

Murder Outside Haneyville

By

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A special thanks to my wife for tolerating me spending countless hours banging away on the keyboard with an attempt to be creative.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROLOGUE

CHAPTER 1

CHAPTER 2

CHAPTER 3

CHAPTER 4

CHAPTER 5

CHAPTER 6

CHAPTER 7

CHAPTER 8

CHAPTER 9

CHAPTER 10

CHAPTER 11

CHAPTER 12

CHAPTER 13

CHAPTER 14

CHAPTER 15

CHAPTER 16

CHAPTER 17

CHAPTER 18

CHAPTER 19

CHAPTER 20

CHAPTER 21

CHAPTER 22

CHAPTER 24

CHAPTER 25

CHAPTER 26

CHAPTER 27

CHAPTER 28

CHAPTER 29

CHAPTER 30

Prologue

The full Moon illuminated the northeastern countryside of Tennessee from the cloudless nighttime sky.

It was around 1:15 that Friday morning of August 21st, 1970. It was a cool night and the temperature dropped to seventy-five degrees.

Traffic was non-existent on Stinson Road at this time of the morning so all that was heard was the music of nighttime critters.

Stinson Road was a two-lane paved road that wound through the countryside just to the west of the small town of Haneyville.

This country road ran north and south and provided the folks of Haneyville with a route to the major city of Knoxville, Tennessee to the south and Lexington, Kentucky to the north.

Another road dead-ended on Stinson Road and that was Haneyville Road. That

two-lane road headed east and eventually turned into the main street of the town of Haneyville.

Haneyville Road wended through the countryside after Haneyville and headed northeast then ended at the small town of Rogersville, Tennessee.

A pair of car headlights appeared heading north on Stinson Road after it just turned off Haneyville Road. It was a 1962 red Buick Special two-door hardtop with red interior.

There was music in the air while the Buick drove north on Stinson. It was the lyrics and rock tune to "*In the summertime when the weather is high*" from the band Mungo Jerry. The windows were rolled down to enjoy the cool evening and to let smoke escape the inside of the Buick.

Behind the wheel of that Buick Special down Stinson Road was eighteen-year-old Tiffany Carlson. Tiffany had long brunette hair that ran down to the middle of her back.

Tiffany had big soft brown eyes and pouty lips with a small mole on her right upper lip that gave her character. And the mole helped, as she always turned heads and caused lust in the hearts of guys when she walked around Haneyville.

Tiffany wore a busy floral print blouse with Levi's hip hugger bell-bottom blue jeans where they really showed off her tight butt checks. Her feet often wore brown chunky heel sandals. The sight of Tiffany sent the sexual urges of the young guys in Haneyville into hyperspeed. And a few of the older men also had nasty thoughts of being alone with Tiffany.

In the passenger side of the front seat sat nineteen-year-old Howie Anderson. He had shoulder length blonde hair parted down the middle. Howie had not shaved for two months and there were scattered patterns of some resemblance of a beard. He always wore a black tee shirt and Levi bell-bottom blue jeans with black Converse sneakers with white socks.

Howie was the only guy from Haneyville that got to see the sweet side of Tiffany.

He just lit up a joint while the song *In The Summertime* by Mungo Jerry still blared on the AM radio station from Knoxville.

Howie took a drag on the joint then passed it over to Tiffany while he kept the pot smoke inside his lungs. He exhaled the second she took possession of the joint.

Tiffany took a drag on the joint.

“I got woman, I got woman on my mind,” sang out Howie with his own version of the song and glanced over at Tiffany then blew her a kiss while Tiffany exhaled the smoke.

While she drove down the road they both sang along with Mungo Jerry’s tune and took turns smoking the joint.

Tiffany glanced in her rearview mirror. Her eyes widened a little and looked concerned. “Is there another car following us without its lights on?”

Howie turned around while he took a drag on his joint. He exhaled. “Naw, you’re just stoned and seeing things,” he said then

turned back around and passed her the joint.

She shrugged that thought off thinking he was correct. She took another drag while she continued her drive down the road.

“Why don’t we hit the fuck spot?” She asked when she saw the entrance to a dirt road up ahead to the right.

She passed the joint back to Howie.

“That would be cool since it’s a beautiful night with a full Moon,” Howie replied then he took another drag on his joint.

Then Tiffany slowed her Special down and turned right into the entrance of that dirt road.

A mysterious car with its headlights off drove past that dirt road and continued north on Stinson Road. Tiffany was correct in that someone was following her Buick.

Then that mysterious car slowed down and turned left down another dirt road just north of the road Tiffany drove down. That dirt road led to a dirt parking area where

guys would park their pickups to hunt deep in the woods.

The dirt road Tiffany drove her Buick down was only wide enough for one vehicle. It snaked around large black walnut trees in the woods. The dirt road finally ended in large dirt clearing where ten cars could park side by side.

The clearing also had a sandy bank by Lake Haney. Some residents of Haneyville constructed this sandy clearing back in 1926. They built this clearing so the fishermen of Haneyville could have another location to launch their boats to fish in the lake for trout and bass.

But the clearing started to get another purpose by the young kids of Haneyville in the late 1950s. This became a popular spot for horny guys to make out with their dates in their cars. So in the past, there were many kids of Haneyville that were conceived in parked cars in this clearing during Friday and Saturday nights. The kids started calling it *The Fuck Spot* back in 1967. But back in

the 1920s through the early 1950s, this was a favorite fishing spot at the lake.

But if Tiffany only knew that she was conceived in the backseat of a 1949 Ford in this clearing over eighteen years ago.

Along the southeastern area of Lake Haney was built the lovely town of Haneyville. The lake had an average depth of fifteen feet. But the months of July and August had the standard summer storms so the level of the lake rose two feet.

Tiffany parked her Buick Special in the middle of the clearing by Lake Haney. They were the only ones out there tonight.

She turned off the headlights then shut off the engine. The quiet of the woods and the full Moon shining on the lake added to the atmosphere.

The *In The Summertime* song just finished playing on the radio while Tiffany and Howie finished smoking that joint.

“Want me to lit up another one?” Howie asked Tiffany.

“Oh yeah, but let’s smoke it in the backseat,” replied Tiffany then she opened up her door and stepped outside.

Howie grabbed his plastic bag that contained his weed and four previously rolled joints off the front seat. He was prepared for tonight’s date with Tiffany and had one thing in mind all day.

He opened up his door and stepped outside.

Tiffany and Howie got in the back seat but left the doors opened. That provided a nice cool breeze into the back of her car.

Then the song *Evil Ways* by Santana started on the radio.

Tiffany and Howie shared that other joint while they listened to the Santana song. They had a great buzz going and loved being alone in the woods with the full Moon.

“Do you know what I want?” she said while she leaned over and started rubbing the inside of Howie’s jeans crotch. He had a boner in seconds and loved the feeling of her hand groping his private area.

“It’s all yours,” he said while he was now rock hard.

She unzipped his blue jeans.

They did not hear the cautious footsteps of someone approaching her car.

Tiffany pulled Howie’s jeans down to his ankles and underwear was not next since he did not wear any boxers tonight. Tonight was commando night, as he hoped he would get some more bare ass naked fun with Tiffany.

She immediately leaned down and started giving Howie a blow job.

He leaned his head back and moaned enjoying the feeling of Tiffany’s talented warm mouth.

Howie was about to blow his load in Tiffany’s mouth when a flashlight suddenly illuminated them from outside the driver’s side of the car. He lost his boner and potential load explosion immediately.

Tiffany and Howie shielded their eyes from the bright light that was annoying.

“What the fuck do you want?” asked Howie and he was pissed that someone ruined his orgasm.

“There’s plenty of other places to park,” said Tiffany while she continued to shield her eyes from the bright light.

“Get the fuck out of the car,” the mysterious man yelled from outside.

Tiffany and Howie looked scared while they recognized that threatening voice.

“Can’t we please forget about this? Please!” asked Tiffany.

“I said, get the *fuck* out of the car,” the mysterious man yelled louder.

Tiffany and Howie knew they had to obey and got out of the car.

Once they were outside the car, they got a glance of this man and saw that he wore blue overalls over a dirty white tee shirt and had a black wool ski mask to hide his face.

Then both Howie and Tiffany saw something on the mysterious man that helped give away his identity. It was his

right hand and the fact that his pinky finger was gone at the knuckle.

“Why are you doing this and hiding your face?” asked Tiffany while she fought back from peeing in her jeans, as this man had always intimidated and harassed her in the past.

The mysterious man leaned over to Tiffany’s left ear. “Just because I *fucking* feel like it,” he whispered.

Tiffany could smell whiskey off his breath. Her eyes welled up and her body trembled. She again strained from peeing in her blue jeans. “I won’t tell what you did to me. I promise,” pleaded Tiffany the second she feared the worst would happen.

The mysterious man ignored her while his flashlight illuminated the backseat of her car. He spotted the bag of weed and three rolled joints on the seat. “That shit is illegal in the State of Tennessee. You can go to jail for that,” he said while he shoved the bag into one of his pockets on his coveralls.

Tiffany and Howie just shook in fear not knowing what to expect from this man.

The woods were quiet fifty feet away from Tiffany's Buick Special.

An Owl hooted above from a branch of a tall black walnut tree.

The sounds of numerous twigs on the ground being snapped in half was heard.

That mysterious man had a Colt 45 pistol aimed at the backs of Tiffany and Howie while he marched them through the woods.

"Please let us so," Tiffany pleaded with the mysterious man while her eyes welled up.

"Shut the fuck up," the mysterious man replied and was determined to fulfill his drunken plans.

The Owl flew away from his branch into the night sky when the three humans were spotted down below.

"Stop here," the mysterious man called out the second they arrived at a small clearing between the trees.

Tiffany and Howie stopped.

"Turn the fuck around."

Tiffany and Howie turned around.

“You’re a fucking coward to run away like that. A fucking coward,” the mysterious man said to Howie with anger in his voice.

“But you don’t understand. I changed my mind. I’m heading down to Knoxville with Charlie in the morning. You can ask him,” Howie pleaded while his knees shook.

“You’re a worthless piece of shit and a fucking liar,” the mysterious man said interrupting Howie’s reply then he immediately then he fired off a shot.

The bullet penetrated Howie’s chest. He dropped to the dirt with eyes stunned that he was shot.

“Ahhhh!” Tiffany screamed out and tried to run in a panic. But the man was quicker and he ran after her then whacked Tiffany on the back of her head.

She dropped face first into the dirt on top of some dead leaves. Blood oozed out of the back of her head soaking her hair.

The man shoved his pistol in to one of his pockets of his overalls.

He removed his overalls and was naked in seconds. He dropped his coveralls in the dirt next to her body.

He got to his knees and rolled Tiffany over onto her back.

Howie was able to crane his neck in pain and he could watch that man unzipped Tiffany's bell-bottom blue jeans. He felt weak and on the verge of passing out.

"Please don't!" Tiffany cried out while he lowered them down to her ankles and slid them over her sandals.

Howie tried to move but the pain in his chest was too excruciating disabling him to move.

"Please don't do this again," she cried out while he slid her white cotton panties down and over her sandals.

Then the mysterious man slapped Tiffany across her face a few times. "Shut the fuck up or I'll kill you now," he yelled at her then slapped her across her face a few more times.

Tiffany shut up and was frozen stiff with fear. She also had a splitting headache

from being whacked on the back of her head.

He ripped open her tee shirt and was not surprised when he discovered she did not wear a bra over her C-cup breasts.

“I remember these sweet puppies,” the man said while he squeezed her breasts hard causing Tiffany to cringe in pain.

Then he recalled moments of seeing Tiffany strut around Haneyville with her erect nipples poking through her shirt material. He had a boner that was aching for some free loving.

Then he saw a gold chain around her neck that had a gold heart attached to it. Also on the chain was a small silver key.

He looked at the back of the gold heart and saw it had “Howie” engraved on it. “How fucking sweet,” he said with a sarcastic tone then yanked the chain hard. It broke off.

“Please don’t take that,” Tiffany pleaded with him while she reached out with her right hand wanting it back.

“Fuck you,” the man chuckled while he leaned over and shoved the chain, key and gold heart into one of his pockets of his overalls.

He opened up her legs and got on top of Tiffany. She tried to force him off her body but he was too strong. He slapped her some more across her face.

She got scared to death then went limp giving in to his forced perversion. She just had a blank lifeless stare knowing she did not have a choice in this matter.

He started to pleasure himself with Tiffany’s limp body. “You feel so good fucking Tiffany. Just the way I remembered,” the mysterious man said while he humped at her crotch.

Tiffany just had that blank stare while he pumped his hips.

Howie lay on his back still in extreme pain in the dirt. He heard the grunting and moans of the mysterious man and glanced over. He saw him raping the girl he loved and he was pissed. But he could not move to help her.

Howie craned his neck in the other direction. The full Moon was able to provide enough light to where he saw Tiffany's Buick Special parked in the clearing with the driver's door still opened.

He looked back at that man on top of Tiffany having his nasty way with her. "Stop," he cried out with the loudest voice he could muster up.

The mysterious man ignored Howie, as he was having too much fun with Tiffany's limp naked body.

Then it was over in a manner of minutes. The man got off Tiffany's naked body. He stared down at her with a satisfying smirk.

Tiffany looked up at the man and she was pissed and decided not to take this anymore. "I'm going to tell Sheriff Powers. He's going to make sure you spend the rest of your life behind bars," she cried out in pain, as she still had that horrendous headache.

The mysterious man reached down for his overalls. He reached in one of his

overall pocket and removed his Colt 45. This pistol was from his Army days as a Military Policeman. He removed his ski mask and glared down at Tiffany.

Howie watched while that mysterious man fired off a bullet into the forehead of Tiffany. She was dead with a lifeless stare up at the sky in seconds.

The man knelt down and grabbed Tiffany's jeans. He rummaged through all of her pockets then removed the driver's license out of the rear right pocket. He shoved her license in one of his overalls pockets.

Then the man looked over at Howie.

Howie's eyes widened at the sight of that man. He wanted to scream but his voice gave out on him in fear. His eyes welled up. The last thing he saw before another bullet from that man's Colt 45 ended his life ended was the bright full Moon between the bare branches of a nearby dying black walnut tree.

The mysterious man quickly got redressed in his overalls.

He walked over to Howie and removed Howie's wallet from the rear pocket of the dead teen blue jeans.

He reached in one of his top pockets of his cover and removed a cigar and lighter.

He lit his cigar then walked away toward the Buick Special leaving a train of cigar smoke into the quiet night.

Fifteen minutes had passed and that mysterious man was back with a shovel.

He started to dig two graves by two eight-inch high rocks that were not there a little while ago.

Two days had passed and forty-two year old Ernie and forty-one year old Kathy Carlson sat down with Sheriff Gus Powers in his small office.

Gus Powers was in his mid-sixties and had been the Sheriff of Haneyville for the past thirty years. He had plans on retiring in five years and spending his golden years catching trout and bass from Lake Haney.

Deputy Rodney “Rock” Riley stood nearby and puffed on a cigar while he watched the paperwork being filled out.

Rock Riley was a muscular man who just turned thirty years old with black crew cut. But he only had one visible flaw. He had the pinky finger on his right hand chopped off at the knuckle. He was that mysterious man from that full Moon night.

He showed no emotion while he watched a worried to death Ernie and Betsy jot down the application information.

Off at another desk sat Deputy Wallace Mayer. He was an old school buddy of Rock’s and joined the Haneyville Police Department when Rock went into the Army. Wallace was instrumental on getting Rock a job as a deputy when he got discharged from the Army. But Wallace had dreams of a better career than being a deputy and stated to attend night school down at Knoxville.

Then an hour later, forty-two year old George and forty-one year old Betsy

Anderson sat down with Sheriff Powers. They filled out a missing report on their son Howie. Deputy Rock Riley also watched this meeting with no emotion.

After George and Betsy left the Sheriff's office, Rock turned to his boss. "I'm figuring those kids might have run off to maybe Canada. Maybe Howie was too chicken to be drafted into the Army."

Sheriff Powers glanced at Rock after he filled the report in his filing cabinet. "I reckon that's a possibility," he said while he closed the filing cabinet drawer.

"I'm going to walk around town and check on things," Rock said while he headed to the door.

Sheriff Powers nodded while he headed off to the coffee pot for another cup of coffee.

He poured his fourth cup, went into his office and pondered where could these two kids be at this exact moment.

"Wait Rock, I still want you to go down to the clearing. Look around and see if you

can find any evidence of foul play,” said Sheriff then he took a drink of his coffee.

“Yes sir,” said Deputy Rock Riley then he left the station.

A little while later, Deputy Rock Riley had his 1965 Ford Galaxy black and white patrol car parked in the clearing by Lake Haney. He puffed on a cigar while he stood along the sandy bank of the lake and was in deep thought while he stared at the lake. He flicked his cigar into the lake then headed off into the woods.

Deputy Riley walked back to the scene of the crime. He saw the two rocks and leaves and twigs that were scattered all over the dirt. The killer did an excellent job of not making the area look like two graves were dug there two days ago.

Rock spent the next ten minutes picking up small branches and piling them up over the graves.

After he was done, Deputy Rock Riley removed another cigar from his shirt pocket,

lit the cigar then walked off leaving a trail of smoke.

A little while later, Deputy Riley went back inside the police station just off Wildwood Avenue.

He walked up to Sheriff Power's office door.

"I went out to the clearing and found no evidence what so ever of any foul play. I'm thinking these two kids actually ran off to Canada," said Deputy Riley.

"Okay, I'll probably close the report stating that," said Sheriff Powers then he took another drink of his coffee.

Deputy Riley walked away with a smirk and a little bit of a victory dance while he headed back to his desk

Two weeks had passed.

Sheriff Powers got a letter without a return address. He opened up the envelope and looked at the letter.

"Sheriff. I saw in our newspaper that you have two teens that went missing two

weeks ago. I would like to remain anonymous but I saw two teenagers hitchhiking while I drove to Lexington that morning. It was around two that morning and they were on Stinson Road heading north to Lexington. They matched the description in the newspaper. I thought you might want to know," Sheriff Powers read the letter out loud. "I guess they did run away," he said while he placed the letter in the case file for Howie and Tiffany.

He got up and placed the case file folder in the closed cases drawer of his filing cabinet. If he only knew who typed and mailed that letter.

He sat down and made a phone call to George, Betsy, Ernie and Kathy about this letter. They all were saddened to think their kids ran away from home. Kathy and Betsy cried for hours.

Chapter 1

Forty-three years had passed and it was now early September in 2014.

Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson were still officially labeled as missing. It was never discovered that they were buried in the woods outside Haneyville during that August night back in 1970.

For the first ten years after the kids were missing, everybody in town had their own theories on what happened.

One of the main theories was that Howie ran off to Canada to avoid being drafted into the Army and being sent to Vietnam. This was Rock's theory and the vast majority of the town folks were in agreement with him. For a while that placed a little shame on George and Betsy Anderson.

Ernie and Kathy Carlson and George and Betsy Anderson gave up on trying to

locate their missing children. They were now in their eighties and did not have the strength anymore to pursue that disappointing activity. They figured the kids wanted a better life away to Canada and wanted nothing to do with Haneyville. But could never understand why since they both provided them a good home.

Way down south, the news of those two missing kids from 1970 never reached Florida.

One such person who never heard about these two missing kids was Donovan Kirby. He was a thirty-three year old and lived in Melbourne, Florida.

Donovan was a handsome man with short blonde hair and blue eyes. He worked as a reporter for the Florida Today newspaper writing articles about local crime.

But Donovan's true passion was writing crime fiction stories. He had completed two so far and did not have success with getting a publisher to publish them. So he went down the eBook route on the Internet. The

two stories were not best sellers but brought in a small monthly income. They were titled Confession, and Public Enemy Hud Hudson.

It was in the evening on Wednesday and Donovan sat in his den in lazy boy chair with his laptop on his lap. He stared at a blank Word file. He tried to type something down, but stopped. He tried to type something but stopped again. "Crap," he cursed out while he hated these frequent writer's block moments.

He got out of his lazy boy chair with his laptop in hand.

After he placed the laptop back in its bag, Donovan headed over to the closet of the den.

He opened the closet and removed a small case. He opened up the case and inside was a Conn Constellation silver trumpet.

After Donovan placed the mouthpiece in the trumpet, he walked back over to his lazy boy chair. He started playing his trumpet,

which was another hobby he started ten years ago.

He started to play the introduction to Glenn Miller's *In The Mood* song.

After thirty minutes of playing his trumpet, he put it back in the closet then headed off to the bathroom and got ready for bed. He could not shake off his writer's block.

Donovan fell asleep an hour later. He tried to come up with a great idea for his third eBook story. He still drew a blank.

Then Donovan started to have a dream...

In Donovan's dream, he was a young guy with long blonde hair parted down the middle.

He sat in the passenger seat of a 1962 Buick Special. He smoked on a joint.

Then he passed the joint over to a young sexy girl with long brown hair and a big

soft brown eyes. She took the joint and started smoking on it.

He looked at the girl. "I love you," he said.

She glanced at him with the joint in her right hand.

Donovan woke up from his dream and thought nothing of it. He closed his eyes and drifted back off to sleep.

Thursday morning arrived and Donovan sat in his lazy boy chair in his den drinking some coffee and eating a bowl of oatmeal for breakfast. He had the Channel 13 new channel on his 50-inch TV.

"This drought has been hitting the whole south hard for the entire summer months," said weatherman Carl Curt from the TV and pointed to a map of the south where all the rainfalls across all the southern states were 0.00 inches. "There have been reports of the levels of lakes and rivers dropping to an average of ten feet," Carl added to his

viewers then paused. “No rain is in sight at the moment.”

Donovan’s iPhone rang with the old fashion phone ringtone. He smiled when he saw the picture of Lindsey the caller.

“Hey,” he answered the call and was not in the mood to talk to his girlfriend.

“Hey, baby, I’m at the Orlando airport. I just got through security and I’m heading to the train to the terminal,” Lindsey replied from his iPhone.

“Okay, save a good time and I’ll see you on Sunday,” he replied.

“When I get back, we really need to sit down and decide on a wedding date. Mom’s bugging the crap on me for trying to plan,” she said.

“Okay,” he replied but did not look thrilled, as he started having doubts on marrying Lindsey.

“I will, love you.”

Donovan hesitated but knew what would happen if he did not respond. “Love you,” Donovan replied then disconnected this end of the call.

He grabbed his remote and turned off his TV.

He got up off the lazy boy chair then headed out of the den to get ready for work.

A little while later, Donovan left his house and drove off to work in his blue 2012 Honda CR-V.

While he drove down U.S. 1 in Melbourne, he saw the Harbor Buick dealership off to his left on the west side of the road. The Indian River was to his right.

While he passed by that dealership, Donovan spotted a shiny blue 1962 Buick Special parked out in the grass near the road. He liked what he saw then soon forgot about that car while he headed a little farther down the road.

A little while later, Donovan arrived at his cubicle in the Florida Today office.

He sat down at his desk and glanced at the framed picture of him and his fiancé Lindsey Barnes a sexy brunette. It was a

picture of them at Disney's Magic Kingdom in Orlando taken last year.

He turned on his computer ready to work his next assignment.

"Good morning, Donovan," said Hank Jasmer his Editor the second he entered Donovan's cubicle.

"Hey Hank."

"There's a conference going on over in Orlando for suppliers of police equipment and workshops with lots of police chiefs and sheriffs from around the country. I want you to head over there and come back with a story," said Hank.

"Okay, can I get a cup of coffee first," asked Donovan.

"One cup, then hit the road," Hank replied then he walked out of the cubicle.

Donovan sighed, as he hated assignments out of Brevard County.

He grabbed his coffee cup then headed out of his cubicle.

Thirty minutes had passed and Donovan was inside his SUV heading north on U.S. 1.

Rusty and Buddy sat in Rusty's Weld-Craft JON boat over in Lake Haney in Tennessee. They were not too far from the sandy bank of the lake.

Rusty stopped his boat and dropped his anchor.

He looked at the bank and got a little depressed. "Looks like the lake level has dropped by five feet," he said.

Buddy looked at the bank and saw where the water was normally higher last year. "Yep, this fucking drought is brutal," he replied while he stared at the bank of the lake.

"Oh well, let's hope this drought has the bass really hungry," he said while he grabbed his fishing pole.

"I hope so. Last week was a bust," Buddy said while he grabbed his fishing pole.

"Yep, but the beer was good," Rusty said while he casted out his line.

"Yep," replied Buddy while he casted out his line.

Rusty opened up the Coleman cooler and grabbed two cans of Budweiser beers that had been on ice for a few hours.

Rusty popped open one of the cans and handed it to Buddy.

Rusty popped his can open and they both took a drink.

Rusty and Buddy drank their beers while they waited for some bass to take their bait.

Thirty minutes and Rusty and Buddy were on their second cans of Budweisers. The bass were not biting today and they were disappointed but the Bud's helped.

Then Rusty glanced down at the water as something caught his attention. "What's that down there?" he said while he pointed down at the water.

Buddy looked where Rusty pointed. "That's weird," he said while he saw what gave Rusty some concern.

"I think we should tell the Sheriff," Buddy said.

Rusty nodded in agreement and started reeling in his fishing line.

Buddy started reeling in his fishing line.

Meanwhile, back in Orlando, Florida, Donovan had arrived at the Orange County Convention Center off International Drive.

Donovan walked around one of the exhibit halls and saw hundreds of vendors that were showing off their products to help the police officers around the nation.

Then Donovan stopped at a vendor's booth for uniforms.

He looked at the uniforms and jotted down some notes about the different vendors in this exhibit hall.

He turned to leave then stopped after he almost knocked into another man.

He looked and saw a man around seventy years old. It was Sheriff Rodney "Rock" Riley from Haneyville, Tennessee in his light brown uniform with dark brown tie. He had three cigars that peeked out of his right shirt pocket. Rock had gotten a little flabbier over the years and his black crew cut was now a thinning white haired crew cut. But he was still an intimidating man.

“Excuse me,” Donovan said while he looked Rock in the eyes.

“No problem” replied Rock.

Then the two men glanced at each other for a few seconds.

A cold chill ran through Donovan’s body while he looked at Rock’ eyes. There was something familiar about this old law enforcement officer. Donovan saw the “Riley” name tag pinned to Rock’s shirt.

“Do I know you?” asked Rock while there was something strange and familiar with Donovan.

“No sir, I don’t recall meeting you,” replied Donovan and that chill dissipated then followed by a light sharp pain in the middle of his chest. Donovan cringed in pain.

“Are you alright?” asked Rock when he noticed Donovan was in a bit of pain.

The pain quickly vanished from Donovan’s chest. “I’m fine.”

Rock and Donovan just stared at each other while they tried to recall where they might have met in the past.

The cell phone clipped to Rock's belt rang.

Donovan walked away while Rock removed his cell phone and flipped it over. "Yeah," Rock answered the call.

Donovan turned around and glanced back at Rock.

"You what?" Rock said into his cell phone and looked concerned.

Donovan discreetly eyed Rock.

He noticed that the pinky on Rock's right is missing at the knuckle while he looked concerned while he listened to his cell phone call.

"Do not contact anybody from the media until I get back home," Rock said then disconnected his end of the call.

Rock glanced back at Donovan and did not appreciate him staring at him. "What do you want?"

"Nothing," Donovan said then he rushed away suddenly being intimidated by that old man.

Rock rushed away and looked concerned with his cell phone call.

Donovan spent another four hours at the conference then headed back east to Melbourne.

After he arrived back in his cubicle at the Florida Today newspaper office, Donovan immediately started writing his article about the conference and downloaded the pictures he snapped with his Nikon D3200 digital camera.

His workday was over and Donovan had submitted his story on the police convention in Orlando.

He left the office and drove his CR-V south on U.S. 1 to head home.

Donovan drove past the Harbor Buick dealership and eyed that restored 1962 Buick Special again.

While he drove farther down the road, he could not get that old car out of his mind.

Donovan turned around when he had the opportunity and drove back to the Buick dealership.

Donovan pulled his CR-V into the dealership and parked.

He got out and walked over to the Buick Special parked in the grass.

Donovan walked around to the front and loved the mirror like finish on the chrome bumper.

He walked around and loved the flawless shiny blue paint job.

He peeked in the driver's door window and saw that the blue interior looked brand new.

"She's thing of beauty," said Larry a middle-aged salesman.

"She sure is," Donovan said and knew a salesman was right behind him.

"Let me open her up to you can check her out," Larry said and removed a car key from his pant pocket. He unlocked then opened the driver's door then motioned for Donovan to sit inside.

Donovan sat in the front seat.

"You can take her for a spin if you want," said Larry.

“Okay,” replied Donovan and looked forward to driving this antique while he took the key from Larry.

Donovan started up the Buick while Larry got in the passenger side of the front bench seat. He buckled his lap seat belt.

Donovan buckled his lap seat belt.

He placed the car in reverse and slowly backed out of the grass.

A little while later, Donovan drove the Buick Special south on U.S. 1. Its engine purred and it drove like a dream.

“The car was restored and a new engine installed,” said Larry while Donovan drove farther down U.S. 1.

Donovan loved the feel of this car.

A little while later, Donovan drove back to the dealership and had the Buick parked in its spot in the grass.

He did one last walk around the car admiring the antique.

“What do you think?” asked Larry silently praying for a sale.

Donovan glanced in the driver's window for another glance at the inside. "I'll think about it," he said then gave Larry a smile.

Larry smiled back but inside he was pouting he lost another sale today.

Larry headed back to the showroom while Donovan walked back to his CR-V.

Later that night, Donovan just put away his laptop. He racked his brain for ideas for his third eBook but that writer's block won again.

He went to bed and drifted off to sleep.

It was not long before Donovan had a dream...

Donovan was in the rear seat of that red 1962 Buick Special. That sexy girl with the brown hair sat next to Donovan and they were hip to hip.

They were at the drive-in and the movie *Bloody Mama* played with Shelly Winters and Robert DeNiro.

Donovan and the girl started kissing. It turned passionate.

Donovan slipped his hand under her gray *Best of 1970* tee shirt. He smiled when he felt the erect nipple of her right bare breast under her shirt. He got a boner.

Donovan had a smile on his face while he dreamt about feeling that girl's bare breast.

The sound of a Harley Davidson motorcycle outside his house while it raced down the street woke him up.

Donovan looked around and realized he woke up from his dream. He was disappointed and closed his eyes. He fought hard to return back to that exact moment of that dread.

The sexy dream did not return.

Chapter 2

Friday morning arrived and Donovan headed off to work.

While he drove his CR-V north on U.S. 1, he drove past the Harbor Buick dealership and spotted that Buick Special.

“I have to admit, she is gorgeous,” he said while he drove down the road with the thoughts of that old classic Buick on his mind.

He put the thoughts about that car out of his mind while he drove closer to the Florida Today newspaper office.

An hour had passed and Donovan was on his third cup of coffee in his cubicle.

He had spent the past thirty minutes surfing the Internet for crime stories of interest. He was searching for stories that might get him out of his writer’s block.

He was about to stop searching he found a link that was of interest. The link

was titled "1962 Buick Special Found at Bottom of Lake Haney in Tennessee"

Donovan clicked on the link not knowing that once this webpage appeared, it would change his life forever in sixteen days.

He took another drink of coffee while the contents of that webpage appeared on his computer monitor.

"Law officials in the town of Haneyville, Tennessee were surprised when two fishermen spotted a car at the bottom of the Lake Haney yesterday," he read the article then paused while he took another drink of coffee.

"After the car was brought out of the water, it was learned that it was a nineteen sixty-two Buick Special," he read then took another drink of coffee.

"Hey Donovan," Hank said the second he entered the cubicle.

"Good morning, Hank," Donovan said.

"What ya reading?"

"Some article about an old car found in the bottom of some lake in Tennessee," replied Hank.

“Why?”

“I don’t know. The title peeked my interest for some reason.”

“What ever. Anyway, good article about the police conference yesterday.”

“Thanks,” Donovan said and tried to sneak a peek of that article on his monitor.

“I’m having a staff meeting in ten,” Hank said then he turned around and walked out of the cubicle.

Donovan immediately returned to his eyes to his computer monitor.

“Haneyville Deputy Kent Riley stated that it’s believed that this Buick belonged to eighteen year old Tiffany Carlson. Tiffany Carlson went missing on August twenty-first nineteen seventy along with her boyfriend eighteen-year-old Howie Anderson,” he read from the computer monitor.

Donovan got really curious with that article while he stared at it and drank some more coffee. Then he clicked on the slideshow.

The first picture that showed up was the 1962 Buick Special that was pulled out of

the lake. It was parked in a clearing area near the sandy bank of the lake. It was full of rust holes and had a layer of mud that covered its red paint job. He clicked for the next photo.

A picture of Tiffany's high school senior picture appeared on the monitor. He spotted the mole on her upper lip.

Donovan looked at her picture. His eyes widened. There was something about Tiffany that peeked his interest. It was as if he met Tiffany. He shrugged off that feeling then clicked for the next photo.

A picture of Howie's high school picture appeared on the monitor.

Donovan's eyes widen some more while he stared at Howie's picture. He had this strange and strong déjà vu feeling that he met Howie in the past.

He hit the previous button and went back to Tiffany's picture. He stared at her for a few seconds while he had that same feeling he met Tiffany before in the past.

He hit the next button and went back to Howie's picture. He stared at her for a few

seconds then he got a sudden sharp pain in his chest. The pain disappeared and he thought he had heartburn.

His desk phone rang. He picked up the receiver while he stared at Howie's picture.

"Hank said you're late for his meeting," a female's voice said from the phone.

"Okay," Donovan said while he still stared at Howie's picture.

He hung up the phone then got up from his desk and headed out of his office.

Donovan walked through the maze of cubicle and arrived in a small conference room.

Hank and the eyes of eight other coworkers were staring at him while they sat around a table.

"Now that Mister Kirby is finally here, we can begin the meeting," Hank said and looked irritated with Donovan.

Donovan sat down and Hank started the started his meeting.

After Hank's meeting, Donovan rushed back to his cubicle and sat down at his desk.

He immediately opened up that link for the Buick Special found in the Lake Haney.

Donovan spent the next hour sitting at his desk reading that article over and over again. He somehow felt connected with the story and could not get it out of his mind.

While he read that article over again, he would glance at the picture of him and Lindsey then glance at the picture of Tiffany.

"I wish I got the chance to know you," he said while he stared at the picture of Tiffany on his computer monitor.

Then after a few seconds of staring at Tiffany's picture he got an idea. He got up from his desk and rushed out of his cubicle.

He almost knocked Hank down the second he rushed down his cubicle aisle.

"Slow down," Hank scolded Donovan.

"Sorry," Donovan replied while he rushed away like he was on a mission.

"Were you going?"

"Out to lunch."

"Be back in thirty, I have an assignment for you."

“Okay,” Donovan said then he turned right down another aisle and made a beeline to the elevators.

Ten minutes later, Donovan pulled his CR-V into the Harbor Buick dealership.

He parked his CR-V and got out.

Donovan rushed over to that Buick Special still parked in the grass near the road.

He walked around it checking it out again.

“You’re back,” Larry the salesman’s voice called out from behind Donovan.

Donovan looked at Larry. “I’ll take her.”

Larry looked a little surprised and was not sure he heard correctly. “Did you say you’d take her?”

Donovan nodded in agreement while he glanced back at the Special. “Yep, I want to buy her.”

“Great, let’s go inside and seal the deal,” replied Larry with a smile.

Donovan and Larry walked off and headed to the showroom.

“Do you have a trade?”

“My CR-V,” Donovan replied and pointed at his parked Honda.

“Super,” said Larry and while they continued their walk to the front entrance of the showroom.

An hour had passed and Donovan drove out of the Harbor Buick dealership the proud owner of that restored 1962 Buick Special.

He headed back north on U.S. 1 to his office.

Donovan arrived back at the office and headed back to his cubicle.

“You’re late,” Hank yelled out from behind Donovan.

Donovan turned around and saw that Hank was pissed. Then he realized that he missed another meeting. “I’m sorry.”

“Where were you?”

“Out buying a car.”

“Buying a car? Couldn’t that wait until after work?”

“No,” Donovan replied then he turned around and headed back to his cubicle.

“You’re on thin ice, Mister Kirby,” yelled out Hank while Donovan went inside his cubicle.

Donovan sat down at his desk and could care less if Hank was pissed. He still had that article about that Buick being found in the Lake Haney on his mind.

He did a search on Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson.

The only item of interest that appeared in the search results was that link about the story finding Tiffany’s Buick in the bottom of the Lake Haney.

Donovan was disappointed while he stared at his computer monitor.

The end of the workday finally arrived and Donovan headed home in his Buick Special.

He parked it in his garage then went inside for some dinner.

Later that night, Donovan was inside his garage and wiped down his Buick Special. This was his new pride and joy.

He opened up the driver's door and sat in the seat.

He ran his fingers around the steering wheel and thought about that Internet article about Tiffany's Buick.

He looked back at the backseat and recalled his dream the other night where he felt up the breast of that brown haired girl. He smiled.

Elsewhere in Lexington, Kentucky, Jodi Lauder was a beautiful woman with shoulder length brunette hair and soft brown eyes and a small mole on her right upper lip.

Jodi was a single woman who just turned thirty years old. She also worked as a reporter for the Lexington Herald-Leader newspaper. Just like Donovan she also reported on local crimes in her city.

Jodi lived in a one-bedroom apartment. She just finished dinner and decided to surf the Internet for some stories for work.

Then Jodi stumbled upon the link about the discovery of Tiffany's 1962 Buick Special in the Lake Haney.

There was something about that "1962 Buick Special Found at Bottom of Lake Haney in Tennessee" link that peaked her curiosity.

She clicked on that link and waited for the contents to download.

When it finally appeared she read the article with extreme interest.

After Jodi read the article, she looked at the slideshow.

She stared at the high school picture of Tiffany and Howie. She also had this strange déjà vu feeling that she new both teenagers. But she could not think of how she knew them.

Jodi looked back at the picture of Tiffany and saw the mole on her lip. Jodi touched the mole on her lip and thought that was a strange coincidence.

Jodi read the article again and become intrigued with the story.

Later that night, Jodi got ready for bed. While her head was on her pillow and she stared at the ceiling, all she could think about was that article about Tiffany and Howie being missing since 1970.

Ten minutes had passed and Jodi was fast asleep. She started to have a dream...

In her dream, Jodi was driving a 1962 Buick Special with red interior.

A hand with a joint came into her view. She grabbed the joint and took a drag.

She glanced over to her right and saw a young man with long blonde hair, black tee shirt and bell-bottom blue jeans.

She smiled while she handed the guy the joint.

"I love you," the blonde haired guy told Jodi when he took the joint.

"I," Jodi said.

Jodi woke up from her dream before she could finish her sentence. She looked

around her bedroom as that dream felt so real. But she never smoked pot in her life.

She closed her eyes and went back to sleep within minutes.

Chapter 3

It was Saturday morning in Haneyville, Tennessee and the town folk were in for another hot and humid day.

Word had spread around town about the finding of Tiffany's Buick Special in Lake Haney like wildfire. This was the first clue that surfaced concerning the 1970 disappearance of Tiffany and Howie. All people could talk about was how that car sat at the bottom of the lake for all these years undetected.

Tiffany's 1962 rusty and mud covered Buick Special was now parked in a fenced in back lot behind the Haneyville Police station. This area had a locked gate that was accessible from Thorndale Avenue.

An occasional older member of the Haneyville community would stop by to take a peek of the car through the fence. Most of them remembered those days when Tiffany

would drive that car around town with Howie in the passenger seat.

Theories soon started flowing around town about the whereabouts of the two kids.

Sheriff Rock Riley walked out of the rear door of the station. He had a cup of coffee in hand while he walked over to the Buick Special.

“Do you think those kids are still in the lake?” asked Hal an older resident who remembered when the two kids went missing.

Rock looked over at Hal who stared at the Buick from the other side of the fence. “Don’t know,” he said then took a drink of coffee.

“I’d go get some of them divers from Knoxville if I was you,” Hal replied while he stared at the Buick and remembered those days when Tiffany drove around the neighborhood.

Rock looked at the Buick then back at Hal who looked dead serious. “Yeah, I’ll have to go give them a call,” he said but

looked like he knew they would not find any skeletons.

“I can imagine that the Carlson and Andersons would like some closure. Even if you found their skeletons at the bottom of the lake,” said Hal.

“Yeah, closure. Thanks Hal,” Sheriff Riley said then he walked away and headed back to his office.

Hal walked away and headed back to his car parked on Thorndale Avenue.

Rock went back inside his office and was the only one working today. He gave his thirty-three year old son Kent and twenty-four year old Deputy Andrew Barker the weekend off. Since there was only three in the department, they took turns covering the office during the weekend.

Rock sat down behind his desk. He hesitated for a few seconds then picked up his phone. He dialed in a number.

“Chief Adams,” Knoxville Police Chief Timmy Adams answered the call.

“Hey Chief Adams, it’s Sheriff Riley up here in Haneyville.”

“Hey Rock. How did you like that conference in Orlando?”

“Oh, I found it to be very informative. But that’s not why I called.”

“I take it that you’re calling about that car found in your lake?”

“Yeah, I was wondering if you could send up some divers up here to search the bottom of the lake? We don’t have that talent up here,” he said.

“You think the remains of those two kids could be in the lake?”

“I don’t know, but I better check or I’ll be asked why I didn’t by the parents of those missing kids,” Rock replied.

“I can have some up there later this afternoon.”

“Thanks Chief Adams,” Sheriff Adams said then he hung up his phone.

Rock took a cigar out of his shirt pocket and lit it up. He leaned back in his chair and puffed on his cigar and went into deep thought about the finding of that car.

Down in Knoxville, Chief Timmy Adams sat on the back porch of his home drinking his morning coffee. He was in his early sixties and had been the Chief of Police of Knoxville for the past ten years

“Who called?” asked his wife Cindy, also in her early sixties, while she came out of the house with the pot of coffee in her hand.

“Sheriff Riley up in Haneyville,” Chief Adams said.

“What did he want?” she asked while she freshened up his cup of coffee.

“He wants some divers to search the bottom of the lake for skeletal remains of Tiffany and Howie,” he replied while Cindy freshened up her cup of coffee.

“I forgot about those two a long time ago,” Cindy said while she sat down in her chair.

Chief Adams thought for a few seconds. “I heard that those two always were inseparable back then,” he said then he took a drink of his coffee.

Cindy thought about those two kids while some old dusty memories started popping in her head. “Yeah, remember when we went to the clearing at the lake after we graduated? And partied with some of the kids from Haneyville?”

Chief Adams thought about that for a few seconds. “Yeah, the joints were flowing just like the water in the lake,” he said then looked a little ashamed. “I got so stoned.”

“Now you’re the Chief of Police,” she said.

“I know. I quit smoking that shit after that night,” he said then took another drink of coffee.

“Do you think they died in the lake that night?” she asked.

Chief Adams thought about her question for a few seconds. “Naw, I still believe they ran off to Canada,” he replied and looked sincere in his belief.

“I wonder why they never contacted their parents?” she asked.

Chief Adams thought about her question for a few seconds. “I guess they wanted to

put Haneyville out of their life or were ashamed for running away. I mean, Howie's father was a Navy veteran of the second war," he said then took another drink of his coffee while he thought about those two kids.

Chief Adams opened up his cell phone and punched in a phone number.

"Hey Rodney, round up your guys, I need you up on Haneyville later this afternoon. Go see Sheriff Riley. He'll fill you in," he said to the caller.

"Okay," Rodney replied from the cell phone.

Chief Adams disconnected his call then stared out at his backyard in deep thought.

Back in Haneyville, Rock sat behind his desk in deep thought while he was on his fifth cup of coffee and his third cigar.

There was a knock on his opened door.

He looked and saw Ernie Carlson, the eighty-six year old father of Tiffany.

"Sheriff, are you sure that's Tiffany's car?" he asked and his eyes welled up a bit.

“Part of the registration was readable. It was registered to you,” Rock replied and looked sincere.

Ernie stared at Rock for a few seconds while he hesitated asking his next question. “Can I see the car?”

Rock looked at Ernie and did not like this part. “Ah, sure,” he said then got up from behind his desk.

Rock walked Ernie out of the rear of the Sheriff’s office.

He walked Ernie over to the rusty and muddy Buick.

Ernie walked around the car and looked it over.

He walked over to the driver’s door. He wiped away some mud then peeked inside the window.

Ernie had a flashback to 1970.

It was Saturday May 16th, 1970.

Forty-one year old Ernie drove that 1962 red Buick Special down Addison Avenue of his neighborhood.

He pulled into his driveway and parked behind his white four-door 1969 Buick Electra 225. He tooted the horn of the Buick Special, and shut off the engine. He had a grin while he waited for the front door to open.

The front door of his house opened and Tiffany stepped outside.

She looked a little baffled as to why this car was parked in their driveway.

She walked over to the car.

Kathy, now forty-three years old stepped outside with a grin on her face. She knew what Ernie was up to when she saw the car.

Ernie got out of the car and stood by the door. "Happy graduation, darling," he told her then gave her a warm smile.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Tiffany. Then it hit her. "This car is mine? All mine?" she called out with a huge smile.

Tiffany screamed out for joy and ran over to Ernie. She gave him a huge hug and a hug kiss on his cheek. "Thank you daddy."

“You’re welcomed, darling. I figured you need something to drive to work after you graduate,” he replied and loved seeing his daughter so happy.

“Have you started applying for jobs yet? I know they need waitresses down at the restaurant at Wendell’s restaurant near the west side of town,” said Kathy.

Tiffany looked at Ernie and Kathy. “Not yet,” she replied but there was something that bugged her and she did not want to tell her parents.

Ernie had a gut feeling something bugged his daughter but decided not to pry. “Take your car out for a spin,” he told her.

“I’ll have to drive over and show Howie,” she cried out in joy and ran over, got behind the wheel and started her up.

Ernie and Kathy watched while Tiffany backed up the Buick onto the street.

Tiffany tooted the horn at her parents while she drove off down the street.

Old Ernie snapped out of his memory. He continued to stare at the muddy Buick.

“I’m glad Kathy’s not around to see this. It would tear her apart,” Ernie said while his eyes welled up. Then he looked at Rock. “Do you think they’re at the bottom of the lake?”

“I’m having some divers from Knoxville come down and search the lake later today.”

“Well, I guess it’s time we get closure on them,” Ernie said then he walked away. “Time we get closure,” he repeated while he headed off to the rear door of the Sheriff’s office.

Rock followed behind Ernie and something bothered him while they went inside the building.

After Ernie left through the front door, Rock took a drink of his coffee. It was cold so he poured it into his trash can.

He walked over to his coffee pot and poured a fresh cup of coffee.

He walked back over and sat down behind his des in his office.

He took his first drink of his hot coffee when there was another knock on his door.

Fuck! He thought to himself hated being interrupted again. He looked up at the doorway and saw George and Betsy Anderson standing in the doorway. They were both in their eighties and stared at Rock.

“Sheriff, we would like to see Tiffany’s car,” said George.

“Okay,” said Rock then he stood up with his coffee cup in hand.

George and Betsy followed Rock out of the rear door of the building.

George and Betsy stood by the rear door of the building and stared at Tiffany’s rusty and muddy Buick.

Rock stood next to them drinking his cup of coffee. He brought it with him so this cup would not get cold.

George walked over to the Buick.

Betsy stood by the building as she decided not to get too close to that car. It gave her the creeps.

Rock walked away and headed over to George.

He watched while George walked around and looked at the Buick.

George walked over and stood by the driver's door. He peeked inside. "I remember those days when Tiffany would drive over to the house and pick up Howie," he said while his eyes started to tear up a bit.

Rock remained quiet and just drank his coffee.

"Are you going to have the lake searched?" George asked while he continued to look at the inside of the car.

"A dive team should be down here from Knoxville in the morning," said Rock then he took another drink of coffee.

"Do you think they were murdered?" he asked Rock.

Rock looked at George and hated these types of questions. "I don't know George. I'm still thinking they ran off to Canada. I don't believe the dive team will find their remains," he said and looked confident.

"How do you know that?"

Rock hesitated for a few seconds. “If they drowned, their remains would have still been in the car. I’m thinking they ditched the car for some strange reason, swam out of the lake and are living up in Canada.”

George looked at Rock and his gut now told him that his son never made it up to Canada. But he decided to keep his mouth shut knowing it would be fruitless to pursue his theory with Rock. “I guess you’re right,” he said then looked at Betsy standing by the rear of the Sheriff’s office.

“Thanks Sheriff,” George said then walked back over to Betsy.

“Let’s go honey,” George said to Betsy and then he held her hand.

Rock watched while George and Betsy went back into the police station. He turned around and glanced back at the Buick Special. He had a flashback...

In his flashback it was night with a full Moon.

He had a vision of that Buick Special floating away from the sandy beach of the

clearing by Lake Haney. The Buick had the door windows down and it slowly sank while it drifted with the current of the lake.

He snapped out of his daydream then went back inside his office.

Two hours had passed and Rock was at the clearing by Lake Haney. He met with the four divers from Knoxville. He pointed at the general direction where Tiffany's Buick was found.

He watched while the divers suited up and got inside their boat.

Chapter 4

It was Sunday morning and the forecast called for a nice and sunny day.

Donovan woke up at 6:30 that morning.

He got out of his bed and went into his bathroom. He shaved and took his shower.

After he had his three cups of morning coffee and bowl of cereal, he headed off to his den with his fourth cup of coffee in hand.

Once he got inside his den he rushed over to his laptop that sat down at his computer desk.

He turned it on and immediately brought up the Internet.

As soon as his laptop was ready, Donovan did a search and eventually opened up the link for the WBIR TV news station.

He spotted a story of interest that had the “Divers Search Lake Haney for Remains of Missing 1970 Teenagers” link.

He opened up that link and started reading the article while drinking his coffee.

“Four divers from the police department of Knoxville, searched the bottom of Lake Haney for the remains of the two teens that went missing on August twenty-first nineteen seventy,” he read from the article then took another drink of coffee.

“So far, the divers had not been able to locate any remains of Tiffany Carlson and her boyfriend Howie Anderson. The divers plan on continuing their search on Sunday,” he read from the article.

Donovan read the article again and had his suspicion that there was foul play involved during that August night back in 1970. It was a strong gut feeling that started to nag at him for the rest of the day.

Up in Haneyville, Tennessee, the four divers had just got inside their boat.

Rock and his son Deputy Kent Riley in casual clothes stood in the clearing. They watched while the boat of divers headed off to another location of the Lake Haney to continue their search.

