

# To Live Again

By

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# *Chapter 1*

It was early in the morning on Friday, May 28th, in 1971.

In a home built around 1917 lived seventeen-year-old Darin Archer. The young man tossed and turned under his bedsheets. He had a dream. But this morning it wasn't a sweet dream or wet dream for Darin. It was a dream of an untimely death for someone.

In his dream, it was the wee hours of the morning. The fog was so thick one couldn't see a foot in front of themselves.

In a cemetery, Darin stood in the wet grass and thick fog. He stared down at a headstone. He looked curiously at the headstone. But who was buried there? Wondered Darin in his dream. He couldn't read the name on the headstone due to the thick fog.

The fog started to dissipate. The name of the person buried by that headstone started to become readable.

Back in his bedroom, Darin woke up from his bad dream in a sweaty panic and didn't get a chance to catch the name on the headstone.

He quickly glanced around his bedroom to make sure he wasn't still in that cemetery. All he saw was his Beatles, Rolling Stones, Santana, and Neil Young posters thumbtacked on his four walls and no fog nor headstone. He also glanced at his bookcase filled with all sorts of books on history next to his small desk. He was relieved the second he realized it was all a bad dream, and he was back in his sweat real world. But he was still curious as to the name of that person buried in that cemetery.

Darin flipped the covers off his topless six-foot lanky body and stepped out of his bed.

Once his feet hit the wooden floor, he yawned and stretched out his skinny arms.

He slowly walked out of his bedroom and went into the hallway.

The second his feet hit the hallway floor, the smell of sizzling bacon from the kitchen filled the air. He smiled as that was the best aroma that could meet one's nostrils first thing in the morning.

Darin headed straight into the bathroom at the end of the hallway.

He opened up the medicine cabinet once he got inside the bathroom. He immediately noticed his mom's bottle of sleeping pills next to his razor.

He grabbed his razor and soaped up his face with the bar of Ivory soap. He started to shave what little whiskers he had on his young face. He hoped that the more he shaved his beard would begin to come in thicker and thicker.

After he was done shaving, Darin grabbed his toothbrush put on some Colgate and brushed his pearly whites. His mom was strict about Darin taking care of his teeth and always made sure he went to the dentist for checkups twice a year.

After he brushed his teeth, Darin jumped in the shower.

Everybody in the town of Burkeville, Pennsylvania, where Darin lived, were also slowly getting out of their beds to start their day of work, school or just staying at home.

The town of Burkeville was a quaint and located in the hilly countryside thirty-five miles due north of Philadelphia and had around twenty thousand residents. It was founded in 1832 and Burkeville had been a peaceful and quiet town with only minor and petty crimes for many years. But this would all change during the summer of 1971. It would be a serious crime that would ruin the life of a young person who had dreams of a beautiful life.

Primrose Avenue circled Burkeville and was considered the marker for the city limits for years.

The main street through the middle of town was Thorndale Avenue, and it ran north and south dead-ending at the northern part of Primrose Avenue.

At the southern end of Thorndale Avenue that road turned into Route 62, also called Old Philly Road.

Route 62 and went south through the hilly countryside, through the town of North Chestwood and eventually ended into the northern suburbs of Philadelphia.

A Chevrolet manufacturing plant was situated in the northern area of Burkeville on the north side of Primrose Avenue not far from Thorndale Avenue. The plant was nestled in the woods to shield it from the town.

Besides for having that plant, Burkeville was also known for its exceptional educational institution called the University of Burkeville. The university was founded in 1885 and was located in the southeastern area of town.

The best place to relax for the residents of Burkeville was Lake Willow, located in the western area. This was the perfect place to watch the beautiful sunsets and also go boating. And of course, many of the male residents loved to fish for trout in the lake using Jon boats.

The residents and people from the surrounding areas also loved coming over to Lake Willow in the fall to gaze at the turning of the leaves. It was so majestic to sit by the lake and view all the red, brown, and yellow leaves and to see their reflections in the water.

As far as for places to live, there was a beautiful residential area located in the southwestern part of Burkeville. Most of those homes were built around 1900 when Burkeville was going through its second growth spurt. The third growth spurt was in 1949, and more houses were built because of the new automotive plant.

