

Stay
Of
Execution

by

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Prologue

The vast majority of humans don't know the exact day and time they will depart this life. But a few, as was the case of Henry Hollister, do know the exact day and time their souls will depart their body.

It was early Monday evening on October seventeenth back in nineteen sixty in the State of Georgia. It was an average day for the vast majority of the Americans across this state. But it wasn't so average or special for nine-year old blonde haired Kent Hollister.

There was tons of local media coverage concerning Henry Hollister today. The vast majority of the folks in the Warner Robins and Macon area hated Henry's guts with a passion. They wanted to lynch him themselves.

Kent was with his twenty-eight year old blonde haired mother Brenda this evening in Reidsville, Georgia. They were visiting Kent's daddy and Brenda's husband Henry who had been incarcerated in the state prison for the past three years.

Tomorrow morning at seven sharp, Henry had a date with Old Sparky. His young life was scheduled to end and a stay of execution was not expected to come from Governor Perry Grace.

Thirty year old black haired Henry Hollister was being executed by the State of Georgia for the murder of seventeen year old Angie Abbott back in the summer of nineteen fifty-seven. Angie's naked body

was found in the clearing in the woods near Meyers' cabin.

That cabin was located in the woods north of the town of Warner Robins and northwestern of Robins Air Force Base.

Two hunters were shocked when they walked upon Angie's dead naked body in the clearing in the woods on Monday August twelfth. The Warner Robins Coroner surmised that she was killed either Friday, August ninth or Saturday, August tenth.

Two days after Angie's body was found an anonymous letter was received to forty-eight year old Colonel Richard Abbott at Robins Air Force Base. The letter stated Henry Hollister was Angie's killer on that Saturday night.

The anonymous person stated that he couldn't come forward since he was a homosexual and feared for his life. This person wrote that he saw Henry in the woods with Angie. Saw him strangle Angie over refusing to have sex with him. This person he noticed that Henry had a 38-Special revolver tucked in the front of his pants. This person closed the letter stating that Henry took Angie's clothes and ran out of the woods.

Colonel Abbott put tons of pressure on Chief Delaney of the Warner Robins police department to search Henry's home.

Chief Delaney stated that this anonymous letter could be bogus and could be from the real killer. Colonel Abbott didn't buy the Chief's theory.

Colonel Abbott threatened to go to the news media and state that Chief Delaney wasn't doing his job to arrest his daughter's killer.

Chief Delaney caved and had his officers conduct a search of Henry's home. The search ended and to their surprise, they found Angie's clothes, shoes, and her purse stuffed up in the attic of Henry's garage.

Henry swore he had no earthly idea how her belongings got up in his attic. Colonel Abbott didn't believe Henry and finding his daughter's clothes in his attic was all he needed to feel confident Henry was her murderer. He pressed for murder charges to be brought against Henry.

Henry alibi was that he was out in the woods on late Saturday afternoon doing target practice with his 38-Special revolver. Henry stated he wasn't anywhere near the Meyer's Cabin. His family and friends knew Henry went into the woods pretty much every Saturday evening for target practice. But he always went alone.

Chief Delaney resisted the pressure to arrest Henry, as he wanted to conduct an investigation for other possible suspects. Colonel Abbott wouldn't hear of it, as that anonymous letter and Angie's belongings found in Henry's garage attic fully convinced him Henry was his daughter's killer. And if the Chief didn't arrest Henry, Colonel Abbott would use his influence and contact the Governor of Georgia.

The majority of the folk in Warner Robins and Robins Air Force Base also believed Henry was the killer.

Chief Delaney caved again to Colonel Abbott's pressure. Detective Chuck Chambers arrested Henry for the murder of Angie Abbott but did it in private

down at the Warner Robins police station. They brought Henry in through the back door of the station to avoid the media frenzy stationed outside the front of the department.

Detective Chambers ignored Chief Delaney's orders and conducted his own secret investigation. He couldn't find any possible suspects and that ate at him.

Henry was found guilty in court for the murder of Angie Abbott on September ninth in fifty-seven. Henry professed his innocence all during the trial but the jury still found him guilty. Henry's trial lasted one day and the jury only deliberated for an hour for their guilty verdict.

The evidence of Angie's clothes and purse being in attic of Henry garage was the major reason the jury arrived with their guilty verdict. They jury didn't believe Henry's alibi of being in another area of the woods doing target practice with his 38-Special. Nor did they believe the theory by Henry's public defender that that anonymous letter could have come from the real killer.

But Henry was persistent in that he didn't have a clue how her belongings were placed in the attic of his garage. All of Henry's fellow coworkers also believed the real killer framed him.

But Chief Delaney was under orders from the Mayor of Warner Robins not to do an investigation. He also felt Henry was guilty and received concerns that the police might wrongly arrest an innocent man for this murder. They felt this way since Henry was a Warner Robins police officer.

Chief Delaney, Detective Chambers and the other officers of the Warner Robins Police Department were shocked by the guilty verdict.

So on this October evening in a prison visitation room, Henry, under the watchful eyes of two prison guards, was allowed one last visit with his wife and son. Henry's father Elmer wouldn't allow Henry's mother, Gale, to visit him in prison. Being strict Baptist he was ashamed of his son being a murderer of a young girl. Gale cried all night knowing her baby boy would be dead in the morning.

Henry, Brenda, and Kent sat around and did some idle chat. Brenda would occasionally walk to the other side of the room to wipe away her tears so young Kent wouldn't see her. Kent was still puzzled by all this and couldn't understand why everybody wanted to kill his daddy in the morning.

The guards also allowed Henry and Kent to play catch in the room with a baseball and gloves. Even though it wasn't their backyard, Kent was still happy to relive his favorite past time with his daddy.

"I want you to come home, daddy," said Kent while he tossed the ball back to Henry.

Henry fought back his tears while he tossed the ball back to Kent. He didn't want his son to see him cry.

The two guards looked away as they felt sorry for Henry. And if the truth be known, some of the prison guards actually felt that Henry might in fact really be innocent. But they were not part of that process with the law. They had to accept the jury's verdict. Some of them privately recalled Henry crying in his bed in the wee hours of the morning.

All the killers they've known in the past were too busy trying to find a superior bullshitting attorney to get them out of their scheduled date with Old Sparky. That rarely worked.

Brenda's eyes welled up again and she walked over to the other side of the room to dry her eyes. When they were dry she walked back to Henry and Kent.

Fifteen minutes had passed.

One of the higher-ranking guards entered the room. "I'm sorry Henry, but visitation time is over," said the higher-ranking guard.

Henry tossed the baseball back to Kent for the last time in his life.

Brenda's eyes welled up and Kent saw her.

Kent's eyes welled up.

"Everything's going to be alright, Kent," said Henry then he bent down and gave his son the last hug he would give him. Henry fought back his tears. "Now, I want you to take care of mommy. You're now the man of the house. And I want you to grow up and be a good man. Do you understand?"

Kent nodded that he understood while his eyes welled up.

Brenda walked over to Henry while he stood up. They gazed into each other's eyes and both were thinking the same thing. *How could this have happened to us?*

"I'll always love you," said Henry.

"I'll always love you," said Brenda.

Henry hugged his wife so tight for their last hug.

The three prison guards glanced away and fought hard to keep their eyes dry.

Henry gave Brenda their last kiss in this life.

“Henry, it’s time to go back to your cell,” said the higher-ranking guard.

“Okay,” said Henry and gave Brenda one last glance.

The higher-ranking guard escorted Henry out of the room.

The two other prison guards stood by the door and tried to keep their eyes off Brenda while she held Kent’s hand.

After five minutes had passed, the two guards escorted Brenda and Kent out of the prison’s front gates.

Brenda and Kent walked out of the prison gates and spotted that a crowd of spectators gathered outside holding up hand made signs stating they wanted Henry to die.

But there were a few protesters that felt Henry was indeed innocent and felt Georgia was going to kill an innocent man.

“Why do they want daddy to die?” said Kent while she rushed him away from the crowd.

Brenda remained quiet while she rushed Kent over to their car and avoided the crowd. Tears ran down her cheeks. She got Kent inside the front of their blue nineteen fifty-one Chevrolet Bel-Air, started up the car and drove out of the parking lot.

Back in his cell, Henry laid on his bed. Tears rolled down his cheek.

The next morning arrived and Henry was executed on time at seven. “I’m innocent. You’re killing an innocent man,” he said, as his last words.

Colonel Abbott witnessed the execution and was satisfied that justice was served for his daughter Angie. He went on with his Air Force career.

Also in the room was Detective Chambers and he also had tears running down his cheek. He knew they killed an innocent man.

Two days had passed and over in Sumter, South Carolina near Shaw Air Force Base sat First Lieutenant Grant Bowers in his quarters.

He sat in his USAF khaki 1505 uniform in a chair while he drank his second cup of coffee and read his *Sumter Item* newspaper. He just read the article about murderer Henry Hollister being executed in the State of Georgia the other morning.

He drank his coffee while he read the article for the third time. He had a hint of a smile about Henry being executed. Grant knew Henry and they first met in February of nineteen forty-nine.

He finished his coffee, got up from the chair and left his quarters and headed off to Shaw AFB for his new Air Police assignment.

Two weeks had passed and Kent was back home trying to live a normal life without his daddy. But the kids at his school teased him unmercifully that his daddy was a killer and got what he deserved. Kent spent numerous nights crying to sleep and within a short period of time became withdrawn with no friends.

Henry's parents also sold their farm outside Warner Robins and moved to Cedar Rapids in the winter of nineteen fifty-eight. Gale's brother Peter got Elmer a job at his plant. They were talking about the possibility of moving to Cedar Rapids before

Henry got arrested. But after his trial and he was found guilty, they decided to go ahead with the offer and moved.

In the spring of nineteen fifty-eight, Brenda decided to move Kent away from Georgia and moved back to Cambridge, Massachusetts to be closer to her family.

Life continued for the Hollister family.

Chapter 1

Twenty-one years had passed and life moved on. When Brenda moved Kent to Cambridge in fifty-eight, her dad Robert Coleman, the Dean of the Physics Department at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT), was able to help land her a job as a secretary on campus.

Brenda was now forty-nine years old and never remarried. She felt Henry would always be her true love and didn't want another man. Besides she always felt that the wife of an executed murderer wouldn't make her attractive to any loving and caring man. She was actually fearful of attracting the bad element.

As far as Kent life, he remained a quiet and withdrawn kid with a few acquaintances. He also didn't date girls during high school. He figured wouldn't want the son of a murderer as a boyfriend. So he shied away from the beauties in his school. But he sure did like this one girl named Kelly who had long silky blonde hair down to the top of her butt. But she didn't know Kent existed, as she was more interested in the football players.

He kept his hair long to the shoulders and it was now more of a dirty dishwater color.

After Kent graduated from high school by the skin of his teeth, his grandfather Robert came to the rescue and landed Kent a job as a janitor at MIT.

One of the physics professors at MIT that took a liking to Kent over the past years was seventy-eight

year old Linus Bernstein. He was Kent's only friend. Linus' specialty at MIT was quantum physics and when he wasn't teaching, he was busy in his laboratory working on experiments he concocted. Willard had worked at MIT for the past fifty-four years and was definitely an old fixture on campus.

Since he was a scientist, he also conducted experiments in his barn on his property. He's been doing this since he bought the place back in nineteen forty. And of course Linus looked the part of the kooky scientist with snow white hair that shot out all over the place since he rarely used a comb.

Kent learned so much about physics from the odd ball Linus. But it was this project that Linus told Kent, when Kent first started his job as a janitor at MIT that had him curious. Linus called it "His extremely unique project" but would never go into detail about it. "One day, I'll tell you more about it. One day. I promise," Linus often told Kent and that peaked his young curiosity.

It was now Saturday, the seventeenth day of October in nineteen eighty-one. This day was Kent's thirtieth birthday but he wasn't excited about turning this age. His daddy was thirty years old when he was executed by the State of Georgia back in nineteen sixty. And his daddy was executed the day after his ninth birthday.

Kent left his apartment in Cambridge and arrived at his mom's house at four-thirty that Saturday afternoon. She had called him last night to tell him that everybody would be over at her house at five.

It was now five in the evening. All the guests had arrived and that included his grandparents, Uncle Fred, Aunt Betty, and Linus.

After dinner it was time for Kent to open his presents in the living room.

Kent opened three wrapped boxes from his mom and she got him three new stylist shirts. "You have to look sharp for dates with a nice girl," she said after he opened the presents and gave him a wink.

"Thank you, mom," said Kent and he gave her a kiss on the cheek. But he trembled inside at the thought of getting up the courage to ask a girl out for a date.

Kent opened a present from Uncle Fred and Aunt Betty. It was another stylist shirt. "Thank you Uncle Fred and Aunt Betty," he said and gave Aunt Betty a kiss on her cheek and shook Uncle Fred's hand.

"Another outfit for the young ladies," said Uncle Fred and gave Kent a wink.

Kent got a little red with embarrassment over everybody's suggestions of him dating a girl.

"Here's a present from Grandpa Elmer and Grandma Gale," said Brenda while she handed Kent another wrapped present.

He opened it up and it was a sweater for those cold winters in Boston. "I'll send them a thank you card," he said.

"Here's my present," said Linus while he handed Kent a wrapped gift.

Kent unwrapped Linus' gift. It was a copy of H.G. Wells *The Time Machine* book. "I loved reading that book when I was a lad. It made be

become fascinated with time travel,” said Linus while Kent flipped through the pages.

“I love time travel stories,” said Kent. “Thank you, Linus. I can’t wait to read it.”

“I remember seeing that movie, *The Time Machine*, at the theater when it came out in sixty,” said Linus then cringed a little knowing that was a bad year for Brenda and Kent. “I also remember when you were a lad and we would watch that *Time Tunnel* TV show on Friday nights back in sixty-six,” said Linus.

Kent had to think about that for a few seconds. His eyes soon lit up. “I remember that show. I couldn’t wait until the next Friday night to arrive for another episode.” Kent glanced at the cover. “Thank you, Linus.”

“Time travel, the only way to go,” said Linus with a hint of a smirk on his face.

“Again, thank you all for my birthday presents. They’re great,” said Kent.

“Let’s go to the dining room for some cake,” said Agnes.

Everybody left the living room and headed to the dining room for some birthday cake Agnes baked.

After the cake, everybody retired back to the living room for some coffee and idle chat.

It was now eight that evening and everybody started to leave.

Kent walked Linus to the front door.

Linus glance around to make sure nobody was within earshot of them. “I need you to come to my place tomorrow.”

“Why?”

“There’s that extremely unique project you need to see,” said Linus and he looked like he was trying to be discreet. “You really need to see it.”

“Extremely unique project. What’s this extremely unique project?” said Kent with a hint of an interest.

“Don’t you remember me telling you about that years ago?”

Kent thought about his question for a few seconds. His eyes widened a little. “Ah, yes, I do recall you saying something about that years ago.”

“Good, you really have to see it in person to believe it,” said Linus and gave Kent an excited smile.

“Believe it?” “I don’t understand.”

“Come over at ten tomorrow morning and it’ll all make sense,” said Linus then he winked at Kent, opened the door and left the house.

Kent closed the front door and didn’t think anything was weird with Linus as he often acted like this. This extremely unique project probably was something really minor like a mouse being able to drive a model car. But he was still curious.

Kent went into the den to watch television from the Lazy Boy chair. He decided to spend Saturday and Sunday nights with his mom. After all, going back to his lonely apartment on a Saturday night was something he dreaded.

It was now ten that night and Kent’s mom retired to her bedroom so he decided to watch *Fantasy Island* on the television.

He was thirty minutes into the show when he started thinking about his daddy. He sure missed him.

Thinking about his daddy sent Kent into the closet of the den and removed his mom's old family photo album.

Kent was a little nervous about opening up the album when he sat back down in the Lazy Boy chair.

He hesitated for a few seconds but finally decided to open up the album.

The first picture he saw was one of Henry, Brenda, and his Henry's buddy Grant Bowers who had two drop dead gorgeous ladies by his side. Henry and Grant were in their Army Military Police Khaki uniforms at a bar outside Fort Devens in Massachusetts during the summer of nineteen forty-nine. They both had the rank of Sergeant at the time. Henry and Brenda had been dating for six months when this picture was taken.

The next picture was Henry and Brenda's wedding picture taken on November eighth in nineteen fifty.

There was another wedding photo that showed Henry, Brenda, both of his grandparents, Uncle Fred and Aunt Betty and forty-eight year old Linus. Linus' suit had a bow tie and pants that were high waisted made him look like a geek back in the early fifties. And of course his hair was all over the place from not using a comb.

The next picture was of Kent when he was six months old with Henry and Brenda two gleaming proud parents. Kent wished he could remember that day in April nineteen fifty-two but he was way too

young. He stared at the page of a couple of other pictures when he was younger than two years old.

He flipped the page.

He smiled at the sight of another picture of Kent when he was five years old. He stood by Henry next to Henry's nineteen fifty-three Ford police squad car.

Henry was a police officer with the city of Warner Robins, Georgia and wore his police officer's uniform. Kent even wore a kid's police officer uniform. "I remember that day," said Kent with a warm smile. When Kent was a lad he was always proud of his daddy being a police officer. He wanted to become a police officer but that all changed in nineteen fifty-seven. That was after his father was sentenced to die.

The next picture was at Christmas 1955 and it showed Kent with a Zorro official guitar for kids.

The next picture was taken in the summer of fifty-six. It showed six year old Kent and Henry sitting in the living room. Henry played his nineteen fifty-five J-45 sunburst Gibson Acoustic guitar while Kent played his Zorro official guitar. "I wished I stayed with the guitar," said Kent while he flipped the page. Playing the guitar wasn't the same for young Kent after his daddy was executed.

Brenda took the next picture from the kitchen window. It showed Henry and Kent tossing a baseball back and forth in the backyard.

The next page showed Henry with his best buddy Grant Bowers taken in May nineteen fifty-seven. Henry and Grant wore softball uniforms and were standing on a baseball field with two fellow players Chuck Chambers, Andy Malone and Phillip

Smith. In the background was a nineteen fifty-seven Ford T-Bird in the background parked next to a nineteen fifty-one Chevrolet Bel-Air.

Kent smiled at the sight of that picture. He remembered that Bel-Air as being their family car. And of course he remembered getting a ride in Grant's T-Bird one day with the top removed.

The rest of the six photos in the album were of Kent growing up with his mom but without his daddy.

Kent put the photo album away back in the closet and spotted retired to his old bedroom.

Once Kent got in bed he couldn't sleep. So he got out of bed and headed to his closet and opened it.

Kent reached up on the top shelf and removed a book. It was a book titled *The Exploration of Mars* and it was a Christmas present from Linus back in nineteen fifty-six.

I loved this book. Recalled Kent while he headed back to his bed with the book. When Kent read this book as a kid he always wanted to travel in space.

He got back in bed and started reading his old book.

After he read a few pages he closed his eyes. "I wished I worked for NASA," he quietly said while he placed his book on the bedside table and started to drift off to sleep.

Chapter 2

It was Sunday morning, and this was a day Brenda and Kent never celebrated. Today marked Henry's execution twenty-one years ago.

Kent woke up when the aroma of bacon and eggs being cooked filled his bedroom. He loved his mom's bacon and scrambled eggs in the morning.

"Good morning, mom," he said when he entered the kitchen.

He walked over and gave his mom a kiss on her cheek while she got two plates of scrambled eggs and bacon ready.

"Good morning, sweetie, she said while Kent walked over, grabbed a coffee cup out of the cupboard, poured some coffee from the Mr. Coffee.

He sat down at the kitchen table.

"What's your plans for today?" said his mom while she walked over to the table with the two breakfast plates in hand.

"Oh, Linus wants me over at his place this morning. Said he has some extremely unique project he has to show me," said Kent while she placed his plate in front of him.

"He's a nice guy but I've always thought he was a bit of a kook," she said while she sat down at the table with her plate.

"Yeah, but boy is he smart. So I'm curious what kind of project he's been working on," said Kent then he started eating a slice of bacon.

Brenda didn't care what Linus worked on so she didn't ask any questions.

It was quiet while Brenda and Kent ate their breakfast.

An hour has passed and Kent left his mom's house in his red with red interior nineteen seventy-six Chevrolet Monza. He drove out of Cambridge and headed off to the Belmont area.

He arrived at Linus' two-story farm house that had a wrap around porch located on two acres.

Kent parked his Monza by the side of the house next to Linus' green nineteen seventy-eight Chevrolet Impala.

Kent looked at the house while he turned off the engine. He remembered spending some of his summer days at Linus' house and recalled the old tire swing that hung off the big branch of an old Oak tree. It was taken down twelve years ago.

Kent got out of his Monza and headed to the front porch.

He walked up the small wooden porch steps, went across the porch. He opened the screened door and knocked on the front door.

After a few seconds the front door opened and appeared Linus. "Good morning, Kent," said Linus while he stepped out on the front porch.

"So, where's this extremely unique project?"

"It's inside my barn," Linus in a low voice and acted like he was spy. He motioned Kent to follow him.

Kent followed Linus off the front porch steps and they headed off to the barn with Linus glancing over his shoulders.

They got to the barn door where Kent noticed it was locked with an old Master lock.

Linus removed a set of keys from his pants pocket. "I started locking this barn back in fifty-seven," he said while he stuck a key in the bottom of the lock. "Back in those days, I was paranoid Aliens would come in and steal my experiments," he said unlocking the lock then slid the barn door opened.

He looked at Kent and chuckled. "Aliens, boy was I a goof back then," he said and chuckled again.

They stepped inside and he slid the barn door closed and locked it with the lock from the inside.

Linus flicked on the overhead barn lights from a switch by the door.

Kent glanced around the barn and saw some tables on one side of the barn that housed numerous electronic boxes and other old technology gadgets. *Why would Aliens want that old stuff?* He thought with a discrete chuckle.

On the other side was a car under a green Army type of tarp.

"What car is under that tarp?"

"Why it's my old Rambler," said Linus while he walked over to the car. "I bought it when I first started teaching at MIT."

When Kent got at the car Linus removed the tarp to show off his green nineteen fifty-four Rambler. It was in pretty good condition.

"I remember that Rambler."

"She still runs and I take her out on Sundays for old times' sake," said Linus while he reinstalled the tarp back over the car. "Come," he said and motioned for Kent to follow him.

Kent followed Linus to the other side of the barn where there was a room without any windows and a door.

Linus unlocked the door of that room and motioned for step inside while he flipped on the overhead light switch.

Kent stepped inside the small room and saw something large hidden under a green Army type of tarp in the middle of the room.

Off to the right corner was a Bell & Howell 8mm projector on a stand with wheels.

Linus rushed over and quickly removed the tarp. He stood by a contraption with a proud smile. "Ta-dah," he said with a sparkle in his eyes.

Kent wasn't sure what to make of this contraption he saw. It resembled the time machine from the H.G. Wells story but modernized.

It sat on a round six-foot diameter silver metal base and the body of the contraption was enclosed with sheet metal.

Near the front of the body was a door that led into a cockpit area covered by a bubble canopy. It looked like the H.G. Wells time machine was married with a nineteen fifties Air Force jet.

Kent walked to the rear of this contraption with Linus by his side. He saw that the rear had a silver concave six-foot in diameter saucer at the backend.

The saucer was in the vertical position and had a drive shaft connected to the rear section of the body.

Hundreds of wires ran from the center of the saucer to the outer edge where there were hundreds of small ports. These small ports ran all along the diameter of the saucer.

“It rotates,” said Linus while Kent checked out the rear saucer. “Counterclockwise.”

“Ah, counterclockwise, okay,” said Kent while he at the rear of the body where the shaft exited.

“What’s in here?”

“The special engine,” said Linus.

“Special engine? What kind of special engine?”

“Ah, let’s just say it’s sorta nuclear.”

“Nuclear?” said Kent and unsure he heard correctly.

“Yep, nuclear,” said Linus with a proud smile and a puffed out chest.

Kent walked away from the rear and looked at the right side of the contraption. He eyed the round base that it sat on and saw the same small ports that were on saucer were all around the diameter of the base.

He eyed the bubble canopy and could see inside was a small bench seats and two harnesses. “It seats two,” said Linus.

“Ah, seats two,” said Kent while he peeked through the canopy.

Kent walked around to the front of the contraption and saw the bullet shaped nose. He walked back over to Linus.

Linus lifted up a lever on the door and it opened with a whish sound. “Please sit inside.”

Kent’s curiosity couldn’t resist so he sat down inside this contraption. He sat down on something that hurt his bottom. He lifted his butt up and removed the buckle to a harness.

“One needs to be strapped in when this machine is running. Too risky for bodily injury,” said Linus

while he leaned inside. "I got those two harnesses out of an old PT Stearman down at the airport."

Kent looked at Linus and thought that comment about potential bodily injury was a little odd. He turned his eyes to the console of the contraption. There were toggle switches, small round lights, a gauge, two small numbered dials, and digital panels with small dials.

"What is this thing?" said Kent while he looked at Linus who still leaned inside. Kent suspected what it was but decided to play clueless.

"Why," said Linus while he motioned for Kent to scoot across the seat.

Kent scooted over while Linus sat inside.

Linus looked at Kent. "This is my time machine I've been working on since nineteen sixty-six."

Kent looked at Linus. "Time machine? This is a time machine?"

"Why yes. I started on it's design after being inspired by that Time Tunnel TV show we watched in the mid sixties," said Linus. "I finally finished it two months ago."

Kent glanced over at Linus. "You sure spent a long time on this time machine prop. Are you using it in some movie you want to make? Maybe a science fiction movie?"

"No movie, it's a real time machine," said Linus with serious eyes.

"A real time machine?" said Kent then he looked at Linus then back at the machine. "No way." Kent glanced back at the rectangular sheet metal dashboard.

Everything on the dashboard was labeled using a Dymo label maker with red tape.

He started looking at the dashboard starting from the left side of the dashboard going across the top.

The first toggle switch and associated light was labeled "Power" above that switch. Below the switch was a circular light.

The second toggle switch and associated light was labeled "Door" above that switch. Below that switch was a circular light.

In the center of the panel was the third toggle switch and associated light was labeled "Travel Dates" above the switch. Below the switch was a circular light.

In the center of the dashboard below the "Travel Dates" switch were three large panels.

Each of these three panels had four small digital readout panels with associated dials below them. The four smaller panels were each labeled "Month, Day, Year, and Time."

Also at the lower right corner of those panels was a small button to disable that panel.

The digital panel to the left was labeled "Now."

The large panel in the middle was labeled "Travel To."

The digital panel to the right was labeled "Pick-Up."

The fourth toggle switch and associated light was labeled "Instant Return" and below that switch was a circular light. Below that light was a circular dial with numbers starting from zero on the bottom left to ten on the counterclockwise at the bottom right.

The fifth toggle switch and associated light was labeled. "Repeated Pick-Ups" and below that switch was a circular light. Below that light was a circular dial with the zero, twelve, twenty-four, and forty-eight numbers.

The sixth toggle switch and associated light was labeled "Engine." Below that switch was a circular gauge for the engine. Inside the gauge it was divided into three pies. One was white, one was green and one was red with a needle that sat on a small peg at the bottom of the white pie.

The seventh toggle switch and associated light was labeled "Adventure in Time" with a circular light below that switch.

Kent saw a small door at the bottom left corner of the dashboard. It looked like a glove box.

"There's no way this is a real time machine," said Kent while he glanced back over the switches, lights, panels, and dials on the dashboard.

"I'm serious! It's a real functioning time machine and I have proof," said Linus.

Kent chuckled while he looked at Linus and sensed he was dead serious. "Proof?"

"Yeah, come watch," said Linus then he got out of the machine.

Kent got out of the machine and followed Linus to the projector in the corner of the room.

"I filmed by test trip," said Linus while he moved the projector stand away from the corner and aimed it at a wall. "Turn off the lights," said Linus while he plugged in the projector.

Kent rushed over to the door of the room and flicked off the lights.

“Get ready to be amazed,” Linus said while he turned on the projector.

Kent walked up to Linus and saw the inside of the machine on the 8mm film being projected on the other wall of the room. “What did you film this with?”

“My Bell and Howell eight millimeter movie camera.”

On the film Linus reached over and flipped the first “Power” toggle switch and the circular light illuminated green.

“That turns on the power,” Linus said to Kent.

On the film Linus reached over and flipped the second “Door” toggle switch. The circular light illuminated green.

“That locks the door. Don’t want to fly out of this machine,” Linus said to Kent.

Kent looked at him like he was kidding and wanted to chuckle. But he didn’t when he saw Linus was dead serious.

On the film Linus reached over and flipped the third “Travel Dates” toggle switch. From the film you could see the three circular lights illuminated green. The three large digital panels light up and all the digital readouts were zeroes in orange.

On the film Linus reached over to the “Now” panel and dialed in 10, 10, 1981, and 1400.

“You did this last Saturday?”

“Yep.”

“You use military time?”

“Yep.”

On the film Linus reached over to the “Travel To” panel and dialed in 7, 4, 1901, and 1400.

“This is the date you want to time travel to.”

“Why that day and year?”

“This house and barn was built in nineteen oh two.”

“Ah.”

On the film Linus reached over to the “Instant Return” switch and flipped it up. The circular light below it turned green. He reached over to the dial and turned it to the first mark off near the zero.

“This is how long the machine will stay in that year then it will automatically return to the “Now” date. I set it for one minute.” “I’ll only use the Pick-up one when I want the machine to come back and get me at a much later date.” “Like a week later.”

“Okay,” said Kent trying to hold back his chuckle while he wondered when Linus would finally tell him this was all a joke.

On the film Linus reached over and flipped the “Engine” toggle switch. The circular light below that switch illuminated green.

On the film Linus reached over and flipped the “Adventure in Time” toggle switch.

Linus turned to Kent and gave him a *Wait For This* look and smiled.

On the film the engine started whining and it soon got louder.

Kent looked at Linus and saw he had a smile on his face.

On the film visible from outside the canopy were hundreds of beams of bright blue lights that shot out horizontally from the rear. These beams started to rotate counterclockwise while the rear saucer started spinning.

Also visible from outside the canopy were beams of bright green lights shot up horizontally from the base. The beams of green lights started spinning while the base started to spin the machine clockwise.

On the film, the needle in the gauge with the green, yellow, and red pies moved off the peg and the needle and moved to the middle of the green pie then it moved to the middle of the red pie.

The machine spun faster and faster with the blue and green lights starting to merge and soon turned to a soothing cyan color.

On the film, the cyan light exploded and it was pure white for a split second and vanished. Nothing but woods was instantly visible outside the canopy.

“We’re back in nineteen oh one. Nothing but woods was here back then.”

On the film the whining of the engine slowed down to a whisper.

A minute passed on the film and the engine started whining loud. It soon got louder.

On the film there were hundreds of beams of bright blue lights that shot out horizontally from the rear. These beams started to rotate counterclockwise while the rear saucer started spinning.

Beams of bright green lights shot up horizontally from the base. The beams of green lights started spinning while the base started to spin the machine clockwise.

The needle in the gauge with the green, yellow, and red pies moved off the peg and was soon in the middle of the green pie then moved to the middle of the red pie.

The machine spun faster and faster with the blue and green lights starting to mix together and turned to a soothing cyan color.

The cyan light exploded and it was pure white for a split second and vanished. The inside of the barn room was visible again on the film.

“See, I told you that it’s a real functioning time machine,” said Linus with a huge proud smile.

Kent stood in awe while the film ended.

Linus turned off the projector.

Linus rushed over and flicked on the room lights.

He rushed back over to Kent who stood there speechless.

Kent looked at Linus. “What are you going to do with this time machine?”

Linus thought about his question for a few seconds. “I actually never gave it much thought. I was too wrapped up in making an actual time machine that I, I, ah, never thought what I would do with it,” he said and paced back in forth in deep thought.

After a few seconds of pacing, Linus’ eyes lit up. “I could use it to go back into time to record actual historical events,” he said and smiled at that idea. “Yeah, like go back to Dallas in November sixty-three. Use my camera and secretly record if there was a shooter at behind that fence at the grassy knoll. Get the film developed and in the hands of some trustworthy reporters.” “And I could go back and secretly film George Washington crossing the Delaware. It would be so cool to see actual footage of him fighting the Revolutionary War. And see if

those painted portraits were accurate with the way he really looked,” he said and the more he thought about it the more other areas of America’s history he could record. “Film the gunfight at the O.K. Corral.”

Kent thought Linus’ suggestion for a few seconds. “I like it idea. I would also love to go back and record history. You could solve some of these conspiracy theories that have been hanging around for years.”

“That’s a wonderful idea. I could also target conspiracy theories and put them to bed,” said Linus and the more he thought about it the more he like it.

“And out of business,” said Kent.

Linus nodded with that comment.

“Now, you can’t tell a soul about my time machine.”

“I won’t.”

“Promise?”

“I promise,” said Kent and he looked serious.

“Good.”

Linus and Kent spent the next few minutes having Linus explain to Kent the operating procedure for operating the time machine.

It was now three in the afternoon and Kent left Linus’ and drove back to him mom’s house.

It was now seven that night and Kent sat with his mom in the living room watching 60 Minutes.

Halfway into the show came a story about Air Force Major General Grant Bowers of the Pentagon. It was about General Bowers being accused by a seventeen-year-old girl of him sexually assaulting her.

"I'm innocent," said fifty-four year old General Grant with a head full on white hair. He was on the TV while being interviewed by the 60 Minutes reporter. "She's making up this story for financial gain," he said and looked dead serious.

Brenda eyes widen a little. "I know that guy," she said.

"That Air Force general?"

"Yeah. I know him from somewhere," she said and tried to recall where she met him. "But where?"

"Maybe you saw him around MIT?"

"No, not there," she said then thought for a few seconds. Her eyes lit up and she got up off the couch and rushed out of the living room.

Kent didn't think anything of it and continued watching the story about General Bowers.

Brenda returned into the living room a few seconds later with that family photo album in hand.

She sat back down on the couch and opened up the album. She flipped through the pages and stopped. "That's him," she said pointing to a picture.

Kent leaned over and saw she pointed at the nineteen forty nine picture of Henry, Brenda, and his best buddy Grant Bowers with the young ladies by his side.

He looked at General Bowers on the TV then back at the photo. "You're right. It's him."

Brenda got a bit of a chill. "I never liked that guy. He was kina creepy." "Made my skin crawl, but your daddy really liked him."

"Creepy? How?"

"I never told your daddy this, but back in forty-nine, he tried his hardest to date me before I started

dating your father. He was persistent even when your father and I dated. Then when we got married I think he was a little jealous of your father,” she said and paused for a few seconds.

“When he was in the Air Force and transferred to Robins Air Force Base, Grant again made a couple of passes at me. He wanted me in the worst way. After your daddy was arrested and sent to prison, Grant tried to say he was there for me buy giving me a hug. I knew he wanted romance so I told him to leave me alone. Then after your daddy’s trial was over, Grant was transferred to another Air Force Base six months later.” “He called me a few times from South Carolina and I told him again to leave me alone or I’ll file a complaint with the Air Force.”

“Did he call again?”

“No, I ever heard from him again. And believe me, I was glad.”

“I remembered how I would find Mister Bowers in our garage on occasions on a Saturday evening when daddy was out target practicing in the woods,” said Kent.

“Your daddy said Grant was always borrowing his fishing pole for fishing on Sundays. Apparently Grant didn’t have a pole since he was always moving from one base to another,” said Brenda.

Kent thought that was a plausible excuse as he remembered seeing Grant place his daddy’s fishing pole back in the garage one Sunday afternoon. Kent looked at General Bowers on the TV again professing his innocence.

“He’s probably guilty,” said Brenda the she glanced over at Kent. “Well, enough of this creepy

guy. I'm going to bed," said Brenda and she wanted to put Grant out of her mind. "Good night," she added while she got up off the couch.

Kent watched the rest of the show and after it was over, Kent went to bed, as he had to get up really early in the morning.

Kent tried to sleep that night but all he could think about was Linus' time machine.

Chapter 3

It was Monday morning, October nineteenth and Kent left his mom's house around eight that morning.

He headed off to his janitorial job at MIT.

A song came on the radio while he drove his Chevy Monza to the job. It was Johnny Cash's song *Folsom Prison Blues*.

After hearing the introduction riff to that song, Kent had a flashback to June nineteen fifty-seven.

