



Scarecrows

By David A. Rollins

A Short Preview

A Courtesy of DavidARollins.com

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Introduction

To try and explain how the strange events that took place in Amberville in the summer of 1964 occurred would be a lesson in futility, or at the very least, it would be useless conjecture. No one who knows the real truth is still around. After all, it has been many years since then. Most if not all of the older residents of Amberville are certainly dead by now, and as for the others . . . well, let's just say that they are conveniently missing.

The town doesn't even exist anymore, at least not on any maps, though some people claim that it's still there. However, they say you can't get within five miles of it now from any direction. All of the roads leading into the community have long since been ripped up and covered over, and newer highways have been designed to go around the town so it can't be seen from the road. The reason for this curious deception has its origins with the Army, who cordoned off the entire area for what it said were "national security" reasons, top-secret matters, no civilian access.

It is true that the Army first entered Amberville after the event occurred, and therein lays the mystery and why it is widely believed that the Army is hiding something. It's hard to know the truth. The Army won't go on record publicly. Every time an inquiry is made into what really happened to the residents of that town, the answer always comes back the same --- they were "relocated". Exactly where they were relocated to remains the unanswered question, even to this day.

The only real evidence ever presented came many years ago during a secretive closed-door Grand Jury investigation when several anonymous people bravely came forward to offer their testimony about what really took place in that town. Curiously, after a month of intense deliberations, the investigating panel summarily dismissed those accounts as "*mere fabrications by people of questionable ethics and credibility*", after which they closed the investigation. Be that as it may, all of the names and testimonies of those courageous few remain classified.

Perhaps it can't be explained. Perhaps it's just some strange fluke of nature that boggles the minds of reasonable thinking people, like Crop Circles or UFO's. Then

again, maybe it's much simpler than that. Most truths are very simple, and are often found in the smaller details of the bigger picture, details that get missed because of the unusual nature of the event. Perhaps it was the *behavior* of the citizens of Amberville itself that caused these mysterious events to occur. That's something you will have to decide for yourself.

What follows here is an account of what might have happened, or at least a plausible reconstruction of those events as determined by some recently declassified documents and a few anonymous sources. Nonetheless, even with all of these hard-found facts included, it's important to remember that this story does not attempt to answer "how" these events took place, only "why" they took place, because anything else would only be useless conjecture.

Prologue

The Renford Military Psychiatric Facility

Bethesda, Maryland

January 24, 2006 (forty-two years after the Amberville mystery occurred).

The afternoon sky hinted of snow as an official looking black sedan pulled up in front of the Renford Psychiatric Facility, an American flag flying proudly from either side of the hood. The four-starred plate on the front bumper of the vehicle signified the rank and status of the officer inside. As the car came to a stop, a rather nervous looking man dressed in civilian clothes came running out of the building. At that point, a uniformed driver stepped out of the sedan to open the back door for General Frank Bower.

“Good afternoon, General Bower,” the man from the institute hurriedly greeted him. “I’m Dr. Henderson. Come right this way please.”

Bower just nodded in return. The driver stayed behind, remaining beside the vehicle, while Dr. Henderson quickly escorted the General back inside of the building.

“Hold that elevator please!” Henderson called out as they rushed down the corridor.

Another doctor prepared to enter the elevator just as the two men came running up. Henderson blocked his entrance and allowed Bower to step inside first.

The other doctor, angered by their arrogance, reluctantly stepped back, totally befuddled. “Excuse the hell out of me!” he irritably remarked as Henderson also stepped inside the elevator.

“I’m sorry,” Henderson apologized. “You’ll have to catch the next one.” He pushed the button for the seventh floor and the elevator doors closed.

“When did you first become aware of this?” Bower then asked.

“Just before ten this morning,” Henderson answered. “I called as soon as I found out.”

“Have the arrangements been made?”

“We’re making all the proper arrangements now,” Henderson assured him.

“I want this done very quietly,” Bower insisted.

“You have nothing to worry about, General. It’s been so many years now that no one is even going to notice. No one even knows she’s here.”

“I still want all precautions taken.”

“Everything is just as you instructed, you have my word on it.”

The elevator doors opened and the two men stepped out.

“Down this way,” Henderson said, guiding the General along.

At the end of the hall they came to a caged door. Henderson reached down inside of his pocket to retrieve a ring of keys. He unlocked the door, and after he and Bower stepped through, he locked it behind them.

“This way,” he urgently said.

At the end of another long hallway, a uniformed woman stood waiting.

“This is Lieutenant Morris,” Henderson said. “She’s the administrative liaison for this leg of the operation. She’ll be handling the transfer.”

“Good afternoon, General,” Morris said. “Follow me, please.”

They followed Morris through a set of swinging doors, down a hall to a private room. The name written on the wall plaque outside of the door read, “Catherine Bower”.