Then Rock had a strange feeling there were eyes at his back. He turned around and saw Ernie standing in front of his 2012 Buick Regal.

“If you find their remains, are you going to open up an investigation? For murder?” Ernie yelled out from his car.

“I’ll have to wait to see what they find and what an autopsy reveals. It could have been an accidental drowning,” Rock yelled back.

Ernie looked at the Sheriff and he had his doubts. He got inside his Buick. He started up his engine then turned around and drove back down the dirt road.

“Do you think they could have been murdered?” Kent asked his dad.

Rock stared at the lake where the boat of four divers was out of sight. “If anything, they got stoned, accidently drove into the

lake and drowned while trying to get out of the sinking car. But, I firmly believe they're living up in Canada and forgot about this town years ago," said Rock then he pulled out a cigar from his shirt pocket, lit it and started puffing away while he glanced at the lake.

Kent looked at his dad then back at the lake. He started to wonder if that Canada theory was actually true and started to have doubts.

"I'm heading home, call me if they find anything," Rock told Kent then headed off to his squad car parked in the clearing.

Kent walked over to his squad car and sat down behind the wheel. He waited while Rock drove off down the dirt road and headed back to Stinson Road.

"Something's just not right," he said while he looked at the divers boat in the lake. He saw while the two divers jump off the boat into the lake.

Up in Lexington, Kentucky, Jodi sat behind her computer desk in her apartment.

She had her Internet up on her laptop and read the same WBIR TV news station article about the divers search in the Lake Haney.

She had a strong gut feeling that the divers would not find any remains of Tiffany and Howie in that lake. Her gut told her that there was foul play that night in 1970.

Her iPhone rang from her computer desk. She picked up her iPhone, looked and frowned with the caller's name.

"What do you want?" she answered the call.

"I was hoping we could talk," said Robert from her iPhone.

Jodi rolled her eyes and hesitated for a few seconds. "Robert, it's over between us, can't you understand that?" she said.

"Baby, I'm sorry and Beth meant nothing to me. I screwed up and admit it. It's you I want. You and only you," Robert pleaded from her iPhone and sounded sincere.

“We’re through. I thought you were the one, but now that I had some time to think, I know you’re not. Have a nice life and go back to Beth. You two belong with each other and I know you’ve seen her more than once,” she said then immediately disconnected her end of the call.

Jodi started another Internet search on Yahoo for Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson.

She waited for a few seconds and saw that the only results appeared were articles about finding her car at the bottom of the lake and the results of the divers search.

She stared at the computer and her gut told her that there was something more behind this story.

Back down in Melbourne, Donovan relaxed in his lazy boy chair in the den of his home. He just finished washing and waxing his Buick Special and decided he was going to pamper a car for once in his life.

His doorbell rang. He rolled his eyes.

“And she’s right on time,” he said while he got up from his chair and headed out of his den.

Donovan walked through his living room and went to the front door. He opened it and saw that the outside sky clouded up and there was a hint of a storm approaching. Then he saw Lindsey standing on his front stoop and thought she brought on the storm.

“Hello baby,” Lindsay said the second she saw Donovan.

She gave him a kiss on his cheek the second she entered his living room.

He closed the door and was not looking forward to spending time with her.

“Why is there that old blue car parked in your driveway? Do you have someone here?” she asked and looked a little suspicious of Donovan thinking he was cheating on him and she caught him red handed.

“No. I traded in my CR-V for her. She’s an antique and in excellent condition,” he said with a smile.

“Does she have air conditioning?”

“No, you have to roll down the windows like they did back in the sixties.”

“Well, you won’t see me riding in that car without air conditioning. I don’t know why you traded in your Honda for some old antique. Sounds stupid if you ask me.”

“Everything is stupid to you,” he muttered under his breath.

“What did you say?”

“I said, how was your trip?” he asked while she headed through the living room and headed to his kitchen.

“Boring,” she said while she went straight to his refrigerator. She opened it and removed a bottle of Diet Coke.

“I could never live in the Chicago area. Too many people and way too much traffic,” she said while she popped opened the bottle.

“I can’t blame you. I would hate living up in Chicago also,” he said while she took a drink.

“Let’s plan our very special day,” she said.

“Okay,” Donovan said but he was not looking forward to this dreaded conversation.

Lindsey walked out of the kitchen with Donovan by her side.

They walked into his den where she sat on his lazy boy chair.

He sat down on his couch.

“I was thinking that we could get married during the first week in June of next year. June seventh to be exact. I talked that with mom and she agreed,” Lindsey said then took another drink of her Diet Coke.

“I thought we were going to discuss a date?”

“We did, it’s June seventh,” Lindsey replied then took another drink of her Diet Coke.

“But I didn’t agree to that date,” Donovan replied and hated it when Lindsey never consulted him with decisions.

“That fits perfect with mom and dad’s schedule. They’re going on a weeks cruise the following week. They also got a cabin

for us as a wedding present,” she said then took another drink of her Diet Coke.

“I wanted to go to Hawaii.”

“We’re going on a cruise to the Caribbean. And don’t worry, mom said she and dad will keep their distance from us during our honeymoon,” she added then polished off her Diet Coke.

Donovan looked at Lindsey and wanted to scream.

“Well, I better get home and relax. I’m exhausted from my trip,” she said then got up from his lazy boy chair leaving her empty bottle on the small table by the chair.

Donovan got up and walked her out of the den.

They walked through the living room.

“We’re having dinner with mom and dad on Wednesday night at six. Don’t work late that night,” she said then gave Donovan a quick kiss on his lips the second they arrived at the front door.

Donovan opened the door. She smiled then stepped outside.

While he started to close the door, she turned around and looked at Donovan. “I was thinking,” she said then glanced at his Buick Special in the driveway. “Go back to the Honda dealer and trade that old car in for a new CR-V,” she said then turned around and headed to her silver Honda CR-V parked in the driveway.

Donovan closed the door and wanted to scream. He started to have his doubts if marrying Lindsey would be the right thing.

He walked off through the living room then headed off back to his den.

Once he got in his den, he sat down at his laptop. He conducted some more searches on Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson.

The only two items of interest that appeared from his search was the article about finding Tiffany’s car and the diver’s search on Saturday.

Donovan’s stomach growled like a starving lion.

He grabbed his iPhone by his computer and made a call to have pizza delivered.

An hour had passed and Donovan had three more slices of his delivered pepperoni and sausage pizza to munch on from Pizza Hut.

Donovan returned to his laptop and did another search. He found an updated story from the WBIR TV news station. He opened up the link while he munched on a slice of pizza.

He read the article and found that the divers did not locate any remains during their second and final dive attempt in Lake Haney. But Donovan had a strong gut feeling they would not find the remains of Tiffany and Howie while he finished his slice of pizza.

Way up in Lexington, Jodi ate a salad while she read that same WBIR TV news station Internet article.

She also had a strong gut feeling the divers would not locate the remains of Tiffany and Howie in the Lake Haney.

Chapter 5

Hours had passed and Donovan still had thoughts about Tiffany and Howie being considered missing. After all, he never met them but it nagged at him all day long. He decided to pursue these thoughts a little further.

He rushed to his laptop at his computer desk in the den. He immediately opened up a White Pages website. He conducted a search for any Anderson's living in Haneyville, Tennessee.

After a few minutes he found the phone number for George Anderson.

Donovan looked at George's phone number on the White Pages website. He looked at his iPhone. He hesitated on whether he should call this individual out of the blue.

He placed his iPhone down and got up from his computer desk.

He walked out of the den.

Ten minutes had passed and Donovan could no longer resist the strong temptation building up inside his body.

He rushed back over to his computer desk and picked up his iPhone. He punched in George's phone number.

He waited and thought about hanging up. Then someone answered his call.

"Hello," said George Anderson from Donovan's iPhone.

"Ah, is this George Anderson?" said Donovan and for some reason got really nervous.

"Yes it is, whom might you be?" said George.

"I'm Donovan Kirby. I'm a reporter for the Florida Today newspaper down in Melbourne, Florida."

There was a few seconds of silence from the iPhone and Donovan thought George had hung up.

"Are you still there Mister Anderson?"

“I’m here. What do you want Mister Kirby?” George said in a quieter voice.

“I’ve been reading the Internet articles about the discovery of that nineteen sixty-two Buick Special and how about the divers search.”

There was a few seconds of silence. “The divers found nothing,” said George and he sounded a little saddened.

“Do you believe that your son and Tiffany really ran up to Canada in nineteen seventy?”

“I don’t know. That wasn’t like Howie to run away like that.”

“Have you heard from Howie? Did he call to say he was up in Canada doing fine?” asked Donovan but for some strange reason he had a gut feeling he knew the answer.

“I haven’t heard from my son since he left that night with Tiffany in her car,” George replied and there was sadness in his voice then he paused for a few seconds. “Why are you so interested in my Howie?”

“Like I said, I’m a reporter and would love to do a story about Howie and Tiffany going

missing that night? Who knows, maybe you'll hear from them."

"Why the sudden interest? They've been missing for forty-three years. And our Sheriff did an investigation back in seventy and found no evidence of foul play."

Donovan hesitated for a few seconds while he did not want to tell George that he had a gut feeling foul play was involved. Why he had this gut feeling he could not explain. "I can't explain that but I was thinking of driving up to Haneyville. Can I sit down with you for a little while and talk about their disappearance?" he said and did not realize he just offered to drive up to Tennessee.

"If you want to waste your gas. I'd sit down and talk with you for a spell," replied George.

"Okay, I'll call when I head up there. Maybe this week."

"I'm too old to be going somewhere," replied George then he disconnected his end of the call.

Donovan set down his iPhone by his laptop and thought about what he just said to George. Then he had a grand of an idea. He opened up a blank Word file and started the title page for his third eBook titled *Murder in the Woods*.

He sat back and stared at the title. His writer's block was finally busted apart. He figured he could spring off these two missing teens from 1970 and write about a murder. The more he thought about the idea the more he knew it was doable.

Up in Lexington, Jodi had the same idea. She sat at her computer in her apartment and did a White Pages search for Ernie and Kathy Carlson in Haneyville.

She found the phone number for Ernie Carlson and dialed his number from her iPhone.

"Hello," Ernie answered the call from her iPhone.

"Mister Carlson, I'm Jodi Lauder from Lexington, Kentucky," she said into her iPhone

“Hello Miss Lauder, how may I help you?”

“Well, I’m a reporter from the Lexington Herald-Leader newspaper.”

“Why are you calling me?”

“I’m calling in reference to the nineteen sixty-two Buick that was found in the bottom of the Lake Haney.”

“Yes, that once belonged to my daughter.”

“I know and I also read that she and a Howie Anderson went missing back in nineteen seventy.”

There was a few seconds of silence from her iPhone. “Why are you calling me?”

“I would like to come up there to Haneyville and do a story about Tiffany and Howie,” she said without any prior thought with going up there. This was a spur of the moment decision that surprised even her.

A few more seconds of silence from her iPhone. “I guess that’s alright,” Ernie said.

“Good, I hope to arrive in a few days. I’ll call when I’m heading down there,” she said.

“I’ll be waiting,” replied Ernie then he disconnected his end of the call.

Jodi looked at her iPhone and wondered if she made a mistake. But her curiosity was eating away at her and for some unexplained reason; she just had to get to the truth on the whereabouts of Tiffany and Howie.

Back in Donovan’s den, he started on the Prologue of his new story.

The Prologue started off with two teenagers smoking pot in the front seat of a red 1962 Buick Special. The car was parked in the woods in a clearing by a lake.

After he finished banging on the keys of his laptop, he sat back and reread what he drafted out. He smiled and liked the beginning of his new story.

After an hour of typing out a little more of his story, Donovan started to get sleepy.

He headed off to bed and fell asleep within minutes after his head hit his pillow. He started to dream.

It's nighttime and the Moon was full and beautiful.

Donovan lay in the dark in the woods. He was in pain and stared up at the sky.

He heard a girl crying.

He heard a guy grunting and moaning.

He strained to look then saw a man on top of a woman. His coveralls were down at his ankles. He was naked and forced himself on that poor woman. She continued to cry while he humped her crotch.

Then he saw the naked man get off the woman. He noticed it was the brunette girl he had in a previous dream.

The man pulled up his coveralls.

"I'm telling the Sheriff," she cried out in anger.

He reached in one of his coveralls pockets and removed a pistol. He aimed it at the woman.

He put a bullet in her forehead to silence the brunette girl.

Then Donovan looked at the full Moon between some dead branches of a large old tree.

Donovan bolted up from his dream in a panic and sweat. For a split second he thought he was dead. It took a few seconds for him to realize he only had a bad dream.

He closed his eyes and tried to go back to sleep. But that dream was still vivid in his head and could not shake it way.

Donovan got out of bed and rushed out of his bedroom and headed off to his den.

Once he got in his den, he powered up his laptop.

As soon as it was ready, he opened up his manuscript Word file for his Murder in the Woods eBook.

Donovan typed that dream he had and figured it would be a perfect fit for his story.

After he was done typing down his dream, Donovan went back to bed.

He could not go back to sleep, as that bad dream was still vivid in his head. So he stared in deep thought at the ceiling about

his book, the Internet articles about Tiffany's car and how Tiffany and Howie went missing that night in 1970.

Up in Lexington, Jodi also lay in her bed in deep thought. She stared in deep thought at the ceiling about the Internet articles about Tiffany's car and how Tiffany and Howie went missing that night in 1970.

Monday morning arrived and it was back to work for the vast majority of the people across the country.

Donovan ate a quick breakfast and got dressed for work.

During the drive to work, all Donovan could think about was Tiffany and Howie.

He powered up his computer the second he arrived in his cubicle.

As soon as everything came up on his monitor, he sent Hank an email requesting to take off a week of vacation starting in two days.

Donovan grabbed his coffee cup. He had a smile on his face when he got up from his computer with his coffee cup in hand and strutted out of his cubicle.

A few minutes passed and Donovan entered his cubicle with his first cup of morning coffee. He sat down at his computer and immediately checked his email. Hank had not responded to his request. He drank his cup of coffee while he stared at his monitor.

After a few drinks of caffeine, he got a beep that indicated that he got an email. He anxiously opened up the email as it was from Hank. He read the message. He got disappointed, as it was not in reference from his vacation request. Hank wanted Donovan to head up to Titusville for a story about a robbery at a convenience store that happened an hour ago.

He grabbed his small note pad and headed out of his cubicle.

Up in Lexington, Jodi just arrived at her work cubicle and just sent off an email to her

boss. She requested a two weeks vacation to start in a couple of days. After all she had four weeks on the books and needed a break.

She drank on her cup of hot green tea while she waited for a response from her boss. To her surprise, her boss responded within a few seconds and her request was approved.

Jodi drank her tea with a smile and could not wait to drive up to Haneyville.

Back in Melbourne, Donovan just arrived back from his reporting duty up in Titusville.

He went to his computer the second he got back into his cubicle. He opened up his email and saw that Hank replied to his vacation request.

He opened up the email and he could not believe his eyes. Hank denied his request.

“Why?” Donovan typed as his reply then send off the email.

He was disappointed and could not figure out why Hank denied his request. Especially since Donovan had not taken any vacation for the past year.

He sat and stared at his computer monitor while he waited for Hank to reply.

“Donovan,” Hank said from Donovan’s cubicle entrance.

The sound of Hank’s voice startled Donovan and he jumped a little. He turned around and saw Hank standing by his cubicle entrance.

Hank hesitated for a few seconds. “I need you to stay here and cover for Diane,” he said.

“Diane? Why do I have to cover for her? I wanted to take a week’s vacation.”

“Because she’s going on a two weeks of vacation,” Hank replied.

Donovan looked at Hank and could not believe his ears. “Vacation? She just went on vacation last month. A cruise I believe,” he said and started to fume inside.

“Sorry,” Hank said and noticed Donovan looked upset.

He walked away and could care less about Donovan being upset about his vacation request denial.

“I want that story about that robbery in Titusville in thirty minutes,” Hank replied while he walked away.

“Yeah. No problem,” Donovan said while he stared at his computer monitor.

“Where you going on your vacation next week?” a fellow female coworker asked Diane while they walked past Donovan’s cubicle.

“Another week long cruise. I saw it online and Hank approved it ten minutes ago,” Diane replied to the female coworker.

Donovan fumed inside while he stared at his cubicle entrance and saw Diane and that other female coworker walk past his cubicle.

Donovan powered down his computer.

He got up from his seat and stormed out of his cubicle.

He walked near Hank’s glass office.

Hank glanced up from behind his desk and saw Donovan.

“I need that article about the robber in Titusville,” Hank called out from his office.

“You’ll get it when I get back from the bathroom,” Donovan called out while he walked past Hank’s opened office door.

Hank returned to his paperwork satisfied he would get the article in a few minutes.

Donovan walked out of the front entrance from the Florida Today newspaper office.

He headed over to the employees parking lot.

Hours had passed and Donovan ignored all of his iPhone calls from Hank.

He sat at his computer and read those Internet articles about Tiffany’s car and how the Knoxville divers gave up on their search for finding any remains.

He went to bed still in deep thought about Tiffany and Howie.

It was not long after Donovan fell fast asleep when he had another dream.

He had that same dream where he lay in the dirt in the woods and heard that brunette girl being raped and then shot in her forehead.

Chapter 6

Tuesday morning had arrived and the sun had yet to start peeking above the horizon of the Atlantic Ocean.

Donovan woke up earlier than what he typically does when it is time for work. He looked excited while he shaved, brushed his teeth and then took a shower.

After he ate a quick breakfast of Frosted Mini-Wheats and four cups of coffee, Donovan rushed back into his bedroom.

Thirty minutes had passed and Donovan rushed into his garage. He had his computer bag strapped over his shoulder and his suitcase in his other hand.

He placed his suitcase into the trunk of his car.

He placed his computer bag on the passenger side of the front seat.

He opened up the garage door, started up his car then backed out of the garage.

After he closed the garage door, he backed down the driveway and out onto the street.

He drove off down his street with a huge smile and looked excited on going on this mission.

A little while later and Donovan drove his Buick north on U.S. 1 and headed toward the Florida Today newspaper office.

When he got closer to his office, he dialed Hank's work number from his iPhone.

"Jasmer," Hank answered the call.

"It's me, Donovan," he said into his iPhone.

"Where did you go yesterday? I never got that article," Hank said in a raised voice from the iPhone.

"Home."

"I want that article the second you arrive at your cubicle."

Donovan hesitated for a few seconds. Then he got a grin and was going to love

where this was going to head. “That’s not going to happen.”

There was a few seconds of silence from the iPhone while Hank’s blood started to boil. “What the hell does that mean?”

“I quit,” replied Donovan and saying that felt good. Really good!

There was some more silence from Donovan’s iPhone. “You what?”

“I quit. I’m sick and tired of you always caving in to Diane.”

“Get your ass in here right now!” Hank yelled from the iPhone.

“No. I quit and I better get all my vacation hours or I just might have to call your wife and tell her that I suspect you’re fucking Diane.”

There was a few more seconds of silence from his iPhone. “Okay. You’ll get your vacation hours,” Hank replied and sounded defeated while he disconnected his end of the call.

Donovan disconnected his end of the call then placed his iPhone on the seat. “I hope I know what I’m doing,” he said and

started to wonder if he made a huge mistake. But it was too late so he continued his drive north on U.S. 1.

Up in Lexington, Jodi decided to sleep in a little late for the first day of her vacation. She figured the drive down to Haneyville would only take a couple of hours. So she would enjoy the extra hours of sleep.

Three hours had passed and Donovan drove his Buick north on Interstate 75. He was amazed how well the old car handled driving down the highway at seventy miles per hour. He kept the radio off since it was an AM station and figured he would not be able to find any classic radio stations. Once he got back to Florida, he planned on getting a nice AM/FM radio installed in the car.

Up in Lake Haney, Rock and Wallace Mayer sat in Wallace's seventeen foot Tracker fishing boat fishing.

"I can't believe that with all these years of fishing, we never saw that car at the

bottom of the lake,” said Wallace while he stared at the lake.

“I know,” said Rock and hoped Wallace would change the subject.

“If we didn’t have this drought, it might not have been discovered for years to come.”

“I know,” added Rock and he looked a little mad that the water level of the lake had dropped so drastically.

“And you always wanted to avoid that spot for some strange reason,” said Wallace then he reached into the cooler and removed a can of Budweiser.

“Ah, the fish aren’t biting today,” lets head back to shore,” said Rock while Wallace opened up his can of Bud.

“Yeah, I guess you’re right,” Wallace said then he and Rock reeled in his lines.

“I remember that night back in seventy when Howie and Tiffany’s parents came into the station to file those missing person’s reports. Do you think they’re up in Canada?” asked Wallace while he reeled in his line.

“Yep,” replied Rock while he stowed his fishing pole and could not wait to get back to shore and stop talking about that car and those two teens.

Up in Lexington, Jodi finally woke up and hopped in the shower.

Some hours had passed and Donovan drove his Buick north on Interstate 75 and was in the middle of Georgia.

Up in Lexington, Jodi sat down for a relaxing breakfast with a cup of coffee. Normally she’s rushing breakfast to get out the door to head off to the office.

Donovan drove his Buick around the hectic Interstate 285 by-pass around Atlanta. He was so nervous some inconsiderate driver would scrap his car since their destination was more important than Donovan’s.

A little while later and Donovan survived the race on Interstate 285 by-pass and was now heading north on Interstate 75. He headed toward Chattanooga, Tennessee.

Up in Lexington, Jodi was in her bedroom packing her suitcase for the trip down to Haneyville.

Donovan drove north on Interstate 75 with Chattanooga behind in his rear view mirror.

In Lexington, Jodi just loaded her suitcase into her Honda FIT.

She drove out of the apartment building complex parking lot and headed off down the street.

Donovan continued his drive north in his Buick on Interstate 75 north and headed toward Knoxville.

Jodi drove south on Interstate 75 in her Honda leaving Lexington behind her.

After Donovan was north on Interstate 75 above Knoxville, he pulled off an exit for Stinson Road.

He headed north on that two-lane country road with his Navigon GPS turned on with the town of Haneyville plugged in for his destination.

Jodi drove her Honda thirty-five miles into Tennessee south on Interstate 75.

She pulled off an exit for Stinson Road.

She drove her Honda south on Stinson Road.

Donovan slowed down and followed the Navigon's directions and turned right onto Haneyville Road.

He headed east down Haneyville Road that would lead him straight into the town of Haneyville.

Then he drove past the "Welcome to Haneyville, Established 1892, Population 5,715" wooden sign located just at the western edge of the city limits.

Jodi continued her drive her Honda south on Stinson Road.

Then she passed by that dirt road that lead to the clearing by Lake Haney. The sight of that dirt road gave her a strange déjà vu feeling.

She continued her drive a little farther south then turned left onto Haneyville Road.

She headed east on Haneyville Road toward Haneyville.

Just past the “Welcome to Haneyville ” sign, Donovan spotted a Motel 6 off to the left.

This motel was built in 1982 and still remains the only motel for the town.

Just to the east of the Motel 6 was a Perkins restaurant.

To the west of the Motel 6 was a 7-11 store with gas pumps.

Donovan turned his Buick left into the parking lot of the Motel 6.

He found a parking spot near the front entrance of the hotel. He parked, got out and headed inside to see the desk clerk.

While Donovan was inside the Holiday Inn at the front desk, Jodi pulled her Honda into the parking lot.

She soon found a parking spot.

Jodi got out of her car and walked toward the front entrance. Then something caught her eye. She looked to her left and saw Donovan's blue Buick Special parked near the front entrance.

She could not resist his car so she walked over to the Buick.

Jodi started walking around and admired the antique car. There was something about that car that made her feel good then she suddenly felt sad.

She walked around to the driver's door and peeked inside. She checked out the front bench seat that suddenly felt so familiar.

"Hello, can I help you?" Donovan's voice came out from behind her.

“Ah,” Jodi cried out being startled by the sound of Donovan’s voice.

Jodi turned around and saw Donovan standing at the rear of his Buick.

“I’m sorry if I startled you,” said Donovan.

Jodi and Donovan just stared at each other for a few seconds. They both had this strange feeling they meet each other before but could not remember where or when.

“Ah, I was just checking out your car,” she said while she walked over to the rear of the Buick.

“Do you like old Buick’s or cars?”

Jodi glanced at the Buick. “I never gave them much thought until now. I saw your car and for some strange reason, I became intrigued by it,” she said.

Donovan glanced at his car. “I know what you mean, I saw her at the Buick dealership near my house. I suddenly had the strong urge to buy her,” he said then looked back at Jodi. He extended out his hand. “I’m Donovan Kirby,” he said.

“Jodi Lauder,” she said while she shook his hand.

After their hands separated, they looked into each other’s eyes.

“Have we met before?” asked Donovan.

Jodi looked at Donovan’s eyes. “Not that I can recall, but you do look familiar,” she said.

Donovan and Jodi stood there looking at each other wondering why the other person felt so familiar.

“I better see if I can get a room,” Jodi said then walked away.

Donovan unlocked his trunk then glanced back at Jodi while she walked away. He pondered for a few seconds and hesitated on the question he wanted to ask her. “I hope to see you again,” he called out when he got brave.

Jodi turned around and looked at Donovan. “I hope we do meet again,” she said then gave him a warm smile.

Donovan watched while Jodi walked to the front entrance and he suddenly had a

strong urge to make it a mission to see her again.

He opened his trunk, reached inside and removed his suitcase. He closed his trunk.

Donovan walked away with his suitcase and headed off to his room.

Jodi went inside the front lobby and headed to the front desk to get a room.

While she stopped at the front desk, she glanced back at the entrance doors and thought about that intriguing man she just met outside. She smiled.

“May I help you?” asked the desk clerk interrupting Jodi’s thoughts about Donovan.

“Yes, I would like a room,” she replied but could not get her thoughts off of Donovan.

Chapter 7

An hour had passed since Jodi met Donovan at his Buick outside the front entrance of the motel.

Jodi got inside her Honda and drove off from the Motel 6.

Donovan got inside his Buick and drove off from the Motel 6.

While Jodi drove her Honda through the streets of Haneyville, some of the sights gave her strong déjà vu feelings.

Then déjà vu feelings came back when she drove down Addison Avenue located in the residential area of Haneyville. It was located in the northeastern side of Lake Haney.

The vast majority of these homes were built during the 1940s when Haneyville started to become boomtown after the plant

was built. The homes were single story ranch style with front porch and single car garage.

While she drove down Addison Avenue, Jodi could not figure out why she felt like she had been down this street before.

She pulled her car into the driveway of Ernie's home located off of Addison Avenue. That déjà vu feeling got stronger the second she glanced at the front of the white painted home with black shutters.

Jodi turned off her engine and got out of her SUV.

She stood by her car door and got a warm feeling throughout her body while she glanced at Ernie's quaint home.

She walked over to the front door and rang the doorbell. She waited.

A few seconds passed and the front door opened. Ernie appeared. "Are you Miss Lauder?" he asked.

Jodi was speechless for a few second while she stared at Ernie in a bit of a trance. She had this weird feeling of Ernie being a younger and vibrant man. She snapped out

her trance then remembered he asked her a question. “Yes, you can call me Jodi,” she replied.

“Please come inside, Jodi,” Ernie said then he stepped aside to allow her to enter his home.

Jodi stepped inside his home.

Ernie closed his front door then glanced at Jodi. There was something familiar with her. “Have we met before? I got this feeling we’ve met before,” he asked.

Jodi looked at Ernie and she had the same feeling. “No sir, this is my first time down here in Haneyville. Unless you’ve been up in Lexington,” she replied.

Ernie thought for a few seconds. “I was up in Lexington oh, about six years ago,” he said and hoped his memory was correct.

“Maybe our paths crossed up there on the streets?”

“Maybe,” he said but had this strange feeling about her. But it was a good feeling.

“Would you like some coffee while we chat?” he offered.

“That would be nice.”

“Let me go make a fresh pot,” Ernie said then he walked through the living room and headed into the kitchen.

“Make your self at home, Jodi,” he called out from the kitchen while he started to make a pot of coffee.

While Ernie made the coffee, Jodi saw numerous photos of Ernie, Kathy, and Tiffany in framed photos hanging on the wall above the stone fireplace.

She walked over to those photos and started checking them out.

Meanwhile, Donovan parked his Buick out in front of the Haneyville Police Station.

He got out of his car and glanced at the one story brick building. He saw that it had a 1978 carving in stone above the glass door front entrance. The original Sheriff's office was built out of wood in 1924 and burnt down to the ground in 1977. This was the replacement building made from concrete blocks with brick exterior.

Donovan headed to the front door then went inside.

Once he got inside the police station, he saw a small counter and two desks in a small area.

Off to the right was a closed door with the “Sherriff Rock Riley” sign to the left of the door. To the right of the door hung a “No Smoking” sign on the wall.

Deputy Kent Riley worked on some paperwork behind his desk.

The other desk was where Deputy Andrew Barker occupied. But he was out patrolling the streets of Haneyville at the moment.

Kent looked up from his paperwork and saw Donovan behind the counter. “How can I help you?” he said while he got up from his desk and headed over to Donovan.

“I’m Donovan Kirby a reporter from the Florida Today newspaper down in Melbourne, Florida.”

“What brings you to our neck of the woods?”

“I’m up here to do a story on the discovery of that nineteen sixty-two Buick found in Lake Haney and those two missing teenagers,” Donovan replied.

“A story about Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson. Why?”

“I don’t know. Maybe some other readers out there will read it and provide information about their whereabouts,” Donovan replied.

“Okay. Well, I wasn’t born when they disappeared so I know nothing about them. My dad was a deputy back in those days. He’s not here at the moment. He took my mom down to Knoxville for a little shopping,” said Kent.

“I was hoping I could maybe see that Buick pulled out of the lake.”

“Sure, I don’t see why not,” Kent said then he walked over and motioned for Donovan to come around behind the counter.

After Donovan went behind the counter, he followed Kent to the rear door of the station.

Kent and Donovan stepped outside and into the fenced back area of the police station.

Donovan saw the rusty and muddy 1962 Buick Special parked alone in the fenced area.

“Are the divers still searching the lake?” Donovan asked while he walked over to the Buick.

“They searched a good bit of the lake but called it off after finding nothing,” replied Kent while he walked over to Donovan.

Donovan walked around the car looking it over and started to get another déjà vu feeling.

“Do you have any theories what might have happened to Tiffany or Howie?” he asked while he peeked inside the driver’s door window.

“We still believe they are living up in Canada.”

“I wonder how come they never contacted anybody since seventies?” Donovan curiously asked.

“I guess they wanted to separate their lives from this place,” replied Kent.

“I wonder why?”

“People can be strange at times,” replied Kent.

“I guess,” said Donovan then he looked really curious while he peeked back inside the car. “Can I check out the inside?” he asked.

“That’s not a good idea. The Sheriff gave me orders not to let anybody inside that car,” replied Kent.

Donovan looked at Kent and saw he was serious but really wanted to check out the inside of the car. “Thanks deputy,” he said then walked away from the car.

Kent escorted Donovan to the rear door of the Sheriff’s office.

Back at Ernie’s home, he and Jodi sat on his couch in the living room drinking coffee.

“I still remember the last time I saw my sweet Tiffany,” Ernie said then he took a drink of coffee. He paused for a few

seconds then started to tell her about that day.

In Ernie's story, it was back to that day of Thursday August 20th 1970.

It was the early evening and he had his white 1964 Ford Galaxy with red interior parked in the driveway. He just rinsed off his car with the garden hose when Tiffney bolted out of the front door.

"Bye daddy," Tiffney said while she rushed through the front yard to her 1962 Buick Special parked out along the street.

"Where you going?" Ernie asked while he turned off his hose.

"To the drive-in with Howie then who knows afterwards," she said while she stopped in the front yard and looked at him.

"Don't get home way too late," he said while he reached in a bucket and grabbed the sponge that had been soaking in the soapy water.

"I won't daddy," Tiffany said then she ran over to her car and got behind the

wheel. She started up the engine then drove off down the street tooting her horn.

While Ernie soaped the hood of his Galaxy, he eyed Tiffany's Buick while she drove off down the street.

Back in his living room, Ernie's eyes welled up a bit while he thought about that evening.

"That was the last time I saw my daughter," he said then wiped away a few tears.

Jodi looked at Ernie and felt so sad for him. "You never heard from Tiffany? I mean, the thought is that they ran off to Canada," she said.

"I never heard a word after that night," he said and stared at one of Tiffany's pictures that hung on the wall. "My wife Kathy passed five years ago due to cancer. I'm glad she's not around to see Tiffany's car after it was pulled from the lake," he said then he looked over at Jodi. "I wonder if Tiffany is a journalist up in Canada? That's

the career path she wanted to take after high school.”

“She wanted to become a journalist?” Jodi said while she looked in Ernie’s eyes.

“Yep,” he replied then his eyes widened when he thought about something. “Let me show you something,” he said then stood up.

Jodi stood up then followed Ernie out of the living room and down the hallway.

He stopped at a closed door. He opened it and Jodi saw that it was Jodi’s bedroom.

“I left her room the same way it was in nineteen seventy. I don’t have the heart to change it,” he said then stepped inside the room.

Jodi looked around the room and it was your typical teen girls bedroom.

There was a record player on the dresser.

On the one wall were posters of Janis Joplin, The Beatles, The Rolling Stones, and Davey Jones of the Monkees.

Jodi glanced around the bedroom and had another déjà vu feeling. For some strange reason, this bedroom felt homey to her.

“I left it like this in case she came home, but now that they found her car in the lake, I don’t think she’ll ever come home. I might move her stuff out in the future,” he said then he headed off to the door.

Jodi walked out of the bedroom then Ernie closed the door.

“I now have this gut feeling that something horrible happened to my Tiffany. It started gnawing at the pit of my gut after they found her car in the lake,” he said while he walked Jodi down the hallway.

Jodi glanced back down the hallway at Tiffany’s closed bedroom door. She started to have that same feeling in the pit of her stomach.

“Let me show you some family photos,” Ernie told Jodi while he walked her back to the couch in the living room.

While Jodi saw the family pictures of Tiffany when she was a young girl, she kept on getting these strange déjà vu feelings.

Meanwhile, Donovan pulled his Buick into the driveway of George and Betsy Anderson's home located off Forge Valley Avenue.

He got out of his car. He got another déjà vu feeling while he looked at the home.

He headed over to the front door and rang the doorbell. He waited.

The front door opened and George appeared. "You that fellow from that newspaper down in Florida who called me?"

"Yes sir, I'm Donovan Kirby."

"Please come inside," George said while he stepped aside to allow Donovan to enter his home.

Donovan stepped inside and George closed the front door.

"Please have a seat," George said while he motioned at the couch.

Donovan walked over and sat down on the couch with George.

“My wife Betsy is out shopping down in Knoxville for the afternoon. She does this once a month with her sister. She really doesn’t like talking about Howie, as it makes her cry.”

“I understand and don’t want to upset anybody,” said Donovan.

“I guess I can start with the last time I saw my son,” George said while he stared down at the carpet.

In George’s memory, it was evening on Thursday August 20th, 1970. He pushed his lawnmower across the front yard.

Tiffany drove up in her 1962 Buick Special and parked along the street in front of the house. She tooted the horn.

The front door opened and Howie ran outside.

George turned off his lawnmower.
“Don’t stay out too late, Howie.”

“I won’t paw,” Howie said while he ran across the front yard.

“Hello Mister Anderson,” Tiffany called out while she stepped out of her car and looked over the roof.

“Hey Tiffany,” George said then he pulled the cord and restarted his lawnmower.

Howie got in the front passenger seat of Tiffany’s car.

She tooted the horn at George while she drove off down the street.

George sat there after recalling that memory. He looked at Donovan. “And that’s the last time I saw my son,” said George while his eyes welled up.

“Do you believe that the two are living up in Canada?”

George looked at Donovan. “No. He would have contacted me by now. My gut tells me something happened to them that August night,” he said and looked serious.

“Did the Sheriff do any kind of investigation into their disappearance?”

“He said he did, but I feel he did nothing. He felt they ran off to Canada and would not believe any other possible scenarios.”

“I wonder why they would want to run up there?”

George wanted to provide an answer but decided he better keep his mouth shut. His eyes welled up while he thought about his son.

Donovan could sense that George was getting upset so he got up off the couch. “I’ve taken up enough of your time. I better go now.”

George got up off the couch and escorted Donovan to his front door.

After Jodi left Ernie’s home, she headed off to the police station.

After meeting with Kent, he took her out in the fenced off back area. She walked around and looked at Tiffany’s rusty and muddy Buick.

“I had another reporter here a little while ago. Said he was from Florida,” Kent told Jodi while she glanced at the driver’s door

window. “Oh really,” she said and could care less while she checked out the inside of the car.

Jodi looked over at Kent. “Do you believe those two are hiding up in Canada at this moment?”

“That’s what my daddy says, I wasn’t born when they were here, so, I don’t know,” he said.

Jodi looked at Kent then back at the car. She got another déjà vu feeling while she stared at the car. But this time the feeling was followed by a little sharp pain in her chest. The pain left within seconds. She shrugged it off.

“Thank you deputy,” she said then headed off toward the rear door of the office.

Kent walked off and followed Jodi into the police station.

Chapter 8

Hours had passed.

Jodi ate dinner at the Perkins restaurant next to the Motel 6 motel that night.

Donovan was not very hungry so he bought some snacks from the 7-11 next to the motel and munched inside his motel room.

While they ate their meals, both Donovan and Jodi thought about their earlier meeting outside the Motel 6 by his car.

Later that night, both Jodi and Donovan relaxed in their rooms thinking about their earlier meetings with Tiffany and Howie's parents.

After Donovan drifted off to sleep that night, he had another dream.

In Donovan's dream, he was a young lad and wore a Little League Baseball uniform for the Hawks.

He was on the pitcher's mound practicing some pitches to the catcher.

Then he started up a wind-up and when he was in the process of throwing the ball, he noticed that that young brunette girl was in the bleachers watching his every move.

His throw went way above the catcher's head. The sight of this brunette girl in the bleachers instantly smote him. She was the same girl in his previous dreams but she was younger. This was a dream of their actual first meeting.

Donovan woke up from his dream.

He lay in bed and could not get that brunette girl out of his mind. *Why am I dreaming about her?* He asked himself over and over again.

Then the more he thought about his thoughts started to drift off to thinking about Tiffany. He could not resist to snoop around so he got out of bed and got dressed.

He rushed out of his room.

A little while later, Donovan drove his Buick to the police station.

He parked by the rear fenced in area off Thorndale Avenue.

Donovan got out of his car. He scanned the area. The coast was clear.

He ran to the fence and started climbing it then scaled over the top and dropped to the ground.

Once he was inside the fenced area, Donovan ran over to Tiffany's Buick.

Parked by the front entrance of the police station was a white 2012 Chevrolet Impala with a dented rear quarter panel on the driver's side.

The driver got out and it was Rock.

Then the passenger door opened and Christine Woodbury got out. She was a fifty-five married woman from Haneyville.

Rock and Christine both rushed to the front entrance of the police station. Rock

immediately unlocked the one of the front doors and they rushed inside.

Back in the fenced area of the Sheriff's office, Donovan creaked opened the driver's door to Tiffany's car.

He got a better view of the inside and saw it was filthy and it had a strong odor of mildew.

He sat down in the muddy front seat.

Inside the Sheriff's office, Rock took Christine into his office and closed the door.

She took him by his hand and sat him down on his desk chair. She dropped to her knees. She unzipped his pants and lowered them down to his ankles.

"Just like those days when I was in high school," she said while she lowered his boxers down to his ankles.

"You were a great cocksucker back then and are still a great cocksucker," Rock said.

Christine smiled then started to give Rock a blowjob.

Back out in the fenced area of the police station, Donovan was still inside Tiffany's Buick. He opened up the glove compartment door and checked it out. He found nothing of value so he closed the door.

He got out of the front then pulled the front seat forward. He started checking out the backseat area.

Back in Rock's office inside the police station, he was enjoying Christine's blowjob. Then he heard a car door slam shut.

He got concerned and yanked Christine's head off him and rushed to the window almost tripping over his pants and boxers.

He peeked out the window and saw Donovan climbing back over the fence.

Then he watched while Donovan rushed over and got inside his Buick.

"What the fuck is going on?" he said while he watched Donovan's 1962 Buick Special drive away down the street.

“What’s wrong dear?” Christine said while she got up off her knees.

“We’ll have to do this another night,” he said while he pulled up his boxers.

“But I’m horny,” Christine said and then pouted with her arms crossed.

“Another fucking night,” he replied while he pulled up his pants.

After he got his pants back to normal, he grabbed Christine by her hand.

He rushed her out of his office.

Back at Ernie’s home, he sat in his living room. He sat on his couch and had his fourth Bourbon and water drink. The past events of finding Tiffany’s car and the visit by Jodi started up those memories of sleepless nights back in the 1970s.

Back at the Motel 6, Jodi was sound asleep in her room. She had a dream.

In Jodi’s dream, he was a young girl with brunette hair. She sat in the wooden bleachers of a Little League Baseball field.

She watched while the Hawks warmed up for a game.

Then Jodi's eyes widened the second she saw a blonde kid around her age on the pitcher's mound. He was with the Hawks and was warming up with the catcher.

She watched while the blonde haired kid started up a wind-up.

Then when he was in the process of throwing the ball, his eyes locked on Jodi's eyes. The sight of that blonde haired pitcher instantly smote her.

His throw went way above the catcher's head. This was the same boy in her previous dreams but he was younger. This was a dream of their first meeting.

Rock had spent the next hour driving around the streets searching Haneyville for that old Buick Special.

Then he pulled into the parking lot of the Motel 6.

He drove around and found Donovan's Buick parked by a motel room.

He drove away and parked way down the far end of the parking lot.

Back in Donovan's room, he was sound asleep in his bed.

Then a click sound was heard coming from his motel room door.

The door slowly opened and Rock slipped inside the room. Rock quietly closed the door.

There was enough light in the room for Rock to see everything.

Then he spotted Donovan's laptop on top of the small desk. He got curious.

Rock gingerly walked across the room and headed to the desk

Once he got to the desk, he opened up the laptop then immediately pressed the power button.

The laptop powered up and made the standard Apple sound. Rock cringed that that sound would wake up Donovan. It did not as all Donovan did was roll over to his other side.

Once the laptop powered up, Rock saw the items on the desktop. One item was a Word file titled "Murder in the Woods."

He got curious and opened up that Word file.

Once it opened, Rock could tell that it was a manuscript once he saw the title page.

He scrolled down to the Prologue of the manuscript and he started reading it.

What the fuck is this? He said in his head while he read the manuscript.

He got pissed then closed the Word file, deleted it then emptied the trash can.

He closed the laptop afraid to power it down thinking it might wake up Donovan.

Rock then looked at Donovan while he slept in his bed.

He gingerly walked over to the bed.

He stood by the right side of the bed looking down at Donovan while he slept.

Rock reached inside his pants and removed his 9mm Glock. He aimed it at Donovan's head and had fire in his eyes. He was ready to kill.

Then Donovan went into another dream.

In Donovan's dream, a mysterious man escorted him and that brunette girl into the woods at night. That man wore coveralls and a ski mask and had a pistol aimed at Donovan and the brunette.

"Turn around," said the mysterious man
Donovan and the brunette turned
around.

"You're a fucking coward," the
mysterious man said to Donovan.

"But you don't understand," Donovan
pleaded.

"Fuck you," the mysterious man replied
then he fired off a shot.

The bullet penetrated Donovan's chest.
He dropped to the dirt.

Donovan shot up from his dream in a
panic. He looked around his motel room in
a daze and got confused. He thought he
was shot then frantically stated feeling
around his chest. No blood was found.

Then it took a few seconds for it to dawn on him that he had a dream.

But what he did not realize was that Rock was in his room with a pistol pointed at his head. Rock decided that a gun shot would add too much attention so he left minutes before Donovan woke up from his dream.

Donovan glanced over at his closed laptop on the desk. He decided that his dream would fit in his story.

He got out from under his covers and rushed over to the laptop at the desk.

He opened it up and saw that the laptop was still powered up. He figured he forgot to power it down when he last used it to type in his manuscript.

He looked on the desktop and could not find his manuscript Word file.

He searched the laptop and still could not find the Word file.

He opened up Word.

He clicked on the *Open Recent* option in the Word program. He saw his *Murder in*

the Woods as a recent file he accessed. He clicked on it. It came up as not being found.

“What?” he said while he started to panic. He frantically started searching all over the files of his laptop.

After ten minutes of frantically searching his laptop, he concluded that he must have accidentally deleted it. So he figured he would have to start all over again.

While it was still fresh in his mind, Donovan opened up a new Word file.

He started to retype his manuscript and this time, he planned on emailing him a backup copy to his email address.

Back at George’s home, he sat outside on his back porch. He had his third scotch and water drink in his hand. Like Ernie, the recent events of finding Tiffany’s car and the meeting with Donovan started up those memories of sleepless nights back in the 1970s.

Chapter 9

Wednesday morning arrived.

Donovan got up and headed off to the Perkins restaurant by the motel for breakfast.

He was immediately seated in a booth. He ordered a cup of coffee from Jenny the waitress after she came up to him.

Right after Jenny left, Jodi was being escorted by the hostess to the booth next to his booth.

“Hi,” Donovan said the second he saw her walk past his booth.

“Oh hello. Good morning,” Jodi replied.

Donovan looked at Jodi and decided to take a chance. “Would you like to join me?”

Jodi looked at Donovan then the hostess. “I would love that.”

The hostess smiled and motioned for Jodi to join Donovan at his booth.

Jodi smiled while she sat down in Donovan's booth. "I'll take a cup of coffee," she told the hostess.

The hostess smiled then walked away.

"So, how's your stay in Haneyville?" asked Jodi while she looked at the menu.

"It's been educational," replied Donovan while he looked at the menu.

Jenny brought two cups of coffee and gave one to Jodi and one to Donovan. "Are you ready to order?"

Donovan looked at Jodi for her to go first.

"I'll take the Brioche French Toast Platter."

Donovan looked surprised with her order. "Actually, I was thinking of having the same," he told Jenny.

Jenny nodded that she understood their order then walked away.

"If you don't mind me asking, where are you from?" asked Jodi.

"Melbourne, Florida."

"I'm from Lexington, Kentucky."

“What brings you all the up here to Tennessee?” asked Jodi.

“I’m a reporter for the Florida Today newspaper.”

Jodi’s eyes lit up. “I’m also a reporter. I work for the Lexington Herald-Leader newspaper.”

“What brings you to Haneyville?” asked Donovan.

“I wanted to do a story on the two teens that went missing back in nineteen seventy.”

Donovan’s eyes widened a little and thought that was cool. “Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson?”

“Why yes. Are you here for the same reason?” said Jodi and was a little surprised.

“Yeah,” he replied then took a drink of coffee. He hesitated for a few seconds while he debated if he should say something that had been on his mind.

Then Jenny walked over with their plates of breakfast in her hands. Jodi and Donovan stopped talking when she walked up to the table.

After she left, they looked at each other and decided to resume their discussion.

“But you know something? Ever since I read the Internet news article about finding that Buick and even when I came up here, I’ve been having numerous strong déjà vu feelings,” he said then took a bite of his breakfast.

Jodi looked like she could not believe her ears while she looked at Donovan. “You’re going to find this strange, but I’ve been having the same déjà vu feelings. They also started when I first read that Internet article about finding that Buick in the lake,” she said then took a bite of her breakfast.

“That’s why I bought that Buick outside. I’ve never had a liking toward old Buicks, but after I read that article, I saw that one for sale and could not resist.”

“What do you think all these déjà vu feelings mean?” she asked then started eating her French Toast.

Donovan started eating his French Toast while he pondered a reply. “I don’t

know but I've been having dreams about being in love with a girl with brown hair."

Jodi's eyes widened. "That's funny, because I've been having dreams of falling love with a boy with blonde hair."

Jodi and Donovan looked at each other's eyes and suddenly felt connected.

"You know something?" she said then leaned across the table to indicate she wanted to keep this part of the conversation just between them.

"What?" he replied then leaned across the table closer to Jodi.

"Tiffany's father believes something horrible happened to the kids. He's not buying that they've been living in Canada."

Donovan looked at Jodi. "I've been having the same feelings. I had a dream that I was shot in the chest in the woods at night."

"I think that maybe these dreams are Tiffany and Howie trying to tell us what happened from the grave," she said then moved back.

Donovan moved back in his seat and looked at Jodi. "That sounds plausible."

The got quiet while they both finished eating their breakfast.

While they ate their breakfast, they did not have a clue that Rock sat in his Chevrolet Impala patrol car and eyed the windows of the Perkins restaurant and spied on them.

After some idle chitchat about their jobs as reporters, Donovan and Jodi finished their breakfast. They waited for their checks.

Donovan glanced at Jodi. He wanted to say something but was not sure he should. Then he debated for a few seconds. He decided to take the risk. "I was thinking, if you're not doing anything today, I was thinking of driving around Haneyville and checking out this town. I, ah, I, could sure use some company," he asked then slightly cringed wondering if he overstepped his bounds.

Jodi looked at Donovan. She hesitated which made him feel rejected. Then she

smiled. "I would love that. And besides, I've actually wanted a ride in your Buick."

Donovan was gleaming inside that she accepted his offer.

Jenny walked up to their booth with two checks.

"Thank you," she said while she set the checks in front of Jodi and Donovan.

"Well, let's go," Donovan said while he grabbed his check and got out of the booth.

Jodi grabbed her check and got out of the booth.

Ten minutes had passed and Donovan and Jodi were in his Buick Special leaving the parking lot of the Perkins restaurant. What they both did not notice was Rock stalking them from his Impala.

Donovan drove his Buick east down Haneyville Road and headed into town.

He instinctively made a right turn onto Thorndale Avenue. He headed south into the southwestern part of town.

Donovan drove down Thorndale Road then instinctively made a left turn onto Stone Hedge Avenue.

Donovan and Jodi so far enjoyed the sights of Haneyville and felt it was a nice and homey town.

Donovan drove down Stone Hedge Avenue then stopped. He and Jodi saw the Haneyville Middle School, the Haneyville High School and the Haneyville Elementary School all in a row on the north side of Thorndale Road.

While Donovan glanced at the schools, he got another strong déjà vu feeling about them.

Jodi also got a strong déjà vu feeling at the sight of the three schools.

