

WILDFLOWERS



Corey Lee Wilson

Wildflowers

by

Corey Lee Wilson

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This book is dedicated to my mother Judith Ann Wilson and my brother Todd Anthony Wilson, my grandparents Ashley (Buck) and Laurie Breedlove, our adopted uncle Dwight Chapin III, and our faithful dog Robespierre. Although you have all departed from this world—may your memories and the epic adventure we shared—live on through the ages. Thanks Katrina Isabella Wilson for being the hand model for the cover and thanks Ever Juarez for the great cover design and graphics.

Foreword

People ask me all the time what it was like growing up as wild hippy gypsy child of the Sixties with a Playboy Bunny for a mom. “It almost seems surreal—like it was somebody else’s life—and not my own,” I often tell them.

It’s hard to compare to an average life, as ours was more like a modern-day version of a Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer story. When I think back about it and our greatest adventure hitch-hiking on the interstate highways and byways of the USA, I can only imagine how it must have felt for Huck and Tom in their day as their greatest adventures were carried aloft on the swift and powerful Mississippi River.

Just try to imagine for one minute being a precocious ten-year old, and along with your younger brother of nine, your fugitive mother, and a dog named Robespierre—you’re dropped off by Hell’s Angels at the last off-ramp on Interstate 8, many miles east of San Diego. All by yourselves, it’s up to you and your mom’s good looks to hitch-hike due east to Miami, Florida, and then make it to the Bahamas by boat.

Now do the same if you’re a single mother! A desperate one whose love for her two boys overwhelms her sense of right from wrong—and allows herself to kidnap her sons after she loses custody of them to her parents—for being deemed by the Dept. of Social Services as an unfit mother because of her “carefree” lifestyle.

Well, I didn’t have to imagine it! It happened during the summer of ‘68; a year without parallel in American history. A crazy year with the ongoing war in Vietnam, the sexual revolution, space race, peace and hippy movements, assassinations of Dr. Martin Luther King and Senator Bobby Kennedy, race riots, the Democratic National Convention, rock and roll, and drugs. It was a year that will no doubt go down as one of the most dangerous and provocative ever. Our epic journey seemed to fit in with everything else that was happening around us.

Without further ado, strap on your reading helmet, rev up the chapters, hit the page by page throttle button—and take a trip on one of the wildest rides of the Sixties you’ll ever have. Enjoy!

Corey Lee Wilson
Author

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Oh Susie Q!
Oh Susie Q!
Oh Susie Q, baby I love you, Susie Q
“Susie Q,” Credence Clearwater Revival

1 My Centerfold

“Oh! My God!” gasped Miss Brown, our substitute teacher.

“Did you draw this?” she asked, snatching the nude drawing of her from the boy’s trembling hands. Coughing up excuses like a Jiffy Pop popcorn popper, Tommy Barganza cried out, “Not me!” pointing to the boy next to him.

“Don’t look at me,” said the boy, passing the hot potato of guilt right back to Tommy. “I swiped it from this little Pooh butt next to me,” said Eddie Fisher, Westside’s fourth grade bully and Tommy’s number one antagonist.

“Well, if you didn’t draw this,” said Miss Brown to Tommy. And you didn’t either,” she said to Eddie who fixed his glare on Tommy with a look that read, ‘you’re going to die come recess.’ “Then who did?” she demanded.

With a nod of his head and a roll of his eyes, Eddie indicted the boy sitting behind him, Clifford Downs.

“So...it was you, then?” she quizzed the boy.

Squinting at the well-proportioned nude of our substitute teacher from behind coke bottle thick eyeglasses, Clifford asked, “Can I please see it again Miss Brown? I didn’t get a good look at it the first time.”

“No, you may not!” she scolded him, hiding the nude drawing. And like Tommy and Eddie before him, he implicated another boy sitting beside him.

“Then it was you?” she asked the next boy, more content with eating paste than the eyeful of forbidden fruit.

“Not me, miss!” he said, wiping his mouth while Miss Brown clenched the nude in her fist.

“Very well, then! If it’s not you...and it’s not you...and it’s not you,” she said, carefully retracing her steps by tapping each boy’s head like a roll call, “then, it must be you?”

