorway.

“What?”

“The peeping tom was arrested hours ago by the police,” Abby said and looked serious.

“Bullshit,” Kenneth said then turned around to look at Jennifer.

Before he knew what happened, Jennifer whacked him hard across his forehead with the wooden base of her lamp.

Kenneth fell to the floor with a bleeding cut across the middle of his forehead out cold.



Jennifer bolted to the door still wearing her cream and brown lace nylon Peignoir lingerie.

She grabbed her car keys and glasses off her dresser.

Jennifer put on her glasses while she and Abby ran down the hallway.

Jennifer and Abby ran through the living room and headed to the front door.

Jennifer tried to open it. It was locked and she smacked into it. "Who locked it?"

"I did."

Jennifer unlocked the door and they ran outside.

Back in the Barbourville police department, Old Kenneth was on the floor of his jail cell. A red bloody line formed on his forehead while he was passed out.

Back in Jennifer's bedroom, Kenneth lay on the floor still out cold.

He stirred a little then his eyes opened. He sat up and was a little dazed and confused while he looked around the room.

He remembered what had happened and he was furious.

## Chapter 26

After numerous frantic failed attempts, Jennifer finally got her Corvair to start.

She shoved in it reverse and raced the Corvair raced down her driveway.

She shoved it in drive then raced her Corvair down Dorothy Avenue.

Jennifer's eyes welled up while she raced her car down the street. "How could he do that?"

Abby remained quiet in the passenger seat while Jennifer made a screeching left turn onto Woodland Avenue. She was lucky no other cars were on Woodland at the moment.

Back at Jennifer's house, Kenneth ran out of the front door with blood dripping down from his forehead. He was in his black socks and had his pants back on. He had his shoes and boxers in left hand and his pistol in his right hand.

He stopped by the front porch then wiped away blood from his eyes with his shirtsleeve.

He noticed Jennifer's Corvair was gone from the carport.

He bolted through the front yard and ran to his car parked down the street.

Jennifer was crying while he raced her car down Woodland Avenue.

Back on Dorothy Avenue, Kenneth raced his car down the opposite direction to the other end.

He made a screeching right turn on Woodland Avenue and also ran through the stop sign. His Bel-Air missed the front end of a 1957 Chevrolet Bel-Air driving down Woodland. The 57 Bel-Air swerved to a screeching stop. The male driver was pissed.

Kenneth raced his Bel-Air down Woodland.

Way down the other end of Woodland Avenue, Jennifer made a screeching right turn swerving around a little onto Broadmoor Avenue.

Jennifer weaved in and out of traffic while she raced her car down Broadmoor Avenue.

Kenneth raced his car seventy miles per hour down Woodland Avenue.

His Bel-Air raced through a red light.

Two Chevrolets that drove through the green light swerved all over the road. Kenneth's car scraped the front end of one of the Chevrolet's while it swerved.

The two drivers were pissed while they stopped their cars and got out to watch Kenneth's car race away.

Jennifer raced her Corvair seventy miles per hour down Broadmoor Avenue. She was afraid to push it faster but felt relieved when she did not see Kenneth's car behind her.

Kenneth's Bel-Air made a screeching swerving left turn onto Montvale Circle through a green light. The drivers at the red light on Montvale Circle wondered why that guy was in such a hurry.

An old lady driving a 1950 Chevrolet headed slowly at the green light on Shady Hill drive.

Jennifer's car missed the front end of the 1950 Chevy while Jennifer's Corvair made a screeching right turn through the red light from Broadmoor to Shady Hill Drive.

The old lady stopped her car and remained stopped in the road. She was cautious to continue but the honking horns

from irritated drivers behind her made her drive away.

Kenneth weaved in and around traffic on Montvale Circle at seventy miles per hour.

Jennifer weaved her Corvair down Shady Hill Drive at seventy miles per hour.

It was not long before Jennifer raced her Corvair seventy miles per hour down on Shady Hill Avenue and was out of the town limits.

Shady Hill Avenue now turned into Amster Road heading west.

Jennifer slowed down to the posted speed limit when she saw the bend up ahead in the road.

After Amster Road straightened out from the bend in the road, Jennifer glanced at the rear view mirror.

She noticed no cars were behind her so she stayed at the posted speed limit.

“Why are you going slow?”

“He’s not following us. I must have knocked him out pretty good.”

Abby glanced back at the rear window and saw nothing but darkness.