Donovan pulled his car into the sports field on the south side of Stone Hedge Avenue. This area had a baseball field, a football field and now a soccer field.

He parked his Buick in the grass. He and Jodi got out of the car.

They both looked back at the three schools and they each got another strong déjà vu feeling.

They saw a white Impala pull into the parking lot of the Haneyville High School but thought nothing of that vehicle.

They turned and glanced at the baseball field. More strong déjà vu feelings hit them.

Across the street, Rock watched Jodi and Donovan from his Impala parked in the parking lot of the high school.

“I’m having another one of my strong déjà vu feelings at the moment,” said Jodi.

“Me too.”

Jodi looked at the baseball field and it too looked familiar. “I had a dream about becoming smitten with a young kid playing baseball here on a field just like this,” she said and smiled while she thought about that dream.

Donovan looked at her in a little bit of disbelief. But he did not want to tell her that he had a similar dream but became smitten over a brunette.

“Let’s go drive around some more of the town,” he told her.

She nodded in agreement then they headed off to the car.

“I love you,” a voice whispered near Jodi’s ear while she got to the passenger door of the Buick. “Did you say something?” she asked Donovan as she vaguely heard that mysterious voice.

“No,” Donovan said while he opened up the driver’s door.

Jodi shrugged off that whisper while she and Donovan got inside his car.

Donovan started up his car then drove out of the sports area.

He headed east on Thorndale then the road made a left ninety-degree bend and headed north.

Donovan stopped at Haneyville Road then turned right.

The town of Haneyville was built by the southeastern part of Lake Haney.

There was a boat dock where some of the residents kept their boats to enjoy the summer months on the lake.

Also on the southern side of Lake Haney was constructed some stores, a restaurant and other offices. A brick walkway with a railing went along the lake for a new view. Also along the walkway were occasional benches so the folks could enjoy the beautiful view of the lake.

This area was rebuilt in 1980 as an effort by that Mayor of Haneyville to beautify their town. It worked, as the folks of Haneyville loved spending the warm days of summer down by the lake. In addition, it brought in some tourist dollars from people in Knoxville and areas of southern Kentucky.

After driving around some more of the streets of Haneyville, Donovan headed back west on Haneyville Road.

He drove past the Motel 6.

“Where you going?” Jodi asked while she watched their motel go past them.

“I can’t explain it, but I have this feeling there’s something else we need to see,” he said while he continued his drive heading west.

Jodi thought about his reply and then she suddenly had a similar feeling that there was somewhere else they needed to see. But they both did not have a clue as to their destination.

Jodi glanced down at the AM radio. “Wow, only AM,” she said.

“I haven’t tried it up here yet,” he said.

Jodi turned on the radio.

A religious station was on with a preacher yelling about people being sinners. She turned the turning knob until a song that sounded familiar came on an oldies station. The “*In the Summertime*” song from the band Mungo Jerry played.

“I love this song,” she said leaving it on that station.

Jodi softly sang out the lyrics while Donovan drove down the road.

They did not notice Rock’s Impala way down the road following Donovan’s Buick.

A little while later, Donovan stopped at the end of Haneyville Road at the stop sign. He and Jodi looked at Stinson Road that headed north and south.

“Where now?” asked Jodi while she looked to her right and then over to her left.

“I don’t know,” said Donovan while he glanced to the left and right of Stinson Road.

They were too involved looking up and down Stinson Road to notice Rock’s Impala stopped way down on Haneyville Road.

Then Donovan had a strong feeling of where to go. He turned his Buick right and headed north on Stinson Road.

Donovan and Jodi both had *déjà vu* feelings while he headed north on Stinson Road.

He drove past the dirt road that headed to the clearing by Lake Haney.

Donovan had a gut feeling about that dirt road after he drove past it. He stopped his car, then immediately backed up.

“What are you doing?” Jodi curiously asked.

“There’s something about that dirt road.”

Jodi looked and saw that same dirt road that gave her a strong déjà vu feeling when she first drove down here to Haneyville.

Donovan turned right onto that dirt road.

Rock slowly drove down Stinson Road and stopped just south of that entrance of that dirt road. He looked concerned when he saw the trail of dust from Donovan’s Buick while it headed down the dirt road.

Rock slowly drove his car down Stinson Road and turned left down that other dirt road.

Donovan continued to drive down the dirt road and headed to the clearing.

The “*In the Summertime*” song just ended on the radio.

Donovan turned off the radio once he drove up to the clearing. He parked his car and turned off the engine.

He and Jodi looked at Lake Haney.

“Are you getting that feeling like what I’m getting?” she asked Donovan.

“Yeah. I got this weird feeling that I’ve been here before,” he replied.

“Me too.”

Donovan opened his door and got out of his car.

Jodi opened her door and stepped outside.

They both walked to the bank of the lake.

“This is a nice spot,” she said.

Donovan turned around and looked back and saw numerous other tire tracks from cars in the dirt. “I think this spot is used by the kids to hang out. You know neck,” he said.

Jodi turned around and looked at the clearing. “I believe you’re right.”

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other. And for a split second, they both had the urge to kiss each other. But they shrugged off that feeling.

Then Donovan looked at the woods to his right. An eerie feeling shot throughout his whole body when he saw the woods. He suddenly felt threatened and then a short and brief pain shot through his chest. He

clutched his chest. “Ah,” he moaned out and buckled over a little.

“Are you okay?” Jodi asked and looked a little concerned.

“Yeah, must be the coffee from this morning,” he said while the pain quickly disappeared.

Jody then cringed and she rubbed her forehead suddenly coming down with a sharp headache. “I think that coffee just gave me a headache. Must be from too much caffeine,” she said

“Let’s go. I need to get back to my motel room. I want to work on my article,” said Donovan.

“Sounds good. I think I’ll take a nap and get rid of this headache,” she replied.

Donovan and Jodi walked back to his Buick.

They got back inside his car.

Donovan started it up then made a U-turn in the clearing.

He drove back down the dirt road and headed back to Stinson Road.

Donovan eventually arrived back at the Motel 6 parking lot.

Donovan and Jodi both went back inside their motel rooms.

Rock parked his car in the parking lot of the Perkins restaurant. He decided to spy on their rooms for a while then would head home.

Chapter 10

Donovan and Jodi did not see each other for the rest of the day.

That evening, Donovan ate a light dinner at a small café along Lake Haney. He enjoyed eating along the lake and started to like the peaceful life Haneyville had to offer. He had thoughts about his time spent with Jodi this morning. They were joyful thoughts. But Donovan did not have a clue that Rock had his eyes on Donovan the whole time he was at the café.

Donovan's iPhone rang from the top of his table. He looked and saw that Lindsey was the caller. "Hello honey," he answered the call.

"Where are you?" replied Lindsey from his iPhone and sounded a little pissed.

"I'm up in Haneyville, Tennessee," he replied.

There was a few seconds of silence from his iPhone. “Haneyville, Tennessee, what the hell are you doing in Haneyville, Tennessee?”

Donovan opened his mouth to reply then it dawned on him. He cringed knowing he was in deep trouble with Lindsey, as he forgot to tell her he headed up north. “Ah, I’m working on a story,” he said.

“What’s so important that you had to drive all the way up to Tennessee to work on a story?” she replied and her voice was a little louder and more fire.

“It’s a story that’s really important to me.”

“More important than not showing up for dinner with mom and dad?” Lindsey snapped back a little louder.

Donovan cringed the second he realized that tonight he was supposed to have dinner with her parents. “I’m sorry honey. I just got so wrapped up with this that I,” he said but Lindsey suddenly disconnected her end of the call. “Forgot,” he said completing his sentence.

Donovan placed his iPhone back on his table and thought about Lindsey. Then he started to think about Jodi and for some strange reason, he started to feel that the opportunity to get to know Jodi was more important. Way more important than dinner with Lindsey and her parents.

Meanwhile, Jodi ate at the Perkins restaurant, as she did not feel like driving around Haneyville again. While she ate, she also had thoughts of her time spent with Donovan this morning. They were also joyful thoughts.

Later that night, Donovan hit the bed and was asleep in no time. He immediately started to dream.

In his dream, Donovan was on his back in the woods where the full Moon was peeking through the branches of the live trees and the branches of a dead tree. He had excruciating pain in his chest while he lay on the dirt.

Donovan was able to crane his neck and he could watch that mysterious man wearing a ski mask and overalls down to his ankles unzipped the bell-bottom blue jeans of the brunette girl.

“Please don’t!” the brunette girl cried out while that man lowered her blue jeans down to her ankles and slid them over her sandals.

Donovan tried to move to help the girl but the pain in his chest was too excruciating and kept him down in the dirt.

“Please don’t do this again,” the brunette girl cried out while that man slid her white cotton panties down and over her sandals.

Then the mysterious man slapped the brunette girl across her face a few times. “Shut the fuck up or I’ll kill you now,” he yelled at her.

The brunette girl shut up and lay frozen with fear.

He ripped opened her tee shirt and was not surprised when he discovered she did not wear a bra over her C-cup breasts.

“I remember these sweet puppies,” the man said while he squeezed her breasts hard causing Tiffany to cringe in pain.

Then he saw a gold chain around her neck that had a gold heart attached to it. He looked at the back of the heart and saw it had something engraved on it. “How fucking sweet,” he said with a sarcastic tone then yanked the chain hard. It broke off.

“Please don’t take that,” the brunette pleaded with him.

“Fuck you,” the man chuckled while he leaned over and shoved the chain, key and gold heart into one of his pockets of his overalls.

He opened up her legs and hopped on top of Tiffany. She tried to force him off her body but he was too strong. He slapped her some more across her face.

She got scared to death then went limp giving in to his forced sex. She just had a blank lifeless stare knowing she did not have a choice in this matter.

The man started to pleasure himself with the girl’s limp body.

“You feel so good fucking. Just the way I remembered,” the mysterious man said while he humped her.

Donovan lay on his back still in extreme pain in the dirt. He heard the grunting and moans of the mysterious man and glanced over. He saw him raping the girl he loved and he was pissed. But he could not move to help her.

Donovan craned his neck in the other direction. The full Moon was able to provide enough light to where he saw a red 1962 Buick Special parked in the clearing with the driver’s door still opened.

He looked back at that man on top of the brunette girl having his way with her.

“Stop,” he cried out with the loudest voice he could muster up.

Back in his motel room, Donovan was still having his dream.

“Stop” he cried out in his sleep in pain.

Donovan bolted up from his dream sweaty and shaking.

He frantically looked around the room for sight of that brunette girl and that mysterious man raping her. The room was empty and quiet. It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him that he had another dream.

Donovan sat up in his bed and this dream really bugged him. Then his curiosity started to nag at him and he could not resist.

He looked at the digital clock on the bedside table. It showed it was 4:00 a.m.

Donovan's curiosity got stronger the more he thought about that dream. It felt so vivid and alive.

He rushed out of his bed and quickly got dressed.

He grabbed his car keys and iPhone off the small dresser. He shoved his iPhone into his left pants pocket.

He rushed out of his motel room.

Donovan got inside his Buick, started up the car then drove off through the dark parking lot.

He did not notice that white Impala that was parked in the parking lot.

Rock was inside and he followed Donovan's Buick but kept his headlights turned off.

Donovan drove his Buick west on Haneyville Road with Rock's Impala following a safe distance behind. Donovan was clueless he was being stalked by the sheriff.

Donovan made a quick stop at the stop sign at the end of Haneyville Road.

He turned his Buick right and headed north on Stinson Road.

He slowed down then made a right turn down the dirt road.

He headed to the clearing down by the lake.

Rock drove his Impala down Stinson Road and headed past the dirt road.

Rock then turned left onto that other dirt road. Once his car was out of view from Stinson Road, he parked and turned off his engine.

Donovan parked his Buick in the clearing. He turned off his engine and got out of his car.

It was dark and the sky was full of twinkling stars. There was a quarter Moon tonight so not much light was being offered from the sky this morning.

Donovan removed his iPhone from his pants pocket. He pressed the flashlight application. A light came on from his iPhone and acted like a flashlight.

Donovan used the iPhone flashlight and looked around the area.

He looked to the left of the Buick with the flashlight and that area of the woods started to feel spooky.

He looked to the right of the Buick with the flashlight and that area of the woods felt safe.

Donovan used that flashlight and walked off into that area of the woods off to his left. Even though it was spooky he felt drawn to that area.

Donovan gingerly walked through the woods with his flashlight iPhone. He was

more concerned with some critter attacking him than anything else.

He walked between trees and for some strange reason, this part of the woods started to give him more déjà vu feelings. But these started to become a bit of a scary feeling while he walked deeper into the woods.

Donovan's déjà vu feelings started getting stronger and stronger while he gingerly walked deeper into the woods.

A déjà vu feeling became overwhelming the second Donovan walked upon a small clearing between the trees.

He scanned the area over and saw he was about fifty feet from his parked Buick.

His flashlight illuminated a dead black walnut tree. The tree looked like it had been dead for years and was about ready to crumble at any second.

Donovan kept on scanning the area over with his flashlight.

Then he scanned the ground below and his déjà vu feeling became powerful and

scary when he saw two small rocks in the dirt.

A sudden pain in his chest appeared and it was excruciating. Donovan clutched his chest and buckled over. Then the pain suddenly disappeared as quickly as it appeared. He felt better.

He heard a twig snap on the ground behind him.

The second Donovan turned around to check out that sound, a fist smacked him hard in his left eye. He flew back while he lost his grip of his iPhone and it flew off in another direction.

Donovan landed on his back in pain.

It was dark. He saw his iPhone with the flashlight pointing straight up at the sky.

Donovan looked up and saw a mysterious man wearing a black ski mask bearing down on him.

The man grabbed Donovan's shirt then pulled him upward. The man immediately started punching Donovan repeatedly in his face.

After six punches, the man let go of Donovan and he dropped to the dirt.

He lay in the dirt in pain and on the verge of passing out.

He looked and saw the man pick up his cell phone off the ground. Donovan passed out.

The mysterious man walked off into the woods after he shoved Donovan's cell phone into his pants pocket.

Thursday morning arrived across Tennessee.

The woods started to fill up with birds singing to the arrival of another beautiful sunny day.

Donovan still lay passed out in the woods.

He started to stir as the singing birds started to wake him.

Donovan's eyes opened and all he could see was the morning blue sky peeking between tree branches and tree leaves.

He got dazed and confused as to where he was while he sat up.

He looked around the area and remembered he went into the woods last night. Then he remembered being beat up by a masked man last night the second his face started hurting.

He got up. He remembered his iPhone and looked the area over for it. Then he remembered that that mysterious man last night took it. He was pissed.

He slowly walked back through the woods and headed to his car.

He got in his car, started it up, turned around and drove away from the clearing.

Donovan drove down the dirt road then headed south on Stinson Road.

He made the left turn and headed back down Haneyville Road.

A little while later, Donovan pulled up and parked in front of the police station.

He got out of his Buick and rushed to the front doors of the building.

Donovan rushed inside the police station and went to the counter.

He saw Kent working behind a desk.

Kent looked up from his paperwork.

“Can I help you?”

“I was attacked in the woods last night,”
replied Donovan.

“Attacked?” asked Kent not sure he
heard correctly.

“Yes attacked.”

Kent got up from behind his desk and
headed to the counter.

Rock heard the conversation from his
office while he puffed on a cigar with a
smirk.

He got out from behind his desk and
walked out of his office. He stood by the
doorway of his office puffing on a cigar not
too far from the “No Smoking” sign on the
wall.

“What happened?” Kent asked the
second he arrived at the counter. He saw
that both of Donovan’s eyes were a bit
swollen.

“I was out by that clearing by Lake
Haney early this morning,” said Donovan.

“Why were you out there so late?” asked Rock the second he arrived at the counter with his cigar in his mouth. He saw that Donovan’s eyes were a bit swollen.

“I’m Donovan Kirby. I’m a reporter from Melbourne, Florida for the Florida Today newspaper,” he replied then while he looked at Rock, something felt familiar about him. “Have we met before Sheriff?”

Rock looked at Donovan and he suddenly appeared to be a familiar face. “I don’t believe so,” he said then thought for a few more seconds. “Unless you were at that police convention down in Orlando. I attended.”

Donovan looked at Rock then it dawned on him. “That’s right. I recall seeing you down in Orlando. I hope you liked the conference.”

“It was good, but now let’s get back to your issue at hand,” said Rock. “Now, what were you doing out in the woods early this morning?”

“I’m working on a story about those missing teenagers that went missing back in nineteen seventy.”

“Why” Rock asked.

Donovan started to feel a little intimidated by Rock for some reason. “I don’t know. I became intrigued when I saw that story about that girl’s Buick Special being found in Lake Haney.”

“Intrigued. That’s interesting. Now, let’s get back to your story with being attacked. Did you get a good look of the individual that beat you?” asked Rock.

“No. He wore a ski mask.”

“Ski mask. Well, that’s not much to go on. Did you see him get into his vehicle?” asked Rock.

“No, I passed out but I believe he took my iPhone. It has a GPS capability so I can have it tracked to a location,” replied Donovan.

Rock looked a tad concerned. “GPS tracking. That’s interesting.”

“Isn’t technology wonderful these days,” added Kent.

Rock glanced at Kent and gave him a little disapproving look for his comment.

“Well Mister Kirby, some people around these parts don’t take kindly to strangers roaming in our woods. Some of these woods are their backyards. So, maybe you might want to consider heading back down to Florida. Now, as far as those two kids go, we still believe they’ve been living up in Canada for the past forty years. You see, that Howie Anderson was a draft dodger. So he might be too ashamed of himself to come back to Haneyville,” said Rock and gave Donovan the eye that he really should leave town.

Donovan looked at Rock. “Thanks Sheriff.”

“I’ll tell you what, I’ll go out to that clearing and see what evidence I can find on your attacker. Are you staying at the motel six?”

“Yes.”

“Good. But I would recommend that you just forget this story, as it won’t be much of a story. And I can imagine you have more

important crimes to write about down in your neck of the woods. Again, you might want to consider leaving town,” said Rock and he looked dead serious.

“I’ll think about your advice,” replied Donovan as he had this feeling he should stay here in Haneyville a bit longer.

“I’ll be in touch if I find anything,” Rock said then he turned around and headed back to his office.

“I’m sorry about this Mister Kirby. The folks around Haneyville are typically up standing, law abiding citizens. Maybe one of them was out drunk this morning,” said Kent.

“Thank you deputy,” said Donovan then he turned around and headed back to the front doors.

Kent turned around and headed back to his desk.

“I’m heading out to check out that clearing,” Rock said when he walked out of his office and put on his cowboy Sheriff’s hat and puffed on his cigar.

“Want me to tag along?” asked Kent.

“Naw, stay here and mind the office,”
Rock said then he headed to the front doors.

Kent returned to his paperwork while
Rock left the office.

Chapter 11

A little while later that morning, Donovan sat at a booth in the Perkins restaurant drinking coffee.

He got a few stares from the other customers while they looked at his black and blue eyes. They were curious as to what happened so they started to whisper about their own theories.

He just got his cup of coffee and had placed his order in a few minutes ago.

Jodi walked up to the booth. “Good morning Donovan,” she said then she saw his black and blue eyes were still a tad swollen. “What happened to you?” she said and was concerned while she sat down at his booth.

“Someone beat me last night,” he said then took a drink of coffee.

“Who?”

Julie the waitress walked over to the booth and Donovan refrained from replying

at the moment. She placed some silverware wrapped up in a napkin and menu in front of Jodi. "Can I get you something to drink?"

"Coffee, please," Jodi replied.

Julie smiled then walked away from the booth.

Donovan glanced around the area to make sure other ears were not listening. He felt it as safe. "I don't know. He wore a ski mask."

Jodi thought about his comment for a few seconds. "I had a bad dream about a guy in a ski mask," she said then got the chills.

Donovan thought about her reply for a few seconds. "What did he do?"

Jodi pondered if she should say anything about her dream. "Oh, I don't remember that much, but he was scary."

Donovan opened his mouth to say something but sense someone was approaching the booth. He saw Julie with a cup of coffee in her left hand and a coffee

pot in her right hand. He remained tight lipped.

Jodi smiled while Julie placed the cup of coffee in front of her then filled up Donovan's cup. "Would you like to order something for breakfast?"

Jodi looked at Julie. "Those French Toast were excellent. How about another order of that?"

Julie smiled at Jodi.

"You can bring my order when her order is ready," Donovan told Julie.

Julie smiled acknowledging his request. She walked away to place Jodi's order.

"Where did you get attacked? At the motel" asked Jodi then she took a sip of her coffee and wondered if Haneyville had crime like up in Lexington.

"No, out by the clearing by the lake. I had this strange feeling to search the woods. Then I came to a clearing and I got a strong déjà vu feeling. Then I got this pain in my chest that came and went away real quick," he told her then he took a drink of his coffee.

Jodi looked at Donovan and knew there was something strange going on here. She took a drink of her coffee. "Did you tell the Sheriff of Haneyville what happened?"

"I did. He didn't appear to be overly concerned. He actually recommended that I leave town."

"Leave town? I wonder why?"

"I don't know. But he did state that the belief is still that Tiffany and Howie left Haneyville back in nineteen seventy and ray away up to Canada. He said something about Howie being a draft dodger."

Jodi opened her mouth to reply but did not say a word since Julie walked up to the booth with two plates of French Toast in hand.

Donovan and Jodi smiled at Julie while she placed their breakfast in front of them.

"Let me know if there's anything else you need," Julie said then walked away from the booth.

"Howie was a draft dodger?" asked Jodi then she thought about it for a few a seconds. "I'm not buying that," she added.

“That’s what the Sheriff told me.”

Jodi looked concerned. “I wonder why someone would attack you out in the woods?”

“I don’t know but I have my suspicions that it has something to do with Tiffany and Howie going missing” he said.

Jodi looked at Donovan and thought that could be the only reason.

It was quiet while Jodi and Donovan started munching down on their French Toast breakfast.

“Oh yeah, I also lost my iPhone out in the woods when that guy beat me up.”

“You can use mine if you need to make a call,” Jodi offered.

“Thanks.”

It got quiet again while they both pondered the events that recently happened while they ate and drank coffee.

Twenty minutes passed and Jodi and Donovan were finished with their breakfast and paid their bills.

Donovan and Jodi walked out of the Perkins restaurant's front doors.

They walked ten feet away from the front entrance of the restaurant.

Donovan stopped and looked at Jodi. "I'm thinking of going back and talking with Howie's father. Would you like to come along?"

"So I take it you're not going to leave like the Sheriff recommended?"

Donovan thought about her question for a few seconds. "No. I must work on this story. I don't know why, but I must."

Jodi looked at Donovan and it did not take long for her to think about her answer. "I would love to tag along and see Howie's father," she said with a smile but was also curious with meeting George.

Donovan smiled then motioned for her to follow him over to his Buick.

When Donovan and Jodi arrived at his Buick, he played the gentleman and opened up the passenger door.

She smiled and loved being treated like a lady while she sat down in the passenger seat. Donovan closed the door then rushed around to the driver's side.

He got inside his car, started it up, and then backed out of his parking spot.

Donovan pulled his car onto Haneyville Road and headed east toward the town.

He did not notice Rock in his Impala following his Buick a safe distance behind.

A little while later, Donovan pulled his Buick into the driveway of George and Betsy Anderson's home.

Rock parked his Impala down the street and kept an eye on Donovan and Jodi while they walked over to George's front door.

Donovan rang the doorbell. They waited.

Over in Rock's Impala, he started to navigate through Donovan's iPhone while Donovan and Jodi waited at George's front door.

The front door of George's house opened and George appeared.

"Hello, you're back," he said then saw Jodi. "And you brought a lovely guest," he added then looked at Jodi for a few seconds. "Have we met before?" he asked her, as there was something really familiar with Jodi.

"No sir, I'm visiting from Lexington," she replied but she also had a strange feeling that she met George before.

"What brings you back here?" George asked then he saw Donovan's eyes. "What happened to you?"

"I got attacked early this morning out in the woods."

"Attacked in the woods? Why were you out in the woods this morning?"

"Researching my story, so anyway, I have a question about Howie."

"Please come inside, Kathy went to Kroger's for some groceries so we can talk for a few minutes," George said then motioned for them to step inside his home.

George closed his front door the second Donovan and Jodi were in his living room.

“What’s the question?”

“Did Howie get a draft notice from the Army just before he went missing?” asked Donovan.

George looked surprised Donovan dug up that information. “How did you find that out?”

“I don’t reveal my sources.”

George looked at Donovan and Jodi for a few seconds. “Yeah, he got his draft notice two months before he went missing.”

“How did he feel about that?”

“Like so many of those kids back then, he did not want to go to Vietnam. He felt that that war was all wrong,” said George.

“So is that why the Sheriff believes they ran off to Canada?” asked Jodi.

George hesitated for a few seconds. “I know Howie and Tiffany talked about moving to Canada. We had a huge argument about that the week before they went missing. I served in the Navy in the South Pacific in the second war, so I was

firmly against him running off to Canada. I tried to tell him to enlist in the Navy,” George said and he looked upset recalling that memory. “I still have his draft notice, if you want to see it.”

“Sure,” said Donovan.

George motioned for Donovan and Jodi to follow him.

They followed George out of his living room, down the hallway and into Howie’s bedroom.

Once Donovan stepped inside the bedroom, that strong déjà vu feeling came back. That strange déjà vu feeling also hit Jodi when she stepped inside Howie’s bedroom.

Then his eyes widened the second he saw a silver trumpet on a stand in the corner of the room. He got curious and walked over to it.

Donovan saw it was a Conn trumpet when he picked it up and checked it out. “I also play the trumpet and have a silver Conn,” he said while he continued to look the trumpet over. Donovan had another

strange déjà vu feeling while he gripped Howie's silver trumpet in his right hand.

"Howie loved to play a Glenn Miller tune," George said then he paused while he tried to recall from his memory. "I forgot the song."

Donovan's eyes lit up. "I love Glenn Miller. I play the In The Mood song."

George's eyes lit up and he snapped his fingers. "That's the song, In The Mood."

Donovan and Jodi looked surprised over hearing that from George.

He placed the trumpet back in the stand.

George walked over to Howie's old desk and opened up the top drawer. He removed a folded piece of paper then walked over to Donovan. He handed the paper over to Donovan.

Donovan unfolded the paper and saw the official draft notice. Jodi glanced over at the paper.

While they both looked at the draft notice, another déjà vu feeling hit the both of them.

Donovan folded up the draft notice and handed it back to George.

George shoved it back in the desk drawer and closed it. “Do you have any more questions?”

“Not at the moment,” replied Donovan.

“I’m here if you have any,” George said then walked to the bedroom door.

It was quiet while George walked them through the living room and back to the front door.

George opened up the front door. “You shouldn’t be running around in these here woods around town when it’s dark. There’s some folks that get a little nervous,” he told Donovan.

“I won’t and thanks for the information,” Donovan said then he shook George’s hand.

George smiled while Donovan and Jodi left his house.

He closed his front door. “Why is it that I feel like I know those two young kids?” he asked himself. He shrugged that thought off then walked away and headed into his kitchen for another cup of coffee.

Donovan and Jodi got inside his Buick. He backed his car down the driveway and drove off down the street.

Rock was still in his Impala down the street and started to follow Donovan's car.

It was quiet inside Donovan's car while he drove down Forge Valley Avenue.

He made a right turn and drove down Addison Avenue.

Then Donovan's eyes widen with a thought. "Do you think that that guy that attacked me could have been Howie?"

"Howie? Why would you think it was Howie?" asked Jodi.

"Well, maybe for some strange reason he had been living in the woods as a hermit for all these years," Donovan replied and the more he thought about it the more he thought it was a possibility.

"I seriously doubt that Howie had been hiding out in the woods for the past forty years. Someone in Haneyville would have

seen him by now and told his parents,” said Jodi.

Donovan thought about her reply. “Yeah, I guess you’re right. I must be stretching things a bit,” he said then turned left onto Haneyville Road.

“Just a bit, but I’m thinking that that person that attacked you could have caused harm to Tiffany and Howie or maybe that attacker is protecting someone else,” Jodi said.

Donovan glanced over at Jodi and he knew her thought was heading in the right direction. “If nobody has heard from them since that night in nineteen seventy, then someone probably ended their lives,” he said.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other and they both had the same eerie feeling that that was what happened that night. But who could have caused those two kids harm was the big question?

A little while later, Donovan pulled his Buick into the parking lot of the Motel 6.

After he turned off his car engine, he glanced at Jodi. She glanced at him. He had a strong desire to lean over and kiss her. She had a strong desire to lean over and kiss him. They both held back their desires.

“Well, I’m going to my room and jot down some thoughts about this story,” said Jodi.

“Yeah, me too,” he replied.

They both got out of his car.

“How about we meet for dinner?” he asked.

“Sounds great. What time?”

“How about six?”

“Meet at Perkins?”

“No, let’s eat at this restaurant down by the lake. It has a better atmosphere and inside Perkins,” he said.

“That sounds good. It’s a date. I’m in room sixteen. You can pick me up there,” she said.

“Okay,” said Donovan and he loved it when she used the date word.

They both walked away and headed off to their rooms.

Chapter 12

Thirty minutes had passed and Donovan relaxed on his bed with his laptop on his lap. He conducted more searches on Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson to see what would show up from the Internet. He looked disappointed as all kinds of results appeared, but none looked like the Tiffany and Howie from 1970.

Someone knocked on his motel room door from the outside.

His eyes widened thinking Jodi came to pay him a visit.

He got off his bed and rushed to the door.

“Hello,” he said the second he opened his door then looked disappointed the second he saw Rock standing outside his room. “Sheriff,” he said finishing his greeting.

Rock gave Donovan a serious look for a few seconds to intimidate him. “I searched

that area by the clearing and I found your iPhone in the dirt. That attacker must have dropped it after your beating. It was probably too complicated for him,” he said then reached in his pants pocket and removed Donovan’s iPhone.

“Thanks,” Donovan said while Rock handed him his iPhone.

“And I could not find any evidence out there to help me identify your attacker. So, I would highly recommend that you leave town. I’m not ordering you to leave town, but it might be safer if you did. Like I said, we have some folk that don’t take kindly to strangers snooping around in our lives,” Rock said and looked dead serious.

While Donovan looked at Rock, that pain in his chest reappeared. He cringed in pain.

“You okay?” asked Rock and pretended to be concerned.

“I’m fine. Must be heartburn from breakfast.”

“Well, like I said, I would seriously consider heading back down to Florida.”

“Thank you Sheriff, I’ll give it some serious thought,” Donovan said then waited for Rock to leave, as he did not want to piss him off by slamming the door in his face.

“Okay, suit yourself,” Rock said then he turned around and walked away.

Donovan closed his room door and stood by it. He thought about Rock’s suggestion and something about that made him distrust the Sheriff. He suddenly had a strange eerie feeling about Rock.

Then that pain in his chest came back but not as severe as a few minutes ago. He reached under his shirt and rubbed his chest. The pain quickly disappeared. Donovan got concerned, as this had never happened before he read that Internet article about finding Tiffany’s Buick Special in Lake Haney.

He walked over and sat down on the bed and thought about what just happened.

He got off the bed, rushed to the door and left his room.

Once Donovan left his room, he headed over to Jodi's room that was down the other end of the motel.

He knocked on the door for Room 16 and waited.

After a few seconds, that door cracked opened and Jodi appeared a little sleepy.

"Is it six already? I dozed off. Give me a few minutes to get ready," she said then yawned.

"No, I'm early. I had Sheriff Riley drop my iPhone off at my room. He claims he found it out in the woods where I was attacked," Donovan replied.

"Oh, then why are you here?" she asked and yawned again.

"I was thinking of seeing if they had a library in this town. We could do some searches through some old newspaper articles."

Jodi looked at Donovan for a few seconds. "Sure. Staying in this room is starting to get boring. Give me a few minutes to freshen up," she said then closed her room door.

Donovan waited outside her room for a few minutes.

Then the door for Room 16 opened and Jodi was ready to head out into town.

“I’m glad you got your iPhone back,” she said while she walked with Donovan to his Buick.

“Thanks, but you know something,” he said.

“What?” she replied while they walked up to his Buick.

“That Sheriff of this town makes me feel extremely uncomfortable. His name is Rock Riley,” he said then unlocked the passenger door being a gentleman again.

Jodi remained quiet while she waited for Donovan to get in the car.

His driver’s door opened and he sat behind the wheel.

“I haven’t met the Sheriff yet. Just his Deputy and he’s young and appears nice,” she said while he started up his car.

“There’s something about the Sheriff that bothers me,” he replied while he placed the car into reverse.

Jodi thought about he comment about Rock while he backed out of the parking slot. Then she suddenly had a creepy feeling about Rock even though she never met him.

It was a quiet drive while Donovan drove his Buick east on Haneyville Road and headed into town.

Ten minutes had passed and Donovan pulled his car into the parking of the Haneyville Library located down from the police station at the eastern end of Wildwood Avenue.

He parked and they got out and headed to the front doors of the library.

Once Donovan and Jodi were inside the library, they headed over to the counter where an old lady named Ester Yates worked.

Ester looked up at some books that were returned earlier in the day. She looked at Donovan and Jodi. "You're not from here, are you?"

“No ma-am, I’m Donovan Kirby a reporter from the Florida Today newspaper in Florida and my friend is Jodi Lauder a reporter from the Lexington Herald-Leader newspaper in Kentucky,” he replied.

Ester looked at Donovan and Jodi. “Oh, I thought you two were a married couple. As a matter of fact, you two do look familiar. Have we met before?”

Donovan and Jodi glanced at each other with a little smile.

“No ma-am, we’re just up here to write an article about that car found in Lake Haney,” replied Jodi.

“Ah, I see. You’re the only reporters that I know of that are interested in Tiffany’s car,” replied Ester.

“Did you know her?” asked Donovan.

“Yep, her and Howie. He graduated high school with my son Wally,” replied Ester then she looked sad.

“The Sheriff told me that he believed Howie and Tiffany ran to Canada back in nineteen seventy,” said Jodi.

“Draft dodger. That’s what Howie was. A coward draft dodger,” replied Ester and you could sense some anger in her voice while she started to recall those old memories.

“That’s the theory, but why would they ditch their car in the lake before running up to Canada,” asked Donovan then he paused for a few seconds. “How could they get up to Canada? It’s still far away,” he added.

“Hitchhike is my guess,” replied Ester.

“I wonder why they haven’t contacted their parents after all these years?” asked Donovan.

Ester looked at Donovan then at Jodi. “I don’t care if we ever hear from that coward. My son Wally went into the Marines right after graduation. He was killed after being in Vietnam for only two months. So, I’ll say it again, I don’t care if we ever hear from that coward Howie again,” Ester said and her anger in her voice was more noticeable. She looked at Donovan and Jodi. “So, what brings you to my library?”

Donovan looked at Ester and then he had this strange feeling he knew her and somehow knew something about Wally being killed Vietnam.

“We were hoping to look at some old newspaper article from the time they went missing?” said Jodi.

“We don’t have any here. You’ll have to go see Grant Scott. He owns the Haneyville Tribune located down off Haneyville Road,” Ester replied.

“Thank you,” said Jodi and motioned to Donovan that they should leave.

“Yes, thank you,” replied Donovan.

Ester returned to her books.

Donovan and Jodi walked away from the counter and headed to the front doors.

Donovan opened one of the front doors for Jodi. She smiled and loved it when a man acted like a gentleman. And this was something her ex-boyfriend would never do with her.

“Sounds like some of the people around here didn’t take kindly to Howie running up

to Canada,” she said then they walked up to his Buick.

Donovan did not say a word while they got inside his Buick.

It was a quiet in the Buick while Donovan drove out of the library parking lot.

He turned left on Wildwood then turned right on Thorndale Avenue.

He headed down Thorndale then turned left on Haneyville Road.

He drove his Buick down Haneyville Road then saw the big indoor shopping mall to the left.

Donovan got this strange déjà vu feeling the second he saw the mall. “I bet there was a drive-in theater there back in the day.”

Jodi looked at the mall and had the same déjà vu feeling. “I believe you could be right.”

He continued his drive down Haneyville Road then saw the Haneyville Tribune Newspaper building off to the right.

He turned his Buick right and pulled into the parking lot.

He parked his Buick next to a blue 1964 Rambler Classic still in excellent shape.

After they got out of the car, they looked across Haneyville Road and saw another parking lot. This was for patrons to park that wanted to frequent those numerous shops and restaurants down by the lake.

Donovan and Jodi headed to the front door of the Haneyville Tribune building.

They went inside the building.

They looked around the area and saw a counter for greeting customers. Four desks in the center, two offices off to the right side and on the opposite wall saw two microfiches machines with about ten filing cabinets.

In the back room were the printing presses for bringing the residents of Haneyville the local and national news.

The newspaper office looked deserted.

“Can I help you?” asked eighty-year-old Grant Scott while he stepped out of his office.

“I’m Donovan Kirby from the Florida Today newspaper in Florida and this is Jodi Lauder a reporter from the Lexington Herald-Leader newspaper in Kentucky,” he replied while they walked up to the counter.

Grant looked at Donovan and Jodi while he walked up to the counter. “I heard of your papers. So, what brings you to my neck of the woods?”

“We’re doing some research on that sixty-two Buick found in Lake Haney. It belonged to a Tiffany Carlson. The lady at the library told us to come see you,” Donovan replied.

Grant looked a little surprised with hearing Donovan’s reason. “Why the interest in an old car dragged out of our lake?”

“We thought we’d do an article on the disappearance of Tiffany and Howie,” replied Jodi.

“Disappearance of Tiffany and Howie?” said Grant while he looked at Donovan and Jodi.

“Yes sir,” said Donovan.

“Everybody believes they ran off to Canada that night,” Grant replied.

“We know that Howie received his draft notice before they went missing,” said Donovan.

“If they ran off to Canada, how come they haven’t contacted their parents by now. I can imagine they eventually would have gotten homesick,” said Jodi.

“Well, the Sheriff at the time, Sheriff Powers and Deputy Riley conducted an investigation and could not find any evidence of foul play. And Sheriff Powers also got an anonymous letter from someone stating they saw Howie and Tiffany hitchhiking later that night and they were headed north on Stinson Road. So I don’t know how I can help you,” said Grant.

“I didn’t know of a letter,” said Donovan while he looked at Jodi.

“I didn’t,” she replied then looked back at Grant. “We were hoping that we could look at some of the old articles from that time,” said Jodi.

“Does that letter exist today?” asked Donovan.

“I don’t know. I guess Sheriff Riley might have it in the files.”

Grant looked at Donovan Jodi for a few seconds. “But if you want to waste your time, come on inside. Things are kinda slow anyway,” he said then motioned for them to come around the counter.

“You can use any of those microfiches over there. The film is in the filing cabinets by date,” Grant said while they followed him to the microfiche machines.

“I just made a fresh pot of coffee, would you two like a cup?” Grant offered.

“Sure, that would be nice. Plain black, please,” said Jodi.

“The same for me and thanks,” said Donovan while he walked over and started scanning the filing cabinets.

Grant walked away and headed back to his office.

Donovan found a drawer of interest. He opened it and found a cartridge that

contained newspapers during the month of August of 1970.

He installed the cartridge in the microfiche in the center.

He and Jodi sat down on some chairs in front of the microfiche.

After a few seconds, Donovan and Jodi found the news article titled “Two Haneyville Teens Missing” and was about the disappearance of Tiffany and Howie. It was dated Monday, August 24th, 1970 and written by Grant Scott.

Donovan and Jodi started silently reading the article.

“There’s something about that letter,” said Jodi while she pointed at the screen.

Donovan read that line in the article.

Grant walked up with two cups of black coffee. He placed them down in front of Donovan and Jodi.

“Thanks,” she said.

“You wrote this article,” said Donovan.

“Yep. I’m a good friend with Howie’s father George. It was not an easy article to write at the time. His wife Betsy cried for

about a week fearing the worst happened to her son,” Grant said while he pulled up a chair and sat next to Jodi.

Donovan looked at the picture of Howie from the old article.

“The lady at the library said something about her son dying in Vietnam,” said Donovan and for some strange reason, he felt compelled to find something about her son.

“You’re talking about young Wally Yates. He joined the Marines and died in Vietnam shortly after getting there. I think I can try to find the article I wrote back in early seventy,” Grant said then he got up off his chair.

He walked over to the filing cabinet. He opened up a drawer for cartridges for the winter of 1970. He removed a cartridge for January 1970 and walked back over to the microfiche machine.

“I think the article is around the end of the month,” he said when he handed Donovan the cartridge.

Donovan stuck the cartridge in the machine. He turned a knob while the old newspapers whizzed by on the screen of the machine, Donovan and Jodi took a drink of their coffee.

“Try now,” said Grant.

Donovan slowed down the microfiche and it stopped on the front page of the newspaper for January 22nd, 1970.

Grant took a look at the headlines and date. “Press forward.”

Donovan slowly moved the newspapers toward the end of the month. Then the front page of the newspaper for January 27th, 1970 appeared on the screen.

Donovan and Jodi saw the “Local Killed in Vietnam” headline with the high school senior picture of Wally Yates.

While Donovan and Jodi looked at the picture of Wally, they both got strong déjà vu feelings like they knew him.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other and refrained from telling each other about their feelings.

“Howie and Wally were best friends,” said Grant.

“Since Kindergarten,” Donovan quietly said under his breath then was surprised he knew that.

Jodi heard Donovan and somehow she also knew that information.

“I think that Wally’s death might have made Howie too scared to get drafted. I feel that’s why he wanted to run off to Canada,” said Grant.

“But after forty three years, how come he never contacted his family? That’s the mystery question,” said Donovan.

Jodi nodded in agreement.

“Too ashamed would be my guess,” said Grant.

“Maybe some lousy investigating techniques by your Sheriff at the time,” Donovan blurted out without thinking.

Grant looked at Donovan. “I won’t argue about that. Sheriff Powers was a tad lazy on doing his job back then. And his Deputy Rock Riley wasn’t something to write home about either.”

Donovan looked at Grant. “The guy that’s the Sheriff now?”

“The one and only,” Grant said then he hesitated while he pondered if he should continue. “What the hell, I plan on retiring in a few months and moving down to Florida,” he said then paused for a few second.

“Sheriff Riley started out as a Deputy when he came home from the Army. He got married to Melinda but that didn’t stop him from fooling around with the high school girls. Take them out to the clearing by the lake in his car and doing nasty things with them.”

Jodi looked at Grant and got an eerie déjà vu feeling. “Isn’t that called statutory rape?”

“Now it is and enforced, but back then, it was ignored,” said Grant then paused. “I never trusted Sheriff Riley. But don’t quote me on that,” he added.

“Where in Florida are you moving?” curiously asked Donovan.

“I’m thinking of Tallahassee. I have a daughter that’s living down there. He’s been

bugging me for years to move there. So, I'll sell this newspaper business for a cheap price and my house then move south to warmer weather," said Grant.

Donovan turned the knob on the machine and the newspapers whizzed back to the beginning of the cartridge. "Thanks for your assistance," said Donovan.

"My pleasure, and if you need any more help, just come on by the shop," said Grant.

A little while later, Donovan and Jodi walked out of the newspaper building.

When Donovan and Jodi walked up to his car, he glanced back at the newspaper building and for a split second he had an interest in owning the place. He shrugged it off then looked over at the lake.

"Let's eat over by the lake," he said.

Jodi looked at the lake. "That would be nice,"

Donovan and Jodi got inside his Buick.

Donovan started up his car and drove out of the parking lot.

He crossed Haneyville Avenue and pulled into the parking lot for patrons frequenting the shops, and restaurants along the lake.

A little while later, they had a table outside the Lake View Restaurant with a great view of the lake. It started to be a romantic atmosphere with the sun starting to drop below the horizon providing a beautiful orange and purple sky.

Chapter 13

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

Donovan and Jodi had a wonderful dinner and drinks at the Lake View Restaurant.

They spent the time talking about their lives. They really connected and not a word was mentioned about their relationships back at their homes.

After dinner, Donovan and Jodi left the restaurant and decided to walk down the lighted brick pathway. This pathway went along the shore of the lake and provided access to other shops. Numerous other folks of Haneyville walked down the pathway and enjoyed the full Moon that was already visible in the sky.

“It’s beautiful out here in the evening,” said Donovan while they walked down the brick pathway.

“It sure is. I could get use to spending summer nights out here,” Jodi replied.

They walked fifteen feet down the pathway then stopped.

They looked at the lake then the full Moon so bright in the sky. They looked back at each other. They did not think and leaned toward each other and their lips touched. The kissed felt to right and as if their lips had touched in the past.

Donovan’s iPhone rang from his pants front pocket. He continued to kiss Jodi. His iPhone continued to ring from his pants.

Jodi pulled her lips away from Donovan’s. “You better answer that,” she said.

Donovan was bothered that someone interrupted his kissing while he reached inside his pants and removed his ringing iPhone. He saw that Lindsey was calling. He turned off his iPhone and shoved it back in his pants pocket. “Just an irritating telemarketer,” he said just wanting to get his lips back on Jodi’s lips.

They went back to kissing.

“Is that your wife or are you hitting on the Haneyville women?” Rock said while he walked up behind Donovan and Jodi.

Donovan rolled his eyes and hated being bugged for the second time. He turned around and saw Rock standing behind him with his wife Melinda who was around the same age as Rock. She was a chubby woman with white styled hair and brown eyes that hid behind a pair of glasses.

“Hello Sheriff Riley,” said Donovan and started to feel uneasy with Rock standing by him.

Rock looked at Jodi. “Are you the misses? Because you don’t look like one of the women of Haneyville.”

“No, I’m Jodi Lauder from Lexington,” she replied.

“Lexington, what brings you down to Haneyville?” Rock said then he hesitated while his memory started to kick in his head. “Oh, yeah, my deputy told me about you. You’re a reporter? Right? Doing a story on those two kids that ran away in nineteen

seventy,” he asked and gave her a serious look.

“Yes I am,” Jodi replied.

Then Rock looked at Jodi and his eyes widened a little. “Do I know you? I got this feeling that we’ve met before,” he said and suddenly started to feel that Jodi was extremely sexy and started to feel horny.

“No sir. This is my first time down here in Haneyville,” Jodi replied. Then she spotted that his pinky finger on his right hand was chopped off at the knuckle. She started to feel uneasy with the presence of Rock.

Rock looked at Donovan. “I guess you’re staying here in Haneyville a little while longer?”

“Yes sir,” replied Donovan.

“I see. Well, I’ll do my best to protect you. I don’t want to see you attacked again,” said Rock with a smirk.

Melinda looked surprised over hearing that from Rock. “Someone attacked him?” she asked Rock.

“Yeah, the other night down by the clearing at the lake where the kids like to park at night,” replied Rock while he looked at Donovan.

“Oh my, we typically don’t have our folks attacking visitors,” said Melinda and felt sorry for Donovan.

“Well, enjoy your stay here in Haneyville, and like I said before, those two kids ran off to Canada,” said Rock.

Melinda looked at Rock. “Are you talking about Tiffany Carlson and Howie Anderson?”

“Yeah.”

Melinda looked at Donovan and Jodi. “My husband and the sheriff back then did their best to locate those two kids. They could not find any evidence of foul play. We all believe they ran off to Canada so Howie wouldn’t have to join the Army and go to Vietnam,” she said and looked sincere with her belief.

Rock glared at Donovan making him feel extremely uncomfortable.

“Ah, we have to be heading on out,”
Donovan said.

“Yeah,” Jodi added and wanted to get
away from Rock.

“Be careful,” Rock said then turned
around and walked away with his wife.

Donovan and Jodi walked away down
the pathway in the opposite direction.

“That guy gave me the creeps,” said
Jodi.

“I know. There’s something about him I
distrust,” replied Donovan.

It was quiet while they walked away
from the pathway and headed to the parking
lot.

When Donovan and Jodi got to his
Buick, he opened up the passenger door.

She smiled and again loved it when he
acted like a gentleman.

Donovan got in the car, started it up and
drove out of the parking lot.

While he drove back to the Motel 6,
Donovan and Jodi held hands. He started to
feel guilty since he was engaged but there

was something with Jodi that he never felt with Lindsey. He started to ponder if he should keep Lindsey or pursue Jodi while he drove down Haneyville Road.

Donovan parked his Buick in front of his Motel 6 room. He and Jodi got out of his car.

They looked at each other remembering that kiss they had a little while ago. There was silence between them while they each wondered who would say the next word.

“You’re welcome to come my room for a little while,” Jodi finally said breaking the ice.

Donovan looked at Jodi’s eyes and could tell she wanted to get a little more romantically involved tonight. But then he felt his iPhone in his pocket and remembered Lindsey. “I would love to but I’m a little tired. Maybe another night?” he said then wondered if he blew another other chances.

Jodi looked disappointed but started to realize that maybe she moved just a little too

fast. "Okay," she said then looked at Donovan who looked back at her.

"Can we meet tomorrow morning for breakfast?" asked Donovan.

"I would love that. How about eight?"

"Eight sounds good," he said then smiled then walked around his car and up to Jodi. He gave her a little good night kiss on her lips.

She smiled then headed off to her room.

Donovan headed off to his room and wondered if he would have another opportunity to spend the night with Jodi.

Hours had passed and Donovan and Jodi were sound asleep in their motel beds.

Donovan started to dream...

In Donovan's dream, he was with that brunette girl in the backseat of a Buick Special. His hands were up her tee shirt fondling her nipples.

"Are you sure?" he asked the girl.

“I’m sure it’s okay,” the brunette girl replied but looked worried about something.

Donovan removed his tee shirt.

The brunette girl removed her tee shirt.

Donovan removed his Levi bell-bottom blue jeans and he was now butt naked.

The brunette removed her Levi hip hugger bell-bottom blue jeans.

Donovan stared at the brunette while she removed her panties. She was now butt naked.

The brunette straddled Donovan in the backseat. Then he felt himself slide inside her.

Back to reality, Donovan woke up from his dream. He looked dazed while he looked around his dark motel room. It took him a few seconds to realize he had a dream. But he had an erection. He was disappointed that he woke up the second he started to have sex with his dream girl. He closed his eyes and hoped that his dream would return.

Over in Jodi's room, she also started to have a dream.

In her dream, Jodi sat in the backseat of a car. Her hands were handcuffed behind her back. She felt scared while she looked out the window and saw a parking lot and a factory.

Then some strange man rushed into the car and pushed Jodi on her back on the seat.

"No!" Jodi cried out while the man unzipped her bell-bottom blue jeans.

She tried to fight off the man while he started to lower her blue jeans. The man smacked her hard across her face. She was scared to death and froze with fear.