“It wasn’t me, Miss Brown! I swear it!” said the next boy in line. “Please don’t tell my Dad! He’s a Marine, and he’s going to flip out if he finds out!” he pleaded as he withered away below his desk.

With mounting frustration, Miss Brown moved on to the next boy and the next; working her way deeper into the third and fourth rows of our classroom and closer to where I was seated in the back row.

After a dozen more, “I don’t know!” and “It wasn’t me!” from the remaining boys in class, there were only two of us left for questioning; Kyle Swanson and myself, slouched in the back.

“Well!” she said, after surveying the meandering trail of innocent but broken boys behind her. “It’s just the two of you!”

“Was it you?” she asked, zeroing in on Kyle.

After swallowing his gum, Kyle looked up at Miss Brown and whispered, “No, ma’am! But in all due respect, I wish it was,” he said, touching off a roar of laughter from the boys followed by a chorus of hisses from the girls.

With me in her sights, Miss Brown slapped the end of her portrait, rolled-up into the palm of her hand, and then checked behind me just to make sure there wasn’t one more boy she hadn’t missed.

“So then,” she sighed, “if it wasn’t him,” she said, looking back at Kyle, “and it wasn’t him, him, him, him...and him,” she counted fifteen times, “then...it must be you?”

While waiting for the first sign of guilt to cross my freckled face, our beautiful, but impatient substitute teacher placed her hands on her slender, but shapely hips, and tapped her foot to the tune of the second hand on the wall clock above. After a dozen or so seconds had passed, Miss Brown unrolled the nude drawing of her, so only I could see it, and asked me again as if it was just the two of us in a confessional.

“Did you draw this? And don’t try to blame the boy sitting next to you or in front of you,” she added, “because there aren’t any left.”

While I looked into Miss Brown’s emerald green eyes with my baby blue ones, she glared down, waiting for an answer.

As she did, all I could think about was how pretty she was, and how sweet she smelled, and the way she walked and talked.

Everything about Miss Brown was unlike our regular fourth grade teacher, Mrs. Hastings; who seemed by comparison, sixty years or older. Mrs. Hastings reeked of Ben-Gay in the morning and Geritol in the afternoon. And unlike Mrs. Hastings—who held her chalk like a switch, scratching her words across the chalkboard with short and spastic strokes—Miss Brown held her chalk like a magic wand and wrote her name evocatively across our chalkboard with perfect penmanship and barely a squeak.

While Mrs. Hastings hid behind her desk, barking out commands like a drill sergeant; Miss Brown sat in front of the desk, with one leg crossed over the other, and spoke to us like she was our big sister. She was relaxed yet poised, unlike other substitute teachers at Westside Elementary School in Venice, California, and made me eager to learn.

As she stood in front of us, passing out crisp sheets of Manila paper and fresh boxes of crayons, the normally dim lights of our attention spans burned bright with excitement. After instructing us to draw something that inspired us the most, she said, “It will be a great way to learn a little about each other. Then, after lunch we can all share our pictures. Draw anything you want!”

“Anything?” I asked.

“Anything,” she replied. “Just let your imaginations run wild!”

Doing just that, my idea came to me, so just to be sure, I asked, “Can it be about you?”

“I don’t see why not,” she mused, quickly answering my questions and a host of others that followed.

With my questions answered and my topic chosen, I imagined myself as one of the great Dutch masters and drew my best centerfold ever—modeling it after Miss Brown, of course. When I was done, I passed it around to every boy in class to showcase my work—which led to the predicament I was in right now.

“Well...I’m still waiting for your answer?” she reminded me, unveiling the centerfold one last time.

“Are these your initials, *C L B*?” she pointed. “And is that your writing, *My Centerfold* at the top, and *I Love You Miss Brown* at the bottom?” she asked me.

When I didn’t answer and only smiled back, Miss Brown stormed back to her desk and redirected my attention, and the class’ to her roll call.

“So that’s how you want to play it?” she groveled as she ran her finger down the attendance list. “Let’s just see who sits back there in your seat,” she said until her finger stopped at my name. “Hmmm! It says the boy sitting here is Cody Lee Breedlove, the same initials as *C L B*. And the same initials as these other pictures of *Woody Woodpecker*, *Batman*, and *Betty Boop* posted on the walls,” she said as pointed at my collection of previous masterpieces.