Back on Montvale Circle, Kenneth was furious and pounded his steering wheel when he had to stop at a red light at Montvale and Thorndale Avenue because three cars were in front of him.

Kenneth got impatient and whipped his Bel-Air in the other lane and raced around the cars and through the red light.

He raced his car down Montvale at seventy miles per hour.

He slowed down then he came to the end of the road and made a screeching right turn onto Amster Road.

He floored his Bel-Air and raced down Amster Road.

Farther down on Amster Road, Abby turned back around and suddenly had a bad feeling when she looked at the windshield. "Does this road go over a wooden bridge? To cross a lake?"

"Yeah. The Brandywine Lake."

Abby thought for a second. It dawned on her. "Can we take a different road to the cabin?"

"No. This is the only road. Why?"

"My dream. I was drowning in a lake off a wooden bridge."

Jennifer glanced in her rear view mirror. She saw a pair of headlights coming fast

down the road after her. This worried her so she sped up her car.

“What's wrong?” Abby asked.

“Someone's coming up fast behind us. I don't want to take any chances,” Jennifer replied while her speedometer needle started climbing to fifty miles per hour.

Abby turned around and saw the headlights in the rear window that were now larger. She also got worried.

Kenneth raced his Bel-Air eighty miles per hour down Amster Road. He saw two small red taillights up ahead. He wiped away blood from his eyes with his sleeve.

Jennifer got scared when the headlights of the oncoming car started to shine in her rear window.

“Are you sure there's not another road to take?” Abby asked while she got scared when she glanced back at the rear window.

“I'm sure.”

“I have a bad feeling about this.”

Jennifer remained quiet while she eyed the headlights that get brighter in her rear window.

The Corvair strained while the speedometer was at seventy-five miles per hour.

The headlights from Kenneth's car got brighter and illuminated more of the back of Jennifer and Abby's heads.

A gunshot shattered the rear window into tiny pieces.

Jennifer and Abby screamed and the Corvair swerved all over the road.

Abby saw the wooden bridge up ahead the second Jennifer straightened her Corvair. "There's the bridge," she said and pointed at it.

The headlights lights from Kenneth's Bel-Air shone on the eastbound side of the road.

The Corvair got closer to the wooden bridge.

Kenneth's Bel-Air raced along side of Jennifer's Corvair keeping at her speed.

Jennifer and Abby saw Kenneth's passenger window was down. He had his pistol aimed at them.

Another gunshot and Jennifer's door window shattered into tiny pieces.

"Ah!" Jennifer screamed out in pain then slumped over the steering wheel the second her car drove on the wooden bridge.

Kenneth's Bel-Air swerved and slammed into the rear of Jennifer's Corvair.

Her Corvair slammed into the wooden guardrail on the south side of the bridge.



That section of the wooden railing snapped like twigs.

The Corvair soared off the bridge with the engine racing.

It crashed into the lake tossing Abby and Jennifer around inside the car.

Kenneth screeched his car to a stop on the bridge.

He got out rushed over to the wooden guardrail that was now flimsy because of the missing section.

He stared at the water and the full Moon provided enough light for him to see the Corvair crashed in the lake.

Inside the Corvair, Abby freaked out while she saw Jennifer still passed out and slumped over the steering wheel.

Abby frantically tried to open her car door. It would not open.

The Corvair sank deeper into the water.

Water started to rush inside due to the rear window and Jennifer's door window being shattered.

The Corvair started to sink faster into the lake.

The electronics of the car started to short out and the inside of the car was dark and quiet.

Abby grabbed Jennifer and brought her head to the top of the roof with her for some air.

Water was soon up to their necks.

Abby sucked in as much air as her lung could handle.

The water completely filled the inside of the car.

Abby grabbed Jennifer and hugged her while the Corvair floated to the bottom of the lake.

When the Corvair landed on the bottom of the lake.

Abby looked at Jennifer and saw that her eyes were opened with a lifeless stare. Abby wanted to scream knowing that Jennifer was dead.

Then a beautiful white light suddenly engulfed Abby and Jennifer's bodies.

Jennifer's eyes popped open and she was wide-awake. Her glasses were gone.

The white light was gone.

Jennifer looked for Abby but Abby was not in sight. She figured she better get out and swam through the smashed driver's door window.

At the surface of the lake, Jennifer's head came out of the water. She gasped a little for air.

She saw that the shore of the lake was close to her.

She swam over to the shore.

Jennifer got up on shore and looked dazed and confused, as to what had just happened.

