

Fashion Rediscovery (Sampler)  
Cassia Plymouth Series  
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**Other Works by the Author:**

Series Books:

Amazi Chronicles:

Story #1: How I Overcame My Inventor's Block

Book #1: Automatons for Peace

Book #2: Translators for Peace (Future)

Corporate Intent:

Story #1: Missing Profits?

Book #1: Missing Employees?

Book #2: Missing Owner?

Book #3: Missing Company?

Book #4: Missing Syndicate?

Olivia Plymouth, International Traveler and Fashion Consultant:

Story #1: Joyous Travel with the Wrong Suitcase

Book #1: Brazilian Quest

Book #2: Boston Wedding

Book #3: The Year Fashion Changed

Book #4: Encounter at Tokaido Road

Book #5: Olivia Plymouth Buys a House

Cassia Plymouth, Indie Fashion Reporter

Book #1: Fashion Rediscovery

Non-Series Books:

Command and Control

Combustible Networks

Dhammapada Handbook

Ghosts vs. Robots!

Her Time

In Small Doses 1 (A Collection of Short Stories)

In Small Doses 2 (A Collection of Short Stories)

In Small Doses 3 (A Collection of Short Stories)

Killing Thoreau

Missed Landing

Musings (Non-Fiction Collection)

Saving Eddie

Shrouded Witness

Spiritual Storms

Simply Business/IT (Best of Short Stories Collection)

Transitions

Transitions 2

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Writing & Stuff

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<http://www.alessandragerman.com>

Chapter 0: Foreword

The Olivia Plymouth Universe consists of five books and one short story so far. (One work providing an alternate retelling is planned.) Still, there is plenty of room for growth with many more works.

One day I had an epiphany to start a new series covering Olivia's daughter, Cassia. Starting with a character that is essentially a blank page sounded like an interesting challenge. Our children learn from us and either complete our dreams or surpass us. Quite clearly, Cassia Plymouth has a great teacher with Olivia as her mother. But the daughter has her own way of doing things. Cassia wants to show the world the type of fashion that she is passionate about. And the next generation of Olivia's friends and family will help her do just that.

Even though this is somewhat familiar world, this is largely a new framework and an original set of characters. As a result, I felt creatively charged.

Those readers of the Olivia Plymouth Series will see the same material covered in a completely different light. This is especially true for events in Books 3-5. We look at an unseen side of Olivia by watching the interactions between mother and daughter showing their strong relationship.

Chapters 7-8, 25-27 were written on an Amtrak regional train and in or around Northern Virginia.

I hope that you feel this has some of the flavor of the original books plus a new spin. Not a reboot but a reawakening.

### Chapter 1: Launch

I grew up in a family that *adores* fashion. Well, at least on my maternal side. My mother, Olivia Plymouth, is an international fashion consultant that helps all sorts of people improve their fashion businesses. She has gone all throughout the world and along the way has very unusual adventures. Olivia has a wide network of personal acquaintances. It is a lot of fun hanging out with her.

She named me Rose after her sister and my aunt. But at age four, I took the name Cassia after a Brazilian author. It seemed like a better fit to my personality.

I am not sure when. But fairly early in my life, I realized that mom's sort of fashion seemed stale and stagnant. Big fashion houses producing their self-manufactured ideas of what is the most shocking and daring items for that season. Seemingly artificial and trite fashion trends coming and going. Not for me. Olivia and her mother are into oversized purses. That is not my style. I carry just what I need and nothing for "just in case." It is a new world.

But what REALLY irks me are the so-called fashion theorists that analyze everything to death. They study and study, hoping to uncover the universal fashion principles. Imagine! They are mesmerized by ever changing fashion cycles, finding the next hot fashion geographical center, learning about the actors that truly initiate new fashions, and more. And of course, every new discovery by them leads to an unending series of questions. And more studies. But they do not seem to get any closer in comprehending their subject. Some of these researchers have dared to call the desire to dress well and stylish irrational. Imagine that!

No, what I want instead is to explore a very different type of fashion. There is another world of clothing out there waiting for me. I want to learn all about it, write it up, and release my journalistic findings to those open to a different approach. A new language and media framework are needed to do this. Creating an article, journal, blog, or video sound too limiting. I want things to *flow, dance, and constantly evolve!* And to be free from a mass media that analyzes and judges anything original until it burns out the creators with unrealistically high expectations on their next works.

