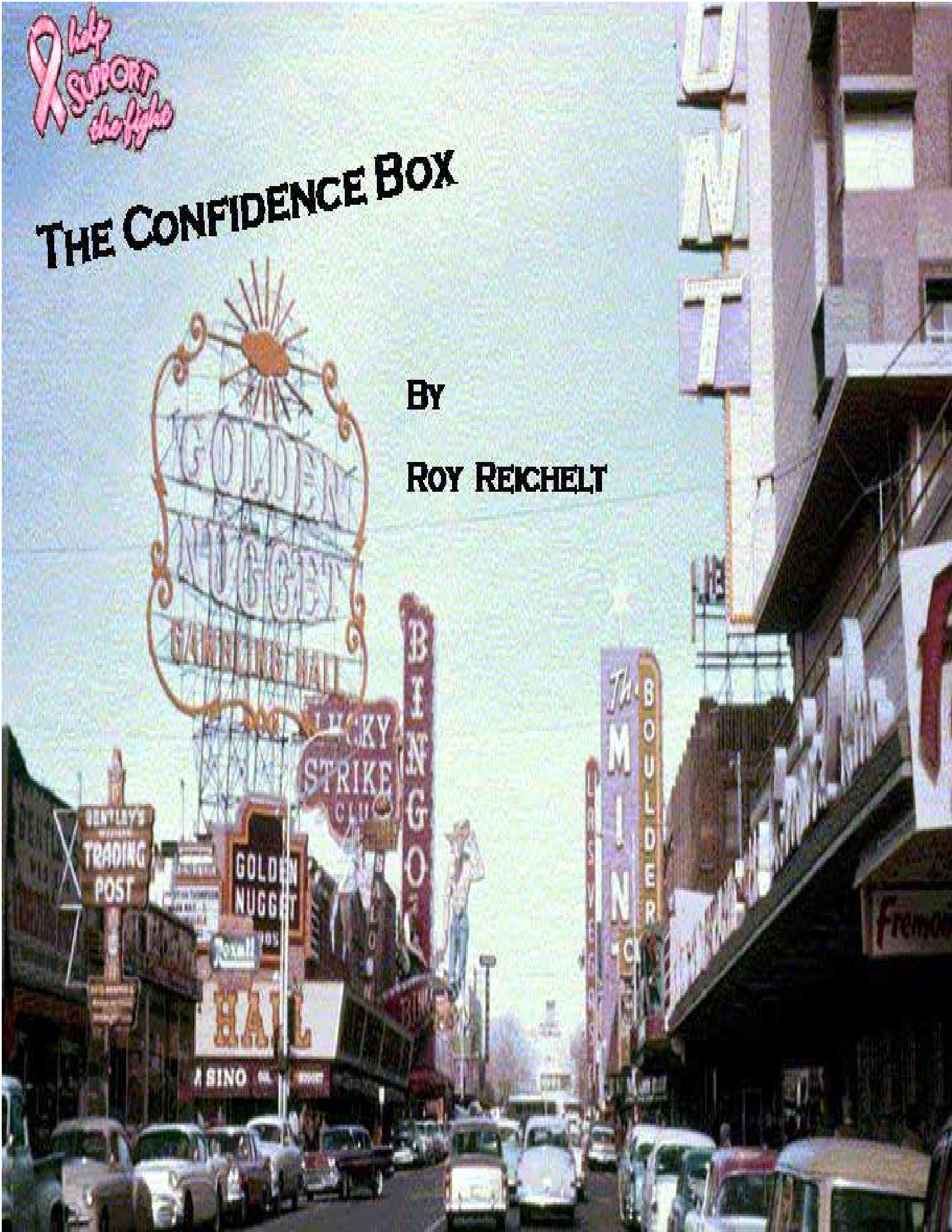


Help
SUPPORT
the fight

THE CONFIDENCE BOX

BY

ROY REICHELT



The Confidence Box

Copyright © 2011 Roy Reichelt

All Rights reserved. Except as permitted under the US Copyright Act of 1976, no part of this publication may be reproduced, distributed, or transmitted in any form or by any means, or stored in database or retrieval system without the prior written permission of the publisher or the author.

