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**Chase:**  
A Special Person

&

**The Discovery of  
Teddy Downing**

By Matt Shea

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## DEDICATION

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This book is dedicated to my one and only little  
sister, Marguerite Marie Shea: alias  
*"Moe"*

For those of you that have a little sister, you know what's about to unfold. Based on what phase of childhood we're talking about; they were either your best ally or worse enemy.

At this stage of life, I am happy to report that Moe and I are doing famously! I just hope that some of our escapades remain hidden or don't get us long sentences...

The two books which follow highlight two individuals that have their own approach to life. Like my younger sister and I, they encounter twists and turns trying to survive and achieve justice.

Don't get me wrong; we were very fortunate to have the family we had growing up.

The characters in my writings were dealt an entirely different hand. They started life behind the eight ball, having to battle every step of the way. Their honesty overcomes hardships with their character finessing a touch of class.

Moe, I hope these stories are up your alley!

Love, Brother Matt

P.S.

Tell Big Mike, Little Mike and Alex I say, "Hello!"



"Moe" Shea; who this book is dedicated to and her brother,  
author Matt Shea

## SYNOPSIS

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Chase Mansfield and Teddy Downing personify a *diamond in the rough* in today's society.

Chase represents those who are naturally deficient in some areas, but graced with compassion. Teddy, on the other hand knows the pain of rejection. He is one of many being raised by a lone grandparent.

There is a common thread that the two share.

Each juvenile is fully aware that their mere appearance can taunt a social injustice. From there, a stigma will be placed on them; but only from the weak.

They do, however possess a strength that dissolves this cruelty. Their first-hand experience of being misunderstood allows them to easily identify the pain in others. Courage, love and understanding are the tools that they incorporate. Chase and Teddy nurture the very insecurities that their critics secretively battle and bring down the wall.

What happens next is a beautiful unification.

These seemingly insignificant beings touched those who once outcast them. A warm community spawns as a result from this. In the end, everyone is grateful that a 'Chase Mansfield' or a 'Teddy Downing' entered their life.

Matt Shea



# CONTENTS

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<b>Chase: A Special Person</b> .....	
CAPTAIN GALAXY .....	1
THE GUARDIAN ANGEL REPORT .....	15
THE NEW MAN .....	29
THE COSMIC GARDEN .....	38
A SPECIAL FRIEND .....	55
THE RIGHT COMPANY .....	68
<b>The Discovery of Teddy Downing</b> .....	
THE DISCOVERY OF TEDDY DOWNING .....	79
THE FORGOTTEN COMMUNITY .....	92
DEPRESSION THREADS .....	104
VALENTINE'S DAY .....	114
BROTHERLY LOVE .....	131
THE WEST HILL DOUGHNUT SHOP .....	142
<b>Epilogue</b> .....	174
<b>About the Author</b> .....	175





# **Chase:** A Special Person



## **CAPTAIN GALAXY**

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Chase Mansfield's twinkly blue eyes watched attentively as his favorite television show was about to start. It just turned eight o'clock as the tall, lanky fifteen-year-old with curly blonde hair got comfortable on the living room sofa.

The familiar voice of the announcer broke the silence. "And now children-it's time for the Captain Galaxy Cartoon Show; starring Captain Galaxy!" Chase leaned towards the television set and grinned with excitement. Captain Galaxy was his idol, with Chase never missing an episode.

The mentally challenged teenager with the capacity of an eight-year-old clapped his hands in approval. He was still in his pajamas as he looked down at the coffee table. With spoon in hand, he scooped up his first bite of sugar pops and began to eat breakfast. Chase's day was off to a good start.

In the back of the room stood John Mansfield, Chase's uncle. He surveyed the innocence of his nephew. The medium built forty-two-year-old man with fine brown hair, matching eyes and mustache studied Chase.

John had an exceptional life; he was a government agent with unlimited security clearances.

### *Chase: A Special Person*

He was dedicated to the safety of this nation. His home life however, was focused on assisting his sister, Julia. Together they shared the endless job of watching over her son. The single mother and loyal brother agreed to live together as family, and take care of Chase. Naturally, John was concerned and bewildered. He did realize though, that the boy was a victim of circumstances and still managed to walk through his restricted life happy.

The announcer continued. "The Captain Galaxy Cartoon Show is sponsored by Captain Galaxy Space Bars. Remember kids: Everyone in the universe loves a Captain Galaxy Space Bar!"

John turned around and walked into the kitchen, accepting Chase's world. He glanced at the kitchen table and saw Julia. "Good morning, sis," he said.