I want this effort to be a voyage of discovery that is full of excitement, twists, and turns. Like white water rafting. But with words, images, sounds, and virtual experiences. Where textures can be touched using sensory software. It is a total immersive encounter that will be unforgettable.

And what will I cover?

Women that are active in the world of indie, ancient, and indigenous fashion. Their focus is not the size of their audience or how much revenue they generate. They often create their fashion items thread by precious thread over their entire lifetimes.

It is about honoring, comprehending, and reviving the clothing of our ancestors and early civilizations in their home locations. And not that of cultural appropriation. But restoration by their surviving great relatives and interested parties.

It is about those selling to a very select market and making one customer at a time happy. The ultimate in customization and targeted marketing.

It is about having no limits or expectations and going wherever the story takes me.

Craft, quality, and coming from a world where there are no artificial barriers such as fashion seasons. The dreamers, the doers, and those following a pathway of their own choosing are also part of this journey. The idea of a job or career do not exist.

It is all about a different type of edginess because one corporate-approved size or design for all is not for everyone.

It is about a new philosophy of fashion. Which returns to closer ties with nature, revives teachings of earlier days, and is more respectful of each individual's needs. Let others spend their lives worshiping their favorite designer, struggling over what modern fashion means, or bankrupt their own fashion sense with what others tell them.

I could not do a project of this sheer magnitude alone. So, my active partners include my friends and family:

My first cousin Bohm (full name Bohemian) and my best friend. She is the daughter of my Aunt Rose who is close to her sister Olivia. Her father Charles is an art critic. Consequently, she learned all the ins and outs about art. But she does not want to throw her ideas on a mere canvas. Like me, she wants to create a new framework mixing different media and taking place at the intersection of the physical and virtual worlds. She lives in Boston as my roommate.

Tri. She is the child of Olivia's friend Blink and Wendy. Tri learned about journalism from her Dad's venerable *Fashion Independent Weekly*. Tri sometimes writes for them. Her mother worked in a pet shop. It was their mutual love of animals and each other that binds them together. They live in San Francisco. But own a large plot of land where climate-appropriate animals roam free. Wendy used to be very cynical and biting. But meeting Blink changed that. Tri is still trying to find out what she is trying to do in life. And hungers to do something meaningful that is all hers. She is looking for an opportunity to venture out on her own outside of San Francisco.

Gaby from Northeastern Brazil. Her mother, Luisia is from a family of cab drivers that helped my mom Olivia on her previous adventures. But she also has an incredible sense of what is thoroughly cool and truly edgy in fashion and the world. This was passed down to Gaby. She has a strong understanding of logistics and can get any item from anywhere within hours. She has made events happen when the rest of us thought they could not take place. A truly amazing person.

Tamarin from Mauritius. Her mother is singer Simone Gentil and a good friend of my birth parent. Olivia listens to Simone's songs each morning to greet the day. I have become a fan as well after listening at first reluctantly to these songs many, many times while growing up. Tamarin or Tam has a good handle of indigenous fashions throughout the world and has her own modest clothing business.

Gage. The only guy in the group. Son of my mother's Parisian friend Geneviève and ex-co-worker Toby. His dad can be a bit overpowering and scary. But his mom helps her spouse channel that through running an acclaimed performance art theater. Gage did not catch the drama bug. Instead, he travels a good deal. So, he knows Europe inside and out. And helps us out also with the business side.

All of us are in our early to mid-20s and grew up together seeing each other a good deal. So, we enjoy spending time as a group whether through the grace of technology or in person. We will bring in others to assist as needed. Our project is well-funded already due to successful group financial investing in recent years and having some patrons with deep pockets.

We needed a name for our little project and chose The Abbey. The goal is to form a small community of like-minded individuals open to discovering a bold future. It is for us a place of love and joy. If all goes well, it can become self-sufficient. Our driving principle is freedom of vision and of execution. May we soar high like eagles. Still, we work hard to keep our finances in check while we move forward with our dreams.

