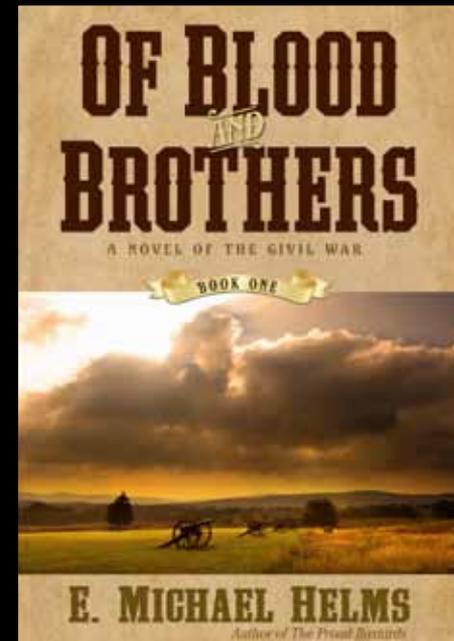


2013 Fall catalog

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March 26, 2013

Dear Authors, Agents and Book Buyers,

Welcome to our 2013 Fall catalog.

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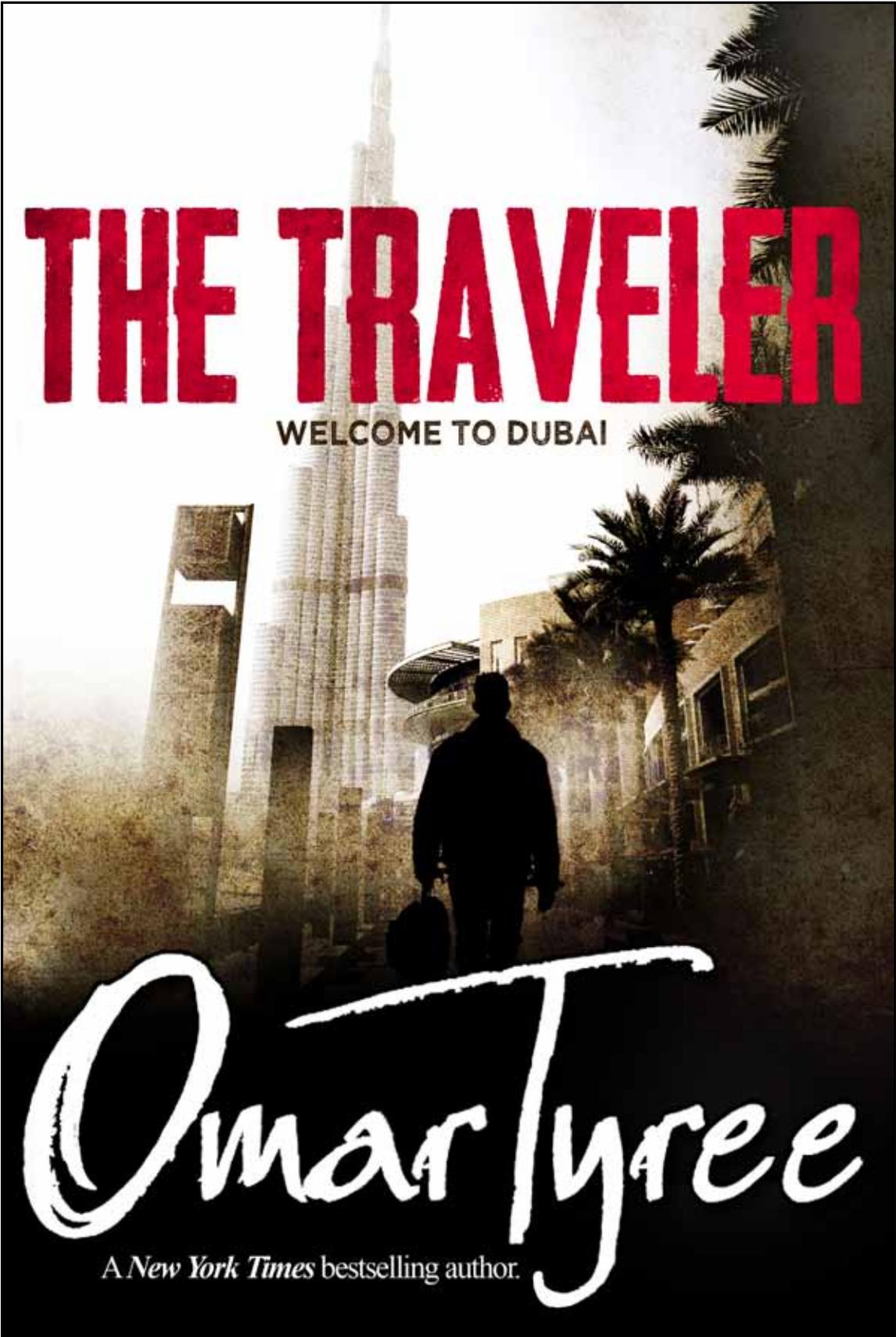
John Koehler  
Founder & Publisher

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Joe Coccaro'.

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# THE TRAVELER

WELCOME TO DUBAI

Omar Tyree

*A New York Times bestselling author.*

## ***Welcome to Dubai*** ***The Traveler***

**Omar Tyree**

### **SALES HANDLE**

Second in a series from *New York Times* bestselling author Omar Tyree, Dubai catapults Gary Stevens into a world filled with culture, romance and endless adventure.

### **DESCRIPTION**

When American Gary Stevens decides to explore the immaculate tourism haven of Dubai in the Middle East, he finds much more than he bargained for. Plans for a peaceful and harmless visit to the exotic land quickly change when Gary attracts the attention of a beautiful, rebellious and enticing Muslim woman. Gary stumbles into a violent labor revolt triggered by the death of a poor immigrant construction worker, who falls from one of Dubai's hundreds of fast-developing buildings.

The exploitation of thousands of disposable immigrant laborers emboldens an Egyptian revolutionary to seek vengeance for the greed and inhumane practices of Dubai's business elite Arab Emirates. Meanwhile, the outspoken wife of Dubai's youngest and most successful business leaders inspires an insurgence of young Muslim women. Gary becomes entangled in the uprising when the radicals take hundreds of international tourists hostage at the same hotel where Gary is staying, including the older brother of the beautiful Muslim woman who has fallen for Gary.

With nonstop action and cultural intrigue, *Welcome to Dubai* is the first full book in *The Traveler* series created by *New York Times* bestselling author Omar Tyree. Gary Stevens was introduced by in the e-book prequel, *No Turning Back*, in January 2013.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Second in a fast-paced series
- An inclusive, international thriller.
- A fast moving and engaging read.
- A sexy read for women.
- A masculine read for men.
- Written and conceived by a New York Times bestselling author.
- Omar Tyree has sold 2 million copies of his previous books around the world.
- The series also launches an active web site, featuring ongoing surveys and story interaction.



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Omar Tyree is a New York Times best-selling author, a 2001 NAACP Image Award recipient for Outstanding Literature in Fiction, and a 2006 Phillis Wheatley Literary Award winner for *Body of Work* in Urban Fiction. He has been cited in 2009 by the City Council of Philadelphia for his work in Urban Literacy, and has published twenty books with two million copies sold worldwide. A graduate of Howard University's School of Communications in

1991, Tyree has been recognized as one of the most renowned contemporary writers in America. He is also credited with spawning the genre of urban contemporary fiction with his celebrated novel, *Fly Girl*, first published in 1993. For more information on *The Traveler* series and his other titles, please view the web site @ [TheTravelerBooks.com](http://TheTravelerBooks.com).

**Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services**

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**Pages : 240**

**BISAC Code Category:**

**FIC031000 Fiction/Thrillers**

**FIC002000 Fiction/Action**

### **MARKETING & PUBLICITY**

- [www.thetravelerbooks.com](http://www.thetravelerbooks.com) has already launched, along with FB and LinkedIn
- Over 5,000 Twitter followers of Gary Stevens, main character
- 100+ people have received free ebooks
- Author is pushing new series to his existing large black audience and also developing mainstream audience
- Author to use existing press contacts to retain interviews

### **AUDIENCE**

- Readers of past Omar Tyree novels.
- Readers of general thrillers and mysteries.
- Fans of James Bond films.
- Fans of adventure series.
- Vacation and travel enthusiasts.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Charlotte, North Carolina



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## Chapter One

A DELTA JUMBO JET FROM THE UNITED STATES passed over Saudi Arabia, heading east for the United Arab Emirates. The descending flight, full of passengers, made its way into the airspace of the city of Dubai in the early afternoon, passing over an inspiring landscape of new and still-developing properties. The opulent construction of Dubai included five-, six- and seven-star hotels and resorts, the largest shopping malls on the planet, and the tallest building in the world, along with an advanced transportation system of high-speed rails. There were state-of-the-art sporting complexes, international gold, diamond and clothing markets, an inside ski resort and hundreds of tourist attractions. Scores of new apartment buildings and villas housed the hundreds of thousands of immigrant citizens of the world who had traveled there to help design and build this emerald city in the sand and live in its splendor.

Abdul Khalif Hassan breathed heavy with anxiety as he stared out of his large office window at the steady stream of flights arriving and departing from Dubai's international airport. He stood at the corner window in his office on the twenty-seventh floor of an elaborate downtown building near the waterfront of the Persian Gulf and Dubai's famous, man-made Palm Islands. A young Arabian businessman of royal lineage in his late thirties, Abdul wore a fine designer suit with a striking white shirt and a colorful silk tie. He was a wealthy and confident member of the Emirati, the ruling class of local families of the Middle East, who had benefited from their ownership of abundant oil property. The Hassan family and many other Arabian businessmen had now moved into the tourism, hotel and retail industries, where Abdul's recent plans were not proceeding as scheduled. Construction of his new hotel had fallen nearly a year behind completion.

Abdul's smooth, light-brown forehead tightened with concern as he ran his hand through his dark mane of thick wavy hair and sighed in frustration.

"When will the next genius design robots to do the work of construction on time?" he asked rhetorically.

In the advertisements, brochures and worldwide promotions for Dubai, every building was complete, where in reality, many of their grand-scale projects remained in feverish construction, with cranes atop buildings and unfinished streets below.

Hamda Sharifa Hassan, Abdul's regal wife, stood in his office not far from him. Hearing her husband's impatience, she walked over to comfort him, placing her hand on the small of his back.

"You cannot rush time, Abdul. Everything will happen when it is supposed to, Allah

willing,” she told him calmly. In her mid-twenties, Hamda wore a knee-length white dress with tiny, vertical red stripes. Around her neck was a thick gold necklace and seashell amulet that held a large ruby, accented by matching gold seashell earrings. She was a stunning young queen with dark, straight hair past her shoulders, and she was college educated and mature beyond her years.

“We should go out to eat at the Promenade,” she suggested. “It will take your mind off your worries about construction.”

Abdul nodded to her proposition, but he could not take his mind off of his projects.

“Anything you want,” he responded with tolerance. He leaned forward and kissed his wife on the cheek.

Hamda frowned and eyed her husband, knowingly. She said, “Your stress will not make anything better. Relax, and leave it all up to Allah. The Magnificent will see all of your plans through. Has Allah ever failed you before?” she challenged him.

“Of course not,” Abdul objected fiercely. Such a charge would be considered dishonorable and blasphemous.