In Kent's flashback...

Kent was five years old and sat on the couch in the living room of their Warner Robins, Georgia home. He had his Zorro guitar in hand while Henry had his Gibson acoustic guitar in hand.

Henry started the introduction riff to Johnny Cash's *Folsom Prison Blues*. Kent tried to play that riff but was nowhere close. Henry started singing *Folsom Prison Blues* while strumming out the chords. Kent couldn't keep up but still had a blast playing along with his daddy.

Back to reality...

Kent turned the radio station off, as he never liked hearing that song ever since his daddy was executed. In fact, that day in fifty-seven was the last time Henry played and sang that Johnny Cash song since he would have been arrested for murder a few months after that day.

He pulled his Monza into the employees' parking lot at MIT, parked and headed off to his job.

It wasn't long before he was pushing his cleaning cart down the hallways of one of the building.

He stopped the cart by the Ladies Room and heard a toilet flush. He waited.

After a few seconds passed the bathroom door opened. Melissa a gorgeous brunette with shoulder length hair, soft brown eyes, pouty lips, and shapely curves walked out of the Ladies Room.

Kent's heart fluttered at the sight of this beauty that he's seen so many times before in this building. She was a secretary down the hall. "Hi, ah, Melissa, I was wondering," said Kent and he wanted to ask her out for a date.

"What Kent?" she said and waited.

He got really nervous. "I was wondering, ah, I was wondering," he said starting to ramble.

"You were wondering what?" said Melissa and started to get a little irritated.

"I was wondering if the bathroom was free of other female occupants," he said chickening out with asking her out for a date.

"Yes it is," said Melissa and walked away down the hall.

Kent opened the Ladies Room door and pushed his cart inside.

He started cleaning the toilets and kicking himself for chickening out with asking Melissa out for a date.

It was now Monday night and Kent was exhausted cleaning bathrooms all day.

Back at his apartment, Kent sat in his living room of his one bedroom apartment and watched TV while drinking iced tea.

He flipped through the channels and didn't see anything of interest on the main channels. He turned to the PBS station.

A documentary about men being executed that might actually have been innocent started and it was titled "Murdered by the States."

Kent stared at the TV for a few seconds and couldn't stomach watching this documentary. He immediately turned the channel.

But after a few minutes, Kent's curiosity got the best of him and he turned back to the PBS channel.

"We'll cover the story of Henry Hollister executed by the State of Georgia in nineteen sixty," said Sadie Kershaw from the TV while she started to go over the list of men the documentary would cover.

Kent stared at the TV that showed a mug shot of his daddy taken in fifty-seven when he was arrested.

He turned the channel then paced a little by the TV. He wanted to watch the documentary but didn't know if he could stomach.

He got up off the couch and started to pace around the living room.

After a few seconds of pacing Kent decided to be brave. He changed back to the PBS channel and sat back down on the couch. His stomach got nervous while he watched the documentary.

Twenty minutes had passed...

"And now for the story of convicted murdered Henry Hollister. He was executed by the State of Georgia on October eighteenth in nineteen sixty. Mr.

Hollister was executed for the murder of seventeen-year-old Angie Abbott outside Warner Robins Georgia. Her body was discovered by hunters on Monday, August twelfth and it was believed she was murdered sometime between August ninth through the eleventh back in fifty-seven,” said Sadie while a high school senior picture of Angie appeared on the screen.

“Miss Abbott was the daughter of Colonel Richard Abbott stationed at Robins Air Force Base at that time.” “Mr. Hollister professed his innocence all during the trial and moments before he was executed at seven that morning on October eighteenth in nineteen sixty.”

Hearing all this started to flood Kent’s mind with memories of his last visit with his daddy at that prison. He felt like he wanted to cry and fought off the tears.

“A year ago, we were informed of a gentleman’s confession from his dead bed that makes one believe Mr. Hollister might have in fact been innocent, meaning,” said Sadie while she paused and gave the camera a dead serious look with a raised right eyebrow.” “The State of Georgia murdered an innocent man,” she added then the show immediately went to a commercial break.

Hearing that caught Kent’s attention. He jumped up from his couch and rushed into his kitchen.

He rushed over to the phone that hung on the wall. He punched in a phone number.

“Mom, it’s me Kent.”

“Why Kent, do you miss me already?” his mom said from the phone.

“No, I mean, yes. But that’s not the reason I called. There’s a documentary on the PBS channel called Murdered by the State. They are now talking about daddy and may have evidence to prove daddy was innocent,” he blurted out into the phone.

There was a few seconds of silence from the phone.

“Mom? Are you still there?”

“Listen Kent, that happened over twenty years ago. Nothing can bring back your father.”

“No, if they have evidence, maybe we could sue the State of Georgia for his death.”

There were a few more moments of silence from the phone. “Honey, I don’t want to go through all that again in court. It’s best we just forget it. We moved on with our lives and are doing fine.”

“Mom, we can’t ignore this.”

“Kent. Just let it go. I don’t want that heartache again. Now I have to go to bed. I love you.”

“I love you, mom,” said Kent and he hung up the phone.

He went back to his living room and sat back down on the couch. The documentary came back after the commercial break and Kent just had to watch. His curiosity was peeking in high gear.

“Fast forward over twenty years and the execution of Henry Hollister has been long forgotten in the State of Georgia. Back in January of this year, we have a forty-two year old gay man named Derek Allen from San Francisco,” said Sadie then another man appeared on the TV with Sadie. He was being

interviewed in a living room setting. The name “Timmy Young” appeared on the screen.

“What exactly did your friend Derek tell you on his death bed?” said Sadie.

“Derek was dying of cancer and surprised all of us by stating he had a confession he had to state before he passed. It was something he said he kept inside of him since nineteen fifty-seven. It was something that ate away at him,” said Timmy and he it was obvious Timmy was also gay with his mannerisms.

“What was this deathbed confession?” said Sadie.

“Yes, Derek said that he knew for a fact that Henry Hollister did not kill that seventeen year old girl Angie Abbott. He said Henry Hollister was innocent of murder.”

Kent sat up on the edge of his couch and was all ears. In fact, he turned up the volume to make sure he could hear everything.

“How did he know Henry Hollister was innocent?” said Sadie.

“He said he saw the killer strangle Angie Abbott. We recorded Derek’s confession,” said Timmy. “When we recorded it, that was the first I heard of this story.”

“Let’s play it,” said Sadie.

“Yeah, let’s play it,” said Kent.

On the TV, Sadie had a Panasonic portable cassette recorder. She hit the play button.

“My name is Derek Allen and I’m confessing something that has been eating away at me since August of nineteen fifty-seven,” said Derek in a

strained voice that you could tell he was dying. He paused for a few seconds for a cough to subside.

“It happened on a late Saturday afternoon on August tenth in fifty-seven,” said Derek then he paused again to catch his breath. “It was in a secluded place in the woods not too far from the runways of Robins Air Force Base. There was an old dilapidated cabin in the woods. It was called Meyers’ Cabin just off a dirt road off of route twelve,” he said then paused to catch his breath.

“It was a place known for guys to, you know, could hang out and be alone, all alone, if you know what I mean,” said Derek pausing again to cough and then he wheezed.

Kent was all ears and moved off the couch and sat on the floor near the TV.

“Me and my lover were leaving the cabin and getting into my car when we heard a girl yelling,” said Derek then he coughed. “She was yelling that she was going to tell her daddy that someone got her pregnant and won’t marry her. She also yelled out that her daddy will have him in Air Force prison for the rest of his life,” said Derek.

Kent was still all ears from the couch and inched closer to the TV.

“We got curious and snuck around the side of the cabin and snuck off in the direction of this female’s yelling. “We snuck through the woods and saw the clearing. We peeked around the trees and “I saw someone I knew was an Air Force officer at Robins,” said Derek and paused to catch his breath.

“He was strangling Angie Abbott,” said Derek then he paused and coughed then wheezed. “It

wasn't long before I could see she was dead," said Derek paused for another wet cough and wheezing again.

"He removed all of her clothes and left her naked in the clearing," said Derek then he coughed and wheezed again.

"He ran off with his clothes and ran off to his Ford T-Bird, got inside and drove away."

The voice of Timmy came on the recording. "Did you know the name of this officer?"

"Yes, he was my Commanding Officer and a well know Playboy around the base. Plus he had a temper that frightened me," said Derek then he had another coughing fit.

"Why didn't you go to the police?" said Timmy.

"I couldn't. I was too scared and feared for my like," said Derek in a strained voice.

"Why were you scared?" Timmy said, as he knew the answer but wanted in recorded.

"Because I was a gay man in the Air Force. And because I was with another gay Air Force man and we were lovers. We had to keep it secret or face being severely beaten up, given dishonorable discharges, or killed. We both loved being in the Air Force and wanted to make it a career," said Derek and he went into another coughing fit and it wouldn't stop so the recording ended.

"As you can tell by the tape he had another horrible coughing fit. We planned on doing the rest of his confession but," said Timmy and he paused while his eyes welled up. "But my Derek died two hours later," said Timmy while his eyes welled up.

“Did he ever tell you the identity of his commanding officer?” said Sadie.

“No, and he didn’t have any of his Air Force records from his first enlistment,” said Derek.

“I understand. So did you ever know the identity of this other Air Force lover that was with Derek that night?” said Sadie.

“Derek said he kept in touch with him, as they eventually got different assignments, but he apparently died while in Vietnam back in sixty-nine. For the sake of his family, I’m not going to give out his name,” said Timmy.

“I understand,” said Sadie.

“Derek stated when he found out that his lover was killed in Siagon. Derek believed he was killed because some of the other soldiers found out his friend was gay and they beat him in a back alley.”

“Didn’t Derek retire from the Air Force?” said Sadie.

“Yes, he retired in seventy-seven and was able to keep his lifestyle a secret during his entire career in the military. “I’m also retired Air Force and I was also able to keep being gay a secret all those years. Derek and I met while being stationed at Ramstein Air Base in seventy-one,” said Timmy.

“I want to thank you for coming forward with this story and providing more evidence that innocent men are being executed or I should say murdered,” said Sadie.

“It’s my pleasure, Derek wanted this made public and truly regretted not coming forward back in fifty-seven. He felt like he was responsible for

killing Henry Hollister but under the times back then, he had to save his own life,” said Timmy.

“We fully understand. So, there you have it, another innocent man executed by other state officials,” said Sadie

The documentary came back from the commercial break and now Sadie was now interviewing seventy-two year old retired Colonel Abbott.

“Colonel Abbott, what to you think about the death bed confession of Derek Allen?” said Sadie.

“Boloney. Henry Hollister murdered my daughter Angie back in August of fifty-seven. Pure and simple! I mean, this guy kept that as a secret all these years and finally told it on his death bed? No! I’m not buying that. Besides, Angie’s clothes, shoes, and purse were found hidden in Hollister’s attic in his garage. I’m satisfied that the real killer was tried, convicted, and got what he deserved,” said Colonel Abbott and he looked confident.

The documentary transitioned to another person and it was fifty-four year old Chuck Chambers. Chuck had thinning hair and was a little chubbier.

Kent looked at the TV. “I’ll be,” he said and had always like him when he was a kid.

“So Mister Chambers, you were a Detective with the Warner Robins police department back in fifty-seven?”

“Yes I was.”

“What do you think of Mister Allen’s death bed confession?”

“Well, I wish he would have come forward back in fifty-seven with that information. But I can

understand being gay in those days would have been a death sentence,” said Chuck and he paused for a second. “I had a contact with the Air Police at Robins Air Force Base. My contact could have helped me investigate this officer.”

“What can you tell me about the your investigation back then?” said Sadie.

“I had to do a discreet investigation.”

“Why?”

“Because Colonel Abbott firmly believed Henry was automatically guilty because his daughter’s belongings were found in Henry’s garage attic. I firmly believe he just wanted someone to pay for his daughter’s death. And he took the easy way out and didn’t care for a through investigation.”

“I take it that your investigation didn’t find any suspects?”

“No, I wondered if maybe someone was down at that cabin that day. Our department heard rumors that the gay guys used that place to be alone. But Chief Delaney at the time didn’t want to bother with them since he felt they weren’t bothering anybody. Plus I believe the Chief was afraid of who he would catch down there. He didn’t want to ruin any marriages.”

“What was Henry like?”

Chief Chambers paused for a second. “He was a great friend, a loving and caring father and husband. I miss him dearly,” he said and his eyes welled up.

“So you believe the State of Georgia killed an innocent man?”

“Now that I’m retired from the police department, I can honestly say that I believe they

killed an innocent man.” “And I find Colonel Abbott guilty of killing an innocent man by not allowing us to do a thorough investigation.”

“There you have it. Another innocent man killed by the states,” said Sadie with a serious glare.

Kent sat on the couch and just stared at the TV. “Daddy was innocent!” he said while he thought about Derek’s confession. He didn’t know what to do. He wanted to call his mom but knew she didn’t want to hear it. So he sat and thought about what he heard. He also thought about old Detective Chambers stated that the Colonel just wanted someone to pay for his daughter’s death and didn’t care for a thorough investigation.

Kent returned to watching the documentary. “And now we’ll tell the story of Willie Malone of North Carolina executed for the apparent rape and murder of a young girl back in fifty-four,” said Sadie and then the show went to another commercial break.

Kent decided to watch the story of Willie Malone.

A hour had passed and the documentary was over. “And there you have it. Some evidence that state officials murdered some innocent men. And this has one wondering why can’t they be brought up on murder charges? Maybe we should focus on outlawing capital punishment? Thank you for watching,” said Sadie then the ending credits started rolling.

Kent’s eyes lit up with an idea, while the credits rolled he rushed to a small desk in his living room and he jotted down Derek Allen’s name on a piece of paper.

He turned off the TV and got ready for bed.

Kent tossed and turned under the covers all night. That documentary and Derek's confession and how his father was framed for murder weighed heavily on his mind. Kent's blood started to boil. *But who killed Angie?* He wondered over and over in his mind.

He sat up in bed. "I can't go to the police. A dying man's confession on a tape recorder might not hold up in court. Especially since the murder happened so long ago. Plus that Commanding Officer could be already dead. He could have died in Vietnam. He could have also died from cancer or some other illness," said Kent then he got up out of bed.

He paced all around his apartment thinking about that documentary.

Tuesday morning arrived and Kent went back to his job at to work at MIT with his lunch box in hand.

All he could think about while he cleaned some bathrooms in another building was last night's documentary.

He ate lunch in the janitor's break room and while he munched on his ham and cheese sandwich, he looked at a magazine and saw an ad for the new red with red interior nineteen eighty-one Z28 Camaro. "Man, I wish I could afford a new Camaro Z28," he said drooling all over that magazine ad.

He closed the magazine and went back to his sandwich.

A fellow janitor named Earl Heche entered the break room with his lunch box in hand. Earl was fifty years old and had been a janitor at MIT for thirty

years now. In fact, Earl was the only friend Kent had at MIT.

“Hey Kent,” said Earl while he sat down at the table.

“Earl.”

There was a few seconds of silence between them while Earl opened up his lunch box.

“I saw that documentary on PBS last night,” said Earl while he removed a hoagie from his box.

Kent didn’t know what to say. He figured some of the guys at MIT knew who his father was but nobody ever mentioned it. “So did I.”

“What are you going to do about it?” said Earl.

“Nothing I guess,” said Kent.

“I would try to sue the State of Georgia,” said Earl. “Or bring this Air Force Commanding Officer up on murder charges.”

“I don’t know who this Commanding Officer is and besides, that Derek Allen is dead. I don’t think a tape recording weighs very much in court,” said Kent.

Earl thought for a few seconds then his eyes lit up. “I have a younger cousin that works at the Air Force Manpower and Personnel Center at Randolph Air Force Base. Maybe he can help?”

“How?” Kent asked.

“I’m thinking he could look up the records on this Derek Allen. Maybe find out who was his Commanding Officer back in fifty-seven,” said Earl.

Kent thought about Earl’s suggestion for a few seconds. “That might work,” he said as his curiosity as to the real killer was starting to peak.

“I’ll call Jerry this afternoon and I’ll call you at home later tonight,” said Earl.

“Thanks, Earl,” said Kent.

It was quiet during the rest of their lunch. But Kent still had that documentary on the back of his mind.

Kent returned back to his cleaning cart after lunch and he had a hard time focusing while cleaning the toilets.

It was six that night. Kent was back in his apartment eating a TV dinner that consisted of fried chicken, mashed potatoes, corn, and a brownie, at the small table in his kitchen.

The phone on the kitchen wall rang. Kent got up and headed over to the phone. “Hello, he answered the call.

“Kent, it’s me Earl. I talked to my cousin Jerry and he’s going to do some digging in their files. He said it might take him a week but he’s confident he’ll find what you need.”

“That’s great. I’m surprised he would do that.”

“After I told him why this information was important, he was extremely willing to help. I recalled him always being sort of a crime buff. And I know he’ll do the best he can.”

“Thank you, Earl. You don’t know how much this means to me,” said Kent.

“No problem, my friend. I’ve always wanted to make sure the real criminals get what they have coming. So if you don’t mind, I told Jerry to call you directly at home.”

“No, I don’t mind.”

“Good, and let me know what it finds out.”

“I will. And thanks again. I’ll talk to you later,”
said Kent and he hung up the phone.

Kent returned to his fried chicken TV dinner.

Chapter 4

A week had passed and Kent never told his mom about how that documentary ended and how he might be able to locate the real killer.

It was Wednesday evening, October twenty-eighth and Kent was on his couch watching *WKRP in Cincinnati* on the TV. His phone in the kitchen rang.

Kent got up off the couch and headed into the kitchen. "Hello," he answered the call.

"Kent, it's me, Jerry Woodstone. I'm Earl's cousin that works with the Air Force Personnel Center. He called about some information you needed."

"Ah, yes, Jerry."

"I found what you wanted."

"Okay," said Kent and his stomach started to get a little nervous.

"Derek Allen's Commanding Officer while he was stationed at Robins Air Force Base in fifty-seven was a Second Lieutenant Grant Bowers," said Jerry.

"Grant Bowers, got it," said Kent while he jotted down that information. It took a couple of minutes but it hit him like a ton of bricks. "Did you say Grant Bowers?"

"Yes I did. I found this off of Allen's APRs."

"APRs? What's an APR?"

"Airman Performance Report. It's done annually for the enlisted and Lieutenant Grant

Bowers signed them for Airman Second Class Derek Allen,” said Jerry.

“I know this officer.”

“You do? No shit,” said Jerry. “From where?”

“He was friends with my daddy back in fifty-seven. They got along since daddy was a Warner Robins police officer and Grant was Air Force Air Police.”

“That’s way too bizarre with this Derek Allen was being Air Police at Robins.”

“No wonder he was scared,” said Kent.

“Yeah, Earl filled me in on that documentary. I hope you get this guy.”

“I don’t know what I can do. It’s going to be hard to put a General of the Air Force in prison,” said Kent.

“You’re probably right,” said Jerry. “Listen, call me at area code one, two one, five, five, five, thirteen fourteen if there’s anything else I can help you with. I hate it when scum bags like this get away with murder.”

“I will and thank you, Jerry,” said Kent and he hung up.

“My pleasure,” said Jerry and he disconnected his end of the call.

Kent walked back in his couch and thought about the information he received while he sat down. “Grant Bowers. Fucking Grant Bowers!” he said and wondered what should he do. He knew his mother just wanted to forget about that part of her past. His blood started to boil the more he thought about Grant Bowers.

Then he recalled Derek's taped confession "He ran off with his clothes and ran off to his Ford T-Bird, got inside and drove away" words. "How did I miss that?" said Kent when he remembered Grant's Ford T-Bird.

He stayed on the couch thinking about how all he learned recently.

For the next day, it was difficult to stay focused on a report that was due at the end of the day. All Kent could think about was the information he received and what should he do about it.

His eyes lit up with an idea. He grabbed a pencil from his cleaning cart then rushed out of the third floor ladies bathroom, ran down the stairs to the first floor.

He rushed down the first floor to the pay phones by the front doors to the building.

He deposited a quarter into one of the pay phones and made a call.

"Jerry Woodstone, how may I help you?"

"Jerry, it's me, Kent Hollister from Cambridge."

"Hey Kent."

"Listen, I do need a little piece of information. Can you get me the phone number of General Grant Bowers at the Pentagon?"

"Sure, it might take a few minutes. Can I call you back?"

"No problem. I'm at area code six, one, seven, five, five, five, nine, nine, zero, three," said Kent.

"Got it. I'll call soon," said Jerry.

Kent hung up the phone and waited.

Five minutes had passed and the pay phone rang.

“Kent Hollister,” he quickly answered the phone.

“Kent, it’s me, Jerry.”

“Yes, Jerry. I have that number you wanted.”

“Great,” said Kent and he grabbed a pencil from his cleaning cart.

“The number you need is area code two, two, zero, five, five, five, eight, one, eight one.”

“Area code two, two, zero, five, five, five, eight, one, eight one. Got it and thanks,” said Kent while he wrote the number on the wall by the phone with his pencil.

“Keep me informed on what you’re going to do.”

“I will,” said Kent and he hung up the phone then he stared at Grant’s phone number on the wall. *What should I say?* He pondered in his head while he stared at Grant’s number. His eyes lit up.

He deposited some more change into the pay phone and punched in that phone number. He got nervous while he heard the number he punched in started ringing. He looked around to make sure nobody was near him. The coast was clear.

“General Bowers,” said Grant answering the call.

“Ah, General Bowers. The same General Bowers that was stationed at Warner Robins? Back in nineteen fifty-seven?” said Kent into the phone with a low enough voice not to be heard by someone walking by.

There was a few second of silence. “Who is this?”

“I know you killed Angie Abbott back in fifty-seven you *asshole!* You framed an innocent man and I hope that you’ll be put behind bars for the *rest of your FUCKING life!*” said Kent into the phone then he hung up.

Way over in the Pentagon, General Bowers sat behind his desk. “Hello, who the fuck is this?” he said into his phone then realized the mysterious caller hung up.

He hung up his phone and was baffled with this strange out of the blue phone call. But General Bowers wasn’t worry in the least. He knew nobody could connect him with Angie’s murder. That was so long ago and he knew he in the clear. He saw that documentary and knew a recording from a dead man couldn’t convict him.

But he still wondered how someone connected him with Angie’s murder. “Ah, bullshit,” he said and shrugged off that call. But there was his recent accusation that had him a tad worried. “Ah, it’s her word against an Air Force General with an impeccable record. I have nothing to worry about,” he said with a smirk while reviewing a budget report.

After all, he’s been accused before back in, forty-nine, sixty-six and seventy-two and nothing happened. He felt he was untouchable and so far he was.

A few seconds later, Grant put down his paperwork and glanced back the phone. “But, who the fuck was that?” he muttered and for a second he got a little nervous with this strange caller. “Who the fuck is also after me?”

Back at MIT, Kent strutted back to the stairs and headed back to the third floor ladies room.

He returned to cleaning toilets.

After he was done with this building, Kent pushed his cleaning cart down the first floor hallway.

He went by the pay phone and spotted General Bower's phone number still on the wall. "Shit," he muttered and quickly grabbed a cleaner and wipe the evidence of him harassing General Bowers off the wall.

He pushed the cart out of the building and headed back to the janitors office in a nearby building.

Later that night at his apartment, Kent wanted to forget about Grant Bowers for the evening, as this man weighed heavily on his thoughts all day. So Kent decided to start reading the book Linus gave as a birthday present.

With a glass of iced tea in hand, Kent relaxed on his couch and started reading H.G. Wells *The Time Machine* book.

Kent was halfway through the first chapter when he recalled something he saw a few weeks ago. He looked at the cover of the book. "No, I can't," he said while a wild idea popped in his head. The more he thought about it the more he felt that this was his only option.

Kent jumped up off the couch.

He rushed over to his small desk, opened up the middle drawer and removed an address book.

With the address book in hand he rushed into the kitchen and over to the phone. He opened up the book, looked up a name and made a phone call.

“Hello,” said Linus from the phone.

“Linus, it’s me, Kent.”

“Hi Kent, what a lovely surprise to be hearing from you. Do you need something or are you just calling to say hello?”

“Actually I do need something.”

“I’m always available to help. What do you need?”

There was a pause for a few seconds while Kent wondered if he should pursue this idea. “Well, there was this documentary on PBS the other night and it was about innocent men that were executed.”

“That’s always a possibility.”

“So this documentary mentioned my daddy. And then there’s this guy on his death bed that left a confession that he saw an Air Force Officer kill that girl they said daddy killed.”

“Why didn’t he tell the police back then?”

“He couldn’t.”

“Why not?”

“He was also in the Air Force. He was gay and with another gay Air Force guy in the woods. The guy that killed that Angie Abbott girl was his Commanding Officer. He feared for his life if he said anything.”

“Oh my, that would be a huge dilemma back in those days.”

“Did that guy provide the name of the Commanding Officer?”

“No, he died shortly after recording his confession.”

“That’s a shame.”

“But I was able to track down who his Commanding Officer was. He’s now a General in the Air Force at the Pentagon. His name is Grant Bowers. And mom and I knew him when we lived back in Warner Robins in fifty-seven.” “He was daddy’s friend.”

“Wow, the plot really thickens. Are you going to the police with this information?”

“No. I don’t think they’ll do anything since I’ll be accusing an Air Force General. Plus I’m using a dead man’s word. How can I prove it since it happened twenty-four years ago?”

“You’re probably right. So how can I help you?”

Kent paused for a few seconds and wondered if he should ask. He took a breath of courage. “I’m thinking that maybe I could use your time machine.”

“Use my time machine, why?”

“Well, I was thinking, I mean, I was thinking that if I use your time machine, I could go back to fifty-seven and record Grant Bowers in the act. I’ll have proof that my daddy was innocent and framed for murder.”

There was a few seconds of silence on the phone.

“Linus, are you still there?”

“Yes. I didn’t build my time machine to alter the course of past events. I want to use it to record history as it actually occurred.”

“Well, wouldn’t this being recording history as it actually occurred?”

A few seconds of silence while Linus thought about Kent’s question. “Well, you got me there. But

I don't know," said Linus and he paused again. "Let me think about it for a couple of days. I'll call you Friday evening."

"Okay. Thanks, Linus," said Kent with a hint of disappointment in his voice.

"I'll call you Friday evening. I promise. Good night, Kent," said Linus.

"Good night," said Kent and he hung up the phone.

Kent moped back to his living room and sat down on the couch. "Rats," he said while he picked up the H.G. Wells book. He glanced at the cover seeing the illustration of the time machine. He put the book down on the coffee table. He lost interest in reading that story.

He turned on his TV to take his mind off his idea with having Grant Bowers get what he deserves. He spent the rest of the evening watching TV but his thoughts still drifted off to Grant Bowers.

Thursday arrived and all Kent could think about at work. At his apartment that evening all he could think about was daddy's execution.

Friday morning arrived and Kent was back to scrubbing toilets at MIT. He was going to forget about the documentary and Grant Bowers. *I can't change the past.* He thought over and over again.

He spent Friday night at his apartment and it seemed like forever while he waited for Linus to call. But he knew what his answer would be and that would be he couldn't use the time machine to alter past events.

At eight that night, his phone rang in the kitchen. "Here it comes," said Kent while he headed into the kitchen from the living room.

"Kent," he said answering the call.

"Kent, it's me Linus," he said from the phone.

"Linus, I fully understand your reason for not letting me use your time machine to go back and alter the past. I guess it was a dumb idea," said Kent thinking he was beating Linus to the punch.

"Did you change your mind?" said Linus.

"Well, no, I figured based on our call the other night that you won't let me use your machine."

"Well, I did a little research about this Grant Bowers. It appears that he's had a past of being accused of sexually young girls. He's being accused again right now," said Linus.

"That's right. I forgot about that news report on TV when I visited mom a few weeks ago."

"He's a piece of work and he needs a little justice. So, I say go back and get the bastard."

"Wow, thank you so very much."

"So, what's your plan?"

"My plan?"

"Yeah, you can't just show up back to nineteen fifty-seven without a viable plan. You'll have to blend in so nobody will get suspicious."

"Oh, right, blend in. I didn't think that far ahead."

"Come up with a plan and run it by me. I don't want you getting caught." "And don't forget that the time machine stays in that exact spot in a different time. So you'll have to find transportation to where you need to go."

“That’ll be Warner Robins, Georgia.”

“Yes Warner Robins. Again, the time machine will drop you off in fifty-seven then return back to this time. So you’ll have to be back in Cambridge at the selected return time,” said Linus.

“Okay I understand the rules, I will and thank you so very much, Linus.”

“It’s my pleasure. Now, call me on Sunday evening with your plan and we’ll go from there.”

“I will, and bye for now.”

“Bye and I’ll talk to you on Sunday,” said Linus and he disconnect his end of the call.

Kent hung his phone and did a victory dance out of the kitchen, into the living room and over to his desk. He opened up the top drawer and removed a pad of paper and pen.

He victory danced over to the couch, sat down, and jotted down a few ideas for his time traveling plans.

Chapter 5

Kent spent all Saturday and Sunday planning out his time travel trip back to nineteen fifty-seven.

He finally came up with a viable plan.

He thought of all sorts of options with one even being he'd go back as a USAF Sergeant. But he figured that would be too hard to pull off. Where would he get a nineteen fifties USAF uniform, military ID card and orders that looked believable? So he figured he'll go back as a civilian.

Kent went into his kitchen and made a phone call.

"Is that you, Kent?" said Linus answering his call.

"It's me."

"What did you come up with?"

"I figured I'd arrive on August fifth early in the morning, take a Greyhound down to Savannah, then a Greyhound to Macon and arrive on August seventh. That gives me some time to get familiar with the Warner Robins area." "Maybe scope out the murder scene and be there on that Friday, just in case Derek recalled the wrong day."

"So you know exactly where?"

Kent thought about that question for a few seconds. "Near some old abandoned cabin called Meyers' cabin."

"You better do some research at a library. Maybe a book has the exact spot where her body was discovered."

“Yeah, I better.”

“Did you figure out how you’ll dress?”

“I thinking I’d dress like a civilian from that time.”

“There’s some clothes stores in Boston I can take you to. I’ll help in that area.”

Kent cringed a little. “I forgot about the money. I can’t use my present day currency. They’ll lock me up for being a counterfeiter,” said Kent and he looked a little lost on what to do about this.

There was a pause of silence from the phone. “I know of a few coin shops in Boston.”

“Good.”

“Okay, call me when you’re ready to move forward with this,” said Linus.

“I will.”

“Oh, don’t forget to get a fifties style haircut.”

“Man, there’s so much to do with this time traveling business.”

“Now, how are you going to collect evidence against this Grant Bowers?”

Kent thought about his question for a few seconds. “I didn’t think about that. What should I use?”

“Do you have a movie camera?”

“No.”

“You can borrow my eight millimeter Bell and Howell. I’ll get you two film cartages to make sure you have enough footage. That should be enough to nail this creep.”

“Thanks, Linus, I couldn’t do this without you.”

“Think nothing of it.” “But how will you get this evidence to the police? You can’t walk up there

to the station and hand it to them. They'll start asking questions. Might want to see your identification."

"You're right, I can't do that, but I can leave it at their front door with a note stating to develop this for evidence on Angie Abbott's killer." "Leave it in the middle of the night then high tail it back to Cambridge."

"Sounds like a viable plan. So call me when you're ready do this," said Linus.

"I will," said Kent and he hung up his phone.

Kent left the kitchen and headed back into the living room. He sat on his couch and started to get a little nervous about this trip. "Should I go through this?" he pondered a few times. "I have to," he said after thinking about living most of his life without his daddy. "I have to make this work!"

Kent turned on his TV and started watching *CHiPs* but it was hard to stay focused. The thought of using a time machine filled up his mind. It was exciting to think of going back in time.

Four days passed and Kent started to lose his courage to time travel back to nineteen fifty-seven.

It was now Friday morning and Kent was pushing his cleaning cart down the third floor hallway of the Physics Department.

"Kent," called out Linus from behind Kent.

He turned around and spotted Linus, in his white lab coat, while he rushed up to Kent.

"Kent," said Linus while he rushed over. Linus looked around to make sure nobody was too close.

"Did you decide when you," said Linus then he looked around to double check to make sure nobody

could hear them. “You know, make that special trip?” he added then glanced back over his shoulder for anybody that could be spying on the ir conservation.

“No, but I’m a little nervous. Are you sure I won’t be vaporized into a million pieces or something like that?”

“Oh no, it’s quite safe. Trust me.”

Kent thought about it for a few seconds. He started to feel brave again. “How about next Saturday?” “I still need to get prepared.”

“Of course. Preparation is extremely important,” said Linus then he reached in his shirt pocket and removed a piece of paper folded in a two-inch by two-inch square. He glanced over his shoulder again. The coast was clear. “Here’s a list of coin shops where you can get currency for the trip,” he said then discreetly handed Kent the piece of paper.

Kent shoved the paper in his left pants pocket. “Thanks.”

“And don’t forget about the haircut and clothes style.”

“I won’t.”

“Okay, good, come early on next Saturday morning,” he said and glanced back over his shoulder. The coast was clear. “The machine will be ready.”

“That sounds great, Linus.”

Linus patted Kent on the shoulder and walked away with a smile on his face. He was excited that his time machine would be used for something good. To save a human life!

Kent pushed his cart in the opposite direction and flip-flopped between being scared to death and brave.

Linus eyes widened, turned back around and rushed back to Kent. “Kent,” he whispered.

Kent stopped his cart and turned around.

“I’ll get you two film cartilages for my movie camera.”

“Thanks.”

Linus smiled at Kent then turned back around and headed off down the hallway.

Kent returned to pushing his cleaning cart down the hallway.

Kent’s shift at work that Friday ended and he headed back to his apartment. He spent the entire night drafting out his trip and plan on a piece of paper.

“What if I get stuck in fifty-seven, then what?” he pondered for a few seconds. “Well, I guess I can get a janitor’s job somewhere and survive.”

He looked at this plan over and over for fifteen minutes until it was ingrained in his head. He felt confident it would be a smooth plan.

After he felt that he had his plan memorized, Kent turned on the TV. He flipped through the channels and found an old Cary Grant movie. He relaxed on the couch and watched it.

Saturday arrived and Kent took Linus’ list and he headed off in his Monza to numerous coin shops until he had currency from the nineteen fifties. He had one hundred dollars and estimated that would be sufficient.

After he was done visiting the coin shops, Kent off to a Men's Store and bought a gray suit and gray Fedora hat.

After buying the suit, Kent headed off to various other clothing stores and bought some shirts and Levi jeans, and black Converse sneakers that help him blend into nineteen fifty-seven.

Kent went back to his apartment completely exhausted. He was sound asleep by nine that night.

Sunday arrived and Kent stayed inside his apartment going over and over his plan.

Monday arrived and Kent went back to work cleaning toilets on the MIT campus.

It was a long day for him.

He was in the janitors break room eating lunch when Earl Heche entered with his lunch box in hand.

"I heard my cousin got you that information. What are you going to do with it?" said Earl while he sat down at the table.

"I'm trying to figure that out. I mean, we're talking about an Air Force general that works at the Pentagon. It's a sticky wicket to convince any law enforcement official to investigate him. Especially since it happened twenty-one years ago."

Earl thought about Kent's response. "Yeah, I guess you're right. Besides, you can't reverse what happened to your daddy," said Earl while he opened up his lunch box.

"Yeah, I can't reverse it," said Kent with a bit of a smirk on his face.

It was quiet while the two ate their lunches.

Tuesday, Wednesday dragged on and Kent thought someone slowed down the clocks around campus.

On Thursday, Kent snuck off to the campus library. He found a book on crimes and the one that had a detailed story about his dad's case. He sat down alone at a table that offered paper and pens as a courtesy. He grabbed a piece of paper and pen.

It was difficult and this was the first time he did research on his dad. It was difficult for him to open up the chapter about Angie Abbott's murder. But he knew it was something that had to be done.

He read the case and saw the pictures taken by a Warner Robin's Detective of the crime scene.

He saw a photo that was the evidence found in his dad's garage attic. It was a photo of Angie's white blouse, black Capri pants, black flat soled shoes, her white bra, white cotton panties and her small black purse.

He turned the page and saw a sketch of where Meyers' cabin was located off a road. The sketch in the book stated that that road was Route 12 and it had an area shaded to the southeast of the cabin labeled Robins Air Force Base. Kent started sketching the sketch from the book.