The man lowered her panties then removed them.

Jodi felt sick when the man climbed on her butt naked. She cried out the second the man penetrated her.

Back to reality, Jodi tossed and turned in her bed.

“No!” she screamed out and shot up from her bed. She looked scared to death and for some strange reason, she held onto her stomach. It took a few seconds for her to realize that she had a bad dream. She was somewhat relieved but something about that dream bugged her.

She lay back down and stared at the ceiling thinking about that horrible dream.

Over at Rock’s home, he sat in his den in his lazy boy chair. He had a glass of whiskey and water in his hand. He took a drink while he stared at the blank TV across the room.

Melinda entered the den wearing her white night gown. She walked over to Rock’s lazy boy chair. “It’s getting late, when are you coming to bed?”

“In a while,” he said then took another drink.

Melinda could sense something was bothering Rock. “What’s the matter, dear?”

“Oh nothing. I guess finding that car in the lake has been on my mind recently,” he said then took another drink.

Melinda sat down on the arm of the lazy boy chair. She ran her hand through his hair. “Why don’t you use the Internet to try and locate Tiffany and Howie up in Canada?”

Rock looked up at Melinda while he took another drink. “I don’t think that will work.”

“Of course it would. There are all kinds of social media for getting the word out that you’re looking for their whereabouts. You could use,” she said then paused while she tried to remember the names of the popular social media sites. Her eyes widened when she remembered. “Facebook or Twitter. That’s the ones that are popular. I bet that might turn something up,” she said and felt confident that would work.

“I’ll think about it,” he said then took another drink.

Melinda looked at Rock waiting for him to get up off the chair to go to bed. But after a few seconds of waiting, she realized he

wanted to sit and drink in his chair. "I'm going to bed," she said then kissed him on his forehead.

Rock just stared at his blank TV while he pondered the situation with Tiffany's car and Donovan and Jodi showing up in his town.

Rock spent the next hour in deep thought drinking more whiskey and water. He swayed while he got up and staggered out of his den.

He staggered down the hallway almost falling on his butt while he headed to his bedroom.

Chapter 14

It was now Friday morning.

Donovan woke up early and after he shaved he stripped and got in the shower.

After he stepped out of the shower, he walked out of the bathroom. His iPhone rang from the bedside table.

He frowned when he saw the caller's name. He picked up his iPhone. "Good morning Lindsey," he answered the call.

"Why can't I reach you by your cell phone? I tried last night and the call went suddenly dead," she said from the iPhone and sounded a little pissed.

"I'm sorry, but this article has been keeping me really busy. Then I forgot to recharge my battery and it went dead yesterday," he lied and felt guilty this was the first time with her.

There was a few seconds of silence from his iPhone while he waited for her

response. “Are you up there with another woman?” she said and sounded serious.

Donovan immediately thought about kissing Jodi last night and felt caught. “No. I’m really up here working on an article,” he lied for the second time and waited for her response.

“Okay. Now listen, you’ve been up there long enough. Drive back home tomorrow. I’m having my parents over for dinner on Sunday night,” she replied with her normal tone of control.

Donovan hesitated for a few seconds to reply, as he really hated it when she bossed him around. “Yeah, I’ll be there,” he said then paused for a few seconds. “I gotta go,” he said then disconnected their call.

Donovan looked a little depressed while he placed his iPhone back on the bedside table. Then the motel phone on the table rang. He picked up the receiver. “Hello.”

“It’s Jodi. I’m running about ten minutes late,” she replied.

Donovan suddenly realized he was bare ass naked while he Jodi was on the phone.

That suddenly made him feel better while he thought about her. "That's alright. I'll see you at eight ten," he said.

"See you then," Jodi replied then disconnected his end of the call.

Donovan walked over to the dresser with a smile and already forgot about Lindsey.

He got dressed for the day.

A little while later, Donovan waited by the front entrance of the Perkins restaurant. His thoughts flip flopped between Lindsey and Jodi. When he thought about Lindsey he got depressed. Then when he thought about Jodi he cheered up. He knew that he could not spend the rest of his life with Lindsey. But how could he break off his engagement without facing her fury? He pondered this question for little while and got depressed.

"Good morning," Jodi's voice came out from his right and he immediately smiled.

"Good morning," he replied.

"I'm starving," she replied.

“Me too,” Donovan said then he opened up one of the front doors to the restaurant.

A little while later, Donovan and Jodi were seated at a booth and had their first cup of coffee and already ordered breakfast.

“I’m starting to believe that we’re wasting our time up here,” said Donovan while he thought about his phone call with Lindsey this morning.

Jodi took a drink of coffee while she thought about Donovan’s comment. But something in her gut made her feel that there was something wrong with the disappearance of the two teens. “I don’t know. Something tells me that there’s someone here in town that knows what really happened to Tiffany and Howie. But who and what?” she said and looked serious.

Donovan looked at Jodi’s eyes then he thought about Lindsey’s order to return home tomorrow. “If you can excuse me for a minute, I need to call my boss,” he said.

“Sure,” Jodi said with and gave him a warm smile.

Donovan got out of the booth then removed his iPhone from his pants pocket while he walked to the front doors.

He stepped outside the restaurant.

Once he got outside, he made a phone call. He paced while the call went through.

“Lindsey,” he immediately said.

“What?” Lindsey replied and sounded groggy, as Donovan woke her up and she took the call from her bed.

“I’m not coming home tomorrow. I’m staying up here in Haneyville a little while longer,” he blurted out before he chickened out.

“What?” Lindsey snapped back and hearing that woke her up.

“I’m staying up here in Haneyville a little longer.”

“What are you talking about? I told to head home tomorrow,” she said and her voice was raised.

“You heard me. I’m not coming home. I just might stay up here another week or two or three,” he said and started to love the feeling of finally bossing her around.

“What about your job? You’ll get fired.”

“Oh that, I quit the day I left for Tennessee.”

There was a few seconds of silence from his iPhone. “You quit? Why the hell would you quit?” she yelled from his iPhone and a older couple that walked to the front entrance could hear her voice.

“Because I felt like it. And another thing, we’re through. I decided that I don’t want to marry you. The wedding is off. I can’t spend the rest of my life with you controlling it,” he said and that really felt good.

There was a few seconds of silence while Lindsey stewed in her bed. “What is wrong with you? You can’t call off our wedding,” Lindsey screamed from his iPhone.

“I can and just did,” he snapped back then immediately disconnected their call.

Donovan had a huge grin while he turned off his iPhone then he headed back to the front doors of the restaurant.

Donovan went back inside the restaurant.

He had a spring in his step and a huge smile while he headed back to the booth.

Jodi noticed Donovan's smile and the spring in his step while he walked up to the booth.

"It looks like you had a good conversation with your boss," she said while Donovan got back in the booth.

Donovan noticed that the waitress brought their breakfast while he was outside.

"Oh yeah, I quit and I'm now a free man," he said then took a drink of his coffee.

Jodi looked a little surprised. "You quit your job? Why?"

"I hated being a reporter down in Florida. I want to spend some time working on my eBook novels. Now I can and I can do it anywhere I want," he said and looked

happy while he removed his knife and fork from his rolled napkins.

Jodi looked happy as she really hoped that her time with Donovan would not end here in Haneyville.

“Anyway, back to our discussion, maybe there was some foul play, but over forty three years had passed,” he said and started to wonder if time would be their worst enemy.

“That’s the challenging part,” she said.

Donovan took another drink of coffee while he thought about her comment for a few second. “Well, I guess we’ll have to learn how to become investigative reporters,” he said.

Jodi smiled. “After breakfast, I’ll show you my notes I have on my laptop,” she said then took a bite of her French toast.

“That sounds good,” he replied then took a bite of his omelet.

It was quiet between Donovan and Jodi while they ate their breakfast and drank their coffee.

After they finished their breakfast, Donovan and Jodi headed off to her motel room.

Once they got inside her room, she immediately walked over to the small desk in her room.

She grabbed her laptop and walked over to the bed. She sat down on the bed and Donovan sat down next to her.

She placed the laptop on her lap then turned it on.

“I’m still having these dreams about that blonde haired boy,” she said while she waited for her laptop to power up.

“I’m still having these dreams about that brunette girl,” he replied.

“I’m starting to believe that maybe these dreams are trying telling us something,” she said and looked like she really believed her theory.

“They could be,” he replied while they looked at each other.

“My dream last night had some guy raping me in the backseat of a car with my

hands handcuffed behind my back,” she said.

“Rape?”

“Yeah, some creep raped me,” said Jodi and she got chills thinking about that dream.

“I had a dream last night that that brunette girl and I had sex in the car. But it wasn’t rape,” he said.

“It wasn’t you in the dream,” said Jodi then she thought about Donovan’s dream and suddenly the thought of having sex in a car became a huge turn on for her at the moment.

Donovan could not resist. He leaned over and gave Jodi a kiss on her lips. She did not resist.

The kissing turned passionate.

“What a minute,” she said after she pulled away from his lips.

Donovan thought he over stepped his bounds and felt foolish.

“I better put the laptop away before it smashes to the floor,” she said while she got up.

Donovan felt better while he watched her walk over to the desk and set the laptop down.

The second Jodi sat back down on the bed they returned to their kissing.

Then the kissing turned into each of them removing each other's clothes.

They were naked within seconds and Donovan was on top of Jodi.

After fifteen minutes of sweaty sex, Donovan and Jodi cuddled on the bed. They were exhausted so they drifted off to sleep.

It was not long before Jodi had another dream.

In this dream, she lay in the dirt in the middle of the night where a full Moon was visible up in the sky. She could see it through the dead branches of a dead tree.

She had her clothes ripped off and she was scared to death. She could not move and was paralyzed for some reason.

She felt herself being lifted up by some guy.

The guy dumped Jodi naked into a hole in the ground.

She saw a shovel dumping dirt on top of her naked lifeless body.

She opened her mouth to scream.

Back in reality, Donovan was sound asleep on his back.

“Ahhhh!” Jodi screamed out from her dream and frantically wailed her arms around like she was trying to get something off her.

Donovan bolted up scared to death.

Jodi woke up in a dazed and looked confused.

“What’s wrong?” he asked concerned.

Jodi looked about and it took a few seconds for her to realize she was back in her motel room and not in a hole in the ground. “I had a really bad dream.”

“About what?”

Jodi looked at Donovan. “It was night and I was in the woods. There was a full

Moon in the sky. I could see it through the dead branches of a tree. Someone ripped off my clothes and I was in the dirt. Then some stranger picked me up and dumped me into a hole in the ground. Then a shovel started dumping dirt on top on my naked body,” she said and talking about that dream made it feel so real.

Donovan thought about her dream. “One of my dreams some guy raped then killed that brunette girl. There was also a full Moon outside and a dead tree,” he said.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other while they thought about their dreams.

“I’m believing that maybe Tiffany and Howie are trying to tell us something from the grave,” he said.

Jodi thought about Donovan’s theory for a few seconds. “I’m thinking you’re right,” she said and the more she thought about it, the more she believed that to be true.

“Let’s head out somewhere,” he said.

“Okay,” she replied.

Chapter 15

Thirty minutes had passed and Donovan and Jodi drove down the dirt road in his Buick. They headed out to the clearing.

Donovan parked his car and the clearing was void of any visitors this afternoon.

They got out of his car and looked the area over.

They looked to the left and both had the same exact feeling at the same moment.

“Over there,” he said while he pointed to the woods off to the right.

Jodi nodded in agreement.

Donovan and Jodi walked off and headed into the woods in the direction he pointed.

They scanned the area over while they walked through the woods.

They both stopped at the same exact time when they came upon a small clearing. It was the same spot Donovan received his beating.

They both looked around the small clearing, as there was something about this place.

“There’s something about his spot,” said Donovan.

Jodi nodded in agreement. “It gives me the creeps,” she said.

“I know,” Donovan replied while he looked around the area.

He spotted an old tree that had been dead for years. It looked like any small gust of wind would tumble it down to the ground any second. He walked closer to the tree.

Then it hit Donovan like a ton of bricks. “That’s the tree from my dream,” he said and the more he looked at the dead wood the more he believed it.

Jodi looked down at the ground and saw the two small rocks that stuck out six inches above the dirt. The rocks were in the dirt and did not give the appearance they were placed there by someone. Nor did they look like potential headstones.

An eerie chill ran through her body.

A piercing sharp pain shot through her forehead that made her knees weak. She dropped to her knees in the dirt.

“You alright?” Donovan said while he rushed to over to her.

“A sudden pain shot through my forehead,” she said while he helped her to her feet.

Jodi looked down at the ground and moved away as if she found herself stepping in an ant pile.

“What’s wrong?” Donovan asked getting concerned.

“I don’t like this place,” she replied while her eyes welled up.

“Let’s leave.”

Jodi rushed away and headed back to the clearing.

Donovan was right behind her and wondered what spooked her.

Jodi rushed to the car and quickly got in the passenger seat before Donovan had the opportunity to be a gentleman.

Donovan got behind the wheel and started up this car.

“I don’t care if I ever come back to this place,” Jodi said and was visibly upset.

Donovan turned his Buick around in the clearing.

“Sorry about that,” Jodi said while Donovan drove his Buick down the dirt road.

“That’s alright.”

“That spot in the woods felt like the same spot in the dream I had earlier,” she said and her eyes welled up a little.

Donovan looked at Jodi and knew these dreams were telling them something about the demise of Tiffany and Howie. “They were killed that night,” he said.

Jodi looked over at Donovan and nodded in agreement.

“But who killed them?” he said while he stopped his car at the end of the dirt road by Stinson Road.

“I can imagine that the killer is long gone by now,” she said while Donovan turned his Buick left on Stinson Road.

“That’s a possibility,” he said while he drove down the road.

It remained quiet in his car while Donovan drove back to the Motel 6.

Once he got back at the Motel 6, Donovan parked his Buick and they got out of the car.

“Let’s go to my room,” said Jodi.

Donovan nodded in agreement then followed her to her room door.

Once they got back inside Jodi’s motel room they sat on her bed.

“Now what?” he asked.

Jodi stared at the bed covers that were still ruffled from their earlier sex session. “I don’t know. Maybe some more dreams will provide some clues.”

Donovan looked at Jodi. “Maybe they will,” he said.

They sat on the bed and pondered their next move to find out if Tiffany and Howie were actually killed in the woods that night in 1970.

Then Jodi’s eyes lit up with an idea. “Why don’t we try to find Howie up in Canada?”

“How?”

“The Internet,” she replied and got up from the bed and rushed over to the small desk. She grabbed her laptop and rushed back to the bed.

She sat back down and powered up her laptop.

She immediately did a search and found the *Canada411* site. She typed in Howie Anderson in the *Who* search block and Canada in the *Where* block. They waited for the results and soon fifteen pages with five hundred and thirty-five possible Anderson candidates appeared.

“It will take another week of calling all these people,” said Donovan while he looked at the results.

“Let’s only call the Howie Anderson’s and not the other ones. Maybe we’ll get lucky,” Jodi replied while she looked at the search results.

She got up with the laptop and walked it over to the small desk. She picked up her Smartphone from the desk and called the first phone number for a Howie Anderson.

“Hello,” that Howie Anderson answered her call.

“Mister Anderson, I’m Jodi Lauder from Lexington, Kentucky. I’m looking for a Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson that once lived in Haneyville, Tennessee,” she said into her Smartphone.

“I’m sorry, but I’ve never lived in the United States,” that Howie Anderson said from her Smartphone.

“Tiffany’s Buick was dragged out of Lake Haney recently,” Jodi added and hoped that would help.

“I’m sorry, but I’m not that Howie Anderson. I was born and raised in Canada. I have proof,” he replied and sounded serious.

“Thank you and I’m sorry for bothering you,” she said then disconnected that call. “Strike one,” she said while she looked at Donovan.

Donovan reached in his pants pocket and removed his iPhone while Jodi looked up the phone number for the next Howie Anderson.

He got up off the bed and walked over to her laptop. He looked at another phone number for the third candidate. He called that number while Jodi called the other number.

Donovan walked away and headed to the room door.

“Hello,” another Howie Anderson answered the call from Donovan’s iPhone.

“Mister Anderson, I’m Donovan Kirby from Melbourne, Florida. I’m looking for a Howie Anderson that was once from Haneyville, Tennessee. He’s not in any trouble. I’m calling about the car from his old girlfriend Tiffany Carlson recently found in Lake Haney,” he said into his iPhone.

“I’m sorry Mister Kirby, I’m Howie Anderson but I’ve been born and raised in Canada my whole life. Why are you looking for him?” the other Howie Anderson asked from the iPhone.

“He and his girlfriend Tiffany went missing in nineteen seventy. We’re just trying to verify that there was not any foul play back during that night. We’re not trying

to bring him back to the United States,” said Donovan hoping that would make it easier for this Howie to confess.

“I’m still sorry, but I’m not that Howie Anderson and I can prove it,” he said from the iPhone.

“Thank you Mister Anderson and I’m sorry for bothering you,” Donovan said then he disconnected the call. He looked over at Jodi while she just disconnected her call. She nodded that she again came up empty handed.

Jodi and Donovan each called the next two Howie Anderson’s on the list.

After three exhausting hours of calling one Howie Anderson after another Howie Anderson, they came up empty handed. None of the guys they called confessed to being the Howie Anderson from Haneyville, Tennessee and each stated they could provide proof. This added more fuel to the fire that maybe something horrible happened to Tiffany and Howie during that night in 1970.

Jodi looked disappointed while she glanced at her laptop. “We hit a dead end.”

Donovan’s stomach growled while he glanced at her laptop.

“That sounds good. Want to go to the Lake View Restaurant again?” she said.

“That sounds nice,” he replied and remembered their kiss out by the lake last night.

Jodi powered down her laptop and then they left her room.

A little while later, Donovan and Jodi walked to his parked Buick in the Motel 6 lot.

Something caught their attention the second Donovan opened up the passenger door for Jodi.

They looked at Haneyville Road and saw a flat bed truck with Tiffany’s car on the bed of it while it drove past the Motel 6.

The truck headed west out of town.

Donovan and Jodi stared at the car.

Jodi’s eyes welled up for some strange reason.

Donovan looked over and noticed Jodi's eyes. "What's wrong?"

"I don't know, but the sight of that car made me feel so sad for some strange reason," she said then wiped away some tears that ran down her cheek.

"I wonder where it's going?"

"Who knows," said Jodi then she got inside Donovan's car.

He closed the door and headed over to the drivers side of his car.

A little while later, Donovan and Jodi had a table in the Lake View Restaurant.

They just ordered their dinner when Kent Riley walked up to their table.

"I see you're still in town," said Kent while he stood by the table.

"Yeah, I decided to stay for a while," replied Donovan.

"I take it you haven't had any more troubles?"

"No."

"Good," Kent replied and looked at Jodi. "I see you two are connecting. Both working

on the story about that car found in the lake?”

“Yes,” Jodi replied.

“Speaking of that car, we saw it being trucked out of town, where’s it going?”

Donovan curiously asked.

“Dad, I mean the sheriff, decided we no longer needed it, so he sent it off to an auto salvage place down in Knoxville,” he said then he looked at Donovan and Jodi. “Well, you’re probably wasting your time trying to write a story. The sheriff has always said those two ran off to spend the rest of their lives in Canada. Howie wanted to avoid being drafted into the Army and Vietnam.”

“We tried finding a Howie Anderson up in Canada that lived here in Haneyville and came up empty handed. So, maybe your father’s right,” replied Donovan then something Kent said finally dawned on him. “Did you say dad?”

“I did. The sheriff is my dad,” replied Kent.

Donovan and Jodi took a quick glance at each other. Then Donovan looked back

at Kent. "We'll probably leave here in a couple of days," he said.

"Well, sorry you wasted your time and enjoy our peaceful town while you're here," Kent said and walked away.

While Kent exited through the door, he glanced back at Donovan and Jodi. Something about them being here started to bug him.

He left the restaurant.

The waitress walked up to Donovan and Jodi's booth with their dinner plates in hand.

"Are you planning on leaving soon?" asked Jodi the second the waitress left their table.

"I'm thinking about it. I mean we've been coming up empty handed. Maybe those two kids are really up in Canada and want to forget about Haneyville," he said then took a bite of his steak.

Jodi looked at Donovan. Her gut still told her that something happened to them here. And besides, she was not ready to leave this quaint town. She really enjoyed her company with Donovan. "I'm not giving

up that easily,” she said then took a bite of her Lasagna.

Donovan thought about her comment and he also did not want to end his time with Jodi. But part of him felt they were wasting their time on solving the mystery of the disappearance of Tiffany and Howie. But on the other hand, he was making ground with a beautiful woman than he loved every second he spent with her.

Donovan’s iPhone buzzed in his pants pocket the second the waitress dropped off their checks. He reached inside and removed his iPhone.

He looked and saw “We need to talk,” text message from Lindsey. He continued to look at her text message for a few seconds. He tucked his iPhone back in his pants pocket.

While he glanced at Jodi, he could not help but think how he was not looking forward to going home to Lindsey. Lindsey was no longer the important item in his life. Jodi now took her place this week. And while he looked at her, he could not

understand why he felt smitten by being with her.

Donovan and Jodi had some idle chat during the rest of their dinner at the Lake View Restaurant. They did not bring up the topic of Tiffany or Howie during the rest of their conversation.

Chapter 16

After dinner, Donovan and Jodi decided to drive around Haneyville.

While they drove down street after street, they both kept it quiet that they again had strong déjà vu feeling with numerous sights of the town.

These feeling were again strong when they drove by the homes of George and Betsy Anderson and Ernie Carlson.

After their drive through Haneyville, Donovan drove back to the Motel 6 and parked in front of his room.

He and Jodi got out of his car and looked at each other for a second. They both knew each other had the same idea.

“Why don’t you spend the night in my room?” he offered.

“I’ll go get some of my things,” she replied then gave him a warm smile and walked off to her room.

Donovan went to his room and went inside.

The second he stepped inside his room, he rushed around picking up some of his items like boxer shorts and socks scattered on the floor.

The second he got everything tucked away there was a knock. He rushed over and opened the door. He smiled the second he saw Jodi outside with her toiletry bag and some extra clothes.

“Enter my dear,”

“Why thank you,” Jodi said while she entered his room.

The second Donovan closed his room door Jodi’s cell phone rang from inside her pants pocket.

“Excuse me,” she said while reached inside her pocket and removed her cell phone.

She frowned when she saw the text message. “Let’s talk,” was Robert’s text message. She turned off her cell phone and shoved it back in her pocket.

She walked over and placed her toiletry bag in the bathroom.

She walked over and placed her clothes in the opened drawer Donovan had ready.

“What do we do now?” she asked Donovan who stood by her.

He smiled and walked closer. He planted a kiss on her lips.

“I was asking about finding Tiffany and Howie. But this might be better,” she said with a warm smile.

“I’m thinking that we should forget about Tiffany and Howie and work on us,” he said.

Jodi thought about his comment for a few seconds. She smiled. “Agreed,” she said then gave Donovan another kiss.

Donovan and Jodi moved while kissing over to the bed almost tripping over their feet a couple of times. They plopped down on the bed with her on top of him.

It did not take long for their clothes to be scattered all over the floor. They were naked in bed and started their second sex session.

Twenty minutes of sex had passed and Donovan and Jodi cuddled naked under the covers.

“Mind if I turn on the TV?” he asked.

“Oh, no, I always watch it while I’m in bed. It helps me relax,” she replied.

“Me too,” he said then reached over and grabbed the remote off the bedside table. He clicked on the TV then immediately flipped through the channels.

The *Bullet to the Head* movie with Sylvester Stallone had just started.

Donovan and Jodi cuddled under the covers and started watching the movie.

They were ten minutes into the movie when Donovan and Jodi’s eyes drifted closed. They were both sound asleep in minutes.

A few minutes had passed and Donovan and Jodi both started to dream at the same time.

In Jodi's dream, she was in a bedroom at night. The room was dark. The house was quiet.

She lay in bed and waited. She looked at her bedroom window where the full Moon was visible outside.

There was a tap on her bedroom window.

Jodi's eyes lit up over that sound and rushed off the bed.

She rushed to the window and slid it opened. She looked back at her closed bedroom door.

In Donovan's dream, he snuck through the backyard of a home in the middle of the night. The full Moon illuminated the backyard for Donovan.

All the lights of the house were off. The house was dark and quiet.

Donovan walked over to a window.

He tapped on the glass of the window. He anxiously waited.

Back in Jodi's dream, she looked out the window and saw that blonde haired boy waiting outside.

"Quietly come inside," she softly told the boy.

Jodi moved away from the window.

The blonde haired boy quietly climbed through the window.

"Are they asleep?" the blonde haired boy asked her.

"For the past two hours. It should be safe," Jodi replied.

Jodi and he boy kissed.

In Donovan's dream, the window opened up.

That brunette haired girl poked her head out and motioned for him to come inside.

He climbed through the window.

"Are they asleep?" Donovan asked the brunette haired girl.

"For the past two hours," the brunette haired girl replied.

Donovan rushed over to the brunette girl and kissed her.

In Jodi's dream, the blonde haired boy kissed him.

They walked and kissed over to her bed and plopped down on top of the covers.

Jodi and the blonde haired boy start a passionate kiss.

In Donovan's dream, he's on the bed with the brunette girl. They start a passionate kiss.

Donovan and the brunette haired girl start removing each other's pieces of clothes. They toss their clothes on the floor.

In Jodi's dream, she and the blonde haired boy start removing each other's pieces of clothes. They toss their clothes on the floor.

In Donovan's dream, he and the brunette haired girl was bare ass naked.

"Did you bring it?" the girl asked.

Donovan got off the bed and reached for his blue jeans.

In Jodi's dream, the blonde hair boy removed a condom in a packet. He flashed it up at Jodi.

Jodi motioned for the boy to return back to her bed.

In Donovan's dream, he slipped on the condom and was on top of the brunette girl in seconds. He started humping her and was in heaven.

In Jodi's dream, the blonde haired boy was on top humping her. She was in heaven.

In Donovan's dream, he was finished in minutes.

He rolled off of the brunette haired girl and got on his back.

"Are we going to get married one day?" the brunette haired girl asked Donovan.

In Jodi's dream, the blonde haired was finished and on his back next to her.

“We will get married one day,” said the blonde haired boy.

Jodi smiled over that possibility.

Then the sound of an older man’s voice was heard coughing in the hallway.

Jodi looked panicked when she heard that sound.

Jodi and the blonde haired boy cautiously got off her bed.

In Donovan’s dream, he and the brunette haired girl quickly got dressed when the sound of an older man coughing was heard in another room.

In Jodi’s dream, she watched while the blonde haired boy rushed over to the opened window.

Then Jodi turned and saw herself in the mirror on top of the dresser. Her eyes widened in shock. She saw Tiffany Carlson in the mirror and not Jodi Lauder. She saw a small mole on Tiffany’s right upper lip.

In Donovan's dream, he glanced at the mirror on top of the dresser while he headed to the opened window. His stopped dead in his tracks and his eyes widened in shock. He saw Howie Anderson in the mirror and not Donovan Kirby.

Back to reality, Donovan and Jodi simultaneously shot up in bed from their dreams.

They both looked confused at each other then looked around the dark motel room.

"I had the weirdest dream," said Jodi.

"Me too," replied Donovan and he paused to try to understand what he just dreamt. "Why was your dream weird?"

Jodi paused for a second. "I was having sex with that blonde haired boy in my bedroom. It was late at night and there was a full Moon outside. After we were done, I heard some man coughing down the hallway. We both got off my bed and quickly got dressed. Then while he ran back to climb out my window, I glanced at a mirror,"

she said then paused while she thought about the dream. "I saw Tiffany Carlson in the mirror," she added and tried to understand what that meant.

Donovan's mouth dropped in disbelief. "You won't believe this but that sounds just like the dream I had. It was also late at night with a full Moon outside. I had sex with that brunette haired girl and heard some man coughing in the bathroom. After I got dressed, I saw Howie Anderson in the mirror above the dresser while I headed to an opened window," he said.

Jodi and Donovan stared at each other in disbelief.

"What do you think that means? Why would we see Tiffany and Howie in our dreams when we looked in the mirror?" asked Jodi.

Donovan looked at Jodi and after a few seconds the only possible answer hit him like a ton of bricks. "We're Howie and Tiffany."

Jodi thought about his comment for a few seconds. “What?” she said as his answer did not make sense at the moment.

“We’re actually Tiffany and Howie.”

“I’m not following you,” said Jodi still confused.

“I’m talking reincarnation,” he said and the more he thought about that the more he believed it to be true.

“Reincarnation?” she said and pondered that idea for a few seconds.

“It makes perfect sense and explains all those strange déjà vu feeling I’ve been having while I’ve seen areas of Haneyville. Especially when I was in Howie’s home and bedroom.”

Jodi looked at Donovan while she thought about his comment on those déjà vu feeling. “You’re right. That sure explains all those déjà vu feelings I’ve been having around town,” she said and the more she thought about it the more she felt she was Tiffany from a previous life. “What do we do now?”

“We find out what happened to us. I know it in my gut that we never made it up to Canada,” he replied.

Jodi thought about his response for a few seconds. “Something makes me believe we weren’t planning on heading to Canada that night,” she said.

“We weren’t?”

“No.”

“Then were we planning on going somewhere?”

“I don’t know where, but I have a strong feeling that Canada wasn’t our destination,” she said with confidence.

“Then where?”

Jodi thought hard for a few seconds.

“Maybe we’ll find out.”

“Well, then we need to stay here until we find out what really happened that night,” he said.

Jodi shook her head in agreement then she rested her head on Donovan’s shoulder.

“Now I know why I started to fall for you the second I first laid eyes on you,” he said

while he placed his arm around her shoulder.

“Me too,” she replied with a warm smile.

They passionately kissed.

Then the kissing turned passionate and ten minutes later, they were naked with their third round of sex.

Afterwards, Donovan and Jodi cuddled naked under the covers. They both fell asleep within minutes.

Donovan started to dream...

In his dream, it was in the middle of the day. He sat in the clearing near Lake Haney with Charlie who had long black hair down below his shoulders. He was tall and lanky with blue eyes. Charlie was the same age as Howie and was old friends since the first grade.

Charlie had a joint in his mouth and he took a drag.

“What time are you leaving in the morning?” Donovan asked the guy with black hair.

Charlie exhaled smoke. “Eight, Howie,” he said then handed the joint over to Donovan.

“Okay. I’ll come along,” Donovan said then he took a drag on the joint. Then he looked like there was something he wanted to tell Charlie. He decided he should. “Listen Charlie, there’s something I need to tell you but you can’t tell a soul,” said Donovan.

“I promise Howie that I’ll keep it to myself,” said Charlie and he looked sincere. Donovan started to tell Charlie a secret.

Back in reality, Donovan woke up and looked around the room. It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him that he had a dream. He thought about his dream for a few seconds then drifted back to sleep.

Jodi had a dream...

In Jodi's dream, it's sunset time and she and Howie sat in her Buick along the street of his house.

"Charlie and I are leaving at eight in the morning," said Howie.

Jodi felt sad. "Are you sure you want to do this?"

"I believe that it's best for the both of us if I do this," Howie replied then he leaned over and gave Jodi a kiss on her lips. "I'll see you later, Tiffany," he said then opened up the passenger door.

Jodi felt like she wanted to cry while she watched Howie get out of the car and rush to his front door.

Back to reality, Jodi woke up from her dream. She looked around the room in a bit of a daze. Then she realized she had another one of those dreams. She looked over and saw Donovan was sound asleep.

She closed her eyes and drifted back to sleep.

Chapter 17

It was now Saturday morning.

Donovan woke up and noticed Jodi was still sound asleep.

He carefully got out of bed so he would not disturb her sleep.

He walked naked into the bathroom.

While he brushed his teeth, Jodi woke up. She noticed Donovan was not in bed then heard the running water from the bathroom. She smiled at the sight of Donovan standing naked at the bathroom sink.

Donovan finished brushing his teeth then saw Jodi looking at him. “Good morning,” he said while he put his toothbrush away.

“Good morning,” Jodi replied then she got out of bed and headed naked over to the bathroom.

Donovan gave her a quick kiss when she entered the bathroom then left to give her some privacy.

Thirty minutes had passed and Donovan and Jodi sat in a booth at the Perkins restaurant for breakfast.

They drank their coffee while they waited for their order to arrive.

"I had another dream last night," Donovan said then took a drink of his coffee.

Jodi took a drink of her coffee and looked forward to hearing about his dream.

"I was with some guy named Charlie who had long black hair. We were smoking a joint along the bank of the lake. We talked about leaving eight the next morning."

"Where were you going?"

"I don't know. I woke up," he said then took another drink of his coffee.

"I had another dream also. I dreamt I was with Howie and he said something about leaving with some guy named Charlie at eight in the morning," she said then took a drink of her coffee.

“Your dream had Howie in it and some guy named Charlie?”

“Yeah.”

“In my dream, that Charlie guy called me Howie,” Donovan said then he and Jodi looked at the waitress who brought their pancake breakfasts.

They remained quiet while the waitress placed their meals in front of them.

The waitress smiled then walked away.

“Do you think there’s some guy named Charlie that’s involved in all this?” she asked.

Donovan thought about her question for a few seconds. “I think so.”

“We need to find out how he’s involved?” asked Jodi.

Donovan thought about her question for a few seconds. “We’ll have to see Howie’s father,” he said.

Jodi nodded in agreement.

Then Donovan’s eyes widened when he remembered something. “Oh yeah, there was something else with my dream, I was

just about to tell Charlie a secret when I woke up,” he said.

“I wonder what?”

“I don’t have a clue,” replied Donovan.

While Donovan and Jodi ate breakfast, Charlie Abbott, a chubby blue eyed sixty-two year old with thinning black hair that was now sprinkled with more gray than black hairs entered the restaurant.

The hostess seated Charlie three booths down from Donovan and Jodi.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Donovan and Jodi were finished with their breakfast.

The got up from their booth and headed to the front doors.

While they walked to the front doors they passed by Charlie’s booth. They did not notice Charlie.

Charlie saw Donovan and Jodi while he drank his coffee. His eyes widened, as something about Donovan and Jodi gave him a déjà vu feeling. He looked turned

around and looked back at Donovan and Jodi while they headed off to the front doors.

The waitress brought Charlie his breakfast order and placed the plate in front of him. He shrugged off that feeling about Donovan and Jodi as started to eat his bacon and cheese Omelet.

After Donovan and Jodi exited the Perkins restaurant, they walked over to the Motel 6 and got in his Buick.

Donovan drove his car out of the Motel 6 parking lot and headed into Haneyville for George's home.

A little while later, Donovan parked his Buick in the driveway of Howie's old home.

He and Jodi got out of his car and headed to the front door. He knocked.

After a few seconds of waiting, the door opened and Betsy appeared. "May I help you?" she asked the two strangers standing outside.

"Hi mom," Donovan said without thinking.

Jodi looked at Donovan in disbelief with his greeting.

Betsy looked at Donovan and was not sure she correctly heard him. "Did you call me mom?" she asked.

Donovan cringed when he realized what he said. "Ah, I, I guess you remind me of my real mom," he said.

Jodi looked at Donovan again in disbelief with his greeting.

"Anyway, how can I help you?" Betsy asked.

"Who's at the door?" George's voice called out from the kitchen.

"Two young people," replied Betsy.

"It's us Mister Anderson, Donovan Kirby and Jodi Lauder. We have another question," Donovan called out.

A few seconds passed and George appeared behind Betsy. "Hello, you're back," he said.

"We have a quick question," said Donovan.

"Please come inside," said George then he looked at Betsy. "These are two

reporters here doing a story on Tiffany's car being found in the lake."

"Ah, she said then moved aside to allow them to enter their home.

Donovan and Jodi went inside the house.

"What's the question?" asked George the second Betsy closed the front door.

"We're trying to find out if Howie had a good friend named Charlie," asked Donovan.

"Charlie?" George said while he tried to recall those days. "Please have a seat," he offered to Donovan and Jodi while he motioned for them to sit down on the couch.

"Charlie?" George said again while Donovan and Jodi sat down.

"Would that be Charlie Abbott?" asked Betsy while George sat in his lazy boy chair and Betsy sat down on the couch next to Jodi.

"He had long black hair," added Jodi.

"That would be Charlie Abbott," said Betsy.

“How did you run across his name?”
George curiously asked.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other and they both did not anticipate that question would pop up.

“Ah, we did some research at the newspaper office,” said Jodi.

George and Betsy looked at each other.

“What do you want to know about Charlie?” asked George.

“What ever you can tell us,” replied Donovan.

“Well, not much to tell, he and Howie were best friends ever since the first grade,” said George.

“His parents were killed in a car accident down in Knoxville back in sixty-four, so his grandmother raised him. She lived over on Elm Avenue,” said Betsy.

“Does he still live here in Haneyville?” asked Jodi.

“Oh no, he left for the Navy the day after Howie and Tiffany went missing,” said Betsy.

“He never returned to Haneyville after that,” added George.

“Except for his grandmother’s funeral after he got out of boot camp,” added Betsy.

“Oh yeah, I forgot about that,” said George then he looked at Donovan and Jodi. “She often helps with my fading memory,” he said with a light chuckle.

Donovan and Jodi both looked at each other and started to have their suspicions with Charlie.

Betsy’s eyes lit up when she remembered something. “I have a photo of Charlie,” she said then got up the couch.

“Would you two like something to drink?” asked George while Betsy walked out of the living room.

“No thank you, I’m fine,” said Donovan.

“I’m fine too, thanks,” added Jodi.

The living room got quiet while they waited for Betsy to return.

Betsy returned with an old photo album in hand.

She walked over and sat down next to Jodi and immediately opened up the album.

While she flipped through the pages of the album, Donovan saw some of the pictures of Howie growing up. The sight of those pictures gave him additional strange déjà vu feelings.

Betsy turned the page and Donovan's mouth dropped open the second he saw a picture of Howie as a lad wearing a Little League uniform for the Hawks. He glanced over at Jodi who also stared at the picture in disbelief. They both kept quiet about that picture.

Betsy stopped on a page. "There's Howie and Charlie right after they graduated high school," she said and pointed at a picture.

Donovan and Jodi looked and saw an old faded color photograph of Howie and Charlie in their blue cap and gowns. The two boys both had huge grins on their faces after finally graduating high school.

Donovan's eyes widen in disbelief when he saw the photo of that guy from his dream last night. He continued to stare at the photo for a few seconds in disbelief.

“That’s Charlie, but like we said, we hadn’t seen him since he left for the Navy and was here for his grandmother’s funeral,” said Betsy then she closed the album.

“Is there anything else I can do for you?” asked George.

“No, that about does it,” said Donovan then he stood up.

Jodi stood up then George and Betsy stood.

“Well, you’re both welcome to come on back anytime you have any questions,” said George.

“We will,” replied Donovan then he motioned for Jodi they should leave.

George and Betsy escorted Donovan and Jodi to their front door.

“Thank you,” said Donovan while Betsy opened the door.

After Donovan and Jodi left the house, Betsy closed the door. She looked at George and looked a tad confused. “Now, I know I’ve met that young couple before,” she said.

“I don’t think so honey, they just arrived in town earlier in the week,” George said then he walked off and headed to the kitchen for a Budweiser.

Betsy shrugged off that feeling and followed George into the kitchen.

Outside the Anderson home, Donovan and Jodi drove off in his Buick.

Donovan looked at Jodi. “That was so weird seeing that picture of Charlie in that album. He was that guy in my dream last night,” he said.

And in one of my dreams, I wore a Little League uniform for the Hawks,” added Donovan.

“And that blonde hair guy wore a Hawks uniform in my dream,” added Jodi while they drove down Forge Valley Avenue.

They were in awe over the recent events in Haneyville.

Over at the Haneyville Police Station, Charlie Abbott parked his rental Ford Explorer SUV in an opened spot.

He got out of the SUV and headed inside the station.

The inside of the Haneyville Police Station was quiet. Rock and Kent were out and Deputy Andrew Barker sat behind his desk looking at the Internet on his desk computer. Andrew was on his cell phone.

“Okay mom, you and dad have a great time on your cruise. And don’t worry, I’ll stop by periodically and check up on the house,” he said into his cell phone. Then he saw Charlie standing behind the counter. “I gotta go mom, I have someone at the counter. Love you,” he said then disconnected his end of the call.

He stood up at his desk and looked at Charlie. “May I help you, sir?” said Andrew while he walked over to the counter.

“Yes, I’m Charlie Abbott once a resident of Haneyville a long time ago,” he said.

“Oh, what brings you back to Haneyville?” asked Andrew.

“I saw on the news that you found the car that belonged to Tiffany Carlson. I was hoping I could see it,” said Charlie.

“Oh, I’m sorry sir, it was just shipped out to a salvage yard down in Knoxville,” replied Andrew.

“I was old friends with Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson back in the seventies. I heard they went missing.”

“Yes sir. We believe they ran off to Canada back in nineteen seventy,” replied Andrew.

“Yes, Canada. Well, thank you for the information,” Charlie said then turned around and headed to the door.

Andrew headed back to his desk to continue reading news about crimes around the country.

Outside the police station, Charlie looked disappointed while he got inside his SUV.

He started it up, back out of the parking spot and drove off.

While Donovan and Jodi headed west on Haneyville Road, Charlie drove his SUV east on Haneyville Road.

They passed by each other not knowing they would eventually meet and things would take a turn for the worst.

A little while later, Charlie drove his SUV down Appleton Avenue.

He pulled his car into the driveway of Lynn and Paul Donahue. He parked, got out and headed to the front door.

He knocked on the front door and waited a few seconds. Nobody answered. He knocked on the front door again. Nobody answered.

Charlie walked away and headed back to his SUV.

A little while later, Charlie drove down Forge Valley Avenue.

He pulled his SUV into the driveway of the Anderson home.

Charlie parked his Explorer in the driveway and got out of his SUV.

He paused for a few seconds while he stared at the old home that brought back numerous fond memories of the 1960s.

He took a deep breath then headed to the front door.

He knocked on the door and waited.

After a few seconds, the front door opened and Betsy appeared. "Yes?"

"Misses Anderson?" Charlie asked as for a split second, he did not recognize her since she had aged over the years.

"Yes, who are you?"

"I'm Charlie Abbott. Remember me?"

Betsy started at Charlie for a few seconds. "Charlie Abbott? You're Charlie Abbott?" she asked and was not sure he was telling the truth.

"Yes ma-am. I've changed over the years but sure remember you and Mister Anderson," he said.

Then Betsy suddenly believed that he was the real Charlie Abbott standing outside her front door. "George, Charlie Abbott is outside," she called out and looked happy to see him again after all these years.

“What? Charlie Abbott?” George called from the kitchen in a little disbelief.

“Yes George, it’s Charlie Abbott,” she yelled back.

Then a few seconds passed and George rushed through the living room with a Budweiser bottle in his right hand. He looked at Charlie. “Well, I’ll be. It’s Charlie Abbott. What brings you back to Haneyville?”

“I saw that article about Tiffany’s car and decided to swing by here on my way to Norfolk, Virginia,” said Charlie.

“Please step inside please,” he added.

Charlie went inside their home.

“Today has truly been a strange day. We just had this young couple hear asking about you. They left a few minutes ago,” George said while Betsy closed the front door.

“A young couple asking about me? Why?” Charlie asked and got really curious.

“Sit on down and we’ll tell you what’s been going on and you can tell us what’s

been going on with your life,” said George and motioned for Charlie to sit down on the couch.

Betsy and Charlie sat down on the couch while George sat in his lazy boy chair.

“It was a reporter from Florida named Donovan Kirby and a reporter from Kentucky named Jodi Lauder,” said Betsy.

“They are up here about Tiffany’s car being found in Lake Haney,” said George.

“I tried to see the car, but the sheriff sent it off to a salvage yard in Knoxville,” said Charlie.

“Where are my manners? Charlie, would you like some coffee or a beer?” asked George.

“Oh no, Mister Anderson, I’m fine,” said Charlie then he looked concerned. “Do you know what those reporters wanted with me?”

“Not sure. They just said they found out about you and wanted some information. They’re also looking into Howie and Tiffany going missing,” said George.

“I still can’t believe they ran off to Canada,” said Betsy then her ears welled up missing her son terribly.

Charlie looked at George and Betsy and decided he should tell them. “I can’t figure out why they ran off there. Howie talked about running up to Canada but changed his mind,” said Charlie.

George and Betsy looked at each other not understanding Charlie’s statement.

“What do you mean he changed his mind?” asked George.

“He planned on coming with me to Knoxville when I was leaving for the Navy. He was going to enlist that morning,” said Charlie.

George looked a little shocked. “Howie was going to join the Navy?”

“Yeah. He decided that running up to Canada would upset you and he thought the Navy would be better than the Army or Marines,” said Charlie.

“Howie wanted to join the Navy? Why didn’t he tell me?” asked George and he looked proud.

“He wanted to surprise you. But he didn’t show up the next morning, so I figured he changed his mind again,” said Charlie.

“He never came home from being out with Tiffany that night,” said Betsy while a few tears ran down her cheek.

“We haven’t heard a peep from Howie since that night,” said George while his eyes started to well up.

“I tried to see if the Donahue’s were home before I came here. Nobody answered the door.”

“I believe they went to Knoxville for some shopping,” said Betsy.

“So Mister Anderson, I assume you retired from the plant?” he asked after he decided he should change the subject.

“Yes, back in ninety-six,” said George.

“I retired in two thousand after thirty-years in the Navy as a Master Chief Petty Officer,” said Charlie.

“Master Chief. That’s great Charlie. I got out as a Petty Officer Third Class after the war,” said George and he looked proud of Charlie’s Navy accomplishment.

“Are you married?” asked Betsy.

“Yes, to a wonderful girl named Dee and we have two kids. Daughter Abby who is thirty-seven married with two kids and son Tim who is thirty-three married with a kid,” replied Charlie.

The three continued chatting about their lives during the past forty years.

Chapter 18

Twenty minutes had passed.

Rock entered the police station where Kent and Andrew worked behind their desks. Or at least they pretended to work the second Rock entered the building.

“Anything going on?” said Rock while he walked past Kent and Andrew’s desks.

“The only one who came in was some guy named Charlie Abbott. He said he once lived here and wanted to see Tiffany Carlson’s car. I told him that it was down in a salvage yard in Knoxville,” said Andrew.

Rock just arrived at the doorway of his office when that name sounded familiar. “Did you say Charlie Abbott?”

“Yes sir,” replied Andrew.

Rock looked concerned. “Thanks for the information,” he said then turned around. “I’ll be back,” he said then headed to the front doors.

Kent and Andrew thought nothing of this and was actually glad he was leaving the station. That way they can return to surfing on the Internet for crime stories across the nation.

Ten minutes had passed and Rock sat in his Impala and staked out the Motel 6 motel from the parking lot of the Perkins restaurant.

He perked up the second he saw Charlie walked out of the Motel 6 office.

Over at the Motel 6, Donovan and Jodi cuddled on her room bed.

Donovan looked over at Jodi and could not resist. He kissed her. Then their kissing turned passionate.

Donovan started to remove Jodi's blouse.

Jodi started to remove Donovan's shirt.

Then there was a knock on her room door and that stopped their removal of items of clothes.

“Rats,” said Donovan while he got a little pissed that someone interrupted their potential sexual encounter.

He got off the bed put his shirt back on. Jodi put her shirt back on while Donovan headed to the door.

He opened the door and outside stood Charlie Abbott. “Yes?”

“I’m Charlie Abbott. I heard from the Andersons that you were asking about me,” he said.

Donovan looked at Charlie in disbelief. Then he looked back at Jodi who walked to the door in disbelief.

“Please come inside,” said Jodi.

Out in the Perkins restaurant, Rock watched from his car while Charlie stepped inside Jodi’s motel room.

He got out of his car and rushed over to the trunk. He opened the trunk, reached inside and grabbed a device.

Rock rushed over to the office of the Motel 6.

Back inside Jodi's Motel 6 room, Donovan just closed the door after Charlie stepped inside.

"So, tell me why you have such an interest in me," Charlie said after Donovan closed the door.

"I'm a reporter from Melbourne, Florida and she's a reporter from Lexington, Kentucky. We're up here doing a story on Howie and Tiffany being missing," said Donovan while he and Jodi walked over then sat down on the bed.

"I thought they ran off to Canada. How's that a story?" said Charlie while he walked over and sat down in the chair by the small desk.

"That's what everybody thinks, but we uncovered something that states they were planning on leaving the next morning at eight. And I don't think it was Canada," said Donovan.

"How did you find that out?" asked Charlie.

Jodi looked at Donovan. “We never reveal our sources,” she said and looked sincere.

Donovan nodded in agreement with Jodi.

“Well, if you must know, I was leaving that next morning to head to Knoxville. I was leaving for the Navy. Howie was going to come along so he could enlist in the Navy,” said Charlie and looked sincere.

“Enlist in the Navy?” said Donovan and he looked surprised. “But everybody thought he was running off to Canada to avoid the draft,” added Donovan but then for some reason, hearing that gave him another strange *déjà vu* feeling.

“He was at first but changed his mind.”

“Why did he change his mind on not running to Canada in the first place?” asked Jodi.

“He didn’t want to disappoint his dad by running away. After all, Mister Anderson served in the Navy during the Second World War. So he decided that the Navy would be the best branch to enlist. He didn’t want the

Army or Marines and be stuck in some jungle in Nam,” said Charlie.

“But did he join the Navy?” asked Donovan.

“No, he didn’t show up that morning, so I drove down to Knoxville alone and went off to boot camp. Later I learned of the rumors that Charlie and Tiffany ran off to Canada in a letter from my grandmother. So I figured he must have chickened out and changed his mind again.”

“Did you try to contact Howie?” asked Jodi.

“Nobody knew how to get a hold of Howie. I figured he and Tiffany wanted a new life up in Canada. So I concentrated on my thirty-year career in the Navy. I now live in San Diego with my wife. I haven’t been back to Haneyville since I attended my grandmother’s funeral after I got out of boot camp,” said Charlie then he looked at Donovan and Jodi and had this hunch something was going on. “This isn’t about Howie and Tiffany running away up to Canada? Is it?” he added.

“No, we think something happened to them that night,” said Jodi.

“What?”

“That’s what we’re trying to determine, but our suspicions are they were killed,” said Donovan.

“Killed?”

“Yes, but we don’t have a clue who could have done it,” added Jodi.

