



The Grizz thanks you on behalf of the Solomon family for purchasing this eBook. You will learn about the toughest little girl that he has met in half a century of searching the world for stories.

This small eBook will introduce you to eight-year-old, Katia Solomon, the Tampa, Florida girl who has been fighting the leukemia DRAGON since her second year on this earth.

Thank you for supporting the Solomon family.

This book was written free in 2004 by author Rick Magers.

Rick's company, Grizzly Bookz Publishing, donated all publishing set-up costs of this book, and bought 5000 copies, then went on tour selling them and sent every dime and dollar to the Solomon family to help them return to a normal life.

All authors' proceeds from the sale of this eBook will automatically be sent to the Solomon family. Richie O'Brien, the creator and owner of this eBook company has donated all of his percentage from the sale of this eBook to them also, so every time a download of LADYBUG and the DRAGON is purchased, Katia's life will get a little bit better.

Thank you very much for caring. I hope you enjoy the book, and even though it's a sad story, I feel certain that it will have a happy ending. Katia is now 8 years old and between trips to clinics and the hospital, she is having some very fun days shopping with her mommy, playing with Tatiana, and listening to Sharayah tell all about her new life in college when she's home on holiday.

# GBP



## LADYBUG and the DRAGON

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## THE KATIA SOLOMON STORY

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by

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The DRAGON has arrived but has only begun to weave his web of horror. The worst is yet to come.

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**1986 was a good year** for Tracy Clemons. She was looking forward to her participation in the mission organized by her Baptist Church in Tampa, Florida. It was set to take place in Roatan, Honduras. The June sun had already washed away all of the shadows from the area below. Tracy watched the dense Central American jungle blend casually with the city, as the airliner gracefully banked to line up

with the runway. The earth rushed up at her, and Tracy felt excitement about her acceptance as one of the few young members of her church to bring Jesus Christ to the people of the Central American soil that she would soon be standing upon.

*I'm going to do my very best to help any of these people who have not yet seen the light shining upon our Savior. This trip might make a huge difference in a lot of lives!*

It was Tuesday, June 17<sup>th</sup> when Tracy stepped from the plane. The group who met her small party included Glen Solomon and his son Myron.

Myron and Tracy's eyes met, and each had similar thoughts run through their minds. Tracy felt a slight blush as the handsome young man smiled warmly.

*My, Tracy thought, what a friendly smile.*

Myron's heart skipped a few beats as he looked at the pretty young girl. He glanced only once at the others in her group before his eyes returned to Tracy. As Myron looked at her he thought, *God has sent an angel to me today.*

Uncharacteristically, Myron turned to his friend, and whispered. "That's the girl I'm going to marry." He was not an impulsive person; more given to careful consideration, patient observation, and in-depth study, but all of those well-established patterns of thought went out the window that day. Myron suddenly noticed that the sun was shining brighter—the birds were singing louder—the island air

was cooler, and it was as though he had been transported somewhere else. The new place was the first days of the rest of his future.

During the next few days, Tracy and Myron saw each other frequently. Each had time for only an occasional "hello" as they worked in their assigned areas.

With only four days remaining for the girls in Tracy's youth group to be in Honduras, Myron approached Tracy with a flower in his hand. "Everything is pretty well caught up and there really isn't anything for anyone in your group to do, so would you and your friends like to visit some of the interesting places on the island?"

Tracy was flattered to be the center of Myron's attention. An immediate attraction to Myron had started her heart fluttering from the moment her eyes met his. Tracy had dreamed of Myron for many years. Only in her dreams: there was no face or name. She also felt as though a new world had opened to her.

It had! The handsome young man was her first love and would remain her friend, confidant, and soon, husband for the remainder of her life.

She accepted the rose red hibiscus, and held it to her chest as she smiled. During the short walk later, to the quarters assigned the girls, she held the flower carefully so that each petal would remain as beautiful as the moment that Myron handed it to her. This was Tracy's first moment of conscious love, and she wanted the flower to last a lifetime.

Sixteen years later, the love still radiates from Tracy and Myron's eyes when they look at each other. The rose colored hibiscus is still there too – lying between the pages of her bible.

Myron was the young man that had been assigned to show their group around Roatan, so Tracy and her group spent most of their last four days with him as their guide.

Tracy left the island feeling as though she had just enjoyed four days in Heaven. The gates of Heaven would eventually swing open for the entire Solomon family, but first they would be forced to walk the blazing path through Hell.

Only a day after they departed, Myron could not have described any other member of the group. Weeks later his description would have enabled any artist to create Tracy as a life-like painting.

~ He was in love – she was in love ~

A sad Tracy looked down through the airliner's window and thought that she might never see Myron again.

Myron, however, had other plans. His parents saw that his heart had been won over and agreed for him to transfer from the Boston school that he had been attending, to one in the Tampa, Florida area. Having a brother living in Tampa helped make everything convenient. Myron resumed his schooling, while re-establishing his relationship with Tracy. They spent as much time together as was possible while continuing their separate educations.

The seeds of love had been sown, and beautiful flowers sprung up in their footprints. Their hearts were joined as they walked through fields of clover—not the gritty streets of reality. There was only beauty surrounding them as they walked hand-in-hand toward their future. To Tracy, the words of love songs had more meaning now.

It's been said that when you meet the right person, you will know.

~ Tracy knew — Myron knew ~

They were married a year and a half later on December 14, 1987.

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Tragedy awaited them, but that was fifteen years away. For the moment they had plans of a wonderful future together: talking, laughing, and dreaming of children, a new house, grandchildren, joyous outings, fun vacations, family gatherings, and many long walks together. Each loved the water, and often spent pleasant evenings, hand-in-hand at the edge of Tampa Bay, while watching the sunset.

Tracy Solomon planned to work hard with her new husband, and reap only crops from seeds they sowed together, asking nothing from others. Simple dreams indeed: easily achieved when two people work toward the same goal.

Fate however harvests her own crops with a wicked scythe: uncaring about the dreams of humans.

**END OF SAMPLE**