Our online content site has this greeting

*To the Lucky Viewer:*

*Have you taken a good look around you recently? Our world drowns from corporate- and factory-driven fashion lining our stores with non-imaginative, homogenous artifacts of desperate minds trying to generate frantically 'creative' ideas. All to give the masses and elites something to feel good about in their increasingly stressful and nearly leisure-free lives.*

*Like you, we are adventurers and seekers. Our life quest is a constant search for what is truly and entirely original or authentic. But our journey is thwarted often by this "modern" world of fashion that drowns out worthy alternatives.*

*Welcome to Our Project!*

*Our bold offering is a response to a static cosmos where women's clothes have often faux or shallow pockets, where high heels are required for some businesses, and clothing appearance rather than comfort rule the work day. We counter the need for a seven-year old to feel adequate while wearing stylish tall furry boots. As well as a thousand more fashion injustices.*

*A note to the wary – expect in what follows a far different look than what you are used to seeing! This may not be for your tastes. And then again, in time it just may be. Please try us out!*

*We want to explore once again the societies of the past and how they dressed. Not to steal and incorporate these designs. But to be inspired by their genius. And to review again our beliefs and frameworks on what fashion should be.*

*This will not be an easy road to follow. Along the way we will hit many roadblocks and "false positives." But those will not discourage us. They will become the fuel to make us only to work harder. We will not be denied finding these important answers that we seek.*

*We will search the world for original and daring ideas. All to get our minds and senses excited and thinking about fashion as perhaps we never have before.*

*We will do this through words, video, virtual access, sense simulations, interviews and more. We will take you in the middle of the action. Welcome to a world that you never knew existed.*

*We hope that you enjoy the fruits of our hard labor. And come back for further fashion discovery.*

*Please join us as we start making this ongoing project into a reality.*

*THE ABBEY PROJECT*

*Stay Tuned!*

Twenty thousand brave souls backed our dream by subscribing right on the day one launch and and thirty thousand more by the end of the week. The countdown to our first issue release had begun.

Chapter 2: Visiting the Old Homestead.

After the issue launch, I lost track of any sense of time. And the result was Olivia was rightfully after me for a family visit. So that meant a flight from Boston to Seattle to see my parents Olivia and Richard.

Before I get into how that went, let me share a little more about myself. I live in the area adjacent to Boston (the North Shore). And that gives me many opportunities to spend time with my first cousin and roommate Bohm (short for Bohemian). I also like to stop by Bohm's parents also known as Aunt Rose and Uncle Charles. And often have a Sunday brunch with the frequently traveling and never dull maternal grandparents Kenny and Esmeralda. Spending time with friends and family is one of my favorite personal pleasures. It grounds and heals me.

I am not now in a romantic relationship nor seeking one. If such things happen, it happens. However, my calendar is already very full and my life solidly fulfilling. I insist always on my hot coffee being heavy on the strong side and work/play long hours. Never got into hot cocoa like Olivia. True living to me is experienced by frequent dives into my uncomfot zone.

Back to my trip. Two to four times a year, I make the westward journey to stay with my parents in my old room. I was never into role names like Mom and Dad or Mother or Father. Always Olivia and Richard. It took them a while to adjust. In time, they got used to it. They have an old, unusual, and very large house. In the back, Richard enjoys the challenges of a rock-climbing wall building. Inside are walls of varying difficulties. He taught me climbing skills inside and out. And sometimes I go climbing with him in the wild or in the back. Just tough enough of a challenge for me to enjoy. The house also has some businesses and other people renting there. I like the feel of the place and the neighborhood. Olivia once told me that she went through great effort to find it. And it was given to her by an old customer for a very modest fee. It is in a great location and not far from my parents' workplaces.

The trip also allows me an opportunity to sleep in my old room. Once there, I can visualize myself as a young woman with dreams of bonding together with a group of close friends throughout her life.

On this occasion, the flight was longy and bumpy. I read some and slept a good deal. Got my car rental and drove to the old homestead. After their door opened, I got a warm embrace from both of

my closest biological connections. Richard offered to join in a quick joint climb in the back. But I pleaded successfully for a delay until I recovered from jet lag.

I wanted to talk to Olivia. Although we do not always agree about fashion, I do value her opinion due to her rich and varied experience. We sat in the sun room which looked out onto nature. It was her favorite place in the world and a personal sanctuary from life's challenges.

"So, what's new Cass?"

"Well Olivia, I am starting a new business venture with family and friends."