“Isn’t that right C-o-d-y L-e-e B-r-e-e-d-l-o-v-e?”

With my identity confirmed and no place to hide, I asked Miss Brown if I could be excused to go to the bathroom. Not waiting for her answer, I shot out of my chair and streaked down my aisle. As I made my turn past Miss Brown and her desk, she snatched me by the arm and reeled me back; just three steps shy of the door.

“Let me go!” I protested. “I really have to go to the bathroom,” I said, crossing my legs.

Not believing me, Miss Brown spun me around, making sure I stood at attention in front of the class. “If you don’t tell me the truth! This instant! I’m going to march you off to the principal’s office!”

“Not the principal’s office,” I whispered.

“Yes! The principal’s office,” she said, softening her tone. “Just tell me the truth,” she asked, as I considered every possible answer but the real one. “And be honest with me. You’re too sweet and innocent a boy to have drawn this by yourself. I can see that,” she reassured me after taking me under her arm that smelled of sweet perfume.

While I searched my head for any excuses without finding one, Miss Brown sensed it was time for an honest answer and smiled back now that my resistance was waning.

“Have you ever played truth or dare?” she asked me.

“No!” I said, ready to try.

“It’s easy,” she reassured me. “I ask the question—daring you to tell me the truth. But it has to be an honest answer. Can you do that for me?”

Nodding yes, I’d do anything for Miss Brown.

“So, you must have had...say, an older brother from one of my high school classes draw this for you?”

“No,” I said, truthfully.

“Okay then...was it one of the junior high kids?”

“No,” I said again.

“Please tell me it was one of our sixth graders here that drew it during recess?”

“Sorry!” I said, folding my arms and shaking my head.

“A fifth grader?”

“Nope, but you’re getting warmer.”

With a change of pace and a long-drawn face, Miss Brown checked the roll call one last time and before exhaling deeply. “Then maybe...you really did draw this?”

Titillating my class, I exhaled like she did, and then looked up at her and replied, “Yes, Miss Brown. It was me!”

“You mean to tell me; you drew this? In my class? This morning? For me?” she sighed with apprehension as every boy and girl leaned forward in anticipation. “And you used this construction paper and these crayons to draw...me?”

Guilty as charged, she withdrew for a moment—then dared to ask another question. “Then tell me this,” she said, while kneeling next to me so that I could whisper in her ear—and her ear only—the answer she was looking for. “How in the world can a ten-year-old boy possibly draw something like that? How can that be?”

“The truth?” I asked her.

“The truth,” she said with an uneasy smile.

“That’s easy,” I said, facing the class for all to hear and see. “My mom’s a beautiful Playboy Bunny and she walks around the house naked!”

*Countless violent flaming roads
Using ideas as my map
“We’ll meet on edges soon!” said I
Proud ‘neath heated brow
Ah but I was so much older then
I’m younger than that now
“Younger Than Yesterday,” Bob Dylan*

30 Going Home

So maybe someone was watching over us all along? And was it time for some good luck, to cancel out all of the bad, so far? I really wasn’t sure about that, but what I was certain of was that our adventure of a lifetime was over now, and we were headed back to the good ‘ole USA.

But to where? Back to Claremont with our grandparent’s—most likely? Back to our Dad’s house—maybe? Or back with Mom by some miracle of legal jurisprudence—doubtful?

Pleased that he had found us, then saved us, after losing us, our newfound dad no longer seemed like the boogie man that Mom had made him out to be. He would endure any kind of peril, or punishment, or risk his life for our safety. He never gave up and he brought us back home as promised. As for Mom’s fate, Dad was still obligated as our grandparent’s detective to bring her back to custody. As to what would be the extent of her punishment when she returned, only our grandparents and the court could make that determination.

The only thing I was sure about was that our airplane flight in a Boeing 747 cruising at a speed of 520 knots and an altitude of 35,000 feet above sea level from the Bahamas back to California—covered

the same distance as our three-thousand-mile hitch-hiking journey, but in the opposite direction from San Diego to Miami—taking only six hours by air compared to the three long days and nights by road.

