

4th in HETTY Series

Honeymoon Summer



Written and Illustrated by
Martha Sears West

PREVIEW

HONEYMOON SUMMER

by
Martha Sears West



CLEAN KIND WORLD
Los Angeles

CLEAN KIND WORLD
Los Angeles

Text and Illustrations Copyright © 2020, 2019 by Martha Sears West.
Edited by Page Mallett

Honeymoon Summer
Fourth in Hetty Series

All rights reserved.

This publication may not be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means,
without permission from the author/illustrator or publisher.

Young Adult/Bildungsroman: This novel is a work of fiction. Names, characters,
places, and incidents are either products of the author's imagination or are used
fictitiously. All characters are fictional, and any similarity to people living or dead,
events, or locales is purely coincidental.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: West, Martha Sears, 1938– author, illustrator.

Title: Honeymoon summer / by Martha Sears West.

Description: Los Angeles : Probitas Press Clean Kind World Books, [2019] |

Series: Fourth in Hetty series

Identifiers: LCCN 2019014294 (print) | LCCN 2019015510 (ebook) |

ISBN 978-0-9908693-6-8 (ebook) | ISBN 978-1-7329799-0-1(print)

Subjects: | GSAFD: Love stories.

Classification: LCC PS3623.E8449 (ebook) | LCC PS3623.E8449 H66 2019
(print)

| DDC 813/.6--dc23

LC record available at <https://lcn.loc.gov/2019014294>

ISBN 978-1-7329799-1-8 (audio)

Honeymoon Summer takes place in the Summer of 1960,
after the conclusion of *Hetty or Not*

CleanKindWorldBooks.com ParkPlacePress.com

Toll Free 800-616-8081 · Fax 323-953-9850 · Shipping 435-764-4545

2016 Cummings · Los Angeles CA 90027

ymaddox@CleanKindWorldBooks.com

Martha Sears West titles are available online and in fine bookstores:

· *Jake, Dad and the Worm* · *Longer Than Forevmore* ·

· *Rhymes and Doodles from a Wind-up Toy* ·

· *Hetty* · *Hetty Happens* · *Hetty or Not* · *Honeymoon Summer* · *Hetty on Hold* ·
are available in print, audio, and eBook.

10 9 8 6 5 4 3 2 1

Printed in the United States of America

Marriage is a fine and sacred thing if you make it so.

—*William Lyon Phelps*



Hetty couldn't bear the thought of sharing him today.

CHAPTER ONE

Athlete's Foot

The plane shuddered, and Morgan reassured Hetty with a firm hand.

“On your honeymoon?” asked the stewardess. She was passing out gum and cigarettes. Hetty blushed. Was her nervous giddiness so apparent?

Morgan answered for them both. “Yes, my wife and I leave for Europe tomorrow.”

At the word *wife*, Hetty felt a great swelling of joy and wanted to burst into song. *Rule, Britannia!* came to mind—with a full orchestra and a crowd of thousands waving flags and shouting, “Hetty loves Morgan Morganthal!”

The stewardess raised a painted eyebrow and spoke with particular attention to Morgan. “It’s good we can fly nowadays.” She moved closer to his ear, as if to share an intimate secret. “I would *never* go by ship.”

“Actually,” Hetty said, “we’ll be going by ocean liner. The *Queen Mary*.”

The stewardess formed her mouth into a little rosebud. “Really? I had a friend on the *Andrea Doria* when she sank. But that was 1956, and nothing like it has happened in the

four years since then.” She smiled sweetly at Morgan and walked away.

People were drawn to Morgan, but Hetty felt no resentment. As always, he handled the attention with tact.

“Morgan, how could she tell we’re on our honeymoon?”

“By my foolish expression?”

“But you look normal.”

“Well,” he whispered, “I’m not. I feel like a man possessed.” The corners of his eyes crinkled with the beginnings of a smile.

Hetty closed her eyes. “Is there some other way to say that?”

“Oh, I just mean I’m glad we belong to each other . . . at last.”

She blinked. “That’s better.”

