

“The police report stated that the two bodies had been found on Westchester Street by apartment attendant Antonio Martini. ‘It was a gruesome sight. I’m not used to seeing stuff like that. It was just horrible,’ disclosed Antonio. “I mean, this has always been a pretty good neighborhood. It’s scary how it happened so close to where I live, but what’s worse, no one heard a gun shot.’ It is still unknown as to what the circumstances of the confrontation may have been. However, it has been concluded that the two victims were mugged. Whether or not that led to their deaths is still under speculation.” What had begun as a normal summer night in Los Angeles, bustling nightclubs, elegant restaurants, with people everywhere; evolved into a horrific night that would dominate the morning’s headlines.

Earlier that night, Gabriel Sherman surprised his wife, Allison, with an anniversary gift and a dinner without interruptions. Gabriel was a rising attorney, and because of his young age the potential was compounded. From Harvard Law, Gabriel was immediately hired by the state of California as an assistant DA. It was a Sherman legacy to do so, and although state jobs didn’t pay well, Gabriel came from an affluent family, so money never became an issue. During his first three years at the firm, he helped defeat some of the best defense attorneys in the country, putting some of the community’s worst criminals behind bars. His uncanny ability to remember the slightest details and his researching skills enabled him to slide his superiors little pieces of information that inevitably won the cases. Gabriel and Allison had met in grad school, and were engaged by the time he enrolled in Harvard. With their strong marriage and his career on the rise, the thought of kids rang on their minds.

Having enjoyed a wonderfully romantic dinner, the couple decided to drive around the city for a relaxing opportunity to continue their conversation. While stopped at a red light, Gabriel adjusted his side view mirror, only to see the reflection of a thug holding a gun. Looking to his right, he heard his wife whimper as she was grabbed by the throat through her open window and forced from the car. Obeying orders, Gabriel put the Porsche in park, slowly and carefully exited the car, and lay down on the ground. While there, Gabriel watched his wife, a reflection of what was happening to himself, as she was roughly stripped of all jewelry and money. Within the minute, all valuables originally in the couple's possession were taken. The thugs drove off in their new Porsche, while Gabriel hurriedly hugged his wife. Still in disbelief, a shadow from a concealed alley materialized. Coming forth, he confronted Gabriel, who took a defensive stance between his wife and the approaching men. Their faces were covered by ski masks, with menacing stares through the slight eye slits, and as they approached they tugged black, leather gloves on.

One man wore a wife-beater, displaying his rugged tattoos and drug-induced physique, while the other, who seemed to be the leader, sported a tan leather jacket. As the leader approached he admitted, "Lovely timing Gabriel. Me and my pal here had a bet goin' as to if you would actually show, but it turns out our sources are fairly dependable. We saw you pull up in your nice car just relaxing. It's too bad those two guys took it, but I hope you will cooperate with us as much as you did with them," he joked as he stepped closer to the shaking couple. "Here's the dilemma; it's good news for my partner that you showed because he won the bet," the masked man jested as he poked his thumb at his partner, "but not only have you angered our employer by locking all his guys up, I've lost some of my money. Ultimately, this is all bad news for you."

Coming closer, the leader swung and landed a punch on Gabriel's jaw. Stumbling to his left, Gabriel utilized his momentum to turn around and attempt a counter. However, the thug ducked with ease and propelled his fist into Gabriel's gut and then under the chin, throwing Gabriel to the ground. As Allison began to scream in her husband's defense the accomplice seized her by the arms and hurled her to ground, lowering himself onto her.