She glanced over and saw Kenneth on the bridge scanning the lake with a flashlight.

The beam from his flashlight headed in her direction so she scampered more on the shore and hid behind a bush.

The beam from the flashlight shined on the bush for a few seconds then it was gone.

Jennifer peeked out behind the bush and saw Kenneth get back in his car.

She watched while he drove away and headed west in the direction of Michael's cabin.

She broke down and sobbed.

Back at the Barbourville police department, Old Kenneth lay in his jail cell bunk and stared at the ceiling with a satisfied smirk.

Jennifer staggered down the Amster Road soaking wet and headed back toward Barbourville.

A pair of headlights from a car driving down the bridge heading east shined on Jennifer's back.

She turned around and saw the headlights from that car that stopped on the bridge by where she crashed.

She looked for a place to hide believing Kenneth was returning. She felt faint then passed out and fell to the road.

A four door 1960 Ford drove off the bridge and stopped when the driver saw Jennifer in the road.

A middle-aged man and woman rushed out of the Ford.

They rushed over to Jennifer.

They saw her left arm was bleeding in the shoulder muscle from a small hole.

"She's hurt and soaking wet," the woman said and looked concerned.

"She's the one that probably crashed through the bridge. We better take her to the hospital," the man said.

Jennifer looked up at them and smiled at the couple.

"She's alive," the woman said and looked relieved.

"What's your name?" the man asked.

"Abby Austin," Jennifer said then her eyes rolled back in her head and she passed out again.

The Man picked up Jennifer in her arms and carried her over to his car.

His wife opened up the rear passenger door.

The man carefully placed Jennifer in the backseat then closed the door.

The couple got back in their Ford and drove away down Amster Road.

Back at Michael's cabin, Kenneth had his headlights turned off while he coasted to a stop away Michael's Bel-Air. Since he got there late, Michael never knew where he initially parked.

He got out of his car and quietly closed his door.

He walked to the cabin in his black socks where it was dark and quiet.

He stepped on a twig and it poked him in his right foot. He cringed in a little pain while he hopped on one foot for a few seconds while he got the twig out of his sock.

He headed to the porch.

He tiptoed across the wooden porch to the door and silently prayed the wood slats would not creak. They did not.

He slowly opened the front door and prayed it would not squeak. It did not.

Once Kenneth got inside Michael's cabin, he rushed over to the kitchen sink.

He turned on the water then washed off his bloody cut on his forehead. He washed his face to remove any possible bloodstains.

Kenneth touched his cut on his forehead and was satisfied that the bleeding stopped.

He walked over the couch and lay on his back.

He stared at the ceiling and showed no remorse or emotions with tonight's past events. He closed his eyes and was soon fast asleep snoring.

## Chapter 27

The sun started to rise above the horizon.

Back at Michael's cabin, Kenneth woke up.

He sat up and looked a little dazed and confused for a second. He stood up and yawned and stretched. He saw the blood stains on his shirt. "Shit," he said then took off his shirt.

He rushed over to the front door of the cabin with his shirt in hand.

Once Kenneth was outside the cabin, he rushed over to his car.

He opened up the trunk his car and tossed his shirt inside. He reached inside and removed a suit bag and small suitcase.

He closed the trunk and rushed back to the cabin.

In a hospital room of the Heartfelt Care Hospital, Jennifer lay in a bed and looked dazed and confused.

Nurse Mary walked into the room. "Good morning, Jennifer. How are you

feeling?" she said while she walked over to her bed.

Jennifer looked a little confused at Mary.

"I'm Abby Austin," Jennifer said and looked a little confused.

Mary looked concerned. "You must have hit your head during the accident. But the police are going to come by and ask how you got shot in your left arm."

Jennifer glanced at the left arm and saw the large bandage on her shoulder muscle. She thought for a few seconds then it dawned on her.

"Kenneth Mueller raped Jennifer at her house then shot at her when we tried to drive to Michael's cabin. He hit her car and it crashed through the railing of the bridge and crashed into the lake."

Mary looked at Jennifer in disbelief.

"Kenneth Mueller the detective?"

"Yes, Detective Mueller."

"Why do you keep on thinking you're Abby Austin? You're Jennifer Stodden."

"No, I'm Abby Austin," Jennifer replied wondered by the nurse kept on calling her Jennifer.

"Sit up," Mary told Jennifer.

Jennifer sat up.

"Look at the mirror on the wall by the sink," Mary told her.



