



Since Charlie was very young, he and I shared a love of writing. When he was deployed to Iraq he informed me we were going to write a book together as soon as he got back. Only Charlie never made it back.

Then a few years later, I had a dream in June where it felt like Charlie was there with me in spirit. Instead of fading away like most dreams, come Sept. I could still recall and feel every detail. The cold of the rain, the wind slapping my face, and the feel of his presence.

The last third of "THE EVIL OF THE WITCH ROSE," is that dream. I just filled in the story leading up to it. So, I believe this is the book Charlie and I would have written together.