As Gabriel lifted himself onto all fours and spat blood from his mouth, the leader explained, "Now we were told you are some spectacular attorney or something, and that you've helped too many of our friends to a free pass into jail. Having someone like you around isn't exactly good for business, understand?" Looking to his left, the leader told his partner to not rape the woman but to just make her feel a little uncomfortable. Allison tried to struggle but was overpowered by the man who ripped her blouse open. Powerless, Gabriel watched as his wife was harassed for a few moments. Gabriel witnessed his wife squirm as the attacker explored her feminine structure with his hands, gently stroked her hair, and whispered into her hear. The attacker smiled defiantly, finding every bit amusing and fun. Shoving Gabriel onto his side with his foot, the leader walked toward Allison, and grasped her hair, heaving her onto her knees. "Now as a token of our appreciation, you get to see your wife die, before you do." Revealing a Ruger .22-caliber semi-automatic with a silencer, the thug forced Allison's head forward and then executed her with two shots to the head. In shock, Gabriel didn't see the barrel turn towards him until it was too late. "Here's one in the heart, Gabriel, for old time sake." Sharp whistles preceded the piercing heat. Falling to the ground, the last thing Gabriel saw was the red pool streaming from his wife.

Slipping in and out of consciousness, Gabriel didn't know what was going on, but he could tell it was morning. He heard voices, and felt a gut-wrenching pain. It was endless agony and numbness combined.

"Excuse me Captain, but I have to examine the bodies, and you are blocking the way." The examiner pushed past the annoyed officer and casually squatted next to the corpse. Gently pulling the sheet down, he meticulously noted the gunshot wound, ripped blouse, scratches, and other such marks, careful not to miss anything key. Working in such a city, the examiner became what others considered detached and indifferent, but he their criticism. He knew having a job where you habitually examine dead bodies would have such an affect. While making careful notes that would later be given to the coroner, a quick glimpse of the face caught the examiner's eye. Looking again, the examiner shuddered inside. It had always been difficult for him to handle open eyes. As a precaution, he avoided them as much as possible, yet this time it was different. There was a familiar tinge to their softness, negating the empty forward stare.

"She's so pretty," he whispered. "She couldn't have been older than thirty."

"Twenty-seven to be exact," hummed the captain.

"And how exactly would you know that? I was told they found no identifications on the bodies," the examiner retorted.

"Well if you saw the other body it wouldn't be too hard to figure things out."

Leaning over, the examiner curiously revealed Gabriel's bloodied face. "My lord," he gasped.

"I know, that's what I said. He was a good man..." the captain replied miserably.

The grieving silence was broken by, "Captain, get that ambulance over here now, there's a pulse. He's still alive." With a gaping mouth of disbelief, the captain scrambled, hollering for the paramedics to call the hospital and lend a hand "It'll be okay, sir," the examiner consoled Gabriel. "It'll be ok."

Fading away, Gabriel's mind raced. *"It'll be okay, he says. What will be ok? My life? My wife was just murdered, my life as I knew it has fallen to pieces."* With those thoughts Gabriel completely descended into darkness. He lost his will to fight the pain any longer.

Placed into the ambulance, the driver began his race to the hospital as the paramedics attempted resuscitation. "Quickly, we're losing him!" followed high screeching alarms and the sound of paddles forcing electric surges to course through Gabriel's body.

Trembling as he moved into the world between the living and the dead, Gabriel experienced an unforgettable vision. Sitting in the park near his home, he saw Allison walk toward him, dressed like an angel in a white summer dress. He watched longingly as the dress flowed around her legs and slender body. When Allison reached her husband, she sat next to him and placed her hands on top of his. Tears formed in his eyes as he hugged the wife he thought he had lost. Once the embrace was broken, Allison gently wiped the tears from his eyes, and spoke. "This is not the end for you, your time is yet to come. I have been sent to you to give counsel. Since you have come into this world naturally, and you are destined to leave, you will depart a changed person." Finding himself unable to speak, Gabriel listened to the tender voice and kind words. "I cannot say how or why, but you will be given a gift to help you journey through the upcoming difficulties in life. That is all I was asked to deliver." Allison stood and gracefully entered the fog that had been brewing.

Confused and alone, Gabriel felt cold and peculiar, as he was wrenched back to the world of the living.