In the aisle, the stewardess oozed grace and confidence. Her hair was smoothed into an elegant French roll and tucked neatly under her jaunty cap. Hetty felt tall and shapeless. She slumped down in her seat, hoping to look shorter than Morgan. But no amount of wishing would ever tame the pale, unruly hair that floated around her face. She had long ago despaired of managing it.

“Morgan,” she said, “I need you to . . . to hold my hand.”

He did, but his eyes were serious and his lips firm. Slowly, he turned Hetty’s wedding band around and around on her finger as if something was on his mind. Perhaps he was thinking of the Ferris wheel he and his father wanted to purchase. Two weeks from now, he would have to leave her briefly and go to Germany. Or was it Czechoslovakia? As legal counsel for the Morgenthal Circus, he would enter negotiations with the manufacturer.

A vivid memory came to Hetty. She had been twelve at the time. Her best friend Melinda Morgenthal took her to watch a dazzling circus performance. They sat on the front row near the center ring. In the spotlights, a magnificent

figure wearing a mask and a flowing cape entered on a white horse.

Even after he dismounted and stood before them, Melinda didn't mention it was her older brother, Morgan. Throwing back his cape, he raised a silver thimble in his white-gloved hand. The corner of a gossamer scarf peeked out from it. At first, he pulled at the little corner, easing it out ever so gently. Then faster and faster, until suddenly it engulfed the space with a wondrous explosion of silk.

Hetty's thoughts returned to the present when the plane rocked. Morgan pressed her hand, as if he could sense her unease. Could he feel her blissful elation as well? If so, maybe he would approach it slowly at first, out of respect for her private thoughts. Then at his touch, her boundless joy would billow beyond control, posing a safety hazard for the other passengers.

She pictured floating with him on a cloud of white silk. He would lift her higher and higher to the heavens . . . to a place clear and bright in the pure brilliance of the sun.

Morgan shifted restlessly. He appeared to be composing his thoughts. A dark thatch of hair fell over his forehead, and he pressed her hand to his lips. There was such kindness and love in the depth of his eyes, she could hardly breathe. Hetty lowered her gaze to control the intensity of her feelings.

"What is it, Morgan?" She put her head on his shoulder. In silence, he continued to turn the ring.

When he spoke, it was almost to himself. "Where should I start . . ."

His hand required an answer, so she clasped it tightly and said, "Anywhere. Just anywhere at all."

"I want to be a good husband, Hetty. But I have no idea how to go about it."

She averted her eyes, hoping to make it easier for him. "Of course," she said, "because that's one thing you've never

been before.” She focused on his knee—the place where the crease in his trousers flattened out. “It’s the same with me.”

He looked out the window. “I know. But at least you grew up seeing your parents together. I wish I had that. It’s just . . . well, there must be rules for husbands.”

“Maybe so. I wouldn’t know what they are either.”

Again, she thought of the crease in his pants. After the honeymoon, it would be her responsibility to put it there. They had received an iron, but she would need an ironing board.

The silence that followed was as puzzling as it was awkward, and Morgan spoke without looking at her. “There are things every couple should discuss before they marry.”

The heat crept across Hetty’s cheeks until she knew her face must be quite pink. “We sort of did, didn’t we? I mean we decided maybe just being in love would . . . you know, make everything happen naturally?”

“But I don’t even know things like, well . . . should I shave in the middle of the night?”

“Why would you do that?”

He winced. “My overactive five o’clock shadow.”

This seemed to be a genuine concern of his, so Hetty concealed her amusement.

She thought of confiding a concern of her own, but it seemed too silly and personal. It was about things like brushing her teeth—the way she drooled toothpaste so the foam ran down her elbow. If Morgan should see, he’d be disillusioned, for sure!

Hetty had heard of people getting married on board ship. She mused about whether all ships’ captains could both perform and annul marriages. Morgan would know, because lawyers always knew things like that.

“I guess we’ll have to figure things out together,” she said.

Morgan’s expression was somber. “My summer job with the Forest Service—that was, uh . . . hardly a lesson in

honeymoon etiquette,” he said. “And the guys I roomed with in college . . . well, you know.”

“So, pretend I’m just another roommate,” she said.