His wife reached forward to hold his hands in hers and to face him, taking his attention away from the landscape in the window.

She told her husband with conviction, while staring into his dark-brown eyes with hers, “Abdul, you will be successful at everything you do, and so will our children. So stop wasting my visit with you and let’s go do lunch.”

Finally, he grinned and loosened his demeanor. He said, “Hamda, don’t you know we cannot rush time.”

She tapped his arm gently and chuckled at his mocking sarcasm.

“Come on, let’s go,” she demanded. “Call for the car.”

She then moved to cover herself in a white abaya, the traditional Muslim garb for public viewing, and added a royal, red-trimmed khimar to cover her head and shoulders.

Abdul stepped quickly away from his wife and toward his desk.

“First, let me call my management.”

Hamda eyed him again in irritation. Men will be men, she thought. My husband has the heart of a bull.

Abdul picked up the office phone from his desk and made a call to the management of his various developing properties as his young wife watched him and took a seat with superior patience.

At one of the hundreds of construction sites owned and financed by the Emirates of Dubai, a project manager, wearing a red turban over his traditional white thobe, nodded with a cell phone to his ear.

“Yes, praise be to Allah.”

He hung up his phone with urgent new orders to speed up his crew, moving immediately to inspect a group of workers who had taken their lunch break on the dusty ground floor of a rising skyscraper.

“How many minutes you been on break?”

The dark-brown men with thick dark hair, dressed in identical light-blue uniforms, were startled. The imposing man in the long white garb seemed to have appeared out of nowhere.

“We, we just took our break,” a well-respected worker responded for all of them. He was a soft-speaking native of India.

“Are you sure?” the manager questioned.

The Indian man nodded respectfully. “Yes.”

Some of his co-workers were not as cordial. They looked on at the Emirate overseer with disdain, tired of the disrespect they received as immigrant workers. The large population of multicultural immigrants did the majority of the building in Dubai. These were immigrants from India, Pakistan, Sri Lanka, China, Taiwan, Egypt and Ethiopia, with architects and engineers from Germany, France, America and Australia. They had come from all around the world to work and live here. These hard-working men with wives and families felt they should be allowed to eat at work in peace, especially on a job where many of them had been bused in to give their all from sunup to sundown.

“What are you looking at?” the manager asked a particularly stern-faced worker. He was a tall and rugged Pakistani, who leaned against an iron pole with his bowl of rice and lunch bread. The Pakistani could care less about respecting a man who did not respect him. Nevertheless, he needed the job, so he looked away to avoid a confrontation.

The manager attempted to bully him anyway. “You heard me. What are you looking at?”

The Indian co-worker spoke up to support his crewman. “He is okay. He is just tired and hungry. A man gets cranky when he cannot eat,” he joked with a chuckle.

The manager continued to stare down the rugged Pakistani, unafraid of his superior size. He even walked in closer to crowd his space.

“You tell him not to look at me like that again,” he informed the Indian to translate. The manager assumed the Pakistani worker could not speak English.

When the Pakistani looked his Indian co-worker in the eye, the Indian man became hesitant to relay the message. Instead, he turned back to the Muslim overseer.

“Yes, I, I will,” he stammered.

“You tell him what I said now,” the manager demanded.

Suddenly, the tension between them all became apparent. The Pakistani man met the overseer’s ire and refused to back down. He stepped forward against the restraints of his co-workers, who frantically jumped in between the two men to hold him back.

“No, no, stop it!” the Indian peacekeeper pleaded.

A serious altercation seemed inevitable.

“You dare to hit me?” the Muslim man challenged the Pakistani. “Hit me then. You will be fired. You are already fired.”

The Pakistani man cursed him in his native language, no longer caring about the job.

As the scuffle continued below, a crowd of workers watched from the floors of above which had not yet been enclosed with walls. One of the workers standing on a steel beam slipped and lost his balance.

“AAAHHHHH!”

The light-blue, uniform-wearing worker fell headfirst from twenty stories up.

The Indian peacekeeper rushed into action as if he were a superhero, attempting to catch the falling worker. But as he ran to predict the landing of his freefalling co-worker, he tripped over a water bucket and fell to the ground himself. By the time he had climbed back to his feet, his co-worker had met a ghastly ending.

The shocked Muslim manager fell to his knees in the dirt and immediately began to pray.

“Oh, Merciful Allah ...”

The Pakistani man and his co-workers looked on and shook their heads in disbelief. Some of them covered their eyes from the horror. As the overseer continued to pray, the Pakistani had seen and heard enough. He cursed the spiteful overseer and spit to the ground in front of him before he walked away from the job.

“Saleem, what are you doing?” the Indian peacekeeper ran from behind to ask him.

Saleem stopped and stared at him incredulously. “What are you doing?” he responded in English of his own. “I no longer work here,” he spat. He had chosen to fake ignorance to save himself from daily defacement, but it became too obvious that he could no longer work with such disrespect from his bosses without killing the man in authority. And as he began to walk away from the scene of the tragedy, a number of his co-workers followed behind him. The men could no longer ignore the contempt of their services.

In the woods of Northern Virginia, less than an hour away from the U.S. capital in Washington, Gary Stevens hustled down a dirt road trail toward an open grass field, wearing long gray sweats. Over six feet tall and well-built, the thirty-one-year-old reached the open field where four shooting stations awaited him with loaded pistols. Paper targets stood fifty feet away in front of him, shaped like fugitives and carrying assault weapons.

Gray grabbed the black nine-millimeter pistol at the station and aimed with sharp-green eyes, firing two shots that zipped through the knees of his target. He then slammed the gun down and ran toward a finish line to his left.

Special Command Officer Howard Cummings waited behind the line with his stopwatch in hand. A stout military veteran in his fifties, wearing camouflage hunting gear and a matching cap, the officer grinned.

“You’re twenty-seven seconds behind your record,” he stated.

Gary keeled over to catch his breath in the frost of October. He chuckled, shaking his head of short-cropped hair, and said, “Yeah, I got a little too comfortable.” Beads of sweat dripped from his four-day-old mustache and beard, making him appear more rugged and mannish than he had looked in his college years.

Cummings nodded and told him, “You would have made a great military man, Gary.”

“Not while my mother was still alive,” Gary countered. “She wouldn’t have allowed it.”

# The Occupation of Eliza Goode

*Dear One, I know one  
another in this world, but these words will  
link us, and one day you will  
come and find them in them, me. Outside,  
as I write this, the sound of celebration pouring  
into the streets like a flood, you like  
the highly tuned, excited yet  
about to burst. For you have been  
year for what it will mean, get plan  
now, this day, this night, to ride it to freedom.*

A Civil War Novel

Shelley Fraser Mickle

## ***The Occupation of Eliza Goode***

**Shelley Mickle**

### **SALES HANDLE**

A trail of letters left by a Civil War prostitute record her shame, survival, and the discovery of love. Written for the book club audience by the award-winning author of *Barbaro, America's Horse*, this novel illuminates women's issues in the nineteenth century.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Eliza Goode is born into a New Orleans' parlor house in the mid 1800s. Sold as a courtesan on her seventeenth birthday, she flees her arranged future at the outbreak of the Civil War. She is passed up through Mississippi's plantations from one slave quarters to another until she emerges at the Confederates' Camp Corinth and is swept along to the battle of Manassas.

Along the way, she meets Bennett McFerrin and his wife, Rissa, who follows her husband to war. Using guile and her extraordinary beauty, Eliza transforms herself from camp follower prostitute to laundress, nurse, and caregiver to Rissa when Bennett is taken prisoner by Ulysses S. Grant at the Battle of Fort Donelson in Clarksville, Tennessee. Her final transformation frees her from her past.

Eliza's story is more than a tale of war, transcendence, and hardship. It is a story told in modern times by Susan Masters, a novelist in Boston, whose cousin, Hadley, finds Eliza's letters in an attic and implores Susan to write Eliza's story to answer questions she seeks for her own life. Hadley has a shameful secret of her own—a past, about which she cannot even bring herself to speak.

Set in the second summer of the Iraq war and three years after 9/11, this is not your usual Civil War novel. This story says much about how we became who we are, and who we might have become, had the Civil War not saved us as a nation.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Meticulously researched over seven years by an award-winning writer
- Perfectly positioned for women's book clubs
- Unusual intimate depiction of women's issues in 1800s

### **AUDIENCE**

- Book club members
- Civil War buffs
- Women

### **COMPARATIVE TITLES**

The March, E.L. Doctorow, 978 0 375 50671 0, Random House, 12/1/2005

Cold Mountain, Charles Frazier, 978 0 502 14284 2, 12/1/2004

The Black Flower, Howard Bahr, 978 1 877853 50 0, 12/1/1997



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Shelley Fraser Mickle is an award winning novelist and NPR commentator whose family history (everyone in her family was named after Robert E. Lee) led her to the life long belief that one day she would write a Civil War novel. Shelley's debut novel was a *New York Times* Notable Book; her second became a CBS/Hallmark Channel movie; and her third became a suicide prevention tool in high schools, winning the 2006 Florida Governor's Award for suicide prevention in an educational setting. She was invited to be a commentator for NPR's "Morning Edition" in 2000. Her radio essays can be heard at NPR.org. She is also the author of the children's classic, *Barbaro, America's Horse*.

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**Pages: 325**

### **MARKETING**

- Author integrating social media with a website Facebook page.
- Author will contact NPR radio connections and make contact with Civil War groups.
- Author will seek newspaper interviews, and do a coast to coast radio promotion as she has done for her other books.
- Author will do book club phone and Skype interviews, and buy a page in Reading Group Guides.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Gainesville, Florida



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## Chapter One

SHE WAS ONE MONTH FROM SEVENTEEN. It must have been about two o'clock, March 9, 1861 on South Basin Street in New Orleans when she was called into the room where her mother and Preston Cummings sat, to be told: told of the promise—for a price, that is—made at her age of four to be his upon her seventeenth birthday. So it was that Eliza walked into the game room of the Parlor House where every night Madam Francine allowed men to wait, where they played cards until they were invited upstairs by one of the “boarders,” whom Madame Francine affectionately called her “veshyas” and where, if the men did not have one girl in mind, she would choose one for them, bringing first one to the table, then another, as though merely saying hello.

“Yes, here, Eliza. Come here.” Her mother’s voice rises, no doubt, bursting with what she thought was her spectacular advance planning: “I have a surprise.”

Wearing a lavender day dress with white piping at the collar, its hem sweeping across the thick mauve rug, Eliza stops where they sit: her mother and Preston Cummings together on a small settee. The windows, heavily draped in purple velvet, let in only a slit of light, so the chandelier’s prisms of glass scatter rays of shell-pink across the ceiling like butterflies in flight. And the ceiling, Eliza notes, is already strangely leaking a smoky naranja rojizo of emotion that she cannot yet read.

Tall vases of jasmine lace the air with a honey-sweetness, which is the calling-card of the purple arts, eventually giving rise to a legend that nineteenth century New Orleans prostitutes often wore snips of jasmine as perfume, prompting an opening of, “Want a little jas’?” And since all brothels employed piano players to play what, jocularly, they called, “Ass music,” the idioms were bound to slide and merge to take shape on the tongue as jazz.