She looked and saw Jennifer in the mirror. She looked confused while she touched her hair then touched her upper lip minus the mole. She rested her head on her pillow while she tried to figure things out.

Jennifer had a flashback from 2008.

She was on the beach with Rich. They were holding hand and stared with other people at the horizon of the space center.

The space shuttle launches and they saw the fireball.

They turned around and a male friend snapped at picture. The picture she had in her backpack.

Jennifer had another flashback from 2010.

She drove a Cavalier down a two-lane country road in West Virginia. She glanced out her window and loved the sight of the rolling hills.

Jennifer had another flashback from 2010.

She sat in the time machine in Michael's garage. She relived the humming, vibration, psychedelic colors and extreme pain.

Jennifer had another flashback from 1939.

She was five years old in a flat bed boat fishing with her dad.

She stood up.

The boat rocked and Jennifer fell in the water. She panicked and tried to swim. She sank into the lake. Her father jumped into the lake and brought her out of the water and back into the boat.

Jennifer had another flashback from 1949.

Jennifer, now fifteen years old sat in class. Michael, now fifteen years old sat in the row next to her.

Michael discreetly passed a note to Jennifer.

Jennifer looked at the note and it read; "I really like you!"

Jennifer smiled back at Michael who smiled back.

Jennifer had another flashback from 1960.

Michael and Jennifer stood at the rear of the cabin. The Brandywine Lake was visible in the background.

Michael looked nervous while he dropped down to one knee. He held Jennifer's hand.

“Jennifer Stodden, will you marry me?” he asked in a nervous shaky voice.

Jennifer's eyes lit up with joy. “Yes!”

Michael got up off his knee and kissed Jennifer.

Jennifer stopped having her flashbacks.

She sat back up and stared at the mirror. It dawned on her. “I'm Jennifer Stodden. I'm really Jennifer Stodden,” she said then got a strange but warm loving feeling through her body. Her vision went back to being blurry. “It worked. I was Jennifer Stodden all the time and also Abby Austin in a later life,” Jennifer said then rested her head on her pillow with a smile.

Mary thought Jennifer had a head injury and is losing it with those bizarre comments. “I better have the doctor check you out for a concussion or some other brain injury,” Mary said then rushed to the door and left the room.

Back at Michael's cabin, Kenneth shaved and showered in the upstairs bathroom.

He walked out of the bathroom and into the hallway with a towel wrapped out of his waist.

After he walked past Michael's closed bedroom door, it opened and Michael stepped out into the hallway with a spring in his step.

"Good morning," Michael said while he saw Kenneth walking down the hallway toward the stairs.

"Morning," Kenneth replied then walked down the stairs.

Michael went inside the bathroom and closed the door so he could shave and shower.

Back in Jennifer's hospital room, the door opened and two Barbourville police Officers Draper and Jordan stepped inside.

They walked over to Jennifer's bed with concerned looks.

"Miss Stodden. The Nurse told us that you claimed to be raped and shot by Detective Mueller?" Officer Draper said.

Jennifer's eyes welled up while she shook her head in agreement.

Officer Draper removed a small pad and pen from his shirt pocket. "Tell me exactly what happened," he said while he had his pen ready to jot down the facts.

Officer Jordan stood by her bed.

Officer Draper glanced over at Officer Jordan. Both of them really did not like Kenneth and thought he was a drunk.

Back at Michael's cabin, Kenneth sat on the couch in a black tuxedo. He looked worried while he smoked a cigarette.

Michael walked down the stairs in his black tuxedo and saw Kenneth on the couch.

"Good. You're ready," Michael said the second he stepped off the stairs.

Michael walked over to the couch. He saw Kenneth's cut. "How did you cut your forehead?"

Kenneth put out his cigarette into the ashtray on the coffee table. "My stupid fault. I was a little too drunk last night and fell off the couch and smacked my head on the coffee table."

"You okay?" Michael asked a little concerned.

"I'll be fine."

"Good. Let's head off to the church," Michael replied while he walked to the front door with a spring in his step.

Kenneth walked behind him a little nervous.

Outside Michael's cabin, Michael walked to his Bel-Air while Kenneth walked over to his Bel-Air.

They got inside their cars, and started them up.

Michael drove his Bel-Air down the dirt driveway.

Kenneth drove his Bel-Air after Michael's car.

On Amster Road just west of the city limits of Barbourville, two police cars raced west on Amster Road with their red lights flashing.