"Good morning, John," she responded. The family trait of soft brown hair with matching eyes graced the forty-year-old-woman. Like her brother, she too was healthy with a medium build. John's favorite mug awaited him with fresh coffee steaming in it.

"Thanks," he acknowledged. John sat down next to her in his usual chair. The morning ritual of having coffee together was underway.

"How's work going?" asked Julia.

"Stressful as always," answered John. "I have the most monotonous assignment staring at me for an indefinite amount of time. I will be glued to my desk until it's finished; whenever that will be..." The brother sipped his coffee as he stared straight ahead in thought.

John's career gave flexibility though and even allowed Chase to visit him at work when conditions allowed. This often served as a convenient day care.

"I was thinking," he said, "this would be a good time to take Chase with me. There is enough for him to do there while I am pinned down in my office."

Julia leaned over and kissed John on the cheek. Like herself, he always put Chase first. "He'll love spending the day with you," she said.

"What about your boss, Patrick?" asked the concerned mother. "He blew a fuse when Chase left him candy on his desk that melted. He was disgusted when my son wiped his dirty car with a dry towel as an attempt to clean it. He also pretended not to be home when we took Chase to his house for trick-or-treating a few years ago.

"I have this gut feeling that Patrick is learning to accept Chase," remarked John. "Initially, he complained when I brought Chase to the office. I noticed the last few times he actually spoke to Chase, and was friendly to him. Patrick seems to be a changing man. I hope he is anyway."

Julia got up and said, "I'll tell Chase the good news and get him ready,"

"Let him know that we will get hot chocolate at McDonald's on our way down there," said John.

Twenty minutes later the proud uncle and nephew left the house together. Soon the duo arrived at the government building with John's security pass allowing entry for both. They walked through the

*Chase: A Special Person*

lobby and down the hallway to the empty waiting room that would harbor Chase. It had an aquarium with tropical fish, a television set and a corner table with various magazines and games for children.

“You should have lots of fun here,” said the uncle. “If you need anything, you know where my office is.”

“Okay, Uncle John” said Chase. He sat down and watched the cartoons that were playing on the screen.

“Bye, Chase,” said John.

“Bye,” said Chase.

John walked through the corridor that led to his office. With keys in hand, he unlocked the self-closing door, entered the room and immediately turned on his computer. “*I need to use the restroom,*” John thought to himself. He momentarily left the room to prepare for his long day. Once he returned he sat down in front of the computer and got mentally prepared.

John’s current assignment would keep him glued to his office computer. His mission was to find what invisible security code was needed to allow top secret data to be automatically relayed to central control. The arduous task of revealing such a code was like finding a needle in a haystack. It required everything he knew, along with some luck. Often, another agent would secretly find a way to get such codes to him, with John having to trust his instincts and look for discrete signs.

“*Well, I might as well check everything,*” he told himself. John leaned back in his chair and began to

scope the room. Everything seemed normal with nothing unusual. Sitting upright he looked down on either side of him. Then he noticed something. A brown plastic crinkled up candy bar wrapper was dead center in his otherwise empty waste basket-with a series of numbers facing directly at him. If it was a snake; it would have bit him.

*“Could that be it?” he asked himself. “A plastic candy bar wrapper- with a numerical code printed on its’ side. How clever! This would never be detected by x-ray and would be inconspicuous wherever it traveled.”*

John leaned over and picked up the wrapper. He carefully straightened it out to discover that it was the wrapper of a Captain Galaxy Space Bar. A closer look revealed that the numbers were separated in three parts; like past secret formulas. He immediately wrote down the code and punched in the numbers on his computer.

It was a direct hit! The formula was accepted and opened up the last phase of security clearance. Top-secret documents were now being advanced to central control. This information would affect the entire country; and world for that matter. It would start the motion to address an important issue that threatened national security. John just completed his leg of the assignment.

Moments later Patrick Chesterfield's voice blasted through the intercom on his desk. “John, central control just made contact. Their computers have received the necessary code to start the campaign. Good work, Johnny boy! I'm heading to your office right now.”



### *Chase: A Special Person*

Patrick was the senior government agent in charge of the office. His ranking with the agency advanced quickly at a young age. This suggested that he might be on track to actually run the F.B.I., C.I.A. or Secret Service one day. A goal Patrick had since childhood. He even wore black clothing to emulate his inspiration: J. Edgar Hoover. This was a tactic to appear even higher than he actually was- to entice future promotions.