“Yes, here, Eliza.” Her mother reaches for her hand as Preston Cummings leans over a hat of beaver felt in his lap and takes her other hand, cupping it in his own wide palm. He is now forty-eight years old. There seems never to have been a time when Eliza did not know him. But today his face wears an odd, disturbing expression, nothing like she is used to seeing him taking her for rides in his carriage, taking her to the park, buying her sweets on Esplanade Avenue, year after year.

Today his eyes burn with some strange emotion; but then, over the last five days he has often been highly emotional, ever since Lincoln was inaugurated as President—though most often the emotion has been rage.

He wears an expensive suit of black broadcloth with cuffless trousers over his boots. A satin waistcoat sets off the stiff white of his shirt, and as he pulls her closer,

rubbing his thumb across her hand, Eliza catches the scent of sweet, cherry smoking tobacco: his favorite, the one he always uses in his pipe

“Eliza, my dear. Come closer. Yes, right here.” His voice too is different—thick and liquid. But, as usual, there is his swarthy handsomeness: hair and mustache whiskey-black, sharp ancestral French features, long nose, high cheek bones, eyes glittery dark. His right ear folds over at the rim, a defect since birth; and his manicured fingers wrap around a walking stick where, in the handle, is hidden his Arkansas toothpick, the renowned dagger of the time. “Yes, Sweet Eliza, your mother and I have a surprise.”

Oh, how thin her mother looks in an afternoon gown of violeta rouge highlighting her hair. As she squeezes Eliza’s hand, Eliza notes that her mother’s hand feels fish-skin damp and her voice changes to the tone of speaking to a very small child: “Remember, how I always told you of a life where you would never want for a thing? How you would be the center of a great man’s life? That you would one day have a wonderful new future? Well, this is your future—Mister Preston, as you have known him, is now Mister Preston Cummings to be someone else quite different again. You see, Darling, I promised years ago that on your seventeenth birthday you would be his. To be his only. And with such patience all these years, he has waited! What a prize he has won! What do you think of our surprise?”

Dear One, what a stupid dummy-girl! Why had I not even guessed this? How had I misread all the signs? Was it only a child’s wish to have a father, to be out in the world closed to me? O! I was such a stupid puppet! Why not wail and cry and kick on the floor, screaming no, no, no; I would not have it? Ah! But you see, in that moment I understood what I always knew but now grasped in a way I could not ever have been told. I was a whore’s child. This was our world—my mother’s and mine. This was my intended occupation. Who was I to flail against it? It had fed us. To be one man’s only was a prize—to be a courtesan! O! Poor stupid mother! This was what she chose as best for me.

Quietly, I turned and went out of the room, my feet and hands marble. My very breath narrowed to a wheeze. My world had stopped, and I slid off. Until I could find another to climb onto, I would keep my life in its ice bucket.

That night, I grew two hearts. There was the one, open as ever to whoever walked by. The other, darkly labeled, No Entry. This was where I carved out a sacred spot—where no one had a right to look into. I myself guarded it furiously. My Holy of Holies. At least this part of me could never be sold.

## Chapter Two

DID ELIZA KNOW SHE WOULD have to die before twenty? According to my cousin Hadley, she did. Hadley believed that Eliza trailed out a story for someone to find—most specifically Hadley herself, as if Hadley could become something of a disciple to

grant Eliza immortality, at least understanding and forgiveness. The ultimate irony, as I learned all too soon, was that Hadley required more from Eliza than Eliza required from Hadley. For in Eliza's letters, Hadley was searching for what either would teach her how to live or how to slip secretly and gracefully from her own life.

"Susan!" Hadley first called from a downtown Boston convention center where she was attending a national conference for anesthesiologists. "Did you know we had a prostitute in the family?" Hadley's laughter was explosive.

I had not seen or heard from Hadley in eleven years. But then, her Mississippi accent, and her smoky, sexy voice that was always disarming—especially in light of her professional accomplishments—gave her away. "Well, did you, Cuz? Did you? An honest to god Civil War prostitute related to us?"

"Hadley, is this really you?"

"Yes, it's your twit of a cousin who sent Mamaw Masters to the whiskey bottle at least twice a day. So, now tell me, Susan, did you know about our relative Eliza? Did you ever think we'd be kin to...?"

"Well, no." I chuckled now, too. "Hadley, I'm so glad to hear from you!"

"Yeah, well, I lost touch. Had to retrench for a while, like a decade." Another loud laugh, followed by a hacking cough, and, "A divorce will do that to you."

"Yeah, I know."

"So anyway, can you come over here to Copley Square, the Marriott, and meet me for supper? This blasted conference on pain management is pure agony. Besides, I have something to show you. Something that's going to really get you worked up, Susan. Can you come? Please, please, please?"

"Of course."

In my family, Hadley is what we affectionately call a nervous talker. Even when she was nine, and I was a college junior, when we shared two weeks of a summer vacation at Mamaw Master's Mississippi lake house, Hadley had poured forth a babble so endless, our grandmother disciplined her—whenever it was needed—by ten minutes of a scarf tied over her mouth into a forced silence. And in comic rebuttal, Hadley kept talking in a made-up sign language, punctuating with her eyes. Of course even then, Hadley's ease with language—she would eventually speak three—was a sign of her knife-sharp intelligence. I don't think there was anything written down in any book anywhere that Hadley could not master, once she aimed her mind at it.

I had last seen her at a family reunion in Mississippi in 1993 when she had been thirty-seven years old, just getting settled in a medical practice, newly married and with her only child, Jack, who was at the time, three years old. And I, too, had been somewhat newly married (at least was in the first ten years of my second) to my old and original love, Caleb Montiel, who came to me with a house full of children and a sweet, passionate love that was beyond any hope I had imagined. Now at Caleb's and my ripe ages of fifty-nine, (just at the peak of what I liked to call our full maturity,) we had taken on a new freedom beyond raising children to be at the heights of our careers, yet newly worried. In the third summer after the terrorist attack on the World Trade Center when our country was in the midst of a war in Iraq, Caleb and I were feeling eerily as if we were on the edge of being back in the America of our youth, the 60s, when

divisions between people were as palpable as knee bones. It was almost impossible to pay attention to going on with an ordinary life. Nothing felt ordinary, anymore. The future, if not exactly on hold, felt at best left to vague and struggling imaginations.

But why was Hadley calling now—and me in particular—and with such news?

“You see Susan, I want to show you how I found out about her, our great great great aunt, the soiled dove. Did you know that’s what women were called back then—soiled doves—I mean, women in the 1800s who sold their bodies to make ends meet?” Another belly whoop, and with it, I realized her laugh was so cultivated with a forced joy that I could not help but wonder what it was hiding. I assumed too the cough that followed was the remnant of a cold, or an allergy. Boston’s August humidity can be hard on those with allergies.

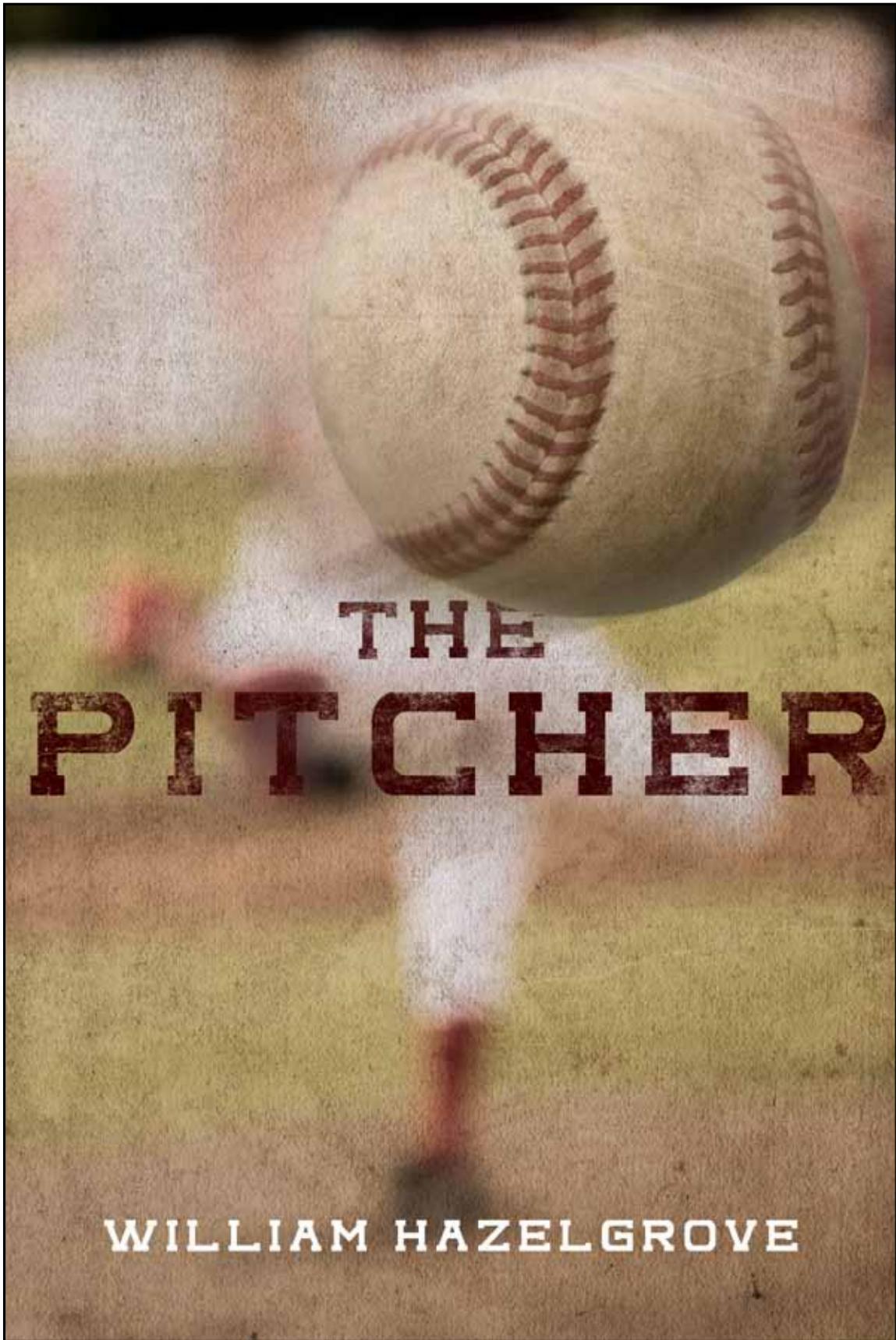
“Get this, Susan, our dear departed relative was a public woman who impersonated an officer’s wife and was burned alive as a spy.” Then Hadley harnessed her news to a lower level. “You see, I’ve been cleaning out a cousin’s house in Bells, Tennessee, helping to move her into a nursing home. Bells is only about a hundred miles from Clarksville. As you probably know, it was occupied by the Union Army for the whole of the Civil War, and that’s where our dear departed relative was burned as a spy. And in my cousin’s attic, I found the most amazing cartons of old things. So okay, you’ll meet me here, I mean here at the hotel near the convention center? And be prepared to stay late. You’re not going to believe what I have to show you.”

