





*A  
Misrepresentation  
of  
Myself*

Published by  
MEG's Publishing  
P.O. Box 1555  
Newark, California 94560

*A Misrepresentation of Myself* Copyright © 2009 Mary Gilder

This book is a work of fiction. All names, characters and incidents are products of the author's imagination. The contents are, therefore, fictitious. Any resemblance to actual events, persons, living or dead is coincidental. The book is based on fact, but the names have been changed to protect the innocent.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without written permission of the publisher.

ISBN-13: 978-0-9823844-0-4

Library of Congress Control Number: 2009902532

Book Cover Designed by Brion Sausser  
Interior Designed by The Writer's Assistant

*“To give of ones self unselfishly  
Is indeed  
The greatest reward to yourself...”*

— Mary E. Gilder



A tribute to the amazing team that helped me find my way through the pages. I thank you for bestowing me with your intellect, dedication, honesty and insight. You all challenged me to explore the depth of my soul and find my words.

*My Literary Warriors*

*Donna Alexander, Cynthia Betts, Rhonda Bland,  
Chandra Brooks, Cheryl Curry, Arthur Cossey,  
Sheryl Foreman, Gladys Castillo-Freely, Lady Decuir,  
Ray Gilder, Marshana Gilder, Tama Gilder, Tiera Gilder,  
Simeon Gilder, Sherlon Gilliam, Terri Glawe, Tracy Harvin,  
Renee Hollis, Yvonne Hollis, Christy Hollis, Gloria Ifil,  
Thomas Johnson, Laura Kent, Kathy Nelson,  
Ariel Quintana, Danita Russell, Richard Russell Sr.,  
Adrienne Sierra, Craig Smith, Carol Staton,  
Jane Sweet, Simone Utsey, Juanita Venegas*



# *Gratitude*

As I age, I have become more aware of the manifestation of life's unpredictability. Regardless, of how our life story unfolds we must stay in the mind set of graciousness, conceptualizing and internalizing a complete state of gratitude. The reality of such a state is much easier to convey than embody, but I do believe that the challenge is to move our thinking in this direction; a foundation of having a grateful spirit.

The Gilder Family, Ray, Tiera , Marshana and Torry:  
Thank you, Thank you, Thank you, Thank you, Thank you,  
Thank you, Thank you, Thank you, Thank you. My heart is consumed with gratitude and appreciation.

To my lovely mother Yvonne Hollis:  
You have been my biggest literary cheerleader. Your belief in my ability to rise to this occasion and soar has been a blessing and I am forever grateful.

To my loving family (Oakland, Los Angeles and San Diego, Ca; Houston, Beaumont, Fresno, Pearland, Austin and Silsbee, TX; Sumter, SC; Avondale, AZ; Little Rock, AR and Grambling, LA), my beautiful God parents and dynamic friends:

You know who you are, thank you for your endless support, continuous prayers and belief in my ability to give my thoughts a stage to perform. There are no boundaries to contain the gratitude within my heart.

Tasha Radonski:

For five years you continuously purchased pencils, pens, note pads and computer paper. You also posted banners in our office stating, "There waiting Mary, you can do it. There waiting for your words." Motivating me to write this novel became your mission; a five year mission. Always know that I am forever grateful for your resilience and belief in my ability to inspire.

Mr. William Tush:

I can never thank you enough for searching the San Diego airport for my note book. Only the first eight chapters were written when it was lost and I just assumed that my words were forever lost. You heard the news and searched the San Diego airport, never giving up until you recovered it. I am forever grateful.

My Lovely Editor Joan Burke-Stanford:

You have been a blessing and I'm grateful that Chandra referred me to you. GOD is so very good and always on time.

To my Aunts, the "Queens" who held me close to their hearts. I'm grateful for your love, wisdom and protection:  
Gussie Williams, Thelma Calloway, Carol Staton, Rushelle Brown, Diane Conley, Debra Norris, Neil Simpson and Cathy Calahan, Lois Williams

I would like to thank my Literary Mentor Mr. Renay Jackson. Your wisdom has been a blessing.

To my Spiritual Mentors:

Sheryl Curry, Tiera Gilder, Thelmon Jackson, Jane Sweet and Juanita Venegas. Thank you for the late night prayer sessions and keeping me centered.

You looked Cancer in the eye and stated, “You will not break my spirit, still my joy or lesson the love within my heart.”