Inside the lead police car were Officers Draper and Jordan and in the trailing police car were Officers Crane and Morgan.

The cars raced down on Amster at sixty miles per hour.

Michael drove his Bel-Air east on Amster Road with Kenneth trailing in his Bel-Air.

Michael slowed down his Bel-Air while he drove on the wooden bridge over the Brandywine Lake.

Michael's Bel-Air stopped on the bridge the second he passed by the crashed through gap in the wooden guardrail.

Kenneth stopped his Bel-Air before he got to the gap in the guardrail.

Michael got out of his car and walked over at the gap.

He looked down at the lake.

Kenneth got out of his car and walked over to Michael.

“Looks like someone crashed through the guardrails. You better contact your department on the radio,” Michael said and looked concerned.

Kenneth nodded in agreement. “We better get to the church. After all, you’ll be married soon,” he said then patted Michael on his back and hoped he would forget about this bridge.

Michael walked back to his car and got behind the wheel.

Kenneth walked back to his car and got behind the wheel.

Michael and Kenneth’s cars drove away and off the bridge.

The two police cars continued to race west on Amster Road.

Michael and Kenneth’s Bel-Airs headed east on Amster Road.

Inside his Bel-Air, Michael was all smiles while he thought about his wedding in a few hours.

Inside his Bel-Air, Kenneth was in deep thought while he recalled last night's incident. He started to get a little nervous and started scheming believable lies in case someone looked in his direction.

He rolled down his door window and lit up a cigarette to calm his nerves.

Back at Jennifer's house, Martha walked through Jennifer's front yard ready to help Jennifer put on her wedding dress.

She got a little concerned when she did not see Jennifer's Corvair in the driveway.

She walked up to the front door and knocked. She waited a few seconds and did not hear anything.

She opened the front door and poked her head inside. "Jennifer," she called out. The inside of the house was quiet.

She stepped inside Jennifer's house. "Jennifer," she called out again.

She looked around the living room and saw the couch made up into a bed.



She walked through the living room and peaked into the kitchen from its doorway. Nobody was visible. “Jennifer.”

Martha started to get a little concerned then walked down the hallway. “Jennifer.”

Martha opened the first bedroom door to the right. She poked her head inside and saw Jennifer’s wedding dress on the dress stand.

She walked a little farther down the hallway and poked her head inside Jennifer’s bedroom door.

She saw the lamp on the floor and a pair of men’s shoes. “This isn’t good,” she said and had a gut feeling that something terrible happened.

She rushed down the hallway then rushed into the living room in a panic.

Maratha rushed out of Jennifer’s front door and through her front yard and over to her house.

Martha rushed through her front door and into her living room. “Harry! Harry! Something bad happened over at Jennifer’s house. Call the police. She’s missing!” she cried out in a panic.

Harry rushed out of the dining room with his fork in hand. “What?”

“Jennifer’s missing. Call the police!”  
Martha cried out all out of breath.

Harry rushed into the kitchen and  
headed to the phone on the wall.

Michael and Kenneth's Bel-Air's still  
drove east down Amster Road.

The two Barbourville Police cars raced  
heading west on the road and passed by  
Michael and Kenneth's Bel-Air's. Red lights  
were flashing and sirens blaring.

Inside his car, Kenneth got a little  
nervous when the police cars passed by  
them. He glanced in his rear view mirror  
and saw the police car slowing down.

They made U-turns with dirt sprayed  
everywhere.

The two police cars raced after  
Kenneth’s car with their red lights flashing  
and sirens blaring. He knew what this  
meant.

In his Bel-Air, Michael glanced in his  
rear view mirror. “What are they doing?” he  
asked when he saw the police cars coming  
after Kenneth’s Bel-Air.

Kenneth panicked. He slammed on his brakes, and made a screeching U-turn. He raced off down Amster Road heading west.

In Michael's Bel-Air, he saw Kenneth's U-turn from his rear view mirror. "What the hell is he doing? Going on the call?" he said while he looked a little baffled.

Then from his rear view mirror he saw the two police cars make screeching U-turns. They raced after Kenneth's car.

"What the hell is going on?" he said then stopped his car on Amster Road.

Michael got out of his car and looked west down the road. "What is Kenneth doing? I have my wedding."

Michael continued to watch while Kenneth's car raced away at high speeds with the two polices hot on his tail. "There's something wrong," he said when he got a sudden bad feeling.

Kenneth's Bel-Air raced at eighty miles per hour at the bridge.