For the lower-income residents, they had a mobile home park located in the northwestern area of Burkeville not far from the plant.

Back in his home, Darin was finished in the bathroom, and he went back to his bedroom to get dressed.

Darin slipped on his standard colored tee-shirt, and today, it was white with long red sleeves.

He slipped on his standard bell-bottom blue jeans and then came a pair of his new white Nike sneakers with the new Swoosh trademark.

He walked over to the mirror on top of his dresser then used a rubber band to tie his shoulder-length blonde hair into a ponytail. This was to satisfy the high school hair requirements. Fucking stiff. Darin always thought while he performed this ritual every school morning.

Darin grabbed his school books off the dresser and left the bedroom.

He went down the hallway and headed straight into the kitchen.

His forty-one mother June Archer was in the kitchen. She wore her A&P uniform, as she worked part-time as a cashier at the grocery store.

June sat down at the small kitchen table to eat her plate of scrambled eggs, bacon, and a cup of Sanka coffee.

Once Darin entered the kitchen, he noticed only his mom at the table eating breakfast. "Where's pop?" he asked while he sat down in front of his plate of scrambled eggs, four slices of bacon and a glass of full of Tropicana orange juice. He loved his mom's cooking.

"He had to head to the plant early this morning," said June then she took a drink of her Sanka coffee.

"Oh," said Darin, then he sat down at the table placing his school books on the floor.

Darin's forty-six-year-old pop, Henry Archer, had worked at the Chevrolet plant since 1949. This plant had manufactured the hoods and trunks for all the Chevy Bel-Air cars since 1949.

It was quiet while June and Darin ate their breakfast, as this was the standard during meals with his parents. Teenagers

are no longer talkative with their parents, as when they were younger.

Darin was finished and got up from the table. He was like all the other teenagers and left their plates on the table for his mothers to clean up after them.

He walked back over to the table, picked up his school books, gave his mom a quick kiss on the cheek.

“Tell Sheryl, I said hello,” June said while she got up from the table grabbing her plate, her coffee cup, and Darin’s plate and an empty glass.

“I will,” said Darin while he rushed out of the kitchen with a sparkle in his eyes while June placed the plates, glass and her coffee cup in the sink for washing.

While Darin rushed through the front yard, he glanced over to his left and saw his eighty-five-year-old neighbor, Betsy Koll, slowly moved down her driveway. Betsy wore her nightgown with furry slippers and was on her way to get her morning Burkeville Daily Times newspaper.

“Good morning Miss Koll,” called out Darin being polite. He was so glad Miss Koll didn’t wear a nightgown with thin material while he tried not to stare at her.

Betsy looked over at Darin. For a few seconds, she didn’t have a clue who this young man was in the yard next to hers, as she started to have signs of dementia. It dawned on her after a few seconds of staring at this young man. “Oh, good morning, Darin,” she said, and while she picked up her newspaper at the end of the driveway.

“When is your nephew Sidney coming up from Florida again?” called out Darin while he walked up to his two-tone green four-door 1957 Chevrolet Bel-Air parked along the curb by his front yard. Darin always liked Sidney even though he was as old as his parents. Sidney had long hair and was refreshing to talk with since they both had a deep-seated love for history.

Betsy looked confused while she glanced over at Darin. “Sidney? Sidney who? I don’t know a Sidney,” she said with her rolled newspaper in her right hand.

“You know, Sidney. Your nephew from Tampa, Florida,” said Darin.

Betsy thought about Darin’s response for a few seconds. Her eyes lit up when it finally dawned on her. “Ah, yes, Sidney. My nephew. Yes, he lives in Tampa. That’s down in Florida somewhere,” she said then slowly moved back up her driveway heading to her front door.

Darin decided not to ask her any more questions since she’s so forgetful these days. “I don’t want to get old,” he quietly said while he opened his creaky driver’s door of his Bel-Air.

He got inside and slammed the door shut and pumped the gas pedal a few times. He stuck his key in his ignition, and after two failed attempts, Darin finally started up his Bel-Air. He immediately turned on the AM radio to the WFIL station. The Spirit in The Sky song by Norman Greenbaum played.