After he sketched the sketch he went back to checking out the pictures and information about the crime scene. This provided Kent with excellent information for his trip. He jotted down lots of notes on a separate piece of paper.

He studied the pictures the Detective took and saw the clearing where Angie's body was found and saw two large bushes not too far away. "Perfect."

From one of the pictures he could see the front of Meyers' cabin in the background. "Perfect."

He read a short article about how Roscoe Meyers built that cabin for his family in nineteen eight. He was a Moonshiner and was killed in a shoot out with some G-men in nineteen thirty-eight. His family abandoned the cabin and moved to South Carolina. The Moonshine still was destroyed. The article also stated how men who were gay in that area would use that cabin. The cabin was demolished by the city of Warner Robins in the winter of nineteen fifty-eight after Angie's murder.

He also read a little biography about Angie Abbott, her activities at high school and her part-time job as a Cashier at the Piggly Wiggly. When Kent read that he wondered if he seen her when he was kid shopping with his mom at the Piggly Wiggly. He figured that odds were high but he doesn't remember her when he saw her picture.

He stayed another ten minutes studying the pictures in that book to get them burned into him brain.

He was tired of looking at that book so he left the library and headed back to his apartment. He spent the entire night studying his notes and sketches until they were ingrained in his mind.

Kent's next day at work on Friday was even longer and the butterflies started to multiply in his stomach thinking about tomorrow.

On the way home from work, Kent stopped off at a hair salon that allowed walk-ins.

He had to wait thirty minutes when a opening occurred with a stylist.

“How would you like your hair cut?” said Jenny after she put the white cape on him.

“I need it styled.”

“Do you have a particular style in mind?”

Kent looked at himself in the mirror. “Well, I need it dyed black and I need it styled like Cary Grant.”

Jenny looked unsure she heard correctly. “Did you say dyed black with a Cary Grant style?”

“Yes. That’s what I need.”

“Okay. Give me a second,” said Jenny while she walked away from the chair.

Jenny returned a few seconds later after doing some research with some books. “Okay, if that’s what you want,” she said and started cutting away at Kent’s hair.

An hour had passed and Kent looked like a new man with his short black Cary Grant hairstyle. And of course he got a few stares while he left the salon and headed off to his Monza.

Kent went back to his apartment and spent the night packing his new clothes in his suitcase and some toiletry items in a small bag.

He sat on the bed going over his plan, his notes, and the sketch.

He made sure his wallet only contained the nineteen fifties currency he bought last Saturday. But he needed his driver’s license for the drive to Linus’ in the morning.

He stared at his gray suit and Fedora hat that hung in his closet.

He grabbed the sketch of the sketch he made from that book, folded it up and placed it in the inside pocket of his suit jacket.

He stripped down to his tee shirt and boxers and crawled under the sheets.

He tossed and turned and couldn't sleep a wink. He was getting nervous and extremely nervous by the minute.

It was now Saturday and six in the morning.

Kent sat on his couch in the living room in his gray suit, Fedora hat in his lap, and his suitcase by the door.

He thought about eating breakfast but wasn't sure he would vomit like a sprinkler all over the inside of the time machine. So he refrained from eating or drinking.

He sat there in the quiet of his apartment and waited.

It was now nine that morning and Kent got up off the couch and went into his kitchen. He made a call on the phone.

"Is that you Kent?" said Linus answering the call.

"It's me."

"Are you ready?"

"I believe I am."

"Come on over and lets get this started," said Linus and he disconnected his end of the call.

Kent hung up his phone and walked out of the kitchen. He walked into the living room, grabbed his Fedora hat off the couch and headed to the door.

Kent grabbed his suitcase and glanced back at his apartment. He wondered if this would be the last time he saw this place.

He headed out the door before he changed his mind.

Kent got in his Monza and drove out of the parking lot of his apartment complex.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Kent parked his car at Linus' place next to his green Impala. He grabbed his Fedora hat, suitcase and got out of his car.

Linus was already waiting in a rocking chair on the front porch. "You did a good job. Shouldn't have any problem blending into fifty-seven," said he said while he got up from the chair the second Kent stepped on the porch.

"I have to admit, I'm really nervous about doing this," he said while he slipped the Fedora hat on his head.

"Understandable. You'll do fine," said Linus then he held out his right hand. "Best you give me your car keys. They won't do any good in fifty-seven. Besides they might look suspicious. And you might lose them."

Kent nodded that he agreed and handed Linus his keys.

While Linus shoved Kent's car keys into his pants pocket, he spotted Kent's suitcase. He frowned. "That suitcase is too modern for nineteen fifty-seven. It might raise suspicions. I have an old one you can use," he said and motioned for Kent to step inside his house.

After ten minutes, Kent transferred all of his clothes into Linus' old fifties brown Samsonite suitcase. He also packed his Bell and Howell eight millimeter movie camera in its case with two film cartridges.

“Ready?”

Kent nodded he was ready and they left the house.

While Kent walked with Linus to his barn, he felt like he was walking the green mile and would never be seen again.

Linus unlocked his barn door and opened it. They both slipped inside and Linus closed the door.

They walked to the other room and Linus unlocked that door. They stepped inside that room.

Once Kent got inside the room he looked at the time machine.

“I spent all night going over the machine with a fine tooth comb. She's ready for your journey,” said Linus while he walked over to the time machine.

Linus opened up the machine door. “First I'll secure your suitcase and hat.”

Kent walked over and handed Linus his suitcase and Fedora hat.

Linus leaned in the time machine with the suitcase and hat and secured them with the other seat harness.

“Please have a seat.”

Kent sat down in the time machine and Linus showed him how to use that seat harness. He tugged on it to make sure Kent was snug in his seat.

“Okay, here's how it'll work. I'll be here and check the history books.”

“Why?” said Kent as he thought that was weird thing to say and that started to confuse him.

“Well, if it works, I’ll know soon after you depart,” said Linus and he noticed that Kent looked confused. “Twenty-one years will pass quickly,” said Linus while he snapped his fingers.

“Oh, now I get it.”

“So if something went horribly wrong I can come back and try to bale you out.”

“Thanks, but I don’t think that’ll be necessary.”

“Well, it’s the best backup plan I can come up with.” “Now, let’s get started. Follow my instructions and you’ll arrive safe and sound.”

Kent’s eyes lit up. “Wait, if I do catch him in the act, maybe I can also save Angie’s life?”

Linus thought about that for a few seconds. “I don’t know. Altering the past is dangerous enough with your father.” “You probably shouldn’t alter Angie’s life. She was destined to die that night. All you’re doing is identifying the real killer.”

Kent thought about his response for a few seconds. “Yeah, I guess you’re right.”

“Good,” said Linus then he reached in his left front pants pocket and removed a folded piece of paper. “Here are the operating instructions for using my time machine. Put them in this small glove box after using them,” said Linus and he reached over to the bottom left corner of the dashboard, opened the small glove box and closed it. “That way you won’t lose them while traveling down to Georgia.”

Kent took the paper and unfolded it. He glanced over it. “This looks easy enough.”

“Place it in your suit pocket before flipping the last switch,” said Linus then he glanced at Kent. “Good luck my friend,” he said then closed the door of the time machine.

The inside of the machine was quiet and he started to get butterflies in his stomach when he saw Linus leave the room and close the door. “It’s now or never,” he said then he glanced down at the instructions.

Kent flipped the first “Power” toggle switch and the circular light illuminated green. A low hum was heard from the rear engine area.

He flipped the second “Door” toggle switch. The circular light illuminated green and the door clicked in the locked position.

He flipped the third “Travel Dates” toggle switch and the three circular lights illuminated green. The three large digital panels lit up and all the digital readouts were orange zeroes.

He reached over to the “Now” panel and dialed in 11, 14, 1981, and 1030.

He reached over to the “Travel To” panel and dialed in 8, 6, 1957, and 0230.

He reached over to the “Pick-up” panel and dialed in 8, 15, 1957, and 0230.

He glanced at the instructions. “Only flip the “Instant Return” toggle switch if you want the machine to return back to nineteen eighty right away with no pickup plans,” he read the instruction.

He reached over to the “Instant Return” switch and flipped it up. The circular light below it illuminated green. He reached over to the dial and

turned it to the five minute mark figuring that would give him enough time to be at a safe distance.

He glanced back at the instruction. “Only flip the “Repeated Pick-Ups” toggle switch if you want the machine to come back every twelve, or twenty-four, or forty-eight hours,” he read the instructions. Kent left that switch alone.

He reached over and flipped the “Engine” toggle switch. The circular light below that switch illuminated green at the same second the sound of the engine started a strange louder humming sound. The needle on the engine gauge moved off the peg a little.

Kent stared at the “Adventure in Time” toggle switch for a few seconds. He reached over and his right index finger touched the bottom of the switch.

He pulled his hand back and started to chicken out. Then he recalled that morning his dad was executed and how his mom cried for two days.

He folded the instructions and shoved it in his right suit coat pocket. He reached back over and flipped the switch up. The circular light below that switch illuminated green and for that split second Kent knew there was no turning back.

The engine whined louder and louder.

Hundreds of beams of bright blue lights shot out horizontally from the rear. These beams started to rotate in a swirling counterclockwise motion while the rear saucer started spinning.

Beams of bright green lights shot up horizontally from the base. These beams of green lights start spinning while the base started to spin the machine clockwise.

The needle in the engine gauge moved into the middle of the green pie then moved to the yellow then to the red.

The machine spun faster and faster and made a strange whirling sound with the rotating swirling blue and green lights starting to mix together and turned to a soothing cyan color.

The cyan light exploded and it was pure white for a split second and vanished.

The door of the small room opened and Linus cautiously poked his head inside. He saw that the time machine had vanished. He closed the door.

Linus waited outside that room for five minutes. He heard loud humming from inside the room and then it got quiet.

He opened the door to the room and carefully poked his head inside the room. He smiled when he saw his time machine had returned and nobody was inside it. He knew Kent had traveled back to nineteen fifty-seven.

Linus locked that room door and left the barn locking the barn door from the outside.

He headed off to his house to check some of his history books on crime he had in his den.

Chapter 6

Kent was sick to his stomach and fought hard not to vomit inside Linus' time machine while he spun around at hyper speed. Plus the psychedelic light show outside the canopy and that ear piercing humming sound didn't help sooth his stomach. Kent got the dry heaves and prayed not to spew all over the machine.

The machine started slowing down and the ear piercing humming got quieter. Kent's dry heaves started to subside.

The psychedelic light show outside the canopy dissipated in sync with the machine slowing down along with the machine getting quieter.

The machine stopped spinning and it was quiet except for that low hum.

Kent's stomach felt better with no threat of vomiting. He glanced out the canopy and saw that that room in Linus' barn was gone and he only saw the inside of the barn. The barn door was at the far end of the barn.

He also saw Linus' green nineteen fifty-four Rambler parked in the barn. It was shiny and not under that green tarp. "I arrived," he said while he reached in his right suit coat pocket and removed the instructions.

He unbuckled his harness then unbuckled the harness around his suitcase and Fedora. He opened the door and got out with his suitcase and hat in hand.

He stood outside the time machine and closed the door. He stood there for a few seconds then remembered the timer.

There was a cyan blue glow from the time machine and it provided some light for the dark barn.

Kent ran away to the barn door with his suitcase in hand.

Kent glanced back at the time machine.

It started to hum louder.

Hundreds of beams of bright blue lights shot out horizontally from the rear of the machine. These beams of bright blue light started to rotate counterclockwise in a swirling motion while the rear saucer started spinning.

Beams of bright green lights shot up horizontally from the base. These beams of green lights start spinning while the base started to spin the machine clockwise.

The machine spun faster and faster with the blue and green lights starting to swirl together and turned to a soothing cyan color.

The cyan light exploded and a soft white light filled the entire room for a split second then dissipated. Nothing but a cyan colored circle remained on the dirt floor of the barn.

Kent opened the barn door, slipped outside then closed the barn door with his suitcase and Fedora hat in hand.

Kent stood outside the barn for a few seconds and glanced around the area. It looked a little different then he saw the bottom lights of the house turn on. "Linus," he said and put his Fedora hat on his head and slipped away into the darkness.

After Kent was safely away from the house, a fifty-year old Linus stepped out on the front porch in his pajamas with a Remington double barrel shotgun in hand. Linus still had his uncombed hair that shot out all over the place but it was more salt and pepper than snow white.

He cautiously inched off the front porch then gingerly headed to his barn with his shotgun in hand.

He stopped at the barn door and hesitated a little afraid of what he might encounter inside the barn.

He ever so slowly opened the barn door and peeked inside. It was dark and quiet inside.

Linus cautiously slipped inside the barn reached over to the left of the door opening and flicked on the four overhead lights.

He had his shotgun ready to protect him as soon as the light came on. Nothing. The barn was quiet and nobody was inside.

Linus spotted the cyan glowing circle in the dirt at the other end of the barn. He glanced around the inside of the barn again and saw nobody.

He cautiously inched his way over to that circular glow with his shotgun ready to fire.

Once he got to the cyan colored circular glow he bent down. He touched the glow and it was luke warm. "What just happened?" he said while he pondered the possibilities. Then he recalled that movie *Not of This Earth* sci-fi movie he saw six months ago at the theater. "Aliens!" he said and started to shake in a little fear. The circular cyan colored glow vanished. Linus touched that spot again and it was cool.

He sprang up and rushed out of the barn leaving on the lights.

He closed the barn door and glanced around his property for any signs of Aliens. He glanced up at the sky for any signs of an Alien spaceship. He saw nothing but stars then rushed away.

“I need to keep my barn locked from now on,” he said while he walked backward in his yard keeping an eye and his shotgun on the barn. You just never know if an Alien might jump out of the barn and eat or kill him.

Linus was ten feet from the barn when he tripped over his feet from walking backwards.

He fell backwards to the ground with his shotgun going off at the sky when he landed on his back.

Linus jumped back to his feet and ran back to his porch.

Once he got back to his front porch, Linus sat in his rocking chair with his shotgun across his lap. He planned to stay awake all night to protect his property and his life.

Down the street from his house, some of the lights from his neighbor’s homes turned on. Some of his neighbors stepped outside their homes to check out the sound of that shotgun.

Two neighbors Gus and Malcolm stood in their driveways looking in the direction of that sound.

“What do you think that was Malcolm?” said Gus while he walked over.

“I don’t know. Probably a car backfiring,” said Gus when the neighborhood was again quiet.

“Yeah, you’re probably right.”

They both headed back inside their home as did the other neighbors that came outside.

Meanwhile, Kent was a half-a-mile away down the street from Linus' house. He knew he was back in fifty-seven by all the cars in the driveways. He saw fifties model Chevys, Fords, Studebakers, Dodges, Plymouths, Hudsons, and Cadillacs. All were in pristine condition.

A couple of hours had had passed and it was five in the morning. Kent had finally walked to the Greyhound bus station in Boston. He was exhausted and starving.

Kent went inside the station and up to the ticket counter. "I need round trip tickets heading to Savannah, Georgia. Leaving Boston on the next available bus and leaving Savannah on August twelfth heading back to Boson," he said.

The ticket clerk nodded that he understood Kent's order. He printed out two tickets. "That'll be fifteen dollars," said the clerk.

Kent removed his wallet from his suit pants pocket and removed a twenty dollar bill. He handed it to the clerk.

The clerk took the money and gave Kent his change with the tickets. "Bus leaves at ten thirty this morning."

Kent took the tickets then walked away.

He saw that the bus station was pretty much empty with very few travelers. He also spotted a small restaurant that was closed.

"What time does that restaurant open?" he asked the clerk.

"It opens at seven," said the clerk.

Kent's stomach growled. He was starving but knew he would have to tough it out. "I should have brought some food," he said while he walked over and sat down on a wooden bench. He sat and waited. After a few minutes he was bored to death.

Seven that morning arrived and the bus station started to fill up with travelers.

Kent also noticed the restaurant opened its doors and the lights were on inside it. "Finally," he said and got up off the bench with his stomach growling louder. "I haven't eaten in twenty-one years," he jokingly said while he walked to the restaurant.

A woman in her fifties on a nearby bench heard Kent and thought he was a little odd for making that comment.

Kent went into the bus station restaurant and enjoyed an eighty-five cent breakfast that consisted of two fried eggs, four slices of bacon, two slices of buttered toast and all the coffee he wanted.

After he was finished with breakfast, Kent walked across the station to a book stand. There he bought the July twenty-ninth issue of Life Magazine and a pack of Dentyne chewing gum, three packs of Beer Nuts, and four Rocky Road candy bars.

"I have a long trip to Georgia," he told the clerk while he paid his bill.

The old man clerk just smiled and didn't care since he was making a small profit.

Kent walked away from the book stand and sat back down on another wooden bench. He sat and watched the station fill up with travelers. All dressed in suits, hats and nice dresses. He loved how people got dressed up back in the fifties when they traveled.

Unlike the eighties where some people dressed like slobs.

It was now ten fifteen and Kent's bus to Savannah was being boarded.

Kent found a window seat near the rear of the bus and was looking forward to seeing nineteen fifty-seven America while he headed down south.

The bus left the station promptly at ten thirty.

It navigated through the streets of Boston and eventually headed south on U.S. 1. Kent loved the view of nineteen fifty-seven Boston.

A couple of hours had passed and the Greyhound bus pulled into the station in Philadelphia.

There was an hour stop to allow some passengers to get off and the other ones to grab a quick lunch before heading back south.

After a quick hot dog and Cocoa Cola lunch, Kent got back on the bus. It departed the station and headed south.

During the drive, Kent read his Life magazine to help kill time.

It was now early evening and the bus stopped at the Greyhound station in Washington D.C. for dinner, and for other passenger's destination and to pickup new passengers. It also offered time for the bus to refuel.

Two hours had passed and Kent was back on the bus and it headed back down south on U.S. 1. Five of the new passengers were U.S. Army soldiers heading to their next assignment.

Hours had passed and the sun went below the horizon while the bus headed south.

Kent fell fast asleep.

He had a dream...

In Kent's dream he was in Warner Robins, Georgia.

He was in the woods and heard a woman screaming. He ran in that direction.

The screams got louder the father he ran through the woods.

He ran to a clearing and saw a man strangling a teenage girl.

"STOP!" screamed out Kent.

The man looked at Kent. It was his dad. "NO!" Kent yelled out.

Back to reality...

Kent jumped up in his seat in a sweaty panic.

He looked around and saw he was on a dark bus going down U.S. 1. He was relieved. But that dream made him wonder if he might in fact learn the truth that his dad was a real murderer. He closed his eyes but couldn't go back to sleep.

It was eight that morning and the Greyhound bus pulled into the Greyhound station in Fayetteville in North Carolina at eight that morning. The five Army soldiers got off the bus and were met by an Army Sergeant ready to take them to Fort Bragg.

Kent had a ninety-minute layover and he went into the station for some breakfast, lots of hot coffee, used the restroom and bought four more Rocky Road candy bars. He started to get a little nervous knowing he was getting closer to Macon, Georgia.

The ninety minutes had passed and Kent was back on the bus. It headed back south.

Kent reread his Life magazine and was now tired of this long bus ride.

It was now five that evening and the Greyhound bus pulled into the Savannah, Georgia bus station.

Kent got off the bus grabbed his suitcase and Fedora hat. He went inside the station.

He went to the ticket office and bought round trip tickets for Macon and Savannah for August thirteenth. He was told that the bus to Macon was leaving in two hours. This gave him enough time for some dinner and another bathroom break.

Two hours had passed.

Kent boarded another Greyhound bus and it headed west on Highway 80.

Kent tried to sleep but knowing he was getting closer and closer to Macon by the minute kept him awake.

Three hours had passed and the Greyhound bus pulled into the Greyhound station in Macon.

Kent got off the bus, grabbed his suitcase, Fedora hat and headed into the station.

He walked out of the front door of the station and saw two nineteen fifty-four Chevrolet Yellow Cab taxis waiting for new fares.

He walked up to the driver's door of one of the cabs. "I need to go to Warner Robins."

The cab driver got out of his cab, grabbed Kent's suitcase and put it in his trunk.

He got back behind the wheel while Kent got in the back seat.

"Where in Warner Robins?" said the driver while he started up his cab.

“I need a motel on the northeastern side of town.”

“Okay, no problem,” said the driver then put the cab in gear and drove away.

Thirty minutes had passed and the Yellow Cab dropped Kent off at the Peach Tree Motor Court located on the northeastern side of Warner Robins right off Route 12.

While the cab pulled into the Peach Tree Motor Court gravel parking lot, Kent suddenly recalled this place when he was a kid.

The cab drove up to the motor court office and stopped.

He paid the cab driver the five-dollar fare, grabbed his suitcase and got out of the cab.

While the cab drove away, Kent heard the sound of an airplane he looked and saw the lights of C-130 landing at the runway of Robins Air Force Base.

He went to the front door and stepped inside the Peach Tree Motor Court's office.

Ernie worked the night shift and glanced up from his August issue of *Hot Rod* magazine from behind the counter. “Howdy,” he said the second he spotted Kent enter the office.

“I would like a room for five nights, please,” said Kent while he walked up to the counter.

“I can do that,” said Ernie then he reached under the counter and placed a small registration form in front of Kent along with a pencil. “Please fill this out.”

Kent took the pencil and filled out the registration form and used his Cambridge apartment address.

Ernie took the form and glanced over it. “Look good, that’ll be twenty dollars.”

Kent paid Ernie twenty dollars and Ernie gave him a key for Room 15.

Ernie returned to his *Hot Rod* magazine while Kent left the office.

He went inside his room, took off his gray suit and hung it and the Fedora hat in the closet.

He unpacked his suitcase and put the toiletry bag in the bathroom and his other clothes in one of the small dresser drawers. He also placed the Bell and Howell movie camera case in that drawer.

He got on the bed under the covers and fell fast asleep. He was totally exhausted from being on the Greyhound bus and being in Linus’ time machine.

Chapter 7

Thursday morning, August eighth, nineteen fifty-seven arrived.

Kent woke up at eight that morning got showered and dressed in a casual knit shirt, blue jeans and his Converse sneakers.

He left his room and headed off to the motor court's office.

Kent spotted Wilber the day clerk and owner of the motor court sitting behind the counter.

"Good morning," said Wilber.

"Good morning, is there a good place to eat near here?" Kent said then he suddenly remembered a place his dad took him for breakfast and dinner.

"Yes, The Peach Tree Diner. It's down the road about a quarter of a mile," said Wilber and pointed in the westerly direction. "My brother owns it."

"The Peach Tree Diner. Got it and thank you," said Kent and he walked away from the counter and headed to the door. *Is everything named Peach Tree down here?* He thought while he opened the door and stepped out of the office.

Kent walked through the parking lot of the motor court and soon headed down Route 12

After ten minutes of walking he spotted the Peach Tree Diner. The diner was small and behind it was a small house. It belonged to the Edith and Homer and they opened the diner back in nineteen thirty-eight.

He glanced around the area and saw a Shell gas station a little farther down Route 12.

Kent walked through the gravel parking lot and headed to the front door.

He entered the diner and glanced around the joint. Seeing this place brought back some fond memories of eating here with his mom and dad.

He saw the counter at the rear where you could eat and then behind that counter was a pass-through window. Behind that window was the kitchen.

There were booths along the front wall and the left side wall. In the middle were tables that seated four. He loved the aroma of his diner.

He walked up to the cash register.

“Table for one, sugar?” said overweight fifty-year-old Edith from behind the register. Kent loved that southern twang everybody spoke down here. He had that twang when he was a kid but lost it years later after his mom moved him to the Boston area.

Kent looked at Edith and he remembered her from when he was a kid. “Yes, ma-am, table for one.”

Edith stared at Kent and it started to make him feel uncomfortable. “You don’t look familiar, are you from around here?”

“No ma-am, I’m from the Boston area.”

“Oh, because you do look a little familiar,” said Edith.

“I just arrived in town last night.”

“Are you moving here?” said Edith while she grabbed a menu from behind the cash register.

“No ma-am, I’m here on business for a few days then I’m heading back home on Monday.”

“Business at the Air Force base?”

“Yes,” he lied and felt a tad guilty but knew he didn’t have a choice.

“That’s nice, sugar. Follow me,” she said and walked away and headed down the booths by the windows.

She placed the menu on a booth in the middle of the table. “Would you like a cup of our great piping hot coffee?”

“Yes, ma-am,” said Kent while he sat down in the booth. He recalled his dad loving the coffee here but Kent was too young to try it at the time. Now was his chance.

Edith smiled and walked away.

Kent opened up the menu and glanced at it but he already knew what he wanted. He ordered this meal all the time for breakfast when he was a kid. He started to salivate recalling that fond memory.

He closed the menu then glanced around the diner to check out the nineteen fifty-seven people.

He saw fifty-two year old Homer through the pass-through window cooking in the kitchen. Kent thought that if a cook had a huge pot belly, it was high probability he was a great cook.

He looked around the diner and his eyes soon widened when he saw thirty-year-old Grant Bowers in his Air Force 1505 khaki uniform sporting his silver Lieutenant bars on the collars. Grant sat in a booth along the other wall. He had his right arm around the shoulder of Helen Cooper a twenty-four year old busty blonde with brown eyes.

They were flirting with each other with an occasional light kiss and a nibble on her earlobe.

“Jesus, is this guy screwing the whole town?” Kent said under his breath and looked away from his archenemy.

“Grant, that tickles,” said the blonde while Grant nibbled on her ear lobe.

“Sickening” said Kent at that sight. “Just sickening.”

Edith walked to Kent’s table with a cup of coffee. “Are you ready to order, honey?” she said while she set the cup down in front of Kent.

“Yes, I’ll have your French Toast,” he said.

“Good choice,” said Edith then she walked away.

Kent started drinking his coffee and agreed with his dad that this was great coffee.

But while he sipped his hot coffee he couldn’t refrain from taking the discreet glances over at Grant and Helen. Grant was just like he remembered back when he was a kid. Oh how he wanted to go over there and beat the crap out of that creep. He fought off that urge and stared out the diner window. But that didn’t last long and he had to take a few more discreet glances at Grant.

Edith brought Kent his plate of French Toast that also came with four slices of bacon, two slices of buttered toast. She set the plate in front of him with her normal warm smile then walked away to assist someone at the cash register.

Kent started eating his French Toast and that first bite brought back so many fond memories.

Kent was halfway through his breakfast and on his second cup of coffee when from the corner of his eye he saw Grant and Helen get up from their booth.

He glanced away and stared out his booth window and ate his breakfast.

It wasn't long before Grant and Helen walked outside by his window arm in arm.

A few more minutes had passed and Kent finished his breakfast and headed off to the cash register.

He paid his eighty-five cents and left the dinner with Edith's famous, "Please visit us again."

"I will," said Kent and smiled back at Edith while he walked out of the diner.

Once he got outside of the diner he headed across the dirt parking lot. But something caught his attention. It was the rear of a red 1957 T-Bird with a white hard top and it was nestled between two trees near the rear of the diner.

He stopped. He knew that car, as he remembered taking a ride in that car when he was a kid. "What an asshole," he muttered figuring Grant was doing the nasty with Helen. From the rear window, he could see Grant was inside but appeared to be alone. But then he saw blonde hair bob up and down from Grant's crotch. "I knew it. A blow job. He's getting a blow job," he said then he got an evil idea.

Kent gingerly walked up to the rear of the T-Bird. He paused for a second then he inched his way to the rear window of the hard top. He could now see that Helen was in fact giving Grant a blow job. He reached over and gave the rear window a hard knock.

He could see Grant jump up and wondered if she snapped down on his dick.

He ran away chuckling.

Inside the T-Bird, Grant fumbled while he pulled up and buckled his pants.

“Asshole!” yelled out Grant the second he got out of his T-Bird and saw this stranger chuckling while he was running away toward Route 12.

Kent ran down on the shoulder of road still chuckling.

A little while later he heard tires screeching from behind him. He heard the sound of a car racing down the street in his direction.

He glanced over his shoulder and saw Grant’s T-Bird racing after him on the shoulder. “Shit!” he cried out and drove into the grass seconds before Grant’s T-Bird would have flattened him.

The horn of the T-Bird blew while it raced away go let Kent know Grant didn’t appreciate what he did back there.

Kent stood up and smiled knowing that he pissed Grant off. He brushed his pants off and continued his walk down Route 12 heading to the motor court.

Inside the T-Bird, Grant was chuckling about almost running Kent over.

“That wasn’t very nice. You could have killed him,” said Helen.

“Oh, that asshole got what he deserved for banging on my rear window like that.”

“I know, I almost chomped down on your dick,” said Helen.

“See, he deserved that. I wasn’t going to hit him, just scare him for a little payback.”

“Okay,” said Helen then she reached over and started to massage his crotch. “Some more of this tomorrow?”

“You bet,” said Grant and he continued his drive and headed to the Air Force base.

Ten minutes passed and Kent got back to his motor court room and sat around bored.

Ten minutes had passed and Kent was so bored being cooped up in that small room. He got up and left.

He headed off down on the shoulder of the road in the direction of the diner. He decided to checkout some of the old homestead.

While Kent walked down Route 12 he started to see some sights that started to look a little familiar.

He turned left onto Broadview Avenue.

While he walked down Broadview, he noticed that the clouds started to turn black and there was a storm on the horizon. But he felt that it wasn't a threat and heading off in another direction so he kept on walking down Broadview.

After fifteen minutes of walking down Broadview he recognized the Piggly Wiggly store his mom always shopped for groceries.

He got curious and headed off through the parking lot then to the front doors of that store. There was someone he hoped was here so he could catch a glimpse of her.

He went inside, stood near the entrance and glanced around the store. The store felt familiar.

He decided to walk around the store to bring back some fond memories of shopping with his mom.

He walked down a few aisles then came down the one that was always his favorite. This aisle had the good stuff – cookies.

He glanced at the cookies then saw his favorite – Fig Newtons. He grabbed a box of Fig Newtons.

“That’s my son’s favorite,” said a familiar sounding female voice behind him.

He turned around and his mouth almost dropped to the floor. Standing behind him a few feet away with a shopping cart was his mom. He stared in disbelief at how young and beautiful she was.

“My son loves Fig Newtons,” she said while she grabbed a box of them off the shelf.

Kent was speechless and wanted to hug her but knew that if he did he probably would get slapped and then arrested by his dad. “I also love them and my mom would always buy them when I was a kid,” he said.

“I bet our mom was the best mom in the world,” said Brenda.

“Oh she was. I mean, she still is,” said Kent and still couldn’t believe how beautiful she was as a young mom.

Brenda smiled at Kent then pushed her cart down the aisle.

Kent walked the opposite way down the aisle and headed off to the checkout lines.

He stopped and looked at the three checkout lines. He smiled when he spotted the individual he hoped worked today.

He headed off to the middle checkout lane where a teenage girl worked as the cashier.

When he got to her he saw her “Angie” name tag.

“How are you today?” said Angie.

“I’m doing good,” he said then the sound of a thunderclap was heard outside.

“Sounds like a nasty storm is coming our way,” said Angie.

“Yes it does,” said Kent and he started to look worried when he saw the black clouds outside from the store front windows.

Angie rang up the Fig Newtons and put them in a small paper bag.

Kent paid for the Fig Newtons then he left Angie’s lane after she gave him a warm smile.

What a nice girl. He thought while grabbed the paper bag and walked to the glass front door. He felt sorry for her.

The second Kent went outside the clouds started dumping rain all over Warner Robins.

Kent knew he couldn’t walk back to the motor court so he waited by the Piggly Wiggly front entrance since it provided shelter.

Fifteen minutes had passed and the sky didn’t look like it was going to stop pouring any time soon.

“Are you okay?” said Angie while she walked out of the store.

Kent turned around as that voice sounded familiar and saw Angie with a clear plastic rain bonnet covering her head and a rain coat.

“I don’t have a car.”

“Did you walk to the Piggly Wiggly?”

“Yes.”

“Were do you live?”

“I’m staying at the Peach Tree Motor Court.”

“That’s not much of a home.”

“I just arrived in town the other day.”

“Well, I know where that place is,” said Angie with a hint of a smile because that’s where Grant would take her after she was done working at the Piggly Wiggly.

“I hope that won’t take you out of your way.”

“Oh no, it’s on my way home to the base.”

Kent thought if he should take her up on her offer. “That would be very nice,” said Kent, as the sight of that storm looking like it would last a while changed his mind.

“I’ll get my car and I’ll be right back,” said Angie and she rushed off into the rain.

While she headed off to her car, Kent glanced back at the store windows and saw his mom with her shopping cart full of paper bags. She was waiting inside the store for the rain to stop.

The sound of a car stopping was heard and Kent saw a yellow and black fifty-seven Ford Fairlane stop near him. Angie was behind the wheel. She motioned for Kent to get inside.

Kent rushed through the rain and up to her Fairlane with his paper bag in hand. He opened up the passenger door and sat inside.

“I’m Angie Abbott,” she said while she drove the Fairlane away.

“I know,” he said and she looked at him wondering how he knew that. “I mean, I know your name is Angie from your Piggly Wiggly name tag.”

“Oh, yeah, silly me,” she said with a girlish giggle. “What’s your name?”

“Kent Hollister,” he said then cringed thinking that maybe he should have made up a fake name.

“So Kent, where are you from? I don’t think you’re from around here since I’ve never seen you at the Piggly Wiggly before.”

“Cambridge, Massachusetts.”

“That’s way far away,” said Angie then her turned out of the Piggly Wiggly parking lot and onto Broadview.

“Yes, it is.”

“What brings you all the way down here?”

“Well,” he said and hesitated. *To find your killer.* He wanted to say. “Well, I was thinking of moving back down here,” he said. as that was the first thing that came in his head.

“Moving back? You lived here before. When?”

Kent had to think for a few seconds. “Back in the early thirties.”

“Why did you leave?”

Kent looked at Angie and started to think this was a huge mistake. “My dad died and mom wanted to move to be near her parents. So we moved to Cambridge.”

“Oh, I’m so sorry,” she said and patted Kent on his arm.

“Thanks. But that was twenty-one years ago.”

“Do you have a girlfriend?” said Angie while she turned the Fairlane down another street.

“Ah, no I don’t,” said Kent and her asking that question made him wish he had a girlfriend. But he tried a few times but nobody wanted to date a shy janitor.

“I have a boyfriend,” she said with love in her eyes and Kent saw her lightly rub her belly. He knew what that meant.

“Does he go to your high school?”

“Oh no, he’s a little older but so dreamy,” she said with a sparkle in her eyes and loving smile.

Kent rolled his eyes.

Angie looked at Kent. “You know, I, ah, could be interested in dating you,” said Angie and gave Kent a warm smile. “You know, if I didn’t have a boyfriend.”

Kent looked at Angie’s beautiful blue eyes and smile. “I would like that,” he said and knew she was underage but still thought she would be a dream come true. “But I know you have a boyfriend.”

It got quiet in the Fairlane while Angie turned the Fairlane down Route 12 and the storm showed signs of weakening.

Angie reached over and turned on the radio.

“And now here’s Elvis’ brand new song,” said the DJ.

“Oh, I love that new Elvis song!” said Angie.

“Oh baby let me be, your lovin’ teddy bear,” Angie sang out along with Elvis. She had a beautiful voice and Kent was impressed.

He saw the Peach Tree Motor Court up ahead. “There’s the motor court, up ahead.”

The rain stopped so Angie turned off the wipers. She turned into the parking lot.

“I’ll get out here,” he said.

She stopped the Fairlane.

“Thank you for the ride, Angie.”

“Oh, you’re welcome. I hope we’ll run into each other soon.”

“Oh, I’m sure we will,” said Kent then he opened up the car door and stepped outside with his paper bag. He gave Angie a little smile then closed the door.

Angie drove off and tooted the horn.

She pulled the Fairlane on Route 12 and headed off to the Air Force base.

Kent walked off to his room with a smile thinking that Angie was so sweet and adorable. *She’s way too sweet to die.* He thought while he walked up to his room door and unlocked it.

He went back inside his room and took a little nap on the bed.

Kent woke up from his nap and it was now five in the evening. His stomach growled.

He got off the bed and left his room.

He walked through the parking lot and headed down Route 12. He was going back to the Peach Tree Diner for supper.

When he got to the diner Edith immediately seated him at the same booth he sat at this morning.

