



## PROLOGUE

**N**early ten years ago, a young child, not more than eighteen months old, was found alone on the edge of a desolate and gravel roadway just outside a sleepy town known as Cooper, Maine. On that same day, this tiny, chestnut hair boy with eyes like a cloudless sky would be handed over to a peculiar looking Child Protective Services caseworker, Ms. Pedigree. She was a tall, red-headed woman, dressed from another era long ago, with glasses, shaped like cat eyes, perched on the tip of her long narrow beak. Some had believed their first encounter seemed familiar.

For years to come, newspapers would run articles about that mysterious boy who had been abandoned and forgotten by his parents. Journalists created rumors that thrived with grand tales of his origins. But the print would soon fade as did the interest in his story.

Moved from one orphanage to another, the young child was always in search of his place in this world. His true identity. But the truth would never be known—not yet anyway. His life forever changed before it had even begun. A life wrapped in secrecy. A life thus far—full of sadness.

Given a name by those who discovered him in that small town of *Cooper, Maine*. A name that contained a single letter for his last, to compliment his first, simply because he was indeed a *boy*. A name that would follow him his entire life. That boy would become be known as, *Cooper B*.

I should know—this is my story.