Darin drove his Bel-Air away down Appleton Avenue humming along with the song. He couldn’t carry a tune in a bucket and sang out in keys that didn’t exist, so he stuck to humming. But if the truth were known, his humming wasn’t that great either.

He turned left and headed west on Montvale Avenue.

After driving passed by five streets, Darin turned left on Chestnut Avenue and headed south.

He soon pulled into a driveway, backed his car out of it to turn around and parked along the curb of a house on Chestnut Avenue. He waited with the engine running.

The Spirit in The Sky song just ended another news report started on the radio, so he turned it off. He wasn’t in the mood for news reports this morning.

He glanced at the driveway and saw Sheryl's 1966 blue with blue interior Chevrolet Malibu parked in the driveway next to her father's 1971 white on white Chevrolet Impala.

The front door of the house opened and closed.

Out through the front door rushed seventeen-year-old Sheryl Watson with her school books and notebook in hand. She had long blonde hair down to the middle of her back and always wore hip hugger bell-bottom blue jeans. Her jeans were tight and showed off her shapely butt cheeks. And her backside always caught the nasty eyes of lots of guys in her school. She was the object of many naughty fantasies of the guys late at night under their bedsheets.

Darin glanced at the Sheryl, and a smile grew on his face. He loved this part of the school mornings. And he was going to miss these moments but just knew there would be thousands of beautiful ones with her in his future.

The passenger door creaked open while Sheryl got in the Bel-Air. After slamming the creaky passenger door shut, she immediately slid her butt down the bench seat and sat next to Darin. She him a light kiss on his lips then situated herself in the seat. Her left leg brushed up against his right leg. He ever so loved that feeling.

He put his Bel-Air in drive and drove off north down Chestnut.

Sheryl reached over and turned on the radio.

"And for the last bit of news, the Soviet Union launched their Mar 3 unmanned space probe today. On May 19, they launched their Mars 2 probe. Both probes will attempt to make a soft landing on Mars. And now it's time for some more rock and roll," the DJ said from the radio.

Darin turned his Bel-Air right on Montvale Avenue and headed east.

"Okay, now let me take you back about five years for one of my favorite songs," said the WFIL DJ on the radio.

The Here, There, and Everywhere song by The Beatles started to play on the radio.

Sheryl was all smiles when the song started. "This is a great way to start the morning," she said. "I can't believe it never made it in the top one hundred back in sixty-six," she said then paused. "Changing my life with a wave of her hand," she sang out along with Paul McCartney.

Darin smiled as he never got tired of hearing Sheryl sing that song with her beautiful voice.

Sheryl stopped singing and glanced over at Darin. "Remember that day we first met?" she said and smiled.

Darin glanced over at her and smiled remembering that day.

Old 1966 memories flashback...

It was Saturday afternoon on Aug 20.

Darin was twelve years old and went off to Howie's Record Store in downtown Burkeville. He had mowed some of the neighbor yards for extra cash and couldn't wait to buy a new album.

Darin went to the Rock and Roll section and immediately found the Beatles area. He wasn't alone at that spot. Twelve-year-old Sheryl Hanson also arrived there to buy a record with her allowance money.

Darin and Sheryl both grabbed the last Beatles Revolver album available. She grabbed the top left corner while Darin grabbed the top right corner. They both stared at each other for a few seconds wondering who would release their hand. They barely knew each other even though they were both in the same grade in school.

For a few seconds, it looked like it was going to be a tug of war for that album. But Sheryl's big soft brown eyes suddenly captivated Darin, so he acted like a gentleman.

"You may have it. I can get it another day," he said, then let go of the album.

Sheryl smiled over Darin's sweet gesture. "Thanks, that's so sweet of you," she said then turned and walked away with the album tucked under her arm.

Darin watched Sheryl walk away and suddenly for the first time in his young life, he started to like girls.

Sheryl got to the end of the aisle, turned around to catch a glimpse of that young gentleman. She smiled at him, then headed off to the cash register. She started to like boys this summer, and Darin caught her interest.

Darin left the store with thoughts of this beautiful girl on his mind.

Back to 1971 in Darin's Bel-Air...

"Yeah, I do," said Darin with a smile.