He ordered chicken fried steak, mashed potatoes, cream corn and a glass of refreshing sweet tea.

The diner was crowded this evening and Kent glanced around the diner while he waited for his food. Some of the people eating there looked familiar, but he wasn’t sure he knew them.

Edith brought him his dinner and sweet tea.

Kent ate supper and thought about Angie again.

After he was done and paid his supper bill, Kent left the diner and walked off through the parking lot and headed down Route 12.

Kent returned to his room at the motor court and retired for the evening. He fell fast asleep within ten minutes.

Kent started to dream...

In his dream, he saw the room where they kept Old Sparky. An unknown person was strapped to Old Sparky with that leather hood over the individual's head.

He looked around the room of people watching the execution. He didn't see his mom, dad, or Grant.

He wondered who was being executed.

One of the guards flipped the switch on the wall.

Volts of electricity flowed into this individual's body and he violently shook.

"DADDY!" he cried out in his dream.

He heard the sound of a female crying and looked around the room.

There was a woman in a black mourning veil and large hat crying but he couldn't see her face.

"Mom!" he cried out in his dream.

Back to reality...

Kent bolted up in a cold sweat. He glanced around the room confused as to where he was. *I'm in a motel room.* He thought and realized he had a dream.

He closed his eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Chapter 8

Friday morning arrived.

Kent woke up around seven-thirty.

He took a shower, shaved, and got dressed back in his same outfit of jeans, shirt and black Converse sneakers.

He left his room and headed back to the Peach Tree Diner with his stomach growling the whole trip.

“Well, you are becoming my new regular,” said Edith when she greeted Kent by the cash register. “I might have to put your name on that booth,” she said with a light chuckle.

“I know, I can’t resist this superb home cooking.”

“Well, that the fine work of my husband, Homer,” said Edith. “What would you like sugar?” “French Toast again?”

“French Toast and coffee it is.”

“I have this blonde hair boy that every time he comes in here for breakfast, he eats French Toast. Adorable kid named Kent,” she said. “What’s your name, sugar?”

“I’m also named Kent,” he said.

“Well Kent, I’m Edith,” she said then winked at Kent then she walked away.

Kent glanced around the diner and there wasn’t anybody he saw that looked familiar.

Edith walked back over and set a cup of coffee down in front of Kent then she walked away.

Kent started drinking his coffee when the front door of the diner opened and in walked twenty-four year old Warner Robins Police Officer Lester Peabody.

“Good morning Lester. Want your usual?” said Edith.

“Yes, ma-am,” he said salivating at the thought of his normal breakfast delight.

Edith walked away from the counter with Kent’s plate of four pieces of French Toast and four slices of bacon.

She walked over to Kent and set his plate in front of him. She walked back to the counter where Lester waited.

Kent kept an eye on Lester since he was the law but when he saw him buy six glazed donuts, he knew this guy wasn’t a threat. He stared at his thick pieces of French Toast and his stomach growled ordering him to hurry up and eat.

Kent started eating while Officer Peabody left the diner with his donuts in a paper bag in hand. He was heading off to the police station.

After Kent finished his breakfast he left the diner and headed back to the Peach Tree Motor Court.

He sat in his room and started to get nervous. *Will tonight be the real night?* He wondered over and over while he paced around the room.

Kent was going stir crazy staying in his motel all afternoon.

It was now three in the afternoon and Kent decided he better head on out.

He went into the closet and took the folded sketch out from the inside pocket of his suit jacket. He shoved it in his blue jeans left front pocket.

He opened up the dresser drawer, reached inside and removed the Bell and Howell movie camera case.

He left the motor court room and headed off through the parking lot.

He turned right and started walking off down the shoulder of Route 12.

Five minutes after he walked down Route 12 he spotted a USAF C-54 Skymaster, taking off from Robins Air Force base. It was full of cargo and on it's way to another air base. He stopped and watched the C-54 ascend into the sky. He recalled those days when he and his daddy would get on base and watch the planes land and take off from the air base. He smiled at those fond memories but then frowned knowing that it was Grant who got them access onto the air base.

Kent walked for another twenty minutes and he stopped on the shoulder. He reached in his jeans pocket and removed the folded paper. He unfolded it, glanced at his sketch, looked up and down the road. He saw a dirt road off to his left. He folded the paper and shoved it back in his jeans pocket.

He headed off down that dirt road.

He walked down that dirt road and wondered if this was Meyers' old driveway to his cabin. He figured it probably was and kept on walking.

He walked about a quarter of a mile and finally saw an old wooden dilapidated cabin off to his left. "That Moonshiner sure lived way out here," said Kent while he scanned the area over. "No wonder it

did moonshine, it's so secluded. No one would bother you way out here."

He scanned the area over recalling those crime book pictures of Angie's dead body on the ground.

He saw the dilapidated front porch of Meyers' cabin in the background and knew he was close to the spot.

He walked around the area and came upon a clearing that looked familiar from those pictures in the crime book. He glanced around the area and saw those two bushes he recognized from that crime book. "Perfect."

He walked over to the bushes and saw this was a perfect place to hide he could be out of view from the dirt road and from the clearing. He knew this would be a breeze and would be saving his father's life before sundown.

Kent nestled down behind the bushes. He opened up the movie camera case and removed the camera.

He found a spot inside the bushes where he could prop the camera up on some branches so he could discreetly record the clearing.

He nestled the movie camera case in the bottom of the bushes.

The woods were quiet except for the songs of a few birds.

He looked over at Meyers' cabin that was about two hundred feet away. He got curious, as to why the secret gay guys of Warner Robins and the air base would choose this place. The woods were quiet and this place was secluded so he figured that had to be the main reason.

His curiosity started to get the best of him so he walked off to the cabin.

Kent got to the dilapidated front porch of the cabin. He carefully stepped on the wooden slats. The slats creaked but didn't break and he safely made it to the closed wooden door.

The wooden front door creaked opened while he stepped inside the cabin.

He saw he was in the living room that had a stone fireplace along the wall to the right.

He glanced up and saw there was a huge hole in the wooden roof.

He saw that all the windows of the living room had been broken and saw numerous rocks on the floor. He figured teenagers did this for kicks.

At the other end of the room were a counter and old wooden table. A window with broken panes was above the counter and to the left of the counter was a rear door. "The kitchen," he thought.

He looked to left and saw two rooms.

He went inside the first room and saw nothing but a mattress on the floor. The mattress appeared fairly new and figured the gay guys placed it there. Also on the floor of that bedroom were about twenty empty Black Label beer cans, a few empty packs of Marlboro cigarette packs and lots of cigarette butts scattered all over the floor.

He left that room and went into the other bedroom and found it was bare except for ten empty Black Label beer cans.

Kent left the second room and went to the counter and glanced out that window. Out in the

back about twenty feet away from the cabin was a dilapidated wooden outhouse.

Kent figured he'd seen enough and better get back to the camera in case Grant and Angie showed up.

He left the cabin and rushed back to the bushes.

He sat down nestled in the bushes and felt confident that this would be the perfect hiding place.

He sat and waited.

He waited and waited and swatted away some buzzing flies and other annoying flying pests.

An hour passed and nothing. The woods were quiet and not even the gay guys came out to the cabin.

Kent figured that tonight wasn't the night so he packed up his camera from the bushes, placed it back in the case, and headed off toward the dirt road.

Once he got at the end of the dirt road he ran across Route 12 and turned right and headed off down the shoulder of the road. He heard something and saw a C-124 Globemaster II airplane descending for a landing at Robins Air Force Base.

He got five hundred yards down Route 12 and saw a fifty-seven Ford Fairlane car heading down the road. He didn't think anything of it until the driver glanced at him while her car drove past him. He recognized the driver as Angie Abbott.

He turned around the second heard the brakes of the Fairlane and the sound of the tires pulling off the road onto the shoulder.

"What are you doing walking again?" said Angie while she poked her head out of the opened driver's window.

Kent smiled and turned around and walked over to her Fairlane.

He walked over to the passenger door window that was also rolled down. He leaned in the car and saw she wasn't wearing her Piggly Wiggly outfit.

"Here you are again, roaming the streets," she said and gave him a warm smile.

"I know."

"I take it you're heading back to the Peach Tree Motor Court?"

"Yes, I am."

"Out seeing the sights again? But I have to admit there's not too many interesting sights around this part of town."

"I was actually doing some filming," he said and held up his Bell and Howell movie camera case.

"Filming what?"

"Meyers' cabin. I heard an old Moonshiner once lived there. I thought I could film it as a documentary."

"I also heard stories about that old Moonshiner. Now the cabin is a place for people to make out," she said and had a grin that she's familiar with doing just that.

Kent knew she smiled thinking about Grant.

"That's what I'm hearing," he said then paused.

"You're not coming from work at the Piggly Wiggly?"

"No," she said and looked disappointed. "My boyfriend was supposed to meet me at the parking lot of the Piggly Wiggly and take me out on a date. But he showed up and said he had to work tonight," she

said and looked at Kent with pouty lips. "And I had something extremely important to tell him."

"Oh, I see," he said and wondered what Grant was up to tonight.

"Oh well, maybe he'll take you out for a date tomorrow night?" said Kent prying for confirmation.

Angie's eyes lit up. "He did say we'd go out tomorrow evening. He promised," she said but still looked like something was bothering her. Kent had a hunch what this could be.

"Well, I better get back to my room at the Peach Tree," said Kent.

"I hope to see you again."

"Oh, I can imagine you will," Kent.

Angie wondered what he meant by that but figured their paths would cross again since they've run into each other during the past two days.

Kent walked away and headed down the shoulder toward the Peach Tree Motor Court.

Angie pulled her Fairlane back onto the road and tooted the horn to say "Good-bye."

Kent looked saddened. He really wanted to save Angie's life, as he felt she was such a sweet kid. Anger built up inside of him when he thought of how Grant was using her. "Sex toy," that's what he said thinking that's why he wanted Angie. "Sex toy."

Kent walked to the Peach Tree Motor Court and went to his room. His stomach growled so he placed the movie camera case back in the dresser drawer.

He left his room and walked off to the Peach Tree Diner.

A little while later he entered the Peach Tree Diner.

“Welcome back,” said Edith the second she saw him then grabbed a menu.

She walked him to his booth. “Want some sweet tea?”

“Yes ma-am.”

Edith winked at Kent then walked away.

Kent looked at the menu and decided on what to eat for supper.

“Ready to order?” said Edith while she placed a glass of sweet tea in front of him.

“I’ll have your cat fish dinner.”

“Excellent choice,” said Edith and then she took the menu and walked away heading back to the counter.

Kent glanced around the diner and saw it was starting to fill up quick.

Ten minutes passed and Edith brought Kent his catfish dinner with Okra and hush puppies.

He started eating and continued to glance around the diner. He didn’t recognize anybody.

After eating his catfish dinner, Kent paid his bill and left the diner.

He got a little ways down the shoulder of Route 12 when he had his strange déjà-vu feeling. He turned around and his eyes widened when he saw a blue nineteen fifty-one Chevrolet Bel-Air. It pulled into the parking lot of the Peach Tree Diner. “I know that car.”

He watched while the Bel-Air parked in the parking lot. His eyes lit up the second he saw his daddy, mom, and himself as a six-year-old boy get out of the Bel-Air. He wanted to run over there to them but knew that would be way too strange.

He walked away smiling at his old memory he witnessed.

Kent walked back to his motor court room, sat on the bed, and watched *The Adventures of Jim Bowie* on the TV.

It was now eight that evening and the sun started dropping below the horizon.

Kent was bored and the TV show *The Ray Anthony Show* was not very entertaining for his taste. And since Saturday was approaching, he started to get nervous.

He paced around the room.

The sound of some commotion in the room next to him caught his attention. So he plastered his ear to the wall by the head of his bed.

He wasn't sure he was hearing what he thought he was hearing. It was. It was the sound of a bed squeaking and a woman moaning in ecstasy. "Someone's having some fun tonight," he said and felt jealous.

After the woman let out a loud orgasm scream then the room next door got quiet.

Five minutes had passed and he heard the door next to his room open and close.

He jumped off his bed and ran to the windows. He just had to see lucky guy. So he peeked through the curtains.

He saw a man and woman outside.

They walked over to a red fifty-seven Ford T-Bird. "Wait, he looks familiar," Kent quietly said. "Real familiar." After a few seconds of looking at this guy, Kent realized who he was. "Grant Bowers.

That's Grant Bowers," he said while he saw Grant was escorting a hot brunette to his T-Bird.

He watched while they got inside Grant's T-Bird. The T-Bird started up, backed out of the parking space, then drove off through the parking lot then pulled out onto Route 12. The T-Bird was shortly out of view as it raced down the road.

He knew that that woman wasn't Angie and he knew why Grant cancelled his date with her tonight. "That's the reason why Friday wasn't the day. Grant had another woman to poke."

He returned to pacing back and forth in his room thinking wondering if tomorrow was really going to be the day. He figured in high probability it would be and couldn't wait to nail Grant. But he still thought about sweet Angie.

He stripped out of his shirt and jeans down to his tee shirt and boxers. He left that sketch in the front pocket of his jeans.

He climbed into bed under the sheets. He closed his eyes and was sound asleep in ten minutes.

Chapter 9

It was now Saturday morning.

Kent got up around eight, took a shower, got dressed and headed out of his motor court room.

He walked back down to the diner for breakfast.

When he entered the diner he noticed it was packed with Warner Robins folks. So Edith had to seat him at the counter at the rear of the diner.

After his French Toast breakfast, Kent left the diner and headed back to his motor court room.

He paced around his room and got nervous about this afternoon. "I have to stop her from meeting with Grant," he said while he walked back and forth by the black and white Zenith TV. "I'll call her. Tell her not see him tonight," he said and thought that that was a great idea. "If she asks why, I'll tell her that," he said but didn't know the rest of his response. "I'll tell her that," he said again and pondered what to tell her. Then his eyes lit up. "I'll tell her that, Grant's married and he's cheating on his wife," he said and thought that would work.

He rushed to the room door and went outside.

He got halfway through the parking lot and thought about this idea again. He stopped dead in his tracks. "That won't work. She'll find out he's not married and they'll just meet another day and I can't stay here in fifty-seven forever," he quietly said then turned around and headed back to his motor court room.

He stopped when his eyes lit up with another idea. "I'll call Colonel Abbott. I'll tell him about Grant having sex with his daughter. That'll work. He'll get furious and pound on Grant and forbid his daughter to see him," he said and believed that was his only choice. "No dead girl, then my daddy won't be arrested for murder. It's perfect!" he added and the more he thought about that idea the more he thought it was the perfect plan. "Why didn't I think of this before?" he said rushed off toward Route 12 and rushed down the shoulder of the road toward the diner.

It wasn't long before Kent arrived at the phone booth at the Shell gas station all out of breath.

He deposited a dime into the pay phone and pressed the zero button for the operator.

"Operator," she answered the call.

"Yes, I need the phone number for a Colonel Abbott at Robins Air Force Base. He lives on base," he said into the phone.

There was a few seconds of silence. "I'm sorry, but I'm not locating a number for a Colonel Abbott. It must be unlisted," said the operator.

"You gotta have his number," said Kent.

"I'm sorry, but unlisted numbers cannot be given out," said the operator. "Is there a another number you need?"

"No ma-am," said and he hung up the phone.

Kent moped away from the Shell station and moped his way down Route 12 heading back to the motor court.

He went back inside the room and moped while he sat on the bed.

After fifteen minutes of moping he laid on the bed and soon fell asleep.

He had a dream...

In his dream, Kent was standing on the front porch of Meyers' cabin.

All of a sudden, a ghostly image of Angie faded into view in front of him. "Why didn't you save me?" said Angie's ghost with sad eyes.

"I wanted to. I really wanted to," said Kent.

"You didn't save me. You didn't save me," cried out Angie's ghost with sadder eyes.

"I tried! I tried?" cried out Kent.

"I'm dead," cried out Angie's ghost. "I'm dead," she said then the ghost started to fade away.

Back to reality...

Kent tossed and turned in bed. "I tried! I tried! I swear I tried, Angie" he cried out in his sleep. He woke up and glanced around the room in a daze.

He saw the alarm clock on the bedside table. It was now three that Saturday afternoon and he knew it was that time again.

He thought about calling the police. *But would they believe me?* He thought. *If Grant and Angie didn't show up for some strange reason then he could be arrested for making false calls. Sunday could be the actual day.* He thought. He knew his only choice was to film this crime and leave the film cartridge by the front door of the police station.

He got out of the bed and walked over to the dresser drawer. He opened up the drawer and removed the Bell and Howell movie camera case.

Kent left his Motor Court room and walked through the parking lot and headed down the

shoulder of Route 12 with the Bell and Howell movie camera case in hand. "Take two," he jokingly said trying to put humor into this messy situation to calm down his nerves.

Thirty minutes passed and Kent walked down the dirt road and headed to the bushes where he hung out yesterday.

Five minutes later he had the Bell and Howell movie camera out and again nestled in the same spot in the bushes. He nestled the camera case back at the bottom of the bushes.

Kent nestled down behind the bushes.

The woods were again quiet while waited at this hiding place.

He heard the sound of a pistol being fired way off in the woods. It was a faint sound so he knew it wasn't a threat. Then he recalled how his father was targeting practicing in the woods on this Saturday evening. He smiled, as that was actually a nice sound to hear.

Ten minutes had passed.

Kent almost fell asleep but the sound of a car driving down the dirt road woke him up. He glanced around the bushes and saw a green four door nineteen fifty Chevrolet Bel-Air driving down the dirt road and headed straight for Meyers' cabin. He saw nineteen-year-old Derek Allen behind the wheel and his secret lover nineteen-year-old Bobby Gentry in the passenger side of the front seat.

"Just like Derek's confession," said Kent when he saw the Bel-Air drive and park behind the cabin out of view from the clearing. "That explains why Grant didn't see them."

Behind the cabin, Derek and his partner Bobby Gentry get out of the Bel-Air and rushed inside the cabin through the back door unaware that Kent was hiding in those bushes.

Down on Route 12, Grant drove his T-Bird with Angie in the passenger seat. She wore a white blouse, black Capri pants and black flat soled shoes with her small black purse in her lap.

There was a little tension in the air inside the T-Bird.

“Where are we going?”

“Someplace private so we can talk about this,” said Grant. He glanced over at her and knew he had to get out of this mess. He wanted to offer up his plan to her in private.

He drove his T-Bird down Route 12 with a smirk while Angie glanced at him with love in her eyes.

After five additional minutes of waiting and swatting away more bugs.

The faint sound of that gunfire way off in the woods ceased and Kent knew his daddy was finished.

Then came the sound of another car driving down that dirt road. It wasn't long before he heard the car brakes. He turned on his Bell & Howell film cameras. He was ready.

He heard the car engine turn off.

Two car doors opened and closed.

Grant and Angie stood by the T-Bird. Grant scanned the area and saw nobody was around. He felt safe.

Grant held Angie's hand to give her a false sense that he cared.

Kent peeked around the bushes and saw Grant's T-Bird parked in the clearing.

He saw Grant in civilian clothes and Angie in that her white blouse and black Capri pants with black flat soled shoes. The same clothes he saw in that photo in that crime book back at the MIT library.

He discreetly watched them walk holding hand farther into the clearing closer to the woods.

They stopped and Grant glanced at Angie's eyes.

Kent looked in the viewfinder and repositioned the camera to have Grant and Angie in view.

"Why do we have to talk way out here?" said Angie.

Kent started recording on the camera.

"This is where we met on numerous occasions for privacy. Besides, we can't afford to have anybody listen in on our delicate matter," said Grant and he glanced around the area and felt confident the coast was clear since he didn't see any cars parked at the cabin. In addition, from that angle of the clearing, the trees blocked out the cabin from view.

"Now Angie, are you sure you're pregnant?"

"Oh I'm sure. I haven't had my period for two months now. And I've been throwing up in the mornings." "And I learned what that meant in biology class."

Grant wanted to kick himself in his butt for himself for getting in this mess. "Did you tell anybody about this?" said Grant and he started to sweat being nervous Colonel Abbott already knows.

“No. No way. My girlfriends would blab it to the whole school and town. Nobody knows. I swear.”

“Are you sure?”

“Cross my heart and hope to die,” she said and Grant believed her.

Grant thought about his situation for a few seconds. “Maybe we can find a doctor up in Macon that can, you know,” he said.

“Know what?” said Angie not following where he was going with this.

“You know, you could get rid of the baby,” said Grant and he looked dead serious. “I’ll pay for it of course.”

Angie’s eyes widened. “Abortion? I’m not going to get rid of my baby!” she said rubbing her stomach. “No way!” she said and looked upset with his suggestion. “You’ll have to marry me. That’s the only answer,” said Angie said always wanted to be an Air Force Officer’s wife.

Grant quickly thought of another way out while his blood started to boil. His eyes lit up with an answer. *Should I do that?* He pondered. Grant thought about her answer. “Well, I’m not going to marry you,” he said sounding dead serious.

Angie wasn’t sure she heard him correctly. “Did you say you’re not going to marry me?”

“That’s right. I’m not going to marry you.”

Angie got furious. “You have too! You got me pregnant! And daddy will insist, as soon as he finds out. He’s not going to have a bastard grandson.”

“Besides, you said you loved me!”

“I only said I loved you so I could get you naked under the sheets,” he said then paused for a few seconds. “Plus, how do I know you weren’t fucking one of guys on the football team.” “Hells bells, you’re so easy I bet the whole football team fucked you in the locker room,” he said in the heat of the moment.

Angie got fire in her eyes with his comment that she was a slut. She slapped Grant hard across his right cheek.

Grant was furious and he slapped Angie so hard it knocked her on her butt.

Grant looked at Angie down on her butt on the ground. *Should I? He pondered. But if I don’t? Colonel Abbott would soon discovered his beloved daughter is pregnant. He’ll pressure her to identify the father. Colonel Abbott will kill me if I don’t marry her!* He thought. He felt this was his only option to be free. *I can’t marry her!* Then he racked his mind with ways to be clear of this plan. *I need a patsy.* He thought for a second. But who?

His eyes lit up. *Yes!* He knew the perfect patsy he could frame. After all, his wife refused his advances over the years. Plus he knew that the Warner Robins police department was too inept with solving a murder. And the evidence he’ll plant will ensure Colonel Abbott will believe without a shadow of a doubt that his patsy was his daughter’s killer. *I can’t do that.* He thought chickening out.

Angie stood up and faced Grant with fire in her eyes. “I’M GOING TO TELL DADDY TONIGHT THAT YOU GOT ME PREGNANT AND WON’T MARRY ME. HE’LL HAVE YOU IN AIR FORCE

JAIL!” “FOR THE REST OF YOUR STINKING LIFE!” she screamed out and it echoed in the woods.

Grant knew Colonel Abbott will use his influence to make sure he spent time in Fort Leavenworth with a dishonorable discharge. His life would be ruined and that made his blood boil. “SLUT!” he yelled and reached out with his hands and grabbed Angie by her neck. He squeezed her neck.

Kent had it on film but the cartridge was all used up. He quickly opened up the camera, removed that used cartridge and set it down in the dirt. He immediately installed a new cartridge and went back to filming.

“HELP!” Angie yelled out. Grant tightened his grip on her neck. “Help!” she strained out the words again but his grip started to cut off her air supply.

She had enough strength to start punching at Grant’s face. He ducked her mediocre punches and squeezed her neck harder. “Help!” Angie cried out in a low whisper and started to feel weak.

Kent couldn’t take it any longer, as he remembered that sweet girl that gave him a ride on Thursday and their short talk yesterday. “STOP!” he yelled out.

Kent bolted out from behind the bushes. “STOP! STOP! STOP!” he yelled.

Grant with his hands around Angie’s throat looked to his left and saw Kent bolting after him. *Where the fuck did he come from?* Grant thought and loosened his grip around Angie’s neck.

Angie felt his grip loosened so she swung and punched Grant up side his head. Grant dropped Angie when Kent was a foot away.

“Kent!” said Angie the second she saw him.

“Kent?” said Grant wondering how Angie knew this stranger and that made him even more furious.

Kent didn’t have any time to react when Grant’s fist hit him hard in his forehead catching him by surprise. His vision went black and he dropped to the ground passed out.

Grant glanced down at Kent and knew he wasn’t a threat. He noticed that Angie was gone. He glanced around the area and saw her running into the woods. He saw Kent and that gave him an idea. “Perfect!” he said then gave chase after Angie.

It didn’t take Grant long to catch up with Angie.

He tackled her to the ground.

He flipped her on her over on her back and with his knees pressed on her shoulders pinning her to the ground.

“Let me continue what I started,” he said and gripped his hands around Angie’s neck. He squeezed so hard she couldn’t scream. She was losing air in her lungs.

It didn’t take long for Angie’s body to go limp and her soul left her body.

Grant was satisfied that Angie was no longer a threat to his Playboy life style he loved.

He glanced back and saw Kent was still passed out. He got off Angie and picked up her body in his arms.

Grant walked Angie’s life less limp body back to Kent and dropped her near him.

He proceeded to rip off her white blouse, black Capri pants, bra, panties and removed her shoes. She was now bare ass naked. He smiled at her recalling those two moments he had hot sex with her here at Meyers' cabin a few months ago and once in a room at the Peach Tree Motor Court. On that motor court night Grant instructed Angie to wear sunglasses and a scarf over her hair. He told her it made her look sexier and she believed him.

He ran back to his T-Bird and didn't notice four peering eyes that spied on him from the woods. It was Derek and Bobby. The two remained hidden out of view and quiet and also afraid of Grant, as they knew it was their boss who just murdered a young girl.

Grant started up his T-Bird and turned it around and drove off down the dirt road.

He stopped a little ways down the dirt road, got out and found a broken tree branch with leaves.

He rushed back with the branch and wiped away his tire tracks from his car.

He continued eliminating any evidence all the way down the dirt road until he got to the end. He tossed the branch into the woods, jumped back in his T-Bird.

He made a right turn onto Route 12 and raced in a northerly direction.

Five minutes had passed and he pulled over to the right and stopped at that Shell gas station located down Route 12 from the Peach Tree Diner.

He got out and used the pay phone in the phone booth near the road leaving his T-Bird running.

He deposited a dime into the phone and made a call.

“Warner Robins police department,” said forty-eight year old Officer Mickey Malone answering the call.

“Ah, yes, I was down by the old Meyers’ cabin off route twelve. I saw a guy strangle a teenage girl. I think he was trying to kill her,” said Grant disguising his voice to make it sound gay.

“Did you say Meyers’ cabin? Off route twelve?” said Officer Malone.

“Yes. Please hurry! He might kill her any second,” said Grant in his disguised voice.

“What’s your name? And why were you down at Meyers’ Cabin?”

“I was hiking and I can’t tell you my name. He might *kill me!*” said Grant and he sounded scared then he hung up the phone and rushed out of the phone booth and back to his T-Bird with a smirk.

He got back in his T-Bird and was satisfied nobody saw him use the phone.

Grant felt confident he was in the clear while he raced his T-Bird down Route 12. He was headed up to Macon.

A few minutes later, Derek’s green Bel-Air drove out of that dirt road in a hurry and made a screeching turn onto Route 12.

Derek drove with Bobby in the passenger seat and they were scared.

Derek drove his Bel-Air down Route 12 and headed back to the Air Force base. His Bel-Air was about a quarter of a mile behind Grant’s T-Bird.

At the Warner Robins police department, Officer Malone and his partner thirty-six year old Officer Peter Smith raced out of the police station.

They ran over to a the nineteen fifty-one black and white Chevrolet Bell-Air squad car.

Officer Malone got behind the wheel while Officer Smith got in the passenger side of the front seat.

Officer Malone started up the Bell-Air, slammed in into reverse, backed up the car and screeched off through the parking lot.

Officer Malone made a screeching turn out of the station parking lot almost hitting a green nineteen fifty-three Hornet.

Officer Malone raced the Bel-Air squad car down the street with the red bubble gum rooftop light flashing.

The two officers were excited yet nervous about what they will find at Meyer's cabin. They wanted to keep the siren off so the killer wouldn't have ample time to escape.

Chapter 10

Five minutes had passed.

Back in the woods near Meyers' cabin, Kent became conscious. He got back on his feet. He had a splitting headache from Grant's fist smacking his forehead. He was also dazed and confused. It took him a few seconds to realize where he was and what had just happened.

He glanced around and Grant was nowhere in sight. Something caught his eye. It was the sight of a flashing red light racing down the dirt road.

He glanced down and saw Angie down on the ground on her back bare ass naked. Her ripped off clothes were placed close to her body. Kent froze the second he saw the flashing red bubble gum rooftop light of the squad car racing down the dirt road. He didn't know what to do when he saw the squad car screech to a stop. The front door flew open and two police officers jumped out of the car.

"Put your hands up!" yelled out Officer Malone while Officer Peter Smith had his 38-Special revolver aimed at Kent.

Kent knew this wasn't good while he put his hands up in the air. He saw the two police officers inching their way over to him with their 38-Special revolvers aimed at him. "Shit," he said knowing he was in a world of trouble.

"Drop to your knees and put your hands behind your back," said Officer Malone when him and his partner got six feet from Kent.

Kent obeyed, dropped to his knees and put his hands behind his back.

Officer Smith handcuffed Kent's hands behind his back while Officer Malone kept his revolver aimed and ready to kill.

Officer Smith brought Kent up to his feet.

The two police officers saw Angie naked on the ground motionless with a blank dead stare in her eyes and her ripped clothes near her.

Officer Malone knelt down and felt her neck for a pulse. "She's dead," he said then picked up her clothes and did his best to give her some decency.

"You're under arrest for murder," said Officer Malone and he was furious. He punched Kent in his face knocking him down to the ground.

"Put this piece of shit in the back of the squad car and take him down to the station and book him," Officer Malone told his partner then he glanced back at Angie. "And have the morgue come out here and also Detective Chambers and tell him to bring a camera. I'll ride back with him," said Officer Malone.

"You got it," said Officer Smith and he walked handcuffed Kent to the squad car.

Officer Smith placed Kent in the rear of the squad car, while Officer Malone stood guard by Angie's dead body.

Officer Smith got behind the wheel of the squad car, started it up, turned it around and drove off down the dirt road.

Officer Malone stayed near Angie's body and avoided looking at her. He was pissed because he knew she was a teenager but didn't know her name.

Officer Smith's squad car was halfway down the dirt road.

In the back seat, Kent started to squirm as the handcuffs behind his back started to dig into his wrists. "Can you please loosen these handcuffs? They're cutting into my wrist."

Officer Smith glanced in his rearview mirror and rolled his eyes.

"Can I get some aspirin? I have a splitting headache."

Officer Smith ignored Kent while the squad car got to the end of the dirt road then made a right turn onto Route 12

Kent's head pounded during the entire drive to the police station.

Once he arrived at the station, Officer Smith booked Kent for murder, removed his belongings from his jeans pocket that included his wallet and that sketch.

He was fingerprinted, had his mug shot snapped and placed in a small eight foot by eight-foot concrete block jail cell.

He returned to the office area, called Detective Chambers at home then he called the morgue. After that he went to the coffee table and poured a cup of coffee. He sat down at his desk and couldn't get the image of Angie's dead naked body out of his head.

Fifteen minutes had passed.

Back at the crime scene, Detective Chuck Chambers drove down the dirt road in his nineteen fifty-six plain black four door Chevrolet Bel-Air. He wore his standard brown suit, brown tie and brown Fedora hat.

He parked his Bel-Air next to a white nineteen fifty-four Chevrolet panel truck that also just arrived a few minutes ago. The panel truck had “Warner Robins Morgue” painted in red letters on both sides of the truck.

Inside were the panel truck sat two guys from the morgue waiting for the okay to remove the body.

Detective Chambers got out of his Bel-Air with a Kodak Starflash Brownie camera in hand.

He walked over to Officer Malone still standing guard by Angie’s body.

“Oh my God, what kind of monster would do this?” said Detective Chambers while he got his camera ready.

Detective Chambers started snapping pictures of the crime scene, and of the dead unidentified teenager.

After he was done with that, he motioned for the morgue guys to do complete their job.

He and Officer Malone started scouring the area for any evidence.

Back at the Warner Robins police station, Kent sat on the uncomfortable bunk in that jail cell. His eyes welled up knowing he was in deep trouble. “Why couldn’t I just have let history remained. I screwed up royally,” he quietly said.

Meanwhile, Grant drove his T-Bird around Macon.

He pulled his T-Bird into the parking lot of the Pink Pussy Cat lounge where other horny guys started to enter the lounge.

He got out of his T-Bird and strutted inside the lounge.

Back at the crime scene, Detective Chambers and Officer Malone finished scouring the crime scene and jotting down notes on his small note pad. They didn't find any other evidence.

The two morgue guys had Angie in the body bag on the gurney. They placed the gurney in the rear of the panel truck and closed the rear doors.

Detective Chambers along with Officer Smith got in his Bel-Air. He started up his Bel-Air, turned his car around and drove off down the dirt road.

The morgue panel truck was right behind Detective Chambers car.

A little while later, Detective Chambers had dropped Officer Malone off at the police station then he drove off.

Ten minutes later he pulled up to a residential house in Warner Robins. He parked his Bel-Air behind a black nineteen fifty Chevrolet panel truck with "Clint's Camera Shop" painted on both sides of panels.

He got out of his car and walked to the front door and knocked.

The door opened and fifty-eight year old Clint Woodard appeared. "Chuck, what a surprise."

"Clint, I need a huge favor."

"Sure."

"I need this film developed right away. We had a murder tonight down at that old Moonshiners cabin. It was a teenage girl. We don't know her name at this time."

"Oh my, someone was killed down at Meyers' cabin."

“Yes. Can you get these developed tonight? It’s for the case file and then for the murder trial on our suspect.” said Detective Chambers handing Clint his Kodak Browning camera.

“You already arrested someone?”

“He was found by her body and he’s now down at the station.”

Clint looked mad. “I hope he has a date with Old Sparky.”

“Oh, I’ll make sure he will.”

“I’ll run down to my shop immediately, Chuck,” said Clint as he always helped out the Warner Robins police department.

“Thanks, Clint,” said Detective Chambers and walked away and headed back to his Bel-Air.

He got back in his Bel-Air and drove off down the street.

Detective Chambers headed back to the station. He normally worked first shift but knew this overtime tonight would be for free. But he didn’t care since a teenager was murdered.

Once he got back to the station, he got a cup of coffee and sat down at his desk. He started reviewing his notes from his small note pad.

An hour had passed and Clint entered the station with a large vanilla envelope in hand.

“I got those pictures developed,” said Clint and he looked pissed. “I want to flip the switch once after that guy gets strapped in Old Sparky,” he said after thinking about those pictures.

“Thanks Clint,” said Detective Chambers after taking the envelope from Clint. “Send the Chief the bill.”

“I wonder how the fish are biting for him?” said Clint.

“Probably pretty good since he’s not back in the office,” said Detective Chambers while opening the envelope.

Clint walked away and headed back to the front doors, as he didn’t want to see those pictures of Angie’s dead body again. He left the station.

Detective Chambers blood boiled seeing those pictures of the crime scene.

Ten minutes had passed and Detective Chambers had Kent at a table in the interrogation room. He sat across the table from Kent.

“May I have some aspirin? I have a splitting headache.”

Detective Chambers looked across the table at Kent. “No. It serves you right for what you did,” he said not having any sympathy for a guy that just killed a teenage girl. He continued to stare down Kent to make him feel uncomfortable and it worked.

After a few seconds of staring at Kent, something felt familiar with his stranger. “Do I know you?” said Detective Chambers.

“I ah,” said Kent then Detective Chambers was a familiar sight to him. He recalled those days as a kid watching him playing softball with his daddy. And he remembered that photo he saw in his mom’s photo album. “I don’t think so. I just arrived in town a few days ago.”

Detective Chambers removed his small note pad and pen from his suit pocket. “What day?” he said opening up his note pad and grabbing his pen.

"I arrived Wednesday night," said Kent and Detective Chambers wrote that down.

"Where are you staying?"

"At the Peach Tree Motor Court."

"Why are you here in my town?"

"I ah, I was thinking of getting a job down here," said Kent, as this was the only viable excuse he could come up with.

"Where's your car?"

"I came down here by Greyhound bus."