“My imagination’s good. But not *that* good.”

“Then maybe we could do what seems best and vote on what we think works?”

“Ah, yes . . . secret ballots. Heads on our desks.” He laughed and lowered his voice. “But what if I got something like . . . oh, say . . . *athlete’s foot*?”

Those last two words came out brightly. Morgan’s face colored with his obvious failure to make them sound unrehearsed.

So that was it. Somehow, Hetty was comforted to learn his concerns were similar to hers.

“Not too romantic,” he said mournfully.

“Oh, but it would be, to me!” Hetty said. “Just think how long I’ve pictured our lives together. All those years we spent apart . . . they felt like forever. I wanted to know *everything* about you. Now I want to watch you cut your toenails and hear you sing in the shower. And . . . you used the word possessed. We belong to each other now. So that means your feet are my feet, and mine are yours.”

She laughed at her own runaway words. “Anyway, you’re athletic and you have feet, so it’s only natural.” Her ankle was touching Morgan’s. She kept it there because she could. After all, his ankle was her ankle now.

The beautiful stewardess returned to serve shrimp cocktail across the aisle. Hetty smiled and positioned her tray in preparation for dinner. Most airlines touted the training centers for their flight attendants as schools for brides. Hetty sincerely hoped for her happiness. Yet no stewardess could possibly experience such happiness as hers. She was sure of it.

But what was that on the floor? “Look, Morgan! It must have been in your cuffs.” The guests had thrown handfuls of rice at them after the reception. Now it littered the aisle, publicly proclaiming their recent wedding.

Rice, Hetty thought. The symbol of fertility. A way of wishing us lots of babies. Our friends meant well, but they didn't know what the doctor told us.

He said I mustn't have children. Not ever.

Something Less Sturdy

It was late when the plane landed in New York. Hours had passed since Hetty had two tall glasses of lemonade on the plane. She was eager to find a ladies' room but hesitated to say so. Morgan hailed a taxi to take them directly to the Plaza Hotel. Hetty was surprised. How could they afford to stay in such an expensive place?

When they arrived, a bellman hurried toward them. "Mr. Morganthal, sir!"

In the dark, all Hetty could see of his face was a broad, animated grin. But Morgan knew him right away and said, "Good to see you, Jim. How's the family?"

She could guess what Jim would do after work: he would gather his family around him and announce that on this very day of May, in the year 1960, Morgan Morganthal actually called him by name! With a reverent hush, they would open a scrapbook and review newspaper articles they had collected about him.

Readers mistakenly assumed the handsome Morgan would inherit the vast Morganthal business empire—a conglomerate reaching beyond the world of insurance, shipbuilding, and cosmetics. All this was meant to happen upon his fairy-tale marriage to Katrinka Wallace.

His skills in the Morganthal Circus were enough to keep him in the public eye. In addition, there would be headings like: *Stock Surges as Morgan Rises in Morganthal Business Empire; Morganthal Refuses to Run for Congress; Heartthrob Morganthal Dumps Beauty Queen to Wed Brainy Unknown.*

Jim led them up the elevator and along the plush carpeting of the corridors, exchanging friendly small talk. On the fourth floor, he stopped before a wide door and turned a brass key in the lock. The next few minutes were a blur of suitcases and luggage racks. Morgan shook Jim's hand and thanked him with a tip.

Hetty marveled at Morgan's easy confidence in every situation and with all people. How could the two of them be more different?

The spacious room glowed in the warmth of the satin bedding and crystal chandeliers. Morgan said, "Our home for the night," and the door snapped shut.

As long as she could recall, Hetty had wanted to belong to Morgan. She thought of the many letters of longing during their self-imposed separation. Not even the years of imagining their lives together prepared Hetty for the fullness of her joy.

But, also on her mind was the fullness of her bladder.

The city lights flashed through the window. Morgan kissed her forehead and smoothed back her hair. "What would you like to do?"

"Well, um . . . maybe . . . I guess I might brush my teeth."

He helped her off with her jacket and hung it on a thick wooden hanger.

She immediately regretted mentioning her teeth. Shutting the bathroom door would look silly now, as if such a thing required privacy. If she had spoken frankly of feeling awkward, they could have laughed about it. At some point, this would all become easy.