And with all that time to kill, in between meals and snacks, Teddy and I explained to Dad every detail of our amazing journey from the moment Mom kidnapped us to the day Dad saved us from drowning. There were plenty of questions to go along with our story and we gladly answered each, except for a few that only Mom could answer.

And my brother and I got to ask just as many questions as well—and they flew off our tongues—most all of them how Dad was always able to pick up our trail after losing it in San Diego, Tucson, Sweetwater, and Jackson—and how he picked it up in the beginning at The Robin's Nest and in the end in the Bahamas.

Mom, on the other hand, seemed reluctant to ask any questions—or answer them either—and spent most of the trip staring out her window.

Proud of the way his first case was solved, Dad admitted, “After I collided into the back of that pick-up truck in Jackson, Mississippi—your trail went cold. Regretfully, I called your grandparents with the bad news, and when your dad told me that the police had found his daughter's restaurant partner, Dickey Morris, washed up on the beach not far from The Robin's Nest Bar & Grill with a broken neck. That's when we had a whole new case on our hands,” he said, eyeing Mom with concern.

“How awful!” Mom said, perking up. “Do you know how it happened?”

“I do now,” quipped Dad, commanding everyone's attention.

“When I returned to California, I got a copy of the police report as soon as it was filed. There weren't many leads to go on, so I questioned a number of adjacent business owners along the street. As it turned out, one of them remembered hearing a group of Hell's Angels that frequented The Robin's Nest, racing out of there early the same morning. He also remembered it was the same day the bar didn't open. After interviewing two reluctant patrons, a Vern and Carol Williams, they identified Animal, the leader of the Hell's Angel gang, a.k.a., James Richey Botts, as our most likely suspect.

“From the background check on Mr. Botts, I learned that his mother, who lives up the hill in a well-to-do neighborhood in Pacific

Palisades, less than a mile from the Robin's Nest—owns it, and that is was her son's job to collect the rent from the deceased."

"Does any of this sound familiar to you?" asked Dad of Mom.

"Yes, but everything you told me is exactly the same thing I would have told you," she answered, still fixated on her window.

"Of course," said Dad smiling. "After issuing an all-points bulletin for the apprehension of Animal, it took close to a month to find him. But when we did, he confessed to the murder—for a lesser charge of manslaughter—explaining it away as an accident and that he was only trying to protect the boys from harm by Dickey. Is this true?"

Reluctantly, Mom nodded yes.

"With Mr. Bott's cooperation, he led us back to San Diego, to that sport boat captain, an Ernest Edward Dwight Chapin, and his first mate, Daryl Jones. The two gentlemen that covered for you!"

"When I met up with them, I explained that if I wanted to, I could press full charges against them, for numerous reasons, the most serious of which was planting illegal narcotics on me the day I was in disguise on their boat, and then falsely imprisoned by the Coast Guard. And because of the seriousness of their crimes and their past records, I was willing to drop the charges if they agreed under oath to tell me where I could find you, which they did, giving me the lead, I needed to narrow my search for you in the Bahamas."

"Sorry about what happened on deck," I apologized.

"Me too," added Teddy.

"Yes, I can see that," he continued. "After first searching in Nassau, I had no luck there. But, when I arrived in Freeport, catching the last flight before they were all grounded due to the hurricane, I met up with the constable at his headquarters and showed him pictures of the three of you, which he immediately recognized."

"The constable also believed that Roger was in some kind of bigger trouble with the casino owner earlier in the day. One of his officers overheard what seemed like a heated argument between them about a piece of property that Roger had and that they believed belonged to them. We all know now that the property in question was the Cross of Isabella, but he didn't know then that Roger would die for it."

"Your mother, through guilt by association, was unwittingly linked to this casino operator, named Roger Thomas III, who himself was employed by known gangsters, the owners of the Kings Inn & Casino, the Giovanni family. After coming this far, I took a chance on

calling your apartment before checking into a room, gambling that I might find you there before the hurricane struck.

“So, that was you that called us that night?” Teddy asked.

“Yes, and without any available transportation, due to all the taxis being grounded, I rushed back to the police station, where I called your apartment again and again, trying to warn you that you and your Mom might be in some kind of danger.”