There was more to Patrick Chesterfield. The man's character always personified importance, intertwined with arrogance. The fifty-one year old was balding, heavy set and considerably short; standing at 5'5". His outward appearance along with the brash personality gave one the impression that he suffered from a 'Neapolitan Complex'...

Patrick entered the room to praise his employee. "You just set a record," he exclaimed. "The agency thought that it would take months to figure out that code."

"I didn't solve it," said John in a humble tone. "Someone found an ingenious way to put the code right here in my room. I learned to inspect my surroundings first thing in the morning whenever we have an assignment like this. Someone out there flew under the radar and took care of us."

"That means this building has a breach in security," said Patrick. "We need to find out who delivered that message and how they got in."

"Where exactly did you find it?" asked the supervisor.

“Right here,” said John as he pointed down at his waste basket. “It was the only piece of litter in the basket. I found that peculiar since it's always empty when I start work.” John held up the wrinkled wrapper and continued. “Whoever it was used this candy bar wrapper with the proper coding stamped in small print on the back.”

Patrick paced back and forth staring at the floor with hands clasped behind the back. He thought out loud. “If the janitor emptied your waste basket sometime last night, then the delivery took place within the past few hours.” With his right hand pressed against his forehead, he stopped in motion and continued to talk. “We might as well start with this room. The cameras will at least show us who placed the code in your waste basket. We will simply stop the camera in this room, and play it backwards.”

Patrick walked behind John and told him to move over. He leaned over where John was sitting and punched in numbers that gave access to the surveillance cameras. He entered a few more digits and isolated the one in John's office. The screen then showed them in the room looking down at the computer. He then made the film run in reverse, beginning with Patrick and John walking backwards.

There was a brief gap where John walked backwards out of the room. Then the intruder was spotted. It was Chase!

Chase was clearly shown entering the room, discarding the formula in the waste basket and leaving immediately. Patrick and John gasped in shock watching Chase's movements on film. They

*Chase: A Special Person*

stopped the film and played it back and forth in slow motion. It was unmistakably Chase. He performed that act smooth and quietly; seemingly undetected.

Patrick knew that there was no time to waste. "I need to ask your nephew a few questions," he stated. "I think it would be good to have Lenny here. He can organize anything we might need on a moment's notice. I'll call Lenny, and you get Chase."

John shook his head with the understanding and left to get his nephew.

John returned with Chase to see that Lenny had already arrived.

Lenny was John's best friend at work and was briefed on the situation. He was a thirty-four-year-old husky Italian man that worked well with everyone. His black wavy hair with tanned features accented the athletic body. Being over six feet tall was another bonus. Most important, Lenny was trustworthy and respected others.

Patrick looked astonished at Chase as he nodded his head in disbelief. He pointed at a chair facing the desk. "Please sit down, Chase. I need to talk to you about something." Chase looked frightened and confused. He sat in-between his uncle and Lenny with all three facing Patrick.

Patrick sat down and put his elbows on the desk. Both hands were clasped together with his forehead resting on his knuckles. Pain was clearly evident as he mounted the strength to do his job. He looked up being aware of the youth's capacity. In a warm tone he began to interrogate Chase. He held up the

Matt Shea

brown wrapper and asked if he knew how it ended up in the waste paper basket.

"I put it there," answered Chase.

"Why did you put this wrapper in your Uncle John's waste paper basket?" asked Patrick.

"Because I never litter," said Chase. "When I finish eating a candy bar I always put the wrapper in the nearest waste basket."

"Chase," asked Patrick in a fatherly tone. "Who gave this to you?"

Pure honesty came out of Chase's mouth. "No one did," he explained. "I got it from the candy machine down the hall."

Patrick looked at Lenny and barked out a command. "Get everything out of that machine and inspect it thoroughly. Let me know what you find!"

"Right away!" replied Lenny as he raced out of the room.

Patrick leaned over to John and whispered, "We'll have security watch your nephew in the waiting room. He can watch television while we sort this out."

"Gotchya," said John. "I'll walk him down there and make sure he's watched when I leave."

John's calmness matched Patrick's as he addressed Chase. "I have some more work to do," he said. "How about watching your programs in the waiting room until lunchtime?"

*Chase: A Special Person*

"That would be great!" replied Chase. The two left for the waiting room. About ten minutes later John entered his office.

"That code can't get into the wrong hands," stressed a nervous Patrick.

The speaker on the desk came to life as Lenny gave an update. "All of the candy has different numbers on them with the Captain Galaxy Space Bars being uniformed with the same ones."