"Yes, your dear aunt and my wonderful sister Rose told me. I was hoping to hear more about it from you directly. Sometime before now."

"I wanted to tell you. But in person, Olivia."

"Okay, I'll accept that. So, what is Abbey thing all about?"

"Remember how you coordinated Summer Fashion Fortnight in Meru Town, Kenya? You had a deadline and faced long odds getting everything in place in time. But you were determined. To give the world something they had never seen before. It included fashion designers that combined their skills to display their rich African heritage. It made the sister of famous model Taku into a star. Do you recall what the press said about it?"

*"Of all of the Fortnight's shows, we found those in Meru Town the most creative, exciting, and audience-involving. They did not have the electrical power and other logistical issues found at the events in the other cities. This is due largely to the shining light of Meru's events, American fashion consultant Olivia Plymouth. She put on a show that will be talked about and remembered for many years to come. We hope that she stages future events. We will be anxiously anticipating them and be delighted to eagerly attend."*

"You broke the mold and produced something original and daring. Of all the stories of your life that you told me while growing up, that one is my all-time favorite. It inspired me on what to do next -- something that shows emerging and truly original or native fashion. And do it each day for the rest of my life. And I have a group of friends and family that want to do this with me. A small and close community of those I love and feel most comfortable hanging around. "

Olivia was touched. "I thought you didn't like my stories or type of fashion."

I smiled. "You have your own brand of coolness and fashion sense, Olivia. We do not always agree on clothes. But I respect greatly how you are always open and honest to everyone. I adore how you made fashion into your calling. I would not be at this place in my life without having spent all this time around you. Thanks for that Mom." And I meant every word.

She looked shocked. "You called me what? "

I answered. "Once in a while I like to say it. But you will always first be Olivia to me."

She smiled and continued. "What you plan is ambitious. Overly ambitious. But you would not be my daughter otherwise. I think it is an interesting idea. Your cousin and friends all have good heads on their shoulders. Just enjoy the journey and don't be afraid to ask for help or advice."

I do have a suggestion of someone you would want to add to your team – Jenny Gremlin. You will find her a kindred spirit. Occasionally I talk to her mother and my ex-roommate Jill. And we share

stories about our fashion-minded daughters. Jill is also known as a founding light of FIT-- Fashion is Terror. Jenny learned from her mother. Like you. And went a completely different way than her parent. Knowing that this day might happen, I got her contact information. And, as it so happens, she is in town this week. Talk to her. Please.”

I was not convinced. “I know what FIT is Olivia. It stood for everything opposite of what we both believe. They tried to set the whole industry into a state of panic. Things were put on hold. And...”

Olivia just gently touched my face and said. “Cass, I know all this. I was there, remember? But Jenny has started building an amazing fashion network that you can tap into. All escaping the public eye. I believe you can help and learn from each other.”

Trusting the woman that raised me, I contacted Jenny. We would meet in two days in an abandoned former corporate headquarters somewhere in a Seattle suburb. I had no idea what to expect and why we were meeting in such an unusual location.

### Chapter 3: A Most Unusual Meeting.

Humans and buildings go through frequent cycles of aging and rebirth. They are created, imbued with their lofty dreams of their parents. Then far too often, they fall rapidly into disrepair. This is followed by their eventual replacement or abandonment. If it is the latter case, the buildings share space with tall weeds, broken windows, fallen pieces of construction, and piles of cobwebs and dust. Soon they become broken containers of long forgotten memories. This can happen in a similar fashion to humans as well.

Why someone would pick this long-forsaken place to meet is beyond me. A former corporate headquarters really? And why gather at night? Richard, my dad lent me some powerful industrial-strength flashlights. Who is Jenny Gremlin anyway?

Being more cautious than usual, I arrived early to survey the space. The building had seen far better days and was filled with wall to wall safety hazards. This included sizable gaps in the floor. Parts of the former supporting columns and glass were everywhere. Good thing that I wore boots with tough heels. This whole situation was so unnecessary. Why this overdrawn drama? It was so ugh! Why Jenny why?

It was getting dark. I had another hour to kill. I headed to the basement where I was to meet my subject. Really, the basement? How cliché-ridden is this? I descended the staircase to my eventual destination, flashlight firmly in hand. And with five more such devices on me. This would have been a good time to take one of Olivia’s almost crate-sized pocketbooks instead of lining strategically my many pockets. But a purse should not be a file cabinet. The typically sized ones are my preference.