This is a fictional account. Any similarities to those living or dead are purely coincidental.

Seashell Books
www.theseashellbooks

Introduction

I walked into the Railroad Pass Casino café and sat down at the same table where I've had breakfast every Sunday morning since I moved to Las Vegas. After a three hour delay, my flight from Los Angeles landed at McCarran international airport in Las Vegas just about an hour ago. I had just returned from an all expense paid trip to attend the reading of Mary Jane Nice's last will and testament. Mary Jane was a woman I knew and had shared an apartment with when I first arrived in Las Vegas. I hadn't seen or heard from her since she signed the apartment over to me and moved to Los Angeles where she purchased a half interest in a real estate business. That was in August of 1954, almost twenty-one years ago. I tried my best to get out of attending the reading of the will, but Mary Jane's attorney was very insistent. He mentioned that it would be well worth my time, but that was all he was at liberty to say.

His comments struck a cord with me and flamed my curiosity. Since I had a few vacation days coming to me anyway, I decided to attend. At the reading of the Will, new information was revealed about an incident I was involved in over twenty years ago. This new information both shocked and intrigued me at the same time. I couldn't wait to get home and share the news with my wife, Marie, but she had left a couple of days earlier with three of my sons to spend a week in Florida with her parents. My news was not the type you could share over the telephone. My fourth and oldest son, John Ennis III, was not available either. He had been accepted as a College Freshmen at Yale and had left early to take some refresher courses before the fall term began. With my stomach still doing flip flops from the news I had just received, I decided I would return to where it all began, have an early morning breakfast as I did in the old days, and write a complete and unvarnished statement of the incident. The statement was for my wife Marie, but

after I finished it I would review it and decide if I would share it with anyone else, and if I did, how much I would reveal. I ordered breakfast and then opened my briefcase and extracted a legal size yellow pad and several pencils. My biggest problem was where to begin my statement. After some reflection, I decided that it would be best to start at the beginning.

Chapter 1

My name is John Joseph Ennis, Jr., and I was born in New York City on March 16, 1932. My father worked as a stockbroker on Wall Street and had a promising career ahead of him, a career that was interrupted by World War II. When I was fourteen, Dad returned from serving his country and was welcomed back to his old brokerage firm with a promotion and a substantial pay raise. To reward the family for his good fortune, he bought a two-story house with a large yard in New Rochelle, a suburb in New York City. Two months later, we moved in. My folks enrolled me in Isaac E. Young Junior High School, which I thought was really neat at the time because New York City schools didn't have names, just numbers like P.S.142. I also had my own bedroom, bath and complete privacy for the first time in my young life. The entire family was ecstatic and looked forward to living a wonderful, upper middle class life in suburbia. My folks even talked about having additional children so maybe I would have some brothers and sisters. This feeling of elation only lasted for about six months. It ended when an eighteen-year-old drunk driver sped through a red light on a Saturday afternoon and hit my parents' car. He was killed along with both my parents who were returning home from a shopping spree to buy me a new bedroom set. This tragedy left me with a deep and unyielding sense of loss from which I felt I would never fully recover.

The young driver of the other car was uninsured and had no assets, so there was no chance of collecting damages or of any type of insurance settlement. Since I had no other living relatives on either side of my family, control of my life was taken over by the court system, and I was placed in the state's foster care program. The courts took

About the Author



Roy Reichelt

I was born, in New Rochelle, New York and currently live in Nevada. My wife Lisa and I have been happily married for over thirty years. Together, Lisa and I raised three children and now have three grand children. I served in and retired from The United States Air Force after twenty one years. Currently, I'm working as a Department of The Air Force civil servant. My father and late mother are also Air Force veterans. As a young man I worked many different jobs which include, but not limited to restaurant work, produce sales, paper courier, survey rodman, gas station attendant, moving and storage, construction laborer, and grocery store stock man, just to name a few. As a military brat I traveled the world with my family, living in many places. My hobbies are motorcycles and classic cars. I also enjoy fishing, camping, writing poetry and listening to most all forms of music; The Doors are just one of my favorites. Lastly, I enjoy classic old movie mysteries like the Charlie Chan series.