

**STEVEN  
BOWMAN**

The  
Greenhouse

THIS STORY WAS ALSO INSPIRED BY

**KATIE  
CHRISTY**



STEVEN BOWMAN AND KATIE  
CHRISTY

The Greenhouse

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

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*I wrote this book in  
my loving memory of Marie Olive Christy  
May God bless you, Nanny  
Rest in peace  
Aug. 27th, 1944—Aug. 22nd, 2013*



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## Preface

*“The Greenhouse”* is a book about a man named Mr. Pryce, his friends, and their family members. No one knows his real first name except himself. I wrote this book with inspiration from my beloved cousin, Katie Christy.

*“The Greenhouse”* has been chosen because there are many specific things I have learned from the various parts of the plants and their growth patterns, as well as the different cultures and languages each character has.

This book is a work of fiction inspired by my wonderful cousin, Katie, and written by me, the author of the book.

*“The Greenhouse”* is about a man who’s in his early forties, named Mr. Pryce, and his friends and families from different parts of the world.

The purpose of *“The Greenhouse”* is fictionalized and revolves around a made-up city called Winchelsea, England, in the United Kingdom in 1950.

What I learned about this book is that you can learn a lot from the different languages and cultures of the friends, families, and people that come into Mr. Pryce’s life.

As the author of my first book, and with the inspiration of my cousin, it’s a true honor to write a book such as this.

The distinct characters in this story have many insights, including how Mr. Pryce allowed many people into his property.

Another insight may be that it is proven that you can learn a lot from the original characters and their languages, as well as their cultures and where they came from.

Through this book, I have changed the differences between many people inheriting Mr. Pryce's lawn and greenhouse.

My acknowledgements go out to my cousin, Katie Christy, for the inspiration of this wonderful book. I want to thank my friends and family, and I hope to do more writing in the future!

# Thank You, Page

I just want to thank my cousin, Katie, for the inspiration for this 2016 novelette. She's my inspiration, and for that reason, I love her. She's the most wonderful woman in my life.

She's going to be this for my entire life. There's a moment in my life when I seem to have started my unleashed world of being a novelist in this writing world.

Katie, you're the most meaningful person with my writings, and I'll always think of you whenever I become famous for my writing. Thanks for being in my life.

Steven Bowman  
*The Greenhouse, 2016*

# Chapter One

Early in the summer of 1950, in the town of Winchelsea, lived a man named Mr. Pryce. When he settled into his greenhouse, a boy named Forrester Cahill came into the greenhouse.

Forrester was short, only reaching the height of three-feet-ten-inches, and chubby. And Forrester was pale, had many freckles, and his hair was short and reddish.

He asked Mr. Pryce if he will open his greenhouse, and he told Forrester it'll be opening soon. And Forrester was at his rightful age of eight.

In the past, Forrester visited Mr. Pryce's greenhouse since he turned five. Mr. Pryce opened his greenhouse, and they went in.

Forrester was carrying a medium-sized plant named *Gladiolus*, and he placed it into a hole about a foot deep in the ground. Forrester learned from Mr. Pryce how to water plants and give them pure sunlight.

Forrester liked how Mr. Pryce taught him the idyllic of the plant and its growth patterns. Once Forrester was done, he went off in the distance and came back with a friend.

This friend was a girl, twelve years old. She was a beautiful girl, and her name was Poppy Reed. She didn't know about this greenhouse.

Poppy was mid-sized, only a height of five-feet-four-inches tall, normal, and she was from the Mediterranean. Poppy had light blonde hair and green eyes.

Now, Poppy wanted to be included in his greenhouse, so she asked Mr. Pryce if she could come into his greenhouse, so he let her in.

Mr. Pryce was forty-four, and he was normal, only the height of five-feet-eleven-inches. He was scrawny, but muscular and English.

You can say Mr. Pryce has trouble seeing, but with his glaucoma, he can feel his way throughout his greenhouse. He also has white hair.