Three weeks passed as Gabriel recovered in the hospital. His room was full of family and friends entering and leaving, all calmly waiting for him to awaken. While trapped in his mind, Gabriel was tormented as he relived every moment of that horrific night, the evil shadow emerging from the darkness, the beating, and seeing Allison collapse to the ground, wide-eyed and dead. On some occasions, his uncomfortable slumbers were disrupted by thoughts regarding the vision. Unable to make sense of the guidance, Gabriel became a troubled and broken man.

When he woke, it was only to be blinded by the white cleanliness of a hospital room. Grudgingly turning his head this way and that, he grabbed at his chest as sharp pains hindered his attempt to sit up. Quietly sitting there, Gabriel tried to register everything that had happened. It all seemed so surreal, but the pain was unmistakable. He saw it continuously, even while awake, the slow moving bullets exploding from the gun and Allison collapsing to the ground.

Hearing a hand tightening around the doorknob and the creak of the opening door, Gabriel lowered his head to gather himself. Knowing just by the recognizable footsteps, Gabriel looked up to see his best friend Mark Dressler standing before him. Mark, unsure of how to approach the matter at hand, allowed Gabriel to adjust and prepare. As the uncomfortable silence developed into a calm understanding Mark uttered, "They said you were awake. I just wanted to come in and see how you are doing." Wary to accept the invitation to conversation, Gabriel looked away. "So are you ok? Do you need anything?" Mark added, unwilling to allow another silence to develop. No response coerced another

effort to pry a word from Gabriel's mouth. Following Gabriel's outward gazes, Mark tried to find the object outside that was controlling his interest. "Hmm...that is a nice view."

"Stop it, Mark," commanded Gabriel. "There's nothing to talk about. There's nothing," Gabriel stumbled. He admitted his worst fears by saying, "She's gone, nothing matters now, nothing but her ever mattered. I can't, I want to know why. I keep seeing it happen in my mind," Gabriel gracefully shut his eyes. "They had a purpose. The men knew they were there to kill her and me. I want justice Mark. This wasn't by chance."

Mark sighed, walked around scratching his head and contemplated the possibilities for an effective consolation, "I understand how you feel."

"No you don't," Gabriel interrupted. There was an extensive silence, as Gabriel stared thoughtfully out the window. "The police are looking for those men who stole your car and wallet. They are charging them with your wife's murder," Mark informed him. "You and I both know they didn't do it. You can't just sit here and allow these men to be prosecuted for someone else's crime. You are a better man than that." There was a slight pause, and then Gabriel responded, "You'd be surprised how death changes a man." Finally making eye contact Gabriel asserted, "I really couldn't care less." Resuming his mindless stare out the window, he waited for Mark to protest. Instead Mark stopped pacing the room, and sat down in the armchair next to the bed.

Leaving the hospital days later, Gabriel immediately went to his wife's grave. Her funeral had taken place three days after she was murdered, while he was still in his semi-comatose state. Accompanied by Mark, Gabriel strolled through the graveyard, making his way to the newest headstone decorated with various flowers and pictures. Reading the epitaph aloud, "Here lies Allison Margaret Sherman, beloved wife, daughter, and friend,

Born: February 28, 1978 Died: November 5, 2005” Gabriel began to cry, unable to control himself. Then he reached out to lean on the headstone for support. As soon as his hand made contact with the granite, his body was forced rigid and his eyes were burned from a rush of psychedelic lights. No longer standing in the cemetery but an expanse area that showed no signs of life or of a defined container, Gabriel turned to see his wife.

“I told you that you would return different,” she smiled.

“What? What is going on?” Gabriel requested.

“Well, it may be hard to grasp or understand for that matter, but you can talk to the dead now. With a hand on a gravestone, or a touch of an unmarked grave, you can communicate with the occupant.” Disbelieving Gabriel staggered back from his wife, marking it as a hallucination.

“This can’t be!” he exclaimed. “You can’t talk to dead people, it’s not possible.”

“Then how do you explain this Gabriel, a figment of your imagination? Eventually you will come to terms with your newfound power. I advise you to use it wisely and be wary of what you use it to find out. Good-bye.”

With a kiss on the cheek, Gabriel’s mind was sent through the vortex again and, when back in the cemetery, his hand and body were forced away from the gravestone.