An idea came to her. "Maybe I could organize my suitcase while you go in there. If you, I mean . . . I think if you use the sink first, and shower and everything."

He glanced at his watch. "Yes, maybe it's that time."

She could run down to the restroom in the lobby while he was in the bathroom. That could work if she hurried. The minute Hetty heard Morgan turn on the shower, she took the elevator down.

Oh, dear! Where was the ladies' room? Wasn't it just left of the restaurant? She tried to appear at ease, as if looking around for the fun of it. But that was impossible, with the urgency she felt.

Ah! There it was, just in time.

At the wash basin, Hetty saw her disheveled appearance in the mirror. *Can such a person fit into Morgan's life?* She had thrived in a simple and happy home, with wise and loving parents—something Morgan said he always missed in his life.

Hetty thought of the Morgenthals' opulent lifestyle. Earlier in their marriage, Max and Mimi Morgenthal considered alcohol and lavish parties more important than their children. Even at the age of seven, Morgan took a surprising amount of responsibility for his three-year-old sister. Then as a teenager, he attended her school PTA meetings.

Suddenly, Hetty's breathing became rapid and shallow. *Our room! Where is it? What floor?* Biting her lip, she straightened her spine.

Starting with the fifth floor, she searched. *The doors all look the same. The room number must be on the key.* Her face flushed with distress. The key was in her purse in the room! The heat spread from her temples into her scalp.

After considering the options, she tapped timidly on what she hoped would be the right door. It opened as far as the chain allowed—enough to reveal an irritated man she had roused from a sound sleep.

"Oh, I'm sorry . . ." Before she finished her apology, he slammed the door.

I mustn't keep getting lost—it seems so immature. Jim gave us two keys. Maybe that's all there were.

After a frantic search for Jim, she found him on the sixth floor.

"Jim! I'm so glad to see you . . . I don't have my key."

He bowed a little and gave her a kindly smile. "Yes ma'am, Mrs. Morgenthal! I reckon you got yourself the wrong floor.

That'll never do, us losin' Mr. Morganthal's new missus! No, ma'am! Just you follow me."

Morgan must have heard them talking. He opened the door, wearing blue and white striped pajamas and acting as if everything was normal. There was no mention of her disappearance, and Hetty was grateful for his sensitivity. She feared thanking him might undo the effect of it.

Apparently, he had cut himself shaving. A small piece of toilet paper was stuck to his neck. Hetty was sure he left it there purposely to usher in a new informality, and she loved him for it. She wanted to feel his smooth cheeks, but she wasn't sure what should come next.

Morgan flashed a smile and indicated the door to the bathroom. "It's all yours. I left a few things in there. I hope you don't mind." His smooth leather case nestled in the corner of the marble counter.

Hetty fingered a narrow silver tray, admiring the small crystal bottles and jars on it. A frilly shower cap with the hotel logo proved large enough to contain her hair. And in the shower, there were three gold-plated shower heads. None of them required the constant adjusting Hetty was accustomed to.

The only place she had seen such elegance was in Morgan's home. The Morgenthals had a large tapestry gallery with a gold-stenciled ceiling, an indoor gymnasium, and a music room with deep red damask walls and two grand pianos.

The soothing shower did nothing to keep Hetty's mind from racing. She had a lot of thinking to do, and it was all so complicated.

She thought of the night before Morgan was supposed to marry Katrinka.

Morgan didn't know my heart was broken. He came to tell me goodbye. When I couldn't contain my misery, he confessed to having the same feelings. Suddenly everything was turned upside down. It was clear he couldn't go through with the wedding.

Calling it off meant Morgan would forfeit his inheritance. But losing his father's approval was even harder for him.

Everything about Morgan is fine and good. When I think of all he sacrificed to marry me, how can I possibly live up to his expectations?

After quickly drying herself, Hetty tightened the towel around her thin form. She decided against unfolding the white chenille robe the hotel provided—or opening the bottle of rosewater. If she did, the hotel might charge extra. Her family had known how to be frugal. Now that Morgan wouldn't inherit the Morgenthal wealth, would he learn to be careful with money?