All I was told was descend to the basement and wait. Once there, I headed towards what I believed to be the center of the edifice. When I was there, I saw a still useable couch and table. I was getting more incensed by this touch of the melodramatic. Cautiously, I walked towards the furniture after studying the situation carefully. Then sat down waiting. What a waste of time!

Just then, the lights came on most unexpectedly. And seemingly out of nowhere, I hear a plain “Welcome Cassia.” It came from a young voice. But one hiding some deep and dark secrets. What were they based on? Pain? Anxiety? Fear? Anger? Who knew! The story was about reveal itself.

Something told me to look up. I saw a form descend using a thick rope.

I had just about enough this and let loose at my not yet identified host. “Well one of us seems to have a wee sense of the dramatic, no? Couldn’t we just meet at your hotel room? Or was that too ordinary an experience? No. much better instead is this likely rat-infested concrete dump in the shadows of evening.”

“I’m sorry, Cassia. But I am not staying at a hotel. I am staying at an apartment building squat with friends. Very few people knew I was in town except my Mother. “

Still not convinced, I laid it on heavy. “And why is that? Being chased by dastardly spies? Haven’t you grown up yet?”

The person that I assumed was Jenny sat down on the couch facing me. I took a good look at her. She was about my size and but a little younger. But her face looked worn already from perhaps too much worry.

Then she spoke. “I am sorry about this. You have every right to hate me for dragging you to such a place at this time of night. However, you need to understand my past before learning where I am today.”

It was going to be some time. I sat and listened patiently to her likely tale of woe.

“It all begins with my mother, Jill G. Gremlin. (G. stands for Gousand, my maternal grandmother’s maiden name.) She was awoken early about the plight of fashion industry workers after some time spent working in clothing shops and factories. And then she started wearing black to offer some sort of solidarity with them. She wanted to document what she was seeing. Jill wanted to learn the ins and outs to expose the industry. So, she went to fashion school. And briefly was a roommate with your mother. While there, she created a fashion manifesto that got expanded into her Bible – ‘Fashion for the Next Age’.”

“It outlined all that she perceived to be wrong with the ‘old-styled’ fashion world. It went something like this:”

*“Awake children of all ages and incomes. Your clothes are on fire. Created by the sweat of lowly paid unappreciated workers throughout the world. The world of fashion is built on top of the chains of misery. They are a different type of slave of fashion. Fashion is Terror. Terror is red and black plaid instead of white and black. Return to the age of simplicity rather than technology. Set your priorities straight. Wear clothes that you can spin rather than purchase. Don’t choose a fashion that is hot but one perfect for dealing with hot weather. Be FIT and proud rather than consume and discard. “*

*“What do you see in the fashion marketplaces? Countless aisles of health and beauty aids. Items for our eyes, skin, and hair to keep us attractive, fit, and youthful. False promises and misleading seductions that you can do without. Seek the new alternative that we offer.”*

“In the last four pages of the Bible, Jill gave her blueprint on how to wage a campaign of continuous terror and education against the fashion world. She was going to creating a new planet by razing the old one.”

“In time, she launched Fashion is Terror (FIT) to transform her vision into reality. And for a brief period, she held the fashion world in her hands. But it could never be for long. She was leading a group

that was too full of unstable personalities to last. In the end, your aunt and mother led to her capture.”

“After prison, Mom started writing for *Fashion Independent Weekly* and consults for some fashion companies. She is doing great. “

“This is a nice story Jenny. But it still does not tell me much about you and your situation. And why we are meeting here?”

“I was born after FIT. So, I knew about nothing that happened. Until the day I found a copy of her ‘Bible’ online accidentally. I was shocked and hurt. This side of her, I did not know at all. Why hadn’t she told me? When I finally got the courage, I confronted and told her of my discovery. She was not surprised at all that I discovered this and seemed relieved to tell the truth. Without hesitation, she told me the whole thing. She let me read through her journals and writings to understand the complete story. I was shocked that she created and was intensely involved with this madness. How could one person be so wrong? If you want to build an ideal fashion world, then create it in secret, and in parallel with the existing one.”

