

Only Time

By

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Chapter 1

he year was 1942.

Sam Fowler had paid a local scientist a hefty sum of cash to build him a time machine. The majority in the Los Angeles area viewed this scientist as a whacko. They believed he should be committed to a nut farm! Sam never thought this scientist was a whacko. The time machine worked!

Sam was a movie director, actor, and screenwriter. He traveled back in time and collected historical facts, clothes, and other articles.

It was 1865. Sam was in the peaceful and beautiful North Carolina countryside in Cumberland County. The woods were quiet.

Sam Fowler was much older while he galloped on a horse through the woods. He wore the stolen uniform of a Union Army General.

He checked his watch and got concerned. He knew from the history books that a battle would begin or start soon.

A cannonball whistled through the air.

The cannonball exploded in the ground, twenty feet from Sam's horse. Dirt showered Sam.

Sam clutched his cloth bag tighter so he wouldn't lose his treasures.

Another cannonball whistled through the air.

More dirt showered Sam after it exploded in the ground fifteen feet from Sam's horse.

His horse freaked out.

Sam flew out of the saddle and into the air with his cloth bag still clutched in his hands. His right knee slammed hard into the ground.

Sam lay on the ground, stunned not knowing what happened. He felt it. His right knee felt like it was on fire. He wanted to scream, but he heard voices in the woods and the sound of movement. He kept his mouth shut and cried inside. Getting caught would ruin his plan.

He stood up with dirt all over his face and uniform. His right knee was still on fire with pain.

He looked to his right and saw a massive pile of tree branches fifty feet away.

Sam still clutched his bag. He limped, in pain, as fast as he could to that massive pile of tree branches.

Each step he took, he wondered if he would ever make it to the branches.

Another cannonball whistled in the air and exploded ten feet away.

The shock wave knocked him on his butt and showered the area with dirt. Sam stood up with his bag in hand. He limped to the pile of tree branches cringing in pain.

He tossed away the branches from the pile.

He heard the crackling sound of small branches. It was footsteps one hundred feet away. Sam knew the enemy was near.

Sam removed the last of the branches. Visible was the front half of a Bell 47A helicopter. The tail boom was gone and replaced with a strange science-fiction engine with no rotor blades. It was his time machine - the machine that so-called whacky scientist built for him. Sam also paid him extra bundle cash to remain tight-lipped.

A bullet zinged by Sam's head and penetrated the trunk of a nearby tree.

Sam saw Confederate soldiers crouching in the woods. All rifles aimed at him ready to kill.

"Not today!" he said while he flung open the door to his time machine. Another bullet zinged by Sam and was a little too close as it ripped a hole in Sam's sleeve. Sam tossed his bag inside the device, and it landed on the bench seat. He ignored the fire in his knee while he hopped inside the machine and slammed the door shut.

The cyclic stick remained inside the time machine. The other flight controls were gone. You pushed the cyclic forward to travel to the future and pushed it back to travel to the past. The time counter slowed down to the desired year when the cyclic was back in the neutral position.

The console had a dial for the day, month, and year for time traveling. There was another dial for the location of where time travel would occur. You could also use this dialed time instead of the cyclic to move in time.

Bullets zinged all around the time machine. Sam was lucky these kid Confederate soldiers were poor

marksmen. Sam fumbled while he dialed October 12, 1979, and Los Angeles, California. Bullets continue to zing all around the machine.

He pressed the power button.

The console lit up.

He pushed the travel button.

The machine hummed and vibrated.

The plastic bubble illuminated with beautiful hologram colors.

The Confederate soldiers stopped shooting. They stood up in awe at the hologram colors that emitted from that strange machine.

The time machine vanished.

The soldiers looked at each other in disbelief.

A Confederate Captain walked up from behind them. He stared at the bare spot where the time machine occupied.

"Should we report it, sir?" a young soldier asked the Captain.

"And the risk of prison for being loco. No way!" the Captain replied. "Okay men, what you saw never happened. Understand? It never happened," the Captain instructed his men.

"Yes, sir," his soldiers replied.

"Let's move out. We have a Union Army to kill!" he ordered.

The Confederate soldiers marched through the woods headed for the Union Camp. The time machine was absent in their minds. Fear of death now grew on their faces knowing a battle was ready to start.

The basement of Sam Fowler's mansion was quiet. It was October 12, 1979.

Sam's basement had movie props scattered around. These stolen items from past time travel for his movies. There was a shiny suit of knight's armor that stood over in the corner from his film, Knighthood.

Sam planned to build a movie museum. He would put these on items on display to show the world his significant accomplishments from his movie career. This museum was his dream but wanted to wait until he retired.