Mark caught his friend, asking, “Are you okay? What the hell was that? You went all psycho for a second and then stumbled back!”

“What?”

“I said you...”

“No, no, I heard what you said, but you said I did whatever I did for only a second.”



"Yea, you touched the headstone, went all stiff and then flung back. What happened?"

"I don't know," confessed the overwhelmed Gabriel. "I saw these bright lights when I touched the stone and I was in this room or something. Allison was there and I talked to her." Lifting himself out of Mark's arms, he walked over and looked at her gravestone suspiciously. "She said that I could talk to dead people now." Turning around he looked at Mark in hopes of finding some reassurance that he wasn't crazy, but Mark just laughed uncomfortably.

"Gabriel, do you really expect me to believe that when you touched that piece of rock you talked to your dead wife?"

"No, I don't expect you to believe me. I don't believe it myself, but," he paused, not wanting to continue, "I want to know if I'm just going crazy or if this is real." Looking seriously at his friend Gabriel inquired, "Don't you have a grandmother buried here?" Mark nodded, unsure of Gabriel's intentions. "Take me to her gravestone."

Walking over to the weathered, gray stone, Gabriel prepared himself for the moment of truth. "Okay, so give me a question or something to ask her."

"What?" Mark said, still perplexed and uncertain how to react to the whole scenario. "I need you to give me a question, something to ask her about. The name of your favorite toy at her house, something only she would know."

Convinced this was just a practical joke, Mark responded, "Okay, ask her what I did as soon as I arrived at her house." Keeping the goal in mind, Gabriel hesitantly reached his hand out to the gravestone. When his skin touched the smooth stone he was forced rigid and found himself staring at the psychedelic lights once again. Once in the room, he turned

around to see Mark's grandmother, a tiny and fragile women, who had kindness in her face.

After what seemed like twenty minutes, Gabriel was forced through the vortex and pushed back from the gravestone, this time catching himself.

"That was quick," retorted Mark. "I'm sure you found out everything you needed to know in that one second," he added sarcastically.

"Actually, it was quite enlightening. Mrs. Dressler, or Tulip as you used to call her, informed me that you would open all the cabinet doors in her house so she would know you were there. Then you would hide, usually in her upstairs closet. She also claimed that you loved working in her vegetable garden and cooking with her. You called yourself 'Tulip's little cooking machine'."

Terrified with mouth wide open, Mark whimpered with disbelief. "There's no way you could've known any of that, especially that I called her Tulip! I don't think my parents know any of what you just said. My God, so it's true," Mark deduced. After recovering from his previous shock, Mark exclaimed, "Gabriel this is perfect! Those two thugs that stole your car were killed soon after, behind some rundown bar. The police were going to close the case, but I think those thugs were in cahoots with the real murders. They were just used as expendable outlets to take the blame for the murder. You could ask them who they were working with. You can solve Allison's case."

As Gabriel sat in the police station, he eagerly awaited news of the police search. He had followed through with Mark's plan, talking to the thugs, who regretfully apologized and told him everything. They even gave him the addresses for the two men. After all,

that's who had killed them. Able to lie, convincingly, while pulling some strings, the police got a warrant on Gabriel's behalf and went to the two houses.

Humming a tune, Gabriel quickly stood after being tapped on the shoulder by the same captain that found him that one night.

"You were right," he assured Gabriel. "We found pictures of you and Allison in the houses, the gun, and everything, it was all there. There was even evidence connecting both of the guys to the men who robbed you. You can rest assured that these men will go to jail for what they did. You did well, Gabriel, Allison would be proud."

"I'm sure she is," Gabriel responded.

Word spread quickly as everyone found out that the attorney once declared 'dead' had recovered and had even managed to put the his wife's killer and accomplice behind bars. More than eager to get the personal interview, Kelly Watts, a reporter from the LA Times, showed up on Gabriel's doorstep, repeatedly knocking and ringing the doorbell. Opening the door, Gabriel forgot what he planned to say in order to tell the annoying intruder off. He looked at the young lady, auburn skin, black hair, olive green eyes, with the body of a goddess. Feeling the drool slide from the corner of his mouth, he cleared his throat, and finally spoke audible words, "Yes?"

