

Empires of Dirt



Historical Science-Fiction Thriller

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Empires of Dirt
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Chapter 2: November 22nd, 1963

I'd seen the silent 8mm color motion picture sequence hundreds of times before; in fact, the whole world had.

Yet, somehow it didn't resonate with me how beautiful *that* day actually was, after the early morning rain had faded away and the sun rose. This was one of the most unseasonably warm November days in recent Texas memory; it would provide an ironic backdrop to what would be one of the most chilling, bloody killings ever recorded. The 8mm motion picture sequence broadcast global pain into humanity's soul.

Captured on film by a sportswear clothes manufacturer who originally believed that the morning rain would dampen any images he took, so he initially left his motion picture camera at home.

Later with the sun coming out, Abraham Zapruder was reminded by a co-worker to return to his residence and retrieve his new home-movie camera. He did so and arrived back to a very crowded Dealey Plaza, *just in time*; yet the only vacant spot he could find was atop a cement pedestal. He began filming.

The critically important 8.3 seconds of this 26 second silent film would be replayed and replayed by those in deepest personal sadness, as well as by unattached, clinical research and ballistics analysts; all trying to find out how President Kennedy's assassination had happened. It simply made no sense. A loner killing the President? A conspiracy killing America? Neither case made any sense - not then, not now.

If we were to be successful, our assembled small group of spacetime travelers would ensure that Abraham Zapruder's home movie would, in the *new-future*,

only be seen by his kids and grandkids. As Abe might later say to them, “That was the day I saw JFK. A year later he was reelected to the Presidency.”

I stood in Dealey Plaza at 11:30 am on November 22nd, 1963 across from where Zapruder would claim his perch, atop the cement pedestal. In one hour, I hoped to see a new history happen directly in front of me. Or more to the point, I planned to see the original *old-past not* happen.

Each day since 1898 the Texas Book Depository Building has loomed over the gently sloping streets of Elm Street and Commerce Street. The Dallas pedestrian plaza was often known as the *birthplace* of Dallas; the first home was built there, the first courthouse, too. In fact, the first post office, the first store and the first fraternal lodge were constructed on that gently sloping piece of dirt in the 1840’s. Dealey Plaza had always represented life and birth.

The street signs each silently show their names; some of which in the existing spacetime continuum would soon rivet themselves to the collective conscience of the world. Other names, not so, yet all street signs would (unless we were successful) be used to transport the 35th President of the United States to his death. Love Field, Mockingbird Lane, Lemmon Avenue, Turtle Creek Blvd eventually veering to the right and becoming Cedar Springs Road. A left turn at Harwood St. a right turn on Main, a long journey to Houston St. where the shadow of the Old Red Museum of Dallas County provides noon-day shade for those resting in Dealey Plaza. Houston street lasts two short blocks until a left is taken onto Elm St. From that final intersection it’s only a measurement of yards, sloping down, down into eternity.

Although built to display *birth*, Dealey Plaza would soon represent *death* – the grisly public death of a vibrant and youthful United States President. John F. Kennedy, 46, the youngest man elected to the U.S. Presidency; and unless history was changed, the youngest President to die in office. But he didn’t have to. Not this time.

My spacetime travelling associates and I were committed to altering history in 1963 just as some of us had recently done, fifty short years ago, *last week*, in 1913. There were now eight of us, each with our own responsibility – Dr. Russell

Gersema, Louise Abraham, Ernst “Putzi” Hanfstaengl, John Hay, Jack Lewis, brothers Rick and Zack Besso and me, Will Clark.

We surveyed the plaza. Each walked to his or her station; we knew what to do. We’d planned it months ago, *earlier that week*.

I found it oddly comforting that as we’d recently been eyewitnesses in 1913 to the brutal, *yet needful* deaths of Hitler, Stalin, Lenin, Trotsky and Tito in Vienna, we could harness the same science of spacetime travel to *save the lives* of specific key leaders; all of whom had *needlessly* been killed. Men who, as U.S. Presidents, could and would change history – if they were only allowed to live. Abraham Lincoln, John Kennedy, M.L. King, and Robert Kennedy.

To begin with, John F. Kennedy would not die today.

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