The second his car tires hit the wooden bridge, his front driver's side tire blew. Kenneth's car swerved on the bridge then flew through the gap in the wooden guardrail.

Kenneth's Bel-Air flipped over in the air and crashed into the lake on its roof.

His Bel-Air started sinking into the lake.

Kenneth was passed out inside his car and was on his car roof while it started to sink into the lake.

Water poured inside Kenneth's car from his down door window while he sank upside down to the bottom of the lake.

Kenneth's car landed upside down next to Jennifer's Corvair.

Water continued to pour into Kenneth's car from his down door window.

Kenneth woke up when water started filling up his nostrils while he rested on the roof of his car. He looked dazed and confused then realized his car was upside down at the bottom of the lake.

He saw Jennifer's Corvair at the bottom of the lake near his car.

He frantically tried to open his driver's door. The door would not open.

The car was completely filled with water, and Kenneth swam through the opened window.

Back at the Barbourville police station, Old Kenneth lay on his jail cell bunk asleep.

He looked like he was swimming in his sleep while holding his breath.

Old Kenneth jumped up in a panic off the bunk and gasped for air while he stands up. He looked confused.

Over on the wooden bridge, Officers Draper, Jordan, Crane and Morgan scanned the surface of the lake for signs of Kenneth.

Kenneth's head poked up to the surface of the water. He gasped for air.

The four police officers whipped out their pistols.

“You're under arrest Detective Mueller. Swim to the shore,” Officer Draper said.

Kenneth glanced up and saw the four police officers with pistols aimed at him. He swam over to the shore.

Michael parked his car on Amster Road near the entrance to the wooden bridge.

He got out and rushed over to the four officers. “Is Detective Mueller alright? What happened?”

The three other officers ran down the bridge toward the shore of the lake where Kenneth swam.

“I hate to tell you this, but your fiancé Jennifer is in the hospital. She claims she was raped, shot then her car was forced off

the bridge by Detective Mueller,” Officer Draper told him.

Michael looked stunned and in disbelief while he saw Kenneth swimming over to the three waiting police officers on the shore. “What?”

“He raped, shot then forced her car off the bridge last night. She’s in the hospital,” Officer Draper said.

He turned around and ran back to his car.

While Michel got inside his car, he saw Kenneth, soaking wet, being handcuffed by the police officers. Kenneth hung his head down in shame and avoided looking up at Michael’s car.

Michael started up in his car, backed up a little then made a U-turn.

He headed east down Amster Road toward Barbourville in shock.

Back in the Barbourville police station, Old Kenneth lay in his jail cell bunk and stared at the ceiling. His eyes suddenly widened in fear. He cringed while several thrusts of severe pain hit his stomach. He clutched his stomach while he buckled over and fell to the floor.

Kenneth curled up on the floor in severe pain. His body suddenly went limp and was lifeless. He was dead with a blank stare.

His body mysteriously disappeared into thin air.

Back at the Heartfelt Care Hospital, Jennifer was resting in her hospital bed in her room.

Martha and Harry were inside the room by her left side of the bed.

The door opened and Michael rushed into the room.

“Jennifer!” he cried out while he ran to her bed.

Jennifer looked at him and smiled. “Michael,” she said and held up her right hand.

Michael held her hand.

Her eyes welled up. “Kenneth tried to rape me then shot me. He forced my car into the wooden bridge and we crashed into the lake.”

Michael looked concerned. “Did he?”

“No, he missed it,” she said and looked relieved that she did not lose her virginity to Kenneth.

Michael was also relieved and kissed her on her forehead.

Martha looked to be in disbelief that Kenneth would do such a horrible act to Jennifer.

Harry's blood boiled while he thought about what happened and wished he could use his shotgun on Kenneth.

"Was Abby with you?"

Jennifer hesitated for a few seconds while she thought about his question.

"She's gone. Vanished in the lake."

"The police will search for her," Michael said and did not have any remorse feeling for Abby for some strange reason.

"I'm sorry about our wedding this morning."

"Oh baby, it's not your fault. We can reschedule in a couple of weeks," Michael replied then kissed her forehead.

"I told the police what happened."

"I know. They captured Kenneth after his car went through that wooden bridge and crashed into the lake."

Jennifer's eyes continued to well up.

Michael kissed her on her forehead.

"I need to talk to the Mayor about replacing that old wooded bridge with something a little stronger," Harry said.

Martha nodded in agreement while she held Jennifer's left hand.