"Are you Gabriel Sherman?" Kelly asked casually.

"I am; who might you be?" surprised he managed to respond; he stood up straighter and kept his mouth closed.

"I'm Kelly Watts from the LA Times. I'm sure you've been asked to do several interviews, but I was wondering if you and your friend, Mark Dressler, could spare a few

minutes of your time some day." While asking she looked around him, desperately trying to see into the house behind.

Noticing her interest, Gabriel invited her in. She was in luck he informed her. Mark was in the house, too. Like a kid running through the gates to Disney World, Kelly graciously thanked Gabriel and then made her way to the kitchen. While slowly following the reporter, Gabriel cursed himself for being so susceptible to the power of women when he should still be mourning. Entering the kitchen, he found that Mark was flirting and asking Kelly out to dinner. Before she answered, Gabriel entered the room and she looked away from Mark to smile at Gabriel.

"So let's get down to business," she started. "The details about that horrible night, the robbery and then, uh, the events that followed, have all been covered. What I'm here to find out is how you managed to find the real culprits. You, having been there, knew that the two men who robbed you weren't the ones that attacked you and killed your wife." Stopping, Kelly looked into Gabriel's eyes, and asked, "Is it alright if I say that?" Gabriel nodded mindlessly. Against his conscience, he couldn't help but focus only on Kelly's lips and mouth, not really on her words. "Okay, well, what's your secret? How did you know that the two different groups were actually working together? How did the two of you manage to find the murdering culprits and convince the cops?"

"That's easy," Mark stepped in. "I figured the two were in it together as soon as I received word that the thugs were found dead, supposedly killed the same night. The other part is a little more complicated but we followed our hunches. All the information we compiled from our hard work, research and investigative measures pointed us to those two guys."

Curious as to why Gabriel was so quiet in his moment of glory, she turned toward him and pried, "Is that it? It was that simple?"

Feeling the pressure, Gabriel decided to answer, "Yes, well that's part of it. The other component is fairly complicated and I don't think you would believe me anyway."

When Mark chuckled in response, Kelly's interest grew. "Try me," she stated indignantly. Glancing over at Mark, who gestured to go ahead and tell her, Gabriel opened his mouth and calmly stated, "I went to the graves of the men who robbed me and my wife, and asked them who attacked us."

As if he had spoken in another language, Kelly requested him to repeat what he had said. When Gabriel had done so, the outcome was still the same.

"Wow...you're right, I don't believe you. Is this just a joke or are you two serious?" By the men's expressions Kelly concluded that they really thought Gabriel had this sixth sense. "Have you seen a psychiatrist? I'm thinking you suffer from trauma or something."

Mark reassured her, "Honest to God he can. He has even talked to one of my dead relatives." Looking over to Gabriel, Mark suggested, "We have nothing else to do, maybe you should do the 'grandmother trick' to convince her." Gabriel snickered and Kelly ran from the room afraid.

As she made her way to the front door, Gabriel insisted, "If you don't believe me then go, but what's wrong with taking an hour to see if it's a hoax or not? It will be an exclusive interview, imagine if I'm actually telling the truth." After hearing the proposition, Kelly stopped to consider it. Mark and Gabriel rose to put their coats on, Kelly turned to face the men and agreed, but only under one condition, she would drive in her own car.

On her way to her grandmother's nearby grave, Kelly couldn't believe she was going through with it. What was the chance that they were telling the truth, she wondered. While still contemplating such doubts, she exited her car and led the two men to the gravestone. Pointing to the correct name, Gabriel reached out, grasped the stone, and then let go.

"Easy enough, I think I'm starting to get used to that whole transportation thing."

"That's it?" Kelly pestered. "You talked to my long-winded grandmother in that one second?"

"Well, to you it seems like a second, but to me it was more like an hour," Gabriel stated confidently.