Patrick's mind was racing as he leaned over the intercom. "Get every available agent and buy every Captain Galaxy Space Bar being sold in this community. Be sure that every bar is checked for its numbers. Contact me immediately once you get any information."

"Right away," replied the obedient servant.

The irritable boss looked at John and said, "Get Chase and bring him back." John left the room. He returned within minutes with his nephew.

Patrick had firm control as he stated, "We need to sit down and discuss this some more." Patrick sat behind the desk in John's chair as the two faced him. All three were now sitting quietly in the enclosed room. Patrick was gathering his thoughts as he was about to ask another question. He gave a warm smile as to not make Chase uncomfortable. He pointed at the candy bar wrapper on the desk. In a polite tone Patrick asked the young man, "Do you know what this is?"

Chase's eyes lit up as he addressed Patrick. "Don't you know?" he asked. "That's Captain Galaxy's

favorite candy bar. Everyone in the universe loves a Captain Galaxy Space Bar!”

The room was interrupted by Lenny's voice over the intercom. “Patrick, our agents have begun to comb the entire community for every Space Bar they could find. The first few bars all have the same numbers on them. I took the liberty to call the eight-hundred numbers on the back of the wrapper and established contact with the company that made them. They said that those numbers reflect the date it was manufactured, the price and expiration date.”

The agents looked down absorbing the information. It then occurred to them that the entire incident was just a fluke. The numbers on the candy bar were merely a standard bar code. Slowly they raised their heads and looked at one-another with embarrassment.

“Why, I'd like to find that Captain Galaxy and...” grumbled Patrick Chesterfield as he shook his head in disbelief.

“I wouldn't do that,” cautioned Chase. “Captain Galaxy puts all bad people on Venus and keeps them there until they're good. But he never hurts them,” he added.

Patrick heeded the warning and looked at Chase. In a friendly voice he asked, “How about going back to the break room and your uncle and I will be there shortly. We will then go out to lunch and have fun together.”

### *Chase: A Special Person*

Chase's face grew into a huge smile. "Wow," he exclaimed. "That would be great!" He left the room and headed back to the waiting room unescorted.

"I'll call central control and explain that the code was immediately destroyed once it was used," said John with a clever expression. "They'll understand the importance behind that decision."

"That's good," complimented Patrick as he leaned back in relief. "John," he continued, "maybe it's for the best if we just keep this to ourselves."

"I couldn't agree with you more," replied John. "I bet we get promotions for this!" he chuckled.

"We probably will," replied Patrick. "I need to contact Lenny and call off this wild goose chase."

He leaned over to John's office phone and dialed Lenny's cell phone. When Lenny answered, Patrick commended him on doing a great job, and told that the needed information was recovered. It was now time to have the agents return to the office. He then gave Lenny a last order and told him that he wanted one case of Captain Galaxy Space Bars brought to him in the waiting room, "On the double!"

Patrick ended the phone call and winked at John. "Do you mind if his mother joins us for lunch?" asked John.

"You mean, Julie?" asked Patrick with compassion. "She should be there. After all, her son played a vital role in keeping this country safe. It's only right that she is present to watch him receive a case of Captain Galaxy Space Bars in recognition of that."

"That would make her day!" exclaimed the brother. "I'll call her right after I bury our tracks with central control."

"I'll meet you in the break room with Chase," said Patrick. "And before I forget, leave your wallet in your pocket. This one's on me; and that's an order!" John could only smile with gratitude and extend his hand to shake Patrick's.

John picked up the phone and began to dial as Patrick left the room.

\*\*\*

The career of Patrick Chesterfield continued to rise in leaps and bounds. But it was greatly surpassed by his development as a person. He was actually looking forward to this outing because there was something about Chase that intrigued him.

He realized that the gold standard for any child was candy. And that's exactly what Chase left on his desk not too long ago. The boy even attempted to wash his dirty car with a towel he found in his uncle's car. On Halloween, Chase was the only one that made a pilgrimage to his home; the house that all the other kids avoided. The house that should have had candy for Chase Mansfield. Patrick had never known anyone that wanted to *give* to him before. And it felt great!

There was more.

For whatever reason, Chase Mansfield had an uncanny knack for putting *things* in a proper



*Chase: A Special Person*

prospective. That in-turn gave results that usually turned out for the best.

He often wondered why the world has its' struggling "Chase Mansfields". What he did know was that without those humble souls, the "Patrick Chesterfields" would go nowhere...

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