Detective Chambers thought about his story for a few seconds. "So you came here by bus for a job but ended up killing a young teenage girl instead?" said Detective Chambers and he refrained from reaching across the table and punching Kent. He saw his right black eye and figured one of the two officers hit him and rightly so.

"I swear, I didn't kill her!" said Kent and his eyes welled up.

"You were found by her dead body. I'd say it looks like you did kill her."

"I didn't kill her. Grant Bowers did."

Detective Chambers wasn't sure he heard correctly. "Did you say Grant Bowers?" he said while he jotted down that information.

"Yes, Grant Bowers. I saw him strangle her and tried to stop him but he hit me and I passed out. When I came to, I was near Angie's naked body."

"Did you say her name was Angie?"

"Yes Angie Abbott. She's the daughter of Colonel Abbott from the Air Force Base."

"So you know this girl?"

“Briefly. She gave me a ride the other day from the Piggly Wiggly. It was raining.” “And I saw her yesterday on Route 12.”

Detective Chambers recalled that storm on Thursday. “You also said yesterday? Why did you see her?”

Kent started to wonder if he was digging his hole deeper. “I was walking down route twelve and she saw me in her car. She pulled over and we talked for a few minutes, then she drove off.”

“What did you talk about?”

“She said her date on Friday night cancelled on her.”

“Do you know this date’s name?”

“No, she never told me.”

Detective Chambers jotted down some notes on his note pad then he looked at Kent. “How do you know Grant Bowers? You must know him since you gave me his name.”

Kent paused for a few seconds. “I saw him at the Peach Tree Diner during breakfast on Thursday morning. He had on an Air Force uniform and I saw his name tag.”

“That explains his last name but how do you know his first name?”

Kent pondered a believable answer for a few seconds. “Well, he had this blonde girl with him. He nibbled on ear and she called out his first name saying that that tickled.”

“Okay,” said Detective Chambers jotting down that information.

“Plus he tried to run over me when I left the diner and was walking back to the motor court.”

“Tried to run over you. Now why would he do that?” said Detective Chambers knowing this was probably bullshit.

“Because I saw that blonde giving him a blow job in his T-Bird in the diner parking lot.”

“Well why would you spy on a guy getting a blowjob? Are you some kind of pervert I should be concerned about?”

“No sir, I’m not a pervert. I swear,” said Kent and he looked serious.

Detective Chambers thought for a few seconds then his eyes widened. “So, here’s how it went down. You asked this Angie Abbott girl to go hiking with you in the woods. You figured doing that would give you two the chance to be alone. You wanted some pussy. She refused. You got pissed off and then you raped and killed her.”

Kent looked at Detective Chambers and couldn’t believe what he just said. “No, no, that’s *not* what happened.”

“Then tell me the truth,” said Detective Chambers and couldn’t wait for another lie. “Why did you have this sketch of the Meyers’ cabin on your possession?”

“I went to the woods by Meyers’ cabin to film the cabin,” said Kent then he stopped and knew he had to change the reason a little.

“Film that cabin, why would anybody want to film that old dump?” said Detective Chambers thinking that was a bit odd and probably a lie.

“He was a Moonshiner. I was thinking of doing a documentary on it. Maybe selling the film.”

“To film the story about a Moonshiner?”

“Yes sir.”

Detective Chambers thought about his story for a few seconds. “Apparently you don’t have a car, as a car wasn’t at the scene, so you walked all the way from the Peach Tree Motor Court to that area by Meyers’ cabin to film a Moonshiner’s cabin?”

“That’s correct.”

“That sounds so unbelievable.”

“Well, that’s why I was there.”

“Okay, so then what happened?”

“I heard Grant Bowers and Angie Bowers having an argument. He got her pregnant and wouldn’t marry her. She threatened to tell her daddy and have him put Grant in Air Force prison. So he started to strangle her. I tried to stop him but he hit me. I...”

“You tried to stop him. He hit you. You passed out and woke up next to her naked dead body,” said Detective Chambers interrupting Kent.

“That’s what happened,” said Kent.

Detective Chambers reached in his suit jacket and removed a pack of Lucky Strike cigarettes. He took out a cigarette, lit it, took a drag then exhaled the smoke at Kent. “That’s total bullshit,” he said. “You were passed out, right?”

“That’s correct, sir.”

“So you didn’t actually see Grant Bowers kill Angie Abbott?”

Kent was a little surprised by that question but had to tell the truth. “Ah, no. I didn’t see him kill her but I did see him try at first so I assumed he finished the job.”

“You assumed,” said Detective Chambers.

Kent knew that he was his hole was being dug deeper and deeper.

Detective Chambers reached in his right suit pocket and removed Kent's driver's license. He slapped it on the table. "What kind of forged identification is this?" he said placing his right index finger on the driver's license.

Kent saw his driver's license and cringed and now realized that would now make his situation worse.

"Plastic, with your picture," he said glancing down at the license.

"Your picture has blondish hair and it's long." "Are you trying to be a girl?" "Are you one of those creeps that like to dress up as a woman?" "Maybe I can get you a dress to wear in my cell," he added with a chuckle then he stared at Kent.

There were a few awkward moments of silence for Kent while he glanced down at his driver's license.

"The issue date of October third, nineteen seventy-eight?" "And the birthday is nineteen fifty-one," said Detective Chambers while he glared at Kent.

Kent kept his mouth shut and didn't know what he could say to get out of this one. He now wished he left his driver's license in the time machine.

"You have to be the dumbest murderer I've run across. You created this bizarre identification then you are so stupid that you put the issue date way out in the future," he said then took another drag on his Lucky Strike. He exhaled the smoke at Kent.

Kent moved his face away from the smoke and knew his goose was cooked. "I don't want to say anything until I talk with an attorney."

"And then you have a birthday that makes you six years old," said Detective Chambers taking another drag and blowing smoke in Kent's face.

Kent moved away from the smoke.

"I know Grant Bowers. He's an Air Force Air Policeman. He plays on our softball team. He's a stand up guy and I know he wouldn't kill a teenage girl," said Detective Chambers when he took another drag on his Lucky Strike and exhaled smoke back at Kent. "But a guy with a stupid fake identification like this one," he said while he picked up Kent's driver's license. "Would kill a young teenager that refused his sexual advances," he said then shoved the driver's license back in his suit pocket.

Detective Chambers got up from the table. He glared at Kent and couldn't wait to see this kid fry in Old Sparky.

He walked around the table and over to Kent.

Kent got nervous and thought he was going to get an old fashion beating. But instead, Detective Chambers brought his mouth inches from Kent's right ear. "I'll now have to call Colonel Abbott," said Detective Chambers and his bad breath were noticeable to Kent. "I hate calling parents to go and identify their dead kid at the morgue." "I HATE IT!" he yelled in Kent's ear causing him to jump. "I'm going to love seeing you fry," he said then walked away from Kent.

Kent was scared but relieved he wasn't going to get his butt kicked.

Detective Chambers walked to the room door, opened it and stepped out in the hallway.

“Wait!” called out Kent when he remembered something important.

Detective Chambers stepped back inside the room thinking Kent would finally confess.

“My movie camera is out there in the bushes. I filmed Grant strangling Angie,” he said.

Detective Chambers looked at Kent. “Bullshit. I checked the area over for evidence and didn’t find a movie camera,” he said and stepped back in the hallway.

“Malone, put this turd back in his cell,” he called out then walked away slamming the door.

Kent jumped when the door slammed.

The door opened and Officer Smith entered the room, motioned for Kent to come with him.

A few minutes had passed and Kent was back in his cell. He sat on his bunk and his eyes welled up again.

Back the squad room Detective Chambers sat down at his desk. He picked up his desk phone and dialed the “zero” number.

“Operator.”

“I need the number for the Cambridge, Massachusetts police department, said Detective Chambers into the phone.

“One second,” said the operator and there was a few seconds of silence. “That number would be area code six, one, seven, five, five, five, nine, nine, zero, three.”

Detective Chambers jotted down that number. "Thank you," he said and disconnected that call and quickly dialed in that new number.

"Cambridge Police Department. Officer Ned Norris," he said answering the call.

"Officer Norris. This is Detective Chuck Chambers down here in Warner Robins, Georgia."

"How can I help you, Detective?"

"I'm working a murder case. Our suspect had a fake driver's license with an address from Cambridge. I would like to verify who lives at this address," he said then glanced at Kent's driver's license.

"What's the address?"

"Two, three, four, six, Maple Avenue. Apartment thirty-six. His name is Kent Hollister. Again, I don't believe that he lives there but could you verify that for me?"

"Sure thing Detective. What's your number? It might take me an hour to have it checked it out."

"Call me at area code, four, seven, eight, five, five, five, four, six, one, zero."

"Got it. I'll call as soon as I verify that address," said Officer Norris and hung up his phone.

Detective Chambers hung up his phone, got up from his desk and headed straight to the coffee pot.

He poured a cup of Joe and headed back to his desk.

He sat there drinking his coffee and glanced down at his notes.

He headed back to his desk and stared at his phone.

Back at Colonel Abbott's quarters on the Air Force Base, he was on his third glass of Scotch, as he was worried that Angie hadn't come home.

His wife Betty was peeking out the front window curtains thinking Angie would pull up any second. Of course she didn't.

Two minutes had passed and Colonel Abbott got a phone call. It was that dreaded phone call that all parents hoped they never received. It was from Detective Chambers and he learned what had happened to his sweet daughter Angie earlier tonight.

When he confronted Betty with the news, she collapsed to the floor sobbing hysterically.

Colonel Abbott picked up Betty and carried her to the bedroom. He insisted that she take some sleeping pills.

Once she was sound asleep he got had a fellow officer that lived at the next-door quarters drive him to the morgue.

Detective Chambers desk phone was getting ready to leave to head to the morgue when his desk rang. "Detective Chambers," he said answering the call.

"Officer Norris from Cambridge. I checked on that address and it's not a place of residence. It's a small auto mechanic's shop. Called Fred's."

"Figures. Thanks officer. You helped my case," said Detective Chambers while he jotted down that information. "Oh, one more thing, do you have pictures on your driver's license up there?"

"Pictures? What kind of pictures?"

“The picture of the driver on your license. This Kent Hollister had a picture of himself on his driver’s license.”

“That’s absurd. We don’t have that and don’t see a need for it,” said Officer Norris. “This Hollister guy must be a nut.”

“He sure is.” “And thank you Officer Norris,” said Detective Chambers and he hung up the phone and removed another Lucky Strike from his pack. He lit it and studied his notes. Something hit him like a ton of bricks. “Kent Hollister!” he said, as that name was suddenly familiar. He shrugged that feeling off and rushed out of the station.

Ten minutes had passed and Detective Chambers met Colonel Abbott at the morgue.

“That’s my daughter, Angie,” said Colonel Abbott fighting back his tears. “So you have her killer behind bars?”

“Yes, sir.”

Colonel Abbott’s eyes lit up. “Do you have my car? It’s a fifty-seven black and yellow Ford Fairlane?”

“There wasn’t a car at the scene.”

Colonel Abbott thought for a few seconds. “She did work at the Piggly Wiggly this morning. She’s a part-time cashier. I wanted her to help save up for her college fund,” he said.

“I’ll swing by the Piggly Wiggly. I’ll need to look it over for any evidence.”

“Understand Detective,” said Colonel Abbott. “Call me if you need anything.”

“I will sir,” said Detective Chambers and they shook hands and left the morgue.

Colonel Abbott was driven back to the Air Force base by his neighbor while Detective Chambers drove off to the Piggly Wiggly.

Ten minutes had passed and Detective Chambers drove his Bel-Air into the Piggly Wiggly parking lot. The store was closed and the only car in the lot was off to the right side of the Piggly Wiggly store was a black and yellow fifty-seven Ford Fairlane.

He drove his car over and parked by the Fairlane.

He got outside and walked over to the car. He peeked inside and saw some folded up clothes on the passenger side of the front seat.

He walked around to the front passenger door and opened it.

He reached inside and grabbed the folded clothes. He saw it was a pair of women's black slacks and a Piggly Wiggly blouse with the "Angie" name tag. Detective realized Angie must have changed clothes prior to meeting with Grant.

He searched the rest of the inside of the car. "No purse," he said and wondered knew it wasn't at the scene and figured the killer ditched it somewhere.

He got back in his Bell-Air and drove out of the parking lot and headed back to the station. He wasn't concerned about leaving the Fairlane unlocked since in those days nobody would dare go inside another person's car without permission.

Once he got back to the station he headed straight to the jail cells.

He walked down that hallway and stood by Kent's cell. He saw Kent still awake on the cell bunk

and wanted too much to go in there and beat the crap out of Kent. He refrained. "Hollister, what did you do with Angie's purse?" he said.

Kent sat up on his bunk. "Purse? She didn't have a purse with her. It must be inside Grant's T-Bird," he said.

Detective Chambers looked at Kent and he felt Kent was lying. "More of your bullshit that won't work with me," he said then walked away thinking the purse was not important as they had Kent dead to rights being caught at the body.

Detective Chambers left the station.

He went home to get some needed sleep.

Back up in Macon, Grant left the Pink Pussy Cat Lounge.

He got in his T-Bird then something caught his attention from the neon lights of the lounge. It was Angie's purse on the passenger floorboard. "Shit," he silently cursed out while he grabbed her purse.

He started up his T-Bird and drove out of the lounge's parking lot.

He drove out of Macon and once he got to the countryside on Route 12, he slowed his T-Bird down, reached over and rolled down the passenger door window. He opened up Angie's purse and started throwing out items out the window every fifty feet down the road.

First it was her lipstick.

Then it was her small round makeup mirror.

He removed the six one-dollar bills from her purse. He shoved them in his pants pocket.

He removed the keys to the Fairlane and tossed them out the window.

He removed her driver's license then tossed her purse out the window.

He looked at her license and wondered how he should safely dispose of it. His eyes lit up with an idea.

He drove through the windy part of Route 12 and once the road had a shoulder again, he pulled his T-Bird over.

He pushed in the cigarette lighter and waited. The second it popped out he removed it, opened up his driver's door and stepped outside.

He set the corner of her driver's license on the glowing red coils of the cigarette lighter. The paper license started to flame up. He dropped her flaming license onto the road and watched it burn and turn into a piece of black ash. He smashed it with the bottom of his right shoe.

He got back into his T-Bird and was satisfied there was nothing to tie him with Angie tonight.

He drove his T-Bird back to the Air Force base.

Back at the police station, Kent's headache subsided enough to allow him to fall asleep on his jail cell bunk.

Chapter 11

It was now Sunday and five in the morning.

Detective Chambers got up early and drove over to Buster Clements house.

He woke Buster up by pounding on his front door.

Buster appeared at his front door in his tee shirt and white boxers. “Chuck, what’s so fucking important to wake me up in the wee hours on a Sunday morning?”

“I need you to head over to the Piggly Wiggly. There’s a fifty-seven, black and yellow Ford Fairlane in the parking lot. It’s by the side of the store. I need it towed to and placed behind the station.”

“Why now?” said Buster between yawns.

“That Fairlane belongs to Colonel Abbott from the air base. His teenage girl was killed down at Meyers’ cabin last night?”

“What? A young girl killed down at Meyers’ cabin?” said Buster said. His eyes widened.

“Probably one of those homos that go there to do perverted nasty stuff with other homos,” he said and paused for a few seconds. “You know that those homos sometimes use that old cabin?” he said then cringed. “I mean, that’s what I heard. You know talk around town,” said Buster, as he didn’t want Detective Chambers to believe that he secretly visited that cabin in the past.

“We heard about some of those stories,” said Detective Chambers and he saw Buster’s wife Carla in the living room and she heard everything.

“I’ll get that car right away.”

“Thanks Buster,” said Detective Chambers and he walked away and headed back to his car.

Buster closed his front door and got dressed.

Thirty minutes passed and Buster towed Colonel Abbott’s Fairlane away from the Piggly Wiggly parking lot and placed it behind the police station.

He drove away and wanted to go home and took a nap.

The Warner Robins police station was quiet.

Forty-eight year old Officer Wilbur Glenn and forty-year-old Officer Andy Steward were on duty. Normally Officer Glenn was the only one working third shift on Sunday morning, but since they had a prisoner, Officer Steward also worked the shift.

In his jail cell Kent was sound asleep.

He was deep in a dream...

In his dream, Kent was strapped to a wooden chair that was no way comfortable. It was Old Sparky. He had his legs shaved and straps around his legs above his ankles. His wrists were strapped to the wooden arms of the chair. He could feel his head was shaved by the feeling of cool air flowing across his bare skin.

He saw through glass windows of the room that numerous people were watching him like he was a Circus Side Show and some were eating popcorn from paper bags. “Die you piece of shit!” all the people chanted between handfuls of popcorn into their mouths.

All of a sudden his mom was in view in the front row of the audience. She was her age from nineteen eighty-one. She was the only one in the audience not chanting or eating popcorn. She was crying during the “Die you piece of shit” chanting.

Kent’s vision went black while the leather hood was placed over his head. He still could hear the “Die you piece of shit!” chanting behind his mom’s loud sobbing.

Kent felt a sudden thud throughout his body...

Back to reality...

Kent woke up on the floor by the bunk in his jail cell. He was dazed and a little confused. He sat up on the floor and looked around and saw his eight by eight foot cell. He remembered where he was and realized he fell out of his bunk during his dream. He was a little relieved that he wasn’t being the guest of Old Sparky.

He got up off the floor, stretched then sat back down on his bunk. He realized his headache was completely gone and he was so relieved.

He felt something and got up and headed to the cell bars. “Excuse me, I need to go to the bathroom,” he called out while pushing his face through some bar openings.

A few seconds passed and Officer Glenn came down the short hallway that housed three jail cells.

He walked up to the middle cell that held Kent. He unlocked the door and opened it.

Kent stepped out in the hallway.

“I’ll shoot if you attempt to run,” said Officer Glenn while he placed his right hand on his revolver in its holster.

“I won’t, sir,” said Kent.

Officer Glenn escorted Kent to the front end of the hallway where there was a bathroom.

Officer Glenn stepped inside the bathroom with Kent. “Take your piss.”

Kent was the bathroom had one toilet with no privacy, a urinal, a sink without a mirror, and a small shower without a curtain. *No privacy*. He thought while he walked up to the urinal.

Kent felt awkward peeing with someone watching but he also didn’t want to piss in his pants.

After he was done and washed his hands, Officer Glenn escorted him out of the bathroom and placed him back in his cell.

It was seven-thirty that morning and Officer Glenn and Officer Steward went home. Officer Peabody was covering first shift and he arrived.

Officer Peabody went to Kent’s jail cell. “Breakfast will be here in two hours after the diner opens,” said Officer Peabody and couldn’t wait for his daily dose of glazed donuts.

He walked away while Kent sat down on his bunk. He was already bored. “Why did I make this trip?” he quietly said while he stared at the white painted concrete wall across the bunk.

It was a long and grueling two-hour wait with Kent’s stomach growling the whole time.

The cell door opened and Officer Peabody opened up the cell door and entered with a tray in hand. On the tray was a covered plate with two fried eggs, two pieces of bacon, one piece of buttered toast and a paper cup of hot coffee. “That’s all you get,” said Officer Peabody while he handed Kent the tray.

Officer Peabody left the cell locking the door while Kent sat down on his bunk and devoured his breakfast. He was starving.

Officer Peabody returned to his desk and started munching on the first of his six glazed donuts along with his coffee. He was in donut heaven.

Ten minutes passed and Kent was finished with breakfast and Officer Peabody took the tray away.

Twenty minutes passed and Detective Chambers arrived at the station after eating breakfast at the Peach Tree Diner. He was dressed in his brown suit.

He sat at the counter eating his breakfast when Edith walked up and placed an order in the pass-through window.

“Edith, I would like to ask you something.”

“What’s that sugar?”

“Has there been a stranger eating here at the diner within the past few days? Goes by the name of Kent Hollister?”

Edith thought about his question for a few seconds. Her eyes lit up. “There’s this one new kid, said his name was Kent. Didn’t tell me his last name.”

“Was he in his thirties and had black hair?”

“Yes, that sure sounds like him. He’s been eating here for the past three days. Why are you asking?”

“Well, there was a teenage girl, daughter of an Air Force Colonel murdered over at Meyer’s cabin last night. This Kent guy was standing by her bodies when our officers arrived at the scene.”

Edith's eyes widened in shock. "Teenage girl. Murdered last night? And this Kent stranger killed her?"

Detective Chambers nodded that that was true.

"Oh my, he seemed to be such a nice kid."

"Well, he's a murderer."

Edith thought about what Detective Chambers said then she recalled Kent eating here at the diner. "He seemed so nice. And the strange part is that I had this weird feeling I knew him."

Detective Chambers thought that comment was a bit odd, as he also had that same feeling.

The door to the diner opened and Edith walked away to greet her new customers.

Detective Chambers returned to his breakfast.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Detective Chambers was in the station.

He immediately started looking inside the Fairlane and concentrated under the seats for any evidence. He found nothing and decided to release the car to Colonel Abbott. He went back in the station and made the call.

He went into the station and got a cup of coffee and sat at his desk thinking about the past eighteen hours. He remembered something about the case and made a phone call.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Kent was climbing the walls in his jail cell.

Officer Peabody walked up to his jail cell. "You have someone that wants to see you," he said.

Kent stood up and his eyes widened in shock the second he saw his daddy, Henry, standing at the jail cell next to Officer Peabody. Henry was dressed in

his brown suit, as he just got home from church when Detective Chambers called.

Kent was speechless. *Daddy!* Kent cried out in his head and wanted so much to run over there and hug him.

“Do you know him?” said Detective Chambers who walked up to Henry.

Henry looked at Kent and there was something familiar with this guy in the cell. “Ah, I, don’t believe so,” he said while Henry and Kent stared at each other.

After a few seconds of Kent and Henry staring at him, Detective Chambers motioned that they should leave.

The three walked away from Kent’s cell.

Kent sat back down on his jail cell bunk and his eyes started to well up with seeing his daddy alive again. He was just like he remembered when he was a kid.

“I was out in the woods yesterday doing target practice with my thirty-eight revolver. I didn’t hear any screaming. But I was quite a bit away from that cabin,” said Henry while he and Detective Chambers walked out of the jail cell hallway and through the office area.

They walked over to Detective Chambers desk.

Henry sat in a chair next to the desk.

“You know Henry, there’s something strange about that guy,” said Detective Chambers while he sat down at his desk.

“I know,” said Henry.

“It’s like I know him. I mean, he uses the same name as your kid, Kent, which could be a

coincidence as there are probably hundreds of other guys named Kent Hollister across the country.

“I know, but,” said Henry.

“But, he does reminds me of your Kent. I can’t explain it, but it’s just a gut feeling that won’t go away,” said Detective Chambers interrupting Henry.

“I know what you mean. I felt the same way the second I saw him in that cell.” “It was weird but he reminded me so much of my Kent,” said Henry and couldn’t stop thinking about that. “So, what do you have on the case?”

Detective Chambers handed Henry the case file folder on Angie’s murder.

Henry opened it up and started reviewing the pictures and Detective Chambers’ notes.

After a few seconds of reviewing the notes his eyes soon widened. “Grant Bowers? Why would he claim Grant Bowers killed that teenager?” said Henry. “He wouldn’t do that. I’ve known him since we were stationed in the Army in Massachusetts back in the late forties. Sure Grant’s a Playboy but he wouldn’t harm a hair on a teenager,” he said and felt confident about his feeling.

Detective Chambers frowned. “I don’t know why he would state that, but what’s also strange is that, this stranger, comes into town a few days ago, and sees Grant at the Peach Tree Diner. Kills a young teenager and blames it on Grant.”

Henry saw the sketch. “A sketch to the Meyers’ cabin?” How did he get the directions?”

“Ah, probably asked someone on town. Maybe at the diner.”

Henry put the sketch down and saw Kent's driver's license. He wasn't sure what he was looking at. "What's this?" he said holding up the license.

"The guy's fake identification."

Henry frowned. "Fake identification?" He saw the picture of Henry. "Why the long hair?"

"Who knows? Maybe he likes dressing up like a women on Saturday night," said Detective Chambers and a chill went through his body thinking about guys doing that perverted stuff. "Creepy."

"Maybe," said Henry while he saw the address on the license. Then his eyes widened when he saw the issue date. "It has a date over twenty years from now. What the hell is this?"

"I know. Very weird."

Henry's eyes widened at something bizarre. "His date of birth on this license is the same date as my son's."

"What?"

"His date of birth on this license is October seventeenth, nineteen fifty-one. The same as my boy's." "How the hell did he know Kent's birthday?"

"I don't know maybe just a coincidence. All I can say is that this guy is so dumb with creating a fake identification in that he puts his picture on and then fucks up and puts the wrong issue date and wrong date of birth," said Detective Chambers.

"Do you think he was spying on me?" said Henry while he stared at Kent's driver's license.

Detective Chambers thought about that for a few seconds. "Nah. I don't think so."

Henry shrugged off that feeling of being spied on and put everything back in the folder and handed it back to Detective Chambers.

“I’ll have to talk with Grant to see if he can shed some light on this stranger,” said Detective Chambers.

Henry nodded in agreement. “We can drive out to the base now.”

Detective Chambers nodded in agreement then his eyes widened when he remembered something.

“So that guy claimed he had a movie camera out there and filmed Grant strangling that girl?” said Henry.

“He did, but I searched the area for evidence and didn’t find anything like that,” he said. “Claimed it was in some bushes.”

“He did?”

“Yeah, but I think it’s pure bullshit,” said Detective Chambers.

“You’re probably right,” said Henry while he stood up from his chair. “Well, ready to go wake up Grant?”

“You bet,” said Detective Chambers. “We’ll take my car.”

Detective Chambers and Henry left the station, got in Chambers Bel-Air and drove off to the Air Force base.

Ten minutes passed and Detective Chambers drove up to the front gate of Robins Air Force Base. Airman Third Class Derek Allen was on gate duty. He wore his blue uniform with the standard “Air Police” arm band and blue helmet with a white stripe.

“Good morning, Airman,” said Detective Chambers after he stopped his car. “We’re here to see Lieutenant Bowers,” he said showing his Detective’s badge.

“It’s not official business, we’re old softball friends,” said Henry from the passenger seat.

“Please proceed, sir,” said Derek and he was a little nervous but wondered if maybe they realized Grant killed that young girl. But the local police had authorization to come on base anytime they wanted so Derek knew he couldn’t turn them away.

“Thanks,” said Detective Chambers then he drove away.

Derek watched while Detective Chambers drove his Bel-Air away through the front gate. “I hope they arrest the bastard,” he said quietly then went back inside the guard shack and sat down.

Detective Chambers drove his car through the streets of Robins Air Force Base and soon pulled into the parking lot of the Officers Quarters.

He parked his car and they walked to the old wooden two stories World War II built building.

They went inside and headed to Grant’s room on the first floor.

Henry knocked on Grant’s room door.

After a few seconds the door opened and Grant stood, hair messed up in his white tee shirt and white boxers. He was woken up from a sound sleep.

“What?” he said groggy and didn’t recognize the two guys in the hall, as his eyes hadn’t focused yet.

“It’s us, Chuck and Henry,” said Detective Chambers knowing Grant just woke up.

Grant's eyes finally focused. "Oh, hey guys. What brings you out here to see me so early on a Sunday morning?"

Henry looked at his watch. "It's about twelve thirty in the afternoon.

"It is?" said Grant.

"Party all night did we?" said Detective Chambers.

"Yeah, I did have ten too many drinks," said Grant. "Please step inside, gentlemen," he said stepping aside.

They went inside Grant's room. "So what brings you here?" he said and had butterflies in his stomach, when he remembered yesterday evening. He closed his room door.

"We have a very weird situation here, Grant," said Detective Chamber.

"What kind of weird situation?" said Grant and he started to get nervous and fought hard not to show it.

"Well, we had a murder last night. A teenage girl named Angie Abbott. She's the daughter of Colonel Abbott here on base," said Detective Chambers.

"Colonel Abbott's daughter was killed? Oh my," said Grant and pretended to be concerned.

"Yes, do you know her?" said Detective Chambers.

"I know of her. One of my airmen pulled her over for speeding on base a five months ago," said Grant. "Colonel Abbott stormed into our office furious. I had to tear up the ticket," he said then his eyes widened with an idea. "Want me to help with

the investigation? I mean it does involves an Air Force dependent.”

“Probably not. We already have a suspect in custody.”

“Wow, you’re quick,” said Grant.

“Yes, but the strange thing is that he claims you killed Angie Abbott last night.”

“What? Me? That’s really absurd!” said Grant and he tried his best to look dead serious.

“Tell me about it. So, where were you yesterday evening?” said Detective Chambers. “Sorry, I have to ask.”

Grant looked at Henry and Detective Chambers and made sure he kept eye contact with them. “Why I was up in Macon. I went to the Pink Pussy Cat Lounge and watched the girls and drank beer all night.”

“What time did you get up there?” said Detective Chambers.

“Oh, I would say around six. But I wasn’t looking at my watch. I was too busy thinking who would be on the stage showing off her goodies,” said Grant and he looked dead serious.

“Why don’t you come down to the station and check this guy out?” said Henry.

“Sure. I would like to see this crack pot in person,” said Grant and he grabbed his slacks off the chair and slipped into them.

“We’ll meet you down at the station,” said Detective Chambers.

“Okay, I’ll be there shortly,” said Grant.

Detective Chambers and Henry left Grant’s room and left the building.

They walked to the car in the parking lot and got inside.

Detective Chambers started up the car and drove away through the parking lot.

He pulled out of the parking spot and onto the street.

He headed to the front gate.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Detective Chambers, Henry and Grant arrived at Kent's jail cell.

"Stand up turd," Detective Chambers ordered.

Kent got up off his bunk and saw the three guys at his cell bars. His eyes lit up. "That's him! That's Grant Bowers who killed Angie Abbott last night," yelled out.

"That's a fucking lie!" fired back Grant. "A bold face fucking lie!"

"Have you seen this guy before?" said Detective Chambers.

Grant looked at Kent. "Nope," he said then paused for a few seconds. "Wait. I've seen this guy the other morning. Thursday morning at the Peach Tree Diner. I was with a young lady," said Grant and he gave Detective Grant and Henry a naughty boy smirk. "You know."

Detective Chambers and Henry gave Grant a little smile.

"I was in uniform and he probably saw my name tag and heard my blonde lady friend, Helen Cooper, say my name in the diner. She's a secretary here on base. At logistics," said Grant then he paused for a few seconds. "So he probably heard her say my

name in our booth.” “I was sucking on her ear lobe and she told me that it tickled.”

Detective Chambers and Henry chuckled over that. “That’s what he said,” said Detective Chambers.

“Then after Helen and I were done eating breakfast we went back to my car. Where she, you know,” said Grant and used his tongue and poked the inside of his cheek to show she gave him a blowjob. “That creep then creped up to my car in the parking lot to take a peek. He’s a fucking peeping Tom.”

Kent knew he couldn’t dispute that fact. “But you tried to run me over after that,” blurted out Kent.

“That’s more bullshit,” said Grant. “I’m Air Police with the Air Force. I wouldn’t do that!”

“Well, we’re done here,” said Detective Chambers then glared at Kent. “I’m going to have you arraigned in the morning on murder charges.”

The three walked away from the cell.

Kent sat back down on his cell bunk. His eyes welled up knowing that they didn’t believe him.

Detective Chambers, Henry and Grant walked into the office area of the station.

“That guy’s loony,” said Grant. “Give me a few minutes alone with him. I deserve that since he falsely accused me.”

“Nah, we better not. We don’t want to give him any advantage in court,” he said but inside he didn’t want Kent harmed.

“Well no harm done,” said Grant. “I better get back to the base and let me know if you need me to testify against him,” he said.

“We will,” said Detective Chambers.

Grant walked away to the station front door. He opened one of the doors, turned around. "I'll see you guys on Thursday evening for the softball game?"

"You bet," said Detective Chambers then he pretended he swung a baseball bat.

"See you then," said Henry.

Grant left the station.

"Well, that's that. My job is done here. That guy we have locked up killed that Abbott girl pure and simple. Case closed," said Detective Chambers.

"Yeah, it does look that way," said Henry but he had this little feeling in his gut that made him wonder. "Well, I better get home to Brenda and Kent," he said then headed to the door.

Henry left the station.

Detective Chambers went over to the coffee pot and poured another cup of coffee.

He returned to his desk and sat down.

Five minutes had passed and Detective Chambers relaxed at his desk drinking his coffee.

"Detective Chambers," said Colonel Abbott in civilian clothes standing at the front counter.

Detective Chambers glanced up and saw the Colonel. "Ah, yes, your car," he said grabbing a set of car keys off his desk.

"It's parked behind the station," he said handing Colonel Abbott the keys.

"Can I see him?"

"I don't see why not," said Detective Chambers and motioned for the Colonel to follow him.

Colonel Abbott followed Detective Chambers through the office and to the hallway for the jail cell.

Kent sat up in his cell and saw Detective Chambers walk up to his cell door with an Air Force Colonel. He got up off the bunk.

“That’s him?” said Colonel Abbott.

“Yes, sir, he’s the one that killed your daughter.”

Kent realized that that man was Colonel Abbott.

“No sir, I swear I didn’t kill your daughter,” said Kent.

Colonel Abbott looked at Kent and saw that he appeared serious.

“One of our officers found him standing by your daughter’s body in a clearing out by Meyers’ cabin. Nobody else was around.”

“I swear, sir, I didn’t kill Angie. It was Grant Bowers from the Air Force Base.”

“Lieutenant Bowers? From the Air Police?” said Colonel Abbott. “I know him.”

“Yes sir. Angie claimed he got her pregnant and wouldn’t marry him?”

“Pregnant? What the fuck is this man talking about?” said Colonel Abbott in a raised voice. “Not my Angie. No way!” he said and clinched his fists and wanted to beat the crap out of Kent.

“I swear she said she was pregnant,” said Kent. “I heard her tell Grant that and he refused to marry her.”

Colonel Abbott thought for a few seconds and knew how these teenagers were in today’s times. “I want an autopsy to verify what he just told me,” he told Detective Chambers.

“Yes, sir, I’ll have the coroner do that.”

“How do I break that news to the wife if that’s true?”

Detective Chambers looked at Colonel Abbott and shrugged his shoulders to indicate he didn't know the answer to that dilemma.

"I need to get back the base. Call me immediately with those autopsy results," he said and walked away.

"Yes sir. I will do that," said Detective Chambers and he walked away.

Kent sat back down on his bunk and silently prayed he wouldn't have any more visitors.

Over in Warner Robins, Henry was home and entered the kitchen.

He saw Brenda baking brownies for dinner.

"Hey, honey," he said when he arrived in the kitchen where Brenda was stirring the brownie mix in a bowl.

"Where were you?"

"Oh with Chuck Chambers. It appears a female teenager Air Force dependent was killed last night down by Meyers' cabin."

"Murdered! Oh my!" she said and stopped stirring.

"Chuck has a suspect down at the station. But he for some reason claimed Grant killed this girl."

"Grant?" said Brenda.

"Yeah."

"Well, that doesn't surprise me one bit," Brenda said quietly. "I remember what happened in forty-nine."

"Did you say something?"

"No," she said then poured the brownie mix into a buttered sheet pan.

“This murder suspect had an address from Cambridge.”

Brenda looked at Henry. “Did you say Cambridge? Like in Cambridge, Massachusetts?”

“Yes.”

“What’s his name? I’ll see if daddy has heard of him.”

Henry looked at Brenda and wondered if she should answer. But figured it would be in the newspaper anyway. “You won’t believe this, but he uses the name of Kent Hollister.”

It took a few seconds for it to dawn on Brenda. “Did you say, Kent Hollister? The same name as our son?”

“I did. You know there has to be hundreds of other Kent Hollister’s out there across the country.”

“Yes, but a killer in our town with the same name. That’s just too spooky,” she said and got the shivers.

“I know, so, where’s our Kent?”

“He’s over playing at Gilbert’s house,” she said while she placed the sheet pan in her pre-heated oven.

“Oh, okay,” said Henry while he walked over to the refrigerator, opened it and got out a bottle of Black Label beer. He opened up the bottle and left the kitchen.

He went into the living room to watch some TV and drink his Black Label.

Brenda entered the living room. “Don’t drink too much beer if you’re going out target practicing.”

Henry looked at Brenda. “I’m not going tonight.”

“Why?”

“Don’t feel like it. My mind’s on this murder case.”