Poppy came in and out of Mr. Pryce's greenhouse with dirt on her arms, and that made Mr. Pryce growl angrily at her. She noticed it was doing so, and she stopped.

Meanwhile, later in the day came the afternoon, and Forrester and Poppy were hungry from planting in the morning, and Mr. Pryce had nothing to give them.

So, Poppy suggested calling her mom, Violetina, so she did so. Violetina was thirty-one and five-feet-nine-inches tall.

She was muscular, and she's from the Mediterranean. She has strawberry blonde hair and hazel eyes.

After a while, Violetina came with their food and then stayed for a while. Mr. Pryce asked, "Who's there?" And Violetina answered back, "Hello, sir. My name is Violetina Reed, Poppy's mum."

Mr. Pryce tried saying anything, but had nothing to say in response because he couldn't see Violetina.

"Good God!" yelled Forrester. "What is it, dear?" answered Violetina. Forrester pointed to the animal-shaped hole in the ground and panicked in astonishment.

Then Violetina walked over to Forrester, who was stressed, and tried to calm him down while she did a lullaby called “Hushing the Little One” somehow, that worked on Forrester.

By that time, Poppy wanted to help, but her mum shoved her aside and stopped her in her tracks. She wanted to question her own mother, but Violetina refused to listen to her own child.

Forrester, feeling calmer, strolled away from the area and told Mr. Pryce what was happening, and Mr. Pryce finally understood. Mr. Pryce was in his own bedroom, and he didn’t want to be bothered.

Mr. Pryce began by scratching the backside of his head and yelling out loud, “Why are you bothering me, young master?” Forrester wanted to cry, but didn’t. So, Forrester softly answered back, “There’s an animal-shaped hole in your greenhouse, sir.”

Mr. Pryce finally understood, and he got taken by Forrester’s hand, and he led him to the place. Mr. Pryce was well known in the area and knew where the animals liked to dig.

And Mr. Pryce told them the animal was a rabbit, and his name was Fluffleton, and that he was a nice rabbit. They noticed it was a rabbit too, and they were all thankful for it.

Just as they were all relaxing after the whole thing, they walked into Mr. Pryce’s home, and Mr. Pryce talked about the wartime.

Mr. Pryce said, “This war was known as the English-French War. This war involved England against France.” Now, Mr. Pryce’s story told Forrester and Poppy all that he knew about this war.

Mr. Pryce continued and spat out fast facts about it, like, “There’s a French soldier named Pierre-Antoine Vaugois, and he’s a first sergeant, or as the French call it, *premier sergent*.”

Another fun fact: “There is a French general named François Lefeuvre, or “*général*,” as the French call him.”

And Poppy was surprised by what Mr. Pryce had to say. And Mr. Pryce himself was surprised, too.

Actually, Forrester and Poppy were excited about going off tomorrow and finding some new friends. So they all sat by the fireplace, where it rained until dawn and got warmed by its glow.

Until the day ended, they all sat there by the fireplace and told some interesting stories about what it’s like to learn about gardening and other gardening techniques, as the kids remembered being told them as they had never been told before.

As Forrester recalled, “It’s like this,” he said, “good things come from planting the seed firmly in the ground.” “Firmly?” replied Mr. Pryce, as he questioned Forrester, “what do you mean, young master?”

“Like this, I’ll show you,” replies Forrester, “let me show you.” Then Forrester grabbed blank sheets of paper and began drawing the seeds firmly planted in the ground.

“I see, young master,” replies Mr. Pryce, “is that all?” he once again questioned Forrester. “Now you get it,” Forrester replied, “if you closed your eyes and imagined this diorama.” Poppy wanted to draw too, so she drew butterflies.

“Do you like my drawings?” Poppy asked, “this one or that one?” “I like them both indeed,” was Mr. Pryce’s reply. Thus, Mr. Pryce’s response pleased Poppy.

