



My name is Dorothy. I live in Kansas. I've seen a few tornadoes in my day, but nothing like the one that dropped my dead ex-husband, Wade, on my doorstep in a crushed motor home.

Wade looked almost as beat up as the RV when he spilled from the back door, his red sneakers sticking out.

That was just the beginning of a crazy Memorial Day weekend when I won a big contest (complete with cash and a car), was accosted by a studly FBI agent, uncovered an old case of blackmail, discovered my ex-love might still love me, dealt with the Wicked's motorcycle gang, managed the annual charity dog show...

And I nearly died from a gunshot wound.

I almost had the feeling that I wasn't in Kansas anymore....

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