Morris unlocked the door. “Your niece is in here,” she informed him.

“Please wait outside, Lieutenant,” Bower kindly requested.

“Of course, General,” she replied. “I understand.”

The two men stepped inside and closed the door behind them.

“Has the Lieutenant been cleared?” Bower suspiciously asked.

“Everyone working on this ward has been cleared. Total secrecy has always been maintained. We don’t take any chances. Only our people are allowed up here, so there’s no possibility of this getting out. Anyway, you and I are the only ones who know the real story.”

Inside of the room, a middle-aged woman lay dead on a single bed, covered to her head in a white sheet. Bower stood next to the bed, solemnly looking down at her, his face devoid of emotion.

“Who else here knows about this?” he asked.

“Except for you and me and the ward nurse, no one yet, and all the Lieutenant knows is that she is your niece.”

“Let’s keep it that way. My people will be handling the autopsy. Have her ready to go when they get here.”

“It’s already being taken care of, General.”

Bower reached down and gently touched the woman’s face. Then he pulled the sheet back a little, revealing several black and blue bruises on the woman’s neck.

“You’re certain that no one got in here last night?”

“It would have been virtually impossible, General.”

“Why after all this time?” Bower musingly asked. “It just doesn’t make sense.”

“She’s been here a long time,” Henderson said. “Forty-one years.”

Bower quietly nodded his head. “Yes, it’s been a long time. She never did speak, did she?”

“No, she never did,” Henderson answered. “We were hopeful that the new therapies might have brought her around. She wasn’t comatose, she just didn’t respond to outside stimulation, though there were no physical reasons for her condition. It’s purely psychological. The extreme emotional trauma she experienced kept her locked up inside. Anyway, considering her impaired mental state, I think it’s highly doubtful that she would have been able to articulate anything coherent, even with the new therapies. Unfortunately, we’ll never know now.”

“That’s too bad,” Bower glumly replied. “She was the only one who knew the real truth.” He gently pulled the sheet over the woman’s head. “How did you list the cause of death?”

“Advanced arteriosclerosis.”

“Very good. Thank you.”

“Well, you wouldn’t have wanted me to mention that she was strangled to death, would you?”

Bower just stared back at him expressionless. “No, I suppose not,” he agreed.

“Oh, by the way,” Henderson said as he reached down in the pocket of his smock. “I’m sure you’ll want this!” He handed Bower a sealed specimen bag. “I cut these off of her myself this morning before I called you. I knew you wouldn’t want anyone else to see them.”

Bower took the bag and inspected the contents. Inside were several long bands of twisted straw.

“Do you really think *they* did this?” Henderson hesitantly asked.

“You know I can’t discuss that with you, Doctor,” Bower cautioned him as he slipped the bag into the waist pocket of his uniform.

“No, of course not. I’m sorry.”

“It’s okay. Now come on, let’s go. I have to get back. It looks like snow outside and I have a long drive.”

Lieutenant Morris stood waiting patiently when the two men came back out of the room.

“I’m sorry about your niece, General,” she compassionately said. “You know, I never realized until I started putting her transfer papers together that she was born here in Maryland. I’ve lived here all my life, that’s why it caught my eye. Many of the military patients housed here are from out of state. I didn’t recognize the name of the town though. Where exactly is Amberville? I don’t think I’ve ever heard of it.”

Henderson looked at the Lieutenant as if she had just spoken the devil’s name himself. He looked nervously over at Bower, and then back at Lieutenant Morris.

“That’s not really important now, is it?” Henderson asked her.

Bower just smiled pleasantly. “May I see her chart please?”

“Certainly,” Morris replied, handing it over to him.

Bower opened the file and gazed at the page for a few moments, and then he looked up and glared at Henderson, who remained guiltily silent.

Bower closed the chart and handed it back to Morris. “Thank you, Lieutenant.”

“You’re welcome, and my condolences, General,” she replied. “At least she’s not suffering anymore.”

Bower thanked her and bade them both goodbye. Henderson walked with him to the elevator, looking thoroughly embarrassed.

“I had no idea that her birthplace was on her chart,” he whispered. “It must have been written in when she first came here. I guess no one ever caught it.”

“Obviously one person did,” Bower impatiently replied.

Henderson just lowered his eyes. “Yes sir.”

The elevator doors opened and Bower stepped inside, turning back to face the nervous doctor.

“I trust you know what to do,” he calmly said.

Henderson just looked at him confusedly. “Do?”

Bower gave him an exasperated look. “Change the address on her medical chart, Doctor,” he angrily ordered. “*Do it now!*”

You can find out what really happened in Amberville by downloading your very own copy of “Scarecrows” from my web page. Available in E-Book form only, in PDF format. All sales from my web site are channeled through Pay Pal, so you can make your purchase with confidence that your transactions are secure. Please read the download procedure on my “Writings” page thoroughly before purchasing.

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