

A Road Map by Willie Tichenor

*The author does not make any claims as to the usefulness of this document as a “map” because he still has not found his way

Harlingen

- Like all good stories (with a few exceptions *Memento* etc.), this one will start from the beginning. I was born May 15th, 1986 in a small town buried deep in the Rio Grande Valley known as Harlingen, TX. My interests as a youngling included eating and going to the beach.



A young Willie Tichenor
stuffs his face



Willie and his brother, Taylor
enjoy a moment at the beach.
Taylor is most likely plotting
Willie's demise with that red
shovel.

Toddlerdom and Childhood

- As Willie grew older, his interests began to expand. As you will see, he never lost his penchant for eating, however his interest in nature began to blossom. In addition to regular excursions to the beach, Willie's family began dragging him on hikes in the mountains. It was only recently that Willie realized that in order to witness nature's beauty, sometimes you have to suck it up and hike a few miles.



Willie and his maternal grandfather Gramps enjoying a rousing game of dominos on the family ranch. Someone ought to tell Willie that dominos are not edible.



Willie and Taylor in Jackson Hole, WY with a view of the Teton Mountains in the background.

Adolescence

- Very few pictures have been found of this superlatively awkward time in Willie's life. However, between the ages of 12 and 14, Willie discovered that there is no rush like stage performance-- a discovery that would have a profound impact on the rest of Willie's life. At 16, he joins the band CloverStreet and event that would change his life forever.

Willie performs a song at the age of 14 in front of a large group of United Methodists in North Carolina while participating in a mission trip.

Unfortunately, no pictures from the “fat stage” “ugly stage” or “painfully awkward stage” were recovered for use in this presentation.



DISASTER!

- On May 14th, 2003 (one day before his 17th birthday), Willie is diagnosed with a form of bone cancer called Osteosarcoma. He is forced to move from Dallas to Houston for the summer of 2003 to undergo extensive chemotherapy at MD Anderson.



5 of Willie's best friends join Willie in "The Bus" for the trek to Houston. Prior to this, "The Bus" had never traveled over 50 miles. The drive took 8 hours and "The Bus" overheated nearly a dozen times. Willie soon set out to remedy the ailment that had thrown such a large wrench into his plans for world domination and world touring with CloverStreet.



Willie and his cousin Walter enjoy a relaxing view of the Houston “skyline”. To this day Walter refuses to join Willie at the top of tall buildings.

The “Gap Year”

- After graduating High School in 2004, Willie moved into an apartment in the art district of Deep Ellum. CloverStreet continued its quest for fame and fortune playing clubs around Dallas. Willie began to eagerly anticipate his transition to college life at the University of Texas.



Willie and guitarist James Gardner at CloverStreet's last performance on June 3, 2003. Over 250 people attended the show, witnessing Willie's tight jeans and the end of a beautiful chapter in his life.

College

- Where did all this lead him? Austin, TX. Where even in late October the thermometer still reaches the mid-90's. Saturday nights playing shows have been replaced football games. The performance chapter in Willie's life seems to have ended for now, and he is currently seeking a new passion.



What will Willie's new number one passion be in college? He's not sure.

Where is he going?

- For as long as he can remember, Willie has wanted to follow in his father's footsteps. Because in Willie's mind, his father Mac, is a baller. That is to say, he has everything a man could reasonably ask for: a wonderful wife, magnificent children, and the means to provide for them. Plan II is the first step. And Willie sees Plan II taking him 2 places...



And/Or



In Summary...

- Seriously though, I'm not sure what's going to happen. The places that have affected me in life (the beach, Wyoming, the ranch, downtown Dallas) would not have been the same without the people I associate with those places (my family, my friends, my bandmates) and vice versa. In four years, I may have an office job, I may have dropped out of school, I may be looking at law schools or wondering where I should apply to grad school. I could talk for hours about how deeply I despise the city of Houston, but my lifelong dream is to travel around the country with five stinky guys in a van and sing for strangers every night. I think it proves that it's not so much where you go, but what you do there and who you do it with.