The day ended, and Mr. Pryce told everyone to go to their homes. After a while, after everyone went home, Mr. Pryce felt his way to his bedroom and lied in his bed to go to sleep.

The next morning came, as Mr. Pryce awoke from a deep slumber and woke up to an alarm. “What’s that noise?” Mr.

## CHAPTER ONE

Pryce wondered, “who’s there?”

But there was no noise, and Mr. Pryce thought he was crazy. Mr. Pryce had a scared look on his face that turned his skin pale.

“Seriously,” Mr. Pryce said, “you’d better not be pranking me, whoever you are!” But nothing appeared there, and the room was completely silent.

Mr. Pryce got up on his bed and sat at his bedside, wondering what that noise he had heard. “No,” Mr. Pryce said, “that’s crazy. I’ve heard the noise.”

## Chapter Two

Mr. Pryce got out his Bible and turned to a random page, where he prayed to God. “Holy Spirit,” Mr. Pryce prayed, “let there be nothing, or whatever it is.”

Meanwhile, after the prayer, Mr. Pryce got out of bed and made his way to the kitchen, feeling his way to getting some breakfast. Now, Mr. Pryce got a knock at his doorstep, and he wondered who it was.

“Who is it?” Mr. Pryce asked, “whoever it is, I’ve got you behind armed at the door.” Shaken and frightened, Mr. Pryce opened the door and a man, six-foot-three-inches tall, that stood with his children.

“Hello?” Mr. Pryce questioned, “and whom may you all be?” The man spoke with his accent. “Hello, sir, we’re from St. Johnsville, New York. My name is Mr. Jamison Rudolph Hartman Sr., and they are my children, my son, Jamison Rudolph “J.J.” Hartman Jr. and my daughter, Cecelia Rosanne “Cece” Hartman.”

As Mr. Pryce thought the man was crazy, he went to shut his door. But the man’s son stopped him. “Sir,” the boy said, “my name is J.J., and this is my daddy and my sister.”

“Hello, young master,” Mr. Pryce answered, “and my name is Mr. Pryce.” “Good morning,” said the man, “it’s so nice to meet

you.”

Then the man put his arm out to shake hands with Mr. Pryce, and they did so. “Hello, my name is Jamison,” said the man. “I hope you’ll like my family, because we’re new neighbors.”

Then Jamison left with his children. Then J.J. comes back a few minutes later to get to know his new neighbor.

“Hello, good sir,” said J.J., “I’m J.J., and I’m seven.” “Nice to know, I guess,” was Mr. Pryce’s reply, “what are you doing back here, young master?”

J.J. then went into Mr. Pryce’s bedroom rapidly. And Mr. Pryce grew angry and yelled at J.J. “What are you doing in my bedroom?” Mr. Pryce shouted.

And that made J.J. hide in fear of Mr. Pryce. “It’s okay, young master,” Mr. Pryce said, “why don’t you come out?” J.J. ran out of Mr. Pryce’s bedroom and out the door. And that left Mr. Pryce in confusion.

“That was weird,” Mr. Pryce said, “what a strange little boy.” Mr. Pryce then went into his greenhouse, by his feelings, where he found a guest. “Good evening, sir. A lovely day, isn’t it?” says the mysterious guest.

Mr. Pryce answered so astonishingly, “What the...who are you and what are you doing here?” It was Forrester. Then he climbed to his feet and smiled.

“It’s me, Forrester. Don’t you remember me?” Forrester said, “I’ve been your neighbor since I was a baby.” As Forrester got closer to Mr. Pryce, he let him feel his face.

Then Mr. Pryce replied, “Ah, yes. It’s you, Forrester Cahill.” “Yes,” replies Forrester, “remember me?” Then Forrester left and came back with J.J., whom Mr. Pryce had seen earlier.

“Hello, sir,” said J.J., “it’s me, J.J., remember? You’d made me hide in fear of your yelling at me.”

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