She opened her well-worn overnight case with its scuffed corners. The one she used for doll clothes just ten years back. Folded on top was the soft new nightgown her mother had made. It matched the blue of her eyes. But best of all, the neckline hid most of the scar from her heart operation.

Eventually Hetty would have to leave the bathroom. Maybe she wouldn't look so bony if she could hide behind her hair. But while brushing out the wayward tangles, she reconsidered and gathered her billowing curls in a blue satin ribbon.

The future I've dreamed of is now. Am I ready? With a glance in the mirror, she straightened her spine. *Hetty, set, go!*

She opened the door a few timid inches. Morgan was sitting at the foot of the bed waiting for her. He stood as she entered, and his hand reached for her. "May I have this dance?" The deep blue of his eyes reflected the warmth of her own intense happiness.

She felt herself melting at the touch of his hand and the fresh scent of his skin. He was the only partner Hetty had ever wanted. When dancing with others, she had to imagine they were Morgan. Her cheeks flushed with dreams and memories yet to be made.

"Or we could just stand like this," he said, "and hope for some music."

She put her cheek against his. "That could be a very long time."

"That's the whole idea."

"Or," she whispered, "you could sing."

"No, I couldn't."

"Your sister says you used to sing her to sleep."

His other arm tightened around her waist. "She was pretending to fall asleep, so I'd stop."

"I don't care what you sing, I won't pretend to fall asleep."

"I don't know . . ." He was quiet for a time. It was enough that he was holding her. But when the dancing began, he provided the music.

"Found a peanut, found a peanut . . ." He guided her slowly around the room.

Hetty's voice joined his. "Ate it anyway, ate it anyway . . ." They swayed to their own duet. All past memories were becoming a blur. Home was here now, with Morgan.

"My feet keep catching in my nightgown."

"Somehow, I expected you to be a pajama person."

"Actually, I am. But Mother thought you'd like to see me in something less . . . um . . . sturdy."

"It depends. For instance, you'd need pajamas, to jump on the bed."

"But that was never allowed."

"We can make our own rules," he said.

Hetty thought a kiss would be nice about now, and Morgan did not disappoint her. Soon they resumed their dancing. His strength and agility evoked in her an exhilarating grace and they moved as one. This pleasurable unity led her to the vision she had long held of their future:

I hope we can work and think together in all aspects of our marriage . . . in all our most important decisions.

Morgan knows I applied to law school. I want him to be happy about it, but he might not like the idea. How should I tell him I've been accepted?

Maybe I'll think of a way tomorrow.

Over the Moon

Morgan knew next to nothing about nightgowns and was overwhelmed by the feminine blue softness he held gathered in his arms. He soon learned such gowns were not designed for dancing. His vague but joyous bewilderment may have contributed to the accident that occurred.

Hetty stepped on the hem of her nightgown, and Morgan's legs became entangled in its folds. Helpless to soften her fall, he felt responsible when her head bumped against the nightstand. He offered profuse apologies—and consolation of the sort he was eager to provide. Some things take time, and he was never one to do things halfway.

Morgan had entered his marriage with a keen sense of responsibility.

When he was sixteen, his sister brought Hetty to their home to play jump-rope. The girls were twelve at the time, and it was a friendship he encouraged his sister to cultivate. His instinct was to watch over them both.

When Hetty was seventeen, a sudden change in Morgan's feelings came almost without warning. He was rather puzzled by the increased intensity of his desire to care for her.

Even now this was a delicious facet of their relationship.

For years, he had struggled to conquer the quickening of his pulse in her presence. The fervor of his feelings had been among the reasons for their decision to stay apart, but the nightmare of their four-year separation was now over.

Hetty's cheeks flushed under his gaze, and the lights formed a halo in the softness of her hair. Her eyes, soft with wonder, spoke of her purity. How could he live to deserve the love and trust shining in her countenance?

Unaccustomed as they were to the intimacy of marriage, Morgan had long assumed Hetty would need a period of adjustment. Those concerns proved to be unfounded. She received him with a warmth beyond his wildest expectations.