“Probably a good idea. You don’t want to accidentally shoot yourself in the foot,” she said and left the living room.

Back at the police station, Kent was eating his dinner of meat loaf, mashed potatoes, corn and a glass of sweet tea.

Back at Henry’s house, they were at the dining room table eating a pot roast dinner with mashed potatoes, green beans and sweet tea except Kent had a tall glass of milk.

While they ate dinner, Henry took occasional glances at his young son Kent and wondered why that stranger in the jail cell reminded him so much of his young son. He shook off that feeling and continued eating.

Back on Robins Air Force Base, Grant ate at the Officers Club. He was still a tad nervous and wondered if he was in the clear. “They believe me. They must believe me,” he quietly said.

Back at the Abbott quarters on the base, Colonel Abbott was on his fourth glass of Scotch while his wife continued to cry in her pillow in the bedroom. His blood was boiling.

Meanwhile, over at the Peach Tree Motor Court, Detective Chambers got permission to search the room Kent rented. All he found was a suit, Fedora hat, and some toiletry items in the bathroom.

He checked the pocked of Kent’s suit and found four Greyhound bus tickets.

One was dated for Tuesday and it was for a trip from Boston to Savannah. One ticket was for a trip for Wednesday from Savanna to Macon. The other ticket was for Macon to Savannah leaving Monday and the other ticket was for Savannah to Boston also leaving on Monday.

“Well, looks like you won’t be using these tickets to get out of my town,” said Detective Chambers while he shoved them in his shirt pocket for more evidence for the case.

He spotted the opened box of Fig Newtons on the bedside table. He walked over, looked at the box and the rest of the Fig Newtons. “He won’t be needing these,” he said and snatched up all of the Fig Newtons.

He munched on the Fig Newtons while he left the motor court room.

It was quiet for the rest of the night in Warner Robins.

It was now Monday and two in the morning.

Back at Linus’ barn in the Cambridge area it was quiet.

Suddenly a ring of faint cyan color formed on the ground inside the barn. It was at the same location where the time machine stood back in nineteen eighty.

The cyan colored ring got brighter.

There was an explosion of cyan light at the ring.

There was a counterclockwise swirl of bright cyan light emitting from that ring. The swirl suddenly broke up into green and blue beams of light in a counterclockwise swirling rotation.

There was the faint sighting of the spinning time machine within those swirling rotating beams of green and blue beams of light from the base and from the rear saucer.

The beams of light faded away and the time machine spun counterclockwise. There was a loud humming sound.

The spinning of the time machine slowed down and the humming sound started to get quiet.

The spinning time machine slowed down and the humming stopped.

The time machine door opened and out stepped Linus. But he sported a black suit, thin black tie, with a black Fedora hat in hand. Linus had his hair cut to a fifties style and also dyed black and finally combed. But that style fit Kent and didn't fit Linus since he was in his late seventies. But he figured he had to do it for a disguise.

Linus closed the time machine door and ran through the barn to the barn door.

The time machine still has a glow to it so that provided some light for Linus to run through the dark barn.

He stood by the barn door and watched while the time machine started to hum.

It started to hum louder.

Hundreds of beams of bright blue lights shot out horizontally from the rear of the machine. These beams of bright blue light started to rotate counterclockwise swirling motion while the rear saucer started spinning.

Beams of bright green lights shot up horizontally from the base. These beams of green lights start

swirling while the base started to spin the machine clockwise.

The machine spun faster and faster with the blue and green lights starting to swirl together and turned to a soothing cyan color.

The cyan light exploded and it was pure white for a split second and vanished. Nothing but a cyan colored circle remained on the dirt floor of the barn.

He tried to open the barn door. It was locked. "Crap I forgot," he said then glanced around the barn and recalled something.

He rushed to the side door and gave it a body slam. The door broke opened and Linus fell on his face outside the barn crying out in a little pain.

He got up and ran to the barn door.

He reached in his pants pocked and removed his set of keys. He used a key and unlocked the Master lock that was now brand new.

He opened the barn door, ran inside.

He ran to his Rambler, got inside and used his key to start it up. He smiled recalling those days in the fifties where he loved driving around in this car.

He backed the Rambler out of the barn, got out of it, and closed and locked the barn door.

He rushed back over and got inside the Rambler. He drove away through his yard.

The lights of Linus' house turned on.

While Linus pulled his Rambler out onto the street, younger Linus rushed out of his front door onto the porch with his double barrel shotgun in hand.

He ran to his barn and saw the barn door was locked. But something still bugged him so he ran to the side door.

He saw the door was busted open so he cautiously stepped inside his barn with his shotgun ready to defend himself from any Aliens.

He saw the barn was dark but noticed that same faint cyan colored ring on the ground inside the barn.

He left and didn't notice his car was missing since the barn was dark inside.

He went back to his house and sat on the front porch. He thought those Aliens came back and wanted to kill one to prove they existed.

Chapter 12

It was now seven on Monday morning.

Henry took a fifty-seven Bel-Air squad car and did a morning patrol around town. He wanted to get his mind off this murder case.

Back at Linus' home in the Cambridge area, he got dressed for another day of teaching at MIT.

He walked to the barn and unlocked the barn door.

He stepped inside and walked on automatic pilot to where he normally parked his Rambler. But he got a shock. His prized Rambler was gone. After a few double glances and walking around the spot where he remembered he parked yesterday, Linus figured someone stole it. "Aliens stole my Rambler. I know they did," he said while ran out of the barn.

He ran back into his house and called the police from his kitchen phone. .

Twenty minutes had passed and Officer Sammy Harrison from the Cambridge police department arrived. They normally take their time when Linus calls but know if they don't show up he would be calling every ten minutes.

Linus soon walked Officer Harrison to his barn where the door remained opened.

"See, my Rambler is missing," said Linus once they stepped inside his barn.

Officer Harrison saw a car was not inside the barn and couldn't understand why anybody would

want to steal a Rambler. “Okay, what time did you notice your Rambler was missing?”

“When I tried to head off to work this morning. Twenty minutes ago,” said Linus then he hesitated for a few seconds. “I did hear something in my barn around two in the morning. I came out to investigate and found someone knocked the side door of my barn down.”

Officer Harrison saw that the side door to the barn was opened so he walked through the barn to check it out.

Officer Harrison saw the door was forced opened. “It appears that that door was kicked opened from the inside. I mean if it was done from the outside there would maybe pieces of the door inside the barn. But there aren’t. It’s located outside,” he said.

Linus looked at the door and knew the officer was correct.

“Do you lock the barn door?”

“I do, always.”

“Was it locked when you noticed your Rambler was missing?”

“It was.”

“Mmm, then how could someone get inside a locked barn, kick down the side door from the inside, then run around to the barn door and unlock it from the outside. Steal your Rambler then re-lock the barn door?” he said then looked a little suspicious of Linus. “That doesn’t make sense but I’ll go ahead and file a report. What’s your tag number?” he said while he removed a small pad of paper and pen from his shirt pocket.

“Oh that, I don’t remember,” said Linus while the walked over to his squad car.

“We can’t search for your car without a tag number.”

Linus tried to recall it. His eyes lit up. “Oh, yes, its seven, four, nine, A, S, P,” he said.

Officer Harrison wrote that number down on his pad of paper and shoved them back in his shirt pocket. “We’ll be in touch the second we locate your car,” said Officer Harrison while he walked to the driver’s door. He got inside his car, started up the engine, turned the car around and drove to the street.

Linus went back inside his house and called a coworker that lived three streets over. He asked for a ride to work.

When Officer Harrison got back to the station, he talked with his boss about Linus’ car being stolen and thought that maybe he was trying some insurance scam. They decided to wait to see if Linus got an insurance check on his Rambler.

Meanwhile, way west of Philadelphia, old Linus drove the Rambler south on U.S. 1. He was hesitant on speeding on his way to Georgia as being pulled over by the police might ruin his mission.

Back down in Warner Robins, Kent was being escorted out of his cell by Officer Peabody and into the office area of the station.

“Are you ready to see the judge?” he said Detective Chambers.

Kent remained quiet.

“Let’s take this turd to see the judge,” said Detective Chambers.

The three left the station.

Officer Peabody drove Detective Chambers Bel-Air with him in the back with Kent.

It was a quiet ride over to the courthouse.

Meanwhile way up north, Linus drove his Rambler south on U.S. 1 and just filled up the car with gas. He was two hours from Washington D.C.

Back down at the Warner Robins Courthouse, Kent stood in front of eighty-year-old Judge Barney Toole in one of the two courtrooms at the courthouse. "You Mister Kent Hollister are being charged with first degree murder, how do you plead?"

"I'm innocent," said Kent.

"No, I need to say either guilty, not guilty, or no contest. All the criminals that stand before me claim they're innocent."

"Not guilty," said Kent.

"Good, your trial will start on Monday, September ninth. You'll remain in custody of the Warner Robins police department until then. No bail."

"No bail?" said Kent and looked worried.

"No bail. You are being charged with killing a young teenager. I will not let you loose in my town so you can go around killing the God fearing people of Warner Robins," said Judge Toole with a stern look.

"I won't harm a soul. I promise," pleaded Kent.

"That's what they all say," said Judge Toole then he use his gravel and hit the small block of wood. "Get him out of my court room," he said, as he hated murderers.

Officer Peabody escorted Kent out of the courtroom with Detective Chambers trailing behind.

Officer Peabody placed Kent back in their squad. Detective Chambers got in the back with Kent while Officer Peabody got behind the wheel of the car.

Officer Peabody drove back to the police station. It was high noon.

Back at the Warner Robins police station, Kent ate his lunch, which consisted of a bologna sandwich, some Lays potato chips and a Coke.

Meanwhile up north, Linus drove his Rambler down on U.S. 1 in Virginia. He was about an hour away from the North Carolina border. He only stopped for gas, bathroom breaks and a take-out for meals. He didn't want to waste any time getting down to Warner Robins.

Back down in Warner Robins, Henry, drove his Bel-Air squad car to the front gate of Robins Air Force Base.

He stopped at the guard gate where Derek Allen was again manning the front gate.

Derek's eyes widened when he saw Henry. He remembered him from yesterday.

"I'm here on official police business," Henry told Derek.

"Yes sir. Please proceed," said Derek.

He watched while Henry's fifty-seven squad car drove off into the base. He smiled at the thought that maybe that police officer was investigating his boss Grant Bowers.

Henry drove his squad through the streets of the Air Force base. He's been here numerous times so he knows his way around the place.

He eventually found the Logistics building and pulled into the parking lot. He parked his car, got out and headed to the office.

Once Henry got inside the office he saw a counter. Behind the counter was a desk where sat a busty blonde lady.

“Are you Helen Cooper?” he said when he walked up to the counter.

“Why, yes I am,” said Helen and she got a little nervous wondering why a Warner Robins police officer was here at work asking for her. She got up from her desk and walked to the counter with a sway in her curvy hips.

“How may I help you, Officer?” she said and was a little nervous.

“I’m Henry Hollister and need to ask you one question.”

“Sure, ask away.”

“Were you with Grant Bowers on Thursday morning at the Peach Tree diner for breakfast?”

That question caught her by surprise. “Why yes,” she said then blushed a little recalling what she did to Grant in the parking lot in his T-Bird.

Henry thought about asking her more questions but could tell by her blush that she was embarrassed. And that was enough for him. “Thank you. That’s all I need,” he said then turned around and walked away to the door.

Helen thought that that was odd and such a simple question to ask her. But she was still nervous and waited until Henry was gone then she rushed back to her desk and made a call.

“Lieutenant Bowers,” Grant said answering the call.

“It’s me, Helen,” she said in a low voice to make sure nobody could hear her and glanced over her shoulder to make sure nobody could see her.

“Yes, baby,” said Grant.

“I just had a Warner Robins police officer, Henry Hollister, here to see me. He wanted to know if I was with you at the Peach Tree diner on Thursday morning. What’s going on? Should I be nervous about something?”

“No baby. Henry’s a friend of mine. He’s closing up some things with the murder of Colonel Abbott’s daughter.”

“What? What does us eating breakfast at the diner have to do with her murder?” said Helen and she started to shake being scared she would be arrested.

“It appears that that murder suspect was eating breakfast at the diner the same time we were there,” said Grant. “You have nothing to worry about. Trust me.”

“But how did you and me get involved this?”

“Well, apparently, this suspect, who is a loon, tried to say I killed that Abbott girl.”

“Why would he say that?”

“Because he’s a loon. Certified nut job.”

Helen didn’t know what to make of all this. “Okay, I better get back to work and hung up her phone. She swore to stay clear of Grant, as she suddenly didn’t trust him.

She returned back to her paperwork but her hands started to shake. She grabbed her pack of

Winston's and removed a cigarette. She lit it and smoked to calm down her nerves. "I'll never see him again," she quietly said after exhaling smoke.

Back at the Air Police office on base, Grant was behind his desk and that phone call from Helen made him start to wonder if Henry was starting to suspect him for Angie's murder.

It was now early evening and Linus stopped in the southern part of South Carolina to fill up the car, get a quick dinner and rest for an hour. His legs were getting tired and he figured his car also use a rest.

Back down in Warner Robins, Kent was eating his dinner. Tonight it consisted of four pieces of fried chicken, which was a breast, thigh and two drumsticks, mashed potatoes, corn, and iced sweet tea.

It was now eight that evening and Linus drove into Warner Robins.

He pulled his Rambler into the Peach Tree Motor Court and parked his car by the office. He knew to get a room at this place because the history books started this is where Angie's murderer stayed while in town.

He got out of his Rambler and went inside the motor court office.

He walked up to the front desk where Ernie was again the night clerk.

"May I help you?" said Ernie from behind the desk.

"Why yes, I need a room for, oh, let's say three nights," said Linus.

“That’ll be fifteen dollars,” said Ernie and he slid a small registration form and pencil across the counter for Linus to fill out.

Linus filled out the form and used the name of Linus Bond. After all, he was a huge James Bond fan and felt like he was on a secret mission.

Ernie accepted his payment and gave him the key for Room 14.

Linus left the counter and headed to the door.

He left the office and headed back to his Rambler.

He started up his car and put it in reverse. He hesitated for a few seconds. He yawned. “Too late for that. I’ll have to go first thing in the morning,” he said then backed up and drove to his room.

He got out of his Rambler and went inside Room 14.

Once inside he stripped down to his tee shirt and underwear. He was dead tired from the long drive from the north.

He got under the sheets and was fast asleep.

Back at the police station, Kent was also sound asleep in his jail cell.

Back at Henry’s home, he was in the living room drinking a Black Label beer.

Brenda was watching *I Love Lucy* on the TV.

Young Kent was already in bed.

Henry didn’t pay attention to the TV as his mind was on Angie’s murder case. Something still bugged him about this case. *This case is way too easy.* He thought while he took another sip of his Black Label beer. *Way too easy.*

He kept on thinking this case was too easy and he couldn't let that feeling go. Then he remembered that strange driver's license with that nineteen eighty issue date and the picture of Kent with long dishwater blonde hair. Then he remembered about that incident back in forty-nine when he was stationed with Grant in the Army.

"I'm going back to the station," he said while he got up off the couch.

"Why?" Brenda said, as this was unusual for Henry, as he loved being home for the evenings except during softball season.

"I need to check on something. If I don't go, I'll stay awake all night thinking about it," he said then walked out of the living room.

Brenda shrugged that off and knew this Angie Abbott murder was the talk of the town. She started laughing at something goofy Lucy did on the show.

Henry left his house and got inside his fifty-one Bel-Air, started up the car and backed down his driveway.

He drove off down the street.

Ten minutes had passed and he parked in the parking lot of the police station.

He got out of the car and went inside.

Henry stood by the front desk and smiled when he saw Officers Malone and Smith asleep at their desks. "Like clockwork," he said with a light chuckle then tiptoed through the office area, and headed to the hallway where the jail cells are located.

Henry walked up to Kent's cell and saw him asleep on his cell bunk. "Psst. Kent," he said but not to loud to wake up Officers Steward and Smith. Kent

didn't wake up. "Psst. Kent," he said again but this time a tad louder.

Kent woke up and looked around for that sound that woke him up. His eyes widened the second he spotted his daddy standing at his cell bar.

He got off his bed and walked over to the cell bars. He didn't know what to say.

"So tell me. What happened on Saturday night down by Meyers' cabin?" said Henry. "I know you told Detective Chambers, but I want to hear it from you myself."

Kent looked at his daddy and he could tell by his eyes that there might be a slight chance that he was on his side. "Well, I went down to Meyers' cabin with my movie camera. I just got it and wanted to film the cabin for a documentary on old man Meyers."

"Okay."

"I heard voices. Two voices that sounded like they were in a heated argument. So I hid in some bushes to spy on them. I saw Grant and Angie in the clearing," said Kent.

"Okay, then what?"

"The argument got heated so I decided to film them." "Why not, I just got the camera and at the moment it felt like the thing to do."

"What were they arguing about?"

"Angie wanted Grant to marry him because he got her pregnant. He said he wasn't going to marry her and she got furious."

"Then what?"

"She said she would tell her daddy and that he would put Grant in prison for the rest of her life. She

slapped him. He slapped her and she fell on her rear end. She screamed at him. He got pissed and started to strangle her.”

“How did you know Angie?”

“I remembered her from Thursday as she gave me a ride to the Peach Tree Motor Court from the Piggly Wiggly.”

“Why did she do that?”

“Well, I went into the Piggly Wiggly on Thursday and bought a box of Fig Newtons. When I left the store it started to rain. She felt sorry for me and offered a ride to the Peach Tree Motor Court.”

“Did you?”

“Oh no, she dropped me off at the motor court off then I went into my room while she drove away.”

“Okay, get back to Grant strangling her.”

“Well, since she was so kind and gave me a ride, I had to intervene. So I yelled for Grant to stop and ran over to them.”

“And?”

“He punched me in the forehead and I passed out. When I woke up, I saw Angie’s dead body with her clothes ripped off her. She was naked, her clothes on the ground near her, and Grant was gone. I stood frozen and not knowing what to do. Then one of your cop cars showed up and your officers arrested me. And here I sit.”

Henry nodded that he understood Kent’s story.

“I swear, I didn’t kill Angie Abbott. Grant must have. He was there and tried at first.”

Kent’s eyes welled up. My movie camera and film cartridges are probably still out there in those

bushes. That will validate my story and prove I'm innocent. You have to go get it," pleaded Kent.

Henry looked in Kent's eyes and a strange feeling came over his body. He had the same exact feeling like what he had when he looked a young Kent. "I'll see what I can do."

Henry walked away and headed back to the office area.

He walked up to the counter and grabbed a log book that was by the phone. It was the log that documented incoming phone calls. He opened up the book to Saturday's calls.

He looked at Saturday's calls and found one for an unidentified caller. The log stated that a hiker claimed to have seen a man trying to kill a teenager down by Meyers' cabin. The hiker refused to provide his name, stating he was fearful of his life.

Henry closed the log and for the first time since he knew Grant, he didn't trust him.

Henry left the station and Officer Steward didn't even notice he was there, as he was still snoring at his desk.

Henry drove back home and decided he needed to do a little digging into this case himself. He didn't want an innocent man to fry for murder.

Chapter 13

Tuesday morning arrived.

Linus woke up at six in his motor court room.

He took a shower then got dressed back in his black suit with black Fedora hat.

He stood by the mirror in the room and practiced what he was going to say. He went over it again and again for five minutes.

He felt confident it would go down without a hitch so he left his room.

He got in his Rambler, started it up, backed up and drove through the parking lot. He stopped his car. "Crap," he said, as he forgot something.

He backed his car up and parked by the motor court office.

He got out of his Rambler and left the engine running while he sent into the office.

"I need directions," he said while he rushed up to the counter.

"Where do you need to go?"

"Your police station. I have official business there and left my directions up at my office in Boston."

"That's easy. Make a left out of here. Head down that street and turn right on Broadview. Head down Broadview then turn left on third. The station is down off third," said the clerk.

"Left out of here. Right on Broadview. Left on third. Got it," said Linus then he rushed out of the office and got back in his Rambler.

He drove away and made a left turn on Route 12 out in front.

Back at the police station, Henry walked out and headed over to his squad car. He looked like he was on a very important mission.

He got in his car, started up the engine the drove through the lot.

He made a right turn on Third and drove away.

Back inside the police station, Officer Peabody munched on his third glazed donut while he read The Telegraph newspaper. He saw the article about Kent being charged with the murder Angie Abbott and his mug shot. He grabbed the newspaper and got up from his desk.

He headed off to the jail cell hallway.

Kent sat on his bunk staring at the concrete wall again. He realized that today was Tuesday and it was the day he was supposed to be back on the Greyhound bus heading north to Boston. He started counting the concrete blocks in the wall to kill some time and to keep occupied.

“You’re in The Telegraph,” said Officer Peabody when he walked up to the cell bars.

Kent got off the bunk and walked over to the cell bars where Officer Peabody held up the newspaper. He saw his mug shot by the article.

“You’re famous,” said Officer Peabody then walked away chucking.

“You’re famous,” said Kent in a fake southern accent mocking Officer Peabody while he returned to his bunk. “Officer Donut,” he said while sitting back down on his bunk.

He returned to counting the concrete blocks on the opposite wall once he sat down.

Back on the streets, Linus followed the clerk's directions and was driving down Broadview.

Henry turned his car off Third and headed down Broadview at the same time Linus made a turn onto Third.

Linus drove down Third and it wasn't long before he made a left turn into the entrance of the police station.

He parked his car then turned off the engine.

He sat there and practiced his lines a few more time. He took a deep breath to calm down his nerves. "I sure hope I don't end up in jail down here," he said while he opened up his car door having a little shadow of a doubt.

He got out closed the door and headed to the front entrance of the station.

Meanwhile, Henry drove his squad car down Route 12 heading toward the Air Force base.

Back at the police station, Linus stood at the counter.

Officer Lester Peabody walked up to the counter. "May I help you, sir?"

Linus looked at the portly police officer that had donut crumbs on his shirt and glazed sugar all circling his mouth and decorating his shin. He refrained from laughing. "Yes, officer," said Linus while he reached in his right pocket of his suit jacket. "I'm Agent Bond, Linus Bond with the FBI up in Boston. We heard that you have a Kent Hollister locked up down here."

Officer Peabody's eyes lit up with excitement, as he's always wanted to meet a real FBI Agent. "Yes sir. He's wanted for murder of a teenage girl."

"Well, I have orders from my FBI office that I'm to extradite Mister Hollister back to Boston immediately. He escaped from Federal prison up there last week. We've been looking all over the country for him."

"Federal prison, ah, what for?"

"He was heavily involved with the Boson mob. Hiding money for them and then he schemed some off the top. And if I don't get him back up there, the mob will come down here searching for him."

"The mob? You mean the real Mafia?"

"Yes I do Officer Peabody, and you know that they don't mind shooting first then asking questions if you live. So it would be safer for your quiet town if I get sneak him back up to Boston and back to his Federal prison cell."

"Whoa."

Linus realized he got lucky with an easy prey.

"But what about his trial down here for murder?"

Linus thought for a few seconds. "I think the FBI can secretly bring him back down here for that trial."

"Okay, let me get the proper paperwork," said Officer Peabody and he looked the counter and found a release form. He grabbed one and handed it to Linus.

"Fill this out this form," he said while he also handed him a pen.

Linus started to fill out the form.

Meanwhile, Henry drove his squad car down the dirt road that led to Meyers' cabin.

He parked near the clearing, shut off the engine then got out. He scanned the area over then smiled when he saw what he wanted to locate.

He headed over to those two bushes.

Back at the police station, Linus finished filling out that release form.

Officer Peabody glanced over the form. "This looks to be in proper order," he said then placed the form in the "In" box for filing.

"I'll go get your prisoner," said Officer Peabody and he walked away.

Kent sat in his cell and he started to wish he would soon be executed. He couldn't take being locked up on this small cell much longer.

"You're being released," said Officer Peabody when he walked up to Kent's cell bars.

"What? Released? How?" said Kent while he bolted off his bunk and over to the jail cell door. He thought that maybe they found his movie camera in those bushes.

"An FBI Agent's here to take you back to Federal prison in Massachewsits."

"Mass a what?" said Kent trying not to laugh, as this was the only funny moment since his arrest.

"Massachewsits, you know Boston."

"Federal pris on in Massachewsits?" said Kent mocking Officer Peabody.

"Yes, we didn't know you escaped from one," said Officer Peabody while he unlocked the door.

"Neither did I," Kent said under his breath.

"Did you say something?"

“I didn’t know I was in Federal prison.”

“Don’t play dumb with me. I know the Boston mob is after you,” said Officer Peabody while he unlocked Kent’s cell door.

“The Boston mob is after me?” Kent mouthed the words and was not totally confused with what’s going on while he stood in the cell door doorway.

“Let’s go,” said Officer Peabody and he grabbed Kent by his bicep and escorted him down the hallway and into the officer area.

Kent’s eyes widened the second he walked out with Officer Peabody and saw a older man in a black suit and Fedora hat standing at the front counter. He thought that he was in deep yogurt and that the FBI really came down here to take him away. But he couldn’t figure out how they learned about him and why he was being confused for a Federal inmate.

“Here’s your man, Mister FBI,” said Officer Peabody, as he already forgot Linus’ name.

Linus took his Fedora hat off his head.

Kent looked at the FBI Agent and didn’t recognize that it was Linus.

“Thank you, Officer Peabody,” said Linus. “I’ll take this piece of trash back to Boston and then back to his cell in Federal Prison in Massachusetts.” “I’ll also make sure I’ll tell Mister Hoover how cooperative you were down here, Officer Peabody.”

Officer Peabody looked proud while Kent walked around the counter.

“You know the drill Mister Hollister,” said Linus while he removed a pair of handcuffs from his left suit pocket.

Kent placed his hands behind his back and Linus handcuffed. But there was something about this FBI Agent that felt very familiar.

“Thank you again, Officer Peabody. You’re a top notch police officer,” said Linus. “Let’s get you back home, Mister Hollister,” he said then opened up the front door.

Linus and Kent left the station.

Kent started to get nervous, as he couldn’t figure out how the FBI suddenly wanted him and thought he was an escaped Federal prisoner.

Once they got outside, they remained quiet while Linus escorted Kent to his Rambler.

Kent saw that Rambler and it looked extremely familiar. *Where have I seen this car?* Then it dawned on him. He saw one just like this back at old Linus’ farm in Cambridge. It was under the tarp in the barn in nineteen eighty and then not under a tarp in fifty-seven. He looked at that FBI Agent.

Linus winked at Kent.

It dawned on Kent that this FBI Agent was his old pal Linus. He came to rescue him. He was so relieved.

Officer Peabody stepped outside, as he was curious and wanted to watch an FBI Agent in work. In fact, he always wanted to be a G-Man but the FBI always refused his application. He thought that maybe now he had a chance with Agent Bond’s recommendation.

Linus opened up the front passenger door of the Rambler and set Kent in the front seat and closed the door.

He rushed around and opened up the driver's door.

His eyes widened in fear when he saw Officer Peabody standing by the front of the Rambler. "That doesn't look like a FBI car," said Officer Peabody who looked a little confused.

Linus felt caught and tried to think of a believable response. "Of course it's not a FBI car. If I were going make sure I can safely sneak him back to Boston, a real FBI car would stick out like a sore thumb. So, this is my disguised undercover car."

Officer Peabody thought about Linus' response and walked around to the rear of the Rambler. He saw the Massachusetts tag. "Right. Makes sense to me," he said walking over to Linus.

"A G-Man has to be sneaky," said Linus. "Very sneaky."

"Right, very sneaky, got it."

"Consider that your first lesson on being a FBI Agent or G-Man as we say up in Boston."

Officer Peabody smiled and was proud. "My first lesson, as a G-Man," he quietly said and felt proud and puffed out his chest.

"Well officer, I better get my prisoner on the road."

"Yes sir," Officer Peabody said and saluted Linus.

Linus bit his lip so he wouldn't bust out laughing. He returned a salute then got behind the wheel of the Rambler and closed the door.

He started up his Rambler and watched while Officer Peabody walked away and headed to the front door of the station.

“Now, that officer definitely isn’t the fastest bullet in that police department,” said Linus.

Kent chuckled. “They also need an exercise program in that department.”

“I know.”

Kent cringed in a little pain from the handcuffs. “I hope you brought the keys for these things.”

“Of course,” said Linus reaching in his left suit pocket. He removed a small key and looked to make sure Officer Peabody wasn’t around. He saw him standing by the front door. So he unlocked and removed the handcuffs off Kent’s wrists.

“I can’t believe you’re here,” said Kent. “I didn’t recognize you at first until I saw this Rambler.”

“I had to change my look. So, what happened?” said Linus while he backed the Rambler out of the parking space.

“Well, I was filming Grant strangling Angie Abbott. I couldn’t let her die so I yelled for him to stop and ran over to them.”

Linus glanced over at Kent. “I told you not to change the event for that girl. She’s supposed to die. Now look what happened,” said Linus while he drove out of the parking lot and made a right turn onto Third.

“I know. You did say that. But I couldn’t help it. I accidently met her on Thursday and Friday and she was such a sweet girl,” said Kent.

“Well, she’s still dead, so at least that didn’t change,” said Linus.

“I know but now they think I killed Angie. It was Grant. He managed to frame me for her murder instead of my daddy.”

“I know. You’re in the history books back in eighty.” “So how did he frame you?”

“I ran up to Angie and Grant and he punched me hard in my forehead. I passed out. When I woke up, Angie was on the ground near me. Clothes ripped off and naked and dead. And Grant was long gone. Then one of the Warner Robins cop cars showed up. And since I was standing by her naked body, they automatically assumed I killed her.”

“Yeah, the history books did state that. Also you had your trial on the same dates as your dad.

“And nineteen sixty?”

“The history books also showed you were executed on that same day in nineteen sixty instead of your dad. That’s why I had to come back and attempt to get you out of his mess.”

“I’m so happy you did.”

Linus looked curious. “But if you filmed it. You did film it?”

“I did.”

“So where’s the film?”

“The film cartridges are still out my Meyers’ cabin in some bushes. Nobody believed me.”

“Too bad.”

Kent’s eye lit up. “Why don’t we go back to Meyers’ cabin, back to those bushes and get those film cartridges. They’ll prove I’m innocent and Grant Bowers is guilty.”

“We can’t.”

“Why not?”

“Well I lied about being a FBI Agent and it would be better off if we get twenty-one years away from here.”

Kent’s eyes widened in a little fear. “Shit!”

“What now?”

“They have my driver’s license,” said Kent.

“Well, we can’t go back for that now. We don’t have a choice. We have to head back to nineteen eighty. We don’t have a choice.”

It remained quiet in the Rambler while Linus made the left turn onto Route 12.

Linus’ eyes lit up. “We go back to nineteen eighty, use the time machine to go back in time just before you came back here and stop the trip.”

Kent thought about his suggestion for a few seconds. “But my daddy will still be executed.”

“I know, but just think, there’s no statute of limitations of murder. Someone could still come after you in nineteen eighty. You’ll look the same as you do now and someone might say you had plastic surgery as a disguise. Remember they have your driver’s license and address and an nineteen eighties date.”

Kent thought about his proposal for a few seconds. “I guess you’re right. We need to reverse this whole episode. It’s the only way,” he said and sounded disappointed but then he was glad he got the opportunity to see his daddy again. At the same age he remembered as a kid. He smiled at that thought.

Linus’ eyes lit up with an idea. “Unless when we get to Macon, we call a reporter from the local newspaper. Tell him about the film camera and tell him that if he gets it developed, it will show the real

killer of Angie. It will show Grant killing her,” he said and the more he thought about it the more he liked that plan.

“That might work.”

“Then they won’t be looking for you as being an escaped murderer and arrest Grant,” said Linus.

“Let’s do it. That’s my only hope.”

Linus smiled over his plan while he drove down Route 12.

Meanwhile, back at Meyers’ cabin, Henry searched through those bushes and smiled the second he spotted the case for a Bell and Howell movie camera stuffed at the bottom of the bushes. He also spotted the used film cartridge.

He checked out inside of the bushes and found a Bell and Howell movie camera nestled on some branches. “He was telling the truth,” said while he picked up the film cartridge and the Bell and Howell movie camera and case. He put the camera back in the case.

He walked back to his squad car, got behind the wheel and started up the engine. He turned his car around and drove back down the dirt road.

He turned on Route 12 and headed back into town.

Detective Chambers arrived at the station to start his work shift.

“How’s our piece of shit prisoner?” he said while he walked up to the coffee pot.

“Why, he off with that FBI agent,” said Officer Peabody while Detective Chambers poured a cup of coffee.

“What the fuck did you say?” said Detective Peabody while he continued to pour his first cup of coffee.

“An FBI Agent from Boston came here this morning.”

“FBI Agent, what FBI Agent?”

“A FBI Agent from Boston. He said Kent Hollister was an escaped Federal prisoner. He said the Boston Mafia also wanted Kent. If he didn’t take him back to Federal prison in Massachusetts, the Boston Mafia will come down here to get him. And they’ll be shooting first then asking questions if we live.”

“What fucking FBI Agent?” yelled out Detective Chambers and kept pouring coffee into his cup and didn’t realize it was overflowing.

“I forgot his name, but it’s on the release form,” said Officer Peabody and pointed to the “In” box on the counter.

“Shit!” yelled out Detective Peabody the second he realized he had coffee all over the counter and started to rain over the edge of the table. He put the coffee pot back and ran over to the counter.

He grabbed the release form out of the “In” box and ran over to his desk. “Did you ever for a second think that this might be fake?” he said while sitting down at his desk.

“Ah, no, he’s not fake. His Rambler had a Massachusetts tag.”

Detective Chambers wanted to correct Lester on the correct way to say Massachusetts but figured it would be a waste of his time. “Rambler, what the fuck to you by mean, Rambler?”

“His car was a green Rambler. Fifty-one model I believe,” said Officer Peabody.

“Green Rambler. Now, why the fuck would a FBI Agent be driving a green fucking Rambler?” said Detective Chambers in a raised voice.

Officer Peabody started to get nervous and sweat. “He said because using a FBI car would stick out like a sore thumb. You know, so the Boston Mafia won’t see them,” Officer Peabody said quietly.

“What did you say?”

“He said because using a FBI car would stick out like a sore thumb. You know so the Boston Mafia won’t see them,” Officer Peabody said a little louder.

Detective Chambers gave Officer Peabody a look like he wanted to kill him. He started reading the form while Officer Peabody started to shake knowing he screwed up.

“Only the Chief’s allowed to authorize this and he’s still fishing over in South Carolina.” Detective Chambers said while he picked up the phone and dialed the “zero” number.

“Operator.”

“Yes, I need the number for the FBI office up in Boston,” he said into the phone and had a pen and paper ready.

“That number is area code six, one, seven, five, five, five, eight, eight, seven, six,” said the female operator from the phone. Detective Chambers jotted down that number. “Thanks,” he said and disconnected that call and dialed the number she gave him.

“Federal Bureau of Investigations, Boston field office, Agent Williamson. How may I help you?” said Agent Williamson from the phone.

“Yes Agent Williamson. I’m Detective Chambers from the Warner Robin police department down in Georgia.”

“How may I help you Detective Chambers?”

“Well, we have a situation down here. We had a murder suspect in custody. Then a man showed up claiming to be a FBI Agent from Boston this morning and said he had to take our suspect back up to Boston. He said the guy escaped from Federal prison in Massachusetts. I would like to verify this.”

“What’s the agent’s name?”

“Linus Bond.”

“And the name of your murder suspect?”

“Kent Hollister.”

“Let me check with my superiors. That agent’s name doesn’t sound familiar, but I don’t know them all. I’ll call you right back.”

“No Agent Williamson. I need to know right away as my suspect is considered an escapee and on the run as far as I’m concerned.”

“Understand, I’ll put you on hold.”

Detective Chambers waited.

Meanwhile, Henry didn’t drive back to the police station. Instead he drove over to Clint’s Camera store.

“Hey Clint,” said Henry when he entered the store and saw old Clint behind the counter.

“Henry, what brings you here?”

“I need your help in a big way.”

“What kind of help?”

“I need this movie film developed right away,” he said placing the used film cartridge on the counter. “And there’s another one inside this camera,” he said placing the Bell and Howell camera case on the counter.