“When you picked up the phone and answered before the line went dead, the constable and I raced to your place, only to find the apartment ransacked and empty. Luckily for us, on the way back to the police station, through the center of town, by some miracle we found Robes in search of your scent and perhaps on your trail—don’t ask me how.

“With no other leads to go on, we followed Robes west, toward the end of the island where he seemed just as determined to find you as we were.

“After the police station received a call from a concerned citizen at the west end of the island that a black limousine appeared to be lost and headed for a desolate part of island, we loaded Robes into the vehicle, and continued in that direction, hoping to catch up with the limousine.”

Showing more interest as Dad explained his reasoning, Mom asked, “Of all the places you could have gone to on this island, how did you know exactly where to find us?”

“It was the constable. He had a hunch! When Robes couldn’t walk any further, he said something about a place where he and Roger went to fish and camp and play and look for lost treasure when they were boys. A property his family owned, called Smuggler’s Cove at the West End of the island; a place where the two boys almost drowned while not far out from the shore there in a small skiff; like the one I rescued you in.

“Sure enough, when we approached the turnoff, we thought we heard shots nearby.

“After the constable called for back-up, we drove to the end of a rutted dirt road and up to an old boat house along the beach where we found the limousine, and Roger lying on the beach, in a pool of blood—still alive mind you—but barely holding on. When we opened the door to the police car, your dog raced out ahead of us, swimming

out into the cove in the direction that Roger had pointed. Right before he... died.”

As painful as it was to hear this part—we had to know.

“The men who shot Roger were gathered in the boathouse, waiting for the hurricane to subside. That’s where the constable and I surprised them, and without incident, they surrendered and gave up their weapons without firing a shot. After we handcuffed them to a post, the constable and I started the motor to the skiff and raced out into the middle of the lagoon, dragging your dog inside to help us with our search.

“Within minutes, we found the two of you together, safely stranded on a small reef,” he said to Teddy and Mom. “And using Robes’ sense of direction and keen eyesight, along with a few bursts of lighting, we spotted you nearby, nestled between coral on the sandy bottom—presumed drowned.

“Well, you know the rest,” he said to us. “I’m very sorry we couldn’t get there any sooner and save Roger. We were just lucky, given the circumstances, to have found all three of you alive to begin with.”

“And so, you were!” Mom said to him. “Regardless of what happens to me when we get back home, I owe you an apology and a big thank you for saving our lives,” she said, no longer staring out her window. “You’re a pretty good detective!” she said with a smile.

“For someone who lost the key to my heart—you may have found it again—by saving our boys,” she said as reached for his hand and held it in hers.

“Our boys?” he said as he placed his other hand around hers. “I like the sound of that!”

“And so do we!” said Teddy and me.

“Can we call you Dad?” we asked him.

“Of course you can! But on one condition.”

“Name it?” we asked him.

“That I can call you my sons!”

Without hesitating, I flew into his outstretched arms and said. “I like that Dad!”

“Ya! Me too Dad,” said Teddy, doing the same.

While he held us close, Mom looked him up and down and said, “You seem like a different man...than the one I knew before.”

“Thank you!” he replied.

“As much as I hated you for finding us—I admired your determination and sacrifice in doing so—because we weren’t easy to find—we were?”

“No you weren’t!” he said as they both laughed. “So, what are the chances of the two of us getting together again? And giving our marriage one more shot?”

“Irreconcilable differences!” said mom. “Isn’t that how our divorce papers described why we can’t ever get along?”

“True! But that was then, and this is now. You’re a different person than we were twelve years ago when we got married! I’m a different person as well. I never remarried—just like you! I’m single, just like you. People change! And hopefully we changed for the better?”

“I’m not so sure!” Mom said. “And I’m not so sure if I still love you. The one man that I came closest to loving—besides you—is dead and gone. That scar will take some time to heal and what I need right now is time to myself to think things through.”

“I understand,” said Dad. “No hurries Lisa! You’ve been through a lot! The boys have been through a lot! Just give it some thought and let’s see where it takes us,” he said as he reached out to shake her hand.

“Deal!” Mom said, shaking his hand in return.

When their hands refused to part, they stared at each intensely for a few seconds until they were interrupted by our stewardess.