During the rest of Saturday and Sunday, the Barbourville police sent divers into the Brandywine Lake in search of Abby' body.

They did not find her and scratched their heads on where her body could have gone.

They documented this part of the case as being unsolved.

It was now Saturday June 3rd, 1961 and Michael and Jennifer finally had their blissful day at the Church Of Our Savior.

Outside the front entrance of the church, Maris in a bridesmaid dress, Gail in a bridesmaid dress, Diane, Linda, Elaine, Martha, Harry, Dr. Bowman, and other people formed two lines on the sidewalk coming out of the church front entrance.

Michael in his tuxedo and Jennifer in her wedding dress stepped out of the church. They saw the two lines of people who clapped.

Michael and Jennifer ran through the gauntlet where everybody threw rice at them.

They ran to Michael's Bel-Air with "Just Married" painted on the back window in white shoe polish.

Michael opened up his car door and Jennifer sat in the passenger seat.

Michael ran to his side of the car and got behind the wheel.

He started up his car and drove away south on Thorndale Avenue to start their honeymoon and new life.

Martha's eyes welled up for her son getting married and for the loss of Abby.

Harry's eyes welled up and tried to hide it. "Something got in my eyes," he told Maris after she saw the tears in her eyes.

She nodded that she believed him but knew the truth.

A week later, Kenneth's trial was over.

It was difficult for Jennifer to take the stand and testify against her former good friend. But she knew it had to be done.

The jury found Kenneth guilty of attempted rape, attempted murder and murder of Abby even though her body was never found.

The judge gave him life in the State Correctional Institution in Grateford, Pennsylvania state prison.

Kenneth did not last long in the state prison in Grateford. Many prisoners recognized him as being the detective that sent them to prison for rape or other various crimes.

Then one day in the winter of 1963, while Kenneth took a shower, one of two prisoners held Kenneth's arms behind his back while the other one repeatedly stabbed Kenneth in his stomach with a make shift knife.

Kenneth died naked on the shower floor.

## Epilogue

Forty-nine years passed by again for the second time.

It was now Friday June 3rd, 2011.

Michael's backyard looked different. It was all landscaped with rose bushes and beautiful flowers.

Jennifer, now seventy-seven years old, looked great for her age even with her styled white hair. And she still wore glasses.

She sat on some nice patio furniture on the porch.

Michael, now seventy-seven years old, walked from the sliding glass door. He looked healthier with more meat on his bones.

He sat down in a chair next to Jennifer. He reached over and held her hand.

"It's hard to believe it's been fifty years," Jennifer said while she stared at the garage remembering that time machine.

Michael looked over at Jennifer. "I know. And I can't get over how the police never found a trace of that girl."

"What girl?" Jennifer asked not having a clue what he was talking about.

“That girl that came to town and looked so much like you. Oh what was her name?” Michael said while he tried to remember.

Jennifer’s eyes widened when she remembered her former life. “Abby.”

Michael's eyes widened a little. “That’s right Abby Austin. Strange how they never found her body. Just like she simply vanished.”

Jennifer looked back at the garage with a hint of a smile. “Yeah, vanished.”

There were a few moments of silence while Michael and Jennifer enjoyed their landscaped backyard.

“Hi grandma, grandpa,” a young girl’s voice called out from behind them.

Jennifer's eyes lit up hearing her voice.

She and Michael turned around and saw Kristen Bronson their nine-year-old granddaughter standing in the doorway of the sliding glass door.

Kristen stepped out of the house and to the porch.

She rushed over and gave Jennifer a hug.

She rushed over and gave Michael a hug.

“Grandma, grandpa, the voice of a young boy was heard behind them.

Bobby Bronson, their seven-year-old grandson stepped out of the house.

He ran over and gave Jennifer a hug.

He ran over and gave Michael a hug.

Cindy Bronson, their forty-year-old daughter stepped out onto the porch from the sliding glass door.

Cindy walked over to Jennifer.

“Happy fifth wedding anniversary, mom and dad,” she said then gave Jennifer a kiss on his cheek then gave Michael a kiss on his cheek.

Cindy sat down in the chair next to Michael.

“Can I go inside and play in the garage?” Bobby asked Michael.

“Oh no, it’s too dangerous in there,” Michael said as he used it as a workshop for some woodworking projects.

“Can we go inside and watch TV?” Bobby asked.

“Sure,” Michael replied.

Bobby and Kristen ran back to the sliding glass door and went into the kitchen.