In my study in the big house on Irving Street in Cambridge, where I moved after marrying Caleb, I watched my computer screen dim to a sleep mode. I now had an inkling of why Hadley had searched me out. After years of being a rather successful writer, I found that people were always bringing me one story or another that they had either lived or found, wanting me to set down what had spoken to them in some personal way but which they themselves felt inadequate to capture in words. These stories always held more than the promise of a fictional entertainment. They were wishes, sometimes desperate, and almost always subconscious, to express something about themselves they were driven to know.

And, as you might imagine, quite often the stories were god-awful. Wronged husbands, bitter ex-wives, mistreated employees, or bosses—almost always what they brought me were stories about revenge or about making something right. But Hadley was family. And I owed her more than a professional ear. “Sure, Hadley. I’d love to see what you’ve found. What time?”

“Seven? The Harbor Grill?”

“I’ll be there.”



## ***The Pitcher***

**William E. Hazelgrove**

### **SALES HANDLE**

Ricky Hernandez is a pitcher. He has an arm like a rocket and dreams of making the high school baseball team. His dying mother enlists the broken down World Series pitcher who lives across the street to coach Ricky. He shows Ricky how to achieve his dreams and break through the hell of organized kid sports.

### **DESCRIPTION**

"I never knew I had an arm until this guy called out, "Hey you want to try and get a ball in the hole, sonny?" I was only nine, but mom said, "come on, let's play." This Carney guy with no teeth and a fuming cigarette hands me five blue rubber balls and says if I throw three in the hole we win a prize. He's grinning, because he took mom's five bucks and figures a sucker is born every minute. That really got me, because we didn't have any money after Fernando took off, and he only comes back to beat up mom and steal our money. So I really wanted to get mom back something, you know, for her five bucks."

A boy with a golden arm but no money for lessons. A mother who wants to give her son his dream before she dies. A broken down World Series pitcher who cannot go on after the death of his wife. These are the elements of *The Pitcher*. A story of a man at the end of his dream and a boy whose dream is to make his high school baseball team. You will laugh and you will cry as *The Pitcher* and Ricky prepare for the ultimate try out of life.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- The author is known internationally as the Writer in Ernest Hemingways attic. Stories in the *New York Times*, *USA Today*, *The International Herald*, NPR, All Things Considered, *People Magazine*, *Chicago Tribune*, *LA Times*, *Chicago Sun Times*, NBC, ABC, PBS, CSPAN have all covered his books and writing in the attic.
- Follow up to highly reviewed *Rocket Man* novel out this spring
- Strong crossover into the YA market
- Releases just in time for the MLB playoffs
- Appeals to Latino and Hispanic readers

### **AUDIENCE**

- People who loved *The Natural*, *Eight Men Out*, *Field of Dreams*, *Bull Durham*, *The Rookie*.
- Baseball fans, coaches and players
- Women who have sons in organized sports.
- Latinos and Hispanics

### **AUTHOR BIO**

William Elliott Hazelgrove is the best selling author of four novels, *Ripples*, *Tobacco Sticks*, *Mica Highways*, and *Rocket Man*, which launches in May of 2013. His books have received starred reviews in *Publisher Weekly*, *Book of the Month Selections*, *ALA Editors Choice Awards* and optioned for the movies. He was the Ernest Hemingway Writer in Residence where he wrote in the attic of Ernest Hemingway's birthplace. He has written articles and reviews for *USA Today* and other publications. He runs a political cultural blog, *The View From Hemingway's Attic*.



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**FIG056000 Fiction/Hispanic & Latino**

### **MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS**

- Author will go after national media he has had success with in the past
- Author will cultivate online relationships with bloggers, book clubs and other sites for reviews and endorsements
- Will offer certain number of free ARCs on website
- Will promote book to author's 1200 Twitter followers
- Mass email campaigns will be sent to author's contact list
- The author will give talks and signings
- He is planning on visiting schools and engaging English teachers
- Endorsement by MLB pitchers
- Giveaways to sports commentators
- Kid sport program tie ins.
- Sports writer author blurbs

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[theviewfromhemingwaysattic.com](http://theviewfromhemingwaysattic.com)

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Oak Park, Illinois



**INGRAM PUBLISHER SERVICES**

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## PLAY BALL

*World Series Game Seven*

*1978 Detroit Tigers versus St. Louis Cardinals*

*Bush Stadium St, Louis*

*CBS Radio*

*...four to one in the ninth, Tigers. Langford is on the plate. He has been pitching for three games and has to be tired. Two outs. He winds up and there's the pitch to McCarver. It's a foul tip and straight up and Tiger catcher Freehan flings his mask and it's caught! The Detroit Tigers have just won the World Series! Jack Langford has pitched three games and allowed only five runs and has just won the World Series and there he goes jumping into the arms of catcher Freehan! What a game folks! The only pitcher to win three complete games in a single World Series...he will certainly be the MVP for the World Series...out dueling Bob Gibson in this dramatic show of strength for this southpaw from Maine who hit a homerun in game five and gave the Tigers the edge they needed ... unbelievable ... just unbelievable ... he will surely be the MVP for the World Series...*

## Chapter One

I NEVER KNEW I HAD AN ARM until this guy called out, “Hey you want to try and get a ball in the hole, sonny?” I was only nine, but Mom said, “Come on, let’s play.” This Carney guy with no teeth and a fuming cigarette hands me five blue rubber balls and says if I throw three in the hole we win a prize. He’s grinning, because he took Mom’s five bucks and figures a sucker is born every minute. That really got me, because we didn’t have any money after Fernando took off, and he only comes back to beat up Mom and steal our money. So I really wanted to get Mom back something, you know, for her five bucks.

I take the first rubber ball and throw it over my head and wham! The Carney guy looks at me and laughs. “Whoa! A Ringer. Let’s see you do it again sonny.” It’s like something happens when I throw a ball. My arm windmills over the top then snaps down like a rubber band. It’s like I’m following my arm. So I throw the second ball and he mutters, “alright, let’s see you get the next ball in.” I mean we’re Mexicans and I think this guy figured he’d put one over on us.

I throw the next two balls and they go wild. I hit the top of the wood circle with one and the other one flies completely over the game. The carnie guy is grinning again because he knows I have only one more ball. I wind up like I had seen pitchers on television and wham, right in the hole again. He hands Mom a big white Polar Bear and takes the cigarette from his mouth.

“That looked like a sixty mile an hour pitch to me,” he says.

“I don’t know,” I reply, shrugging.

He nods and picks up the rubber balls.

“You should pitch, buddy,” he says with one eye closed. “You have a hell of an arm.”

I felt good about that, but I had never known a pitcher, except for the guy across the street who lives in his garage. When my friends come over we lie on his driveway listening to ball games like the ocean in the dark. Sometimes we’d listen to the Cubs when my man Zambrano is on the mound. It was cool laying on his drive in the Florida night listening to the game, because this dude pitched in a World Series. He beat Bob Gibson in the 1978 Series. You can check it out on YouTube.

Joey likes to throw stuff under the garage and have his dog come out. The Pitcher has this chocolate Labrador, Shortstop, who sleeps on his driveway.. That’s the thing; he never opens the garage door all the way, just enough for the dog to slip under. You can see his white ankles and hear the game, but you never see the rest of him. We’d throw all sorts of stuff under his garage; rocks, sticks, oranges. Sometimes we’d sneak up and roll an egg under there. Shortstop ate the eggs and oranges which really killed

us. Joey and I figured the Pitcher was a drunk because his garbage can was full of this beer called, Good Times. Dude...who sits in a garage and drinks beer called, Good Times?

Anyway, we ended up playing ball in front of his house. Joey said I had the fastest arm he'd ever seen and that made me feel good. I'm not so good at other things, like school, because I can-not-focus and I give the teachers hell. Everything buzzes right over my head. Mom says I'm ... well I don't like to say it because it bothers the hell out of me. Let's just say reading is hard for me because the words jump around. So we go to these teacher conferences where Mom loses it. She's half Puerto Rican and charges in there in her Target uniform and wants to know; why the hell isn't anybody helping me?

So when I found out I had an arm, I was like, wow, I'm good at something. A man at the police station timed me with a radar gun and all the cops crowded around. They had me throw a baseball five times and just shook their heads. That guy at the carnival was wrong about pitching sixty miles an hour, because the little numbers flashed 74 and 77. So after the cops timed me, we scraped up the money to join a team. I got a uniform with a couple different jerseys. A lot of people send their kids to camps and these baseball clinics and are on travel teams-- but not us. We ended up in our neighborhood when Fernando was working and now Mom says we're just hanging on..

"Come on, bring it Hernandez!" Joey shouts down the street.

He squats down in front of the Pitchers house and beats his mitt. I bring the heat and sometimes I hit his glove but it's like I have this rocket with no guidance . When I draw back this wild beast zings the ball through the air at seventy plus. The thing is I don't have a changeup. A good changeup comes in like a fastball that is really about fifteen miles slower. With me it's all about heat. I only know one way to throw and sometimes Joey grabs it, but most of the time he chases it down the street. Here's my play. If I keep throwing in the street maybe the Pitcher will come out. You know, just tell me how you control a pitch, because, really, I have no idea.

So one day I'm batting the ball in the street with Joey. It's one of those super-hot days in Florida where you just want to hide in the air-conditioning all day. The street is so hot we can feel it through our tennis shoes. I smack a low grounder to him that hits a station wagon, then shoots past Shortstop and under the Pitchers' garage. That's what we called him, the Pitcher, because that's what Joey's dad called him when he told us he won the Series. Joey's dad said he thought he was in his late fifties. I guess that's pretty old, because Mom is her thirties and that seems old.

"That ball is gone bro," Joey says, shaking his head.

I stare at the dark opening and can hear a ballgame.

"I'm getting it," I tell him, walking toward the garage.

"You're crazy man!" He shouts. "He's going to go psycho on you."

Yeah. I was scared, but it was our last baseball. So I'm almost to the garage and my heart is banging away in my chest when the door starts clanking up. Joey bolts across the street and I'm thinking about running too when I see the ball in the middle of the cement floor. It's just sitting there like a snowball in the dark.. I'm staring now because there's a bed, a refrigerator, a desk, a lamp, and a television with a game on real low. Cans of Skoal go around the a La-Z-Boy like green buoys next to a stack of Good Times

beer. There's even a microwave with beans and spaghetti on a board over a slop sink.

"What the F--," Joey says, coming back across the street.

Mom says I can't use the F-bomb, so I have to abbreviate. Anyway, like I said, none of us had ever seen the Pitcher before, but we didn't think he had his bed in the garage. We assumed he just hung out there to watch his games.

"I aint going in there," Joey says, shaking his head.

He looks at me with his big dark Mexican eyes and shaved head. We had both shaved our heads against the heat and in our white T-shirts we looked like brothers. Except Joey is older than me; everybody is older than me. I turn fourteen in September. Mom always said she should have held me back. I don't know man; I would have felt pretty stupid in seventh grade instead of cruising toward high school.

I stare at the baseball just sitting there and I can feel the cooler air of the garage. Like I said, we didn't have another one.

"Yeah...I'm getting it," I mutter, taking a step toward the garage.

Joey's eyes turn into fireballs. "You go in there and that dude is going to grab your ass!"

Maybe the Pitcher was setting a trap, but I wanted our baseball. So I walked in. There was some old ratty fan whirring in the corner. The garage smelled like dirty socks and cigarettes. The television murmured...full count. Baltimore ahead by three... I turn back to Joey in a patch of sun. He looks like he's a million miles away.

