

THE

WRITTEN BY STEVEN BOWMAN

GREEN

INSPIRED BY KATIE CHRISTY

HOUSE



STEVEN BOWMAN AND KATIE  
CHRISTY

The Greenhouse

*Inspired by Katie Christy*

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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 dedicated The Greenhouse to my beloved grandmother,  
Marie Olive Christy, who I affectionately call Nanny.*

*She has been a source of love  
and strength throughout my life.*

*I will cherish her memory forever.*



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Her unwavering passion and dedication to helping others lit a fire in us and motivated us to share our stories and experiences with the world.

We are forever grateful for her guidance and support, and we hope that our book will continue to spread the message of hope and empowerment, just as she has.

Thank you, Katie, for being such a shining light in our lives.



# Chapter One

Mr. Pryce was forty-four years old, thin but muscular, English, and had glaucoma.

Despite his white hair, he could navigate his way around the greenhouse.

Early in the summer of 1950, while Mr. Pryce was tending to his greenhouse, a boy named Forrester Cahill entered.

Forrester was short, chubby, pale, with many freckles and short reddish hair.

“When will the greenhouse be open, mister?” he asked, panting.

Mr. Pryce replied, “It will be open soon.”

Forrester, who was eight years old, had been visiting Mr. Pryce’s greenhouse since he was five years old and learned that it was about to open.

When Mr. Pryce opened his greenhouse a few weeks later, he offered Forrester an apprenticeship. On Forrester’s first day,

they walked in together.

Mr. Pryce gave Forrester his first assignment: to plant and tend a sunflower. Forrester carried the small plant to a patch of dirt in the greenhouse.

He picked up a small shovel and began to dig. When the hole was a foot deep, he placed the plant in it.

Mr. Pryce taught Forrester how to water the plant and expose it to sunlight. Forrester appreciated how Mr. Pryce taught him about plant growth patterns.

After completing his education on plants with Mr. Pryce, Forrester ventured into the distance with a friend.

They were joined by a twelve-year-old girl of medium height, Mediterranean appearance, and light blonde hair.

Her name was Poppy Reed, and she knew nothing about the greenhouse, but she wanted to be a part of it.

*Poppy asked Mr. Pryce if she could enter his greenhouse, and he allowed her.*

After entering and exiting with dirt on her arms, which angered him, she noticed and stopped.

Later that day, Forrester and Poppy were hungry after planting all morning.

## CHAPTER ONE

Mr. Pryce had nothing to give them, but Poppy suggested they call her mother, Jasmine.

Jasmine, thirty-one years old, of Mediterranean descent, with strawberry blond hair and a muscular build, arrived after a while with food for them.

Mr. Pryce asked, "Who is it?"

"Hello, sir. My name is Jasmine Reed. I'm Poppy's mother," Jasmine replied.

Mr. Pryce tried to say something but couldn't because he couldn't see Jasmine.

"Good Lord!" yelled Forrester.

"What is it, dear?" asked Jasmine.

Forrester panicked and pointed to the animal-shaped hole in the ground.

Jasmine approached the stressed Forrester and tried to calm him down by singing a lullaby called "Lavender's Blue," which soothed him.

Poppy tried to help, but Jasmine pushed her aside and prevented her from doing so.

She questioned her mother, but Jasmine stood firm and wouldn't listen to her child.

Forrester felt calm.

Slowly he walked over to tell Mr. Pryce what was happening. Finally, Mr. Pryce understood.

Mr. Pryce began by scratching the back of his head and sighing, “What happened in my greenhouse, Forrester?”

Forrester wanted to cry, but he held back his tears. “There’s a hole in your greenhouse in the shape of an animal, sir,” he replied.

Mr. Pryce quickly took Forrester’s hand and led him to the location of the animal-shaped hole.

*Mr. Pryce knew the location of the animal’s burrow and its identity.*

Once inside Mr. Pryce’s house, the group was relieved to find that the animal was a friendly rabbit named Humphrey.

*As they relaxed, Mr. Pryce began to talk about the war.*

“It’s called the English and French War,” Mr. Pryce said. “It’s between England and France.”

Mr. Pryce filled Forrester and Poppy in on the war, giving them quick facts on the subject.