“We’ll be landing shortly, so please place your seats upright and buckle your seat belts,” she reminded us.

Upon our timely arrival at LAX, we were off the plane in a half hour and through customs in another where we picked up Robes at the kennel area ahead of the baggage department. After all our bags were gathered, Dad made a quick call to our grandparents to let them know we had arrived, safely and on time, and would soon be on our way and arriving late in the afternoon.

It was a quick hour and a half drive to Claremont in the back seat of our Dad’s Lincoln Continental. Once we turned onto Wheaton Avenue and pulled into the driveway, to our surprise, the whole neighborhood was there, gathered on our grandparent’s front lawn to greet us. As if we were conquering heroes and returned from a great expedition, there was even a banner strung across their front porch that read:

Welcome Back Cody, Teddy, Lisa & Sean!

Everyone was there: the Pritchard's, the Fletcher's, the Cullen's, the Ulloa's, the Ehrich's, the Kay's, the Schmidt's and other neighbors we barely knew. They had a cake for us, and we thanked each and every one of them for such a nice reception and told them how good it was to be home.

"We all pitched in for a gift for you two," said the boys from the Lemo Gang. When we gathered around to see what it was, they presented us with a grocery bag full of lemons and oranges, all at the peak of ripeness.

"Welcome back, Cody and Teddy," said Dirk and the rest of the Lemo Gang as we all eyed the bag full of baseball sized citrus. "We were hoping sometime soon you could make good use of these oranges and lemons," he said, with a devilish smile.

Seeing eye-to-eye with his suggestion, Teddy and I reached for the bag of projectiles, but Grandma beat us to them, straining to carry the heavy bag inside.

"Heaven's to Betsey, there's too many of them! We'll never be able to use them up before they go bad," she sighed.

"Not to worry," I said to Grandma, as I gave Teddy and the rest of the boys a wink and a nod. "We'll make good use of them before they go bad! Right boys?" I said to the Lemo Gang.

"I've got a better idea!" said Dad, stealing my thunder. "I bought a new electric juicer at my place and could sure use some help there making fresh squeezed orange juice. But there's so many oranges and I'm all by myself. I'm going to need some extra hands. Can either of you," he said to Teddy and me, "lend me a hand?"

Without hesitating, I said, "Count me in!"

"Me too!" Teddy followed.

"We could sure use a ladies' touch around the house as well," said Dad, straight at Mom.

When everyone turned towards Mom for her reaction, she inhaled deeply from her cigarette, and when she could hold her breath no longer, she exhaled and said, "Oh, what the hell! Why not?"

The End

Afterword

How much of the story of *Wildflowers* is based on actual events and real people? In individual parts—most of it. As a whole—a good portion of it—but not entirely. Roger and the hurricane were fiction, but there was a detective after us, he just wasn't my Dad. Like any great story, you weave life experiences in and out of your story's framework and bridge the gaps with fictional elements to create an epic adventure.

How things are seen or interpreted by a ten-year-old boy vs. a full-grown adult can be vastly different in the eye of the beholder. Seeing things for the first time, through a precocious child's eyes—wise beyond his years as the reader does when reading *Wildflowers*—strips away the rationalization, logic, and prejudice that an adult has acquired through the years. I hope you saw what I saw, and felt what I felt, with the purest of innocence and the utmost fascination.

It's been fifty years since our unforgettable adventure took place—but I'm the only character remaining. I'm saddened to say that both my mother and brother never lived past thirty-four years of age, and it's to their short, but exciting lives, as well as the others, that I honor and memorialize in *Wildflowers*. I love and miss them all and dedicate this book with the hope of keeping their memories alive with every turn of the page.

May the heavens bless you Mom and Todd, and you too Grandpa and Grandma, Dwight Chapin III, and Robespierre. I'll never forget you—and neither will our readers!

Corey Lee Wilson
Author

Closing

The publisher of *Wildflowers*, Fratire Publishing is donating 10% of the *Wildflowers* book sales to The Painted Turtle Camp, one of many that are part of the Serious Fun Children's Network, founded by famous actor and philanthropist Paul Newman, also known for his spaghetti sauces and salad dressings.