"Grab the ball and run bro...get out of there man," he whispers.

I walk farther into the garage with my heart slamming against my chest. Cigarettes are stubbed in cans, on paper plates, even on the floor. The Skoal cans are everywhere. I reach our baseball and take another step, then stop and stare at these pictures on the wall. The Pitcher is on the mound in his windup. Then he has a bat over his shoulder like one of those All American guys on baseball cards. Then the dugout pictures with one leg up, standing with other ball players. I just stare at these faded pictures tacked up in the garage while the baseball game plays. Some of the pictures are black and white and some are color, and this is my dream, you know. I want to make the high school baseball team in the fall and one day... I want to pitch for the Chicago Cubs in Wrigley Field.

We used to live in Chicago and Mom says you can do anything if you believe it enough. I believe I can make the high school team—although only thirty guys make the freshman team out of one hundred. League ball ends after eighth grade, so you got to make it or you just disappear. Guys have been training for years to make the team with lessons, travel teams, camps, and personal trainers. Everyone knows high school ball is the cutoff. You don't make the high school team, then it's game over.

I keep walking along the garage wall between the rakes, brooms, shovels, and I can't take my eyes off the pictures. The Pitcher is looking sideways, one leg up, his body pivoted, with the ball cocked back. I wonder if he feels the way writers and painters talk sometimes—like the way I do, like you aren't even there. That's how I feel when I pitch; it's like I wake up when I hear the ball smack the catcher's mitt.

"Get the ball!" Joey calls, taking another step toward the street.

I turn back to the wall and stare at this one black and white picture. The Pitcher

# OF BLOOD *AND* BROTHERS

A NOVEL OF THE CIVIL WAR

BOOK ONE



**E. MICHAEL HELMS**

*Author of The Proud Bastards*

## ***Of Blood and Brothers: Book One***

**E. Michael Helms**

### **SALES HANDLE**

From the author of *The Proud Bastards* comes a tale of two southern brothers who unintentionally find themselves serving in opposing armies during America's Civil War. Ultimately there can be only one victor, on the field of battle and in the heart of the woman both love.

### **DESCRIPTION**

In the spring of 1927, ambitious cub reporter Calvin Hogue covers a family reunion in the Florida Panhandle. He learns two Malburn brothers fought on opposing sides during the Civil War, and encourages them to tell their stories. Before the night is over, Calvin realizes he has a far greater story than a run-of-the-mill family reunion.

Thus begins the first of many sessions with the Malburn brothers. The saga unfolds in their own words with wit, wisdom and sometimes, sadness. Before long the brothers are confronting troubled pasts and conjuring up ghosts laid buried throughout the long post-war years. Calvin is swept along by the harrowing eyewitness account of our nation's most trying era, through bloody battles, personal trials and losses, and the mutual love of a beautiful young woman.

The South surrenders, but the peace is far from won. Trouble stalks the Malburns in post-war Florida. Amid the violent days of Reconstruction, Daniel and Elijah face continuing conflict, family turmoil and heart-wrenching tragedy as they struggle toward a hard-earned and costly reconciliation.

*Book One* follows the exploits of Daniel Malburn and the 6th FL Infantry through the battles of Chickamauga and Lookout Mountain/Missionary Ridge. While working at the salt works along St. Andrew Bay, Elijah is taken prisoner by Union forces. Faced with imprisonment, he reluctantly chooses to join the 2nd US FL Cavalry as a scout, only to learn he must lead a destructive raid on the Econfina Valley—his lifelong home.

*Book Two*, the sequel, will be released in March of 2014. The story of the Malburn brothers, Daniel and Elijah, picks up where *Book One* in the series ends.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Author's last book, *The Proud Bastards*, sold nearly 50,000 copies.
- Sesquicentennial of the Civil War;
- Hundreds of thousands of Civil War buffs, both in the U.S. and abroad;
- Inspired by a true story of two southern brothers;
- Well researched for historical accuracy;
- Author has combat experience that brings realism to battle scenes and everyday life of the common soldier.



### **AUTHOR BIO**

E. Michael Helms is a USMC combat veteran. His memoir of the Vietnam War, *The Proud Bastards*, has been called "As powerful and compelling a battlefield memoir as any ever written . . . a modern military classic," and has been in print for most of the past 20 years. His work has also appeared in the books: *Semper Fi: Stories of U.S. Marines from Boot Camp to Battle* (Thunder's Mouth Press, 2003); *Soldier's Heart: Survivors' Views of Combat Trauma* (The Sidran Press, 1995); and *Two Score and Ten: The Third Marine Division History* (Turner Publishing, 1992).

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### **MARKETING**

- Author building/managing social network via his website and blog, Facebook, LinkedIn
- Author will leverage contacts, authors and reviewers from last book
- Author will contact Civil War blogs and organizations for blog tours, reviews and endorsements
- Author will promote title to military and especially USMC network

### **AUDIENCE**

Readers of historical fiction, the Civil War era, early American history, and military/combat stories.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Oconee County, South Carolina



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Daniel Malburn  
September 1863  
Chickamauga

**FOUR**

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IN SEPTEMBER OF 'SIXTY-THREE we'd spent the best part of two weeks tramping up and down the dusty red roads of northwest Georgia. *We* meaning Company K of the Sixth Florida Regiment, Trigg's Brigade. All that marching was at the behest of one Braxton Bragg, Commanding General of the Army of Tennessee, Confederate States of America. General Bragg was itching to do battle with a certain Yankee general name of William S. Rosecrans and his Army of the Cumberland, United States of America.

Well, sir, late on the eighteenth of September part of our army stumbled into theirs and commenced skirmishing. That there initial engagement come more by fluke than strategy. Truth be told, most the fighting that went on at Chickamauga was more happenstance than grand design. The land itself seen to that.

Anyhow, when the aforementioned fracas heated up, Colonel Trigg's brigade was a far piece south beating the briars for Yankees. Word soon come down for us to move north straightaway. We set out at quickstep towards the sound of the guns, but nightfall caught us still on the south bank of Chickamauga Creek.

Most of the roads thereabouts was hard enough to travel in daylight. And since the shooting had mostly petered out by then, Colonel Trigg ordered a halt at a place called Dalton's Ford. We posted our pickets and bivouacked for the night. Weren't no campfires allowed, being as the enemy was within spitting distance. It was a right cold night too. The moon set early, but the sky lit up with no end of stars. Strange how things can seem so peaceful the way God meant for it to be, then a few hours later all

Hell comes a'calling.

Next morning before the sun peeked over the hills, we forded the Chickamauga and commenced marching north through a cold fog. A hour or so later we halted on a ridge overlooking a big open field. There we formed a line of battle and laid on arms.

One thing a feller learns to do whilst soldiering is to wait, war being one part fighting and ninety-nine parts waiting. Another thing I learnt early on in my soldiering days was to grab sleep whenever and wherever a body could. And since we was waiting, I figured there weren't no harm in me sawing a few logs whilst doing my soldierly duty. After more'n a year's practice I'd learnt to snatch sleep good as any porch hound, and I commenced to do just that.

I was having the goldamndest dream that morning. Dreamt I was back home, sitting in the kitchen inside the big house, it being winter and cold out. My dear mama was sitting at the other side of the table holding a platter piled high with pan-fried ham. There was grits and red-eye gravy too, eggs fresh from the henhouse, and hot biscuits dripping with sweet cream butter and molasses.

I was warm and content as a suckling pup, pondering how good it felt to be safe at home facing such a grand feast. My belly was just a'growling for that food. Thing is, ever time I tried to eat, somebody commenced pounding on the door. No sooner would I get a forkful up to my mouth, then *boom-boom-boom* went the golddamn door. Right vexing, it was. Mama kept saying, "Don't pay 'em no mind, son, just go on and eat," but soon as I'd lift that fork the pounding would recommence. Well, sir, this went on for some time till finally I'd had a bellyful. Of the pounding, I mean. I ain't eat a bite of that fine food yet. Next time it happened, somebody was in for a proper thrashing.

Well, here it come again, *boom-boom!* I dropped my fork and slid my chair back to stand up, but before I could do so somebody grabbed my shoulder from behind. Mama's eyes went wide like she'd seen ol' Beelzebub hisself, then she let loose a God-awful scream.

And that's when I woke up.

"Dern bluebellies is getting closer," Joe Porter says. "Figured you might want to wake up and enjoy this shelling with the rest of us."

I squinted at the sun climbing above the treetops. Figured I'd been sleeping for a hour or so. "Damn you, Joe Porter," I says, my gut growling. "I ought to save them Yankees the trouble and shoot you myself. I was fixing to have a grand feed and you went and spoilt it."

Joe ducked as another round passed over and exploded in the trees some fifty yards behind us. He looked at me, grimacing like he hadn't shat in a week. Like the rest of us scarecrows, his face was thin and nearbout dark as a nigra from all the wood smoke and dirt. "How long you reckon they expect us to just lay here and take this?"

I didn't see as how Joe's question deserved answering, what with him having ruint my dream. So I rummaged in my haversack and drew out a chunk of greasy cornbread and a piece of rank fatback, the last of three days' rations we was issued the previous morning. That cornbread was some poor. Had so much cob ground up with it you could've called it *corncob* bread and not been lying. Guaranteed to give a body the ripsnorting gripes. That cold fatback and cornbread sure weren't the feast of my

dream, but it would have to make do till we could go foraging.

Another shell come roaring over, closer this time. Joe ducked again, then stared at me and shook his head as I commenced to eat. "If you don't beat all I ever seen. How can you think about that belly of your'n at such a time? Ain't you human like the rest of us, Danny boy?"

I grinned and kept chewing. Truth be told, I was as scared as the next feller, but I'd vowed long ago not to show it. No use in worrying. When your number come up, you was done in. Weren't nothing going to change that. "Got to keep my strength up." I bit off another hunk of gristly fatback. "Somebody's got to chase them goldamn Yanks back to Tennessee."

A few hundred yards to our north, rolling musketry joined the cannonading. "Sounds like them Alabama boys is hot into it," says Yerby Watts, my other good pard. Yerb was laying to my left. A short ways farther on behind a big oak stump was his younger brother, Hamp. We'd seen a Alabama regiment skirt the tree line on our right flank earlier that morning and move on north through the woods on the far side of our field.

"Better them than us, I reckon," says Joe.

Yerb threw his head back and laughed. "Somebody toss old Joe a sugartit so he don't shat his breeches if he sees a Yankee."

"Oh, you mean like you done up at Cumberland Gap?" Joe says, and winks at me. "First sign of a Yank, you'll be skedaddling for the rear."

"Hang you, Joe Porter, you know I done no such a thing." Yerb let fly a stream of tobacco juice in Joe's direction. It sailed over me and splattered just shy of its intended target. "I was carrying a message from Tom to Cap'n McMillian and you damn well know it."

Before Joe could retaliate, another shell come in and exploded far down the left of our regimental line. A big flock of crows rose out of the field, squawking and flapping in circles. Then they flew off west towards a farmhouse at the far edge of the clearing. I watched them crows envious-like, wishing I could rise up and take wing with 'em.

"Lord a'mighty, that'n was right on," Joe says, pointing. "Look a'there, Danny boy, some poor mother's son is done gone to his reward."