"The first day I really noticed you," she said and leaned over and gave him a kiss on his cheek. "It was love at first sight for me."

"Me too."

"But it took you six months later to finally talk to me," she said.

"I know. I was scared."

"Then you finally asked me out on a date years later," she said.

"I know. I was scared."

"I know you were and I'm glad you finally did," said Sheryl then she returned to singing along with Here, There, and Everywhere.

Darin continued his drive with a warm smile, overhearing her sweet voice. But then he remembered something. The butterflies started fluttering inside his stomach. There was something he wanted to do tonight and hoped he wouldn't chicken out again.

He turned right on Thorndale Avenue and headed south.

He turned right into the main entrance of the Burkeville Senior High School.

He turned right into the student parking lot.

He parked his car in the first available spot.

Sheryl and Darin got out of his car.

They held hands while they walked to the front doors of the school.

## *Chapter 2*

It was three that Friday afternoon, and another day of school was over. The teens were elated with having a weekend free from the books and lectures. But of course, some had homework they had to squeeze in their two days of freedom.

Darin sat and waited on the hood of his Bel-Air. Since classes were over, he removed the rubber band from his ponytail and let his hair hang freely down to his shoulders.

Seventeen-year-old Charles Moore and Kenny Woods strutted up to Darin with grins of weekend freedom.

“Hey, Darin,” said Charles, who was about the same size as Darin but with long black hair down to his shoulders.

Hey, Charles and Kenny,” replied Darin.

“So, are you ready to go in a couple of weeks?” asked Charles.

“I can’t wait to party for a week. It’s been long brutal years to finally get to this day,” said Kenny, who had long auburn hair down to his shoulder and he also had pot marks on his face, as a reminder he lost his years with battling acne.

“I’m so fucking ready to have some fun in the sun over at the beach,” said Darin.

“Is Sheryl coming to the beach?” said Kenny while he glanced with eyes widened scanning the area for her.

“Yeah, she’s planning on coming along with us to party,” said Darin.

Kenny smiled, thinking about seeing her in a bikini showing off her butt cheeks.

“We better go. I have to work the night shift at the gas station,” said Charles, as he hated his pumping gas into cars that wanted the full-service treatment.

“Yeah, I need to get home anyway,” said Kenny, who had plans of hitting his bedroom and dreaming about Sheryl.

Charles and Kenny walked away and headed over to Charles’ white with blue interior four-door 1955 Chevrolet Bel-Air.

Darin kept a watchful eye on all the other students leaving the building.

After five minutes his eyes widened with joy the second he spotted Sheryl walking his way with her blonde hair swaying in rhythm with her walk.

“Hey baby,” she said the second she got to the front of his Bel-Air. She gave Darin a quick kiss on his lips.

He opened up his driver’s door, and they got in the car. She slid across the bench seat and sat next to Darin.

Darin started up his Bel-Air, backed out of the parking spot, and drove off through the lot.

Sheryl turned on the radio and the song How Can You Mend a Broken Heart by the Bee Gees played on the WFIL AM station.

“What a long, long boring day,” said Sheryl while Darin made a left turn out of the school lot and drove off down the street.

“Don’t worry, it will all be over soon enough,” said Darin while he listened to Sheryl while she started to hum along with the Bee Gees. This wasn’t one of Darin’s favorite songs, but he loved it when she sang or hummed along with a song.

It wasn’t long before Darin stopped his Bel-Air in front of Sheryl’s home.

“I’ll pick you up at eight-thirty tonight,” he said.

“Okay,” she said, then leaned over and planted a kiss on his lips.

Sheryl got out of the car, and Darin watched her backside while she ran off to the front door. After she was safely inside, he drove off down the street.

It was suppertime, and Henry was home from his shift at the plant. Tonight June made pot roast, mashed potatoes, and corn. Henry had his usual bottle of Black Label beer with his dinner. It was his way to unwind from spending all day making trunks and hoods for the Chevy Bel-Airs.

Henry had served in the Army, as a ground pounder, during WWII in Germany and still sported a crew cut. He had gained weight since the war and now sported a belly with that nine-month pregnant look. On his right forearm, he has a heart tattoo with June above it. He got that after joining the Army to save the world from the Nazis. Having that tattoo was a reminder of his girlfriend, June, back home. The girl he wanted to marry if he survived the war.