Charlie looked at Donovan and Jodi while he tried to digest their theory. “Well, the last time I saw Howie was that evening. We sat along the bank of Lake Haney smoking a joint. We talked about leaving at eight the next morning. Then he left so he could spend time with Tiffany that night and I went home,” he said and looked sincere.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other after hearing that from Charlie. They both knew that their dreams last night were a reflection of what happened that day the two disappeared.

“I hope you don’t think I had to do anything with the disappearance of Howie and Tiffany. There were my friends and I

wouldn't harm them in any way," Charlie said and looked sincere.

Donovan and Jodi both looked at each other and their gut feelings told them that Charlie was telling the truth.

"Oh no. We don't suspect you at all," said Jodi.

"You gave us some important information. We just have to figure out what happened and by who," said Donovan.

"Do you know of anybody that might have hated Howie or Tiffany?" asked Jodi.

Charlie thought for a few seconds while he pondered her question. Then he looked at Donovan and Jodi and there was something he wanted to tell them but was not sure he should.

Donovan and Jodi sensed Charlie had something to tell but was leery.

"It's okay, we never reveal our sources," said Jodi and hoped that would loosen Charlie's lips.

"But the Anderson's know you were asking about me," said Charlie.

“But they told you about us and now you’re here talking with us in our motel room,” said Donovan.

“That’s true,” said Charlie while he hesitated. “Well, only Tiffany, Howie and I knew this secret. Howie told me it that evening while we smoked a joint down at the clearing at Lake Haney,” he said.

Donovan’s eyes widened and he looked at Jodi. They both wondered if this was that secret Donovan started to mention in his dream last night. They looked back at Charlie in anticipation on hearing about it.

“Well, I guess it’s okay to tell someone this, but Howie told me that Tiffany was pregnant,” he said.

“Pregnant?” asked Donovan while he glanced over at Jodi.

“Yes.”

“By who? Howie?” asked Donovan while he still glanced over at Jodi. Then he realized Howie did not get Tiffany pregnant.

Jodi looked at Donovan and was clueless.

“By one of the deputies at that time. Deputy Riley. He raped her in the back of his patrol car,” said Charlie.

“You mean Sheriff Rock Riley?” asked Jodi.

“Are you sure Howie wasn’t making that up?” asked Donovan.

“I’m sure. After Howie told me, Tiffany told me and then her eyes started to tear up. She never lied to me as long as I knew her,” said Charlie.

“Sheriff Riley got Tiffany pregnant,” said Donovan and the more he thought about it the more he knew in his gut that that was the truth

“Yes, him,” said Charlie then he paused for a few seconds. “Howie planned to marry Tiffany. He didn’t care if the baby was Rock’s. He just loved Tiffany so much and figured if he joined the Navy, they could get married and move away from Haneyville and get away from Rock.”

“So Sheriff Riley got Tiffany pregnant,” said Donovan and then he got another strange déjà vu feeling.

“Tiffany didn’t have a choice. Sheriff Riley who was a deputy back then forced himself on her,” said Charlie.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Donovan. “Rape.”

“Yeah, Deputy Riley raped Tiffany around early June of nineteen seventy,” said Charlie.

Jodi got another strange déjà vu feeling and recalled her dream of a guy forcing himself on her.

Donovan, Jodi and Charlie were clueless that in the empty room next to Jodi’s motel room it was occupied by Rock.

He got permission from the Motel 6 manager to use this room after Rock told him he was doing surveillance on two potential criminals. The manager never questioned Rock since they were fishing buddies. In fact, the manager often would let Rock use a room for his infidelities.

While he was in that empty room, he used a listening device on the wall and heard their entire conversation. And he was

pissed with the information Charlie told these two reporters. So he pondered how he could handle this potentially dangerous situation.

“So Sheriff Riley raped Tiffany,” said Donovan but figured Rock did those things back then.

“Deputy Riley at that time was known to fool around with all the young high school girls around Haneyville. Some of them willingly and some of them he made them after he caught them with weed. Tiffany was always fearful of Deputy Riley. He was always trying to get into her pants,” said Charlie.

Jodi had another déjà vu feeling after hearing that from Charlie. But this déjà vu feeling gave her the creeps.

“Well, I don’t know if there’s anything I can tell you,” said Charlie.

Donovan’s eyes widened when he remembered something. “I’m a little curious as to why you’re back here in town,” he asked Charlie.

“I saw the story about Tiffany’s car being found in Lake Haney on the Internet. Since I was headed to Norfolk, Virginia for some business, I decided to swing over this way and see if I could see the car. I work for a contractor doing some training for the Navy,” said Charlie then he paused. “I stopped at the Anderson’s house to hopefully learn the whereabouts of Howe,” said Charlie.

“They don’t know,” said Donovan.

“So, I guess I’ll head out to that clearing tonight where they found Tiffany’s car. I figured I’d do a toast to my dear friends. Then I’ll leave for Norfolk in the morning after I see some other old friends,” said Charlie then he paused for a few seconds. “So, you can call me if there’s any other information you think I can provide. And I wish you would call me if you find out what really happened to Howie and Tiffany. I’ll pray their safe and sound up in Canada,” said Charlie then he removed his wallet, opened it and removed a business card. “Here’s my cell phone to call me,” he said

while he got up off the chair and headed over to Donovan and Jodi.

Donovan took Charlie's business card while he and Jodi stood up off the bed.

"We'll definitely call when we find something out," said Donovan then he shoved Charlie's business card in his pants pocket. Then he reached around and removed his wallet. He opened it and removed his business card. "Here's my card. Call my cell if you think of anything that might be important," he said then handed Charlie his card.

"I will," said Charlie then he shoved the card in his shirt pocket then he headed off to the door.

Donovan and Jodi headed off to the door after Charlie. Jodi opened up the door.

Charlie looked at them after a strange déjà vu feeling hit him. "Have we met before? You two look familiar for some reason," he said.

Donovan and Jodi glanced at each other for a few seconds.

“No, I don’t recall meeting you in the past,” said Donovan.

“Me neither,” said Jodi.

“Oh well,” said Charlie then he stepped outside.

Jodi closed her room door.

“That was an interesting meeting,” Jodi said while they walked back to the bed.

“It was,” said Donovan while they sat down.

“Strange how he talked about that last day he saw Howie. Sounded exactly like your dream with Charlie.”

“I know, Jodi. I had that strange déjà vu feeling again when he talked about the dream.”

“Do you think the Sheriff here was involved with the disappearance of Tiffany and Howie?” she asked.

Donovan thought about her question for a few seconds. “I’m getting this feeling he just might be.”

“Me too,” she added.

“Now we’ll have to figure out if he really killed them.”

“And if he did, get some evidence to send his ass to jail,” said Jodi.

“That’s going to be the hard part since forty years had elapsed,” added Donovan.

“Let’s drive around town for a while and see if something comes up or looks suspicious.”

“Sounds like a plan,” said Donovan then he escorted Jodi to the door.

Donovan opened the door for Jodi and they stepped outside her room.

Jodi’s eyes widened with a great idea. “I was thinking, why don’t you check out of your room and stay in my room. No sense on waiting money on two rooms,” she offered.

Donovan smiled at that idea. “That sounds great. We’ll split the cost from now on,” she said while he opened up his passenger door for her.

After Jodi got inside, he closed the door then walked over to the driver’s side with a spring in his step. He loved the idea of shacking up with Jodi for a few days.

He got in his car, started it up and backed out of his parking spot.

While Donovan drove his car to Haneyville Road, Rock was back in the empty room and watched from the window.

After Donovan pulled his car on Haneyville Road, Rock left the room and headed to his car. He was pissed and schemed on what he can do to save his hide. Then his eyes lit up with an idea.

He rushed back to his car.

He got behind the wheel and kept an eye on the Motel 6. He concentrated on Charlie's room that was four rooms down from Jodi's.

He started up his Impala and backed out of his parking spot. He drove off to Haneyville Road.

A little while later, Donovan drove his Buick down Haneyville Road and headed back into town.

A little while later, Donovan drove down Stone Hedge Avenue.

He pulled his Buck into the parking lot of the Haneyville High School and parked.

They both got déjà vu feeling while they stared at the front entrance of the school building. They remained quiet while they enjoyed their déjà vu feelings.

Donovan drove out of the parking lot and drove off down Stone Hedge Avenue.

Donovan drove down the street then turned right on Thorndale Avenue.

They both had more déjà vu feelings while they drove down this street.

Then he turned right on Haneyville Road and headed east. Donovan and Jodi both got strong déjà vu feelings when he drove down the road and went past more sights of Haneyville.

Donovan then turned left onto Addison Avenue and headed north into the residential neighborhood. This street made a loop all the way around the neighborhood.

Again, more strong déjà vu feelings hit both Donovan and Jodi while she drove down the street.

Donovan turned left and headed west down Elm Avenue.

He stopped his Buick halfway down the street.

He looked at the house to his left and had another déjà vu feeling. "That's Charlie Abbott's old house," he said.

Jodi looked to her left at the house. "You're right."

They looked at the house for a few seconds then he drove off down the street.

Donovan made a right turn onto Forge Valley Road and headed north.

They both looked at George and Betsy's house while Donovan drove past it.

The sight of that house again gave Donovan a slight homesick feeling.

Donovan made a left turn back onto Addison Avenue.

Then while they drove down that street, Jodi got an eerie chill down her spine when they drove past a house to the left. It was Rock's house where his Impala and Melinda's Malibu was parked in the driveway.

“What’s wrong?” Donovan asked Jodi.

“That house back there gave me a bad feeling,” she said.

Donovan thought nothing of it while they continued their drive down the street.

After Donovan’s Buick got farther down Addison Avenue, Rock walked out of his front door. He headed to his Impala and looked like he was on a mission.

Donovan’s Buick turned left back onto Haneyville Road and headed east.

Rock drove his Impala down Addison Avenue.

A little while later, Donovan’s Buick turned left and headed down Marshallton Avenue.

While Donovan’s car headed down Marshallton Avenue, Rock drove his Impala down Haneyville Road and headed west.

Donovan turned left into a large parking lot for the Haneyville Transmissions Plant. This plant originally opened in 1946 and started assembling automotive transmissions. The plant was still going

strong and was still the livelihood of Haneyville.

While Donovan parked his Buick in the plant parking lot, Rock had his Impala parked back in the parking lot of the Perkins restaurant.

Rock positioned his car so he could keep a watchful eye on the Motel 6.

Back at the Haneyville Plant, Jodi started to get a bad *déjà vu* feeling while they sat in the parking lot.

“What’s wrong?” Donovan asked when he noticed she had this disgusted look on her face.

“This parking lot is from my dream,” she said and looked upset.

“What dream?”

“I had it the other night where I dreamt I was handcuffed and some guy forced rapped me in the backseat of a car,” she said and looked away at the plant.

“Maybe it was Rock raping you and getting you pregnant,” said Donovan.

Jodi looked at him and nodded in agreement that that was what her dream told her.

“Let’s drive around the other areas of Haneyville. Then we’ll head to the Lake View Restaurant and have a nice dinner then take a walk along the walkway,” said Donovan drove away and headed down the street.

“That sounds better than being here,” said Jodi and felt better while he drove out of the parking lot.

Donovan drove down Marshallton Avenue and turned left on Haneyville Road. He drove east down Haneyville.

Back at the Perkins restaurant, Rock still had his stakeout of the Motel 6 motel. Rock sipped on his silver flask filled with Jack Daniels whiskey.

The sun started to settle below the horizon in the west.

Chapter 19

The sun already dropped below the horizon and darkness started to fall across Haneyville. Tonight would also be a beautiful night as the night sky was cloudless and the Moon was full and bright.

Donovan and Jodi finished their drive all through the streets of Haneyville. They had more strange déjà vu feelings with the sights of the town.

They hoped that one of their déjà vu feelings would help them learn if Rock killed Howie and Tiffany but they came up empty handed. It was a gamble but they were still happy since they were together like those days Howie and Tiffany drove around town.

That was something they loved doing in the evenings after she got her Buick Special.

The other was hanging out at the clearing by the lake and smoking pot and fooling around. But Donovan and Jodi did not have the urge to smoke pot. They did

not want Rock to catch them and lock them up for possession.

Back at the Perkins restaurant parking lot, Rock's eyes widened when he saw Charlie walk out of his Motel 6 motel room.

Rock watched while Charlie walked over to the 7-Eleven store on the other eastern side of the motel. He took a sip of whiskey from his flask and kept a watchful eye on Charlie.

While Charlie stepped inside the 7-Eleven store, George and Betsy walked out of the Perkins restaurant.

They headed to their car in the lot.

"Is that the Sheriff in his car?" asked Betsy while they walked closer to their 1996 white Ford Crown Victoria.

George looked and saw Rock sitting in his Impala positioned at the Motel 6. "Yep," he said and could care less.

"I wonder what he's doing here?"

"Don't know and don't care," said George while he opened the passenger door for Betsy.

“He must be on a stakeout for criminals,” Betsy said while she sat down in the passenger seat of their car.

“Yeah, criminals here in Haneyville. Then he should look in his rear view mirror and see the only potential criminal we have,” said George while he closed the passenger door.

George discreetly eyed Rock’s car while he walked over and got behind the wheel of his Ford.

While George drove his Ford out of the parking lot of the Perkins restaurant, Rock watched Charlie walk out of the 7-Eleven store.

Charlie had a paper bag in hand while he walked back to the Motel 6.

Rock sipped on his whiskey flask while he watched Charlie get behind the wheel of his rental Ford Explorer SUV in front of his motel room.

“Now we’re talking,” Rock said while he started up his car.

Charlie backed his SUV out of his parking spot by his room.

He drove through the lot and headed to Haneyville Road.

Rock slowly backed his car out of his parking spot.

Charlie pulled his SUV onto Haneyville Road and headed west.

Rock pulled his Impala onto Haneyville Road and headed west.

Meanwhile, Donovan and Jodi waited outside the Lake View Restaurant around 7:30 that evening. They were busy tonight so the wait for a table was estimated to be twenty minutes.

Then the second a table came available for Donovan and Jodi, they saw Ernie Carlson at the hostess station. He just placed his name on the list for a table.

“Mister Carlson, would you like to join us?” Jodi asked while she and Donovan walked up to the hostess station.

Ernie looked at Donovan and Jodi and was clueless who these two strangers were. Then it dawned on him that he knew Jodi.

“Ah yes, that reporter from Lexington,” he said with a warm smile.

“You’re welcome to join us, Mister Carlson,” added Donovan.

“I would love that,” said Ernie as something about Donovan and Jodi made him feel good.

“Table for three,” Donovan said at the hostess.

“Yes sir,” the hostess replied then she grabbed a third menu and rolled napkin with silverware. “Please follow me,” she said.

Donovan, Jodi and Ernie followed the hostess through the restaurant to a table by the windows.

Their waitress Penny arrived at the table while Donovan, Jodi and Ernie sat down at a booth. They ordered some drinks.

“So, who are you? If you don’t mind me asking,” he asked Donovan the second Penny left their table.

“Donovan Kirby, I’m a reporter from Melbourne, Florida,” Donovan said then extended out his hand across the table.

“Ernie Carlson,” he said while he shook Donovan’s hand. Then he had this strange déjà vu feeling. “Have we met before? I have this feeling we’ve met somewhere,” he said while they finished shaking hands.

“No sir,” Donovan replied while he glanced over at Jodi who gave him a little smile.

“That’s strange, oh well. So, are you also here because of my daughter’s car?” he asked while he and Donovan finished shaking hands.

“Yes I am,” replied Donovan.

Penny dropped off their drinks at their table. “Are you ready to order?”

“Give us a few minutes, Penny,” said Ernie.

Penny smiled then walked away.

Donovan, Jodi, and Ernie spent a few minutes and looked at the menus.

Meanwhile, Charlie Abbott drove his SUV down the dirt road off of Stinson Road.

He drove to the clearing and parked.

He saw a black Honda Civic parked in the clearing. From the shadowy movements behind the steamed windows, it was obvious there were two people inside and he figured two teens were at the clearing for sex.

“I can imagine this is still the Fucking Spot,” Charlie said while he turned off his engine.

Out in the woods to the west of the clearing, Rock had a shovel in his hand while he quietly walked through the woods like an Army soldier on a mission. He was headed in the direction of the clearing.

Rock was dressed in a pair of old coveralls and tee shirt and had a black ski mask covering his head. The coveralls were about twenty years old that Rock used for working in the yard.

Rock stopped by a huge tree. He peeked around the tree and could see the clearing with the Honda and Charlie’s SUV.

Then Rock started to gingerly scan the ground over for something important.

Back at the clearing, the two teens in the Honda saw Charlie's SUV and did not want something some old man watching them fool around. So they quickly got dressed then drove away from the clearing.

Charlie got out of his SUV with that brown paper bag in hand.

He walked over and sat on the hood then reached inside the bag and removed a bottle of Budweiser. He opened up the beer bottle and took a drink while he looked at the Moon lit Lake Haney.

Back in the woods, Rock found what he was looking for after searching the woods. It was those two rocks in the dirt. He started digging in the dirt with the shovel.

Back at the Lake View Restaurant, Penny came back and they gave their orders.

"So, how's your story going?" Ernie asked.

“Slow. We tried to contact some of the Howie Anderson’s we found on the Internet up in Canada,” said Jodi.

Ernie’s eyes widened and looked hopeful.

“But we came up empty handed,” added Donovan.

“It just doesn’t sound like Tiffany not to contact us,” said Ernie then he took a drink of his iced tea. “It just doesn’t sound like her. So I’m still believing something horrible happened to her and Howie.”

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other and they both wondered if they should tell Ernie. Donovan nodded to Jodi that that should.

“We talked with Charlie Abbott. He was Howie’s good friend,” said Donovan.

It took a few seconds for Ernie’s memory to remember that name. “Ah, yes, Charlie Abbott. He left to join the Navy and never came back,” he said then it took a few seconds for it to dawn on him. “Charlie’s back in town?”

“Yes, and he told us that Howie changed his mind and also planned on joining the Navy with him but never showed up the next morning. He thought Howie changed his mind and ran off to Canada with Tiffany,” said Donovan.

Paul and Lynn Donahue was an older couple in their early sixties. In fact, Lynn and Paul were also a friends with Charlie back in high school. Lynn and Paul sat side by side in the booth behind Donovan and their ears perked up when they heard him talking. They just had to eavesdrop on their conversation since nothing exciting had happened in Haneyville, or at least within the past forty years.

“Howie was going to join the Navy? Does George know that?”

“Probably. We just talked with Charlie earlier and he said he talked with the Anderson’s. He’s leaving town in the morning headed for Norfolk,” said Jodi.

“So he wasn’t planning on running to Canada?” said Ernie.

Then Penny walked up to their booth with a tray containing their dinners. Donovan, Jodi, and Ernie remained quiet while their plates were set down in front of them.

“That really adds fuel to my belief something horrible happened to them,” Ernie said the second Penny walked away.

At the booth behind Donovan, Lynn leaned to Paul’s ear. “I didn’t know Charlie came back to town. I wonder why he didn’t stop by to see us?” she whispered to Paul.

Paul motioned that he did not have a clue.

Lynn inched a little closer to Donovan and Jodi, as this conversation was extremely interesting.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other and they both nodded that this piece of information should be shared with Ernie.

“Mister Carlson, there’s something else that Charlie told us. Something I don’t believe nobody knew,” said Donovan.

“What?”

Donovan and Jodi glanced back at each other. He nodded at her.

“Charlie told us that Tiffany was pregnant,” said Jodi.

It took a few seconds for that to dawn on Ernie. “Pregnant? My Tiffany was pregnant?”

“According to Charlie,” said Jodi.

“Howie got Tiffany pregnant?” said Ernie and looked a little stunned.

“No, it wasn’t Howie,” said Donovan.

Ernie looked at Donovan and Jodi and was a little confused. “Charlie?”

“Not Charlie,” said Donovan.

Ernie looked clueless. “If it wasn’t by Howie or Charlie, then by who?”

Lynn glanced at Paul with suspicious eyes that maybe Paul fooled around with Tiffany.

“Not me,” Paul mouthed at Lynn and shook his head.

“He said that Deputy Riley raped her,” said Jodi.

Ernie looked at Donovan and Jodi in disbelief. "Sheriff Rock? Raped my Tiffany?"

"He forced himself on her according to Charlie, said Jodi.

"Charlie said Howie told him that and that Tiffany confirmed it the day they disappeared," added Donovan.

Ernie clinched his teeth and wished he had the strength to beat the crap out of Sheriff Riley. But he was old and his strength was a thing of the past.

Back at the booth behind Donovan and Jodi, Lynn and Paul looked at each other.

"I told you that Rock had been forcing himself on girls back then. He groped me one night when I was in tenth grade," whispered Lynn to Paul.

He looked at her in shock. "You never told me that," he whispered back.

"That was something I wanted to forget," Lynn whispered back.

"Scum bag," said Paul while he thought about Sheriff Riley.

Lynn nodded in agreement with Paul.

Ernie just stared at Donovan and Jodi while he digested that piece of news. “I could have been a grandfather,” he said then his eyes welled up a little while he thought about the all those joyous times like Christmas and birthdays he missed with grandchildren.

Back in he woods by the clearing, Rock carefully dug out two holes in the dirt. Two rib cages of skeletons started to become visible down in the dirt of those two holes. It was two shallow graves.

He stopped digging and set his shovel quietly in the dirt.

He headed through the trees and inched closer to the clearing.

He peeked around a treed and saw Charlie still sitting on the hood of his SUV drinking beer.

Rock quietly walked through the woods and headed to the clearing.

Charlie looked at his watch and saw it was 8:10 that night. He opened his third bottle of beer.

“Here’s to you Howie and Tiffany where ever you are,” he said while he held up the beer bottle at the lake. He took a drink in memory of his lost friends. “I hope you’re living the good life,” he added then took another drink.

A twig snapped in the dirt of the clearing. Charlie looked to his right and saw a masked man in old coveralls walking toward him with a pistol in his right hand.

Charlie was speechless for a few seconds while he tried to understand the situation. “Ah, I don’t have a lot of money on me,” he said while he pulled his wallet out of his pants and held it up.

“Get off the vehicle,” said Rock while he stood five feet from Charlie.

Charlie carefully got off the SUV and raised his arms in the air. “I don’t want any trouble, so please leave,” he said to the masked man. But inside he wanted an opportunity to take the guy down.

“In the woods,” Rock said while he motioned for Charlie to walk in the direction of the two shallow graves.

Charlie carefully walked in the direction Rock motioned.

“No sudden moves and I won’t put a bullet in your back,” Rock said in a threatening tone.

“I won’t,” said Charlie while he headed to the woods.

Rock kept a safe distance behind Charlie in case he tried to lunge at him.

“Keep walking in this direction,” said Rock.

Charlie kept on walking and soon walked upon the two shallow graves. He saw the shovel in the dirt and knew this was not going to turn out good.

“Grab the shovel and if you take a swing at me, I’ll put a bullet inside you,” said Rock.

Charlie picked up the shovel.

“Finish digging out those two holes,” said Rock while he pointed down at the ground.

Charlie looked and he saw the two shallow graves and the rib cages of two skeletons that were visible in the dirt. It took a few seconds for it to dawn on him but he

knew that those were the graves of Howie and Tiffany.

“Start digging and be extremely careful. I don’t want you to disturb the evidence,” Rock threatened a little louder.

Charlie started carefully digging out the skeletons of his old friends. While he carefully dug, he glanced back at Rock and caught a glimpse of his right hand. It took a few seconds but it dawned on him that that masked man was Rock Riley. He knew that hand and had heard stories on how Rock lost that finger while he was in the Army. Charlie instantly had a strong gut feeling that Rock killed Howie and Tiffany that night back in 1970.

Meanwhile, back at the Lake View Restaurant, Donovan and Jodi said goodbye to Ernie and promised to tell George the information about Tiffany being pregnant.

They decided to walk on down along the lake walk for some drinks at the small bar down from the restaurant called The Watering Hole.

Donovan and Jodi walked up to the front doors of The Watering Hole.

Kent was in uniform working the night shift. He walked down the brick walkway and spotted Donovan and Jodi entering The Watering Hole. He thought nothing of it and decided to head over to the Lake View Restaurant for a late dinner.

Kent entered the Lake View Restaurant and was soon seated at a booth.

Meanwhile, it was 8:15 that night and Charlie had carefully dug in both graves and half of Howie and Tiffany's skeletons were now visible. He stopped and looked at Rock. "So Sheriff Riley, I take it you killed my best friends. Why?" he asked, as he knew Rock would probably kill him or frame him for the murders.

Rock removed his ski mask then looked down at his right hand. He forgot about half of his pinky being an identifying mark. "Yeah, I killed them. Now, keep on digging," he said and made sure Charlie saw he still had his pistol in his hand.

Charlie glanced over at Rock and figured he was within range. He decided to take a chance and save his life. He took a swing at Rock with the shovel.

The tip of the shovel sliced through Rock's right face cheek cutting through the skin. Rock fell backwards and dropped his pistol.

Charlie bolted off toward the clearing.

Rock scrambled the second he realized Charlie ran off. He frantically looked for his pistol. He found it then jumped up to his feet. He felt something on his cheek, wiped it off and realized he was bleeding. But the cut was not deep enough to require stitches. "Bastard," he muttered while he looked for Charlie.

Rock ran after Charlie then he stopped in the woods and aimed his pistol.

Down Stinson Road way north of the dirt road that lead to the clearing, sixty-two year old Irving Spence's car was pulled off to the side of the road. He was in the process of changing a flat tire on his Buick Regal.

His tire went flat when he drove over the concrete bridge on Stinson Road that went over a small section of Lake Haney.

He looked at his watch and it was 8:25 and he hated getting a flat tire this late at night on a country road.

He heard the sound of gunfire echo through the woods. He figured it was someone shooting at nighttime critters or someone protecting their still. He continued removing his flat tire and shrugged off that sound. All he could think about was getting home to his wife and bed in Haneyville.

Ten minutes had passed and Irving took a break from changing his tire. He had the flat off and decided to smoke a cigarette before he installed the spare tire.

While he smoked his cigarette, he saw a shadowy figure run across east side of Stinson Road and head down that dirt road on the west side of the road. He thought nothing of it then smashed his cigarette into the dirt. He started to install the spare tire.

Back in another area of the woods on that dirt road that led to the hunters parking area, Rock rushed over to his Impala.

He immediately opened up his trunk and reached inside. He opened up a first aid kit. He removed a packet of gauze. He opened it up and blotted his right cheek to soak up some of the blood. He continued doing this until he felt the bleeding subsided.

Rock closed the trunk then rushed over and got behind the wheel.

Five minutes had passed and Irving was tightening the second lug nut on his spare tire.

He heard a car and glanced down Stinson Road.

He saw a car drive out of that dirt road. He could tell by the tail lights that it was a Chevy Impala while he headed south on Stinson. He shrugged it off and wanted to get this spare tire installed so he could get home.

Rock raced his Impala south on Stinson Road then went around the bend and was out of sight of Irving.

Rock drove past Haneyville Road off to his left and continued south.

He got a little ways down Stinson then he slowed down and made a U-turn.

Rock pulled over on the shoulder and he had a good view of Haneyville Road.

He turned his lights and car off and waited. He opened up his flask of whiskey and took sips.

Chapter 20

It was 8:45 that night.

Irving Spence had finished changing his flat tire on his car and was on his way down Haneyville Road heading east toward town.

Back in Rock's car, he was too busy playing around with Charlie's iPhone to notice the lights of Irving's car heading south on Stinson Road. Donovan's business card lay on the front seat next to him.

Back along Lake Haney, Donovan and Jodi finished having a few drinks at The Watering Hole. They decided to take a walk down the walkway and enjoy the full Moon and walk off the booze. After all, they did not want Rock to arrest Donovan for drinking and driving.

They stopped at a railing along the walkway and gazed at the lake that had reflections of the full Moon.

“It’s so peaceful here at night. This place is nothing like Melbourne,” said Donovan.

“I know. Lexington is also becoming too big for me,” said Jodi.

Donovan placed his arm around Jodi while they leaned against the railing and watched the lake with wavy moonlight reflections off the water.

Donovan and Jodi started kissing.

“Well, looks like two strangers met and Haneysville’s atmosphere turned them into lovers,” said Kent when he walked upon them.

Donovan and Jodi stopped kissing then saw Kent standing near them.

“Hello Deputy Riley,” said Donovan.

Jodi just gave him a little “hello” smile.

“I see you two are still in town,” said Kent.

“Yeah,” replied Donovan.

“Are you still working on your story?”

“Yeah,” replied Donovan and silently prayed that Kent would go on his way.

“I can’t imagine that you’ve found much. People around here still believe those two ran off to Canada,” said Kent.

“We talked to a Charlie Abbott who once lived here. He stated that Howie planned on joining the Navy,” said Donovan then suddenly wondered if he should have kept his mouth shut.

“I don’t know a Charlie Abbott,” said Kent.

“He was Howie’s childhood friend and spent thirty years in the Navy,” said Donovan.

Kent thought about Donovan’s comment for a few second. “Well, if Howie did, you would think he would have come home on leave numerous times,” he said not believing Donovan.

Donovan’s iPhone rang in his pants pocket. He reached inside his pocket and removed his iPhone.

“Come to clearing immediately. Found something important about Howie and Tiffany,” said the text message from

Charlie's cell phone. He showed his iPhone to Jodi.

"If you'll excuse us deputy, Charlie Abbott wants to see us," said Donovan.

Kent nodded then looked at his watch and noticed it was 8:50 p.m.

He turned around and walked away down the walkway.

Donovan and Jodi walked away down the walkway in the opposite direction.

While Donovan and Jodi headed to his Buick in the parking lot, Ernie pulled into the driveway of George and Betsy's home.

George walked up to the front door and knocked.

The door opened and Betsy appeared. "Ernie. What brings you here so late?"

"I just had dinner with those two reporters who are up here about Tiffany's car. They said something you should hear," he said.

"Please come inside," said Betsy and looked curious.

Ernie stepped inside their home and this was the first time he had been in their for almost forty years. Since Tiffany and Howie went missing, Ernie did not see much of George and Betsy.

“George, Ernie Carlson’s here,” she called out.

George walked out from the kitchen with a cup of coffee in hand. “Hey Ernie, want a cup, we just made a fresh pot,” he said while he held up his coffee cup.

“Sure, I would love a cup.”

Betsy walked Ernie into their kitchen where George started pouring three cups of coffee.

“There’s something familiar about those two reporters,” said Betsy while she walked Ernie over to their kitchen table.

“I have this strange feeling I’ve met them before,” added George while he walked over with three cups of coffee in hand.

“I know, but they feel somewhat like family to me,” said Ernie while George placed a cup of coffee in front of him and Betsy.

“Yep,” said George while he sat down.
It was quiet while they all took a drink of coffee.

It was 9:00 p.m., back at the brick walkway by Lake Haney, Kent continued his patrol for the night. He yawned, as things were their usual quiet atmosphere without any signs of crime. Then his cell phone rang. He removed it off his belt.

“Deputy Riley,” he answered the call.
“It’s me,” Rock said from Kent’s cell phone.

“Things are again quiet around town,” Kent replied thinking his dad was checking up on tonight’s shift.

“That’s good, but the reason I’m calling is that I had someone call that they heard a gun shot out at the clearing by the lake where the kids neck off Stinson Road,” said Rock.

“Gunfire, who called?” Kent and looked concerned.

“It was an anonymous caller.”

“Okay, I’ll head out to the clearing and check it out,” Kent replied and looked forward for a little action in the crime department tonight.

“Naw, you keep on patrolling around town. I’ll head out to the clearing.”

“I don’t mind going out there.”

“No. I’ll go,” Rock replied and Kent knew from Rock’s tone that he better not head out there.

“Okay, fill me in on the details in the morning,” said Kent then looked disappointed while he disconnected his end of the call. He continued his walk down the walkway.

Over on Stinson Road, Donovan turned his Buick to the right and headed down the dirt road to the clearing.

Way south on Stinson Road off on the shoulder of the south lane, Rock still had his Impala parked off on the shoulder. He sat in the car with its headlights off. He waited and continued to sip on his flask of whiskey.

Back at George and Betsy's home, they sat at the kitchen table with Ernie drinking coffee.

"Charlie Abbott stopped off here earlier this afternoon," said George.

"I can't believe it's been about forty-three years since we last seen him," said Betsy.

"How did he look?" ask Ernie.

"Older, balder, fatter," said George.

"Just like us," Ernie said jokingly.

George and Betsy chuckled.

Then Ernie looked serious. "I heard some strange news from those two reporters. They said they got this information from Charlie," said Ernie then he took a drink of coffee.

"What news?" asked George and he looked curious.

"Well, according to those reporters, Charlie told them that Howie planned on going with him to enlist in the Navy. They were supposed to leave the morning after the night they disappeared."

"We heard," said George.

“You did?”

“Charlie Abbott stopped off her earlier today and told us,” added Betsy.

“I would have loved for him to join the Navy,” said George.

Betsy had other thoughts about her son joining the military during the Vietnam War.

Ernie, George and Betsy drank their coffee.

“There’s something else,” said Ernie.

“What?” asked George then he placed his coffee cup down on the table.

Ernie hesitated for a few seconds but now knew he had to tell them since he planted the seed of interest. “Charlie told these reporters that Tiffany was pregnant when she went missing.”

George and Betsy looked a little shocked over hearing that piece of news.

“Pregnant?” said Betsy.

“By Howie?” said George as he knew those two kids had sex before since he heard them in Howie’s room one afternoon.

“No, by someone else,” said Ernie.

“Who?” asked Betsy.

“Well, according to Charlie, Rock Riley got Tiffany pregnant.”

George and Betsy looked at each other in disbelief.

“Rock Riley? Tiffany never dated Rock Riley,” said George.

“No, they never dated,” added Betsy.

“Then if they never dated, how did he get her pregnant,” asked Betsy being clueless.

George thought about her question while Ernie remained quiet. Then he remembered all those nasty rumors about Rock when he was a deputy. “He raped her, didn’t he?”

Ernie nodded in agreement and was glad George figured it out so he would not have to tell them.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Betsy. “Oh my, I heard stories, but never wanted to believe them,” she said.

Ernie’s teeth started to clench again while he thought about his daughter being raped by a law enforcement officer.

George and Betsy drank their coffee in disbelief with the news they just heard.

Back at the clearing, Donovan parked his Buick behind Charlie's SUV.

"Where's Charlie?" asked Jodi while all they saw was his rental car.

"Maybe he's nearby," said Donovan while he shut off his car engine.

While Donovan and Jodi got out of the Buick, Rock slowly drove his Impala down the dirt road with its headlights off. He stopped when he got close to the clearing but far away to hide his car out of view.

"Charlie," Donovan called out while he walked over to the SUV to make sure Charlie was not sitting inside the car.

All they heard was the sounds of critters in the woods.

Donovan's iPhone buzzed in his pants pocket. He reached inside it and removed his iPhone.

"I'm over here in the woods to your left," was a text message from Charlie's on Donovan's cell phone.

“He’s over there,” Donovan told Jodi while he pointed to his left.

Donovan and Jodi walked away from Charlie’s SUV and headed into the woods.

While they walked into the woods, Rock drove his Impala to the clearing then shut off the engine. He quietly opened the door and then quietly closed it with a soft click.

He walked away with a flashlight in his right hand.

He walked over to Donovan’s Buick and opened up the driver’s door. He reached inside his pants pocket and removed a pistol.

He wiped the pistol clean of prints with his shirt.

He leaned down and tucked it under the front seat of Donovan’s car. He quietly closed the driver’s door.

He walked back over to his car, reached inside the front and removed a flashlight off the front seat.

Rock walked away from Donovan’s car and headed in the direction Donovan and Jodi walked.

Donovan and Jodi walked in the woods. “Charlie, where are you?” called out Donovan while they carefully walked through the woods.

Noting but the noises of the critters in night replied to Donovan’s call.

Donovan and Jodi cautiously walked through the woods and did not have a clue that they were being stalked by Rock.

Jodi tripped over something and fell face first into the dirt.

Donovan helped her up to her feet.

“I should have used this when we first arrived here,” he said then turned on the flashlight application.

He illuminated the area where Jodi tripped and saw a pant leg connected to a shoe. He knew this was not good then ran the light all up a body. His mouth dropped open in shock. “It’s Charlie Abbott,” he said.

“Charlie?”

Donovan knelt down and felt for a pulse in Charlie’s neck. “He’s dead.”

Jodi wanted to scream but nothing would come out of her mouth.

Donovan got really curious and scanned the area over with his flashlight.

The flashlight illuminated on the shovel.

The flashlight then illuminated on the grave of Howie.

Jodi covered her mouth in shock when she saw half of Howie's skeleton visible in that hole. "Is there another one?"

Donovan's flashlight illuminated on Tiffany's grave where half of her skeleton was visible in the hole. She saw the hole in Tiffany's skull. Then the back of Jodi's head started hurting. She cringed in pain.

"You okay?" he said when he noticed she cringed in pain.

"Pain suddenly shot through the back of my head," she said then she cringed again. "Now pain suddenly shot through my forehead," she added.

Donovan looked down at Tiffany's skeleton and saw the bullet hole in the middle of the skull's forehead. He knew why she had these sudden pains.

"The pain went away," said Jodi and felt one hundred percent better. She knew why

she had those pains while she looked at Tiffany's skeleton.

"I wonder how Charlie knew about these graves?"

"I don't know, but he somehow found out," said Donovan.

"Do you think he killed them?" asked Jodi but after she said that, her gut instinct told her someone else killed them.

"No, he sent me a text message on his find. How he knew about these graves we'll never know," said Donovan.

"I wonder who was buried there?" Jodi said then she instinctually knew it was Tiffany.

Donovan also instinctually knew the other one was Howie.

"Carefully put your hands up in the air," Rock said while his flashlight illuminated Donovan and Jodi's face.

Donovan and Jodi turned around and only saw the flashlight that started to blind them.

"Who are you?" Jodi said while the flashlight started to blind her and Donovan.

“Sheriff Riley,” he said while he inched closer to Donovan and Jodi.

“We found him like this, Sheriff,” said Donovan.

“After you killed him,” Rock said while he inched closer to Donovan and Jodi.

“We didn’t kill him,” cried out Donovan while he started to get nervous.

“We found him in the dirt. I swear,” cried out Jodi.

“Put your hands behind your heads,” Rock told Donovan while he inched closer to him.

Donovan obeyed and placed his hands behind his head.

Jodi obeyed and placed her hands behind her head.

“Move an inch and I’ll put a bullet in your backs,” Rock said while he moved behind Donovan.

Donovan remained perfectly still while Rock handcuffed his arms behind his back.

“You’re next young lady,” Rock said while he walked toward her.

Jodi shook and almost peed her pants while she placed her hands behind her back.

She remained perfectly still while Rock handcuffed her arms behind her back.

“Like I said before, don’t move an inch. If you do, I’ll place a bullet in your backs,” threatened Rock.

Donovan and Jodi remained perfectly still while Rock scanned the area over with his flashlight.

“Look what we have here. Two unmarked graves that it appears either this dead guy or you were digging up,” said Rock while his flashlight illuminated Tiffany’s skeleton.

He aimed his flashlight into Donovan and Jodi’s eyes. “You’re under arrest for the murder of this unknown individual.

Therefore, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. Do you both understand these rights?” said Rock.

“Yes,” said Rock.

“Yes,” said Jodi.

Rock shoved his flashlight into his rear pocket. He walked over and grabbed Donovan’s right arm then Jodi’s left arm.

He used the moonlight and escorted the scared to death Donovan and Jodi through the woods. He headed to the clearing and his car.

After Rock had Donovan and Jodi secured in the backseat of his car, he made a call on his cell phone.

Back in Haneyville, Kent made a drive through the residential area of town.

While he drove past George and Betsy’s home, he saw Ernie get into his car in George’s driveway. He thought nothing of it while he drove down the street.

His cell phone rang. “Deputy Riley,” he answered the call.

“It’s me, I made two arrests down at the clearing. Get her right away. I have a murder scene to secure,” Rock said from the cell phone.

“Yes sir,” replied Kent and he had a

huge grin on his face. He turned on the lights of his patrol car.

He raced his car down the street with its red and blue lights flashing. This was something he never had the chance to perform and he loved letting the town folk know he was on an important mission.

Ten minutes had passed and Kent raced his Chevrolet Impala patrol car down the dirt road with his red and blue lights flashing. He traveled a little too fast and almost sent the alignment out of whack when he hit every single hole in the dirt.

He drove into the clearing. He stopped his car behind Rock's Impala and saw Rock standing by the car with two people sitting in the backseat.

Kent got out of his car and rushed over to Rock. He immediately noticed the cut across his right face cheek. "What happened to your face?"

Rock touched the cut across his cheek. "That guy I arrested swung at me with a shovel," he said.

Kent looked in the backseat of Rock's

Impala and saw Donovan and Jodi sitting scared.

Donovan looked up at Kent. "I never touched the sheriff. I swear," he said and looked sincere.

"He's telling the truth deputy. He never hit the sheriff," said Jodi and she looked sincere.

"Do we know who was killed?" asked Kent while he ignored Donovan and Jodi.

"Yeah, some guy named Charlie Abbott," said Rock.

"Take the suspects and book them for first degree murder. I'll keep this area secure from rubber neckers. Then after you get them booked, call the hospital and have them come out and pick up the body and have someone ready to come out and dig up those skeletons. Also have Andrew come out here with the camera," said Rock.

"Okay," said Kent then he looked at Donovan and Jodi sitting in the backseat of Rock's Impala. "I can't believe these two reporters killed that guy."

"Murderers are so unpredictable," said Rock.

“I guess,” said Kent while he opened the rear passenger door of Rock’s Impala. “Get out,” he ordered Donovan and Jodi.

Donovan and Jodi got out of the backseat of Rock’s Impala.

Kent escorted them over to his patrol car and placed them in that rear seat.

“Oh, the pistol they used to kill that guy is under the front seat of that Buick. I didn’t touch it. So carefully remove it and process it as evidence,” Rock called out.

Kent rushed over to Donovan’s Buick.

He opened the front door and dropped to his knees. He looked under the front seat and carefully removed the pistol.

Rock watched with a light smirk while Kent carefully placed the pistol in the front seat of his patrol car.

Kent got inside his car, started up the engine then turned around and drove off down the dirt road.

After Kent’s patrol car was out of sight down the dirt road, Rock rushed through the clearing and headed to the woods. He had something important to do before Andrew arrived.

Chapter 21

An hour had passed and Donovan and Jodi sat in individual jail cells. In fact, the Haneyville Police Station only had two jail cells and rarely had a visitor. They were located right next to Rock's office.

"What are we going to do now?" asked Jodi while she sat on her jail cell bed.

"I don't have a clue at the moment," replied Donovan while he sat on his jail cell bed. "Not a clue."

Kent was at the coffee pot pouring another cup of coffee and heard their conversation. He could care less as he felt they probably did kill Charlie Abbott.

Kent walked back to his desk to do some more Internet searching for crime news.

Back at the clearing, Rock had previously placed Charlie's cell phone back in his pants pocket while Kent booked

Donovan and Jodi for murder at their police station.

After Rock secured the crime scene with rope, Andrew arrived in his patrol car.

Then an ambulance pulled up and was allowed to park in the clearing.

Inside the ambulance were EMTs Jerry and Billy. They arrived at the crime scene to take Charlie's body away to the morgue.

Rock stood by a tree at the edge of the clearing and puffed on a cigar.

Andrew got out of his patrol car at the same time Jerry and Billy got out of the ambulance.

They all walked over to Rock.

"After Andrew snaps pictures of the crime scene, you can take away the body," Rock told Jerry and Billy.

Jerry and Billy nodded in agreement with Rock's orders.

Andrew walked into the woods with the camera in hand.

Rock, Jerry and Billy walked into the woods after Andrew.

They walked over to the roped off area. Andrew went under the rope with the camera.

Rock, Jerry and Billy waited near a tree and watched while Andrew snapped pictures of the crime scene, the two shallow graves with visible skeletons and the shovel in the dirt.

Billy noticed the cut on Rock's face where the blood had dried. "Do you want me to take a look at your cut, Sheriff?"

"Naw, I'll be fine. I'll have Andrew take a picture for evidence," said Rock.

Billy looked again at the cut and thought that the blood dried a little too quickly but he shrugged it off.

"Sheriff, do you know who those skeletons might be?" Jerry asked Rock.

Rock looked at the shallow graves. "Well, the only missing persons we have in Haneyville are Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson. So it very well could be them, but I'll see if Doc Lorre has any dental records on those two kids," said Rock.

“That was way before my time, but I recall momma talking about them and how they ran off to Canada back in like nineteen seventy,” said Billy.

Jerry nodded in agreement. “But now I guess they probably never made it,” he added.

“Do you know who that dead guy is in the dirt?” asked Billy.

Rock reached in his pants pocket and removed Charlie’s wallet. He opened it and Charlie’s California drivers license was visible. “He’s Charlie Abbott. He once lived here and was friends with Howie Anderson,” he told the two EMTs.

Jerry and Billy looked at Charlie’s dead body.

“Do you think he killed those two?” asked Jerry.

“Sure looks that way. I guess after the news of finding Tiffany’s car in the lake hit the Internet, he decided to come back and dig up their bones to get rid of them to save his hide,” said Rock and looked serious.

Jerry and Billy looked at the two shallow graves and nodded in agreement. Rock's theory made perfect sense at the moment.

"But why would those two reporters kill him?" asked Billy.

"I can't figure that part out. But I caught them by the body. And that's proof to me that they killed him." said Rock.

"I'm done with taking pictures, sheriff," Andrew told Rock when he walked up to him with the camera in hand. Then he looked down at Charlie's body. "Hard to imagine I saw him yesterday alive and well," added Andrew.

"Take a picture of my face with the cut for evidence," he told Andrew.

Andrew snapped a picture of Rock's cheek with the cut.

"You can take the body to the hospital," Rock told Jerry and Billy.

Jerry and Billy walked over to a nearby tree and grabbed the gurney that leaned by a nearby tree.

Jerry and Billy took the gurney and headed over to Charlie's body.

They placed his body on the gurney and walked through the trees and headed back to their ambulance parked in the clearing.

“I’ll call Chief Adams down in Knoxville and have him send up some forensic experts first thing Monday morning,” said Rock.

“Okay. I’ll download the pictures into the computer as soon as I get back to the station,” replied Andrew while he looked at the two shallow graves.

“Good.”

Andrew walked away and headed back to his car.

Rock continued to look at the two shallow graves. He started to have a flashback.

In Rock’s flashback, it was back to that August night in 1970.

Young Deputy Rock Riley was dressed in those coveralls and stood by two rocks he previously placed in the ground.

He looked down at naked bodies of Howie and Tiffany on their backs dead in the dirt.

He grabbed his shovel and started digging a hole by one of the rocks.

Some time had magically passed in his flashback and Rock looked down at the dead naked bodies of Howie and Tiffany in the shallow graves he just dug.

He looked at their clothes and shoes in a pile between the two graves.

Some more time had magically passed in his flashback and Rock looked down at the dirt where those two rocks marked their graves. He also placed leaves and small dead branches all over the area to hide the fact someone was buried at this spot. He did an excellent job covering his tracks, as you could not tell this was a gravesite.

Rock walked away with his shovel in hand and headed back toward the clearing.

Some more time had magically passed in his flashback and Rock stood by Tiffany's Buick Special in the clearing.

All the windows were rolled down and the car engine idling.

Rock opened up the passenger door and sat in the front seat.

He placed the Buick into drive and stomped on the gas pedal.

The Buick raced down the clearing and headed to Lake Haney.

Tiffany's Buick splashed in the lake.

Rock climbed out through the opened driver's door window and jumped into the lake.

He swam to the shore.

He stood on the shore soaking wet and watched while the Buick started to slowly float away and sink into the water.

Back in reality, Rock snapped out of his daydream.

He walked over, bent down and grabbed the shovel by its handle.

He walked away from the shallow graves and headed to the clearing. He saw Andrew while he just opened the door of his patrol car.

“Andrew, I changed my mind. Stay here and make sure nobody and I mean nobody enters that area. I want to preserve the evidence,” Rock told Andrew while he walked over to his patrol car.

“Yes sheriff,” Andrew replied and thought it was cool that he was on his very first murder crime scene.

“I’ll download the pictures into the computer,” Rock said and held out his hand for the camera.

Andrew handed Rock the camera.

Rock walked over to his Impala and opened the driver’s door.

“Sheriff, why would those reporters kill that guy?” asked Andrew.

Rock glanced back at Andrew. “Well, I don’t know but people do crazy things and murder is one of them,” he said then sat down inside his car

Rock started up its engine, turned his car around and drove down the dirt road.

The woods started to get eerie quiet for Andrew and he started to get a tad nervous since there were two skeletons near him.

While Rock drove his Impala down the dirt road away from the clearing, he had a smirk on his face. He knew that he could easily pin Charlie Abbott's murder on Donovan and Jodi. He also knew that he could make people believe that Charlie Abbott killed Howie and Tiffany back on that August night in 1970. Rock was proud with himself for getting away with killing three people.

Back at the clearing, Andrew got curious again while he stared at the area of the woods of the two shallow graves.

He slowly walked away from his car and headed in that direction.

He stopped when he got to the woods and wondered if he should proceed.

He stood there for a few minutes and decided to head back to his car. So he turned around and walked back to his patrol car.

He stopped again as his curiosity started to get the best of him. After

watching TV crime shows like Criminal Minds, Cold Case and CSI, the urge to take another peek was overwhelming.

Andrew turned around and walked back to the woods.

After the trek through the woods, Andrew arrived at the roped off area for the two shallow graves.

He removed his small flashlight off his belt and turned it on.

He went under the rope.

He started to illuminate the ground and soon found the two graves. He inched closer while he kept the beam of light on the graves.

He stopped when he saw the skeletons of Howie and Tiffany that were halfway exposed out of the dirt. He could not believe that he was seeing the skeletons of two people that once were alive and well. He felt sad for the two that never had the chance to enjoy what life had to offer.

“At least the killer got what he deserved,” said Andrew quietly while he continued to look at the skeletons.

Andrew decided he had enough so he turned around and walked back to the rope.

He went back under the rope and headed through the woods.

A little while later, Andrew sat behind the wheel of his patrol car.

“Boring,” he muttered while he listened to the nighttime critters and the sound of the Lake Haney.

He looked at Charlie and Donovan’s cars parked in the clearing.

Way across the country in San Diego, California, Dee Abbott was watching TV in her bed.