Before he knew it, the morning sun shimmered through the silken draperies. Hetty remained asleep, and he listened for a time to her quiet breathing. The slightest smile turned up one corner of her mouth. Her eyes moved rapidly, and he knew her dream was of him. Her lips opened slightly. They were soft and pink, and he imagined tasting them again.

Her hair tumbled over the side of the bed. The ribbon that held it in place got lost in the night and was now stuck to her cheek.

From this time forward, the world might seem unchanged to others. Planets would continue in their orbit; he and Hetty would board the *Queen Mary* today and sail on schedule. There would be lunches and dinners; talking to friends and strangers; putting on socks and shoes.

But Morgan knew nothing would ever be the same again, and he was deeply satisfied.

Toast and Tears

Was someone knocking on the door of their room? Hetty kept her eyes tightly closed for her dream to continue.

The door opened to admit the rattle of a teacart. Bacon, pancakes, syrup—and was it buttered toast she smelled?

Morgan's warm breath was on her cheek, and her arms went around his neck. A dark shock of hair hid his eyebrows. "I haven't shaved. Don't let me scratch you."

"I want you to, so I'll know this is real."

Morgan flashed a smile. "Take my word for it."

Her fingers traced the line of his jaw and lingered on his lips. "I want this dream to go on forever."

Amusement crinkled the corners of his eyes. "And miss the ship?"

Hetty sighed with happiness and sat upright. Morgan stuffed a pillow behind her back and laid a white linen napkin across her lap. On the teacart were fresh strawberries and

English muffins in a silver toast rack. This was the perfect first day of the rest their lives. Nothing could dampen so great a joy.

Then she saw them. Three tiny pink rosebuds. They seemed to smirk at her from the slender vase on her tray. Her neck jerked at the sight.

Katrinka chose a bouquet of miniature pink rosebuds for her wedding to Morgan. The wedding that didn't happen, because of me. But I can't think about that. She isn't Morgan's fiancée anymore. We're free of her. At least on our honeymoon.

I'll always remember their wedding cake melting in the sun. The pink roses drooping.

Hetty tried to cover her distress, but her voice was thin and far away. "It's . . . it's too elegant," she said. "I mean isn't it too expensive?" Whatever Morgan had just said, she knew her response was unrelated.

"No, it's fine," he said. "You don't need to worry."

"I don't know . . . I mean, do we really need it . . ." her voice trailed off.

Disappointment showed in Morgan's serious expression.

"I wanted it for you," he said. The joy was gone.

He was trying his best to please her, and she had broken the spell. She had crushed his happiness. Her cheeks were hot with remorse.

Between years of law school, he had worked for the Forest Service. His letters had been full of dreams. In spite of the danger, he fought forest fires to pay for occasions such as this.

Tears filled Hetty's eyes. "I'm so sorry . . . I'm grateful. It's a beautiful breakfast." Her voice quivered. "Thank you. You're so kind." If she could eat it, he would see her appreciation, but the lump in her throat made it impossible.

They had been married only one day, and a confusion of irrational sensations had already seized her. While trying to hide her senseless insecurities, she had been careless with words. Tears, large and profuse, flowed down her cheeks, and

without warning, her sobs came in waves. Morgan held her close.

Hetty could give no logical explanation in response to his concerns. But when she could speak again, she suggested maybe her heart was breaking from too much love.

“Is that such a bad way to go?” he asked. “If we just laugh a little, everything will be all right. I promise.”

She believed him, but for some unknown reason, even as they laughed together, she struggled to control her tears.