Clint opened up the case and removed the Bell and Howell camera. He looked the camera over and something about it felt odd. “This is really strange.”

“How’s that?”

“Well, I know all the Bell and Howell products like the back of my hand. This model doesn’t exist.”

“Doesn’t exist? What do you mean it doesn’t exist?”

“They don’t make a model like this,” he said while he figured out how to open up the camera and removed the film cartridges. He looked at both of them. “These cartridges are also not what I’ve seen before.”

“Enough of that, I really need the film in those cartridges developed immediately.”

“Why?”

“It’s part of that murder case. You know, the Air Force teenager dependent killed Saturday night down by Meyers’ cabin.”

“You don’t say. Evidence?”

“Correct.”

“I can take it up to Macon. They should be able to have it ready tomorrow. Might charge double for express, express service,” said Clint.

“We’ll pay it.”

“Okay, I’ll close up shop and take it up there right away.”

“Thanks, Clint. This is very important to the case.”

“Don’t worry. I’m always here to help out,” said Clint.

While Clint started closing up, Henry left the shop.

He got back inside his squad car and drove back to the station.

Back at the station, Detective Chambers was still at his desk being on hold with the FBI.

“Detective Chambers,” said Agent Williamson after he got back on the phone.

“I checked with my superiors. They made a few calls and we don’t have an agent by the name of Linus Bond. He’s a fake. And also, we don’t have a Federal prison here in Massachusetts. And that Kent Hollister doesn’t appear to be a inmate of our Federal prison system. Someone bullshitted your department, Detective. They pulled a fast one. A real fast one,” said Agent Williamson with a hint in his voice that he enjoyed this.

Detective Chambers was furious and about to blow a gasket. “Thank you,” he said and hung up the phone. “FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!” he yelled out throwing a bit of a temper tantrum in his seat and pounded his fists on his desk.

Officer Peabody cringed as he now knew he screwed up royally and would be fired as soon as the Chief returned to the station tomorrow morning.

Detective Chambers bolted up from his desk. “I’m going after them,” he said while he bolted through the office area heading to the front door.

Officer Peabody wanted to cry while Detective Chambers left the station.

Back on the streets, Linus pulled his Rambler into a small gas station five miles north of Warner Robbins. The tank was almost empty and he was glad he came upon this station.

“What’ll it be?” said Elroy the old owner of Elroy’s Gas Station and Car Repair.

“Fill up the tank.”

“Regular or ethyl?” said old man Elroy who had permanent grease under his finger nails from working on cars for the past fifty years.

“Regular,” said Linus knowing that would save a few bucks.

“Okay,” said Elroy and he saw Kent in the passenger seat and there was something familiar about this guy. But he couldn’t place a finger in it at the moment so he went over to the pump and started pumping regular gas into the Rambler.

Elroy put the hose nozzle into the fill line and while gas started flowing into the tank, he took a peek at the rear tag. “Damn Yankee,” he quietly said and really didn’t care for anybody from the north, as his granddaddy fought with the Confederate Army. And he was proud of that piece of family history.

While the Rambler was being filled with gas, Detective Chambers was in his squad car heading north on Route 12.

After a few minutes the Rambler was full of gas.

“That’ll be three and a half dollars,” said Elroy at Linus’ door.

Linus handed Elroy four dollars. Elroy reached in his pants pocket and removed two quarters. He handed them to Linus.

Linus started up his Rambler and drove off.

Elroy watched the Rambler pull onto Route 12 and headed north.

He went back into his gas station and saw the stack of The Telegraph newspapers he was selling. There was something about that newspaper that got Elroy curious.

He picked up one of the newspaper and saw the article about Kent being charged with the murder of Angie Abbott. He saw Kent's mug shot. It took a few seconds for it to sink in. "Well I'll be!" he said and rushed over to his cluttered desk and picked up his phone. He dialed the operator. "Get me the Warner Robins police station," he said into the phone.

"Warner Robins police station," Officer Peabody said answering the call.

"Elroy here from Elroy's Gas Station here on Route twelve," he said into the phone.

"Yes Elroy."

"I just saw that," said Elroy then he glanced back at the newspaper. "I saw that killer kid here at my station a few minutes ago. He was with an older Yankee in a green Rambler. They got gas then headed north on Route twelve," said Elroy and he was proud that he ratted on a Yankee.

Back at Robins Air Force Base, Grant was behind his desk drinking coffee and picked up his copy of the Telegraph newspaper. He glanced at the front page and a huge smile grew on his face. He

saw the article about Kent Hollister being charged for the murder of Angie Abbott. He did a little victory dance in his chair knowing he would never be charged with her murder.

He put the paper away and got up from behind his desk. He decided to patrol around the base as he normally does once a day.

Chapter 14

It was still Tuesday morning.

Back on the streets of Warner Robins, Detective Chambers pulled his Bel-air into the parking lot of the Peach Tree Motor Court. He figured Linus and Kent would stop here to pick up Kent's suit and those Greyhound tickets. The same tickets he picked up the other night while searching Kent's room. He figured he would out smart them.

He got concerned when he didn't see a green Rambler parked at the motor court.

"Detective Chambers," Officer Peabody said from the Motorola radio in the squad car.

He picked up the mike. "What now Lester? Did President Eisenhower show up to take away our prisoner?" he said into the radio mike.

"Ah, no sir. But I did get a call from Elroy down at Elroy's Gas Station up on Route twelve. He put gas in a green Rambler and recognized Kent and that fake FBI Agent. They headed north on Route twelve," said Officer Peabody from the radio.

Detective Chambers dropped the radio mike, slammed his car into reverse.

The rear tires of the Bel-Air were smoking while Detective Chambers backed the car up and spun it around. He slammed it into drive and the tires smoked again while he stomped on the accelerator.

Detective Chambers turned on his siren and two round red lights installed on the front bumper.

He made a screeching left turn out of the Peach Tree Motor Court's parking lot onto Route 12.

A brand new yellow and white nineteen fifty-seven Ford Fairlane screeched on its brakes and came inches from crashing into the rear of Detective Chamber's Bel-Air. The Fairlane's driver's heart stopped for a split second thinking about that scary close call.

The Fairlane driver refrained from cussing out the driver of the Bel-Air, as he knew it was Detective Chambers on an important mission. He watched while Detective Chamber's Bel-Air raced north on Route 12 with its siren blaring. He was so thankful that he didn't get in an accident with the brand new car he bought three weeks ago.

The driver of the Fairlane slowly drove off on Route 12 keeping an Eagle eye on the other drivers.

Way down Route 12, Linus drove his Rambler at the speed limit so he wouldn't attract the attention of any other police officers. He reached over and turned on the AM radio. He turned the tuner until a station was heard. It was station WNEX.

The song *Gone* by Ferlin Musky played on the radio.

"We probably won't find any rock and roll in this part of the redneck hillbilly south," said Linus. "I know."

It was a quiet drive down Route 12 and they figured they were in the clear.

Five minutes had passed and the Ferlin Musky song ended and the DJ came on.

"We have some breaking news from Warner Robins. The murder suspect," said the DJ.

Hearing that perked up Linus and Kent's ears and they knew this wasn't going to be good.

"From the teenage Air Force dependent murder is on the run with a fake FBI Agent. Reports are they are heading north on Route twelve and in a green Rambler. Call the Macon police department if they are spotted," said the DJ.

"Well, this puts us in another sticky wicket," said Linus.

"I knew this was too," said Kent but he stopped completing his sentence when the sound of a siren was heard behind them. "Good to be true," he finished and glanced over his shoulder.

Linus heard the siren and he glanced in his rear view mirror. "Crap!" he said when he saw a black fifty-six Bel-Air with two blinking red lights on the front bumper. The Bel-Air was racing down the road at them. Linus stomped on the gas pedal.

Kent was pushed back in his seat from the rapid acceleration of the Rambler. He was actually surprised this dorky looking car had that much power. He was impressed and grateful.

The Rambler soon reached the speed of seventy miles per hour.

Linus glanced in his rear view mirror and saw the black Bel-Air gaining ground on his rear bumper.

Kent glanced around and saw the Bel-Air gaining ground. "Damn!"

The Rambler was now at eighty miles per hour and the road started to get a little curvy.

Linus glanced at his rear view mirror and the Bel-Air was five feet behind his car. He didn't

recognized the driver. "I don't know this cop behind us."

Kent turned around. He cringed when he saw the driver in his brown suit and brown Fedora hat. "It's Detective Chambers from Warner Robins, and boy does he hate me," he said and turned back around. He hoped Linus could handle this Rambler at these high rates of speed.

Linus made a screeching turn when the road curved to the right. Kent grabbed the edge of the seat and now wished the cars back in the fifties were installed with seat belts.

The Bel-Air made the same screeching turn on that same curve to the right.

Linus glanced at the rear view mirror and saw the Bel-Air was still hot on their rear.

Route 12 got a lot more country with no shoulder and nothing but pine and a few oak trees inches from the edge of the road. The palms of Linus and Kent's hands started to sweat.

The road curved to the right and the Rambler and Bel-Air both took that curve with tires screeching.

The road was straight but then it made a curve to the left.

Linus did a great job handling that curve with his tires screeching and he was proud of his driving capabilities and of the Rambler.

"SHIT!" yelled out Kent.

Linus looked at Kent wondering what was the matter.

"TRUCK!" yelled out Kent while he pointed straight ahead.

Linus looked ahead and his eyes widened in shock. There was a old truck that had its bed full of baskets of peaches broke down in the middle of the road.

Linus slammed on his brakes. Kent was flown forward and his forehead slammed into the metal dashboard. He slumped down in his seat.

The Rambler fishtailed all over the road and side causing Kent's head to bang on the door.

The Rambler sideswiped the rear of that truck smashing into the rear passenger rear quarter of the Rambler.

The Bel-Air tires screeched to a stop and it smashed into the other rear quarter panel of the Rambler.

It was quiet inside the Rambler except for the *There You Go* song by Johnny Cash playing on the radio.

Linus pressed on the gas pedal to see if he could get away. The Rambler didn't budge far and the only sound heard was the sound of metal scrapping against the rear of that truck.

"Get out with your hands up in the air," yelled out Detective Chambers from outside Linus' driver's door.

Linus looked over and saw Kent slumped over in his seat. He thought he was dead.

Linus turned off the engine, opened up his door and cautiously stepped out with his hands up in the air. "Kent's hurt," he said while he stood by his car and saw that Detective Chambers had blood running down his face from a cut in the middle of his forehead.

Detective Chambers removed a set of handcuffs from his suit pocket. "Turn around, put your hands behind your back. If you run, I'll put a bullet in the middle of your back," he said.

"I won't run," said Linus obeying his orders.

Detective Chambers handcuffed Linus then forced him to sit in the road.

He went inside the Rambler and felt Kent's neck. "He's alive. He just knocked out," he said then got out of the car.

"Stay put," he said while he went to his Bel-Air. He sat inside and grabbed the radio mike. "Detective Chambers here. Come in HQ," he said into the radio.

"Go Detective Chambers," said Officer Peabody from the radio.

"I'm here north on Route 12 about five miles south of Macon. I need an ambulance and I need a squad car here to pick me and another prisoner up," he said into his radio mike. "I also need two tow trucks."

"Got it, did you catch them?" said Officer Peabody.

"I did but we crashed."

"In work," said Officer Peabody from the radio.

Detective Chambers got out of his Bel-Air and walked over to Linus.

"You alright?" said an old farmer dressed in overalls when he walked over to the rear of his truck after it was safe.

"Yes. You okay?" said Detective Chambers.

"Yeah, scared the poop out of me, but I'm okay," said the old farmer while he rubbed the rear

seat of his overalls. He saw Linus sitting in the road handcuffed. "Criminals?"

"Yep."

The old farmer inched backwards. "I'll wait by the front of my truck," he said a little fearful of Linus.

The old farmer rushed away back to the front of his truck.

Detective Chambers stood guard by Linus.

Fifteen minutes had passed and a red nineteen fifty-six Oldsmobile ambulance from the hospital in Warner Robins arrived with its siren and red bubble gum roof top light flashing.

The ambulance stopped and two hospital workers rushed out. They rushed to the rear of the ambulance, opened up the rear door and got the gurney out.

They rushed the gurney over to the Rambler.

While the two hospital workers got Kent out of the Rambler and put him on the gurney, Henry drove up in his Bel-Air squad car.

He got out of his Bel-Air and walked to the rear of the ambulance while the two hospital guys put Kent's gurney in the rear of their ambulance. "Is he okay?"

"We think so," one of the guys said while closing the rear door.

Henry walked over to Detective Chambers.

"You okay?" he said once he saw the Rambler and the Bel-Air smashed together.

"Yeah, I'm fine," said Detective Chambers wiping the blood off his face with his handkerchief.

"Who is this guy?"

“A friend of Hollister that helped him escape by posing as a fake FBI agent.”

Linus looked up at Henry and his eyes widened knowing this other police officer.

Henry looked at Linus had this strange feeling he knew this old guy. He started to wonder why he’s meeting strangers this week with these strange feelings he knows them. He shrugged off this feeling.

The ambulance made a u-turn and headed south on Route 12 with the red bubble gum light on the roof flashing and siren blaring.

“Take him to the station and book him for aiding in the escape of a murder suspect and posing as a fake FBI Agent,” said Detective Chambers and he grabbed a hold of Linus’ arm and pulled him to his feet.

“I found it,” said Henry while they walked Linus to Henry’s squad car.

“Found what?”

“I found a movie camera and film cartridges in a bush out by the crime scene.”

Linus got a smile on his face.

Detective Chambers stopped and looked at Henry in disbelief. “You what?”

“I found a Bell and Howell movie camera in the bushes and a used film cartridge plus there was one in the camera. I’m having Clint getting the movie film developed in Macon. Rush order.”

“Mmmm. Well I’ll be,” said Detective Chambers while he opened up the rear door of Henry’s squad car. He placed Linus in the back seat

and closed the door. "I'll stay here for the tow trucks and ride back with them."

"Okay," said Henry and he opened up his driver's door, got inside his squad car. He started up his engine while Detective Chambers walked back to the crash scene.

He made a u-turn and headed south on Route 12.

While he drove down the road he glanced in his rear view mirror. "Do I know you?" he asked Linus.

"No sir," said Linus but he did know Henry. He remembered Henry, Brenda, and young Kent being up in Cambridge for Christmas seven months ago for Christmas. "So you found the movie camera and film cartridges?"

"I did."

"Good, the film will show Kent is innocent and this Grant Bowers killed that young girl."

"Is that why you broke Kent out of our jail cell? Because he was innocent?"

"Yes."

"Where were you going to run to?"

Linus hesitated for a few seconds. "You would never believe it."

"What ever," said Henry and figured they were probably heading to Canada.

Detective Chambers went back to his Bel-Air and sat inside. He started to think about Henry finding the movie camera and film cartridges. "Am I wrong?" he said and started to doubt his case on Kent.

It was later and Henry booked Linus on charges for helping a murder suspect escape and posing as a FBI Agent. But he actually hoped that this film

would free this old man, as there was something about him that he liked.

Linus sat in the first cell next to Kent's cell. He sat on his bunk and started to get a little scared. But when he remembered Henry stating he found his movie camera and film cartridge, he felt confident that would help get them released.

Kent was placed in a hospital room with his left arm was handcuffed to the bed. He was still passed out.

Twenty minutes had passed.

Henry appeared in the doorway of Kent's hospital room and saw Kent still passed out in the bed.

A nurse walked up behind Henry. "Are you family?" she asked Henry.

"No."

"I'm sorry but you'll have to leave for now."

"Is he okay?"

"Yes. He's going to be fine," said the nurse then she closed the room door leaving Henry out in the hallway.

He walked away, left the hospital then headed back to the station.

The rest of the day was quiet at the station.

Henry got bored at the station and decided to spend time cruising around town to spot any possible crimes being committed.

Detective Chambers sat at his desk reviewing the case file on Angie's murder. He again started to wonder if maybe, just maybe, he might be wrong about Kent Hollister. But the evidence so far pointed at Kent being the killer. But he still had that tiny

nagging gut feeling otherwise. He decided to wait to see what that movie film revealed.

Chapter 15

It was now Wednesday morning.

Officer Peabody was at his desk eating his second glazed donut when Police Chief Bucky Delaney entered the station.

The “Chief” as everybody called him was a bald portly sixty-year old and had worked for the Warner Robins police department for the past forty years.

“Good morning, Chief,” said Officer Peabody with a mouth full of glazed donut and a ring of sugar flakes around his lips.

“Good morning, Lester, I see nothing has changed,” said the Chief and rolled his eyes. “I hope you all had a quiet time around here while I was out fishing,” he said while he headed straight to the coffee pot.

“Well, I better let Detective Chambers fill you in when he shows up,” said Officer Peabody then he went back on munching on his third donut.

“Okay, that sounds good,” said the Chief while he filled up his coffee cup. He took a sip of hot coffee then headed off to his office.

Ten minutes had passed and Lester finished his sixth and last donut, and the Chief was on his second cup of coffee when Detective Chambers entered the station.

“The Chief’s in his office,” said Officer Peabody. “He would like to know how things went when he was out fishing.”

“Okay,” said Detective Chambers and he headed off to the Chief’s office. He knocked on the Chief’s office door.

“Come in,” called out the Chief from inside his office.

Detective Chambers opened up the door. “You want a dump on what happened while you were gone?”

“Sure, Chuck,” said the Chief and he put his coffee cup down on his desk and sat back in a relaxed position in his chair.

Detective Chambers walked over and sat down in the wooden chair in front of the Chief’s desk.

“Well it started off quiet until Saturday night.”

“What happened Saturday night?”

“That evening we had a murder down by Meyers’ cabin.”

“A queer?” said the Chief, as they started to hear reports what went on down there with some of the local men. But the Chief decided that if they’re not bothering anybody it was easier to just leave them alone. Plus he was a little afraid of finding some of the local guys down there if he did a bust.

“No, it was a female teenager. Air Force dependant of an Air Force Colonel. A Colonel Abbott”

The Chief sat up in his chair. “What? Teenage daughter of an Air Force Colonel?”

“Yes, Chief, she was murdered and she might be pregnant. I’m having the Coroner check that out.”

The Chief was surprised, as his town hadn’t had a murder in ten years. His time as Chief of Police during the past ten years had been fairly quiet.

“Damn,” he said, as he really disliked murder cases. “Give me some details.”

Detective Chambers filled the Chief in on their suspect, Kent Hollister, the breakout with Linus the fake FBI Agent. But he didn’t place blame on Lester when he told that part to the Chief.

He continued to tell the Chief about the car chase and the crash and how Linus and Kent were recaptured. Kent’s in the hospital and Linus sits in their jail. He also told him how Henry found the movie camera and film cartridge out by Meyers’ cabin.

The Chief took a few seconds to let all that information sink in his head while he paced around his office with his coffee cup in hand.

“Well, we’ll have to wait to see what this film reveals for evidence on the case. It’ll either prove this Hollister guy is guilty or innocent,” said the Chief while he stopped and glanced out his office windows. “That’s what I get for hiring my nephew,” he said while he looked at Officer Peabody and recalled how that FBI Agent pulled a fast one on the department.

“Yes sir, I mean, I know we should wait until that film gets developed,” said Detective Chambers while getting up from the chair. He left the office.

“Maybe I shouldn’t take any time off again. I leave and all hell breaks loose,” said the Chief then took another drink of his coffee.

Ten minutes had passed and Henry showed up at the office.

Officer Peabody was now out on patrol.

He sat down at his desk and spotted the Chief in his office. "I see the Chief is back. Has he been briefed?"

"Yeah. He now knows everything that happened," said Detective Chambers.

Henry got up from his desk and headed over to the coffee pot. He poured a cup of coffee then headed back to his desk.

It was quiet in the station during the next hour.

The desk on Henry's phone rang. "Officer Hollister," he answered the call.

"It's me, Clint. I have your movie film developed. It ended up being two twenty-five foot spools of eight millimeter film."

"Great, I'll be right over," he said and hung up the phone.

"I'll be right back," he said while he bolted up from his desk and bolted to the front door.

"Where you going?" said Detective Chambers.

"You'll find out," said Henry opening the front door and rushing outside.

Henry rushed to his squad car, got inside, started up the engine and drove out of the station parking lot.

It wasn't long before he pulled into Clint's Camera shop.

He parked his car and rushed inside the store.

"That didn't take you long, Henry," said Clint from behind the counter.

"I know. I didn't want to wait."

"Here she is," said Clint handing Henry the two rolls of 8mm film and the Bell and Howell camera. The black spool is the first one and the gray spool is

the second one.” “That’ll be twenty dollars for the express, express service.”

Henry felt his back pocket and realized he didn’t have that much cash on him. “Can I pay you tomorrow? I don’t have that much on me.”

“Sure.”

“Oh, do you have a projector I can borrow?”

“Sure do,” said Clint and he walked away from the counter and headed into a back room. He came out with a Bell and Howell projector in a case.

“Instructions are inside the case. Bring her back when you’re done with it,” said Clint placing the projector on the counter.

“My hands are full, can you take to the car for me?”

“Yeah, my pleasure.”

Clint carried the projector case while Henry had the camera and two rolls of film.

After Clint placed the projector in the front seat of Henry’s Bel-Air, Henry shook his hand thanking him for this quick service.

Henry got back in his squad car, started it up and drove out of the parking lot.

A few minutes had passed and Henry came back to the station.

He walked over to his desk with the movie camera and two spools of film in hand.

“What’s that?” said Detective Chambers.

“Kent’s film and movie camera,” said Henry setting them on his desk then he rushed back to the front door.

“Now where you going?” said Detective Chambers.

“You’ll find out,” said Henry opening the front door then rushing outside.

“You’ll find out again,” said Detective Chambers mocking Henry.

Henry reappeared back in the station with the projector case in hand.

He walked back to his desk. “Tell the Chief I have that film developed. We should watch it to get to the bottom of this murder case.”

Detective Chambers got up from his desk and went to see the Chief.

The Chief came out and suggested they watch the film in the Interrogation Room.

Henry grabbed the two rolls of film and the projector and they headed off to the Interrogation Room.

It took a couple of minutes with Henry following the instructions inside the case of the projector to get it set up. He turned on the projector.

Detective Chambers flicked off the room light. The film appeared on the bare white concrete wall.

The first spool of film started.

There wasn’t any sound but it showed Grant and Angie standing in the clearing. They stopped and started talking.

“That looks like that Angie Abbott girl,” said Detective Chambers.

“Grant was there at the scene,” said Henry while he watched in disbelief.

“I don’t see this Kent guy. He must be behind those bushes filming like he said,” said Detective Chambers.

“Grant Bowers, no way,” said the Chief and he got up from his chair and moved closer to the wall. “It is him! I don’t believe it,” said the Chief then he returned to his chair.

After three minutes of the film showed Grant and Angie arguing and it was apparent it was heated.

“It’s obvious to me they were arguing about something,” said the Chief.

“Probably about her being pregnant and Grant not marrying her,” said Henry.

Detective Chambers and the Chief nodded in agreement.

The film showed Angie slapping Grant then Grant slapping her knocking her on her butt.

“Ouch, I could feel that myself,” said the Chief.

“The bastard slapped a young girl,” said Detective Chambers. “I can’t believe that bastard slapped a young girl.”

Henry nodded in agreement.

On the film they saw Angie back on her feet yelling at Grant.

“Boy is she pissed,” said the Chief.

Detective Chambers and Henry nodded in agreement.

On the film they saw Grant grabbing Angie by her throat. The film ended.

“Damn,” said the Chief.

“There’s another roll of film,” said Henry and he quickly wound the film back on the reel then installed the second spool.

The second spool of film started. It showed Grant strangling Angie and her yelling.

“She’s probably calling for help,” said the Chief.

Detective Chambers and Henry nodded in agreement.

On the film it showed Grant ducking her punches.

“It’s obvious he’s killing that girl,” said the Chief.

Detective Chambers and Henry were too pissed to say anything.

On the film it showed Grant looking at the camera and saying something.

“He saw something,” said Henry.

Detective Chambers and the Chief nodded in agreement.

The film showed Angie hitting Grant on the side of his head.

“Good for her!” said the Chief.

The film showed Grant dropping Angie then Kent was visible running up to them. Grant punched Kent and he dropped to the ground and stayed there.

“He did say Grant hit him and he passed out,” said Henry.

“He did say that,” said Detective Chambers.

On the film it showed Angie scooting out of view.

“Where is she going?” said the Chief.

“Probably escaping,” said Henry.

Detective Chambers nodded in agreement.

The film showed Grant running away in the direction Angie went and was out of view.

“He’s going after her,” said the Chief.

Detective Chambers and Henry nodded in agreement.

There was a few minutes of nothing but Kent still on the ground.

“I wonder what’s going on?” said the Chief.

“He’s probably killing her,” said Henry.

“I agree,” said Detective Chambers.

On the film, Grant reappeared with Angie in his arms. He dropped her limp body on the ground near Kent’s motionless body.

“The bastard did kill her,” said the Chief in a louder and pissed tone.

The blood of Detective Chambers and Henry started to boil.

On the film it showed Grant ripping off Angie’s blouse, Capri pants, panties and removed her shoes to where she was now bare ass naked. Then Grant ran out of view of the camera.

After a few seconds the film showed Kent and Angie on the ground the film finally ended.

Detective Chambers got up and turned on the lights to the room.

Henry proceeded to wind the film back to the front reel on the projector.

“Well, this sure changes things with this case,” said the Chief. “It’s obvious to me what we have to do now,” he added.

“Yep, I was wrong,” said Detective Chambers.

“Well, to be honest, if it wasn’t for the film, all the evidence did point to that Kent guy,” said Henry but inside he was smiling that Kent was really innocent.

“Well, let me put things in motion so we can go out and arrest Grant at the base. I’ll have to have Major Pearle come down here first to see the film.

After all, it's one of his officers we're accusing to be a killer," said the Chief then he got up from his chair. "It's the courteous thing to do," he said while he walked to the door. "Have that first film ready to go for Major Pearle," said the Chief when he opened the door.

"We also need to handle this issue of that fake FBI Agent we have locked up," said Detective Chambers.

The Chief thought about that for a few seconds. "I'll think about that situation later," he said then left the room.

Detective Chambers got up and left the room while Henry got the first spool ready on the projector.

Detective Chambers headed off to the jail cells. He walked up to Linus' cell.

Linus was pacing in small circles in his cell. He was bored to death.

"We got those film cartridges developed," said Detective Chambers.

Linus stopped pacing and rushed over to the cell bars. "And it showed?"

"It showed Grant Bowers killing Angie Abbott and not your friend Kent Hollister."

"See he was telling the truth."

"He was but the evidence at first pointed to him. But we're good folk down here and will admit it when we were wrong. And we were wrong."

"But what about me?"

"Well, the Chief will decide on what to do with you later," said Detective Chambers then he walked away.

Linus did a little victory dance across the floor back to his bunk to celebrate Kent being found innocent. But then he started to worry about his fate.

Detective Chambers went back to the office area and made a beeline straight to the coffee pot. He poured a cup and went back to his desk. He removed a Lucky Strike from his pack and lit one up.

“Major Pearle will be here in fifteen minutes,” the Chief said while he stepped out of his office then went back inside.

Detective Chambers smiled, as he couldn’t wait to see the expression on Major Pearle’s face when he see what Grant did. He always thought Major Pearle was arrogant and cocky.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Major Pearle showed up at the police station. He appeared a little irritated while he stood at the counter.

“Chief Delaney said it was extremely important that I come out here to see some stupid movie you have.”

“Yes sir. We’ve been waiting for you,” said Detective Chambers while he got up from his desk.

“Well, it better be extremely important. I’m a very busy man,” said Major Pearle, but if truth be known, the only thing he was going to do at the base was go to the Officers Club for a round of drinks with his officer buddies.

“Chief, Major Pearle’s here from the air base,” called out Detective Chambers.

The Chief stepped out of this office. “Major Pearle. Thank you for coming out here,” he said and walked over to the counter.

“This better be extremely important, Chief,” said Major Pearle in an irritated tone.

“Oh it is. Believe me it is,” said the Chief with a smirk, as he also disliked Major Pearle. “Please follow me.”

Major Pearle followed Detective Chambers through the office area and to the Interrogation Room.

They went inside where Henry had the projector ready to go.

Detective turned out the lights and Henry started the projector.

Eight minutes had passed.

Major Pearle watched the two films and sat there with his mouth opened in disbelief. “He’s one of my officers,” he said over and over again. “One of my good officers.”

“One of your officers that killed a teenage Air Force Dependent,” said the Chief.

“She’s Colonel Abbott’s daughter,” added Henry. “And there’s something I never told anybody,” he said.

All eyes were on him.

“Back in forty-nine, I was stationed with Grant at Fort Devens in Massachusetts,” said Henry.

“I knew that, so what does that have to do with what we just saw?” said Detective Chambers.

“Yes you do, but what you don’t know is that in the summer of forty-nine, there was a local sixteen year old teenager that was killed. She was also pregnant. She was found dead and naked in the woods. They determined she was strangled. At first

they suspected Grant since he was seen with her on previous occasions.”

“What happened?” said the Chief.

“He had an alibi and the police in that town believed him.” “And I knew Grant and didn’t even suspect he would kill anybody. We were best buds. Of course he had a reputation of being a ladies man, but nobody ever suspected him of murder. Even our Commanding Officer went to bat for Grant.”

“What happened to the case?” said Detective Chambers.

“It went cold.”

Major Pearle looked pissed and he knew this film had his officer dead to rights. “Okay, let’s put things in motion to arrest him.”

“Now we’re talking,” said the Chief.

“Let me make a call to General McCartney. I have to keep him informed,” said Major Pearle.

“You can come use my office phone,” said the Chief then he looked at Henry. “We’ll have to show that film to Judge Toole to get those charges dropped for that Kent Hollister kid,” he said then it dawned on him. “Wait, that’s the same name as your kid, Henry.”

“I know sir. Strange coincidence,” said Henry.

“Sure is,” said the Chief then he left the room with Major Pearle, and Detective Chambers.

Henry stayed and took care of the projector.

Ten minutes had passed and Major Pearle briefed General McCartney on the phone about the situation with Lieutenant Bowers. The General agreed and told Major Pearle to proceed and General

McCartney would inform Colonel Abbott with what was going to happen.

Major Pearle, Chief Delaney, Henry and Detective Chambers all headed off to Robins Air Force Base in separate cars. Major Pearle in his nineteen fifty-two Chevrolet Bel-Air blue Air Force car and the Chief, Detective Chambers and Henry in Henry's Bel-Air squad car.

Ten minutes had passed and Major Pearle's car was at the base front gate first. He told the Airman guard that the cop car was with him. The guard motioned for everybody to proceed.

The two cars drove through the base and parked in the parking lot of the Air Police building.

Major Pearle got out of his car and walked over to Henry's Bel-Air. "Let me go inside and get two of my guys. Grant is probably drinking at the Officers Club, said Major Pearle then he walked off and headed to the building.

"It that what these Air Force officers do all day is drink at the Officers Club?" said Detective Chambers.

"I heard the pilots are known to knock down a lot of drinks in the evenings," said the Chief.

"I hope they don't do that when Russia attacks us," said Henry.

They all remained quiet until Major Pearle came out of the building with Airman Third Class Derek Allen and Airman Third Class Bobby Gentry following behind him. The two had their side arms that were Colt 45s.

Major Pearle motioned for Henry to follow him.

When Derek and Bobby got in the back seat of Major Pearle's car, they started to suspect what was going on. They glanced at each other and started to get a little nervous yet a little happy.

Henry followed Major Pearle's car through the streets of the Air Force base.

They soon arrived at the Officers Club parking lot and followed Major Pearle's car and parked by the front door.

While they all got out of the cars, Henry spotted Grant's red T-Bird in the lot. "He's here."

"Let go," said Major Pearle and they followed to the front door.

Once they got inside they saw Colonel Abbott waiting inside the lobby area.

"Colonel Abbott, this is Chief Delaney, Detective Chambers and officer Hollister. I believe General McCartney informed you of the situation?"

"Yes he did. Let's move," said Colonel Abbott and he was furious.

Major Pearle led the way through the club to the High in the Sky lounge.

Once they entered the lounge they heard the Elvis Presley *All Shook Up* song playing on the jukebox. They saw Grant at the bar drinking with a hot looking Brunette to his right.

They marched over to the bar.

"After dinner we could take a nice drive in the country in my T-Bird. I'll have the top removed," said Grant while he lightly rubbed the brunette's left forearm. "He leaned toward her ear. "Then I'll have your top removed," he whispered into her ear and she giggled.

He heard footsteps approaching him and he looked to his right and saw Colonel Abbott, Major Pearle, Chief Delaney, Detective Chambers, Henry, and the two of his guys with their side arms storming over to him. "Shit!" he said.

"What did you say?" said the brunette unsure she heard him cuss and wondered why he would do that.

Grant bolted off his bar stool and made a beeline to the side door of the lounge that led to the outside deck.

Henry bolted after Grant and leaped into the air and tackled Grant where they smashed on the top of a table where two Captains were drinking beer.

The table broke like in a Western bar room fight sending beer bottles flying into the air and bottles crashing to the floor.

The two Captains fell back in their chairs and landed on their backs with a thud.

Derek and Bobby rushed over and found Henry had Grant pinned to the floor on his back.

The two Captains got back on their feet stunned with what just happened.

Henry flipped Grant over on his back.

"Lieutenant Bowers, you're under arrest for the murder of Angie Bowers," said Chief Delaney and then he handcuffed Grant's arms behind his back.

Henry got off Grant and then Derek and Bobby each grabbed an arm and brought Grant to his feet.

"That guy you framed had a movie camera in the bushes and filmed everything. You don't stand a chance in court," said Henry and fought hard from punching Grant in his face.

Colonel Abbott got in Grant's face inches from his nose. "I'll make sure you get the electric chair you *fucking* son of a bitch," he said and he fought hard not to punch Grant in his face. He didn't want to give this guy any advantage in court.

The brunette sat at the bar stunned while she watched the two Airmen escort Grant away with Colonel Abbott, Major Pearle, Chief Delaney, Detective Chambers and Henry tagging behind.

She got off the stool since her free drink ticket was arrested for murder.

She also left the Officers Club.

The two Captains were still stunned when they moved and sat down at another table.

The bartender brought them over two fresh bottles of beer and even he was stunned with what just happened.

The Elvis song *All Shook Up* ended on the jukebox. The lounge was quiet.

The bartender picked up the pieces of the table off the floor then came back to sweep up the pieces of broken beer bottles off the floor.

Twenty minutes had passed and Grant was booked, fingerprinted, mug shot taken and all of the items in his pocket removed.

He was placed in the same jail cell Kent previously occupied. He sat on his bunk depressed.

Back at the hospital in Warner Robins, Kent woke up in his bed.

Nurse Kitty Stone entered his room to check his vitals and saw he was awake. She informed him that he had a concussion and would be fine. But Kent thought otherwise when he realized he was

handcuffed to the bed. He still had this murder thing hanging over his head.

The nurse left the room to tell the doctor on duty.

Doctor Ben Brown soon entered the room and checked Kent over and was satisfied and felt he was going to be okay.

It was the early evening and Henry went home.

He entered the kitchen. "Hi, honey," he said while he walked up to Brenda at the stove preparing some spaghetti for dinner. He gave her a kiss on her cheek.

"How was your day, honey?"

"Extremely interesting. Extremely interesting," he said while he walked over to the refrigerator.

Brenda was curious, as Henry never said that about his work. "So what happened?"

Henry opened up the refrigerator, reached inside and removed a cold bottle of Black Label beer. "Well, we found some evidence that proved our murder suspect was innocent, or rather, I found some evidence," he said while opening his bottle of beer.

"What evidence?" she said stirring the spaghetti noodles in the pot on the stove.

"Our suspect apparently filmed Angie Abbott being strangled with a movie camera."

Brenda stopped stirring the noodles in the pot and looked at Henry. "Filmed it? Why was he there with a movie camera?"

"He claimed he was out there to film the cabin since old man Meyers' was a Moonshiner, then he saw Angie and Grant arguing."

It took a few seconds for it to sink in. “Grant? Grant Bowers. He was out there?”

Henry took a sip of beer. “I guess he thought it would be quiet and secluded place to be with that teenager. The film showed Grant strangling that teenager and not our murder suspect. Him being caught by her body was because Grant punched him out cold when he tried to stop her from being strangled. We arrested Grant today.”