She reached over and grabbed her iPhone off her bedside table. She made a call to her husband Charlie.

“I’m sorry, but I’m not available at the moment, please leave a message,” said Charlie’s recording from his cell phone.

Dee thought that was strange, as she always called him during this time of night when he traveled for business.

She disconnected that call then grabbed a piece of paper off her bedside table. She made a call with the phone number she wrote down on that paper.

“Motel 6, Haneyville,” said the night shift clerk answering her call.

“Yes, my husband Charlie Abbott is staying at your place, could you please ring his room?”

“Yes Ma-am,” the clerk replied then there was silence from Dee’s iPhone.

“I’m sorry, but he’s not answering his phone. Would you like to leave a message?” said the desk clerk.

“No, thank you,” she said then disconnected that call then called Charlie’s phone again. “Honey, call me,” she left as a message.

Dee put down her iPhone back down on the bedside table. She looked concerned, as she knew Charlie was not out drinking and partying. He gave that when their daughter was born.

Dee returned watching TV and hoped to hear from Charlie in any minute.

Back at the Haneyville Police Station, Donovan and Jodi still sat depressed in their jail cells. They could not fall asleep.

Kent lay on a cot so he could keep a watchful eye on the two prisoners. He stared at the ceiling while he pondered today's events.

Donovan walked to his jail cell bars. "Deputy, we didn't kill Charlie Abbott. He was already dead when we arrived in the woods."

Jodi walked over to her jail cell bars. "He's right deputy, we found Charlie already dead then the sheriff was suddenly there and arrested us."

"I know you got a text from him when we were out at the walkway," called out Donovan while he stared at the ceiling from his cot.

"Someone framed us," said Jodi.

"All the criminals say that," replied Kent then he got up off the cot and decided to make some coffee and headed over to the coffee pot on the other side of the room.

Donovan and Jodi both walked back to their beds in their cells. They sat down and wondered how they could get out of this dilemma.

“You’ll be seeing Judge Olson first thing Monday morning, so make yourselves comfortable,” said Kent while he placed three scoops of coffee into a filter.

Over on Elm Avenue, Rock pulled his Impala into the driveway of Rachel Collins a sixty-two year old widow.

Rock got out of his Impala and rushed to the front door of Rachel’s home. He rang the doorbell numerous times.

After a few seconds of waiting, Rachael opened up her front door. She was sleepy eyed and wore only a tee shirt.

“Rock, what brings you here so late?” she said then yawned.

Rock rushed into her home and closed the front door.

He grabbed Rachael by her hand and rushed her through the living room.

“Oh, I see you want some middle of the night nookie,” she said while Rock rushed her down the hallway and headed to her bedroom.

The second Rock got Rachel into her bedroom, he removed her tee shirt and she stood before him naked.

It took him seconds to strip naked then he pushed her onto her bed.

Rock climbed on top of Rachel and started to have his way with her, as tonight's events got him extremely horny.

Outside Rachel's home, Paul walked his golden retriever Rusty down the sidewalk. Paul could not sleep so he thought a little walk with Rusty might help.

Paul waked past Rachel's house and saw Rock's Impala in her driveway. He knew it was Rock's car by the dented rear quarter panel by the driver's side.

“Looks like Rock's at it again with Rachel,” he muttered in disgust while he continued his walk down the sidewalk.

Back at Rock's home, his wife Melinda waited in the living room and watched TV. She decided to stay up and wondered when he would come home after tonight's discovery of a murder outside Haneyville.

She was used to Rock stating he would be home late because of police business. But she also knew he was seeing someone else. After all, she had seen his Impala parked in Rachel's driveway in the past. And she knew of Rachel's reputation for loving sex. She put up with it because she was too old to be living alone so she ignored his infidelity ways.

At the Haneyville Hospital, Charlie's lifeless cold body lay in the morgue. Doctor James Hudson the Medical Examiner was scheduled to start his autopsy first thing Monday morning. He was out of town for the weekend for a little fishing in Kentucky.

Over at the clearing, Deputy Andrew Barker fell asleep in his patrol car.

Chapter 22

Sunday morning arrived in Haneyville and it looked to be a cool sunny day with very few expected puffy clouds.

Rock was sound asleep in his bed and told Melinda that it was a long night processing two people suspected of murder.

She could not believe that Charlie Abbott was killed last night. She remembered the long hair blue eyed kid from back in the 1960s. She also could not believe that those two kids that ran off to Canada forty-three years ago are again causing grief in their peaceful town.

It was now 10:00 a.m. and Rock got out of bed, shaved and showered.

When he walked into his kitchen, Melinda was busy at the stove cooking him a plate of scrambled eggs and bacon.

“Good morning, darling,” he said then gave her a little kiss on her cheek.

“Did you sleep okay?” she asked while Rock poured a cup of coffee.

“Yeah,” he said while he took a drink of coffee then got a little smile when he thought about his naked time spent with Rachel.

“I was thinking we could see a movie this afternoon,” said Melinda while she walked his plate of eggs and bacon to the kitchen table.

“Can’t. I need to go talk with some people that might have been contact with those two reporters I have sitting in my jail,” he said while he walked over to the table then sat down.

Melinda looked disappointed while she watched Rock eat his breakfast. She could not wait for him to retire at the end of the year. She hoped that he would concentrate all his time on her.

Back at the Haneyville Police Station, Kent had some breakfast brought over from the Perkins restaurant.

Across the country, Dee Abbott was sound asleep. She fell asleep wondering why Charlie did not return her call last night.

A little while later that morning Rock left his house and drove over to the station.

He got out of his car with the camera Andrew used to take pictures of the crime scene last night.

He entered the station and walked past the counter.

“Good morning,” said Kent from behind his desk the second he saw Rock head toward his direction.

“Did you get some sleep?” Rock asked while he walked to his office.

“Yeah, but that cot is nothing like my own bed.”

“Did you call the hospital?”

“Yes, they’re going to send someone out to dig up those bones when you’re ready,” replied Kent.

“Good, now I’ll still need you here for the day. After I get those skeletons dug up and

sent to the hospital, I'll let Andrew get some sleep then he can relieve you tonight," Rock said from the doorway of his office.

"Okay," replied Kent and followed that with a yawn.

Rock sat down behind his desk in his office. He powered up his laptop and when it was ready he started typing in his report about last night's murder scene.

After he was finished with his report that included the pictures Andrew snapped, he grabbed his cell phone and made a call.

Out at the clearing, Andrew was sound asleep in his patrol car. His cell phone rang while it was on the front seat. Andrew stirred but stayed asleep. His cell phone continued to ring. Andrew woke up in a panic over hearing that sound. It took him a few seconds to realize his cell phone was ringing. He grabbed it and looked at the viewfinder. He cringed.

"Yes sheriff," he answered the call.

"Were you asleep?" asked Rock from his cell phone.

“Ah, yes sir,” replied Andrew and followed that up with a yawn.

“Okay, stay there and I hope to have someone from the hospital come out there and dig up the skeletons. Then I want you to relieve Kent at the station around five tonight,” said Rock.

“Yes sir,” Andrew replied and yawned again then he disconnected his end of the call.

Back at the police station, Rock looked at his typed report. He sent an email copy to the court house for Monday’s arraignment.

He looked at his desk phone. This was something he hated to do but was part of the job.

He conducted a search on the Internet for a phone number.

Way over in San Diego, Dee got out of bed and just started her first cup of coffee.

She sat at the kitchen table drinking it when her iPhone phone rang. Her eyes widened and she had a smile.

“Charlie,” she immediately answered without looking at the caller ID.

“This is Sheriff Rock Riley from Haneyville, Tennessee, is this Misses Abbott?” said Rock from her cell phone.

Dee got a sudden sick feeling in the pit of her stomach after hearing his name.

“Yes, I’m Misses Abbott. How may I help you Sheriff Riley?” she said and her hands started to shake a bit.

There was a few seconds of silence from her iPhone. “We found your husband Charlie in some woods last night by Lake Haney. I’m sorry to tell you but he was murdered,” said Rock and he gave Dee his best impression that he cared.

Dee’s eyes immediately welled up.

She tried to reply but nothing would come out of her mouth. Her lips trembled.

“Misses Abbott, are you still there?” asked Rock from her iPhone.

“Yes sheriff,” Dee replied while she fought off from busting out in tears.

“We have two suspects in jail. One is a reporter from Florida and the other is a reporter from Kentucky,” said Rock from her iPhone.

“I see,” said Dee while she had a blank stare thinking of Charlie being dead.

“We’ll release the body soon after the hospital is finished with their examination. I’ll be in touch later for details on where to send his body.”

Dee looked like a zombie while she disconnected the call from her iPhone.

She got up from the table and walked like a zombie out of the kitchen.

She walked like a zombie down the hallway.

She walked like a zombie into her bedroom.

She walked over to her bed and plopped down face first into the covers. She started to sob.

Back at the Haneyville Police Station, Rock sat at this desk with a smirk. He actually started to enjoy that phone call for some weird reason.

He picked up his phone and made another call.

“Haneyville Hospital, Amy Henderson speaking, how may I direct your call?” said Amy a sixty-five year old volunteer.

“Hi Amy, Sheriff Riley here. Listen, I need at least two people from the hospital, maybe nurses to come out to the clearing down at Lake Haney. We had a murder there last night and there are also two shallow graves with skeletons inside. I want someone from the hospital to dig up the bones to help preserve them,” said Rock into his phone.

“Yes sheriff, we heard about the murder and the shallow graves. I’ll talk with Wilma the head nurse and get someone out there right away,” replied Amy then she disconnected her end of the call.

Rock made another call on his phone.

“Chief Adams here.”

“Good morning, it’s Sheriff Riley from Haneyville.”

“Why are you calling me so early?”

“We had a murder last night outside Haneyville down by the lake. But what I need is some forensics experts up here tomorrow morning. We found the dead body by two shallow graves. I’ll have the skeletons dug up and brought over to our hospital,” said Rock into his phone.

“Murder outside Haneyville. Is that a first?” asked Chief Adams.

“Yep, looks that way,” replied Rock.

“Was that in the same area where that car was found in the lake?”

“Yeah, we believe these two skeletons might be those two missing teens from forty-three years ago,” replied Rock.

“I’ll have two of my best forensics experts up there by eight tomorrow morning.”

“Thanks Chief Adams,” replied Rock.

“No problem,” Chief Adams replied then disconnected his end of the call.

Rock got up from his desk and headed out of his office.

“I’m heading out to the clearing,” Rock told Kent then he headed to the front doors.

Donovan and Jodi just sat on their beds inside their jail cells. They still pondered how they could get out of this mess. Jodi’s eyes were bloodshot from silently crying during most of the night.

A little while later, Rock drove his patrol car down the dirt road and headed to the clearing.

He pulled behind Andrew’s Chevrolet Impala patrol car and could tell by the position of his head that he was asleep.

Rock turned on the patrol car’s siren.

He could see Andrew jump up in his car. He chuckled then got out of his patrol car.

He walked over to Andrew’s patrol car where he just got out.

“Sleeping again?” Rock asked Andrew.

“Sorry sheriff, it’s so quiet out here in the middle of the night,” replied Andrew and then he yawned.

“I want you to get the keys to Abbott and that reporter’s vehicles at the station. Get their vehicles and park them behind the station in the secured area. Then get their belongings out of their motel rooms and lock them up as evidence. Have Kent help. Then you can go home and get some rest. Like I said earlier, I want you to relieve Kent at the station at five tonight,” said Rock.

“Yes sir,” replied Andrew and got back behind the wheel of his patrol car.

Rock watched while Andrew started up his patrol car, made a U-turn in the dirt then drove off down the dirt road.

After Andrew’s car was gone, Rock looked around the quiet clearing and woods. He started to ponder the idea of what to do after he retires. He thought that he and Melinda could move out of Haneyville. He started to think of maybe Myrtle Beach, South Carolina or maybe the mountains of North Carolina. He just felt it was time to get far away from this town.

He went back to his patrol car and sat behind the wheel. While he waited for the

hospital personnel to arrive he eyed Charlie's SUV and Donovan's Buick.

Twenty minutes had passed and an Impala drove down the dirt road with an ambulance right behind it.

The Impala was a hospital car and contained four nurses, Cathy, Denise, Kimberly and Sally. They were all in their forties and volunteered for this task, as they had never been at a crime scene.

Rock got out of his patrol car when he saw the Impala and ambulance in his rear view mirror.

The Impala parked next to Rock's patrol car while the ambulance parked a little farther away. Jerry and Billy were inside the ambulance and Jerry backed it up near the woods in the direction of the shallow graves.

Cathy, Denise, Kimberly and Sally got out of the Impala while Jerry and Billy got out of the ambulance.

The four nurses went to the back of the Impala. Cathy opened up the trunk and they

all reached inside and removed some digging tools.

“Follow me,” said Rock once he knew they were ready.

The four nurses followed Rock across the clearing and through the woods.

Rock walked the four nurses through the woods and up to the shallow graves.

The four nurses looked at the shallow graves where the skeletons were visible.

“Be careful while digging up the evidence,” Rock told the nurses.

They all nodded they understood his orders and Cathy and Sally started working on Howie’s skeleton while Kimberly and Denise started working on Tiffany’s skeleton.

Rock walked over and waited by a tree. He removed a cigar from his shirt pocket. He lit it then got a smirk while he puffed on the cigar and kept an eye on the four nurses.

Back at the police station, Donovan and Jodi sat in their cells and were still depressed.

While the four nurses were carefully digging up the skeletons, Donovan and Jodi got this eerie feeling throughout their bodies. They did not understand this feeling, as they were more worried about spending the rest of their lives behind bars.

An hour had passed and the four nurses carefully dug up the skeletons. They were each placed on plastic on a separate gurney handled by Jerry and Billy.

Jerry and Billy carefully took the gurneys through the woods and headed to the ambulance.

Rock watched while Jerry and Billy placed the gurneys into the back of the ambulance.

The four nurses were back in the Impala and drove off down the dirt road.

Jerry and Billy got in the ambulance and drove off with light flashing and siren blaring.

“They’re just skeletons,” said Rock wondering why they turned on the lights and siren.

He headed back to his Impala but stopped when he heard the sound of a car driving down the dirt road.

He looked and saw a blue 1964 Rambler Classic driving down the dirt road heading to the clearing. He waited by his driver’s door.

The Rambler parked by Rock’s car and Grant Scott got out with a camera and pad of paper in hand.

“Sheriff,” said Grant while he closed the door.

“I was hoping to get a story before other news media shows up here,” said Grant while he walked toward Rock.

“Be my guest. The bodies and skeletons have been taken to the hospital. But the shallow graves are over there,” Rock said while he pointed in the direction of the graves.

“Do you think those two skeletons are Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson?”

“It sure looks that way but we’ll have to let the forensic experts confirm that,” said Rock.

“I see,” Grant said then he walked off and headed into the woods.

Rock got behind the wheel of his car, started up his engine and turned it around in the clearing.

He drove off down the dirt road.

A little while later, Rock was back at the police station and he avoided seeing Donovan and Jodi sitting in their cells.

Kent worked behind his desk while Rock drank a cup of coffee in his office.

After Rock finished his third cup of coffee, he got up from behind his desk.

Kent saw Rock walk out of his office. “Andrew brought over Abbott’s and the two reporters vehicles and he said they contained nothing for evidence. Abbott’s and the two reporters suitcases are locked in the closet as evidence.”

“Good. I’m going out to do some interviews,” Rock said while he headed to the counter.

Kent was ready to surf the Internet for crime stories. He hoped the story about their discovery last night would show up soon on the World Wide Web.

Rock left the station and it was quiet inside except for the clicking of Kent surfing the Internet.

“Deputy, don’t we get to make a phone call?” Donovan called out from his jail cell.

“That’s right, we’re entitled to one call,” Jodi called out from her jail cell.

Kent rolled his eyes then got up from his desk. He forgot about their entitled phone call.

He walked through the office and headed down the hallway to the two cells.

He unlocked Donovan’ cell door then motioned for him to head over to the desks.

While Donovan walked over to the desks, Kent kept a hand on his revolver just in case Donovan wanted to make a break.

Donovan walked over to Andrew's desk and sat down. He picked up the phone and made a call.

"Hello," answered Lindsey from the phone.

"It's me Donovan."

"What do you want?" asked Lindsey a little irritated he called.

"I need your help, Lindsey. I've been arrested here in Haneyville, Tennessee."

"Arrested? For what?"

"The sheriff think I and another reporter killed some guy last night."

There was a click while Lindsey hung up to indicate she wanted nothing to do with Donovan.

Donovan looked depressed while he hung up the phone.

Kent gave out a little chuckle. "Sounds like she doesn't want to help. Oh well, there goes your phone call," he said and motioned for Donovan to get up.

Donovan got up from the desk and Kent escorted back to his jail cell.

Kent unlocked Jodi's cell door and motioned for her to come out and make her call.

He escorted her to Andrew's desk where she sat down and made a call.

"Costner," Harold Costner answered Jodi's call. He was Jodi's boss.

"Harold, it's me Jodi."

"Jodi, when am I going to see that story?" asked Harold.

"I'm working on it, but I ran into a snag," Jodi said and she sounded depressed.

"Snag? What's wrong?" he replied and could sense she was depressed.

"I got arrested last night."

"Arrested? Why?"

"Suspicion of murder of a guy last night. I'll need a good attorney," she said and her eyes welled up.

"Murder? What the fuck is going on down there?"

"We were framed," Jodi said while her lips trembled and tears rolled down her cheeks.

Kent saw this and for a second, he started to believe that maybe these two were framed. But he shook that off because his dad was never wrong.

“I’ll see what I can do. Our attorney’s can only practice in Kentucky. I’ll see if they know of someone in Tennessee. Where are they detaining you?” said Harold.

“The police station in Haneyville. The number is,” she said then paused while she looked at the phone. “Five, five, five, one, zero, four, eight,” she added.

“Got it. I’ll be in touch,” Harold said then disconnected his end of the call.

Jodi got up from the desk and Kent escorted her back to her jail cell.

She sat down on her cell bed and her eyes welled up again.

Donovan lay in his cell bed and stared at the ceiling. He pondered again how he and Jodi could get out of this potential life in prison sentence.

Back in the woods by the clearing, Grant Scott snapped pictures of the crime scene.

He also jotted down some notes. He figured this would be his last story before he retired and thought this was a good end to his long career.

Back in San Diego, Dee had her fourth round of crying. She had not called her son and daughter to inform them of the horrible news about their father. She wanted to wait.

Chapter 23

Meanwhile, Rock drove his Impala down Forge Valley Avenue.

He pulled into the driveway of George and Betsy's home and parked his patrol car.

He got out of the car with his small notebook in hand. He wanted to play the part of the investigating detective.

He knocked on the door the second he arrived on the front stoop.

The door opened and Betsy appeared in her Sunday best dress, as she and George just got back from church. She looked like she had previously cried. "Sheriff, what brings you here?" she asked.

"There was a murder last night down by the clearing at Lake Haney. The same place where Tiffany's car was recently discovered in the bottom of Lake Haney," said Rock.

"We heard at church this morning. Please come inside," Betsy said then moved aside to let Rock enter her home.

Rock stepped inside Betsy's home.

"George, Sheriff Riley is here," she called out while she closed the front door.

George walked out of the kitchen in his dress shirt and suit pants. He just swallowed two shots of Jack Daniels. He quickly removed his tie and suit jacket the second they came home from church.

"Sheriff, what brings you here?"

"An old resident of Haneyville Charlie Abbott was killed last night," Rock told George.

"We heard about it in church. That's all everybody could talk about after the sermon," said George while he walked into the living room.

"Please have a seat," said Betsy.

Rock walked over with Betsy and they both sat down on the couch.

"Do you believe those two skeletons found by the clearing are Howie and Tiffany?" asked George while he sat down in his lazy boy chair.

George and Betsy looked at Rock for an answer but deep down inside, they knew it was their long lost son.

“I believe it is but I’m going to have some forensic experts verify it,” replied Rock.

George and Betsy looked at each other again and their eyes welled up a little.

“I can’t believe those two reporters killed Charlie Abbott,” said George.

“People sometimes can hide their evil ways,” said Rock while he opened up his small pad of paper and removed his pen from his shirt pocket. He was ready to play detective.

George and Betsy looked at each other again. They both knew in their hearts that Donovan and Jodi were not evil.

“So, I take it that these two reporters contacted you.”

George and Betsy nodded in agreement.

“What did you talk about?” asked Rock while he had his pen ready to jot down notes.

“Donovan Kirby first came here to ask about Howie running off to Canada and if we have heard from him,” said George.

“What did you tell him?” asked Rock while he jotted down that fact in his pad.

“I told him we haven’t heard from Howie since that day in seventy,” said George.

“Then Donovan and Jodi came over twice. The first time was about Howie’s draft notice for the Army, and the second time they came over yesterday and asked about Charlie Abbott,” said Betsy.

“How did they learn about Charlie?” asked Rock while he continued to jot down facts on his pad.

“He said they learned about Charlie while doing research down at the newspaper office,” said Betsy.

“Then we told him how Charlie’s parents were killed when he was young and then he joined the Navy right after high school,” said George.

“Then I showed them a picture of Charlie from my photo album,” added Betsy.

“Is there anything else?”

“Yeah, do you know how Charlie knew about those two reporters?”

“Yeah, we told Charlie when he came to visit us,” said George.

“What did you talk about?”

“Oh, how he spent thirty years in the Navy and how he never heard from Howie or Tiffany after that night,” said George.

“Did he say why he came back to Haneysville?”

“He saw the story on the Internet,” said Betsey.

“Anything else?”

“Oh, he mentioned how Howie was planning on enlisting in the Navy and not running to Canada,” said Betsey.

Rock pretended to look surprised by hearing that information, as he heard it when he spied on Donovan, Jodi and Charlie back at the Motel 6. He jotted down that information then looked at George and Betsey. “That’s all for now. But I will need you to testify what you told me in court.”

George and Betsy nodded in agreement with Rock and were not looking forward to being in court.

Rock stood up from the couch and shoved his pen back in his shirt pocket. "We'll, I'll be in touch if I need anything else," he said then walked to the front door.

George and Betsy started to walk him to the door.

"That's alright, I'll see my way out," he said.

George and Betsy stopped and watched while Rock left their home. They waited a few seconds.

"Something in my gut tells me that he's up to no good. I do not believe those two reporters killed Charlie. Now way," said George while he heard Rock's car start up in their driveway.

"I feel the same way," said Betsy.

"And I don't believe Charlie killed our Howie," said George.

"Me too. I wonder who really killed our son?"

George nodded he did not know but he felt in his gut that Rock might have had something to do with it. George had never trusted Rock Riley as a deputy and now as a sheriff. He heard rumors of his infidelity with numerous Haneyville women and high school girl.

George and Betsy turned around and headed to the kitchen to drink some coffee. All they could think about was their dead son.

A little while later, Rock drove his car down Addison Avenue.

He pulled into the driveway of Ernie's home and parked his car.

Rock turned off his car, got out and headed to Ernie's front door. He rang the doorbell.

A few seconds had passed and the front door opened. Ernie appeared and he already had a few drinks of Scotch and water. He normally does not drink on Sunday's but the news he heard in church

about the skeletons found gave him a valid reason.

“Sheriff, what are you doing here? Did you confirm that that it was Tiffany in that shallow grave?”

“Not yet. I’m having some forensic experts coming up from Knoxville tomorrow to help with that task,” replied Rock.

“Then what can I do for you?”

“I would like to chat a bit. I can imagine you heard about the murder that happened out at the clearing by the lake last night.”

“Yep during church. Please come inside,” Ernie said then moved to the side to allow Rock to enter.

Rock entered Ernie’s living room then he closed his front door.

“Would you like some coffee? I can make a fresh pot,” offered Ernie.

“No thanks. This will only take a minute,” said Rock while he headed over to the couch.

He removed his pen from his pocket while he sat down.

Ernie walked over and sat in a chair.

“What did you talk about with those two reporters?” asked Rock while he had his pen ready to jot down facts on his pad.

“The female reporter came here and I told her about the day I last saw my Tiffany. Then I told her how I never heard from her again,” said Ernie.

“Anything else?”

“I showed the reporter Tiffany’s room. I left it alone and it’s just like it was the day she left,” said Ernie.

Rock jotted down that information on his pad of paper.

“Then I had dinner with those two reporters last night down at the Lake View Restaurant.”

Rock’s ears perked up the second he heard that piece of information. “You did? What did you talk about there?”

“I asked them how their story was progressing.”

“And their response?”

“Slow and how they tried to contact Howie and Tiffany up in Canada and came up empty handed.”

“What else?”

“I told them that I couldn’t believe that Tiffany hasn’t contacted me or my wife, when she was alive,” said Ernie and started to miss his sweet wife.

“What else?” Rock said while he jotted down all that information Ernie provided.

“They said they talked with Charlie Abbott,” said Ernie then he wondered if he should have told Rock this piece of information.

“Ah, I see. What did they say about Charlie?”

“Ah, how he joined the Navy with a long career. He also said that Howie was going to join the Navy with him,” said Ernie.

Rock jotted down that information on his pad of paper.

“But Howie didn’t show up the next morning so Charlie figured he changed his mind and wanted to head up to Canada,” added Ernie.

“Anything else?”

Ernie opened his mouth to tell Rock the other shocking news but for some strange reason, he felt he should remain tight lipped. “That’s all, sheriff,” said Ernie looked Rock square in his eyes.

Rock looked at his notes then back at Ernie. He felt Ernie told the truth and was satisfied that Charlie only told Donovan and Jodi about Rock raping Tiffany back in 1970. “Well, that’s all for now. I’ll be in touch later. I’ll probably need you to testify what you told me in court,” said Rock while he placed his pen back in his shirt pocket.

Rock got up off the couch then Ernie escorted him to his front door.

Ernie opened his door and let Rock outside. He closed his door then walked over to his living room window. He peeked out the curtains. “I don’t trust him,” said Ernie while he watched Rock get inside his Impala, start it up then backed down his driveway.

He walked away from the curtains and headed off to the kitchen for another drink of Scotch and water.

Rock drove his car down Addison Avenue then he turned right on Elm Avenue.

He headed down Elm and turned left into Grant Scott's driveway.

He parked his car, got out with his pad in hand and headed to Grant's front door.

He rang the doorbell then while he waited he removed his pen from his shirt pocket. He looked back at the front yard and saw the "For Sale" sign in the middle of the yard.

The front door opened and Grant appeared in his suit pant, dress shirt and tie.

"Sheriff, what brings you here?" asked Grant the second he saw Rock on his front stoop.

"Want to chat about you talking with those two reporters I have locked up," said Rock.

“Sure, come on in. I just made a fresh pot of coffee,” said Grant then he motioned for Rock to step inside his home.

Rock went inside Grant’s home.

“Let’s have a cup,” said Grant while he closed his front door.

“Okay,” replied Rock then he walked with Grant through his living room where he noticed a bunch of stacked packing boxes. “So you’re really going to leave Haneyville,” said Rock.

“Yeah, getting up in age and thought I should live closer to my daughter in Tallahassee, Florida,” said Grant while he walked over to the Mister Coffee on the kitchen counter by the sink.

“Is she still a professor at Florida State?” asked Rock while he sat down at the small kitchen table. He removed his pen from his shirt pocket and had his pad ready.

“Yep, now, what can I do for you?”

“I heard that those two reporters visited you for some research at the newspaper office,” said Rock.

“Yep,” Grant said while he poured two cups of coffee.

“What did they research?” asked Rock while Grant walked over with the two cups of coffee.

“They wanted to see the article I wrote back in seventy about Howie and Tiffany going missing,” said Grant while he placed a cup of coffee in front of Rock.

“Anything else?” asked Rock then he took a drink of coffee.

“Let me see,” said Grant while he sat down. “Ah yes, they asked about Wally Yates,” he said then took a drink of his coffee.

“Wally Yates? How did they know about Wally Yates?” asked Rock and he thought that was weird.

Grant thought for a few seconds while he tried to remember. “They said the lady at the library told them.”

“Ester,” said Rock then he took another drink of his coffee. “Now, did they look up anything about Charlie Abbott?” he said while he placed his cup down.

Grant pondered for a few seconds while he tried to remember. “Nope. Don’t recall Charlie’s name coming up at all,” he said then he took a drink of coffee.

“I wonder how they found out about Charlie?” Rock asked while he jotted down the information.

“Don’t know. But it’s a shame he was killed last night. Hard to believe those two kids killed him. Hard to believe,” said Grant then he took another drink of his coffee.

“Why do you say that? I found them standing by his body.”

“Don’t know, but it was really weird meeting them,” said Grant.

“How’s that?”

“It was almost as if I knew these two kids. When I talked with them, I kinda felt I was talking with Howie and Tiffany,” said Grant.

“I’m thinking it’s really time for you to retire, Grant. So, is there anything else?”

Grant thought hard. “Nope, that’s all,” he said.

Rock finished his cup of coffee.
“Thanks Grant,” he said then he put his pen back in his shirt pocket and stood up.

“When will they be arraigned?” asked Grant while he stood up.

“Tomorrow morning at nine.”

“I’ll be there. This will be my last article,” said Grant while he walked Rock through his living room.

After Ernie let Rock out of his home, he headed back to his kitchen. He started to have serious doubts that Donovan and Jodi had killed Charlie.

He walked into his kitchen, grabbed his coffee cup off his table and went to get his second cup.

A little while later, Rock drove his car down Haneyville Road and headed back to the station. He started to wonder if his evidence was too weak to convict Donovan and Jodi for the murder of Charlie Abbott.

The second he entered the police station he walked up to Kent while he worked behind his desk.

“Call Andrew and I want him here right away. Then the second he arrives, bring me Kirby into the integration room,” said Rock.

“Okay,” Kent replied then he made a phone call and called Andrew at home.

Rock walked away and headed into his office. He sat behind his desk and waited while he pondered how to how handle this integration.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Andre arrived at the station.

“What’s up?” asked Andrew the second he entered the station.

Rock walked out of his office when he heard Andrew’s voice. “Bring Kirby into the integration room,” he said while he walked out of his office with a pad of paper and pen in hand.

Kent and Andrew walked away and headed to the jail cells while Rock went inside the integration room.

Rock waited in the integration room.

Kent and Andrew entered with Donovan who looked concerned.

“Have a seat Mister Kirby,” said Rock with a tone of authority.

Donovan sat down at the table across from Rock. He started to tremble inside while he looked at Rock, Kent and Andrew.

“Now, I can’t understand how you and your female friend found out about Charlie Abbott, but I did find you by his dead body last night, so in my books, you killed him,” said Rock.

“No sheriff, I just got a text message and Charlie told me to meet him at the clearing. He found something he wanted to show us. Like what I told you last night, he was already dead when we got there,” said Donovan.

“You two were the last ones to hear from him with his text message. You killed him. I know it, you know it, and my two deputies know it,” Rock said then he slid the pad of paper across the table at Donovan.

Donovan looked at the pad of paper.

“That sure would make it easier on the taxpayers. So write down your confession. You did it, now be a man and admit it,” said Rock then he slid his pen across the table at Donovan.

Donovan looked at the pad of paper and pen. “Do you want me to write down everything?” he asked Rock and figured he had nothing to lose at this moment.

“Yes everything,” said Rock.

“Everything like how Charlie Abbott told us how Tiffany was raped by you back in nineteen seventy. How she was pregnant with your child,” said Donovan with a bit of a smirk.

The eyes of Kent and Andrew widened over hearing that secret. They looked at Rock who avoided eye contact.

Rock started to steam inside but decided to play it cool. “Why are you now lying? You tell me a lie when Charlie’s not here to back up what you’re saying. Just fill out your confession stating you’re guilty and I’ll leave you alone.”

Donovan grabbed the pad of paper and pen.

Rock smiled and figured this was so easy.

Donovan wrote down "I'm innocent and did NOT kill Charlie Abbott. Someone framed me, and Deputy Rock Riley raped Tiffany Carlson back in 1970," he jotted down then signed it.

Rock looked at what Donovan wrote and his blood boiled. But he decided to play it cool.

Kent and Andrew started to have a little bit of a doubt.

For the next hour, Rock grilled Donovan in admitting he was guilty. Donovan never caved and started to believe he might have Rock sweating a little.

After Rock was finished with Donovan, he had Jodi in the integration room.

Donovan sat on his bed in his jail cell. He was scared that Jodi might cave and sign a confession.

But Rock had Jodi in the integration room for an hour and she also swore up and down she and Donovan did not kill Charlie Abbott. She refused to sign a confession and told Rock she wanted to take her chances in court.

Rock was pissed that Donovan and Jodi would not sign any confession.

An hour later, Rock left the station and was still pissed he could not get a confession out of Donovan and Jodi. He was actually nervous that the case might not swing in his favor.

Kent left the station and left Andrew to babysit the two prisoners.

Donovan and Jodi sat in their cells and were worried to death about getting sent to prison for the rest of their lives.

Then for some strange reason, they felt they did the right thing by coming up to Haneyville and started to have feelings things will end in their favor.

They lay on their beds but could not sleep the entire night thinking about their situation.

Chapter 24

Monday morning arrived and it was 8:00 a.m.

Rock arrived at the station with two pancake and bacon breakfasts from the Perkins restaurant.

He gave Donovan and Jodi their breakfast and while they ate, he sat in his office drinking his coffee.

It was now 8:45 that morning and Rock, Kent and Andrew escorted Donovan and Jodi out of their jail cells. Kent and Andrew immediately handcuffed Donovan and Jodi's arms behind their backs per Rock's instructions.

Kent escorted Donovan out the side door of the police station.

Andrew escorted Jodi out the side door of the police station.

Rock followed behind them.

Once they got out of the police station, they headed down the sidewalk to the Haneyville Court House located next store to the west.

They all headed to a locked side door of the Court House. Rock unlocked the door and they all stepped inside a room.

Once inside, Rock locked the outside door.

“Sit and wait a minute,” said Rock.

Donovan and Jodi sat down in the wooden chairs the best they could with their hands handcuffed behind their backs.

Rock walked over an unlocked another door and went into a hallway.

Kent and Andrew stood guard over Donovan and Jodi and started to feel sorry for them. They still had a small feeling that just maybe someone was actually framing these two for murder.

They waited for Rock to return.

While they waited in the Court House, two forensic experts from Knoxville arrived at the morgue of the Haneyville hospital.

One was Wendy Thomas a forty-five old and Jack Harper a fifty-two year old. They both were considered the best Knoxville had to offer.

Wendy and Jack started checking over the skeletons of Howie and Tiffany.

Also in the morgue, Doctor James Hudson started with his examination of Charlie Abbott's body. He called in some assistance from Knoxville so Doctor Virgil Franklin drove up to provide his expertise.

After five minutes of waiting, Rock entered the room.

"Let's go," he said then walked over to a door by the side of the room. He opened it and waited.

Kent and Andrew brought Donovan and Jodi to their feet.

They escorted to the opened door and they could see it was the door into the Court Room.

Donovan and Jodi got extremely nervous while they were escorted into the Court Room.

Once they were escorted into the room, Donovan and Jodi saw that it was packed with the residents of Haneyville. Today's event was huge for these town folks since major crimes like murder never happened in their peaceful community.

While Donovan and Jodi were walked over to the defendant's table, they saw George and Betsy Anderson and Ernie Carlson sitting in the front row on the defendant's side of the Court Room.

Rock looked over and saw Wallace Mayer sitting at the prosecutor's table wearing a suit. After Wallace quit the Haneyville Police Department in 1975, he went to law school at the University of Tennessee. He loved being a prosecutor in Haneyville and this was his first murder case.

Wallace winked at Rock to let him know that he was on top of this case.

Rock smiled while he sat down with Donovan and Jodi.

Way in the back row sat Irving Spence. He had an interest because he wondered if the shot he heard was the shot that killed Charlie Abbott. But he never told Sheriff Rock what he heard. He hated Sheriff Rock with a passion and could not figure out how he was continuously voted into office. But it was easy when he nobody ran against him.

George, Betsy and Ernie gave Donovan and Jodi warm smiles that made them feel at least these three supported them.

Also in the Court Room was Grant, Rachael, Lynn and Paul, and Melinda.

Andrew stayed by the side door to guard it from and possible escape by the prisoners.

Kent and Rock sat down with Donovan and Jodi at the table.

They looked at the bench and saw the court reporter ready to record today's arraignment.

Judge Wilbur Olsen was eighty-three years old and had been on the bench in

Haneyville since 1966. He was honest and believed in giving people a fair trial.

Everybody stood up the second they saw Judge Olson enter to Court Room. He had a folder in his right hand.

“Please be seated,” said Judge Olson the second he arrived to his bench.

Everybody in the Court Room sat back down in his or her seats. The room was quiet while they waited for Judge Olson opened up the folder. He glanced at the paperwork contained in that folder.

“Will Donovan Kirby please stand up,” said Judge Olson.

Donovan stood up and trembled a little.

“Are you Donovan Kirby from Melbourne, Florida?” asked Judge Olson.

“Yes sir.”

“Will Jodi Lauder please stand up,” said Judge Olson.

Jodi stood up and trembled a little.

“Are you Jodi Lauder from Lexington, Kentucky,” said Judge Olson.

“Yes sir.”

“You two are being charged with first-degree murder for the death of Charlie Abbott. How do you plead Mister Kirby?”

“Innocent.”

“How do you plead Miss Lauder?”

“Innocent.”

Judge Olson looked at Jodi. “Miss Lauder, have you been in my court in the past?”

“No sir,” she replied and wondered why he would ask such a question.

“You appear familiar like I’ve meet you before,” said Judge Olson.

“No sir, we’ve never met,” replied Jodi then she wondered if maybe Tiffany had previous contact with Judge Olson in the past.

“Do you two have representation?” asked Judge Olson.

“No, your honor,” said Donovan.

“No, your honor,” said Jodi.

“Okay, I’ll get you a public defender,” said Judge Olson then he paused while he glanced back at the paperwork. “I would like

to have the trial moved down to Knoxville,” he said while he looked back at Jodi.

“Judge Olson,” said Rock while he stood and did not look happy. “I feel the trial should be here in Haneyville. You know, by a jury of their peers,” said Rock.

Judge looked at Donovan and something about him felt familiar. “These two are not from Haneyville so they do not have any peers in this town. I want to give them a fair trial and that means down in Knoxville,” said Judge Olson then he closed the folder and picked up his gavel. “I’ll get back with a date after checking their schedule down there,” he said then looked over at Donovan and Jodi again. “I’ll set bail at fifty thousand each,” said Judge Olson.

“Bail at fifty thousand? They’re a flight risk your honor,” said Rock while he stood up and he looked upset.

“I don’t believe so,” said Judge Olson then he grabbed his gavel. “Dismissed,” he said while he banged it down.

Rock sat back down and he looked pissed with the bail being set so low.

Judge Olson grabbed the folder and left the bench.

While he headed to the door to his chambers, he glanced at Donovan and Jodi and could not figure out how he knew the both of them.

He left the Court Room and went into his chambers.

Rock motioned for Donovan and Jodi to get up.

George, Betsy and Ernie watched while Rock and Kent escorted Donovan and Jodi to the other side of the Court Room where Andrew waited. All three still had gut feelings that Donovan and Jodi were innocent.

Rachael walked up to George, Betsy and Ernie. "Hi," she said behind their backs.

George, Betsy and Ernie turned around and saw Rachel. "Hi," they all said and were not enthused about seeing her knowing her reputation.

"I know that Sheriff Riley believes that those skeletons are Howie and Tiffany. And he believes that Charlie Abbott killed Howie

and Tiffany, but I know that he didn't," said Rachel.

"How do you know that?" asked George.

"I know that because I was with Charlie that entire night. In his bedroom," said Rachael.

George, Betsy and Ernie knew of Rachel's reputation of being a nymph for over forty-years. They also heard the rumors that Rachel might have been fooling around with Sheriff Riley.

"You spent the night with Charlie?" asked Ernie.

"Yes, he was going in the Navy and I wanted to give him a good send off," said Rachael.

Grant Scott heard the conversation and walked up to Rachael. "Did you say that you spent that night with Charlie?" he asked and had his pad ready to jot down some juicy news.

"Yes, in his bedroom, so there's no way he could have been at the clearing that night or any night after that. He left in the morning

for Knoxville to leave for Navy boot camp,” said Rachael.

Grant started to have his doubts about Charlie being a killer. “Excuse me, I have an article to get published for the morning paper,” he said then rushed off to head back to his newspaper office.

Rachael smiled at George, Betsy and Ernie then she turned around and walked away.

George looked at Ernie. “Come over to our house. We need to figure out how we can help these two kids,” he said.

“I’ll be follow you,” said Ernie.

George, Betsy and Ernie walked away and headed to the main doors of the Court Room.

Lynn and Paul still chatted with other residents of Haneyville. They told them what they heard at the Lake View Restaurant on Saturday night. People listened and were shocked but not too surprised.

Back at the police station, Donovan and Jodi were placed back in their jail cells.

Kent and Andrew sat at their desks thinking about the events.

Rock sat behind his desk in his office and stewed that he could not get the trial in Haneyville. He knew he could get a guilty from the folks of Haneyville. After all, most of them remembered Howie and Tiffany.

Donovan and Jodi sat depressed in their jail cells. They were not looking forward to their trial down in Knoxville.

Over at the Haneyville Tribune building, Grant was busy working on his newspaper article for tomorrow's article.

Over at George and Betsey's home, they sat in their kitchen drinking coffee with Ernie.

"I can handle five thousand," said Ernie then he took a drink of coffee.

"Good, it's settled," said George then he took a sip of coffee.

“I’ll call Bernie down in Knoxville. See if he can help,” said Betsy.

“Bernie? I don’t know him,” said Ernie.

“You remember Bernie, our nephew,” said Betsy.

Ernie took a few seconds to get his memory to work. “Ah, yes Bernie. Isn’t he an attorney?”

“Yeah, I was thinking we could call him and see if he could represent Donovan and Jodi,” said Betsy.

“That’s a grand idea,” said Ernie.

“Well, let’s head out,” said George then he finished the rest of his coffee.

“Sure,” said Ernie then he finished the rest of his coffee.

“I’ll call Bernie while you’re out,” said Betsy then she finished the rest of her coffee.

“Okay,” said George while he and Ernie headed out of the kitchen and sent through the living room.

An hour had passed and Rock came back to the police station after being called over to the Court House.

George and Ernie were with Rock and looked pissed.

“Let the prisoners out,” said Rock to Kent who sat at his desk.

“What?”

“These two paid their bail,” said Rock while he headed into his office.

Kent actually had a bit of a smile while he got up from behind his desk.

He walked down the hallway and unlocked Donovan and Jodi’s jail cells.

“You’re out on bail,” Kent told them

“What?” asked Donovan not sure he heard Kent correctly.

“I said, you’re out on bail.”

“Who paid it?” asked Jodi in a little disbelief.

“They’re out there,” Kent said then walked away and headed to the office area.

Donovan and Jodi followed Kent out into the office area. Once they got there, they saw George and Ernie waiting by the

counter. Donovan and Jodi smiled at the sight of the two guys.

“Why did you bail us out?” Donovan said while he walked over to George.

Jodi walked over to Ernie.

“We felt it was the right thing to do,” replied George and gave Donovan a smile.

“Yeah, the right thing to do,” added Ernie and he gave Jodi a warm smile.

“Thank you. I’ll pay you back,” said Donovan shook George’s hand.

“Me too,” said Jodi then she gave Ernie a hug.

While she hugged Ernie, that gave him a strange déjà vu of Tiffany hugging him.

“Let’s go, you can stay with us,” George told Donovan.

“And you can stay with me,” Ernie told Jodi.

While they left the station, Rock sat and steamed behind his desk. He started to have this terrible feeling that his case against Donovan and Jodi was starting to get weaker. He did not want anybody to

start looking in his direction. He just wanted this to be over forever.

Kent proceeded to give Donovan and Jodi all of their personal belonging back to them including their cell phones.

Thirty minutes had passed and Donovan and Jodi checked out of their Motel 6 rooms.

Donovan rode with George to his house while Jodi rode with Ernie to his house.

When Donovan arrived at George's home, George took him into Howie's bedroom.

"You can sleep here," said George and for some unexplained reason, he felt as if Howie returned home.

Meanwhile over at Ernie's home, Ernie took her into Tiffany's home.

"You're welcome to stay in her room," he told her and he also had this strange feeling overcome him as if Tiffany returned home.

After Donovan and Jodi settled into their bedrooms, they learned that Bernie Hollister was the nephew of George and Betsy. Bernie agreed to represent Donovan and Jodi pro bono as a favor to his aunt and uncle. Donovan and Jodi could not believe the generosity of George, Betsy and Ernie.

After a nice dinner and an evening of relaxing and watching TV, Donovan and Jodi both retired to their old beds.

Rock arrived home after he went shopping at Sears. He bought a new shovel to replace the one he used to help frame Donovan and Jodi that was now considered evidence.

Back at George and Betsy's home, Donovan went to bed in Howie's bedroom.

It was not long after Donovan fell asleep when he went off into another dream.

In Donovan's dream, he and the brunette girl were in her Buick parked in the clearing by Lake Haney.

The brunette started crying and started shaking.

Donovan pulled her over to him and placed his arm around her for comfort.

She rested her head on his shoulder and sobbed.

"What's wrong?" asked Donovan and was concerned.

"I was raped," the brunette girl cried between sobs.

"Raped? Who raped you?" asked Donovan and he got concerned.

"Deputy Riley, at the plant parking lot last month," replied the brunette girl between sobs then she looked at Donovan. "I'm pregnant."

Donovan looked at the brunette girl and her face got blurry and then she looked like Tiffany. He grabbed the rear view mirror and moved it to his direction. He looked in the mirror and Howie looked back.

He looked at Tiffany. "I'll take care of you. I'll marry you," he said.

Tiffany sobbed in his shoulder.

Donovan woke up from his dream and looked around Howie's room. That dream felt so real and he knew he had a flashback of Howie's life. Then he knew that one of the main reasons for him to join the Navy was so he could care for Tiffany and the baby.

He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Over at Ernie's home, Jodi was sound asleep in Tiffany's old bed. She started to have another dream.

In Jodi's dream, she sat on Tiffany's bed one night. Her eyes welled up while she wrote in a brown leather diary.

"June 6, 1970, Saturday," she wrote in her diary then she stared at the page while tears rolled down her cheek. "I was raped tonight by Deputy Riley. He caught me with

some weed down by the high school. He put me in the rear of his cop car. I thought he was going to arrest me and put me in jail.

Instead, he drove me over to the plant and parked in the parking lot. He opened up the rear door and told me that he would not arrest me if he could have me for a few minutes. I knew he wanted sex. I didn't want him and told him so.

Deputy Riley got mad and slapped me then he started to forcibly remove my blue jeans. I tried to fight back with my feet but he slapped me harder across my face. I thought he would shoot me. I couldn't stand the feeling of him entering inside of me," Jodi wrote in that diary.

Jodi woke up from her dream and looked around the dark bedroom. "Tiffany had a diary," she while she sat up in bed.

Jodi got out of the bed and headed over to the dresser. She opened up the top drawer then rummaged through Tiffany's old bras and panties and other undergarments.

Meanwhile, over at the Haneyville Hospital, Nancy Parker was a sixty-two year old nurse with the hospital. She worked the second shift and was about to go off duty. But she was curious and had to see the skeletons that were found in the woods.

So Nancy went into the morgue and looked at the two skeletons.

She saw how the one skeleton had a bullet hole in the forehead of its skull.

Her eyes welled up and for some strange reason, she believe that that one of them was in fact Tiffany. She and Tiffany were best friends ever since the first grade. Nancy had missed her best friend since that night in 1970 and could not understand why Tiffany never contacted her from Canada. Now she knew the real reason. She felt like crying.

Back at Ernie's home, Jodi went back to sleep. She rummaged through Tiffany's entire bedroom and could not locate her diary. She thought about asking Ernie but figured Tiffany probably hid it in a good

place. But where was the question in Jodi's mind.

Chapter 25

Tuesday morning arrived in Haneyville and the sky was cloudy with a hint of rain.

Over at the Carlson home, Ernie made Jodi some eggs and toast with coffee for breakfast.

Over at the Anderson home, Betsy made George and Donovan some scrambled eggs toast and coffee for breakfast. She was really enjoying having Donovan stay at their home.

George was a little upset this morning since his morning Haneyville Tribune paper did not arrive. Apparently Grant had some issues with his printing press so the paper would not be delivered today. He would have to wait until tomorrow morning.

It was 9:00 and breakfast was over and Ernie and Jodi drove over to George and Betsy's home.

A few minutes after they arrived, Bernie's car pulled into the driveway.

Betsy was already peeking out the living room curtains waiting for his arrival.

He got out with a yellow pad of paper in hand.

He headed to the front door where Betsy waited with the door already opened.

"Hey Bernie," said Betsy when he walked up to the front stoop.

"Aunt Betsy," said Bernie then gave her a kiss on her cheek when he entered their home.

"Hi Uncle George," said Bernie when George walked up to him. They shook hands.

Bernie saw Donovan and Jodi waiting on the couch. "I'm Bernie Hollister," he said while he walked over to the couch.

Bernie was sixty-three years old with slicked back white hair and sported a pot

belly but wore a nice suit. He was a really good criminal defense attorney.

“Donovan Kirby,” he said while he stood up then shook Bernie’s hand.

“Jodi Lauder,” she said while she stood up then shook Bernie’s hand.

“I’m an attorney and will represent you in your most unfortunate dilemma,” he said then removed two business cards from his shirt pocket. He handed Donovan and Jodi one of his cards. “Now, let’s go discuss your case,” he said.

“I don’t know how much it costs for an attorney,” asked Jodi a little concerned about this costing a bundle.

“Ah, it’s pro bono. After all, Uncle George and Aunt Betsey helped send me to law school so I’m paying them back,” said Bernie.

Jodi walked up to George and Betsey. “Thank you,” she said then hugged George and gave him a kiss on his cheek.

She then gave Betsey a hug and kiss on her cheek.

“Yeah, thank you,” said Donovan while he shook Bernie’s hand.

“Well, let’s get started,” said Bernie and he looked determined.

“We can go in the kitchen, I made a fresh pot of coffee,” said Betsy.

Bernie, Donovan, Jodi, George and Ernie followed Betsy into the kitchen.

While they crowded around the kitchen table, Betsy started grabbing coffee cups out of a cupboard and started pouring coffee.

“Okay, now, tell me why you came all the way to Haneyville,” asked Bernie.