Jean-François Robert is a French soldier serving as a First Sergeant, or as the French call it, Premier Sergent.

## CHAPTER ONE

There is also a French general named Lucien Bonaparte, known in French simply as “général”.

Poppy was surprised that Mr. Pryce had talked about these facts, and Mr. Pryce himself was surprised.

Forrester and Poppy were excited to set out the next day to make new friends. They sat by the fireplace, warmed by its glow, as it rained until dawn.

As the day ended, they shared fascinating stories about gardening techniques around the fire.

The children remembered these stories more than ever.

Forrester recalled, “It’s like this,” he said. “Good things come from planting the seed firmly in the ground.”

“Firmly?” Mr. Pryce replied, questioning Forrester. “What do you mean, master?”

“Like this, I’ll show you,” Forrester replied. “Let me give you a demonstration.”

*Then Forrester picked up some seeds and began to press them firmly into the ground.*

“I see, master,” said Mr. Pryce. “Is that all?” he asked Forrester again.

“Now you understand,” Forrester replied. “Yes, close your eyes.”

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*Poppy wanted to draw too, so she drew butterflies.*

“Do you like my drawings?” she asked. “This one or this one?”

“I like both, actually,” Mr. Pryce replied.

Poppy was pleased with his answer. As the day drew to a close, Mr. Pryce told everyone to go home.

Eventually, everyone left. Mr. Pryce went to his bedroom and lay down to sleep.

## Chapter Two

Mr. Pryce awoke from a deep slumber to an alarm. “What’s that noise?” he cried. “Who’s there?”

There was no answer, but Mr. Pryce had a frightened look on his face that turned his skin pale.

“Seriously,” Mr. Pryce continued, “you better not be messing with me, whoever you are!” But the room remained empty and silent.

Mr. Pryce got out of bed, sat down at his bedside, and wondered about the noise he had heard.

He thought for a moment that his mind might be playing tricks on him, but then dismissed the idea.

“No,” he said, “this is crazy. I heard that noise.”

*Mr. Pryce took out his Bible, turned to a random page, and prayed to God.*

“Holy Spirit, let it be nothing or whatever it is.”

Mr. Pryce got out of bed and was on his way to the kitchen for a quick breakfast when he heard a knock at the door.

“Who is it?” Mr. Pryce asked.

*Shaken and frightened, he opened the door to see a man with children.*

“Hello?” Mr. Pryce inquired. “And who might you be?”

“Hello, sir,” the man replied with an accent. “We are from Bristol, England. My name is Sir Theodore Colston, and these are my children, Henry and Phoebe.”

“Sir,” the boy said, “hello! My name is Henry, and this is my father and my big sister. It’s nice to meet you!”

“Hello, young master,” Mr. Pryce replied. “My name is Mr. Pryce.”

The boy informed his father that the man’s name was Mr. Pryce, and the father nodded in recognition.

“Good morning,” said the father. “Nice to meet you.”

The man held out his arm to shake Mr. Pryce’s hand, and they did so. Sir Theodore then left with his children.

*Henry returned a few minutes later to meet his new neighbor.*

“Hello, good sir,” Henry said. “My name is Henry, and I’m seven years old.”



CHAPTER TWO

“Nice to meet you,” Mr. Pryce replied.

“What are you doing back here, master?”

*Henry quickly entered Mr. Pryce’s bedroom, angering him.*

Mr. Pryce yelled, “What are you doing in my bedroom?!”

*Fearing Mr. Pryce, Henry hid.*

“Master, it’s okay,” Henry said in a soothing voice. “Why don’t you come out?”

*But Henry ran out of the room and through the door, leaving Mr. Pryce confused.*

“That was strange,” remarked Mr. Pryce. “What a strange little boy.”

*Then he went to his greenhouse and met another guest.*

“Good evening, sir. Nice day, isn’t it?” the new guest greeted him.

Astonished, Mr. Pryce replied, “What the...? Who are you and what are you doing here?”

When the stranger took a step forward, Mr. Pryce realized it was Forrester. He hurried to his feet with a smile on his face.

“It’s me, Forrester. Do you remember me? I’ve been your

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