

Stay
Of
Execution

by

Gary Whitmore

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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 precise day and time their souls will leave 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 ordinary or extraordinary 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 pursuit 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 thoroughly 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 found in the attic of Henry garage was the primary reason the jury arrived with their guilty verdict. The 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.

Henry was persistent in that he didn't have a clue how her belongings were found 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 a 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, inside 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 healthy 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 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 thought 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 lousy 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 he 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 repurchased the place 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 oddball 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 piqued his 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 home 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 stylish 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 the courage to ask a girl out for a date.

Kent opened a present from Uncle Fred and Aunt Betty. It was another stylish 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 me 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 lousy 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 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 incredibly 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 waters 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.

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