“Well, I saw that article on the Internet about the discovery of Tiffany’s car found in Lake Haney. And for some strange reason, I felt compelled to come up here and do a story. Especially since Howie and Tiffany have been missing since nineteen seventy,” said Donovan while Betsy brought everybody their coffee cups.

“I felt the same when I read that Internet article,” added Jodi.

Bernie jotted down that information on his note pad. "Nothing wrong with that," he said while he looked up at them. "Now, tell me what happened that night when you were arrested," he said and had his pen ready to jot down more information.

"We ate dinner at the Lake View Restaurant," said Donovan.

"What time?" Bernie asked.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other for the answer.

"Around seven thirty," said Donovan.

Jodi nodded in agreement with his answer.

"That's about right," said Ernie.

"How would you know?" Bernie asked Ernie.

"Because I was waiting for a table at the same time. These two invited me to join them for dinner and I did," replied Ernie.

Bernie jotted down that piece of information on his note pad.

"Did anybody else see you there?"

Donovan, Jodi and Ernie looked at each other.

“Nobody that I recognized,” said Donovan.

Ernie thought for a few seconds. “I believe that maybe Lynn and Paul Donahue were at the booth behind us.

“Plus we used a credit card to pay for the meal,” added Donovan.

“Okay,” said Bernie while he jotted down that information.

“After dinner, Donovan and I had a few drinks at the Watering Hole,” said Jodi.

“I also used a credit card there,” said Donovan.

“Then after a few drinks, we took a walk along that brick walkway,” said Jodi.

“Isn’t that a beautiful area? I was so happy when they built it back in eighty-five,” said Betsy.

George and Ernie nodded in agreement.

“Anything happen during that walk?” asked Bernie.

“We saw one of the deputies,” said Jodi.

“Deputy Riley,” said Donovan.

“The sheriff’s son?” asked Bernie.

“Yes,” replied Donovan.

“Anything happened?”

“No, we just chatted and then I got a text message from Charlie. He said he found something and wanted to meet us at the clearing by the lake,” said Donovan.

“What time did you get that text?”

Donovan tried to recall the time then his eyes lit up when he remembered his iPhone. He reached in his pants pocket and removed his iPhone. He navigated through it and saw his list of text messages. He had two text messages from Charlie. He looked at the first text message. “Looks like it came in around eight forty-five.”

“Eight forty-five for the first text message from Charlie,” said Bernie while he jotted that down. Then he looked up at Donovan and Jodi. “And you said Deputy Riley was there when you received that message?”

“Yes,” replied Jodi.

Bernie jotted down that information then he took a drink of Betsy’s coffee. “I’ve always loved your coffee Aunt Betsy,” he said then he looked over at Donovan and

Jodi. "Then you drove over to the clearing and then what happened?"

"We parked behind his rental SUV and called out his name," said Donovan.

"Charlie didn't call back," said Jodi.

"No, but I got another text message from him around nine ten," said Donovan and he showed Bernie the second message from Charlie.

"So you arrived at the clearing around nine ten," said Bernie while he looked at the text message.

"That sounds about right," said Donovan.

Bernie jotted that down then looked up at Donovan and Jodi. "Then what?"

"We walked through the woods in the direction he said in his text calling out his name. He never answered," said Donovan.

"Then I tripped over something," said Jodi.

"I helped her up then turned on my flashlight application on my iPhone and looked the area over," said Donovan.

“That’s when we saw Charlie’s body in the dirt,” said Jodi.

“I felt for a pulse and didn’t find one so we knew he was dead,” said Donovan then he paused for a few seconds. “Then I saw the shovel on the ground,” he added.

“And the two shallow graves of Howie and Tiffany,” said Jodi.

“How do you know those skeletons are them?” asked Bernie.

Donovan and Jodi paused while they looked at each other. You could tell by the look in their eyes that they wanted to tell how they really know, but both decided to let that be their secret.

“We just had a strong gut feeling since those two kids had been missing and her car was found in the lake,” said Jodi.

“We’re reporters,” added Donovan.

“Well, don’t mention that during the trial,” said Bernie while he jotted down the information on how they found Charlie.

“Then Sheriff Riley suddenly appeared and arrested us for the murder of Charlie,” said Jodi.

“He showed up minutes after you arrived and found the body?” asked Bernie and looked concerned.

“Yes, within minutes,” said Donovan.

“That’s odd for him to get there that quick,” said Bernie while he jotted down that information. Donovan and Jodi thought about that question for a few seconds.

“That is odd,” said Jodi.

Donovan nodded in agreement.

“Did you to hear a gun shot when you arrived at the clearing?”

“No,” replied Donovan.

“No,” added Jodi.

Bernie jotted down that information then he looked at his notes from previous research. “His report stated that Donovan swung a shovel at him and the tip cut his cheek,” said Bernie.

“That’s a lie. I never swung at the sheriff. Besides, he had a flashlight shining in our eyes,” said Donovan and he sounded sincere.

“That’s true. Donovan never swung at the sheriff,” added Jodi.

George's eyes widened when he remembered something. "There's something interesting someone said in court yesterday," said George.

"What was that?"

"Well, Sheriff Riley is claiming that Charlie Abbott was the one that killed those two people in the graves and they could be Howie and Tiffany. But Rachel Collins told us yesterday that he couldn't have done it," said George.

"How's that?" Bernie asked and he was curious.

"Well, she claims that she spent the night with Charlie all that night. She did it since he was going off to the Navy," said George.

Ernie and Betsy nodded in agreement with George's story.

Bernie jotted down that information on his pad. "That would throw in a doubt if I can get Rachel to testify that in court," he added.

"Good luck, rumors has it that she's sleeping around with the sheriff," said Ernie.

“Town slut if you ask me,” muttered Betsy under her breath but everybody heard her and gave a little chuckle.

“Oh, there’s something else that Charlie told us,” said Jodi.

“What’s that?”

“Charlie told us that Tiffany was pregnant,” said Jodi.

“Pregnant? By who?” Bernie asked.

“By that sheriff when he was a deputy back then,” said Ernie and he started to look a little pissed.

“Sheriff Rock Riley got Tiffany pregnant? He fooled around with her?”

“He raped my daughter,” said Ernie in a louder tone and that vein in his neck started to show.

“Sheriff Riley raped Tiffany. Wow. That’s good but going to be difficult to prove since she’s not around to testify to that fact,” said Bernie while he still jotted down that information. Then he looked at his notes. “Looks like all this case is based entirely on circumstantial evidence and it’s extremely weak if you ask me. Let me go talk with

Rachel Collins and see if she'll testify to what she told you yesterday," said Bernie then he finished his cup of coffee and stood up.

"I believe I can get a not guilty from the jury down in Knoxville," he said then walked over and gave Betsy a quick kiss on her cheek. "I'll be back."

George, Betsy, Ernie, Donovan and Jodi watched while Bernie headed off to the front door.

Donovan and Jodi started to feel like they finally have a chance with staying out of prison for the rest of their lives. But they know that you never know how a jury will reach a verdict.

They all started to drink some more coffee while Bernie was out chasing down witnesses in their favor.

While Bernie drove over to Rachel's home using the address he got off the Internet, Doctor Jake Lorre the Haneyville dentist drove over to the hospital.

Doctor Lorre had been the dentist of Haneyville for the past thirty years. He took over the practice that his father started back in 1950. Doctor Lorre was heading to the hospital with the old dental x-rays he found in a storage room at his dental practice.

A little while later, Bernie pulled into the driveway of Rachel's home.

He got out of his car and headed to the front door with his pad of paper in hand. He rang the doorbell.

A few seconds passed and the front door opened.

"Want an afternoon delight?" Rachel blurted out then her eyes widened the second she realized it was not one of her usual visitors. "Ah, sorry about that," she said and looked a little embarrassed.

"I'm Bernie Hollister, an attorney from Knoxville. I'm representing Donovan Kirby and Jodi Lauder. Mind if we chat for a few?" he said.

"Just chatting is something new. Sure, come on in," said Rachel.

Bernie stepped inside Rachel's living room. He looked the room over while she closed the door. "You got a nice place."

"Thank you. Please have a seat," she said while she motioned for him to sit on the couch.

Bernie walked over and sat down on the couch with Rachel.

"Can I get you anything to drink? Some ice tea perhaps?" asked Rachel.

"No thanks," he replied while he glanced down at his pad of paper and his notes.

"Now, I was told that you made a statement at the court house yesterday. You stated that you spend the entire night with Charlie Abbott that night in nineteen seventy. The same night were Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson went missing," he said.

Rachel looked at Bernie. "Have we met? You look a little familiar," she said.

"I'm Howie's cousin and often would spend some of my summer days up here back in the sixties," said Bernie.

"Oh, did we meet back then?"

“I don’t recall,” said Bernie but actually he did remember her. He recalled one night back in sixty-eight when he and Howie saw Rachel screwing someone under the bleachers of the high school. But Bernie thought that fact was not relevant to this case so he kept that memory to himself.

“So, did you make that statement?”

“Yes I did. I slept with Charlie that night because he was leaving for the Navy the next night,” said Rachel then she paused.

“So there’s no way he could have killed Howie or Tiffany. I mean, it’s not confirmed those skeletons are Howie and Tiffany, but everybody in town believes they are,” she added and sounded sincere.

“Would you testify to that fact in court?”

“Of course. I liked Charlie. I know he didn’t kill Howie or Tiffany or anybody. I don’t want his named tarnished,” said Rachel.

“That’s kind of you,” said Bernie while he jotted down some notes.

“Like I said, I don’t want his name tarnished.”

“Listen, I’ll be in touch when I find out when the trial is scheduled,” he said then reached in his shirt pocket and removed another business card. He handed it to her.

Rachel took his card and looked sincere with testifying about that night.

Bernie stood up and looked at Rachel. For a second, he remembered that night again with Howie and thought she still looked good for her age. “Thank you Rachel,” he said then headed to the front door.

Rachel smiled and wished she could take Bernie to her bedroom for a romp. But this was serious business and she did not want to ruin keeping Charlie’s name from being tarnished.

After Bernie left Rachel’s home, he headed straight to the Haneyville Police Station.

Kent worked behind his desk at the police station.

Andrew was home as he was scheduled to work the night shift.

Bernie entered the station and walked up to the counter with his yellow pad of paper in hand.

“May I help you?” asked Kent the second he saw Bernie at the counter.

“I would like to speak with Sheriff Riley,” said Bernie.

“And who are you?” asked Kent while he walked up to the counter.

Bernie reached in his shirt pocket and removed another business card. “Bernie Hollister, an attorney from Knoxville. I’m representing Mister Kirby and Miss Lauder.”

Kent took Bernie’s business card and glanced at it.

“Sheriff, there’s an attorney here to see you,” Kent called out.

Rock appeared in the doorway of his office. “Send him in,” he said then turned around and walked back to his desk.

Kent escorted Bernie around the counter and over to Rock’s office.

Rock remained seated while Bernie entered his office.

“Sheriff, I’m Bernie Hollister from Knoxville. I’m representing Mister,” Bernie said.

“I heard you,” Rock said being rude and interrupted Bernie’s greeting. He looked disinterested with talking with Bernie and Bernie picked up on that vibe.

“Sheriff,” Bernie said while he sat down in the chair in front of Rock’s desk. “Tell me how you arrived at the murder scene so quick. Mister Kirby and Miss Lauder said the second they stumbled upon Mister Abbott’s body in the woods you suddenly showed up and arrested them. How did you know to show up there?” Bernie asked and had his pen and pad of paper ready to jot down Rock’s response.

Rock looked at Bernie for a few seconds while he pondered his excuse. “I got an anonymous call from someone that heard gun fire in the woods by the clearing,” Rock said while he kept his eyes from looking at Bernie’s eyes.

“Anonymous call. What time?”

“Ah, oh, around nine. I called my deputy out there that I was going to check it out. So I saw two cars in the clearing and recognized Mister Kirby’s Buick. Then I heard voices in the woods, and headed in that direction. Then I found those two standing by the dead body of Mister Abbott,” said Rock while he kept his eyes from making contact with Bernie’s eyes.

Bernie jotted down some more notes on his pad. He looked back at Rock. “Now, Donovan stated he never swung at you with the shovel. So how did you get that cut across your face?” asked Bernie when he noticed that cut on Rock’s face that started to get scabs.

“Well, your client’s lying. He swung at me with the shovel. The picture in the report shows it that night,” said Rock.

Bernie jotted down that information on his pad of paper. Then he looked back up at Rock. “Where are Mister Abbott’s and the two reporters vehicles and belongings from their motel rooms?”

“The vehicles are out back in our secured area and their suitcases from their motel rooms are locked in a closet in the station,” replied Rock.

“Mind if I take a look? I want to jot down all the evidence you have on my clients.”

Rock hesitated for a few seconds, as he really did not want the attorney to see those items. But he knew if he did not it would come back to bite him. “Sure,”

Rock escorted Bernie out of his office and they headed to the back door and stepped outside in the backyard.

Rock showed Bernie the three vehicles secured in the backyard of the station.

Bernie was satisfied while he jotted down some notes on his pad after looking inside the vehicles and in the trunk areas.

Rock took him back inside the station where he showed Bernie the three suitcases inside the closet. Rock carefully opened up the three suitcases and all that was inside

them was clothes. He jotted down all that was inside the suitcases on his pad.

Then Rock showed Bernie the pistol, in a plastic bag, that he claimed he found under the front seat of Donovan's Buick. He jotted down the serial number of the pistol down on his pad.

He saw Charlie's wallet in a plastic bag. He got curious. "Where's Mister Abbott's cell phone?"

Rock looked caught and hesitated while he felt Charlie's cell phone in his left front pants pocket. "I guess they tossed it in the lake."

"Tossed it in the lake," Bernie repeated while he jotted that down on his pad.

Then Rock looked concerned while Bernie jotted down that information.

He looked over at Rock for a few seconds. "Thank you Sheriff. Now I would like to chat with your deputy out there for a few seconds," he said while he stood up.

"Be my guest," said Rock and locked the closet door.

Bernie walked away from the closet.

While Bernie headed to Kent's desk, Rock went back inside his office.

"Deputy, mind if I chat with you for a few seconds?" said Bernie while he walked up to Kent's desk.

"Sure."

Rock got up from his desk and gingerly walked to his office doorway. He stayed out of view but was close to the doorway to eavesdrop on Kent and Bernie's conversation.

"Deputy, did you talk with Mister Kirby and Miss Lauder at the lake walkway the night Mister Abbott was murdered?"

"I did."

"During that meeting, did Mister Kirby get a text message from Charlie Abbott?" said Bernie while he sat down in the chair by Kent's desk.

"Yes he did."

"Do you recall what time?"

Kent thought about that for a few seconds. "Oh, I would say around eight fifty."

Bernie jotted down that information on his pad of paper. Then he looked back up at Kent. "And you got a call from the Sheriff about hearing a gun shot in the woods by the clearing?"

"Yes I did."

"Do you recall what time?"

"Oh, around nine."

Bernie jotted down that information on his pad of paper. He looked at his notes. "Well, deputy that's about all. Call me if you can think of anything else," Bernie said then stood up, grabbed a business card from his shirt pocket and handed it over to Kent.

Kent stood up and took the card. He shoved it in his pants pocket.

"Thank you," said Bernie then he walked away and headed to the counter.

Kent watched Bernie while he left the station.

"Kent, where's the cell phones of those two murder suspects?" Rock asked while he stood outside his office.

"Gave them back after they were released on bail," replied Kent.

“There weren’t processed as evidence?”

“I didn’t think they were evidence,”
answered Kent.

Rock looked furious while he stormed off into his office.

Kent glanced back at Rock’s office and had that nagging gut feeling that something was not right with all his murder case.

While Bernie drove to his Motel 6 room to go over his notes he accumulated today, forensics experts Wendy and Jack were using the x-rays Doctor Lorre provided to see if they could provide an identity with the two skeletons.

Meanwhile, Rock felt like he needed some relief from a stressful two days.

So he told Melinda he would be working late and headed off to Rachel’s home.

After he parked in her driveway, he rushed to her front door. He rang the doorbell.

The front door cracked opened and Rachel’s head poked out.

“Not tonight. I’m feeling sick,” Rachel said and slammed her front door almost catching Rock’s fingers while he tried to get inside her home.

“Open up,” he yelled while he banged on her door.

“Go away,” yelled Rachel from inside her house.

Rock walked away and started to get pissed.

He got back in his car and headed home.

Elsewhere in Haneyville, Charlie was in his Motel 6 room with a cup of coffee he bought from the 7-11 store. He went over his notes to start working on his strategy for Donovan and Jodi’s defense.

Over in the neighborhood, Jodi and Donovan decided to take an evening stroll.

It was 8:30 p.m. Donovan and Jodi walked hand in hand down the sidewalk along Addison Avenue of the neighborhood.

“Do you think we stand a chance on getting out of this?” asked Jodi and she started to get an upset stomach thinking about their upcoming trial.

“I don’t know. But I think they don’t have any evidence against us,” said Donovan.

While Donovan and Jodi walked down the sidewalk, they did not notice Rock while he drove his Impala down Addison behind their backs.

Rock saw Donovan and Jodi walking on the sidewalk while he drove down Addison.

Donovan and Jodi continued their walk down the sidewalk. They did not notice Rock while he drove his Impala past them and headed off down the street.

Chapter 26

Wednesday morning arrived and it was raining in Haneyville before the sun started to peek over the horizon.

The rain stopped and it was now 8:00 a.m.

While the folks of Haneyville were busy getting up and making breakfasts, six young boys rode around on their bicycles delivering the Haneyville Tribune to the driveways.

George was up and he stepped outside his home to get his beloved Haneyville Tribune. He was prepared to eat his breakfast now that he had his morning paper.

Ernie stepped outside his home to get his Haneyville Tribune from his driveway.

Melinda stepped outside her home to get Rock's Haneyville Tribune from her driveway.

This was going all across the neighborhood of Haneyville and the folks saw the headlines "Murder Outside Haneyville." All across Haneyville, all the residents had their eyes glued to that headline.

Rock entered in his kitchen after shaving and taking a shower. He was dressed in his white boxers and tee shirt and black socks.

He headed over to the table to eat his standard two fried eggs, sausage and coffee breakfast.

He sat down and opened up the Haneyville Tribune that Melinda had placed in its normal spot on the table. He opened up his newspaper, grabbed his cup of coffee while he read the headlines. He drank his coffee while he read the article.

He read the part how Charlie Abbott a former resident of Haneyville was found murdered in the woods by the lake on Saturday night.

Then he read how Donovan Kirby of Melbourne, Florida and Jodi Lauder of Lexington, Kentucky were arrested for the murder of Charlie and being represented by Bernie Hollister of Knoxville.

Then he read how the two skeletons were found in shallow graves and are suspected to be the missing teens Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson.

Then he read how Charlie Abbott was suspected of killing Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson.

Then Rock read how Rachel Collins made a statement in the Court House how she felt Charlie could not have killed Howie and Tiffany because she spent that night with Charlie. Rock spat out coffee all over the newspaper when he read that part of the article. "What the fuck is she doing?" he yelled out and slammed the newspaper on the kitchen table.

“What’s wrong?” asked Melinda while she rushed into the kitchen to see what upset him.

“Nothing,” said Rock while he got up and stormed out of the kitchen.

Melinda picked up the paper and started to read the headlined article. She always waited until Rock read the paper before she read it.

Rock was in their bedroom fuming while he got dressed in his sheriff’s uniform.

A little while later, Rachel sat in her kitchen drinking coffee in her nightgown.

She picked up her Haneyville Tribune and started to read that article about the murder.

She smiled when she saw her name in print.

Her doorbell rang.

Rachel got up from her kitchen and headed into her living room.

She went to her front door and it slammed opened the second she unlocked it and turned the door knob. Rock stormed in

with fire in his eyes and he slammed her front door shut.

“What the *fuck* is wrong with you?” he yelled at her while he inched toward her with fire in his eyes.

Dribbles of pee ran down Rachel’s leg while she inched backwards. She had experienced the wrath of Rock’s anger before and knew she was in danger. “I, I, I, ah, I wanted to tell them the truth,” she said while she moved away from Rock.

Rock swung and slapped Rachel across her face.

Rachel fell backwards landing on her back.

Rock jumped down and straddled over her to where she could not escape.

Rachel peed and a puddle formed on her carpet.

“You stupid bitch. Charlie Abbott killed those two teens. I know it and the people in Haneyville know it,” he yelled at her while his face turned beet red with anger.

Then he got off Rachel and brought her to her feet.

Rachel stood up shaking in fear. She did not want to say anything to Rock.

Rock punched Rachel hard in her mouth sending her backward. She slammed hard on the living room floor.

She started sobbing while her split lip started bleeding.

“You better retract that statement and I mean it,” Rock yelled then he turned around and stormed off to the front door.

Rachel stayed on the floor and sobbed while Rock stormed off and opened her front door.

He slammed the front door when he left her house, which startled Rachel.

She continued to sob on the floor while Rock got in his Impala and screeched off down her driveway then screeched off down her street.

Thirty minutes had passed and Rock fumed behind his desk at the police station.

His desk phone rang.

“What,” he answered abruptly.

“Sheriff, Doc Hudson here. I have a copy of Charlie Abbott’s death certificate here for you to pick up,” Dr. James Hudson said from the phone.

“I’ll send someone over,” said Rock and slammed down the phone. “Kent,” he yelled out.

A few seconds passed and Kent stood in the doorway. “Yeah.”

“Go see Doc Hudson at the hospital, he has a copy of Abbott’s death certificate for us.”

“Okay,” Kent replied then walked away and could sense Rock was pissed about something but knew not to pry.

Kent left the station and got inside his patrol car.

While he drove away from the station, he recalled that article in the morning Haneyville Tribune. He could not get Rachael’s statement out of his mind and wonder if that pissed off his dad. So he decided to do his own little investigation.

So a little while later, Kent pulled his patrol car into Rachel's driveway.

He got out and headed to her front door.

He rang the doorbell.

He did not see Rachael while she peeked out of the curtains of her living room window.

Inside her home, Rachel debated whether she could talk with Kent while she peeked out her curtains.

"Fuck him," she said then walked over and opened up the front door.

"Hi Miss Collins," said Kent then he stopped the second he saw her split lip and red swollen eyes from crying. "Who hit you?" he asked and was truly concerned.

"You daddy," she said and looked pissed.

"We need to talk. Mind if I come in?" asked Kent.

Rachel motioned for him to enter her home.

After Kent entered she closed her front door.

“Why did daddy hit you?”

“He was pissed that I made that statement to Grant Scott at the Court House on Monday.”

“I saw that in the paper and that’s why I stopped over. I wanted to ask you if that was true.”

“Oh it’s true, I was with Charlie Abbott all that night so there’s no way he could have killed Howie or Tiffany. He loved them and they were such good friends,” she said then wiped away some blood off her split lip.

“How well did you know Tiffany?”

“I knew her pretty well. She and me weren’t friends because I liked to fool around a lot with the guys at school back then. But we got along okay,” said Rachel while she wiped away some more blood off her split lip.

“Donovan Kirby stated that Charlie told him that Tiffany was pregnant.”

Rachel thought back to those days. “I never heard that.”

“Charlie claims that my daddy raped Tiffany and got her pregnant.”

“Well, that’s extremely possible.”

“Why do you say that?” Kent asked and was curious but had a hunch where this was leading.

“Why I hate to say this, with him being your daddy, but he was screwing all us girls back then. Often we had to screw him to avoid being arrested for having some weed on us, or speeding or what charges he would state he would charge us with.”

“Did you?” Kent asked and could not finish the sentence.

“Yeah, it started in the tenth grade and the last time was the other night,” said Rachel and she finally figured it was time to spill the beans. She was tired of his beatings.

Kent got steamed the more he thought about Rock screwing Rachel and other women but kept his cool.

“Thanks for that information,” said Kent while he headed to the front door.

“I’m not going to let Charlie Abbott’s name be wrongfully tarnished,” said Rachel and she looked serious.

“I don’t blame you,” he said then he took another look at her split lip. “Do you want me to take you to the hospital and get that lip looked at?”

“Naw, I’ll survive like all those other times,” said Rachel.

Hearing that made Kent get even more steamed cause he can remember a few times when Rock smacked his mom around.

He left through Rachel’s front door and headed out to his patrol car.

While Kent drove his patrol car to the hospital, Berne was already there and talking with Dr. Hudson. Bernie got another copy of Charlie Abbott’s death certificate in an envelope for his case files.

While Bernie walked to his car in the parking lot, Kent parked his patrol car in another area of the lot.

While Bernie drove out of the lot and headed east down Marshallton Avenue, Kent went inside the hospital.

Bernie drove down Marshallton Avenue then turned left on Haneyville Road and headed west.

He drove down Haneyville Road and headed back to the Motel 6 to review his newest piece of information.

After Kent picked up Rock's copy of Abbott's death certificate in an envelope, he headed back to the station. During the entire drive, all he could think about was Rock screwing and beating Rachel. He really had his doubts that his father was telling the truth about these recent events.

While Kent headed back to the station, Bernie stopped off at the 7-11 to buy some snacks and drinks for his motel room.

Rock sat in his office and pondered how to handle the events.

Andrew was home asleep since Rock put him on the night shift.

Donovan watched TV with George and Betsy in their living room.

Jodi and Ernie watched TV in his living room.

They waited for Bernie to call and meet on their next strategy move.

The other folks of Haneyville were talking about the recent events that happened. This was big news in their peaceful and quite uneventful lives.

Kent arrived back at the police station with the envelope from Doc Hudson in hand.

He walked into Rock's office. Rock was not in his office so Kent just dropped off the envelope on the top of the desk.

He rushed out of Rock's office and went over to his desk.

"Did you pick it up?" asked Rock while he stepped out of the men's room and saw Kent behind his desk.

"Yes. It's on your desk," Kent replied and wanted to avoid eye contact with Rock.

Rock walked through the office area and headed back to his office.

Once Rock got in his office he saw the envelope on his desk. He grabbed it and

opened it up. He removed the copy of the death certificate while he walked around his desk and headed to his chair.

He started looking over Charlie's death certificate the second his butt cheeks hit his seat. He looked over the death certificate then placed it down on his desk. Then his eyes widened when he thought something was odd. He picked it back up and looked it over again.

Out in the office area, Kent sat at his desk and looked at the Internet for crime stories.

"What the *fuck!*" cursed out Rock from inside his office.

Kent got curious and got up from his desk, he gingerly walked over to Rock's office. He stood by Rock's office doorway to eavesdrop.

"Doc Hudson, what the fuck is wrong with you?" Kent heard Rock say into his desk phone.

There was a brief moment of silence while Rock heard Doc Hudson's reply.

“You have that time all fucking wrong. It’s way too early. Fix it!” yelled Rock into his phone.

There was another brief moment of silence while Rock heard Doc Hudson’s reply.

“I said, you have the fucking time wrong. It should be around eight forty-five,” yelled Rock into his phone.

There was another brief moment of silence while Rock heard Doc Hudson’s reply.

“I said, I want you to fix the *fucking time*,” Rock yelled then he slammed down the phone.

Kent quietly rushed back over to his desk and quietly sat down in his chair.

“I’m stepping out,” said Rock while he stormed out of his office.

Kent avoided eye contact while Rock stormed past the counter with fire in his eyes and went out the front doors.

The second Rock stormed through the front doors, Kent got up and rushed over to the counter.

He went around the counter and headed to the front windows of the station. He peeked out the blinds and saw Rock get into his patrol car slamming the driver's door.

He saw Rock start up his car, backed out and raced off toward the street.

Kent rushed back around the counter and made a beeline to Rock's office.

Once he got inside Rock's office, he picked up the copy of Charlie's birth certificate. He glanced it over and thought nothing of it. Then he remembered something from Saturday night and looked back at the certificate. "Son of a bitch," he said while he took a third glance at the certificate.

He placed the certificate back down on Rock's desk then headed out of the office.

Kent went back to his desk with that death certificate on his mind. He now started to believe that Donovan and Jodi might in fact be innocent.

Back in his Motel 6 room, Bernie looked over the birth certificate while he drank

some coffee at the small room desk. Then he looked at his notes from the meeting with Donovan and Jodi. He looked back at the birth certificate. "Hallelujah," he said and had a huge grin while he stared at the death certificate.

He picked up his Samsung cell phone and made a call. "Mister Carlson, meet me at the Anderson's home. And bring Jodi. I have something good to share," said Bernie then he disconnected that call and made another call. "Mister Anderson, have Donovan at your home. I'll be there shortly with something good to share," he said then disconnected that end of the call.

Bernie got up from the desk, grabbed his cell phone, pad of paper and Charlie's birth certificate.

He did a victory dance on his way to his room door.

While Bernie left his motel room and headed to George and Betsy's home, Rock parked his patrol car along the curb by the front entrance of the Haneyville Hospital.

Rock got out of his patrol car and rushed to the front entrance still pissed.

Rock rushed through the front doors of the hospital and made a beeline down the hallway to the right.

Nancy just reported to duty at the Nurses Station. She came in early today to cover for a coworker that had to stay home with a sick child.

She looked up just in time to see Rock rush by her station looking furious. She felt that was odd.

She walked out into the hallway from the station. She looked down the hallway and saw Rock turn right and rush down the hallway that housed some of the doctors.

She got curious and walked down the hallway.

She turned down that hallway Rock rushed down.

Then Nancy walked halfway down the hallway and saw the door for Doctor Hudson's office cracked open.

"I don't *fucking* care," yelled Rock.

“I can’t change his death certificate. It’s accurate and changing it would be falsification. And I’m not going to do that,” replied Doc Hudson and he sounded serious. “Besides, I had Doc Franklin from Knoxville come up here to assist. We both agreed,” Doc Hudson added.

Nancy rushed away fearing Rock would burst out of Doc Hudson’s office and know she spied on their conversation.

The second Nancy turned left down the other hallway, Rock stormed out of Doc Hudson’s office.

He stormed down the hallway.

Nancy rushed back to the Nurses Station and sat down out of breath.

She glanced down at some paperwork the second Rock stormed past the Nurses Station.

Nancy thought something was wrong, so she reached down to her purse on the floor and grabbed her cell phone. She made a call. “Hey daddy, it’s me,” she said into her cell phone.

“Hi baby,” said Judge Olson from her cell phone.

“Daddy, I just heard something strange here at the hospital. Sheriff Riley rushed down past the Nurses Station and looked mad. He went into Doc Hudson’s office and was yelling at him to change something on a death certificate. The only death certificate I know that was recently done was the one on Charlie Abbott,” Nancy into her cell phone.

“That does sound strange. I’ll check into this. Thanks baby,” said Judge Olson from her cell phone then he disconnected his end of the call.

Nancy put her cell phone away in her purse and felt she did the right thing by calling her daddy.

Back at George and Betsey’s home, George, Betsy, Donovan, Ernie, Jodi and Bernie sat just down at the kitchen table.

“I found something very interesting that will help your case,” Bernie said while he removed Charlie’s death certificate from the envelope. “The time of death was

documented on the death certificate as eight thirty,” said Bernie with a smile on his face.

George, Betsy and Ernie were clueless what this meant.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Donovan and Jodi.

“I got that text message from Charlie around eight forty-five,” said Donovan.

“Exactly,” said Bernie.

Jodi thought about this for a few more seconds. “Which means Charlie couldn’t have sent Donovan that text message because he,” Jodi said.

“Was dead,” George said interrupting Jodi from finishing her sentence.

“That’s right. Dead men can’t text,” said Bernie.

“I can imagine that that would cast a shadow of a doubt with a jury,” said Jodi.

“You got it. Plus Sheriff Riley would have to explain how he got a call about a gun shot in the woods after Charlie died. I’ll get his cell phone records subpoenaed,” said Bernie while he jotted that down as an action item.

Jodi got up from her chair and walked over to Bernie. She gave him a hug. Bernie smiled.

“Let’s go out and eat,” said George.

“The Lake View,” said Donovan while he glanced at Jodi.

Bernie, George, Betsy and Ernie nodded in agreement with Donovan.

They all got up from the table and headed out to eat.

Instead of going back to the police station, Rock headed home. He immediately went inside his den and started drinking some Jack Daniels and water. He was still fuming inside and decided to get drunk.

Back at the hospital, Doc Hudson was getting to leave for the day but his desk phone rang.

“Doc Hudson,” he answered the call.

“Doc, Judge Olson here, listen, I heard you had an unusual visit from Sheriff Riley.

And he wanted to change a death certificate.
Talk to me.”

Doc Hudson sat back down at his desk and told Judge Olson about Rock’s visit and demand.

It was 8:30 p.m. that evening and Donovan and Jodi took another stroll after they got back from the Lake View Restaurant.

They walked hand in hand down the sidewalk on Addison Avenue loving the evening air.

They did not notice Rock in his Impala parked south on Addison Avenue. Rock was staking the two reporters and wondered if they will do this every night around this time.

Chapter 27

Thursday morning arrived in Haneyville and it was going to be another beautiful cloudless day.

The evening was uneventful for everybody. Except for Rock who got drunk and passed out in his lazy boy chair in his den. He woke up with this morning with a splitting headache.

The forensics experts, Wendy and Jack were back at the morgue of the Haneyville Hospital.

They were wrapping up their report on the skeletons to document that the skeletons were in fact Howie Anderson and Tiffany Anderson. This was mainly based on the provided dental records of Howie and Tiffany.

The report also documented that Tiffany was hit on the back of her head by the crack in the skull and shot in her forehead by the

visible hole. They theorized that Howie was shot in his chest by the one bullet hole in the heart by the nick in one of the bones of the rib cage.

They theorized that the two were buried naked since no remains of clothing were found in the dirt graves.

A bullet was found in Tiffany's skull and Jack believed it to be a forty-five caliber. They believed that the same type of bullet also killed Howie.

So Wendy and Jack headed out to the woods by the clearing to look at the two shallow graves for any other bullets. They figured one could have dropped to the dirt after the bodies decomposed. They also wanted to make sure pieces of clothing were not left behind in the graves.

While Wendy and Jack headed out to the woods by the clearing, the rest of Haneyville was up eating breakfast.

Rock entered the police station with his splitting headache and a bear of attitude.

Kent avoided eye contact with Rock while he headed over to the coffee pot.

Rock was quiet while he poured coffee into his cup.

He headed back to his office and silently prayed that today would bring news in his favor.

The second Rock sat down at his desk with his coffee his desk phone rang.

“What?” Sheriff Rock answered the call.

“Sheriff Riley, I’m Carl Verlander from down here in Knoxville. I’ve been assigned to be the prosecutor for the murder trial you have up there in Haneyville,” Carl said from the phone.

“I thought Wallace Mayer from Haneyville was going to be the prosecutor?” said Rock and he looked concerned.

“Judge Olson wanted someone else to act as the prosecutor after he had some concerns.”

“Concerns? What concerns? I haven’t heard of any concerns,” asked Rock and his head started to pound harder and he started to cuss in his head between pounds.

“Let me come up there so we can talk about these concerns and this case,” said Carl.

Rock hesitated for a few seconds.

“Okay.”

“I’ll be up there in an hour,” said Carl then he hung up.

Rock hung up his phone and felt like beating something. But he refrained and drank his coffee.

He picked up his phone and made another call.

“Hey Rock,” answered Wallace after seeing Rock’s name on his caller ID.

“What the fuck is going on? I get this call from some prosecutor in Knoxville that is going to do the case against those two reporters. Why the fuck didn’t you call me?” said Rock in a raised tone into his phone.

There was a few seconds of silence. “I tried buddy, but your line was busy,” replied Wallace.

“How come you’re not doing the case?”

“Judge Olson wanted that Verlander guy in Knoxville to do it.”

Meanwhile out in the woods by the clearing, Wendy and Jack were at the two shallow graves sites. They carefully dug through the dirt of the two shallow graves. They did not find any pieces of clothing but they found two forty-five caliber bullets they believed killed Howie.

Wendy and Jack left the clearing and headed back to the hospital with the bullets.

George, Donovan and Betsy sat around the kitchen table drinking some more morning coffee. They chatted and the recent murder was temporally out of their minds.

The phone in the kitchen rang.

“I’ll get it,” said George while he got up from the table.

He walked over to the phone that hung on the wall by the doorway. “Hello,” he answered the call.

“George, Irving Spence here. Listen, I should have brought this up earlier but I didn’t know if it was important. But anyway,

I was out on Stinson Road on Saturday night. I was coming back from Lexington and had a flat tire way north of the dirt road that heads out to the clearing. Anyway, it was around eight twenty-five and I heard a gun shot in the woods. It sounded like it came from the direction of clearing. Then about ten minutes later, I saw someone run across the road from that direction. Someone ran into that other dirt road on the other side of Stinson. Then a few minutes later, I saw a car drive out of that dirt road. It looked like a Chevy Impala,” said Irving and he sounded sincere.

George was speechless for a few seconds, as he could not believe how more helpful information had arrived. “Irving, you need to talk to Betsy’s nephew Bernie. He’s representing the two reporters accused of killing Charlie. He’s staying at the Motel six,” said George.

“Bernie at the motel six. Got it and sorry I didn’t call earlier. I was a little afraid of getting involved, but Martha told me it was

my duty. I wanted to talk to you, as I don't trust Sheriff Riley," said Irving.

"Thanks Irving. You did the right thing," said George then he hung up.

George looked at everybody with a smile. "Great news," he said while he walked back to the table with a huge grin.

Everybody looked curious to hear George's great news.

George sat back down at the table and started to tell everybody what Irving had just said on the phone. Everybody was elated.

Wendy and Jack returned to the hospital from the woods by the clearing.

They placed the two bullets they found in Howie's grave in a separate baggie. They had the bullet found in Tiffany's skull in another baggie. They planned on taking them to Knoxville in case the murder weapon was eventually found.

Wendy and Jack finalized their report on their laptop to include the two bullets and the fact that no piece of clothing could be found in the graves. They really believed the

murder removed their clothes after killing the two teens.

Then Wendy emailed an electronic copy of the report to their home office in Knoxville. They proceeded to print out four hard copies for distribution. Bernie had previously requested he receive a copy of their report.

After they made distribution, Wendy and Jack headed back south to their office in Knoxville.

Back at the Motel 6, Bernie sat in his room while he jotted down some notes while he read Wendy and Jack's report on the skeletons.

There was a knock on his room door.

Bernie got up and opened the door.

"Yes."

"I'm Irving Spence. I have something to tell you about Saturday night. I heard that gun shot," he said.

A grin grew on Bernie's face knowing he was getting some additional information to help this case. "Please come inside, George called me," said Berne.

Irving went inside Bernie's motel room and started to tell him the same information he told George.

After the hospital received their copy of the report, word spread around Haneyville that the two skeletons were in fact Howie Anderson and Tiffany Carlson.

Betsy knew this bit of news would be coming soon but she still cried in her bed.

Back at the police station, Carl Verlander just arrived from Knoxville. He was escorted into Rock's office by Kent. Rock closed his office door so they could have some privacy.

Kent went back to his desk and thought about this case and his daddy.

But Kent's curiosity got the best of him and he rushed back to Rock's office.

He stood to the side of the door to eavesdrop. This often worked since his door had slits at the top for air flow.

Inside Rock's office, Carl looked Rock straight in his eyes.

"I received your report and I have to be blunt Sheriff Riley, I believe that the State of Tennessee has a weak case against these two reporters," said Carl.

"Weak, how can it be weak? I found those reporters by Charlie's dead body."

"Anybody could have stumbled across those two bodies. How do you know they were not going to call you with their discovery?" said Carl.

Rock did not answer that question.

"In addition, that Rachel Collins could testify that she was with Charlie Abbott that night those two kids were murdered. That also throws a shadow of doubt that Charlie Abbott killed Howie and Tiffany," said Carl.

Rock was fuming inside but kept is cool while Carl was in his office.

"And I heard that Judge Olson might work on getting those charges dropped against the reporters. He stated that you tried to get the doctor at the hospital to

change the time of death on Abbott's death certificate. Why would you do that?"

Rock frowned while he looked at Carl who waited for Rock's response. "I thought that he documented the incorrect time based on when I got the call about the gun shot."

"Who called you?"

"It was an anonymous caller," replied Rock while he looked away from Carl.

"Anonymous caller. Can you get that anonymous caller to testify?" asked Carl.

Rock looked away. "No."

"That's what I thought. I'll be in touch later," said Carl while he got up from his chair.

Outside Rock's office, Kent rushed back to his desk the second he realized Rock's door would open.

He sat down and started to feel that maybe his daddy is harboring a dark secret.

Kent watched while Carl left Rock's office.

Carl headed to the counter and he did not look happy with his meeting with Rock.

Kent looked back at Rock's office.

"Fuck!" Rock yelled out from behind his desk.

"I'm going to go out and do a patrol around down," Kent yelled out while he got up from his desk.

Rock never replied while Kent headed to the counter then left the station. He got up and walked over and closed his office door.

"Fuck!" Rock's voice bellowed from his office while he kicked his desk.

A little while later, Kent drove his patrol car down Haneyville Road and soon turned right on Highland Avenue.

He parked in the parking lot of the shops and walkway wanting to stroll around for some fresh air.

Kent walked down the walkway and headed in the direction of the Lake View Restaurant.

He walked by the restaurant then headed toward Anne's Antiques' store.

He stopped and looked at the antiques' on display in Anne's store to kill some time.

His eyes widened the second he saw a small six-inch by eight-inch old wooden chest. There was something about that chest that felt familiar.

Then Kent had a flashback...

In Kent's flashback, he was eight years old and was rummaging through Rock's garage on a Saturday afternoon. He was being a typical curious kid trying to see what cool stuff he could dig up.

Then he saw the chain dangling from the ceiling for the garage attic pull down stairs. The sight of that chain put his curiosity in high gear so he wondered what type of adventures he could have up there.

He walked over and jumped up and grabbed the chain. He pulled the stairs down then saw it was dark inside the attic.

He saw a flashlight on the nearby workbench. He rushed over and grabbed the flashlight.

He rushed back and climbed up the ladder.

Once he got to the top of the ladder, he turned on the flashlight.

The attic was empty except for this sixteen-inches wide by 20 inches long by 12 inches deep old wooden chest with a pad lock at the far end of the attic to his right.

Kent started to climb in the attic from the stairs.

“What the hell are you doing up here?” yelled Rock who was drunk from whiskey.

Kent froze, as he knew that tone in Rock’s voice meant he was in deep trouble.

“Nothing daddy. Just looking around,” said Kent with a bit of a shaky voice.

“Get you fucking ass down that ladder, *now!*” yelled Rock.

Kent slowly climbed down the ladder.

When he got off the ladder he could tell that that his daddy was pissed by the quivering of his upper lip.

Rock grabbed the bottom of the attic pull down stairs and slammed it shut. “Didn’t I tell you to *never* to go up in that attic?” yelled Rock.

“Yes daddy,” Kent replied and started to shake in fear.

Rock removed his belt and Kent knew what this meant.

“Please don’t daddy, I’ll never go up there. I promise,” said Kent while his eyes welled up.

Rock spun Kent around and started to beat Kent’s butt with his belt.

Kent cried out pain while that belt smacked his backside.

“*Never, never, never* go up there,” Rock yelled out while he beat Kent with his belt.

And Kent never went up in the attic of the garage.

Back to reality, Kent’s butt cheeks tensed up while he recalled that beating so many years ago. He remembered he cried in his room for thirty minutes afterward and was being comforted by his mom. Kent clinched his fists, as he really wanted to pay his daddy back for those painful beatings with the belt. He forgot about that chest, as he wanted to forget about that beating.

Then Kent had a hunch and it was a really good hunch.

He turned around and rushed back down the walkway heading to the parking lot.

Back at the Motel 6, Bernie was drinking some more coffee while he went over his notes over and over again.

He picked up his cell phone and looked up a contact. He called that contact.

“Carl Verlander,” replied Carl from Bernie’s cell phone.

“Carl, Bernie Hollister here. Listen, I heard you’re the prosecutor for the murder case up here in Haneyville.”

“That’s right.”

“I’m defending Donovan Kirby and Jodi Lauder. And listen, we need to talk about the possibility of dropping this case. I feel the state has a weak case and I would hate to embarrass you in court by winning. Especially since I’m finding mistakes the sheriff up here is making and he’s starting to look a little suspicious in my eyes. I also

feel there wasn't a proper investigation done on the murder of Charlie Abbott by the Sheriff of Haneyville. Sheriff Riley jumped the gun too quick and arrested my two clients. And I want to know why he was at the scene the second my clients stated they arrived there?"

There was a few seconds of silence from Bernie's cell phone. "I'm going to have a discussion with my boss on this case. I'll get back with you," said Carl.

"Thanks. I'm looking forward for your call," said Bernie then he disconnected the call.

Bernie placed his cell phone down and had a good gut feeling he would clear Donovan and Jodi of murder charges. He started to jot down his points on why he felt the state had a weak case and would lose.

Elsewhere in Haneyville, George, Betsy, Ernie, Donovan and Jodi went shopping at the Haneyville Mall.

This was a small indoor mall that had a Sears retail store at the one end, numerous

other stores and a food court. The residents of Haneyville were happy when this mall was built in 1992 because it saved them numerous shopping trips down to Knoxville.

George, Ernie and Donovan were in the Men's area of Sears while Donovan shopped for a suit and dress shoes for his upcoming trial.

Over in the Woman's area, Betsy and Jodi shopped for a dress and shoes for her trial.

After they were done shopping they decided to eat at the food court. For George, Betsy and Ernie, having Donovan and Jodi stay with them brought back so many fond memories of raising Howie and Tiffany.

Back in his apartment located off Highland next to the hospital, Kent sat in his small living room drinking a beer. He had all the recent events on his mind while he watched TV and was not happy.

Over at Rock's home, he again fumed in his den while he drank some whiskey and water. Melinda knew he was in another one of his bad moods so she decided to spend some time with her sister down in Knoxville.

It was 8:30 p.m. that evening and Donovan and Jodi took another stroll down the sidewalk and headed north on Addison Avenue.

They again did not notice Rock in his Impala parked south on Addison. Rock was staking out the two reporters and figured took this stroll every night around this time. They did it to relieve the stress of thinking about their upcoming murder trial.

It was later that night.

Donovan was sound asleep in Howie's bed.

Jodi was sound asleep in Tiffany's bed and she started to have another dream.

In Jodi's dream, she was on Tiffany's bedroom writing down in her diary while relaxing on the bed. In her dream she just wore a tee shirt and cotton panties. On the outside of her tee shirt was a gold chain with gold heart and small key that hung around her neck.

"August 19th, 1970. Howie and I had a heart to heart discussion earlier today. He decided that he's going down with Charlie on Friday morning into Knoxville. Howie decided that it would be best if he joined the Navy instead of running to Canada. He felt that he might not be able to support me and a baby if we ran off to Canada," Jodi wrote in her diary.

Then Jodi got off of the bed and dropped to stomach on the floor. She reached under her bed where a piece of the wooden floor had been previously removed and a hole in the floor was visible.

She grabbed the leather strap and took the keyed end and snapped it into the lock on the front of the diary. It was now safe

from peering eyes that could see her secrets.

She tucked the diary into the hole in the floor and reinstalled that piece of wood.

Jodi woke up from her dream.

She looked around the room in a daze. The diary she dreamt about seemed so real and she could feel that leather on her fingers.

She got off the bed and turned on the bedside lamp. She got on her stomach on the floor. She looked under the bed and could see that a piece of wood looked like it could be pried up.

She got up and for some reason felt the drawer of the bedside table would help. She opened up the drawer and found a small common head screwdriver.

“Perfect,” she said while she grabbed the screwdriver and dropped back to her stomach. Jodi pried that piece of wood opened and found a hole in the floor. “Please don’t let there be a rat inside there, please!” she said while she stuck her right

hand into the hole. She instantly felt some insulation that was for the top of the ceiling of the finished basement. Then she felt something that felt like a leather book. She removed it and saw it was Tiffany's diary that was still locked.

Jodi got back to her feet with the diary. She started to rummage through Tiffany's bedroom to find the key to unlock the diary.

After an hour of searching Tiffany's bedroom, Jodi could not find a key to unlock the diary. So she went back to bed. She closed her eyes and hoped to have a dream on the location of that key.

Hours had passed and it was now 2:00 a.m.

Kent was still awake and watched TV from his couch. His curiosity was extremely peaked. "I have to look," he said while he got up from his couch and headed to his apartment front door.

A little while later, Kent parked his patrol car down on Addison Avenue four houses down from Rock's home.

Kent got out of his patrol car and rushed down the sidewalk.

When he got to Rock's home he rushed up the driveway and walked past Rock's Impala.

He headed to the side of the garage.

He reached in his pockets and removed his set of keys. One of the keys was a key to Rock's home. Melinda gave him the key a couple of years ago.

Kent unlocked the side door of the garage.

He stepped in the dark garage and immediately turned on his flashlight application on his iPhone.

He used his flashlight and saw the garage was a mess.

Over at the far side was a 1958 Chevy that Rock started to restore ten years ago. The car was years from being completed and Rock had not touched it in eight years.

The other area of the garage was filled with pieces of that old Chevy. That was why Rock and Melinda parked their cars in the driveway.

He used the flashlight and walked over to the dangling chain of the attic pull down stairs.

He ever so carefully slowly pulled down the stairs. He cringed when the springs started to make a twang sound and he feared Rock would hear and bust inside the garage. But he did not and Kent was able to successfully pull the stairs down.

He looked up at the dark hole and that day of his beating with the belt came back.

He decided he had to look so he quietly climbed up the stairs and went inside the attic.

Once Kent got inside the attic, he pointed the iPhone in the direction he recalled seeing that wooden chest.

His eyes widened and was really happy that that wooden chest was still in that exact spot. It appeared to have more dust on it

that made Kent feel Rock had not touched it in years.

Kent used the flashlight and carefully crawled across the wooden floor of the attic.

He got to the chest and found that it was locked. He pulled on the lock and it would not open. "Rats," he said, as he really wanted to see what was inside this chest.

Then he heard the toilet flush in the home.

Kent carefully crawled back to the opening and quietly went down the ladder.

He carefully pushed the pull down ladder back up into the attic opening with the springs again making that twang sound.

Kent quietly headed to the side door of the garage.

He went back outside and ran across Rock's front yard and headed to his car.

The second Kent got back inside his patrol car and headed down Addison Avenue, Rock came out of his bathroom had

a strange feeling he heard something in his garage.

Rock went inside his garage and flicked on the light. He looked around and everything appeared normal.

He went back inside his home and went back to sleep shrugging off that intruder feeling.