Brenda shook her head. “You know, I never liked him. And I still believe it was him back in forty-nine,” she said and removed the pot of noodles and poured them into a strainer in the sink.

“I know. And so do I right now.”

Young Kent entered the kitchen.

“Hey buddy,” said Henry and he smiled at this son.

“Go wash up for dinner,” said Brenda to Kent.

Kent left the kitchen.

Henry took another sip of beer and thought about that other Kent and how much he felt that he knew him.

“Oh, daddy called. And he said he didn’t know of any Kent Hollister up there in Cambridge.”

“I figured that.”

“Well, enough of Grant go wash up for dinner.”

Henry left the kitchen while Brenda finished making dinner.

Brenda decided not to tell Henry about those time Grant made passes at him. She figured him being arrested for murder was enough.

Ten minutes had passed and they were eating dinner in the dining room.

“Oh, when daddy called earlier, he said he has something important to talk with you about.”

“I’ll call him after we eat.”

They ate their dinner at the dining room table and Henry wondered how young Kent’s day was going.

After dinner Henry called Brenda’s dad and heard about his important talk. He said he’d think about it and call him back in a few days. Brenda’s dad made Henry a job offer and the pay would be way more than what he was making here in Warner Robins.

Chapter 16

Thursday morning arrived.

Back at the hospital, Kent got a visit from Doctor Douglas Kennedy. He came in the room to give Kent another examination.

Back at the police station, Detective Chambers sat behind his desk drinking coffee and staring across the room in deep thought. His desk phone rang.

“Detective Chambers,” he said answering the call.

“Detective, it’s Doctor Watson down at the morgue. I’ve finished my autopsy on that Abbott girl.”

“And?”

“She was about two months pregnant.”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure.”

“Okay, thanks Doctor Watson.”

“You bet.”

Detective Chambers hung up his phone and dreaded making this phone call. But he knew it had to be done. He dialed a phone number.

“Colonel Abbott,” he said answering the call.

Detective Chambers paused for a second.

“Colonel, Detective Chambers. Ah, listen, I, ah,” he said and paused. “I got a call from the doctor down at the morgue.”

“And?” said Colonel Abbott interrupting him.

“Well, it appears your daughter was in fact two months pregnant.”

There was a few seconds of silence. “FUCK!” yelled Colonel Abbott from the phone.

“I’m so sorry, sir,” said Detective Chambers but he knew that wouldn’t help.

“Thank you for following up on this and getting back with me, Detective Chambers,” said Colonel Abbott then he hung up his end of the call.

Detective Chambers hung up his phone.

Twenty minutes had passed and Detective Chambers was still behind his desk drinking his second cup of coffee and in deep thought about this case.

Henry entered the station after his initial patrol around town.

He headed over to the coffee pot when the desk phone of Detective Chambers rang. “Detective Chambers,” he answered the call.

“Yes Detective, I’m Nurse Julie Cleaver. Your prisoner, Kent Hollister was just released by Doctor Kennedy. You can come down and pick him up.”

“Thank you Judy. We’ll be right down,” he said then hung up the phone.

“Our guy is being released from the hospital. Let’s go pick him up,” said Detective Chambers to Henry.

“You bet,” said Henry then he set his coffee cup down at the coffee table.

Detective Chambers and Henry left the station, got in Henry’s squad car and headed off to the hospital.

Ten minutes had passed and arrived in Kent’s hospital room where he was still handcuffed to the bed.

Detective Chambers walked over and unlocked the handcuff and removed it from Kent's wrist. "Go get dressed."

Kent got out of bed and headed off to the bathroom where his clothes hung. He got out of the hospital gown and got dressed in his clothes.

He walked out of the bathroom and over to Detective Chambers and placed his hand behind his back.

"Oh, there's no need for that," said Detective Chambers while he shoved the handcuffs back in his suit pocket.

"There's no need for that?" said Kent and he looked a little confused.

"I found your movie camera and film cartridge," said Henry walking up to Kent. "I had it developed and it showed you were innocent. Grant Bowers was arrested yesterday for murder and sits in our jail cell."

Kent looked at Henry is a little disbelief. He looked at Detective Chambers who nodded that Henry was correct. Kent walked to Henry and hugged him. "Thank you!"

While they hugged, Henry had this beautiful warm feeling that he was hugging his son. He couldn't understand that feeling but couldn't get rid of it either. And he didn't care since it was a wonderful warm and loving feeling.

"Enough of this lovey doevy stuff. We have to go see Judge Toole later today," said Detective Chambers.

Henry and Kent separated from their hug and the three left the hospital.

When they got to Henry's squad car, Henry let Kent sit up front while Detective Chambers sat in the back.

Henry drove them back to the police station.

Once they got into the station, they took Kent straight into Chief Delaney's office.

Officer Peabody also bought Linus into the Chief's office.

Kent and Linus sat in the two wooden chairs in front of the Chief's desk while Henry and Detective stood by the door.

"Well, it appears that Mister Hollister filmed Miss Abbott being strangled by Mister Bowers. He's been arrested and charged with murder," said the Chief and he took a drink of coffee. "So where does that leave us now? Well, we need to show that film to Judge Toole and I'm going to request that he drop the murder charges against you Mister Hollister."

Kent was relieved.

"And now what to do with you, Mister Bond, if that's your real name?"

Linus started to get nervous.

Chief Delaney looked at Linus while he tapped a few fingers on his desk thinking about that situation. This made Linus even more nervous. "What to do with you?" he said then opened up the folder on Linus' case. He glanced at Linus making him nervous again. "I really don't want the FBI down in here snooping around my town, so, I'm going to forget about you playing FBI Agent. I know your heart was in the right place to help out a friend. And I respect that," he said then he removed the paperwork on Linus' arrest and tore up the arrest

paperwork, the mug shot and Linus' fake FBI identification.

Linus sighed a sigh of relief.

"But I want you two to promise you'll never step foot in my town again. Do I make myself crystal clear?"

"Yes sir, I'll never step foot in your town again," said Kent.

"I'll also never step foot in your town again," said Linus.

"Good, I trust you cause if I catch either one of you in my town again, I will arrest you and I'll come up with some charges that will stick."

Kent and Linus nodded that they completely understood him.

"Good, now, Henry, get that projector and film, I've talked with Judge Toole and he's ready to see us," said the Chief.

Fifteen minutes had passed and Chief Delaney, Detective Chambers, Henry and Kent sat in Judge Toole's chambers.

Henry had the projector set up with a screen that the courthouse provided.

The bailiff flicked off the lights.

Eight minutes had passed and Judge Toole saw both reels of the film.

The bailiff flicked on the lights.

Judge Toole looked at Kent. "Well, it appears that you are in fact innocent, Mister Hollister. I wished this evidence was brought to me sooner," he said and gave Detective Chambers a glaring stare that he screwed up.

“I know sir, and I’m truly sorry,” said Detective Chambers with a hint of embarrassment.

“Well, your honor, this evidence proves Mister Hollister is innocent, therefore we request that the charges of murder against him be dropped,” said the Chief.

Judge Toole looked at Kent then he glanced at the projector. “Mister Hollister, consider those charges against you dropped. You’re free to go.”

A huge smile grew on Kent’s face as did on Henry’s face.

“Now, about this matter with that Air Force officer. Where is he?”

“He’s outside your courtroom ready to be arraigned,” said the Chief.

Judge Toole looked at Kent. “I need you here as a witness.”

“Ah,” said Kent and he looked over at the Chief recalling his explicit orders this morning.

“Yes your honor, he’ll be here,” said the Chief.

“But your honor, I really do need to get back home to Massachusetts. I mean, after what I’ve been through, being falsely accused of murder then in jail for a couple of days. I just want to go home and forget about all this. I think the film stands as your perfect witness,” said Kent and silently prayed Judge Toole would agree with him.

Judge Toole thought about what Kent said for a few seconds. “Chief Delaney. Do you have a witness statement from Mister Hollister? A statement on what he witnessed?” said Judge Toole.

“No, your honor.”

“Well get one. I don’t want to proceed without something from him. But Mister Hollister is correct, that film has this Air Force officer dead to rights. So if Mister Hollister isn’t here, that should be okay.”

“Yes, your honor,” said the Chief.

“Well, let’s go arraign this guy,” said Judge Toole. “Get him inside my courtroom.”

Chief Delaney, Henry, Detective Chambers, and Kent all got up and left the Judge’s chambers.

Three minutes had passed.

Grant stood in the courtroom next to Chief Delaney.

Detective Chambers, Henry, and Kent sat in the room. And in the back also sat Colonel Abbott.

“Mister Grant Bowers, you are here before me on the charge of murder. How do you plead, sir?” said Judge Toole.

“Not guilty,” said Grant.

“As they all do,” said Judge Toole quietly.

“Okay sir, your trial date will be September ninth. No bail. You will remain in the custody of the Warner Robins jail until your trial,” said Judge Toole then he hit that small wooden block with his gravel. “Get him out of my sight.”

Chief Delaney grabbed Grant by his left arm and walked him to the rear doors of the courtroom. Detective Chambers, Henry, and Kent all followed behind. Grant avoided eye contact with them.

It was quiet in the squad car. Henry sat in the front with Kent, and Grant was in the rear in the middle between Detective Chambers and the Chief.

After they got to the station, Grant was placed back in his cell. He sat down on his bunk and knew

that his life wouldn't last as long as he anticipated. He just prayed that he could get a superior attorney to bullshit him out of a date with Old Sparky.

Chief Delaney had Kent and Linus in his office.

"Well, it appears that Judge Toole freed you to go," said the Chief. "Now, remember, I don't want to see you in my town or state again."

"Yes sir, I won't step foot in your town or state again," said Kent.

"Me neither," said Linus. "I promise."

"Good, now how can I get you out of my town?"

"We could use a ride to the Greyhound station in Macon," said Kent.

"I'd be happy to drive them up there," said Henry.

"I'll also tag along, you know, to make sure they get on the bus," said Detective Chambers.

"Well, it's the least we could do," said the Chief. "Go," he added and waved his hand to tell them to get out of his office.

Kent, and Linus left the Chief's office with Henry, and Detective Chambers.

They left the station and got in Henry's squad car with Kent up front and Linus in the back with Detective Chambers.

"Oh, I need my suit and suitcase. It should be in my room at the Peach Tree Motor Court, said Kent, as he still wanted to wear that suit when he returned to the future.

"Okay," said Henry while he started up the Bel-Air.

Henry drove out the station parking lot and headed over to the Peach Tree Motor Court.

Henry went inside the office with Kent to tell the clerk to let him in his old room.

Henry waited outside the room while Kent changed into his suit and packed his suitcase.

After he was dressed in his suit and Fedora hat in hand, they got back in the Bel-Air and were on their way to Macon.

It was a quiet in the Bel-Air during he ride to the Macon Greyhound Bus Station.

After the Bel-Air was parked, Henry and Detective Chambers went inside the Greyhound Bus Station with Kent and Linus. They stood by while they got their tickets to get them to Savannah and then to Boston. The bus to Savannah was leaving in thirty minutes.

Henry looked at Detective Chambers. "I trust they'll get on that bus."

Detective Chambers looked at Kent and Linus. "Yeah, I also trust they'll get on that bus."

"Well, I guess this is good-bye," said Henry and he stuck his hand out to Kent.

Kent shook it and Henry again has that same strange feeling knew Kent like he was family.

"Ah, listen, I'm sorry about the way I treated you. I guess, I get a little mad when a young girl is murdered," said Detective Chambers.

"That's alright," said Kent. "I understand."

"Well, we better get back to the station," said Henry at Detective Chambers.

"Yeah, we better."

Henry looked at Kent. "Maybe our paths will cross again. Hopefully out of Georgia."

"Wouldn't be surprised if it did," said Kent.

“Come, we better go, Kent,” said Linus.

Kent nodded in agreement and they walked away.

Henry and Detective Chambers walked away and headed to the front doors of the station.

They went outside and got back in the Bel-Air.

“Now what do we do for excitement?” said Detective Chambers while Henry started up his Bel-Air.

“Make sure Grant gets the chair,” said Henry while he backed the Bel-Air out of the parking spot.

“Yeah, we do need to do that,” said Detective Chambers while Henry drove away through the parking lot.

Thirty minutes had passed and Kent and Linus were on the Greyhound bus on their way to Savannah. The two sat quiet during that short trip.

An hour had passed and Henry drove his Bel-Air around town for another patrol.

Detective Chambers sat at his desk reviewing Angie’s case file. He picked up Kent’s driver’s license and stared at it. He wondered what to do with it then he got an idea. He opened up his middle desk drawer and removed a pair of scissors and he cut up the driver’s license into a bunch of small pieces and let it rain into his trash can.

While he put his scissors away in his desk drawer, his desk phone rang. “Detective Chambers,” he said answering the call.

“Detective, Agent Williamson with the FBI up here in Boston.”

“Yes, Agent Williamson.”

"I'm calling about that guy pretending to be a fake FBI Agent."

"Oh, he's long gone. Snuck away in the middle of the night. We don't know where he is or could be heading."

"Ah, I see. Well, we'll inform our other field offices to be on the lookout for a guy pretending to be a FBI Agent." "We'll catch him and we won't let him slip away," he said in a sarcastic tone.

"Understand. Thanks for calling," said Detective Chambers. "We'll catch him and won't let him slip away," he said mocking Agent Williamson while he hung up his phone. "Dumb clam chowder eating G-man."

Three hours had passed and Kent and Linus were on another Greyhound bus leaving the Savannah station and heading north.

Back at the Warner Robins police station, Detective Chambers' eyes widened when he remembered something. He got up from his desk and rushed over to the Chief's office.

"Chief," he said while he entered his office.

"Yeah, Chuck."

"We have that Linus' smashed Rambler in the backyard, what should we do with it?"

Chief Delaney thought about that for a few seconds. "Have the scrap yard pick it up. Less paperwork."

"Yes sir," said Detective Chambers and he left the Chief's office and headed back to his desk. He called Rocky's Salvage Yard located at the southern part of town to come pick up the Rambler.

The rest of the day was quiet in Warner Robins.

At three that afternoon, Henry and Detective Chambers watched while Rocky came and picked up Linus' smashed Rambler and hauled it away.

When Henry got home after work, he took his son Kent out into their backyard and they had a catch. Life was good.

Friday was uneventful in Warner Robins.

Kent and Linus were on the Greyhound heading north to Boston. They slept most of the trip, yet they were still completely exhausted.

It was now Saturday night around eight and a Greyhound bus pulled into the Boston Greyhound Bus Station.

Linus and Kent got off the bus and after he retrieved his suitcase from the bottom of the bus, they headed off into the station.

Way down in Warner Robins, Rocky had just finished removing all the good parts from Linus' Rambler. He knew he could make a few bucks off this car from his parts store. He was grateful for the police department letting him keep this car for free.

Back in Boston, Linus and Kent, with his suitcase in hand, they took their time while they walked through the streets of Boston to get over to young Linus' home.

Hours had passed and Linus and Kent arrived at Linus' home at two seven on Sunday morning.

They walked down Linus' street and when they got close to the house, they saw young Linus. He was on the front porch in his rocking chair with his double barrel shotgun in hand.

They looked at the barn and saw the barn door was cracked opened.

“What do we do?” said Kent.

Linus thought about it for a few seconds.

“Guess we’ll just have to wait and hopefully, I, or I mean, he’ll fall asleep soon.”

Linus and Kent waited in the darkness.

After ten minutes, Linus started to get a little nervous while he looked at his watch and glanced at the front porch of his house. “Why won’t he go to sleep?”

“What’s the hurry?”

“The machine will be back in two minutes. If we don’t get there at the precise time, we’ll lose our ride home forever and will be stuck here in fifty-seven for another twenty-four hours.”

Kent looked at Linus then glanced at young Linus sitting in his rocking chair on the front porch. “No way I’m staying here,” said Kent and he bolted off toward the barn.

It took Linus a few seconds to realize that Kent was bolting off to the barn. He sprinted off after Kent.

Kent reached the barn door before Linus and the second he placed his hand on the handle of the barn door there was the blast of a shotgun that filled the air. The sound of shotgun pellets pelting the wall of the barn scared Kent and Linus and caused them to hit the dirt. Kent’s suitcase went flying off and landed by the wall of the barn.

“Aliens! You stole my car! I want it back!” yelled out young Linus from the front porch of the house.

Kent and Linus hugged the dirt fearful of being killed by the young Linus.

The humming sound filled the air inside the barn.

Linus glanced back at the house and saw young Linus reloading his double barrel shotgun. "It's coming back, now! We'll have to chance getting shot!" said Linus and he jumped up from the dirt, grabbed the barn door and slammed it opened. He rushed inside the barn.

Kent jumped up from the dirt and bolted inside the barn. He left his suitcase in the dirt by the wall of the barn.

Once they got inside the barn there was an explosion of cyan light at the ring in the dirt.

There was a counterclockwise swirl of bright cyan light emitting from that ring. The swirl suddenly broke up into green and blue beams of light in a counterclockwise swirling rotation.

There was the faint sighting of the spinning time machine within those swirling rotating beams of green and blue beams of light from the base and from the rear saucer.

The beams of light faded away and the time machine spun counterclockwise. There was a loud humming sound.

The spinning of the time machine slowed down and the humming sound started to get quiet.

The spinning time machine slowed down and the humming stopped.

The time machine was ready for departure again.

Linus and Kent ran over to the time machine from the barn door.

Linus opened up the door, Kent sat inside then Linus sat inside and he slammed the door shut.

They both strapped themselves snugly to the seat with the harnesses.

Way off by the barn door stood young Linus with his shotgun aimed at this strange contraption. He wanted to shoot at the Aliens but the sight of old Linus and Kent stopped him. There was this strong familiar feeling that he knew the older Alien. But that contraption was just like the sketch he had drew on notebook paper two weeks ago. So he just stood there in disbelief and watched the show.

Inside the time machine, old Linus flipped the "Power" toggle switch and the circular light illuminated green. A low hum was heard.

He flipped the "Door" toggle switch. The circular light illuminated green and the door clicked in the locked position.

He flipped the "Travel Dates" toggle switch and the three circular lights illuminated green. The three large digital panels lit up and all the digital readouts were an orange zero.

He reached over to the "Now" panel and dialed in 8,18, 1957, and 0230.

He reached over to the "Travel To" panel and dialed in 11, 8, 1981, and 0230.

He reached over to the "Pick-up" panel and pressed a small button in the lower left corner. That panel powered off.

He reached over and flipped the "Engine" toggle switch. The circular light below that switch illuminated green at the same second the sound of the engine started a strange louder humming sound. The peg on the engine gauge moved off the peg a little.

Linus flipped the “Adventure in Time” toggle switch for a few seconds.

The engine whined louder and louder.

Hundreds of beams of bright blue lights shot out horizontally from the rear. These beams started to rotate counterclockwise while the rear saucer started spinning.

Beams of bright green lights shot up horizontally from the base. These beams of green lights start spinning while the base started to spin the machine clockwise.

The needle in the engine gauge moved into the middle of the green pie then moved to the yellow then to the red.

The machine spun faster and faster and made a strange whirling sound with the blue and green lights starting to mix together and turned to a soothing cyan color.

The cyan light exploded and it was pure white for a split second and vanished.

Young Linus fell back on his butt and his double barrel shotgun discharged pelting the ceiling of the barn with pellets.

“What the hell was that?” he said and then for some strange reason he realized it wasn’t evil Aliens. They were friendly.

He stood in the barn for another ten minutes eyeing the spot where that strange contraption once stood. After he realized that contraption wasn’t coming back he left the barn.

While he closed the barn doors he spotted Kent’s suitcase up against the wall of the barn.

He walked over to it and reached down and touched the suitcase. It didn't sting or burn him. He touched it again and again. He felt it was safe so he opened up the suitcase and saw it had a pair of jeans, a shirt and black Converse sneakers. "Maybe those weren't Aliens," he said then he closed the suitcase, picked it up by the handle and locked the barn door.

He walked off to his house with that suitcase in hand.

He stopped and glanced back at the barn then recalled his sketch. "Time machine?" he said then walked off to his house with the suitcase and a smile. "Was that a time machine?"

Back in Warner Robins, Henry, Brenda and Kent ate supper at Henry's parents farm. Henry's dad informed him that they were moving to Cedar Rapids.

Chapter 17

It was back to November eighth, nineteen eighty, two thirty in the morning.

It was quiet inside old Linus' barn.

That ring of faint cyan color formed on the ground inside the barn.

The cyan colored ring got brighter.

There was an explosion of cyan light at the ring.

There was a counterclockwise swirl of bright cyan light emitting from that ring. The swirl suddenly broke up into green and blue beams of light in a counterclockwise swirling rotation.

There was the faint sighting of the spinning time machine within those swirling rotating beams of green and blue beams of light from the base and from the rear saucer.

The beams of light faded away and the time machine spun counterclockwise. There was a loud humming sound.

The spinning of the time machine slowed down and the humming sound started to get quiet.

The spinning time machine slowed down and the humming stopped.

The door to the time machine opened and Linus and Kent got out.

Linus closed the door.

They saw they were back inside the room inside the barn and knew they had a successful return trip.

They walked away from the time machine then Kent stopped. "Crap, I left my suitcase back in fifty-seven."

Linus thought about what he said then suddenly a fresh memory popped in his head. "Oh yeah, I have it. It's in the closet of my den," he said then was surprised he knew that. But then again, it was him, as a younger man that found the suitcase back in fifty-seven. "Wow, that sure was bizarre feeling."

Kent looked at Linus and it took him a few seconds to understand what Linus just said. "That is bizarre," he said then wondered if he'll have some fresh memories from the past popping into his head.

They walked to the room door and Linus unlocked it, opened it and they left the room

Linus relocked that door to the room on the outside.

They walked through the barn and saw that same tarp over a vehicle but didn't think anything of it.

They walked to the barn door and Linus unlocked it. They stepped outside then Linus relocked the barn door out there.

Linus and Kent saw the small holes in the wall of the barn that were made from a shotgun twenty-one years ago.

Linus and Kent walked off and headed to the house.

Kent noticed that his Monza was not where he left it. "Someone stole my car," he said in a panic.

"It was there when I left to rescue you," said Linus while he looked the area over.

Kent spotted the rear end of a nineteen eighty-one red with red interior Chevrolet Camaro Z28 and

it was parked next to Linus' green Impala. He stared at that beautiful Camaro then a sudden fresh memory popped in his head. It was a memory of him buying that Camaro at a Chevrolet Dealership in Boston. "That's my Camaro!" he said while he rushed over to the car. "That's my Camaro!"

Linus walked over to Kent.

Kent walked around admiring his new car.

A fresh memory popped in Linus' head. "I now remember. You brought it here for your thirtieth birthday," he said then his eyes lit up with another memory. "Your car keys are in my house."

Kent smiled, as he's always dreamt of having a new Camaro. He couldn't wait to get behind the wheel of that dream car. Kent yawned.

Linus yawned.

Linus and Kent went inside the house. They were totally exhausted from their long trip.

Linus retired to his bed while Kent slept on the couch in the living room.

They were both sound asleep within minutes.

Hours had passed.

Linus woke up when the sun peeked through his bedroom window. He sat up in bed and was a little dazed and confused for a few seconds. His hair was different.

More fresh memories started popping in his head.

The first memory was when he was back in fifty-seven and he heard a strange noise from the barn in the middle of the night. He thought it was Aliens after he saw that light cyan colored ring on the ground of the barn. Linus laughed over that memory

as he knew this Alien and he was actually laughing at himself.

The second fresh memory was when he heard noise in barn again in the middle of the night. He remembered seeing that light cyan colored ring on the ground of the barn. He thought they were Aliens coming back. He laughed at himself but then another memory popped in his head. It was the following memory of that following morning he discovered that his Rambler was missing. He laughed then stopped laughing when remembered he stole his own car then wrecked it. He started laughing again at himself.

Down stairs in the living room, Kent woke up and he had changed over night. He sat up on the couch, yawned then heard the faint sound of Linus laughing up stairs. "I wonder what's so funny with him?" he said while he got off the couch.

Linus walked down the stairs in his blue bathrobe and entered the living room.

"What was so funny?"

"Oh, I was recalling back in fifty-seven how I, as a young man, thought Aliens were in my barn when the time machine was showing up and leaving."

Kent chuckled over hearing that.

"Then I remembered that on that Monday morning when I went to the barn and found my Rambler was gone. I thought it was stolen, but it was me that stole it."

"And wrecked it."

"Yes, I wrecked it," he said then another memory popped in his head. "But the police thought I was trying and insurance scam. They dropped it six

months later when I never received a check from the insurance company,” he said then chuckled.

Linus’ eyes widened. “Kent, your hair.”

“What’s wrong with my hair?” said Kent and ran his fingers through it. It felt longer and not in that Cary Grant style he got for the time traveling trip.

He got up and rushed out of the living room and down the hallway.

He ran into the hallway bathroom and stood in front of the mirror that hung on the wall above the sink. He saw that his hair was back to dishwater blonde but styled a little longer but not as long as he originally had it back in eighty-one.

He walked out of the bathroom and went back into the living room. He looked at Linus and his eyes widened. “Your hair.”

“What about my hair?”

“It’s back to the way it was before we left.

Linus felt his hair and knew it was back to snow white sticking out all over the place. “This is really bizarre.”

“It sure is,” said Kent.

Linus eyes widened remembering something. “My fifty-one Rambler. It was wrecked, so what’s in my barn under that tarp?”

Kent thought about what he said and recalled seeing a vehicle under that tarp. He got curious.

“We’ll have to go see.”

“Yeah, let’s go see,” Linus said then he rushed up the stairs and soon rushed back down them.

Kent followed Linus out of the house and to the barn.

Linus unlocked the barn door and opened it and they rushed inside.

There was a vehicle in that same spot with that same tarp over it.

Linus rushed up to the vehicle and removed the tarp. Underneath was a green and white nineteen fifty-seven Rambler in excellent condition.

A fresh memory popped into Linus' head. "I remember."

"What?"

"I remember the Cambridge police telling me my Rambler was found in Georgia and it was all smashed up and stripped of the good parts. They agreed with me that it was stolen and the thieves crashed it then sold part of it."

"You sure loved green Ramblers."

"I know."

Kent's eyes widened. "We're suppose to be somewhere today."

Linus thought about what he said. "You're right, but where?"

"Maybe we'll figure that out later."

Kent's eyes lit up when another memory popped in his head. "I know where we're supposed to go today?"

"Where?"

"My mom's house for dinner."

Linus thought about what he said. "You're right," he said then looked at his Rambler. "Well take her."

Kent looked at the Rambler. "Why not. I'd be just like old times."

Linus looked at the Rambler. “Yeah, but this time we won’t have a Detective from Georgia chasing after us.”

Kent chuckled. “Yeah, that part we don’t need again.”

“Let’s go get cleaned up,” said Linus.

“That sounds good.”

Linus and Kent left the barn, Linus locked the barn door, and they went back inside his house.

Linus and Kent took turns using the upstairs bathroom to shower.

After they were cleaned up they sat around the living room and chatted about their time travel trip. Of course now they laughed with what happened even though at that time Kent was fearful for his life.

Linus’ eyes widened and there was something he had to do. He bolted up off the couch, ran out of the living room and down the hallway.

Kent thought that maybe Linus had a bad case of the runs.

Linus returned into the living room with a book in hand that he got from his den.

He sat back down on the couch. “That history book on crimes. It originally showed your dad in here, then it showed you in here,” he said while he opened it up to the Table of Contents.

Kent got nervous when Linus scanned the Table of Contents then opened up to another page.

Linus looked at that page. His eyes lit up with joy. “It worked! It worked!” he said and did a little victory dance while sitting on the couch.

Kent glanced at the page and he saw a mug shot of Grant Bowers. He smiled.

Linus scanned through that page. “Grant was executed at Reidsville, Georgia on the morning of October eighteenth back in nineteen sixty.”

Kent looked at that page and a huge grin formed on his face. “We had the real killer finally pay for his crime.”

Linus and Kent high fived each other for a job well done.

Linus got a serious look on his face. “My time machine,” he said and paused. “It should *never* and I mean *never* be used to change any events in time. Look what almost happened with you. We were lucky, I mean, extremely lucky that this book didn’t finally end with the story about you being executed.”

Kent looked at the book and imagined his mug shot there instead of Grant’s. “You’re right.”

“I should only use that machine to blend in and record history discreetly.” “I will *never* alter it!”

“I agree.”

Kent and Linus sat in silence. Kent started to wonder about his daddy. Suddenly tons of questions started flooding Kent’s mind. *Was he still alive? Were his parents still living in Warner Robins? Wait, I’m going to mom’s house for dinner tonight. She’s still here in Cambridge. Wait, does this mean daddy’s dead? Did he die from other reasons? Maybe he was killed in the line of duty?* Kent was scared of those answers yet he was also curious.

Linus and Kent ate breakfast and drank a few cups of coffee.

After breakfast, they lounged around and took another nap.

It was lunch time and they had some ham and cheese sandwiches.

After lunch, Linus drove his old Rambler out of the barn.

He drove it to the side of his house and got out the hose, and a bucket of soapy water.

Kent offered to help and while he was washing the old car, sudden memories popped in Kent's mind of him washing this exact Rambler when he was around eleven years old. Kent thought that maybe it was during a summer visit to Cambridge to see his grandparents.

The old Rambler was now cleaned and aired out.

An hour had passed and Linus and Kent got inside the Rambler. It started it up and it purred like a kitten and obvious that Linus babied this antique car.

Linus drove the Rambler down his driveway then turned right onto the street.

"Do you know where you're going?" said Kent.

Linus thought for a few seconds. "Yeah, I know your mom still lives in that same house."

Kent thought about what he said and he suddenly knew that that was still true.

Linus drove the Rambler down the street and made a left turn.

A fresh memory suddenly popped into Kent's head. He was thirteen and remembered sitting in this Rambler in the passenger seat with a then sixty-four year old Linus. Linus took Kent to see the *Time Travelers* movie. It was October in sixty-four and Kent suddenly realized he lived in Cambridge back in

that year and not Warner Robins. *Did daddy die? Was he shot being a cop at Warner Robins?*

While Linus drove his Rambler closer and closer to his mom's house, butterflies started fluttering in his stomach. *What's in store for me there? More heartache?*

Seven minutes had passed and Linus pulled into the driveway of Brenda's house. But there was a blue nineteen eighty Chevrolet Impala also parked in the driveway. Kent didn't recognized that car. *Did mom remarry?* He wondered while Linus put his car in park and turned off the engine.

Kent was nervous while he and Linus got out of the Rambler.

The walked to the front door and it felt an eternity.

Kent's finger shook when he rang the doorbell.

The few seconds of silence until his mom opened the front door also felt like an eternity.

The front door opened. Kent's mouth dropped opened. Standing inside his mom's house was his daddy. Henry was now fifty-four years old with salt and pepper hair.

Kent stared in disbelief, as did Linus. He remembered why he was eating dinner there. It was his parents thirty-first wedding anniversary.

"Well, son, are you going to come inside or stand out on the front stoop all day?"

"Oh, yeah," said Kent and he opened up the storm door and went stepped the house along with Linus.

Henry closed the front door. "Good to see you son," he said then gave Kent a hug.

While they hugged, Kent had additional fresh memories pop in his head like popcorn.

The first memory was when Kent was ten years old and it was the spring of nineteen sixty-one. He sat in the backseat of a fifty-six Chevrolet Nomad. His daddy drove and his mom was in the passenger seat.

In the back of the Nomad were suitcases and boxes. Kent suddenly realized they were leaving Warner Robins.

The next memory was when Kent was still ten and he moved into that house in Cambridge with his daddy and mom. The same house his mom lived before he time traveled to nineteen fifty-seven.

The next memory was when his daddy started his new job with Security at MIT. He got that job because of Brenda's dad's influence.

Lots of fresh memories of past birthdays and Christmas have flooded his mind.

The next memory was when Kent graduated high school and having his picture snapped with his daddy and mom.

The next memory was of Linus driving Kent to MIT in that Rambler but this time he was starting engineering classes.

The next memory was when Kent graduated MIT and had his picture snapped with his daddy, mom, and Linus.

The next memory was when Kent showed up for his first day at work as a NASA engineer at the Lewis Research Center in Ohio.

Henry and Kent separated from their short hug. He couldn't believe what just happened but it felt right. It felt like his life.

Henry shook Linus' hand and Linus had this smile that he was so happy to see Henry alive again.

Kent walked through the living room with his daddy; he saw that high school and college graduation pictures framed on one of the walls. They were just like the memories that popped in his mind when he hugged his daddy.

Brenda walked into the living room and she looked just like he remembered her from before he time traveled.

"There's my sweet baby," said Brenda walking up to Kent.

"Mom, I'm not a baby anymore," he said while Brenda hugged him.

"Hi Linus," she said walking over to him and giving him a light kiss on his cheek.

"Go wash up for supper," she told Kent and Linus.

Ten minutes had passed and Brenda made spaghetti and meatballs with a tossed salad for supper.

They sat at the dining room table and started some idle talk while eating.

"So Kent, when are we going to meet this new girl you've been talking about so much?" said Henry.

"Is this one serious?" said Brenda hoping Kent would get married soon.

"You're thirty, probably time to stop playing the field and settle down," said Henry.

Kent looked at Henry and Brenda and he was clueless to what he was talking about. He looked at Linus and he gave Henry *I'm Also Clueless* look.

More fresh memories started popping in Kent's head.

One memory was of him dating Kelly in high school and they danced at the Senior Prom. He remembered her long silky blonde hair.

Another memory popped in his head. In this memory, he dated a girl named Amy. She was a student at MIT and had short blonde hair and wore glasses.

Another memory popped in his head. In this memory he realized that he worked at the Lewis Research Center in the Zero Gravity Research Facility.

Another memory popped in his head. In this memory, he was dating a girl named Tiffany. She had shoulder length blonde hair, piercing blue eyes and worked with him at NASA at the Lewis Research Center, in Ohio.

"Oh, we'll come out to Ohio in the summer and meet her?" said Brenda.

"Yes, I would love that," said Kent and more loving memories of Tiffany popped in his head like popcorn. He found his soul mate – finally.

Henry's eyes lit remembering something. "Oh, remember my old buddy Chuck Chambers?" he said.

"Oh yeah," said Brenda.

Linus and Kent looked at each other as they remembered him all too well.

"What about him?" said Kent.

“Well, he retired from the Warner Police Department three months ago. He was the Chief of Police for the past eight years. Well, he’s coming up here to Boston next month to visit,” said Henry with a smile looking forward to seeing his old friend.

“It’ll be nice to see him again,” said Brenda with a smile, as she always liked Chuck.

“Yeah, I do miss working with good ole Chuck,” said Henry. “And we won’t talk about you know who.”

“You better not,” said Brenda.

Kent and Linus glanced at each other and they knew exactly the scumbag Henry was referring to.

They continued to talk during supper but it was about other stuff.

They finished dinner.

“Let’s head off to the den,” said Henry.

Kent followed his daddy out of the dining room and into the den. Linus stayed and helped Brenda clear the table.

Once they got inside the den, Henry opened up a guitar case and removed that nineteen fifty-five Gibson J-45 sunburst acoustic guitar. It was the same one from the photo album.

He removed the guitar from the case and sat down in one of the chairs in the den. “Grab the other guitar, we haven’t jammed in a while,” said Henry then he strummed out a D chord on the guitar.

Kent grabbed the other guitar case. *I can’t play.* He said and wondered how he could get out of embarrassing himself.

He opened up the case and saw a nineteen sixty-two Gibson LG-1 sunburst acoustic guitar. The

second he stared at that guitar a memory popped in his head.

It was Christmas in nineteen sixty-two and this Gibson was a present from Henry. He picked up the guitar and it suddenly felt really good in his hands.

Thousands of memories of him playing that acoustic guitar popped in his head. *I can play it!* He cried out for joy in his head.

Kent sat down with that acoustic guitar and he and his daddy played guitars and it was bitter sweet.

Kent smiled while he was strumming out a G chord knowing he gave his father a stay of execution.

They played guitars for an hour and then Kent left with Linus to stay at his house for the night.

Kent left Linus' house early Tuesday morning and drove his sweet new Camaro down the Interstate and headed off to the west for Ohio.

Life was so sweet.