Beautiful hologram colors shot out of nowhere in the basement in the middle of the room. Loud vibrating and humming sounds filled the air.

Sam's time machine appeared.

The hologram colors, vibration, and humming ceased.

Wilbur Jensen waited in the basement. He was close to Sam's age and had been nerdy and nervous the minute he was born. He always wore a white shirt with a bow tie and round glasses.

He had been Sam's assistant for the past fifty years and kept Sam on track with his busy life. Jensen had gotten this job because he was Sam's brother-in-law and Sam's sister bugged him to death to hire Jensen. He tolerated Jensen because Sam loved his sister.

Jenson moped up to Sam's time machine when Sam opened the door.

"Welcome back Mister Fowler. I hope you had fun playing General in the Civil War. I also hope you

collected some fantastic items and facts for your movie," Jensen said.

"I did Jensen, but the Confederate Army arrived. I escaped death! Go get my bag out of the machine."

Sam limped away as his knee was in extreme pain.

Jenson noticed and saw the hole in his sleeve.

"Oh my, what happened, sir?" said Jensen.

"Battle wound. Now take that bag to the studio and give it to Warren," Sam replied. "Going to be great for my last movie," he added while he limped up the stairs.

"Yes sir," Jensen replied, as he walked to the time machine where the canopy bubble was foggy.

He reached inside and grabbed the handles of the bag. He dragged it across the seat, and it plopped to the floor. Jensen had been a weakling his entire life and strained as he pulled it across the floor.

The fog from the canopy bubble cleared up.

Chapter 2

t was now June 14, 2007.

It was a beautiful and sunny day in Los Angeles.

William Sanders started the Sanders Advertising Agency in 1952. His company has been successful with accounts for large companies. They created advertising for magazines and television that include the three major networks.

William retired in 1980 and his son, Jack, took over the helm. Now Jack wants to retire, and his twenty-eight-year-old son Alan will take over in six months. Alan keeps busy working over eighty hours of work a week.

Alan was also engaged to Shelly Marie Nelson, thirty years old. Shelly was a sexy girl with shoulder-length blonde hair and a body that guys drool over. She works out at the gym and jogs three times a week to keep that hot body in shape.

Shelly was a graphics illustrator for the Sanders Advertising agency. She worked for them for the past three years starting, a year after she graduated from college. Grateful for the job because times had gotten tight and almost had to live on the streets. Now, she had her own private office with a fantastic view of the Hollywood sign.

Shelly worked on the advertisement for a General Mills breakfast cereal. She listened to "Calling All Angels" by train from her MP3 player earphones.

Some female coworkers were singing outside her office.

"Happy Birthday to you. Happy Birthday to Shelly, Happy Birthday to you!" they sang while they walked down the hallway and got near Shelly's office.

Laura Cornell, a thirty-year-old beautiful woman with long brunette hair, entered Shelly's office. She had a birthday cake in hand. Four other females followed behind her.

Laura and Shelly have been best friends since they were little girls in the Los Angeles area. Shelly got Laura, her job as an administrative assistant with the agency. Laura's married and her husband is in Iraq flying helicopters. They plan on having kids when his hitch with the Army is over.

They walked over and placed Shelly's birthday cake on her desk.

Shelly didn't hear them because of her MP3 player earphones. Laura noticed. So she walked over and removed Shelly's earphones from her ear. That startled Shelly. She looked relieved when she saw it was Laura.

"You scared me, Laura," Shelly said.

"Happy Birthday, Shelly," Laura replied.

Shelly saw the other girls and the birthday cake, and she smiled. "That's so sweet of you," Shelly said while she looked at the cake and then back at Laura.

"You know I wouldn't forget your birthday," Laura said and walked over and kissed Shelly on her cheek.

"But you're a day early," Shelly told Laura.

"I know, but I thought you were leaving tomorrow for Catalina Island?" asked Laura.

"We are!" Shelly replied with a huge.

The other girls looked jealous. Then one of the girls started to cut slices of cake with a plastic cake cutter. She gave Shelly the first piece then handed out slices to the rest of the girls.

"How does it feel to be marrying the future President of Sanders Advertising in a few weeks?" one of the girls asked Shelly.

"Rich!" Shelly responded.

All the girls laughed except for Laura. She rolled her eyes.

"Where's he taking you for your birthday tomorrow?" one of the other girls asked.

"We're going to Spago Beverly Hills tonight. Then a boat trip out to Catalina Island in the morning to spend the weekend at the Aurora Hotel and Spa," Shelly answered.

"How romantic!" one of the other females said with a jealous tone in her voice.

"No more Burger King meals for you," another female said.