Ugly gray smoke hung above a crowd of soldiers that was tending to the casualties. "I think that's Company I, yonder," I says, just as another round come screeching in, closer yet. Close enough so it showered us with dirt and small branches and leaves. Things was heating up. Volley after volley of rifle fire echoed to our front. Sounded like a thousand woodsmen hard at work with axes. Artillery rumbled like thunder now, shell after shell roared in along our line. Most passed overhead and blowed up in the woods back of us, but here and yonder one found its mark.

Now come a shell that shrieked and exploded directly overhead. Airburst! Fragments buzzed through the air like somebody kicked up a nest of yellerrjackets. Burnt gunpowder hung thick as swamp fog.

Yerb's face was pressed hard agin the earth, but I could hear him yelling "Goddamn 'em! Goddamn 'em!" over and over.

Joe was hugging ground for all he was worth. "Damn bluebelly sum'bitches," was

all I could make out from him.

I don't recollect if I had any choice words to add to our situation or not, because right then something whacked me hard on the left hip. I let out a yelp. Felt like a dozen hornets done stung me in the same spot, it burnt so. I rolled onto my other side, scared to look. Figured my leg was a goner. I eased my hand down my hip and felt around, pleased to find the leg still where it belonged.

Yerby crawled over, wide-eyed as a hoot owl. "Say Joe, help me out here. Danny's been wounded!"

Joe plumb forgot about the incoming shells and scrambled the few feet to my side. "Where you hit, Danny boy?"

"Right here on the hip," I says, fighting to keep calm. "Burns like holy hell."

Young Hamp stared at me, pale as a ghost whilst Joe moved my canteen aside and looked me over. Then he busted out laughing. "Look here, Yerb. Danny's got hisself a sure enough mortal wound."

Yerby eyeballed my wound, then grinned. "Joe's right, pard, you gone up for sure."

Well, sir, what had been fear turned quick to vexation. "Damn you two gophers, how bad is it? No fooling now."

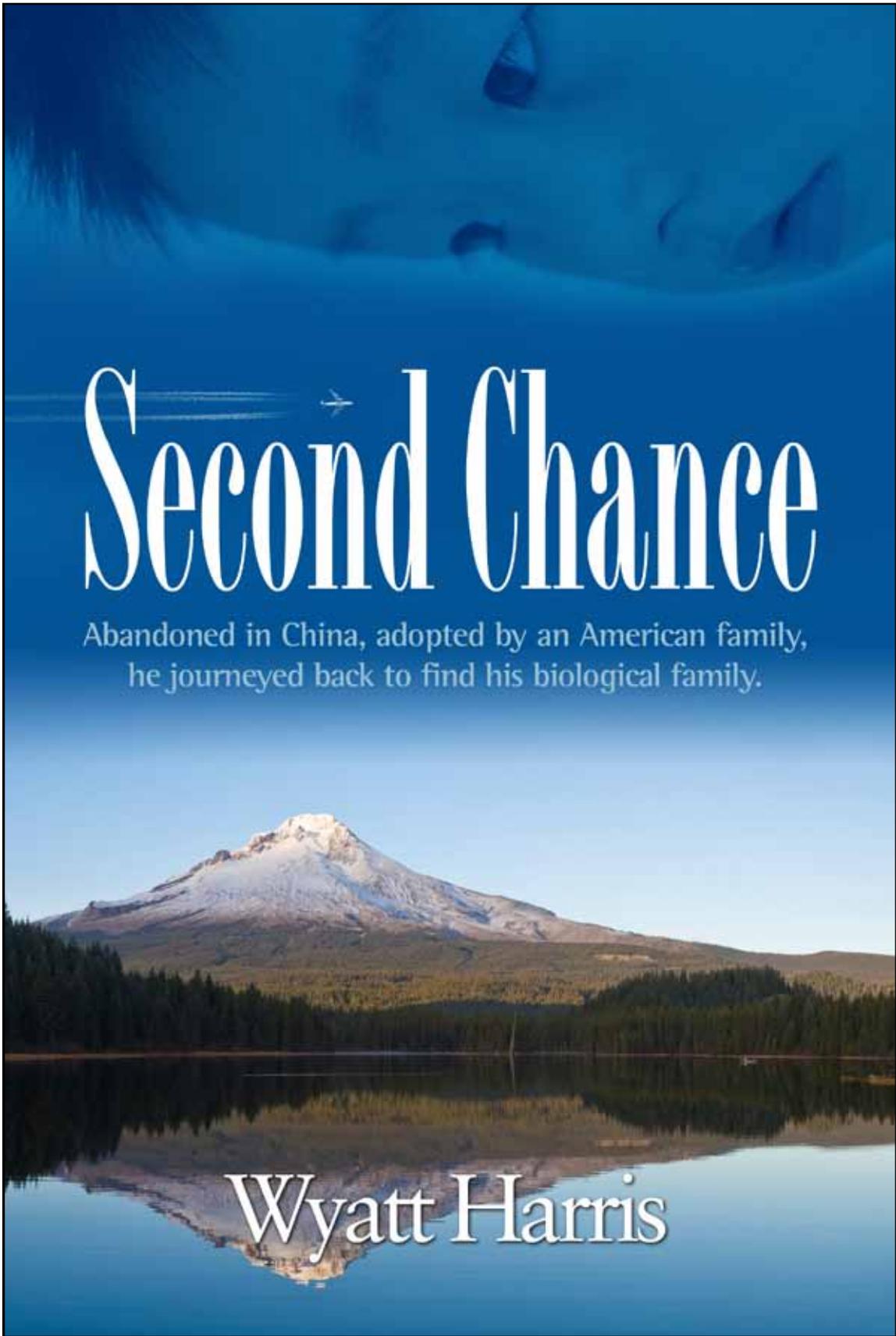
Joe and Yerb looked at each other, all droll-like. "Well," says Joe, "I reckon you'll live to fight another day."

"You will at that," Yerby says. He grabbed the strap of my haversack and lifted it over my head. "But this here haversack is done for." He handed me what was left of it.

Them two peckerwoods seemed a sight more concerned about my accoutrements than my life and limb, so I finally worked up the grit to eyeball my wound. Weren't no blood staining my breeches. I slipped 'em down enough to venture a look. There was a fist-size patch of blistered skin surrounded by a nasty bruise, but it weren't near bad as I'd imagined. Figured then I'd live. Gentle as I could, I greased it with the last bit of fatback.

Whilst the Yankees kept up the shelling I looked over the remains of my haversack. The flap and most of the front section was gone. My tobacco pouch was sound, but my pipe was smashed to bits. My pencil, writing paper and candles was okay, but my housewife with all its sewing goods was ruint beyond use. A raggedy hole had burnt through my towel. I unfolded it and was mighty relieved to find the tintype of my betrothed had survived. Next to it was a jagged dollar-size fragment, still warm to the touch.

Well, sir, that folded towel had saved me. I could lay hold of another haversack soon enough, but a leg weren't so easy to replace. I held up the spent fragment to show my pards. "Boys," I says, "this is getting to be right serious business."



# Second Chance

Abandoned in China, adopted by an American family,  
he journeyed back to find his biological family.

Wyatt Harris

## ***The Second Chance***

**Wyatt Harris**

### **SALES HANDLE**

The amazing story of an adopted Chinese-American man with a disability going back to China, meeting his birth family, and starting a foundation to help other abandoned kids.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Wyatt Harris was born with one arm in mainland China. Because of the one-child policy and figuring he would be of little value to the family, he was abandoned as an infant to an orphanage, where he was adopted by an American family at the age of four. *The Second Chance* is Wyatt's story of his childhood in the US, and later his search to find his biological parents in China.

After finding his biological parents and siblings in a tiny village, he realizes how lucky he was to have been abandoned 20 years before. With his newfound respect for life, he decides to give orphans another chance as well, and starts Second Chances, a nonprofit foundation assisting orphans in Taiwan and China. In October of 2012, the first orphan student from Taiwan was brought to the United States to study at a school in Oregon for one year, all funded through Second Chances.

*The Second Chance* is the story of the author's epic journey to discover his past and secure his future.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Book has sold over 30,000 copies in Taiwan and mainland China since 2012
- Millions of people have been adopted around the world
- A true story of the author finding his biological parents (DNA test positive)
- The author started a foundation helping other kids, raising over \$600k USD
- Author and foundation is supported by Rotary International

### **AUDIENCE**

- Families that adopted children
- Adoptee's who question their past
- People with disabilities/ birth defects
- Rotarians



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Wyatt Harris, graduated from University of Oregon with a degree in International Business and Chinese in 2012. In 2011, *The Second Chance* was translated in Traditional Chinese and released in Taipei, Taiwan. In January of 2013, it was translated into Simplified Chinese and released in China. The author is a Rotarian. He also started the nonprofit foundation Second Chances to support orphans in China, and providing a way for them to be educated in the U.S. Wyatt Harris lives and works in Williamsburg, Virginia.

### **ONLINE**

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**Pages : 275**

**FAM004000 Family & Relationships/**

**Adoption & Fostering**

**SEL027000 Self Help/Personal**

**Growth/Success**

### **MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS**

- Interest from newspapers: Virginia Gazette, East Oregonian Newspapers. Editor and Chief with Oregon Quarterly Magazine
- Book tour in Oregon, Virginia, Taiwan, China etc.
- Website for the book and foundation, Facebook page, Twitter, LinkedIn
- Rotary Meetings, Conferences. District President of Rotary (will include Rotary symbol on the book). The author will utilize Rotary and his connections with them to maximize book sales.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Williamsburg, Virginia



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PART ONE  
Chapter One

## Who are these white people?

WHEN THE PLANE LANDED in Portland, Oregon on September 20, 1994, my life was never going to be the same. I no longer was just a number or a baby waiting to be adopted. I now had a family and my own bedroom. I no longer was that child whose photo was passed from family to family hoping they would chose me. It was my turn to be the chosen one.

Just a week prior to my arrival in the US, I met for the first time my father Cal and grandfather Richard Harris. For one week, the three of us went through this tedious process of getting to know each other. I had to cope with a white guy tucking me and my father had to deal with his son who couldn't speak English. All we could do was smile if we were happy, frown if we were upset or bite one another if we were angry.

Before you start judging me, I would just like to say, I wasn't a violent kid at all. I just didn't know how to get my message across to the caregivers that I did not want anything to do with these foreigners. Biting them was the only way I felt I could get my feelings heard. Even with all the biting and gifts I got, I was not going to go with these people without a fight. I took every chance I had during meals to leave their side in hopes of finding my caregiver.

It turns out, no matter how many times you run away from you father and grandfather at a restaurant in China, they are still going to get you back. Just before leaving for the United States, I was finally starting to accept these men as friends. On September 20th, with my dad carrying me with his right arm, the three of us stepped off the plane and entered what I thought was a room full of white aliens.

I later learned the beautiful woman with dark hair who was crying and holding my hand was my new mommy. I was greeted into America by my new mom, sister, aunts, uncles, great aunts and uncles and cousins! With all this excitement going around, I was not at all amused by these strangers staring and smiling at me. I wasn't at all entertained until Margie (my sister) gave me my first present; a green dragon. As I clinched tighter and tighter to the green dragon, I realized by squeezing the dragon, it made a loud noise. I found this toy to be quite amusing after learning the sound effects

it created when squeezed.

