

AUTHOR'S THOUGHTS

After finishing "Hallelujah Crazy" I was bothered by the way this story ended. For a man to undergo the tribulations he did only to have his wife run away with another man, plus losing his job, did not sit well with the concept of one's struggle to achieve the great American Dream. I wish readers to know I did not 'write' this story, Arnett Wayne Sprouse did by living it. His widow contacted me through a friend of mine and requested me to review his notes and documents because she wanted his story to be told. She had read a novel of mine, 'Object Eve', liked it, and for some strange reason felt I could do his story justice. One of the things I like about writing fiction instead of reality is that I can change the story to create a better flow, something real life does not allow us to do. Sprouse proves this point.

Eventually we met at her home where she handed me several boxes of papers, photos, official documents and assorted pages of intent written by Arnett. I loaded everything into my van, drove home and set it among other 'someday' projects. At the time I admit to not being truly interested in doing anything with it as I was engrossed with another story. However, a few months later, I found myself browsing through the boxes of papers - and I was hooked. Arnett Wayne Sprouse had gotten into my head and I couldn't get him out.

To synopsise, I initiated the necessary research to verify his story, did the required contractual factors to assure protection for my author's rights in the event I managed to end up with a usable format, and did the same to protect his widow's rights. For two years and nine months Sprouse has haunted me with his life, now he can finally stop bouncing around inside my head and giving me strange dreams.

The story is true. The events happened. In many instances I had to tone down his words due to the brutality and gore of which he casually spoke. In an era when 'political correctness' was unknown, he lived, fought to survive, and embraced the embodiment of the spirit passed down from our ancestors, to fight at all costs and never give up. This is the story of a MAN!

I am pleased to add here that Sprouse later met and married a beautiful and intelligent woman named Barbara, with whom he shared his life for the few remaining years he had left. Arnett Wayne Sprouse died of cardiac arrest on July 12, 1993, at the age of sixty-six. May he truly rest in peace. He deserves it.

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11/17/2004 @8:24 PM