

S T E V E N B O W M A N
A N D C O - A U T H O R E D B Y
K A T I E C H R I S T Y

THE GREEN HOUSE



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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*The Greenhouse is for Marie Olive Christy, resting peacefully in
Heaven.*

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Preface

The Greenhouse is a book about Mr. Pryce and his life in London, England. My cousin, Katie Christy, inspired me to write *The Greenhouse*.

The subject of *The Greenhouse* was because there are many specific factors that I have learned from the different parts of the plants and their growth patterns.

The Greenhouse was written solely by me but was also an inspiration by my cousin. London, England, in the Summer of 1950, is the setting for *The Greenhouse*.

I learned a lot from the different languages and cultures of the friends, families, and people in Mr. Pryce's life.

Many insights have to be acknowledged by the many characters in this book, like how Mr. Pryce allowed many people into his property.

Another insight may be that you could learn from the distinct characters, languages, and cultures.

Throughout the book, differences in how many of the people inherited Mr. Pryce, his lawn, and his greenhouse.

My acknowledgments go out to my cousin, Katie Christy, friends, readers, and family. I hope to do more writing in the future!

Acknowledgement

I want to thank my cousin, Katie Christy, for inspiring this 2016 novelette. She is my inspiration, and for that, I love her.

She is the most beautiful woman in my life. She will be like this for my entire life. There was a moment when I seemed to start my unleashed world of being a novelist in this writing world.

Katie Christy, you are the most meaningful person coming to my writings, and I will always think of you whenever I become most famous. Thank you, Katie Christy!

Chapter One

Early in the summer of 1950, Mr. Pryce lived in London, England. When he was settling into his greenhouse, a boy named Forrester Cahill entered.

Forrester was short, chubby, pale, and had lots of freckles, and his hair was short but reddish. He asked Mr. Pryce if he would open the greenhouse.

When he told him it would be opening soon, Forrester was eight and had been to Mr. Pryce's greenhouse since he was five.

Mr. Pryce opened his greenhouse, and they went in. Forrester was carrying a medium-sized plant, *Gladiolus*, and he placed it into a hole about a foot deep in the ground.

Mr. Pryce taught Forrester how to water plants and give them pure sunlight. He liked how Mr. Pryce taught him about plants and their growth patterns.

Once Forrester finished, he went off in the distance and came with a friend. Now, this friend was a girl, the age of twelve, and she was beautiful.

Poppy Reed was her name, and she knew nothing about this greenhouse. Poppy is mid-sized, and she is Mediterranean. She had light blonde hair.

Now, she wanted to become a part of this greenhouse. Poppy asked Mr. Pryce if she could go into his greenhouse, so he let

her in. Mr. Pryce was forty-four.

He was skinny but muscular and was English with his glaucoma, could feel his way through the greenhouse, and had white hair.

Poppy came in and out of Mr. Pryce's greenhouse with dirt on her arms. It made Mr. Pryce growl angrily toward her.

She noticed that it did and stopped. Later in the day, and came along in the afternoon. Forrester and Poppy were hungry from planting throughout the morning.

Mr. Pryce had nothing to give them. Poppy came up with the idea of calling her mother Viola, so she did so.

Viola is thirty-one, muscular, and she is Mediterranean. She has strawberry-blond hair. After a while, Viola came with their food and stayed.

Mr. Pryce asked, "Who is there?" And Viola answered, "Hello, sir. My name is Viola Reed. I am Poppy's mother."

Mr. Pryce tried saying something but had nothing to say in response because he could not see Viola.

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

Viola went over to Forrester, who was stressed, and tried to calm him down while she sang a lullaby called Hushing the Little One. That worked for Forrester.

Poppy, by then, wanted to help, but Viola shoved her aside and stopped her in her tracks. She questions her mother, but Viola refuses her child. Forrester then was calmer.

Slowly, he walked from the area to tell Mr. Pryce what was happening, and he finally understood. Mr. Pryce, at the time, was over in his bedroom and did not want to be bothered.

Mr. Pryce began by scratching the backside of his head and

yelled, "Why are you bothering me, Master?!"

Forrester wanted to cry but did not. So, Forrester softly answered back, "There is an animal-shaped hole in your greenhouse, sir."

Mr. Pryce finally understood. By Forrester's hand, he led him to the place. Mr. Pryce was well-known about the area and knew the places where the animals dug.

Mr. Pryce told them that the animal was a good rabbit named Fluffleton. They noticed it was a rabbit too, and they all were thankful for it.

Just as they all relaxed after the whole thing, they all went into Mr. Pryce's house, and Mr. Pryce began talking about wartime.

"This is a war called the War of English and French," Mr. Pryce said. "This war was between England and France."

Mr. Pryce's story told Forrester and Poppy all he knew about the war. Mr. Pryce continued and spat out fast facts about it.

"Like there is a French soldier named Sébastien Barnabé Fréchette, and he is a First Sergeant, as the French call it, premier sergent."

"Another fast fact, there is another French general named Aurélien Léonard Dupéré, as the French call it, général."

Poppy was surprised that Mr. Pryce had to speak about these facts, and Mr. Pryce himself was surprised, too.

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 up by its glow.

As the day ended, they all sat there by the fire and told some fascinating stories of what it is like to learn about gardening and other gardening techniques.

Like the kids remember telling them ever told before. As Forrester recalled, "It is like this," he said. "Good things come

from planting the seed firmly into the ground.”

“Firmly?” Mr. Pryce replied as he questioned Forrester. “What do you mean, Master?” “Like this, I will show you,” replies Forrester. “Let me give you a demonstration.”