“I talked with Robert and Kathy. They’ll be here later with their kids,” Cindy said.

“I love our family gatherings,” Jennifer said with a smile happy that she got this chance to have a family.

“So, are you to ready for your trip down to Florida to watch the last shuttle launch?” Cindy asked them.

“Yeah, and it’s sad to think this will be the last one,” Michael replied.

Jennifer nodded in agreement.

Hours had passed and it was now the evening.

Michael, Jennifer, Cindy, Bobby, and Kristen drove to the Brandywine Restaurant outside of town.

They went inside the restaurant and were escorted by the hostess through the eating area to a large room used for large parties.

This room was to the right of a smaller room where Michael and Jennifer had their rehearsal dinner back in 1961.

Already seated at the large table was Maris with her husband George, Gail with her husband Ricky, and Linda with her husband Ernie. There were all seventy-seven years old.

Also at the table sat Jennifer and Michael’s son Michael Junior and his wife Kathy. He was forty-eight years old and Kathy was forty-seven. Between them sat their kids Wendy, twelve years old and

James, fourteen years old who was not thrilled at being at function with a bunch of old people. He wished he was home playing video games.

Jack and Joe, also seventy-seven years old also sat at the table.

All the grown ups chapped when Michael and Jennifer stepped into the room with Cindy, Kristen, Bobby, and Cindy's husband Steve, also forty years old.

Michael and Jennifer smiled at the sight of all their friends.

Everybody got situated in his or her seats.

After the two waitresses brought everybody their drinks, Michael held up his glass of iced tea. "A toast," he said then paused while everybody brought up his or her glasses.

James rolled his eyes thinking this was stupid.

"I want to thank all of you for showing up for our fifth wedding anniversary."

"Here, here," Jack called out and drew nods in agreement with Joe, Maris, Gail, and Linda.

Michael looked a little somber. "I also would like to toast those loved ones we lost during the past fifty years. Our parents, our beloved friends Diane, Sandy, Wendell,



Mark, and someone that we briefly knew but touched Jennifer my hearts for a brief period, Abby Austin,” he said.

Everybody clinked his and her glasses together.

The two waitresses entered the room and started taking down their dinner orders.

The rest of the anniversary dinner was wonderful for Michael and Jennifer.

It was now July 8th, 2011 and Michael and Jennifer made it down to Cocoa Beach, Florida two days ago.

It was eleven twenty-four in the morning and Michael and Jennifer were on the crowded beach waiting for the last launch of a space shuttle.

Jennifer glanced at all the people on the beach while she stood in the sand holding Michael’s hand.

Her eyes lit up when she saw a familiar face. It was Rich, Abby’s old boyfriend from 2010. Rich stood five feet from Jennifer and stood next to his wife Becky. Rich held a year old daughter in his arms and looked so happy.

“He lived,” Jennifer said and her eyes welled up being happy about Rich.

“What’s wrong?” Michael asked when he saw her eyes tear up.

“Oh, its just sad to think the space shuttle program will be soon be over,” she replied.

“I know,” Michael responded.

The crowd on the beach started cheering and clapping at the sight of the space shuttle soaring into the sky.

Jennifer took her eyes off Rich and looked up at the sky where all other eyes were aimed.

She and Michael watched while Atlantis soared up into the sky with a fiery smoke trail.

Two weeks had passed and it was early in the month of August.

It was nighttime back in Barbourville, Pennsylvania and the clear sky was filled with twinkling stars and a full Moon.

The front door to Michael’s house opened and Jennifer and Michael stepped outside.

They walked hand in hand to the driveway then walked down to the street.

They walked down the street and into the darkness holding hands unaware of the psychedelic colors that suddenly filled the inside of his garage.

Inside Michael's garage, his old time returned to that bare spot.

The door to the machine opened and Bobby Bronson, now fifty-six years old, got out of the machine. He stood with wobbly legs by the machine and looked a little confused.

He rushed over to the wall and vomited onto the floor. He regained his composure and looked around the garage.

He hoped that his attempt to travel back to 2011 from 2060 worked.

He glanced around the garage and realized this was not the garage he had in 2060. "I made it," he said and was happy that the time machine actually worked.

He walked over to the workbench and opened up the window.

He climbed out the window and stepped into the darkness of 2011 on a mission to determine how this time machine mysteriously appeared in his garage during one night two months ago in May 2060.

After all, he found his father's books and notes on time travel.