

## CHAPTER 3

### Sheila Marmion

Sensitivity, emotion and insecurity. Sheila Marmion carried them like badges of honor as a child. She was one of three girls born to Edward and Samantha Marmion in Northern California.

The oldest daughter Anne was an accomplished member of the Honor Society. She held a grade point average higher than the number of combined dates Sheila had in the last year. It didn't hurt that Anne was tall, slender and had the most beautiful long hair, black as the night void of stars and silky enough to catch the reflection of the moon on the water.

Kitty, the middle child, was full of energy and love of life. She was extremely popular and there was hardly a Friday night that she didn't have a date with the captain of the football team or the most valuable player on the basketball team. She had her own strengths. Kitty was a gifted musician. Many said she played like a cool gentle breeze on a hot summer night: welcome and refreshing. She knew her way around a tennis court, too.

Sheila, the youngest daughter, worked twice as hard for less recognition except when she wrote her stories. She spent hours alone composing and dreaming of a future with success and acknowledgement. She wanted to be on the New York Times Best Seller List. To that end, Sheila was not the most social of animals. She was shy and introverted; a loner who most thought peculiar because of her independent nature. She, too, was tall and slender with a smooth solid hairline that fell to her waistline, ideal to capture the essence of her gorgeous blue eyes and red spiral curls.

The Marmion girls grew up in Colusa, a small town outside Sacramento. The population was barely more than 5,000 and everyone knew everyone else's business. Edward and Samantha owned the butcher store on the corner of Railroad and Main. This was not a good thing in Sheila's opinion. The townspeople would come into the store for their meat and thirty minutes later her parents knew everything that was going on around town. A private life was unexpected and near impossible in Colusa. One day this would all be a faded, distant memory when she moved away to San Francisco.

Sheila enjoyed her down time. When she wasn't doing chores around the house or helping out in the store, she was out under the oak tree working diligently to compose. She was very ambitious when it came to her stories and blocked out the world to go to that place where her imagination ran wild. Her stories were often so vivid and detailed that even Sheila's parents wondered if they were fact or fiction. People were in awe of her literature. In this domain, Anne and Kitty couldn't hold a candle to her accomplishments. Sheila got used to her sisters excelling in everything else because what she did far outweighed their combined achievements in school, sports and music. At least she believed it did. Unfortunately for Sheila, she was not recognized as often as Anne and Kitty but she was patient knowing her day would come.