Then Forrester grabbed pieces of blank sheets of paper and began drawing the seeds firmly into the ground.

“I see, Master,” says Mr. Pryce. “Is that all?” he once again questioned Forrester. “Now you get it,” Forrester replied. “If you would close your eyes and imagine this diorama.”

Poppy wanted to draw too. So she drew butterflies. “Do you like my drawings,” she questioned. “This one or that one?”

“I like them both, indeed,” Mr. Pryce replied. Thus, Poppy was pleased with his response. The day is coming to an end. 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 lay in his bed to go to sleep.

The morning came as Mr. Pryce awoke from a deep slumber, then woke up to an alarm. “What is that noise?!” Mr. Pryce yelled. “Who is there?”

But there was no noise, and Mr. Pryce thought he was crazy. He had a scary look on his face. It turned his skin a white-pale color.

“Seriously,” Mr. Pryce said. “You better not be pranking me, whoever you are?!” Nothing appeared to be there, and the room was silent.

Mr. Pryce got out of bed and sat by his bedside, wondering what that noise he heard. “No,” he said. “That is crazy. I heard that noise.”

Chapter Two

Mr. Pryce got out his Bible, a random page, and prayed to God. “Holy Spirit, let there not be anything, nor whatever it is.”

Meanwhile, after the prayer, Mr. Pryce got up from bed and feels to his kitchen to get breakfast. Now, he got a knock on his doorstep and wondered who it was.

“Who is it?” Mr. Pryce asked. “Whoever it is, you are behind armed at the door.” Shaken and frightened, Mr. Pryce opened the door, and a man was with his children.

“Hello?” Mr. Pryce questioned. “And whom may you be?” The man spoke with his accent. “Hola, señor. Me llamo Jesús Álvarez. Y este es mi hijo, Rubén Jesús Álvarez, y mi hija, María Belén Noemí Álvarez.”

Mr. Pryce thought the man was crazy, and as he went to shut his door, the man’s son stopped him. “Sir,” the boy said, “my name is Rubén, and this is my dada and big sissy.”

“Hello, Master,” Mr. Pryce answered the boy. “And my name is Mr. Pryce.” The boy told his father that the man was Mr. Pryce, and the father understood.

“Good morning,” said the man. “It is so nice to meet you.” The man pulled his arm out to shake hands with Mr. Pryce, and they did so.

"My name is Jesús," said the man. "I hope you will like my family because we are new neighbors."

Then Jesús left with his children. And then Rubén comes back a few minutes afterward to get to know his new neighbor.

"Hello, good sir," said Rubén. "I am Rubén, and I am seven." "Nice to know, I guess?" was Mr. Pryce's reply. "What are you doing back here, Master?"

Rubén went into Mr. Pryce's bedroom rapidly. Mr. Pryce grew angry and yelled at Rubén. "What are you doing in my bedroom?!" Rubén hid in fearfulness of Mr. Pryce.

"It is okay, Master." Mr. Pryce said. "Why do not you come out?" Rubén ran out of Mr. Pryce's room and out the door. That left Mr. Pryce in confusion.

"That was weird," Mr. Pryce said. "What a strange little kid." Then he went into his greenhouse, where Mr. Pryce found a guest.

"Good evening, sir. Lovely day, isn't it?" "What the...?" Mr. Pryce replied so astonishingly. "Who are you, and what are you doing here?"

It is Forrester. He then hurried to his feet and perked a smile. "It is me, Forrester. Do you remember me? I have been your neighbor since I was a baby."

Forrester went to Mr. Pryce, let him feel his face, and responded, "Ah, yes. It is you, Forrester Cahill." "Yes," replies Forrester, "remember me?"

Then Forrester left and came with Rubén. "Hello, sir," said Rubén. "It is me, Rubén, remember? You made me hide in fearfulness from you yelling at me."

"What?" questioned Forrester, "I thought you were new to the neighborhood?" "I am," said Rubén. "I moved here not that long ago."

“Do not you have any other siblings?” Forrester questioned. “Like a brother or sister?” “Yes, one,” said Rubén. “Her name is María Belén, and she is ten.”

“And you are...how old?” Forrester questioned. “Seven,” answered Rubén. “I am my own sister’s little brother.”

Rubén was seven, his hair was black, and he was muscular and Hispanic. “Are you like Spanish?” Forrester questioned. “Speak your main language, please.”

“Sí, amable señor,” answered Rubén, “y soy de Alcorcón, España.” “What did you say?” Forrester questioned. “Tell me in English, please.”

“Yes, kind sir,” answered Rubén, “and I am from Alcorcón, Spain.” “Okay,” said Forrester. “Well, that is cool!”

“It is?” questioned Rubén. “I have never heard of that one before. Really.” They went into the greenhouse together, united as best friends.

Mr. Pryce felt his way into the greenhouse and went in. And he got a random seed from the shelf because of his feelings and tried to feel his way to Rubén to give it to him.

“What is this?” questioned Rubén. “Why are you giving this to me?” “Here,” Mr. Pryce replied. “Take this as a present of my gratitude for welcoming new guests.”

“Gracias, amable señor,” said Rubén, “tienes mi sincera gratitud. Le bendigo, señor.” As Mr. Pryce feels back outside the greenhouse, Rubén planted the seed.

Forrester taught Rubén how to water it and how to give it sunlight. “Thank you, young sir,” Rubén thanked Forrester. “You have my sincerest gratitude as well.”

Then Rubén and Forrester watered the seed firmly. “Like this?” questioned Rubén, “Am I doing this right?” “Yes,” answered Forrester. “Good enough, but you will learn.”

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