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# THE GREEN HOUSE II



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The Greenhouse II

*First published by Steven Bowman and Katie Christy © 2021*

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*Steven Bowman and Katie Christy asserts the moral right to be identified as the author of this work.*

*First edition*

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*The Greenhouse II is for Jim & Claire Eck. May they rest in peace.*



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# Preface

*The Greenhouse II* is a book about a woman named Miss Laura Taylor, her friends, and their family members. I wrote this book with inspiration from my beloved cousin, Katie.

I have chosen the subject of *The Greenhouse II* because there are many specific factors about the different parts of plants and their growth patterns.

And how to learn about the different cultures and languages that every character has. This book is a work of fiction inspired by my cousin Katie and written by me, the author.

*The Greenhouse II* is about a woman in her early twenties named Miss Laura Taylor and her friends and their families from around the world.

The purpose of *The Greenhouse II* is fictionalized and revolves around a city called London, England, the United Kingdom, in 1952.

I learned from this book that you can learn a lot from the different languages and cultures of the friends, families, and people in Miss Taylor's life.

I felt excited and proud to have my remarkable cousin who inspired this incredible work of my fourth book ever, and it is an honor to write such a book as this one.

Many insights have to be acknowledged by the many characters from this story, like how Miss Taylor allowed many people into her property and various friends and their families.



Another insight may be that you could learn a lot from the different characters, their languages, and where they came about to be.

I have changed over this book and how it comes to be over the differences in many people who inherit Miss Taylor's lawn and greenhouse.

My acknowledgments go out to my cousin, Katie, for the inspiration for this book. I want to thank my friends and family for this and hope to do more writing.

## Acknowledgement

Thank you to my cousin, Katie, for inspiring this 2021 novella. She is my inspiration, and for that, I love her so much.

She is the most wonderful, funny, intelligent, beautiful, must I go on? Likewise, she will be like this my whole life.

When a moment in my writing comes, I have seemed to write and become a novelist in this writing world. Katie, you are that I would call the most meaningful person when it comes to my writing.

And yes, I will always think of you whenever the day comes that I will be most famous. And thank you for being in my life.

# Chapter One

**I**n London, England, early in the summer of 1952, lived a woman named Miss Laura Taylor. She was American, average, muscular, and had brown hair and green eyes.

She is about to settle into the greenhouse when a boy named Forrester Cahill enters the greenhouse to greet the newcomer, that belonged to the man who used to own it before she did.

Forrester was short and chubby. And the boy was pale, had a lot of freckles, and his hair was still but reddish and short.

"Hello, miss," said Forrester. "Who are you, and why are you in the greenhouse on 3376 Haslemere Road, London, LE14 7BA, United Kingdom, that used to belong to Mr. Robert Pryce?"

"Hello, young fella," she replied. "I am Miss Laura Taylor. However, you can call me Miss Taylor. I just moved here from America. Who are you?"

"Why hello, Miss Taylor," Forrester said with a smile. His voice appeared happy. "Where are you from in America? I am Forrester. Forrester Cahill."

"I am from Irving, Texas." Laura smiled. "Texas is hot. However, I am used to being hot. Will you show me around the house, please?"

Forrester showed Laura around the house. Then, halfway

through the tour, Laura stopped and picked up a picture of a man. She wondered who that man was. Of course, it was a picture of Mr. Pryce.

"Who is the man in this picture, Forrester?" Laura wondered with a smile. "He looks good for his age."

"Oh, that is Mr. Pryce," replied Forrester. He frowned. "Sadly, he is no longer with us."

"That is too bad," Laura said. She frowned. "How come?"

"He died in 1950 of pneumonia," replied Forrester. "It is so sad that Mr. Pryce died."

"Yes, you must miss him. Huh?"

"Yes, his soul's still a part of me. However, I will never forget him."

The tour concluded, and Laura went to her room to unpack her things. This room used to be the room of Mr. Pryce.

Forrester told her more about him before a knock was at the door. Forrester answered the door.