"Enough of this suspense, tell the nice reporter what you learned," Mark contributed.

"What would you like to know Mark? Would you like to know that Miss Kelly Ann Watts was an extreme tomboy in her younger days? What about all her favorite sports baseball, basketball, and especially soccer? Then there's how Grandmother would always scold Kelly when she came in for lunch completely covered dirt. She was a wild little girl, always playing with the boys." Though the information was true Kelly was still skeptic.

"That stuff is easy to find out. You could've called any of my co-workers at the Times and they would've told you. I still think this is a practical joke. Are my friends in on it or something?" inquired the now irritated Kelly.

"No, they're not, but I'm not yet done. I told your grandmother about our little situation, and she figured you still wouldn't believe me even after telling you about your

childhood, so she told me something you would never tell anyone," Gabriel revealed with a sneer.

By the look in his eye, Kelly figured if he knew something that it had to be from her college days. She tried to think back, and remember if there was ever a Gabriel. Since she couldn't recall a man with such a name, she waited to see what was in store.

"Your grandmother wanted me to tell you thank you."

Perplexed, Kelly stepped into the trap asking, "Thank you for what?"

"Well," Gabriel began crossing his arms, "she was thankful that you and you roommate remained just friends." Kelly immediately gasped. "Apparently, even when you pass into the other world you can know what happens with your loved ones. I suppose you become all-knowing or something. Anyway, she talked all about how Lea was a good friend of yours in college; Lea was her roommate," Gabriel added clarifying things for Mark. "You found out she liked you, in a different way, a more than friends type of like. Your grandmother was pleased to inform me that you never did anything she would consider blasphemous."

"Oh my god! That's, this is amazing! Nobody knows about Lea. Well people know we were friends, but I never told anyone that she was a lesbian and that you know, she wanted to be more than friends. It kinda freaked me out at first," Kelly continued to ramble. "Have you told anyone about your abilities, I mean, besides Mark?"

"Umm...no I haven't seen the need to, and judging by your reaction I'm not going to," Gabriel quietly asserted.

"That's good. I don't think many people would take it as well as me."

"She calls this well?" Mark whispered into his friend's ear.

Continuing on her rampage, Kelly began to pace as she brainstormed, "Imagine what you could do with this gift! You could solve all the unsolvable crimes. You could go to the tomb of the Unknown soldier and talk to him. You could actually find out who is buried there. You could find where Jimmy Hoffa is buried. Oh my God, you could even find out who really killed JFK!" Pacing back and forth the younger reporter was so enthused that she had this great opportunity to solve one of the greatest mysteries of all time.

Focusing on the last thing Kelly said Gabriel shook his head, "No, that wouldn't be a good idea. Sometimes it's better not to know things. In cases such as the truth as to who killed John F. Kennedy, information like that is better off not known. That's in the best interest of the public.

"Well then we will do it on our own behalf," retorted the reporter.

"Actually," Mark interrupted, "that would be pretty cool. Being able to know who really did it, I've always wondered. Plus I've always wanted to know about that Beatles conspiracy theory. You know, where they say that Paul McCartney was killed and then replaced."

"Please be quiet Mark, you should be backing me up," Gabriel barked. Kelly gave Mark a thankful smile and then returned her attention to convincing Gabriel to come on board. "Personally, I don't think you could keep your mouth shut," Gabriel explained. "That sort of information is dangerous, it wouldn't be in the best interest of an individual either. It would just make the job easier, only one person would have to be killed. What if it was the mob or something? I've already been shot thank you very much, I'm not inclined to



a repeat. And another thing, how do you intend on me, if I were to cooperate, actually getting close enough to touch Kennedy's tomb? It's guarded daily."

Kelly laughed. "Tsk tsks, and here I thought you were a big-time attorney. How would talking to Kennedy help us in the first place? He was the victim, the one who was shot, remember? I intend on getting information from a man who was in the mix of everything that happened," hinted Kelly.

"Really?" questioned Gabriel. "And just who might that person be, exactly?"

"President Linden B. Johnson," Mark realized.