“So, I decided to do just that. Start fresh. Honor what worked in the past. Create new structures when it made sense. But do it in secret. Few people know what we are doing. I get funding from like-minded supporters. We call the effort Fashion Rediscovery.”

“Somewhere along the way, former FIT members found out about my activities. Perhaps they were still tracking my mother and learned that she had a daughter. I never had a known father. Maybe things might have turned out differently, if I went by a different surname. But I keep it to honor my mother. “

“Jenny, I know about FIT and those that worked with your Mom. Akumi Aku, over-caffeinated and unpredictable. Toni Starhouse, heartless and saw your mother as some sort of warped mentor. They were jailed. FIT was broken up and no more. It’s all over and they moved on.”

“You would think so Cassia. However, I believe that the the opposite is true. They are very much out there and perhaps raised their children to join this new reincarnation. I am not sure that they want me to be their leader. Or see me as a serious threat. But they are very interested in finding and perhaps kidnapping me. I keep getting anonymous notes asking to meet. Even after changing on-line and mail contacts multiple times. These nameless creatures are determined and I am frightened. Because of them, I hide away my life. You are the first person I have told all this. Because I want you to learn to trust and work with me. We really need each other.”

“Okay, I now see why you are reclusive. But why your interest in me? What do you want?”

“We both are in the same place and want something different to take place in the fashion experience. You want to learn, study, and report on it. I want to create it. But I also want others to know. That is why I would like to join Abbey as a member behind the scenes. I can provide your insights on what is going on and contacts that you would not believe. But nothing must be reported that could compromise their identities.”

I was trying to take all this in. Was she mad? Or brilliant and on to something? What did Jenny know? And why did she want me to make this contact? I needed confirmation.

“Here’s the deal. Show me a little of what you are doing and some contacts that give me an idea of your usefulness. Maybe we write this up together. If I like what I see and if the rest of the team agrees, then you are in.”

“Okay Cassia, on one condition, you tell none of the other project members what you see. Just between the two of us. And no notes that could be captured by FIT 2.”

“Whoa! You are expecting me to keep this quiet from the rest of my beloved team? No way. This is my family and close friends. I trust them all. This is my counteroffer. My cousin Bohm is an active partner in this or I walk away now. A month from now, the Abbey board is fully briefed. I may change names. But they become aware of the key details now. Do we have a deal?”

“You are lucky. Other than my mother, I trust no one. I am taking a big chance doing this. But my mother says to trust you. Although I am not sure why. I need to ask her. Perhaps she trusts your mother to give her a fair chance and so I should depend on you. Anyway, that is my proposal. I accept your additional conditions. But I expect that you will not jeopardize my organization and its future.”

I looked at her to see what she was thinking. It was a person trying to trust but having serious doubts. This will not be easy. “Fine, we work together in secret. Please set up some time when you want to show Bohm and myself your organization. And sometime soon, please provide some contacts that can provide a good story that can be released. Then let us see what happens after that. But it goes no further than the three of us until just before publication.”

There was not much more to say. We went our separate ways after that. In time, I told Bohm everything and the Abbey team the key parts. And just like that, the ever-wary Jenny Gremlin is now part of my life.

#### Chapter 4: Torn

I returned back to Boston the following week. Sometimes your mind rages on and there is little you can do to stop it. Just tough out the ride. After meeting Jenny, my mind was racing non-stop. The inner conversation went something like this:

Cassia, why did you meet with her? The whole thing was off from start to finish. And her mother founded FIT to boot? She is trying to entrap you into something. A mysterious organization that has hidden donors with rich pockets? Is this for real? All for some thrilling story and amazing contact. Sounds like you are being set up.

Yet, she seemed honest and really wanted to trust me. She did not have to. Just maybe, FIT is coming back. Some people never learn the needed lessons. She also is from a “fashion family”, albeit a rather strange one.

The hard thing is I could not tell anyone besides Bohm the full details for the month, I was plucking up the courage on when to tell her. She was out of town for a few days. Until then, I had to mull the whole thing over by myself. I really could use another opinion on how to proceed.

I know Olivia had situations like this. When she allowed herself to be kidnapped by FIT to get a story. She can be at times much more fearless than I am.

I am awaiting word on what next steps will be and where I will be meeting. It could be anywhere or any time in the world.

Just then, a message appeared on my communication device. It only said BACK TO THE PAST TO PLAN THE FUTURE. MORE TO FOLLOW. Jenny playing up the drama angle to the very end.