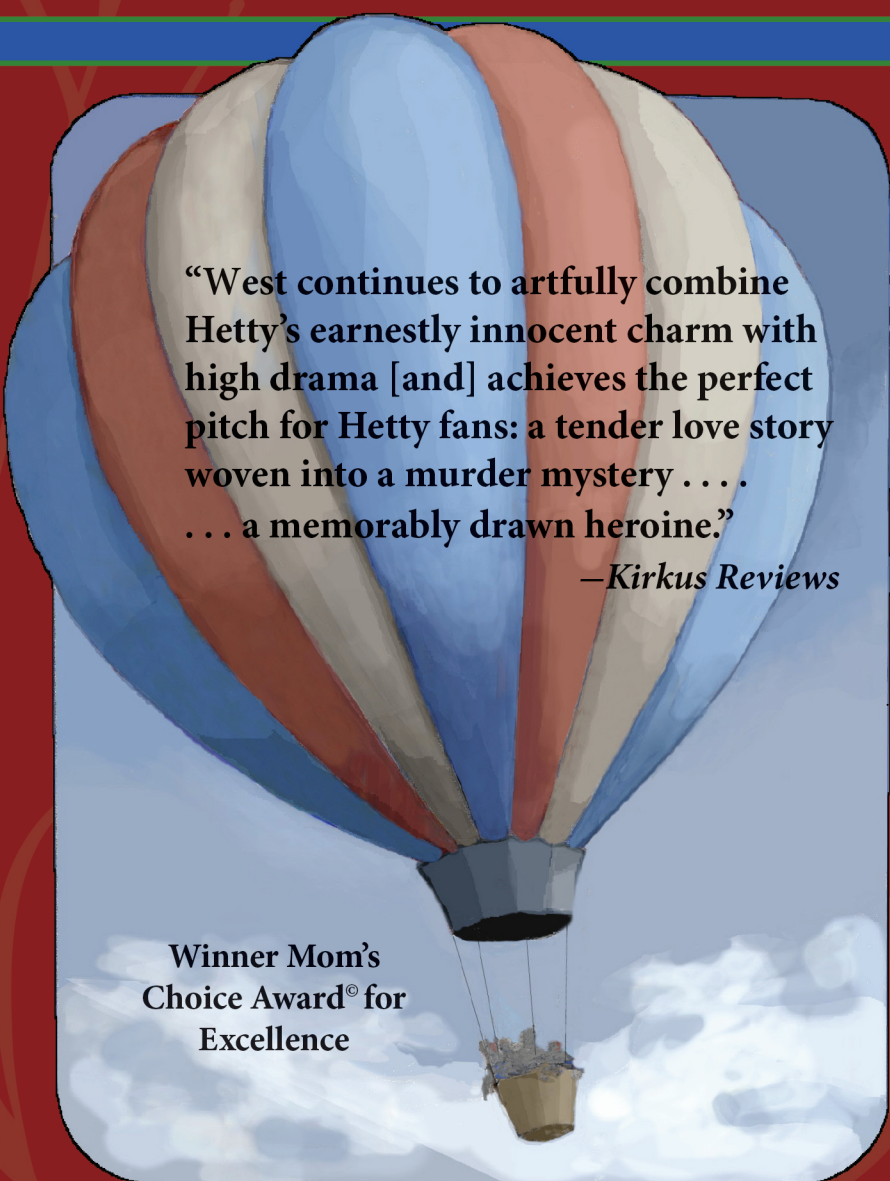
In childhood, before her bedtime, Hetty often listened to a robin singing its evening song. After it stopped, she wished for a way to remember the sound of it all through the night. So, from that time on, she held her breath and listened carefully with her eyes closed. Maybe that was the way to keep a dream alive, too.

“Morgan,” she said, “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to . . . I offended you.”

He kissed away a tear. “You couldn’t possibly offend me. I love you too much.”



“Oh . . . I seem to have misplaced Hetty.”



**“West continues to artfully combine
Hetty’s earnestly innocent charm with
high drama [and] achieves the perfect
pitch for Hetty fans: a tender love story
woven into a murder mystery . . .
. . . a memorably drawn heroine.”**

—Kirkus Reviews

**Winner Mom’s
Choice Award® for
Excellence**

Hetty suffers insecurity on her honeymoon. Could such a perfect man really love her? Morgan forfeited his vast inheritance to marry Hetty, but what can she offer in exchange? When a newspaper reports their marriage is illegal, Morgan’s gorgeous, conniving, ex-fiancée arrives. Can Hetty unlock the secret to lasting love?

ISBN 978-1-7329799-0-1



9 781732 979901

51395



Families, Humor, Romance
U.S.\$13.95