"His tomb is guarded too," Gabriel argued.

"But not as heavily," Kelly notified him.

"I don't know, it still doesn't sound like a good idea," Gabriel said, scratching his head and turning away.

"Listen if I promise to only publish the interview about your wife's case, will you do it?" Kelly requested, while using puppy eyes and all her charms. Further prodding finally convinced Gabriel to agree. As soon as Gabriel sighed fine, he stepped onto a road in his life that would be filled with more violence and trouble than ever before.

Though Kelly would keep her promise and not submit the findings from President Johnson's conversation, the interview article raised some eyebrows of its own. Disclosing within the article that Gabriel claimed to have the "sixth sense", it became the topic of the day. Though, within a few days some people shrugged it off moving onto the next new headline, there were a few select groups who couldn't help but linger on a part of Kelly's closing statements. "Whether or not this LA attorney can truly talk to the dead is under

speculation. The more interesting element is what could be done with such a gift such as uncovering the mysteries around President John F. Kennedy's assassination."

Within a few days, a man arrived at Kelly's front door. Skeptical as to the reliability of Kelly's article, the CIA sent this undercover agent to find out more about this Gabriel Sherman. After Kelly told him about the one day in the graveyard and how it changed her beliefs, the agent requested that he be taken to Gabriel. While making conversation, the agent inquired about what she had said in the article. Kelly admitted that the group was curious about JFK. She even hinted that it was possible that they would go further and actually do some research. Realizing that Kelly grew uncomfortable with that topic, the agent changed the subject claiming that his intentions revolved around closure for a brother-in-law's death in a car accident. Unfortunately, Kelly happily handed over Gabriel's address. Pulling up to Gabriel's house twenty minutes later, the agent repeated the cover-up story he had given Kelly earlier. Buying the story, Gabriel found himself taking a familiar trip to a cemetery. Once there the agent pleaded with Gabriel to ask his brother-in-law to clarify the circumstances of the accident. Reaching his hand out, searching for the stiffness and the colors, Gabriel returned with news of the accident.

Leaving the cemetery, the CIA agent couldn't believe that this attorney had nailed every key point of the case. He knew every detail of the accident, despite the agent's cover-up questions and false information. Immediately phoning headquarters, the agent was ordered to return, file a report, and await further instructions. Somehow catching word, it usually seems like they have ears in the walls, the mob found the CIA's interest in Gabriel intriguing. They joined the chase, pledging to stop the group from reaching Linden's grave at all costs.

Taking measures to monitor all forms of communication, both the CIA and the mob tapped the phone lines, while watching and following Gabriel and Kelly. One day, the stakes grew larger as each party listened in on this call, "Yea, hey Mark. I've been thinking and Kelly has really been bothering me lately, so I decided to go on vacation in Austin, Texas. I already called Kelly and she completely freaked out. I bought three train tickets. Meet me at the train station in an hour."

Hearing that, both the CIA and mob went into action. After hanging the phone up, Gabriel made preparations for the trip. As he fetched his suitcase and opened the drawers, pulling clothes out and placing them into his bag, a car pulled up in front of his house. The two guys who got out of the car walked up to the door and rang the doorbell. Waiting impatiently the two mobsters looked for ways to enter the house other than the front door, but Gabriel eventually came to the door.

"Yes?" Gabriel asked observing the two men standing before him. Uncomfortably, he noted that the two men were muscular and intense looking.

"Yes, hello we are here because someone called us about an electric problem."

"Well, I didn't call make that call. Maybe you should try next door." Gabriel suggested as he began to shut the door.

Pushing the door open, one of the men assured Gabriel, "I'm sorry, sir, but our sources say it came from this house. We should come in and look around."

Feeling that something was wrong, Gabriel ordered, "Let go of my door now and leave."

"Sorry Gabriel, but we can't do that. We were told it was a big problem that needed to be taken care of," said the second mobster.