Also, there was this Hispanic girl who spoke Spanish. Forrester did not understand her, and he was left confused, and this girl was twelve.

She is Hispanic, from Alcorcón, Spain, average, muscular, Jesús Álvarez's eldest child, and only daughter and Rubén Jesús Álvarez's eldest sister.

"Well, I am ten now," said Forrester. He started telling me about himself. "I was born here in London. I live just down the street from here. I have been coming here since I was younger than I am now. How old are you, Miss Taylor?"

"Well, Forrester," Laura smiled. "It is nice to meet you and all. However, rude to ask me how old I am. I am twenty-one. Now, what else do you need to say?"

"Oh, I am sorry, Miss Taylor," Forrester frowned. "I did not mean to be rude. Please, could you forgive me?"

"Sure, I can. Hey, chin-up, kiddo."

"Thanks, Miss Taylor. I have a lot to say. However, I do not want to bore you." Forrester said. Then, he heard a knock comes on the door. "Hey, do you hear that?"

"I believe somebody's at the door," Laura said as she wondered who was knocking on her door. "Why don't you go and answer it? Please."

Forrester went and answered the door, "Yes, miss."

\* \* \*

*Forrester answered the door, and there, standing before him, was a person who he should have recognized from before. But he answered the door and was confused.*

"Hola, señor," said María Belén with a smile. "Me alegro de volver a verte, Forrester. Soy yo, María Belén, la hermana mayor de Rubén. ¿Cómo has estado?"

"Who are you again?" Forrester was confused. "Hold on. I will be back."

Forrester closed the door and went to get Laura. He told Laura that there was a girl at the door and that he was confused.

She understood and helped Forrester by talking to the girl and then translating what she said to Forrester.

"Hola, señorita," said María Belén. "¿Y tú quién eres?"

"Hola, mi nombre es Srta. Laura Taylor," said Laura. "Pero puede llamarme señorita Taylor. Soy nueva en este barrio, pero

¿quién es usted, señorita?”

“Bueno, mi nombre es María Belén,” María Belén replied. “Es un placer conocerle. Estoy aquí para hablar con Forrester. Por favor, ¿puedo hablar con él?”

“Hola, María Belén,” Laura said with a smile. She appeared happy. “Claro, puedes hablar con Forrester. ¿Por qué querías hablar con él, si se puede saber?”

“No, lo siento, no puedes. Necesito preguntarle algo a Forrester en privado, ¿de acuerdo?”

“Sí, ya veo. Bueno, puedes entrar y hablar con Forrester. Adelante, por favor, insisto.”

“Gracias, Srta. Taylor. ¡Vaya, su casa es preciosa!”

“Gracias, María Belén. ¿Podemos hablar en inglés, por favor?”

“Yes, miss. Now, can you get Forrester for me?”

“Sure, I can. Can you hold on, please?”

*Laura then went and got Forrester.*

After Laura got Forrester, María Belén and Forrester had a conversation. And in that conversation, María Belén got sweet and asked Forrester to be her boyfriend.

Of course, Forrester’s normal reaction was to run away, but that did not happen. Forrester and María Belén are now a couple.

The day has finally come for Forrester, but this day was not what he expected after waking up this morning.

“Hey, Forrester,” said María Belén as she got all sweet. “Would you like to be my boyfriend?”

“Yes, I would like to be your boyfriend,” Forrester replied. He felt knots in his stomach. “Now that we are a couple, where shall we continue our first date?”

“Okay, thank you. We could go out to the movies. I am sure we could see a movie at the movie theater.”

“Yes, we could see a movie,” María Belén agreed. “Let us see a movie together. It will be my treat.”

Forrester agreed, “Okay, babe.”

As their conversation ended, they went and saw a movie together. That left some time for Laura to finish unpacking.

After a while of unpacking things, it became nighttime. Then, Laura went to sleep before the next day came.

*The next day.*

It was now 7:30 am, and Laura woke up, grabbed a coffee, and ate breakfast at a buffet named Kyushichi’s Japanese Cuisine. The breakfast that she ate was filling and stuffed her.