My first meal in the U.S. was at a restaurant called Shari's. Shari's is restaurant that has a home style diner atmosphere. Shari's was just a few minutes away from the airport, so it didn't take long for me to be exposed to U.S. foods. Speaking of food, my parents and relatives didn't have the slightest idea what I would want to eat. Their solution to this predicament was to have each member of my family order a different dish from the menu, in hopes I picked what I wanted to eat from their plates.

So with the food ordered and a variety of choices in front of me, I had hamburgers, steak, pasta, sandwiches, soup and salads to pick from. I decided that the salad fit my fancy more than anything else. I remember picking out a big tomato from the salad and sucking out the juices and seeds inside. I don't know why, but I refused to eat the outer skin of the tomato.

If I wasn't learning how to use a fork or spoon, then I was forced to learn English. Unlike most parents who have kids in the U.S., my parents had a daunting task in front of them. They had to teach their Chinese child English! Parents seldom ever have to think of how you're going to talk to your children or communicate with them because of a language barrier. However, my parents were seasoned pro's at this considering they had to deal with this with my Columbian sister as well.

When I was four years old, a lot of people from young to old were speaking to me in English. I of course didn't have the slightest idea what they were talking about, but that was the way I learned English. My family and family friends would just chat my ear off in English hoping I would catch on at some point. Just after a year of me being in the U.S., I was speaking English a lot better and even started showing signs that I was forgetting Chinese.

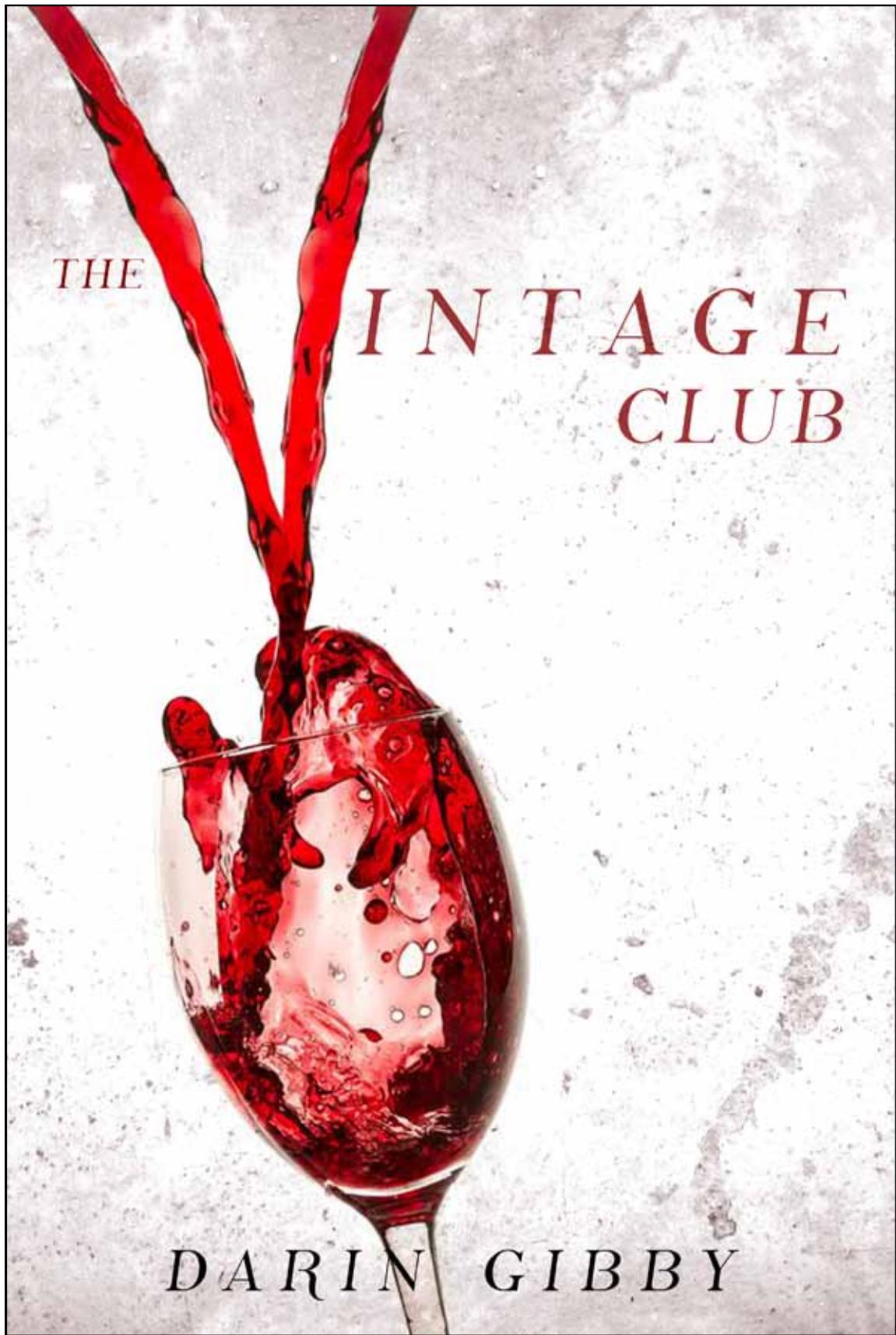
The technique my parents used when I was young was brutal. I still have nightmares. They tossed me in a class full of stinky preschoolers and sandboxes in hopes I would improve my communication skills with kids my age. Now that I look back, I feel bad for that little Chinese-speaking kid. I can see it now: kids holding up cookies and making me say ku-ki in English before I could eat one. I bet that's how I learned my snack food so fast when I was starting out.

In all seriousness, that was a great decision on my parents' part to put me with those kids. Having a class full of English-speaking kids my age allowed me to learn English and make friends. Not to mention, I was the cool kid in the class who could speak Chinese. It wouldn't surprise me if I taught my fellow nap buddies how to say "pee-pee" or "rice" in Chinese during that year.

Learning English has provided some really fun memories for my family and I. After a couple months of being in the U.S., I had learned some basic vocabulary. However, I was still not at a high reading level or anywhere close to learning how to read. That's what makes this next story so cute to my parents.

In most U.S. Chinese restaurants, you're given a fortune cookie at the end of your meal. Of course inside this cookie is a proverb or a fortune. I took my cookie and cracked it open. Not even being able to read what it said, I announced to the family while looking at the fortune that it said, "To eat mo-r—kan-di!!"

When I wasn't at Chinese restaurants making up fortunes, I would be at home or



## *The Vintage Club*

**Darin Gibby**

### **SALES HANDLE**

A thriller about a group of the world's wealthiest men who are pursuing a quest for a wine elixir that will give eternal life to all who drink from the cup.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Can wine really make you live forever? Yes, if the grapes are an ancient varietal or so the members of the Vintage Club believe. Made up of some of the world's wealthiest industrial magnates, the club conducts secret scientific research to discover what has eluded humans throughout history: the elixir of life.

Their quest hits a snag when scientist Walter Trudell is murdered. The prime murder suspect is his godson Reggie Alexander, a patent attorney whom Trudell once saved from a life of poverty in northeast Washington, D.C. As soon as news of the murder spreads, Reggie goes into hiding—soon after his wife and son disappear.

After being chased by mysterious assailants, beaten unconscious, and planted with a bug, Reggie must come to grips with his own private demons while figuring out how to save his family. *The Vintage Club* is a thriller that both explores the ancient Christian symbolism of wine and imagines ways that modern nanotechnology could be used to discover the fountain of youth.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Cross over between thriller and Christian markets
- Utilizes nanotechnology that will appeal to the scientific community
- General appeal to the wine lover market
- Gibby is an established author, as well as a practicing patent attorney with a knowledge of nanotechnology
- Includes a unique interpretation of popular religious symbols

### **AUDIENCE**

- Secular thriller readers • Christian readers • wine lovers
- scientists • attorneys

### **MARKETING & PUBLICITY**

The publicity campaign will have two areas of focus:

- 1) the use of a national public relations firm.
- 2) a "guerilla" marketing attack using a variety of strategies.

1. National Public Relations Campaign: firm to handle national and local radio and television placement, submission of articles for publication and to book reviewers. They will contact shows that featured author's previous book, including *To The Best of Our Knowledge*, Leonard Lopate, and those listed at <http://www.daringibby.com/> medial coverage, in addition to other channels more appropriate for fiction.

2. Guerilla Marketing:

A. Internet: Use web site ([www.daringibby.com](http://www.daringibby.com)) focusing on *The Vintage Club*, including links on where to purchase, background information and related links, publicity, articles, a sample chapter, and suggested topics of discussion for book clubs. Also include a Blog with articles relating to the book, including those relating to wines/food, and those of a religious nature, particularly referencing the symbolic use of wine and scientific articles on innovation on enhancing longevity.

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**FIC026000 Fiction/Religious**



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Darin Gibby is the author of *Why Has America Stopped Inventing?* He is also an internationally renowned patent attorney and has been featured in

a wide variety of publications as well as TV and radio shows, including *The Washington Post*, *The Wall Street Journal*, the Leonard Lopate show, Yahoo! Finance and *To The Best of Our Knowledge*.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Aurora, Colorado



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## MARKETING & PUBLICITY (cont.)

### B. Social networking

Author will use LinkedIn, Twitter, Facebook and Amazon as portals to announce the book and to share articles relative to the subject matter of the book. Will include information on Amazon Author Central site.

### C. Other sites/blogs

\* Will send copies of the book to winery organizations, such as local wine consortiums/organizations (Napa Valley, Verde Valley, etc) to include information on their web sites. Will approach wine clubs that have internet sites and blogs and regularly post information on topics related to wine, to included information about the book on their sites.

\* Will contact religious groups and organizations, especially those of the Christian faith that have book/social clubs with an internet presence, with information on the novel.

\* Will post information on the novel on the author's law firm's web site: [www.kilpatricktownsend.com](http://www.kilpatricktownsend.com), which has a large email contact group, including clients of the firm, who will receive emails regarding release of the book and any significant media appearances or mentions.

### D. Articles promoting the book

Similar to the articles the author wrote to bring attention to "Why Has America Stopped Inventing?", he will publish articles for placement in various media outlets, such as food/wine magazines/blogs, and religious publications.

### E. Speaking Engagements

Author will utilize speaker's bureau organized by Morgan James and will also approach organizations where he can present information on the issues raised in the novel. These will include:

\* Book clubs (will include video clips on the author's web site on suggested topics of discussion).

\* Religious organizations/churches.

\* Wine clubs and winery events.

\* Inventor clubs.

### F. Placement of books in non traditional channels

Author will approach companies, such as restaurants, wineries, Christian organizations and book stores to display and/or sell the book.

G. YouTube Author will create various video segments on wine related topics raised in the book and place them on YouTube and provide the links on author's web site.

H. Contest Author will create a contest advertised on his web site to bring attention to the book, such as a recipe/wine contest, with winner to receive a year subscription to a wine of the month club.

## Chapter 1

The subway doors slid open at the King Street station and Reggie went bounding toward the exit, unobstructed by commuters. Few people were crazy enough to start work at such an insane hour. His watch said 5:35 AM.

Reggie skipped up the stairway like an elk effortlessly hopping up a cliffside. Was he crazy? Some people might think so, but they didn't have a nine-year-old boy who was wild about a dad who in addition to a regular job coached not just his basketball team but also his football and little league baseball teams. The commute wouldn't be so horrible if Reggie lived closer to work, but on a patent examiner's meager salary

he didn't have much of a choice. No way he could ever live in Alexandria, home of the million-dollar condo. So he settled for the worn-out suburbs of Rockville, Maryland, half a mile from the metro.