While discretely grabbing for an umbrella stand behind the door, Gabriel pointed out, "I never told you my name was Gabriel." Realizing the mistake, the mobsters charged Gabriel who knocked the first man across the face with the stand and hit the second in the gut. Throwing the stand down at them, he sprinted for his kitchen. He grabbed his cell phone, wallet, and his keys, making his way out the back door. Racing around to the front, Gabriel saw another man step out from behind bushes. Reminded of his wife's murderer, Gabriel stepped up onto the a garden ladder and kicked the guy in the chest. Landing to the side, Gabriel dashed to his car.

Moments later, Kelly received a call from a stressed Gabriel on his cell phone. He explained what happened at his house. Then he instructed her to call Mark and both be ready at his house. Kelly wondered why they weren't going by train, but figured it would be better in their current situation.

The trip to Austin, Texas, turned into a race against time. Though Gabriel never intended on creating such a dilemma with his curiosity, his life and the life of his friends depended on what would be learned at Linden Johnson's grave. Gabriel, Mark, and Kelly dodged their pursuers, switching from car to bus to train every other town, using only their cash, and staying in run-down motels. Arriving in Austin at two in the morning, the group found refuge in a motel, twenty minutes from their destination. Increasingly over their journey, it became apparent to Mark that Kelly meant more to Gabriel then he would admit. Realizing that his friend finally found another person he could love, Mark left the motel to purchase some supplies. With time and privacy Kelly and Gabriel expressed their unspoken attraction.

In the morning, Gabriel woke to the stinging alarm clock radio. Searching for Kelly, he left the room and found her eating breakfast with Mark.

“Hello sunshine,” Mark joked. “Are you ready for our moment of truth?” Gabriel and Kelly watched each other as both nodded.

It was a feeling Gabriel had never felt before. Though he had grown accustomed to being in cemeteries, this time as he stepped from the car and into the graveyard, there was a sense of foreboding. Acknowledging this worry, he asked Mark to wait by the car with Kelly; he needed to do this alone. At first a brisk walk, it transformed into a run as Gabriel found himself overly eager to know why both the mob and the CIA would try so hard to prevent this event. Seeing the unguarded monument directly ahead, Gabriel reached his hand out. As it came closer and closer, he compelled the deadly question to the top of his mind, “Who killed John F. Kennedy?” Waiting for his body to be forced into rigid form and for the rush of bright lights, he heard a distant thunder and felt another familiar sensation. High above him, a triumphant sniper raised his head away from his scope smiling. Disoriented and dazed, Gabriel collapsed to the ground. Two feet from the president’s tomb, Gabriel Sherman died from a gun shot to the back.

Hearing the noise, Kelly and Mark immediately traveled the path taken by Gabriel only a few moments before. Turning the corner of the building, Kelly shrieked when she realized Gabriel was lying on the ground. She ran toward him, closely followed by Mark. Blinded by the light reflection from the sniper’s scope, they looked above to see the cause of the horrendous noise. Continuing on their way, they watched the mystery man disappear before they could take another step. Finally reaching Gabriel, Kelly fell to his side sobbing.

Time passed slowly. The police arrived, and Gabriel was placed onto a stretcher. All the while, they struggled to remove Kelly from Gabriel's side. Once separated, Kelly was bombarded by a series of questions. Different officers, of different ranks came and went, constantly interrogating her. Exhausted and unable to handle the drama, Kelly fell into a trance. Mark came to her aid, refusing to answer any more questions. As Gabriel was rolled and loaded into the ambulance, Kelly said her last good-byes. Losing her grip on his hand, the hand fell from the stretcher limp. Mark urged the distraught Kelly to leave the area and come with him to the car, but reluctant to leave Gabriel, she evaded his arms. Instead, she watched as Gabriel and the ambulance disappeared.

Mark finally took Kelly by the hand leading her away. While driving back to the motel, he said, "I guess, after all we've been through these past few days, we'll never get to find out what really happened to Kennedy."

Lifting her dreary head, Kelly turned her tear stained face toward him and replied, "I don't think so. Someday, we will know." Looking over to Kelly, Mark watched her place a hand on her belly.