Was I heading into my own fashion discovery journey or unending nightmare? Time would soon tell.

## Chapter 5: Telling Bohm

I met up with Bohm, my female comrade in arms after she returned to our place. I never had a sister like Olivia. But Bohm and I are incredibly close – even if we weren't roommates already. She is one of the reasons I moved to Boston. I don't know what I would do if my parents gave me a crazy name like Bohemian. Think it came from her dad Charles. Her mom (Olivia's sister) Rose is so grounded, I would be surprised if it was her choice. Will have to ask sometime if I remember.

Bohm is an interesting personality package. She can be experimental or conventional. Ticked off or serene. Fearless or shy. Open or withdrawn. And sometimes opposing things at once. But she is always been straightforward with me and got my back. And vice versa. We are both alike in many ways. Must be the legendary Plymouth blood line.

That weekday morning, we travelled to have breakfast at our favorite Back Bay cafe. We had not ordered yet and she began. "Something is up cousin. You choose to dine out in the morning which I know is not your thing. You are more of an afternoon/evening than an early morning type of gal. What's wrong Cassia?"

Wow! She knew knew me too well and never called me by my first name. I began. "Bohm, before you begin. What do you hope to get out of Abbey? We never talked about that before."

"Dodging the heart of the matter, girl? Not like you. Okay, I will bite. From my Dad Charles, I learned the ins and outs of the art world. What was considered good art. What being a successful artist entailed. It seems ...well a bit hollow to me. I am seeking something more daring and fulfilling. The Abbey looks at the past and at those that are on the same path of learning and discovery. Fashion involves design and making artistic choices. I can take the lessons learned and then create the art that I truly want. Until then, I rely on my sponsors and making a few paintings now and then to pay the bills. But nothing that I would be ashamed of doing. You promised me an art section in the project to do what I want. All that is why I am on board."

I nodded okay. Time to tell her why the meeting. "Bohm, what follows is between the two of us. I will tell the others some of the key details soon and everything just before release date. Even if you don't agree to join, it goes no further."

"Sure. Now I am all curious. Did you join a fashion cult?"

In her offhand remark, she was closer to the truth than she imagined. So, I told her everything. Even the conditions to include her and tell our board everything later.

She had been very quiet, carefully listening throughout my talking. "A couple of things. The board will dislike you for not telling them everything from the start. It could break the wonderful trust that we all have. Is it worth it for a so-called story? I don't think so. We really don't know that much about Jenny do we? Only four more people will know."

I understood what she was saying. But she was not there. I was. So, I began. "Bohm. Normally, you would be right. I should include everyone from the start. But you would decide the same thing if you were present. She is paranoid (perhaps rightfully so) that a new incarnation of FIT is chasing her. Fashion is Terror has been quiet for my whole lifetime. She was very uncomfortable

meeting. And only trusts me because her mom is friends with Olivia. Four more names knowing everything? She would have freaked! She wants nothing revealed that could cause her harm. So, both of us have to self-censor what we do with the information.”

“Before I agree to anything, I want to meet her. This is our reputation and lives at stake. Then you tell our team the highlights very soon. A month is too long. Else I walk from this deal.” I nodded in agreement. Then I told her what I knew.

“All I have is an email address. And that stopped working right after the meeting. I have no way yet to reach her when needed.”

Before Bohm could respond, we both got a text. TEN MINUTES POE WAY. We both jumped. Is Jenny following and monitoring us? Edgar Allan Poe Way. named after the American Poet and writer Edgar Allan Poe who was born within walking distance. It is a narrow street. Ben Franklin was also born nearby. Neither spent most of their lives in the city.

We sped over there anxious on what will happen. This was not going along the lines that I expected at all.

#### About the Author

Hallett German is a fiction and technical subject author on various aspects of IT and business. His works of fiction cross multiple genres including children, young adult, dysfunctional corporate mysteries/fantasies, historical fiction, and steampunk. His books offer a unique and original ride into other worlds and lives. He is the author of series (Olivia Plymouth, Amazi Chronicles, In Small Doses, and Corporate Intent) and single books (Combustible Networks, Ghosts vs. Robots, Saving Eddie, Killing Thoreau, Missed Landing, Her Time, and Command and Control).

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