"You know it!" Shelly bragged.

Alan's administrative assistant, Mary, sixty years old, entered with a small wrapped present in her hand.

She walked up to Shelly and handed her the present with a look of remorse.

"Mister Sanders regrets he had to go to San Francisco for an emergency meeting with our other office. He won't be able to take you out to dinner tonight for your Birthday. And the trip to Catalina will be postponed. He's sorry and should be home by Sunday evening. He'll take you out for dinner that night," Mary told Shelly.

Mary turned around and walked out of the office.

Laura looked at the present in Shelly's hand and shook her head in displeasure. "Here we go again," Laura muttered under her breath.

Shelly ripped the wrapping off the box like it was Christmas morning. She opened the box and removed a beautiful diamond necklace and placed the chain up against her neck. It made her feel like a queen.

All the females, except for Laura, walked over and admired it.

"It's so beautiful Shelly!" one of the females said, staring at the necklace a little jealous.

"Come on, girls. Let's get to work before her future father-in-law fires us," Laura told them.

The girls smiled at Shelly and left with their cake.

Laura walked over and gave Shelly a little hug.

"We need to talk," she told Shelly with serious eyes.

"Come on, Laura. Why can't you give it a rest?" Shelly replied and looked bothered.

"You're in love with Alan's money. Not Alan. Don't give yourself away for a huge bank account," Laura said with a persistent tone.

Shelly touched her beautiful diamond necklace and admired it.

"You hate Alan, so you don't understand our love. Plus you better remember that he talked his father into hiring you," Shelly said.

Laura replied, "No. Alan's a nice guy, and I appreciate him giving me a job. But I know you! I've known you since we were ten and there's never been any love here!"

"Not true!" Shelly fought back.

Shelly turned her back on Laura and returned to her work.

Laura walked out of Shelly's office and looked disappointed.

It was five in the evening in Los Angeles.

Shelly drove her 1999 Toyota Celica convertible through the Los Angeles streets. Traffic was thick.

She hated the thick traffic, so she weaved in and around the slower cars. She always drove at least fifteen miles over the limit. So far, she has never had a speeding ticket.

She whipped her Celica into the parking lot of her apartment complex in Van Nuys. She parked in a stall and moved her convertible top up.

In that complex, Andrew Ronin, eighty-six years old, sat drunk in short pants at the condo swimming pool. He had white whiskers, thinning hair, a red swollen bumpy nose from years of too much alcohol.

He had a scar from a bullet on his left bicep.

Andrew had a glass of his standard whiskey and Coke drink in his hand while he sat at the pool. He dozed off. His glass tilted and spilled whiskey and Coke down on his crotch. The soaking of the crotch of his pants didn't wake him.

Shelly changed her habit and walked through the pool area this evening.

Shelly walked past Andrew and noticed his drink spilled on his crotch and was still. She looked concerned. "I hope he's not dead," she said while she rushed over to him.

"Sir, you're spilling your drink," she said while she shook him.

Andrew snored.

Shelly looked relieved and removed the glass from Andrew's hand and held it. That caused Andrew to wake up, and he looked up at Shelly with a dazed look. He focused then smiled when he saw her beautiful face.

"Lisa? Am I finally in heaven?" he asked while he stared at Shelly.

"No. I'm Shelly Nelson, and you're in Van Nuys," Shelly broke the news to him.

He looked disappointed. Then he frowned when he glanced down and saw the huge wet spot on his crotch. "Shit! Did I do it again?" Andrew said.

"No, you're fine. The only accident you had was spilling your drink."

Andrew saw his glass in Shelly's hand and looked relieved. "Good! It's a pissier being old," he said. "No pun intended."

Shelly placed his glass down by his chair. She smiled while sitting down in the chair by him. She touched his arm and looked concerned.

"Are you okay, sir?" she asked, then eyed his scar on the front of his left shoulder.

"Do I know you?" said Andrew. "I got this feeling we've met before."

"Don't believe so. I've lived here for the past two years and don't recall meeting you."

Shelly looked around the pool area, then back at Andrew. "Do you have any family members around?"

"No wife, no kids, and very little retirement money. Are you married, and do you have children?"

"I'm getting married soon, but don't plan on having kids," she said.

"A beautiful woman like yourself who doesn't want beautiful babies? I don't understand," he replied.

"It's a long story. So, how come you're not married with grandkids running around?" Shelly responded.

Andrew reached down for his glass. He grabbed it but realized it was empty. He looked disappointed. "Well, my first wife died in forty-five from brain cancer."

"Was that Lisa?"

"Yes," he replied, and his eyes welled up a little.

"I'm so sorry."

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