It was quiet at the dinner table. June decided to break the ice and get her two guys to talk. "So Darin, are you getting excited about next weekend?"

Darin grabbed his glass of milk and took a drink. "Yeah, I can't believe it's finally here," he said then took a bite of his pot roast. He thought about tonight while he chewed. He started to get a nervous stomach.

"Remember, if you don't succeed with college, I can always talk with Randall, and he can get you a job. You might have to start at the bottom, maybe janitor work, then you can work your way up to the line one day," Henry said breaking his silence then he took a drink of his Black Label. "Or if you want, there's always the Army," he said then shoved a piece of pot roast in his mouth. Fucking draft dodgers. He thought while he chewed on his piece of roast. He loathed the cowards running off to Canada to avoid serving their country. After all, his generation served their country and couldn't understand why so many of Darin's generation ran.

June didn't like hearing Henry talk about the Army. She hated those nightly news broadcasts about the number of young kids that were killed over in Vietnam.

“Maybe,” said Darin, but he knew that his plans for his future were rock solid and he wouldn’t have to worry about the Army.

June looked at Henry. “You going out tonight?”

“Yeah, Vince and boys want to bowl a few games and drink some beer.”

June nodded with a smile. She knew Henry loved his once a week bowling night with his friends. It helped him relax.

It remained quiet for the rest of their dinner except for the clanking of forks on the three plates.

Eight-thirty rolled around, and Darin rushed out of the house.

He got in his Bel-Air and immediately drove over to Sheryl’s house.

She rushed out of her front door in a fresh pair of blue jeans and a red tee-shirt.

After she got in the Bel-Air and slid across the seat next to Darin. She gave him a kiss on the lips then he drove off down Chestnut.

After Darin drove out of the neighborhood, he drove north on Thorndale Avenue then turned left on Marshall Avenue.

He headed west and found the Burkeville Drive-In Theater off Marshall Avenue. This was one of the places, so many teenagers of Burkeville would hang out on Friday and Saturday nights when weather permitted. Tonight the movie Dirty Harry played. But who really watched the movie at a Drive-In theater?

Darin parked his Bel-Air off to the left side three rows in front of the Snack Bar. While he parked his car, he didn’t notice a green four-door 1962 Rambler that was parked in the very last row all by itself. Inside that Rambler was Kenny all by himself.

Darin rolled down his window, reached out and grabbed that gray metal speaker. He clipped the speaker on the top of

the window glass and rolled it up until there was only a two-inch gap for air. He placed his arm around Sheryl's shoulder, and she put her head on his shoulder.

After a few minutes, the Dirty Harry movie started.

Darin looked nervous. There was something he wanted to say to Sheryl but was getting nervous again. He decided to wait until later in the movie.

The car to the right of Darin's was a black with black interior 1961 four-door Chevrolet Bel-Air.

Inside that 1961 Bel-Air was seventeen-year-old Wallace Stevens with shoulder-length dirty blonde hair and seventeen-year-old Tiffany Barnes with long black hair down to the middle of her back. Tiffany had a hot body with perky breasts and a sweet body that all the guys loved. They also loved it when she wore her bell-bottom hip-hugger blue jeans, as they really accented her rear cheeks.

Wallace and Tiffany weren't actually boyfriend and girlfriend but loved to party together. They partied almost every weekend.

After Wallace had his speaker installed on his window, he immediately lit up a joint.

Wallace took a hit off the joint and passed it over to Tiffany. While Tiffany took a hit off the joint, Wallace opened up two cans of Black Label beer his older brother bought for him.

While Tiffany passed the joint back to Wallace, she saw Darin and Sheryl in the Bel-Air. She always had the hots for Darin and hoped that one day Sheryl would dump him. But tonight all she cared about was partying with Wallace, getting stoned and then doing her other fulfilling her other desire.

Wallace took his hit on the joint and handed Tiffany her a can of beer.

Darin glanced to his right and saw Wallace and Tiffany smoking a joint and drinking beer in the car next to him. He

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