*MY HEROS*

VONDA STANFORD  
MICHAEL GREEN  
MARIA ROLON  
VERNESSA BAKER



*Dedicated to the loving memory of my beautiful father...*

*Mr. Harvey Wilson Jr*  
*November 9, 1942–October 6, 2008*



*“Remember that in the end  
When all is said, when all is  
Done, what will stand is  
LOVE...”*

— Mary E. Gilder



*A Misrepresentation  
of Myself*

*Mary E. Gilder*



MEG's Publishing  
*California*



# *Chapter 1*

## *“Uninspired”*

**I**ntense rage pierced her heart as she read the words from a letter forwarded by a woman whom for many years she had viewed with disgust. Each word slowly ripped open the very wounds she had prayed to remain sealed forever.

*Dear Zolla,*

*It's been far too long. I must admit my shame for allowing such distance, emotionally as well as*

*physically, to occur between us. I carry the blame within my heart because this rift manifested during your childhood. Zolla, there is so much to share with you; many life lessons. . .*

Zolla had read enough. No justification was needed. No words could ever mend the damage caused by that woman's horrid indiscretion. As Zolla slowly opened the upper right drawer to her desk, her hands began to tremble. Still clutching the letter, she closed her eyes and allowed immediate concealment to her mother's words. She crumbled the letter, shoved it in the drawer and exhaled. She was haunted by the past and conflicted by the present. Her thoughts demanded that she reflect and accept her reality that she was bored, unhappy and simply uninspired with her life, and her marriage. Many of her closest girlfriends, especially Nia and Leena, would never guess that Zolla harbored such feelings. They assumed she was content with her life and marveled over her various accomplishments.

At thirty-five years of age, Zolla had by all accounts achieved many of her career goals. She was a graduate of Howard University, and earned a Master's Degree in business administration and a Ph.D. in psychology from the

University of Michigan. She was on the board of many local and national organizations including the Western Psychology Association and the National Association of Psychologists. She had facilitated several seminars and support groups throughout the United States and actively participated in events and programs sponsored by her college sorority. She did all of these things while running an extremely successful private practice, providing an array of therapeutic services.

Indeed, her greatest joy evolved from the fact that her life was filled with loyal friends and wonderful family members. The love and appreciation she held within her heart for them could not go unnoticed. In fact, her desk was a collage of photos and memorabilia that captured precious times shared, including weddings, baby showers, graduations, and picnics. However, one picture not displayed was that of her mother, Narvella.

Zolla grimaced at the mere thought of that woman. As she tried to get her mother out of her mind, she was startled by the ringing of her office telephone.

“Yes, Ms. Vivian?” Vivian Tiggsdale was Zolla’s administrative assistant who had a way about her that was quite peculiar. Not only was she anal, but many referred to her

as simply strange. Nonetheless, Zolla appreciated her unwavering work ethic, dedication and loyalty.

“Mr. Ramsey is on line one.”

“Please tell him that I’m with a client and I’ll return his phone call later,” Zolla lied.

Vivian was quite perplexed. “How is that possible? Your client failed to sign in and that’s not okay. I can’t maintain efficiency if clients fail to adhere to our office policies.”

“Ms. Vivian, we can discuss this later. Just relay the message to Mr. Ramsey. Thank you.”

“As you wish,” Vivian said flatly. She had three other lines to answer and the UPS delivery guy was standing in front of her waiting for a signature.

Zolla simply did not feel like talking to Clayton, her husband of seven years. They had met eight years prior at a conference focusing on smart investments for small business owners and quickly fell in love. Back then Clayton was an aspiring inventor, but he persevered and became extremely successful. His earnings provided a lifestyle for Zolla that was quite comfortable. They lived in a lovely home nestled within the upscale community of Hyde Park, dined at many of Chicago’s most exquisite restaurants such as Spencers, The Signature Room, Gibsons and The Blue Orchid, and

jet-setted to Paris, Venice, Costa Rica, Bali, Aspen, Africa, and Brazil on exotic vacations. A small delicate tear fell from Zolla's eyes as she realized the grim reality that those past passionate experiences with Clayton were now hers to share alone.

Early within their marriage Clayton reluctantly catered to Zolla's desires and he attributed his behavior to maintaining peace and cohesiveness within their home. However, as their marriage aged, Clayton grew complacent and considered vacationing several times yearly a waste of his money, dining at fabulous locations a waste of his time and sharing intimate conversations with Zolla, an invaluable consumption of his energy. Inventing had consumed him and transformed his existence, leaving him emotionally impotent.

There was one area, though, where he was definitely not impotent. A devilish smile took over Zolla's face as she recalled the two-hour sex marathon she and her husband had shared several nights ago. She didn't want to appear unappreciative. Hell, she was no fool. Clayton Ramsey's greatest invention was his ability to provide her with multiple orgasms.

However, something was drastically missing from Zolla's life and this reality left her feeling depleted. In fact, if she

had not agreed to meet Leena for happy hour at Indigo's, she would have simply went home and called it a night.