Chapter 28

Friday morning arrived across Haneyville.

Bernie woke up around 8:00 a.m. and after his shower he ate breakfast at the Perkins restaurant.

After breakfast, Bernie went back to his Motel 6 room and he made a cell phone call.

“Senator Thomas,” Senator Jerome Thomas a Tennessee state Senator replied from Bernie’s cell phone.

“Senator, it’s me Bernie Hollister,” he said into his cell phone.

“Bernie. How are you doing? I haven’t heard from you in a while. How’s your daddy doing?” asked Senator Thomas who grew up with Bernie’s father and were old football buddies during high school down in Knoxville.

“He’s fine and enjoying retirement,” replied Bernie.

“I plan on retiring after my term is up next year. So, why the call?”

“Senator, I’m here in Haneyville on a murder case. But things smell really fishy with the sheriff of this town, Sheriff Riley. I think he’s framing two reporters for the murder of a former resident of Haneyville. I would like the state troopers to conduct their own investigation into Sheriff Riley.”

There was a few seconds of silence from his cell phone. “Do you believe that?”

“Yes I do Senator.”

“Okay, I’ll have someone from my staff contact you later today and you can give them the details. I’ll see what I can do.”

“Thanks Senator and I’ll be looking forward to talking with them,” said Bernie then he disconnected his end of the call with a huge smile.

Bernie started going through his notes and jotted down the points as why he wanted Sheriff Riley investigated.

After breakfast, Jodi and Ernie just finished breakfast. He was making a fresh

pot of coffee while she excused herself and went into Tiffany's bedroom.

She came out of Tiffany's bedroom with the diary in hand. "I found this last night. I believe it's Tiffany's diary," she said while she walked up to Ernie and showed him the diary.

"Where did you find that?" asked Ernie while he took the diary from Jodi.

"Under the floor of her bed. There was a loose piece of flooring."

"How did you know to look there?"

Jodi felt caught and pondered a viable excuse. "I hid mine in a place just like that in my bedroom. And I got curious if Tiffany had a diary."

"Ah, I see. I remember the day we gave that to her. It was on her sixteenth birthday. Kathy and I promised we would never read it as we wanted Tiffany to have some privacy in her life," he said while he looked it over.

"I wonder if it has anything in there about Sheriff Riley?" she asked.

"Possible but it's locked," said Ernie while he tried to open it up.

“I couldn’t find a key in her bedroom.”

“This might contain some information to help your case.”

“That’s what I’m thinking.”

“Wow. I can’t believe this has been in Tiffany’s room all these years. But I did forget about it a long time ago,” said Ernie while he placed the diary on the kitchen table. “I’ll call Bernie a little later and tell him what we found and see what he wants to do with it,” Ernie then he walked over to the coffee pot and poured two fresh cups of coffee.

Back at George and Betsy’s home, she just made a pancake breakfast and they sat down with Donovan to eat.

While they ate breakfast, Betsy wished Donovan could stay in her home forever. She felt like he was a mother again.

Rock was back at the police station drinking coffee in his office. He had another splitting headache from drinking whiskey last night and popped some more aspirins.

Kent sat at his desk and pondered how he could secretly see the contents of that wooden chest. He had a gut feeling about that chest and could not get it out of his mind.

“I’m going to take a nap,” said Rock while he got out of his office.

Rock went down the jail cell hallway where the cot was stored that Kent used on Sunday.

Rock got on the cot and closed his eyes and hoped he could sleep off this headache.

Kent though this was his opportunity. “I’m going to patrol around town to give you some peace and quiet,” he said while he got up from his desk.

“Good idea,” Rock called out from the hallway.

Kent left the station.

A little while later, Kent had pulled his patrol car into the driveway of Rock’s home.

He got out of his patrol car and rushed to the front door.

He unlocked the front door then stepped inside the living room.

Once Kent got inside the living room, he rushed through it and headed into the kitchen.

He went to the door of the kitchen that led into the garage.

He opened the door and rushed into the garage.

He rushed over to Rock's work bench and looked for something useful. He found a bolt cutter hanging on the wall. He grabbed it then rushed over to the chain that dangled from the pull down attic stairs.

He pulled the stairs down.

After the stairs were down, Kent put on some black leather gloves then rushed up into the attic with the bolt cutter in hand.

Once he got inside the attic, he turned on his flashlight application on his iPhone.

He carefully crawled on the attic floor and headed to the wooden chest.

He placed his iPhone down in a position where the flashlight provided light on the pad lock of the chest.

He used the bolt cutter and cut the pad lock. He removed and shoved the pad lock in his pants pocket.

He picked up his iPhone the shined the flashlight into the chest when he opened up the lid.

“What the hell?” he said the second he saw some clothes that looked old and smelled musty. They looked to be 1970s style blue jeans and shoes. Then he saw a gold heart and small key on a gold chain.

Then he saw what appeared to be a wallet and a driver’s license.

He reached inside and carefully looked at the driver’s license. It was for Tiffany Carlson.

“I don’t believe. I don’t fucking believe it,” said Kent while he snapped a picture of the inside of the chest with his iPhone.

He closed the lid of the chest.

He grabbed the bolt cutter and his flashlight. “But it doesn’t surprise me,” he

said while he crawled back to the attic opening.

Kent climbed back down the stairs then pushed the pull down stairs back up into the attic opening.

He rushed out of the garage closing the door.

A little while later, Kent was in his patrol car driving down Addison Avenue. He pondered what should he do now that he found evidence that his father was probably the killer of Howie, Tiffany and Charlie.

After Kent drove out of the residential neighborhood, he headed down Haneyville Road to park in the parking lot by the lake walkway. He wanted some fresh air while he pondered this dilemma.

A little while later, Kent walked down the walkway, he finally had an idea. So he rushed down the walkway and headed into Tina and Tim's Coffee Shop.

After he got a small cup of coffee, Kent surfed the Internet and found the phone number he wanted.

He left the coffee shop and headed down the walkway.

He stopped on the walkway when nobody was close enough to hear his conversation. He made the call to the number he found on the Internet.

“Special Investigations Bureau, Trooper Becky Faith speaking, how may I help you?” Becky answered the call.

“I’m Kent Riley. I’m a deputy here in Haneyville. Listen, I have a situation where I need your immediate assistance,” said Kent into his iPhone.

“How may we help?”

“Well, we had a murder here outside Haneyville this Saturday night. My daddy is the Sheriff here in Haneyville and he arrested two reporters for this murder. Problem is that the guy murdered, named Charlie Abbott was found dead by two shallow graves where two people were killed

back in nineteen seventy,” said Kent into his phone.

“Wait, wasn’t there a car found in your lake a few weeks ago. A car from two teens that went missing in nineteen seventy and believed to have run away to Canada?” asked Becky from his phone.

“That’s correct but the skeletons found on Saturday turned out to be whose two missing teens. I believe that my daddy, the Sheriff of Haneyville, killed those two teens and this Charlie Abbott guy,” said Kent and his heart started pounding, as he got nervous.

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone. “How do you know your daddy killed these people?”

“I have evidence he killed those two teens back in seventy.”

“What evidence?”

“I just found a wooden chest in his attic that contained the clothes, wallet and driver’s license of these two teens. I snapped a picture. I can email it to you.”

“Okay,” Trooper Faith said and gave Kent her email address.

Kent emailed her the picture and a few seconds had passed.

“Okay Deputy Riley. I’ll have someone get in touch with you.”

“Make it right away. I’m afraid daddy might get rid of the evidence really soon,” said Kent and his legs started to tremble a little.

“We’ll be in touch,” said Trooper Faith then she disconnected her end of the call.

Kent walked down the walkway feeling he did the right thing.

“Hey Kent,” called out Andrew from behind his back.

Kent cringed the second he heard Andrew’s voice behind him. “Andrew,” he said while he turned around and saw Andrew with his young wife Sandy who was four months pregnant.

“What are you doing down here?” asked Andrew while he held onto Sandy’s hand.

Kent looked at Andrew and then at Sandy. "Can we speak in private? It's a serious matter that only you should hear."

"Stay here," Andrew told Sandy then gave her a kiss on the cheek.

Kent pulled Andrew away to a safe distance then started to tell him about today's events.

Down the walkway, Bernie, George, Donovan, Betsy, Ernie and Jodi just walked out of the Lake View Restaurant from eating a late lunch.

Donovan and Jodi spotted Kent and Andrew chatting alone down the walkway. They saw Kent show Andrew his iPhone. They thought nothing of it and headed off to the parking lot.

A few minutes had passed and Kent and Andrew finished their discussion. Andrew never cared for Rock and planned to help out Kent.

Andrew and Sandy went home to their apartment while Kent decided he better

make an appearance back at the police station.

Back at the police station, Rock woke up from his nap with a throbbing headache.

He went into this office and grabbed four aspirins from his desk. He grabbed his coffee cup.

He headed out of his office and made a beeline to the coffee pot.

Kent entered the station while Rock poured coffee into his cup.

“The town is nice and quiet,” said Kent while he walked over to his desk and could not look at Rock while he stood at the coffee pot.

Rock could care less while he popped those four aspirins then chased them down with some coffee.

Rock remained quiet while he headed back to his office. He sat down behind his desk and felt like his whole world was crashing down around him.

Kent sat down at his desk and stared at his iPhone.

Meanwhile, Andrew left Sandy alone at their apartment and headed over to his parents house. He had his badge clipped to his belt of his jeans and had a shoulder harness with his revolver. He started to role-play being a detective. He drove off in his Ford Escape.

Sandy sat in their living room and did not have a good feeling about Andrew leaving. She did not mind him being a police officer in Haneyville since nothing happens, but the recent events started to make her nervous.

A little while later, Andrew had his car parked in his parents garage at their home located on Addison Avenue. This was perfect because they lived five houses down from Rock's home on the other side of the street. Andrew had a perfect view of Rock's driveway.

He started to discreetly peek out his parent's living room window curtains and staked out Rock's driveway. Andrew was

lucky because his parents were out down in Florida on a cruise to the Caribbean. And he did promise to check up on their home once in a while. So today was a perfect time to fulfill his promise.

Back at George and Betsy's home, they just had everybody retire in the living room after a fresh cup of coffee was finished brewing.

While they started to discuss the case, Bernie's cell phone rang from the clip on his belt. "Excuse me," he said and got up and walked off into the kitchen.

While Bernie had a private discussion on his cell phone, the others continued with idle chat.

Back at the police station, Kent was still at his desk while Rock was in his office.

Kent's iPhone rang and that startled him and he jumped a little. He looked and saw that a Major Tony Sanders was calling.

He got up from his desk. "Hello," he said into his iPhone while he rushed over to the counter.

Rock stepped into the doorway of his office and was curious with Kent's phone call. He watched while Kent slipped out the front doors and got suspicious.

He walked out of his office and headed to the counter.

Outside by the front doors, Kent felt this was a good place to have a private phone call.

"Yes, I'm the one that called," Kent said softly into his iPhone.

While Kent listened to Major Sanders talk on his iPhone, he did not see Rock while he peeked out the cracked open front door.

Then Rock went away when he heard his office phone ringing.

Back in the station, Rock rushed through the office area and headed back into his office.

“Sheriff Riley,” he answered the call.

“Sheriff, Carl Verlander here.”

Rock sat down at this desk and he had this was not a good call by the tone of Carl’s voice. “Yeah, Carl.”

“Ah, listen,” said Carl then he hesitated for a few seconds. “The Attorney General is probably going to drop the charges again Donovan Kirby and Jodi Lauder. He feels you really botched up this case and feels we don’t have strong evidence that they in fact killed Charlie Abbott. The Attorney General is seriously considering having one of the investigators from the State Troopers office investigate this murder. Someone from that office will be in touch with you shortly to get some information,” Carl said from the phone.

Rock started to sweat and get nervous. “Okay Carl. I’ll be ready to assist someone from the state in any way I can,” he said then hung up his phone. Rock knew that he was more likely the target of this investigation. He could not believe his eyes how things have turned within the last

couple of days. He started to get scared for the first time in his life.

Rock's hands shook while he reached down at the bottom right side of his desk. He opened the bottom drawer and removed a bottle of Jack Daniels. He opened up the bottle and took a healthy swig to calm his nerves.

Then Rock's eyes widened when he suddenly remembered something. "Fuck!" he called out then placed the Jack Daniels bottle back in his desk drawer.

He shot up from his desk and rushed out of his office.

Rock charged through the office area and went around the counter.

He charged to the front doors and slammed one of them open.

At the same time Rock slammed open one of the front door, Kent tried to go inside the station. A charging Rock who looked scared knocked Kent down on his butt on the concrete.

Rock charged off and could care less he knocked down Kent.

Kent got up and saw Rock get inside his patrol car, started it up and screeched backward out of his parking spot.

Rock screeched away through the parking lot.

Kent figured something was going down with Rock's behavior.

He went inside the police station.

Once Kent sat down behind his desk in the station he wrote a text message.

Over at Andrew's parents home, he just fixed a snack of apple pie and some coffee when his cell phone buzzed. He looked at the viewfinder.

"Dad left the station and looked scared. Keep an eye on his house," read Kent's text message.

Andrew grabbed his plate of his mom's homemade apple pie and rushed out of the kitchen and headed into the living room.

Andrew grabbed a chair, opened the living room curtains and tad then moved the chair to the window. He sat down and ate

some apple pie while he eyed Rock's driveway.

Then his eyes widened with an idea.

He jumped up from his chair and rushed through the living room.

He ran down the hallway and stopped at the closet. He opened up the closet, reached up on the top shelf and removed a pair of Bushnell binoculars.

He rushed back down the hallway and into the living room.

He rushed back to his chair, sat down and proceeded to stake out Rock's house with his dad's binoculars.

Back at George and Betsy's home, Bernie finished his cell phone call.

He went back into the living room.

"I hope it wasn't bad news," said Donovan.

"No, sorta good news. The Attorney General is considering dropping the murder charges against the both of you."

George, Betsy, and Ernie cheered the good news.

Donovan and Jodi hugged each other with huge smiles.

“Looks like the State Police will conduct an investigation into the death of Charlie Abbott. The Attorney General believes Sheriff Riley botched his investigation or a lack of an investigation,” said Bernie.

Jodi rested her head on Donovan’s shoulder and her eyes welled up thinking she was going to remain free for the rest of her life.

“Now, you two will still be considered suspects during this investigation, so you’re not completely out of the woods yet,” added Bernie.

“Don’t worry you two, I know in my heart that you’ll be free of all this real soon,” said Betsy.

Donovan placed his arm around Jodi and he also had this feeling Betsy’s comment would come true.

Back at the station, Kent paced around the office area and was anxious for the State Trooper to arrive from Knoxville.

Kent's iPhone rang. "Hello," he quickly answered the call.

"Deputy Riley, Judge Olson here. I had a call from State Trooper Major Anita Maus down at the Knoxville Headquarters. I have a search warrant ready for you to pick up," said Judge Olson from his iPhone.

Kent rushed to the door and was happy things were clicking in his favor.

While Kent rushed next door to the Court House his iPhone buzzed. He looked at the viewfinder and saw Andrew sent him a text message.

"Sheriff Riley moved stuff to the one side of his garage to the other then he backed his patrol car into his garage. He closed the garage door," said Andrew's text message.

"Keep an eye on him and text me when he leaves," Kent typed in as his text response.

Kent went to the side door of the Court House and went inside to see Judge Olson.

Back at Rock's house, he was in his garage and just pulled down the attic pull down stairs. His patrol car was back in with its trunk opened.

He rushed over and grabbed his flashlight off the workbench.

He rushed over and climbed up the stairs and headed into the attic.

Once he got in the attic he turned on his flashlight.

He crawled through the attic and headed to the chest.

Once he got to the chest he opened the lid. He illuminated the inside of the chest and rummaged through the contents. He was satisfied that Howie and Tiffany's clothes, her gold chain with gold heart and key, Howie's wallet, Tiffany's driver's license and Rock's Colt 45 from his Army days were still inside the chest.

"I thought I locked this?" he muttered out while he closed the lid. But then he thought he forgot to lock it years ago.

He carefully dragged the chest across the wooden floor and headed to the attic opening.

Rock man handled the chest while he climbed down attic pull down stairs.

Rock was halfway down the stairs when he lost his footing with his right shoe. He fumbled with the chest and lost his grip. The chest dropped and smacked into Rock sending him down to the concrete floor.

Rock smacked his butt bone hard on the concrete floor then whacked the back of his head on the bumper of his patrol car. He lay on the floor by the rear of his car passed out.

Back at the police station, Kent sat at his desk with the search warrant. He waited for the State Trooper detective to arrive at the station.

Chapter 29

It was 7:30 that evening.

Kent was getting concerned when he had not heard from the State Trooper detective. But he was happy that Andrew's surveillance of Rock's home showed he had not left the house. Kent figured that his daddy might have taken a nap to sleep off the whiskey he probably drank all day.

Kent's iPhone rang. "Deputy Riley," he quickly answered the call.

"Deputy Riley. I'm Detective Jan Morris with the Tennessee Highway Patrol's Criminal Investigation Division. Sorry I didn't call sooner but I had to stop to handle a car accident that happened on Stinson Road. I should be at your station within the hour," said Detective Morris.

"Great Detective Morris. I have the search warrant ready and my other deputy sent me a message that my daddy is still home," said Kent.

“Good, I’ll see you soon,” Detective Morris replied then disconnected her end of the call.

Kent felt better after receiving that call.

He got up from his desk and headed over to the coffee pot. He poured his fourth of coffee.

Back at Ernie’s home, he and Jodi just finished making a large spaghetti with meatballs and garlic bread dinner.

“This reminds me of those nights back in the late sixties. Tiffany would help me make spaghetti dinner on Saturday nights. We gave Kathy a break from cooking,” said Ernie while his eyes welled up a little thinking of his daughter.

Jodi smiled and her eyes started to well up a bit as that gave her a warm déjà vu feeling.

“Let’s get the table ready, our guests will be here any minute,” said Ernie while he carried the large bowl of spaghetti with meatballs into the dining room.

He placed it in the middle of his dining room table. He had not used this table for eating after Kathy died.

Jodi got six plates out of the cupboard and headed into the dining room.

While Ernie and Jodi got the dining room table ready, Donovan drove George's car with Betsy and Bernie inside over to Ernie's home.

Back at the police station, Kent waited for Detective Morris to arrive. He stated to pace near his desk and was getting antsy and nervous that Rock might get rid of the evidence.

Over in Rock's garage, he was still on the floor by the rear of his patrol car passed out.

Over at Andrew's parents home, he ate a microwavable Fried Chicken dinner while he spied on Rock's garage from the living room window. He just sent Kent a text

message that he saw no activity at Rock's home.

Back at Ernie's home, they all sat down for a night spaghetti dinner with some red wine.

It was now 8:15 p.m.

Donovan and Jodi took care of cleaning off the dining room table and washing the dishes. Ernie did not have a dishwasher since it broke two years ago. He decided since he's alone, he did not want the expense of a new one. So he just washed his few dishes by hand.

Detective Morris drove her black unmarked Chrysler Charger down Haneyville Road and just went past the Motel 6.

Back at Andrew's parents home, he sat in that chair peeking out the living room curtains drinking some coffee. This was his third cup. He just sent Kent a text message

that he had not seen any activity at Rock's home.

Back in Rock's garage, he stirred on the floor and became conscious. He sat up and looked around the dark garage in a bit of a daze. It took a few seconds for him to remember what had happened. He cringed as he had a pounding headache and goose egg on the back of his head.

He got up and fumbled his way to the wall by the kitchen door. He felt around the wall then found the light switch. He flipped on the light to the garage.

He looked by the attic stairs and saw the wooden chest upside down on the floor. Howie and Tiffany's clothes were dumped on the floor.

He walked over and turned the chest right side up. He picked up Howie and Tiffany's clothes up and dumped them back into the chest.

He reached inside the chest and removed his old Army Colt 45. He removed the magazine clip from the handle. He

counted three bullets remained in the clip. He put the clip back in the Colt 45 and dumped it back in the chest.

He looked at his watch and saw it was 8:25. He picked up the wooden chest. He walked it over and set it down in the trunk of his patrol car.

He walked over to his work bench and grabbed the new shovel he bought at Sears the other day.

He rushed over and placed it in the trunk of his car.

He rushed back over to the work bench and opened up a drawer under the top of the bench. He removed a black ski mask then slammed the drawer shut.

He rushed over to another part of the wall and grabbed the coveralls he wore the other night when he paid Charlie a visit in the woods.

He rushed back to the trunk of his car and dropped the ski mask and coveralls inside. He slammed the trunk closed.

Rock rushed over to the kitchen door then went back inside his house.

Once Rock got inside his house he rushed through the kitchen and headed down the hallway.

He went into the bedroom and popped four Excedrin extra strength pain pills.

He rushed out of his kitchen and headed back down the hallway.

He rushed into his kitchen and over to the Jack Daniels bottle on the kitchen counter. He opened up the bottle and took a healthy swig.

Then he rushed out of his home, got inside his car and drove out of his garage.

Over at Ernie's home, Donovan and Jodi left through the front door and headed down the sidewalk for their evening stroll.

They strolled down on Addison Avenue holding hands and loved the cool evening air.

Then Rock's patrol car rolled up and stopped. Rock's driver's door flew opened and Rock stepped outside.

Donovan and Jodi stopped dead in their tracks.

“We’re doing nothing wrong, Sheriff,” said Donovan.

“Is it against the law to walk on the sidewalk in this town?” asked Jodi and she started to get concerned.

“No, but I have a suspicion that you’re trying to escape walking around this late at night,” said Rock while he placed his hand on his revolver that was in his holster.

“We’re not trying to escape,” said Donovan.

“We’re just taking a stroll,” added Jodi.

“I don’t believe you. Because there’s a trail that goes deep into the woods just off Addison,” Rock said and pointed north on Addison. “You could have a friend waiting in the woods in a car.”

“We’re not trying to run,” said Donovan.

Rock removed his revolver and pointed it at Donovan and Jodi. “Place your hands behind your heads.”

Donovan and Jodi obeyed and silently prayed that someone in one of the homes was peeking out their living room windows.

Donovan's silent prayer worked, as the folks across the street and the folks at the house where this event was going down peeked out their living room curtains.

While Rock handcuffed Donovan's left wrist to Jodi's right wrist, they could smell the strong odor of whiskey on his breath. They both had the same bad déjà vu feeling.

"If you let us go, I promise we'll leave town and you'll never hear from us again," said Donovan while he walked them to his patrol car.

Rock frisked all their pants pockets and removed Donovan and Jodi's cell phones. He shoved them in his pants pocket then he placed them in the rear seat of his patrol car.

Rock got behind his wheel and drove off down the street.

Back at Andrew's parents home, he got back to his chair in the living room from taking a bathroom break.

He sat down in his chair and peeked out the living room window curtains.

His eyes widen in shock the second he saw Rock's garage door wide opened. He saw that Rock's patrol car was gone. "Shit!" he yelled out and jumped up out of the chair.

He peeked out the living room window and could not see Rock's patrol car anywhere down the street.

"Shit!" Andrew yelled out while he made a beeline out of the living room.

He ran into the kitchen then went into the garage from the kitchen door.

A little while later, the garage door to Andrew's parents opened.

Andrew backed his Ford Escape out and down the driveway.

The garage door closed while Andrew backed down onto the street.

He raced his Escape down Addison Avenue. "Fuck!" he yelled out for screwing up his surveillance assignment.

At the same moment back at the police station, Detective Morris just entered through the front doors.

Kent stood up from his desk the second he saw Detective Morris. He was immediately smitten and his heart raced a little at the sight of this beautiful woman in uniform. She was about the same age as Kent with blonde hair, blue eyes and pouty lips.

“I’m Detective Morris,” she said while she went to the counter.

“Ah, I’m, ah, Deputy, ah, Kent Riley,” he stuttered and he suddenly felt like a school kid trying to get a date from the girl of his dreams.

“Pleasure to meet you deputy,” said Detective Morris and there was something about Kent she liked but knew he had to be professional on this visit.

They shook hands and stared at each other for a few seconds. Then Kent’s eyes widened when he remembered why she came to Haneyville. “Oh yeah, the

warrant,” he said then turned around and rushed back to his desk.

He grabbed the search warrant then rushed back to the counter. He handed Jan the warrant.

She looked it over. “Let’s go,” she said.

Kent rushed around the counter and he opened one of the doors for Jan.

She smiled at him for being a gentleman while she stepped outside the station.

Once they got outside the station, they got inside her Charger.

When Kent closed the passenger door of the Charger, his iPhone rang. He saw that Andrew was calling. “Hey,” he answered the call.

Detective Morris started up her patrol car then let the engine idle while Kent talked on his iPhone.

“I fucked up. I went to take a piss and came back. Your daddy left his house. I’m driving south on Addison and can’t see his patrol car anywhere. I’m sorry man,” blurted out Andrew from the iPhone.

“Ah man,” cried out Kent then he paused to calm down.

Detective Morris looked at Kent and knew something was going wrong.

“Okay, drive around and let me know if you see where he’s heading,” he said into his iPhone.

“Okay,” replied Andrew then disconnected his end of the call.

“We got a little situation. Daddy took off in his patrol car,” he told Detective Morris.

“Do you know where he’s heading?”

“Deputy Barker is out looking for him. He’ll call when he spots daddy’s patrol car.”

Kent’s iPhone rang again. “Yeah Andrew,” he answered.

“It’s not Andrew, it’s Bernie Hollister. Listen, I just got word from some neighbors down the street that your daddy just arrested Donovan Kirby and Jodi Lauder then placed them in the back of his patrol car. What is going on deputy?” said Bernie from the iPhone and he sounded pissed.

“Well, I found evidence in daddy’s home that he killed those two teens. I believe he

has the evidence in his patrol car and might dump it or bury it somewhere. We can only guess why he took those reporters,” replied Kent.

“Shit!” cursed Bernie from the iPhone.

“I have a detective from state trooper’s office here with me and a search warrant. I’m ready to arrest my daddy for murder,” said Kent into his iPhone.

“Well deputy, you better not hope he gets arrested for five murders,” said Bernie then he disconnected his end of the call.

“Looks like daddy took those two reporters hostage according to their attorney,” said Kent and he looked worried while he thought where his daddy might be heading. Then his eyes widened with a hunch. “Okay, pull right out of the parking lot and head west on Wildwood Avenue. Then at the end of Wildwood, turn left and head south on Thorndale Avenue. We’ll park and wait at Haneyville Road. If my hunch is right, daddy is probably heading west,” said Kent.

“Okay,” replied Detective Morris while she put her Charger in gear then backed out of the parking spot.

Rock just turned his patrol car off Addison and headed west on Haneyville Road.

“Please don’t do this, sheriff,” pleaded Donovan.

“Shut the fuck up,” said Rock while he grabbed the flask of whiskey out of his glove box. He opened up the flask and took a drink of whiskey. While he drank his whiskey, he had thoughts about raping Tiffany in the woods in front of Donovan. Those thoughts started to give him an erection knowing she would be powerless under his forced control.

Back down by Haneyville Road and Addison Avenue, sat Andrew’s Escape. He looked up and down Haneyville Road then he saw the overhead lights of Rock’s patrol car heading east. It was stopped at the

traffic light for the entrance into the shopping mall.

Detective Morris pulled her Charger off the side of Thorndale Avenue just before the stop sign for Haneyville Road. They waited.

Kent's iPhone rang. "Yeah," he answered the call.

"Your daddy's heading west on Haneyville Road," said Andrew from the iPhone and he sounded excited while he raced his Escape down the road.

"Okay, keep a safe distance. We're waiting by Thorndale and Haneyville Road."

"Got it," replied Andrew from the iPhone.

"He's coming our way," said Kent while he disconnected the call.

They waited and watched the traffic go east and west down Haneyville Road.

Kent's cell phone rang. "Yeah," he answered the call.

"I'm two cars behind him and I can see two people in the backseat," said Andrew.

"Yeah, he kidnapped those two reporters," replied Kent.

Back in Andrew's Escape, he drove west on Haneyville Road and after hearing the news about the reporters, he unclipped the strap holding his revolver in the holster. He was ready for some police action.

Back in at Haneyville Road and Thorndale Avenue, Detective Morris and Kent waited in her Charger with the engine idling and were ready to spring into action.

"I see his patrol car," Kent said while he looked to his left.

Detective Morris looked to her left and car Rock's patrol car heading west. She put her car into drive and waited.

In the backseat, Donovan and Jodi had another strange déjà vu feelings but this time they feared for their lives.

"Please stop this. I can imagine someone in your neighborhood saw you take us away," said Donovan.

"Just drop us off and we'll tell them that you just gave us a ride," pleaded Jodi.

“You two fuckers just had to come up to my town and fuck things up for me. You just couldn’t leave well enough alone. Now I’m being investigated. I can read between the lines,” yelled out Rock while his anger was hitting high gear and he was not thinking straight.

“Please,” pleaded Jodi while her eyes welled up.

Rock looked down the street and saw the black Charger parked along Thorndale Avenue facing south. “Fuck!” he yelled out and had a bad feeling about this, as he had a strong hunch that was an unmarked car. He accelerated his patrol car and whipped into the other lane to get around a slower moving pickup in front of him.

Donovan and Jodi quickly buckled their seat belts.

Back in the Charger, Detective Morris and Kent noticed Rock’s patrol car picked up speed.

“He’s running,” said Detective Morris while she flicked on her blue lights hidden in the front grill of her car and the siren.

She whipped her Charger out onto Haneyville Road in front of Andrew’s Escape.

Andrew slammed on his brakes and fishtailed all over the road with his tires screeching. He sighed a sigh of relief that he did not smack into the rear of the Detective’s Charger.

Rock weaved around traffic while he raced his patrol car down Haneyville Road.

“Fuck!” he yelled out when he checked the rear view mirror and saw the Detective’s Charger weaving around traffic after him with her lights and siren blaring.

Andrew weaved around traffic flashing his headlights and blowing his horn. His heart was pounding with excitement on being on an actual car chase with a murder suspect. He saw it in the movies and now he was living the thrill of the hunt.

Rock's patrol car sped down Haneyville Road at 80 mph with the Detective's Charger hot on his tail.

Andrew's Escape sped down Haneyville Road at 80 mph hot on the rear of the Detective's Charger.

All the cars on the east and west bound lanes of Haneyville Road pulled off to the side the second they spotted the case.

They stood out of their cars and watched the three vehicles whiz past them. For them this was a treat as something this exciting hardly ever happened in Haneyville.

The three cars raced down Haneyville Road with traffic scattering for a safe haven.

Rock slowed down his patrol car then made a screeching right turn on Stinson Road.

He floored it and raced north on Stinson.

Detective Morris slowed her Charger down then she made a screeching right turn onto Stinson Road.

Andrew slowed his Escape down and made a screeching right turn onto Stinson Road. But his turn was a little too fast and his tires on his passenger side left the road a little.

Rock raced his patrol car down Stinson and hoped he could out run the Detective's Charger and make it to the Kentucky state line.

Since Stinson got a little curvy, Rock had to slow his car down to 70 mph, as did the Detective's Charger and Andrew's Escape.

"Sheriff, pull your car over," said Detective Morris from her car speaker.

"Fuck you," yelled back Rock from his car speaker.

"Well, I guess he thinks he's going to run to Kentucky," said Detective Morris.

Kent grabbed the microphone. "Daddy, pull the car over. This is stupid," he said into the microphone.

"Just let me go," Rock replied from his car speaker.

Rock raced down Stinson Road and headed over the bridge over Lake Haney.

The Detective's Charger raced over the bridge.

Andrew's Escape raced over the bridge.

Then Stinson Road curved through some woods and Detective Morris slowed her Charger down even slower.

Then Rock's patrol car started to gain some ground on the Charger.

While he raced down Stinson, Rock glanced in his rear view mirror and saw that he gained some ground on the Trooper's Charger. He chuckled. Then he turned his eyes back on the road. "Shit!" he yelled out the second he saw a deer slowly walking across the road. He slammed on his brakes.

Rock's patrol car swerved all over the road then it skidded to the side of the road

and then the front passenger side smacked into tree close to the side of the road.

Detective Morris slammed on the brakes of her Charger. Her car fishtailed and her rear tires screeched and smoked. The Charger came to a stop in the middle of the road.

Andrew slammed on the brakes on his Escape. His SUV fishtailed and his rear tires screeched and smoked. His Escape came to a screeching stop inches from the Detective's Charger.

The driver's door creaked opened and Rock fell out in pain. He hit the ground. His right knee was in pain from smacking into the dashboard.

He painfully got up and hobbled to the front of his patrol car.

"Stop Sheriff Riley," Detective Morris yelled out with her revolver in hand.

Rock looked and saw Detective Morris, Kent and Andrew standing by the Charger

with their revolvers drawn. He whipped out his pistol and fired off a shot.

The bullet hit Andrew in his left thigh dropping him to the pavement in pain.

Detective Morris and Kent took cover behind the front of her Charger.

They looked over the car and saw Rock hobbling off into the woods.

“I’ll get daddy. You take care of my deputy and then help those two reporters,” Kent said then he got up and ran toward Rock’s upside patrol car.

Detective Morris ran over to Rock’s patrol car and saw that Donovan and Jodi were banged up and the injuries were not serious.

Rock hobbled into the woods the best he could where he hoped he could lose them.

Kent ran off into the woods after Rock but once he got in there he could not locate him.

Then he heard someone fall and moan out in pain.

He ran off in that direction.

After running twenty feet into the woods he saw Rock attempting to hide behind a tree.

“Stop daddy. Come in and we can settle this mess,” Kent yelled out.

“No!” Rock yelled back from the woods then he fired off a shot.

The bullet missed Kent by a few feet and hit an oak tree.

“You’re being stupid daddy,” Kent said while he moved from tree to tree to get closer to Rock.

“Just let me go son. Everything will be better if you just let me go,” yelled Rock while he tried to run through the woods.

Kent ran between the trees and saw Rock while he hobbled between some other trees.

Rock tripped over a dead tree branch. “Fuck!” he yelled after falling face first in the dirt.

“Stay right where you are daddy,” yelled out Kent.

Rock painfully stood up, turned around and saw Kent in position with his revolver drawn. "I'm your daddy, you have to let me go," said Rock with the warmest smile he could muster up with his pain.

"I can't do that daddy," Kent said while he inched closer to Rock.

Rock whipped out his revolver and fired off a shot at the exact moment pain shot through his knee.

The bullet missed Kent's head by six inches. Kent reacted by returning fire with his revolver.

The bullet hit Rock in his right shoulder and he flew backwards slamming onto the ground.

Kent rushed over and kicked Rock's revolver out of his hand. He turned Rock over on his back causing him to cry out in pain. Kent immediately placed Rock's hands behind his back even though it was painful. He handcuffed his daddy.

"You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the

right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney, one will be appointed for you. Do you both understand these rights?"

Rock nodded in pain that he understood his rights.

Kent brought Rock up on his feet then he walked him through the woods back to the cars.

A little while later down on Stinson Road, Rock sat secured in the back of Detective Morris' Charger.

Three ambulances from the Haneyville Hospital had previously parked by the cars.

Donovan, Jodi and Andrew were now treated by the EMTs at the ambulances. One of them previously checked out Rock in the back of the Charger.

While this was going on, Detective Morris and Kent opened up the trunk of Rock's patrol car.

Kent opened up the wooden trunk and showed Detective Morris the evidence.

They took the trunk and placed it in the trunk of her Charger for later processing as evidence.

While the EMTs continued to check out Donovan, Jodi, an Andrew, Trooper and Morris started some idle chat.

Rock still sat in the backseat of the Charger and could not believe his world came crashing down this week.

Chapter 30

Saturday morning arrived across Haneyville and the town was buzzing with the news of last night's car chase with Sheriff Riley.

Some of the residents were in shock that Sheriff Riley was arrested for murdering three people. Some of the other residents were not that surprised as they had a gut feeling there was something crooked with the old sheriff. Especially the women that Rock forced them to have sex in lieu of being arrested.

Then other good news arrived when some light rain showers appeared over Haneyville to provide some relief for the summer drought.

Rock lay in a Haneyville Hospital room bed treated for his injuries from the accident and being shot in his right shoulder. He

looked depressed while his right hand was handcuffed to the side rail of the bed.

He still could not believe that his own son shot then arrested him. The boy Rock never played ball with or took fishing but often whipped him with a belt.

Outside Rock's hospital room, a State Trooper sat in a chair in the hallway. His job was primarily to make sure Rock did not try to escape.

Donovan lay in a hospital bed with a goose egg on his forehead and a broken right forearm.

Jodi lay in another hospital bed with a cut across her forehead.

Andrew lay in another hospital bed with a bullet wound in his left thigh. Sandy also sat in his room and her eyes were red from crying most of the morning.

Back at the Haneyville Police Station, Kent worked with Detective Morris and processed the evidence found in the

wooden chest. The evidence included a pair of Levi hip hugger bell-bottom blue jeans, a pair of Levi bell-bottom blue jeans, a busy floral print blouse, a black tee shirt, pair of brown chunky heel sandals, black pair of Converse sneakers with pair of white socks, a wallet with Howie's driver's license and a five dollar bill, Haneyville High School identification card, Tiffany's driver's license, a gold chain with gold heart with "Howie" engraved on the back and a small silver key, a Colt 45 with three bullets in the magazine clip, a black wool ski mask with a few strands of black hair, another black ski mask and the coveralls.

Kent also found Donovan and Jodi's cell phones in Rock's pants pocket after he was admitted in the hospital.

After they processed the evidence, Kent called George, Betsy and Ernie to come down to the station to identify the items.

Thirty minutes had passed and George, Betsy and Ernie arrived at the police station.

Kent and Detective Morris took the four over to where all the items out on the top of his desk.

Ernie had Tiffany's diary Jodi found in his hand while he looked at the items in plastic bags. "That's Tiffany's gold chain with heart. Howie gave that to her," he said.

George and Betsy looked at the bag with her gold chain and gold heart.

"I remembered when he bought that down in Knoxville," said Betsy then her eyes started to well up a little.

Ernie set the diary on the top of the desk. "Deputy, we found Tiffany's old diary but it's locked. Can we see if that key on her chain will unlock it?"

"Sure. I'm curious what it she wrote down back then," replied Kent. Then he opened up one of his desk drawers and removed some latex gloves. He put on the gloves then removed the chain with gold heart and small key. Kent took that key and used it to unlock Tiffany's diary.

“We should keep that diary as evidence if it contains any information concerning this case,” said Detective Morris.

Kent nodded in agreement while he opened up the diary. He flipped through the pages and got to the summer months of 1970.

He found an entry for June 6, 1970, Saturday and started to read where Tiffany wrote how Deputy Rock Riley raped her on that day. He closed the diary and started to get sick over the thought that his daddy raped a girl. “We’ll keep this as evidence,” he told Ernie.

George, Betsy and Ernie had a hunch that that page Kent read was probably Tiffany’s account of being raped by Rock.

“If it helps your case, then keep it,” said Ernie.

“Thanks. I’ll make sure you get it back after this is all over with,” said Kent.

Ernie nodded that he understood then he looked at George and Betsy. He motioned that it was time to leave. They

nodded in agreement and they left the station.

Two hours had passed and George and Betsy picked up Donovan from the hospital while Ernie picked up Jodi. They all headed back to their homes.

They all met at George's house for a late lunch.

Bernie showed up with a huge smile on his face.

"I have some good news. The charges are dropped against you two," Bernie said while they all sat down at the dining room table.

Donovan and Jodi hugged each other in relief knowing they would not be spending their entire life in prison.

George, Betsy and Ernie looked a little sad while they all started eating the ham and cheese sandwiches.

"It looks like the state is going to dig into Sheriff Riley's recent activities ever since they found Tiffany's car in Lake Haney," said Bernie then he took a bite of his sandwich.

“Deputy Riley stated you can pick up your cars and stuff at the police station. You’re free to leave town when ever you want,” he added after he swallowed.

George, Betsy and Ernie continued to look sad while everybody ate lunch. They wished Howie and Tiffany were still alive.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other and they were happy but something else was on their minds.

“You know, you two don’t have to rush off right away,” said Betsy with hopeful eyes.

“That’s right, you’re more than welcomed to hang around town a little while longer,” added George with hopeful eyes.

“I agree,” said Ernie with hopeful eyes.

Over at the lake walkway, Kent and Detective Morris just left the Lake View Restaurant. They decided to have lunch before she drove down to Knoxville with the evidence.

They walked back to Kent’s patrol car and both were going to miss each other’s company.

Kent and Detective Morris chatted some more about their lives while he drove to her Charger back to the police station.

She parked by her car and they got out.

“Well Detective Morris, it sure was enjoyable meeting you,” said Kent.

“Please call me Jan from now on,” she said while they got to her driver’s side of the car.

“Okay, only if you call me Kent.”

“I will.”

They shook hands then she opened up her driver’s door. “I’ll be in touch later,” she said then got inside her Charger.

“Looking forward to it,” said Kent.

Kent watched while she started up her Charger then drove out of the parking lot.

Kent went inside the police station already missing Jan and he could not wait until she called in the future.

The second after Kent stepped inside the police station George drove up in his Buick with Donovan and Jodi inside.

George parked his Buick and the three went inside the station.

Kent just sat down at his desk with thoughts about Jan when he saw George, Donovan and Jodi standing at the counter.

“Are you here for your stuff?” asked Kent while he got up from his desk and headed to the counter.

“Yes,” said Donovan.

“Listen,” said Kent while he walked up to the counter then paused. “I’m so sorry for what my daddy did to the both of you. So sorry. His actions by no means reflects the people of our town,” he told Donovan and Jodi and sounded sincere.

“Thank you deputy,” said Jodi and she actually felt sorry for Kent knowing that his daddy is a murderer.

“If it wasn’t for you, we might be spending the rest of our lives in prison. Thank you,” added Donovan and he also felt sorry for Kent.

“Well, let’s go get your cars and stuff,” said Kent.

A little while later, Donovan and Jodi drove their vehicles back to George's house.

After Donovan parked his Buick by the street, Ernie came out of George's house and admired Donovan's car.

"Just like Tiffany's car," he said while he walked around it.

After Ernie was done admiring Donovan's Buick they went inside George's home.

"You're more than welcomed to stay the weekend," Betsy offered to Donovan and Jodi.

Donovan and Jodi looked at each other.

"Ah, I'll stay the weekend if Jodi would like to stay," said Donovan while he looked at Jodi.

"I would love to stay, I'll just have to call my boss and let him know I might be a tad late getting back to the office on Monday," she said.

George, Betsy and Ernie looked happy their guests would be staying a little longer.

Bernie stepped inside the living room from being outside taking a call on his cell phone.

“I’m heading back down to Knoxville to my office. I’ll be in touch after I get the paperwork for your charges being dropped,” he said then he shook hands with Donovan and Jodi.

“Thank you for your assistance, Bernie,” said Donovan.

“Yes thank. I couldn’t bear the thought of sitting in prison for the rest of my life,” said Jodi then she gave Bernie a hug.

Bernie kissed Betsy on her cheek then shook hands with George and Ernie.

They all watched while Bernie left through the front door.

After Bernie left, George, Betsy, Donovan, Ernie and Jodi all went out for a dinner at the Lake View Restaurant. They had to celebrate that the murder charges have been dropped.

After a nice dinner at the Lake View Restaurant, Donovan and Jodi took their usual stroll down the sidewalk at 7:30 p.m. But tonight they did not have to fear being kidnapped by Sheriff Rock Riley.

“You know something?”

“What?”

“This town is starting to grow on me and now that Sheriff Riley is no longer a threat, I think this place would be a nice place to raise a family,” said Donovan.

Jodi smiled while she thought about Donovan’s comment about Haneyville. “I agree.”

Donovan and Jodi held hands while they continued their walk down the sidewalk through the neighborhood.

Sunday morning arrived in Haneyville.

Melinda rushed home when she heard the news on the TV last night from her sister’s home.

Kent comforted Melinda in her living room. She was having a hard time believing that her husband killed three people. But on

the other hand she was often at the other end of his anger.

Back at George's home, he and Donovan decided to go fishing for the afternoon.

George had a red 1965 Chevy C-10 pickup truck in his garage. It was in excellent shape, as he restored right after he retired from the plant.

George and Donovan grabbed two fishing poles, tackle box and a six-pack of Budweiser. Then they placed the row boat in the bed of the pickup.

George drove off with Donovan and they headed out to Meyers Lake located ten miles northwest of Haneyville.

A little while later, George and Donovan sat in the row boat Lake Meyers with their fishing lines in the water.

"Howie and I would fish out here when he was a kid. Then when he turned into a teenager and started to take a liking to Tiffany, he lost interest," said George.

Donovan looked at George and at the lake. He got another déjà vu feeling and it was a wonderful loving feeling.

“Did your daddy take you fishing?”

“No, he was too busy working,” said Donovan.

“Too bad, nothing like a father and son going fishing,” said George then he realized he caught a fish. He reeled it in and it was a good size trout.

They continued to fish for the rest of the afternoon.

While Donovan was fishing with George, Jodi took Betsy at the mall for some clothes shopping.

After they came back from the mall, Jodi called her boss and told him about what happened during the past week. Her boss stated he read about it on the Internet. She told him that she'd be in at the office late Monday afternoon.

After eating a fish dinner from George and Donovan's catch from Lake Meyers,

Donovan slipped out for a quick trip to the mall. He told George of his plan and George decided to go with him. They told Betsy, Ernie and Jodi that they were going to Sears to look at some fishing supplies.

Monday morning arrived in Haneyville.

Andrew was released from the hospital and picked up by his wife Sandy.

After they arrived back in their apartment, they had a long heart to heart talk about their future.

While Andrew and Sandy had their heart to heart talk, Donovan and Jodi attended church with George, Betsy and Ernie.

After lunch at Ernie's home, Donovan and Jodi drove off to the clearing. He told her that that should go there for closure with all that happened. But he really had something else on his mind.

Donovan got nervous while he drove his Buick Special down the dirt road to the clearing.

After he parked in the clearing, he and Jodi got out of his car.

Donovan's legs shook while he and Jodi walked over to the front of his car.

Donovan looked at Jodi and his legs shook some more.

"What?" asked Jodi when Donovan just stared at her.

Donovan dropped to his left knee.

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on her what he was doing.

Donovan reached in his left pants pocket and removed a small ring box. He opened up the box. "Jodi Lauder, will you marry me?" he asked while he showed her the beautiful sparkly diamond ring.

"Yes," she said while her eyes welled up.

Donovan got up, removed the diamond ring and placed it on her left hand ring finger.

Then Jodi's eyes widened when she had a déjà vu feeling. "Howie proposed to Tiffany just like this," she said.

"I know."

They hugged then kissed passionately.

Later that evening, Donovan and Jodi ate dinner with Ernie at George and Betsy's home. They celebrated Donovan and Jodi's engagement. But Betsy started to get sad thinking that she would not be able to attend the wedding since Donovan and Jodi will be leaving Haneyville tomorrow.

After dinner, Donovan and Jodi went on another stroll hand in hand down the sidewalk of the neighborhood.

"You know something, despite what happened, I kinda like Haneyville. Sheriff Riley was the only bad apple," said Donovan.

"I know what you mean. His son Kent appears to be down to earth. I mean, he shot his father knowing he committed those murders and didn't try to cover it up," added Jodi.

Donovan pondered what happened with his life during the past couple of weeks. He

looked at Jodi. “You know, I wouldn’t mind, ah, staying here for good,” he said.

Jodi thought about his comment for a few seconds. “You know, this place has actually grown on me. So I could also live here.”

“I would rather raise a family here than in Melbourne.”

Jodi thought about his comment for a few seconds. “Me too.”

“So, I guess we’re going to stay for good”

“Yes. Haneyville will be our new home.”

“You mean our home again,” said Donovan to remind her that they believed they were Howie and Tiffany reincarnated.

Jodi smiled. “Yeah, our home again.”

The sidewalk curved.

“But what can we do a living?” asked Jodi.

It did not take Donovan long to think about a solution, as he had this on his mind during the past couple of days. “Why don’t we buy the Haneyville Tribune?”

It did not take Jodi long to smile with his answer, as she also thought about that idea the second Grant mentioned he was selling. "Let's."

Jodi and Donovan walked hand in hand down the sidewalk and looked forward to again calling Haneyville home.

A week had passed in Haneyville.

Jodi and Donovan attend the burial services for Howie and Tiffany with most of the town folk. This was odd for Donovan and Jodi as it was like they attended their own funerals.

George, Betsy and Ernie finally had closure after forty-three years of wondering what happened to their children.

But something happened in three weeks later that helped George, Betsy and Ernie move on with their lives. Donovan and Jodi got married in Haneyville.

Since Jodi's parents were no longer alive, she asked Ernie to walk her down the aisle.

Betsy cried as if it was her son getting married. If she only knew what Donovan and Jodi had figured out.

Donovan and Jodi went on a cruise to Hawaii, as that was a dream honeymoon Jodi wanted as a teen.

There were other romances that started. Kent and Jan started dating and it looked serious.

Epilogue

A month had passed and things had changed in Haneyville.

Grant Scott finally retired and sold the Haneyville Tribune to Donovan and Jodi. He was also in luck in that Donovan and Jodi also bought his home.

After giving it lots of serious thoughts, Andrew went into the police station with his letter of resignation. Getting wounded made him change his mind on a career in law enforcement. He wanted to live a full life and watch his baby grow up. So his father in-law got him a job at the plant.

Rock sat in a jail cell down in Knoxville. He was moved down there after his stay in the Haneyville Hospital.

While his public defender went over the evidence against Rock. Some of the damaging evidence was the strands of hair found in the ski mask. DNA test results proved the hair belonged to Rock. So after

his buddy Wallace Mayer had a heart to heart talk with Rock, he decided he did not want to go through a trial. He decided to be a man so he confessed that he killed Howie, Tiffany and Charlie.

Four months had passed.

Rock was sentenced to life imprisonment for the murders of Howie, Tiffany and Charlie. He was sent to the Bledsoe County Correctional Complex in Pikeville, Tennessee.

Down in Haneyville, other things had changed for the better.

Kent and Jan got engaged and planned on getting married in a year.

Jodi was pregnant and Donovan could not wait to become a father. They decided to make Ernie, George and Betsy pseudo grandparents.

Working at their Haneyville Tribune was fun and they started an Internet addition.

Donovan also finished his third eBook based on the events he and his lovely wife recently experienced.

His eBook titled Murder in the Woods had the potential to become a best seller.