The Painted Turtle Camp creates opportunities for children with serious medical conditions to celebrate just being kids for children and to allow their families to reach beyond serious illness and discover joy, confidence and a new world of possibilities—always free of charge.

Through innovative, camp-based programs that offer a great big dose of fun and support, children with more than 30 medical conditions visit The Painted Turtle each year, reclaiming the joys of childhood. If you're looking to help, become a volunteer during one of the yearly programs.

A member of Paul Newman's renowned Serious Fun Camps (formerly the Association of Hole in the Wall Camps), The Painted Turtle has offered thousands of children and their families hope and encouragement through its Summer and Family Weekend camps since it opened its gates in 2004.

There is no billing department at The Painted Turtle—campers and their families attend free of charge. And there's no limit to the amount of laughter campers take home with them either! I've volunteered several times, and the vibe and feeling are the best there is.

To learn more or donate, please visit the Fratire Publishing website at FratirePublishing@att.net or go directly to The Painted Turtle website at www.thepaintedturtle.org.

How to Understand and Speak Pig Latin

The following section here is to help you interpret the Pig Latin sections of the novel. You might think Pig Latin was just something your grandparents made up, but take a closer look. This pseudo-language is widely known and used by English-speaking people, especially when they want to disguise something they are saying from non-Pig Latin speakers.

For a better understanding, follow these simple rules below. Transfer the preceding consonant(s) from the word to the end. Add "ay" to the end of the word using the examples below.

Pig Latin = Igpay Atinlay
My dog = Ymay (pronounced eye-may) ogday
Love you = Ovelay ouyay
Cutting = Uttingcay
Hello = Ellohay

Words that begin with a vowel and are mono-syllabic, so add "hay" to the end of a word that starts with a vowel and leave the first letter in front.

it = ithay
arm = armhay
egg = egghay
ingenious - ingeniousway
archery = archeryway
ending = endingway
ultimate = ultimateway

Compound words work better when you split them into two separate words.

toothbrush = oothtay ushbray
wallpaper = allway aperay
bathtub = athbay ubtay

Try these full sentences below and you got the hang of it.

Pig Latin is really easy to speak and understand once you get the hang of it! = Igpay Atinlay isyay eallyray easyyay otay eakspay andyay underyay-andstay onceyay ouyay etgay ethay anghay ofyay itay!

The guy next to me has toilet paper stuck to his shoe. = Ethay uygay extnay otay emay ashay oiletay aperpay uckstay otay ishay oeshay.

Are these really all the rules? There may be some missing. = Ar-eyay esethay eallyray allyay ethay ulesray? Erethay aymay ebay ome-say issingmay.

There's not much to it once you get the hang of it. That's all for now!

Wildflowers is an action-adventure novel based on actual events in 1968 about an ex-Playboy Bunny named Lisa who kidnaps her two sons from school, Teddy and Cody, ages nine and ten—that she lost custody of to the boy’s grandparents—for being deemed an unfit single mother by the California Dept. of Social Services.

Caught between two worlds—the boys must choose between them. Against their better judgment—Cody and Teddy decide with their hearts over their heads and allow their mom to kidnap them from school where the threesome escape without being caught. Undaunted, Lisa’s parents hire her ex-husband Sean, a private detective, to find the boys and bring Lisa to justice and the boys back to safety.

Determined to do things her way and escape the boy’s persistent father without leaving a trail, Lisa and the boys hitch-hike across the USA from San Diego, California to Miami, Florida, barely avoiding apprehension every step of the way. From there they travel by boat to the Bahamas where they meet a debonair and widowed casino operator Roger, whom Lisa falls in love with and the boys adore.

With theirs dreams about to come true—they’re suddenly shattered by gangsters, a hurricane, and buried treasure. Or are they?



In real life, the author **Corey Lee Wilson** is the oldest brother in the **Wildflowers** novel and also the Founder and President of Fratire Publishing. The inspiration for the story is based on actual events and his mom was a real life Playboy Bunny! Corey is also the only four-year college graduate in the USA to have graduated on “Triple Secret Probation.” To see why and learn more about how he became the “King of Fratire” as well as his upcoming book titles he’s working on, please visit his Fratire Publishing website at www.fratirepublishing.com.

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