Then, she came home and cleaned the place a little until she got a mysterious knock at her door. The person was not someone she knew, so she was confused.

*This person was fifty, Hispanic, from León, Spain, and was Mr. Pryce’s widow and the mother of Greyson Harvey Maddox-Pryce.*

Laura slowly opened her door, wondering, “Who is at my door?”

“Hello, miss. I am Mrs. Alexandria Maddox,” answered the person. “I am the widow of Mr. Robert Pryce. Nice to meet you.”

“Oh, sorry for your loss, madam,” Laura said with a frown. Then, she shook hands with Alexandria. “Nice to meet you too. Hello, I am Miss Laura Taylor. I am a new homeowner here.”

“Thanks, Miss Taylor,” Alexandria said. Then, she wondered, “So, what brings you to the town of London?”

"You are welcome, Mrs. Maddox," Laura thanked Alexandria. "I moved here from Irving, Texas. It got too hot for me. However, I am used to the Texan heat. So, I decided that the United Kingdom would be better for me. Although, I am not sure how I ended up in London."

Alexandria smiled, "Gee. So that was what happened, hmm?" Then, she giggled. "Please, you can call me Alexandria. I do not accept it when you are calling me Mrs. Maddox."

Laura replied with a smile, "Yes, miss. That is what happened." Then, she insisted with a half-smile, "I guess I can call you Alexandria. However, I should call you Mrs. Maddox. It is polite that way. And it is a polite way to address a woman."

"Okay, if you insist, Miss Taylor," giggled Alexandria. "So, what do you think of London? Well, mostly, what you have seen."

"Thanks, Mrs. Maddox," thanked Laura. "I think this is a great town. It is tranquil. It does not get any better than this."

"Very well," said Alexandria. Then, she asked, "May you join me for a cup of tea at Le Café de Frédérique?"

"Sure, why not?" replies Laura. Then, she got curious. "Where's Le Café de Frédérique located?"

Alexandria replies, "It is a place in London, England." Then, she says, "They have good food. Also, they serve French cuisines."

Laura says, smiling, "Okay, let us go then." Then, she added, "We could make it an early lunch."

*Alexandria and Laura went to Le Café de Frédérique for tea and early lunch. Meanwhile, while at the place, an unexpected friend was sitting at the table next to them.*

*This friend went up to Alexandria and Laura and conversated with*



*them. Laura thought this was out of the blue. However, Alexandria did not.*

*The unexpected friend was a female and an old friend of Mr. Pryce. And this friend was forty-eight, short, from Saint-Étienne, France, and was French.*

“Bonjour, je m’appelle Madame Angélique,” says the unexpected person. “Et j’étais un vieil ami de M. Pryce.”

“Bonjour, ma dame,” says Laura. “C’est un plaisir de vous rencontrer. Nous nous sommes déjà rencontrés ?”

“Non, nous ne nous sommes jamais rencontrés avant. Mais qui pouvez-vous être, mademoiselle ?” replies Madam Angélique. “Eh bien, je m’appelle Madame Angélique. C’est un plaisir de vous rencontrer, mademoiselle.”

“Vous aussi, Madame Angélique,” says Laura with a smile. “Je m’appelle Mlle Laura Taylor, mais vous pouvez m’appeler Laura ou simplement Mlle Taylor.”

“Who is this lady, Miss Taylor?” asked Alexandria. “What is with the conversation in French? May you please ask her if she would like to have a conversation in English?”

“She tells me her name is Madam Angélique,” replies Laura. “She also said that she was a friend of Mr. Pryce. I will ask her to continue the conversation in English.”

Alexandria nods her head, “Okay, please do.”

“Je suis désolé, Madame Angélique,” says Laura. “C’était Alexandria. Elle veut qu’on continue notre conversation en anglais, d’accord ?”

“Cela me convient, Mlle Taylor,” says Madam Angélique. “Puis-je m’asseoir à votre table et me joindre à vous, mesdames ?”

Laura replies, “Sure, but only if we keep speaking in English.”

Madam Angélique nods and says in her best British accent,

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