In truth, the location wasn't determined solely by money. It was also where Tina's parents lived. She was their only daughter—their very spoiled only daughter—and they had helped with the down payment on the condition that the house be outside of the D.C. beltway and not too distant from their own.

Rockville was a far cry from northeast D.C. where he'd grown up. After the accident, he'd been lucky to have an aunt set him up on the couch in her apartment on the second floor of a row house, a dive complete with paper-thin walls, roaches and rats. With no air-conditioning they'd had to keep the windows open, and the screens had rips. So there were lots of flies, too.

Reggie popped out of the station to a graying sky and a heavy blanket of humidity. He scurried across Duke Street, the George Washington Masonic Memorial to his right, then down Dulany, a cul-de-sac lined with an assortment of office buildings, among them the United States Patent and Trademark Office. The patent office, which had recently moved here from Crystal City, consisted of five buildings. The first four, unimpressive red and tan brick structures, flanked both sides of Dulany and housed the patent examiners. The fifth—the main search facility as well as administrative offices—stood at the end of the cul-de-sac. It was topped by a large glass pyramid resembling the one at the Louvre.

Reggie passed the Randolph building and entered Knox. After he'd tapped his security badge lightly against the sensor, two waist-high steel doors popped open. The federal government knew each time one of its employees entered or left the building. Visitors were more vigorously screened. For them, the check-in protocol required a driver's license, a body search, and passage through an X-ray machine. It was easier getting through airline security.

Reggie shot up the elevator to the fifth floor, hung a right, then hurried down the hall to room 5A34. Seniority had awarded Reggie with an outer office that offered a bird's-eye view of the federal courthouse, the one specializing in nailing terrorists. During trials it wasn't unusual to look out his window and see members of a SWAT team perched on top of the courthouse, lugging automatic weapons and hand grenades.

"That you, Mr. Alexander?"

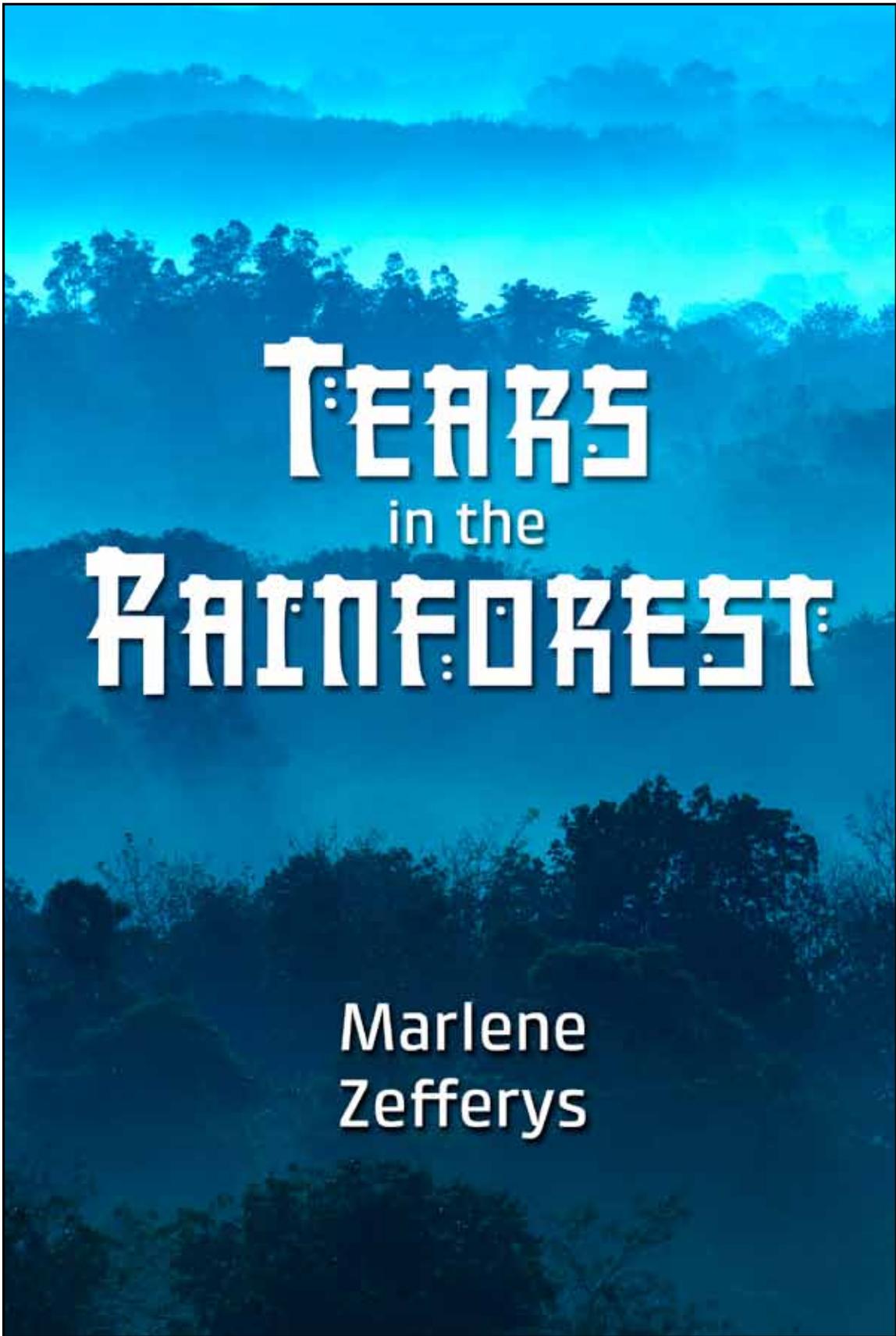
Reggie stopped in his tracks, leaned back and poked his head into A32.

"What's up, Chuck?"

Chuck Turely, a three-hundred-pound, six-foot-six monster of a man, occupied the office just down from Reggie's. His head, practically the size of a soccer ball, was magnified by bushy sideburns and a curly mop. Chuck plucked out his ear buds and swiveled around on his black-mesh ergonomic chair.

"You don't have a right to be this spry, not at quarter to six in the morning and especially not doing this job," Chuck said.

Reggie side-stepped into the room, his radiant grin revealing a perfect set of whitened teeth. "Getting ready for the new season," he said. "Got the registration sheet right in here, man." He reached over his shoulder and tapped his pack. "Time for some



茶在雨林  
in the  
雨林中的茶

Marlene  
Zefferys

## ***Tears in the Rainforest***

**Marlene Zefferys**

### **SALES HANDLE**

A fast paced international thriller set in South East Asia dealing with the dark side of rainforest poaching. The female heroine becomes a target of the underworld in her efforts to prevent the extinction of endangered wild animals.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Chris Johnson, U.S. Customs Agent based in Seattle is given a demanding assignment in Malaysia. The country needs assistance in slowing the fast growing trade in illegal smuggling of exotic animals and protection of endangered species that are rapidly being wiped out.

With the assistance of Suhaimi Wahab, Malaysia's Wildlife Crime Unit, and a defiant undercover agent, May Ling Kang, Chris becomes embroiled in the smuggling activities of ruthless gangs who use murder, kidnapping and corruption to enforce their business and to keep money and trade flowing.

Can Johnson save exotic species from extinction and stop the smuggling? Will the rainforests survive the slaughter? Read this exciting novel for insight into the dark world of endangered animal smuggling.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Author is an experienced expert on endangered species in Southeast Asia
- Highlights one of the world's most serious environmental problems
- Brings to light many Asian traditions and cultures
- Novel brings to light acknowledged problems

### **AUDIENCE**

- Animal rights advocates and ecology supporters
- International thriller readers
- Women
- Animal lovers in the uninformed public.



### **AUTHOR BIO**

While living in Malaysia, author Marlene Zefferys published several books on education; co authored *Secrets of a Rainbow Goddess*, a romantic, adventure novel; and *Khymer Bronzes From the 9th to the 15th Centuries*, and *Thai Customs and Etiquette*.

She first became aware of the devastation of international animal smuggling while living in Malaysia where she was coordinator of the Malaysian American Commission on Educational Exchange advising center. Exposed to frequent reports of exotic animals taken from the rain forests of S.E. Asia she took the cause to heart and wanted to make a difference. She has a BS/PreMed degree in Zoology from the University of Manitoba and has worked in medical research and education in the U.S. and Canada.

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### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Freeland, Washington



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## Chapter One

FENG WAS TENSE AND EDGY. This was his first job for the secret society. He knew if he failed he would pay dearly. They didn't tolerate any mistakes.

The night was dark—the moon, a small silver crescent in a clear, star-filled sky. Chan was driving intently, concentrating on the road ahead. He hunched over the steering wheel, peering through his glasses at the pitch-black highway, lit only by the car's dim headlights. They came from Penang, a large island off the west coast, two hours south of the border.

Their black, compact sedan sped along the North-South expressway toward Bukit Kayu Hitam, (Black Wood Hill), the main Malaysian border crossing into Thailand.

Feng's nonstop nervous chatter disrupted Chan's concentration, making him jittery. Finally, he slammed on his brakes and the car squealed to an abrupt stop. He turned to Feng and spit out his words.

"Shut up! Zip it, kid! Stop talking! I can't drive with your noise." He angrily switched off the radio, blaring loud Chinese rock music in high-pitched wailing tones. Feng blinked rapidly several times as stony silence filled the car.

"Sorry, boss." He mumbled.

Chan took a deep breath, revved the engine and drove the car back onto the highway. He increased his speed as he concentrated on the road ahead. Chan was an older Chinese man, and a loyal member of the syndicate, always took the dangerous assignments. Stocky, with short graying hair, he wore a dirty white tee shirt with I Love New York scrawled across the front; underarms damp with large sweat stains spreading across his chest.

Feng wiggled in his seat, tapped his fingers to some imagined rock music, slyly glanced at Chan, and suddenly stopped.

Finally, he sat on his hands and remained still as if transported to some dream world. The young man wore a gold earring in his left ear and short spiky brylcreemed hair with blond tips, Asian style of the moment. He was pitifully thin; his sallow skin highlighted his hollow cheeks covered with red pimples and scars from a bad case of acne.

They rounded a curve in the road and bright lights on either side of the highway abruptly burst into view. Large green road signs, directed the traffic to reduce speed.

Chan slowed the car to a crawl. His muscular arms rested on the steering wheel revealing a large, red-eyed, green dragon tattoo, winding around his right arm from his shoulder to his elbow. The dragon had its mouth open breathing fire down Chan's arm.

Chan glanced at Feng and whispered. "Don't open your damn mouth. I'll do the talking. Don't even look at the customs officers, and if you don't sit still, I'll slit your throat!"

They moved toward a short queue in the narrow lane, only wide enough for one car to move forward at a time. The brightly lit border was busy this time of night with a line-up of several lorries waiting for their cargo to be inspected.

Cars in one lane, lorries in another, the lorry drivers standing beside their lorries, smoking, chatting together until it was their turn to be inspected by the customs officers.

Feng lit a cigarette, inhaled a few puffs then flicked it out the window. Their car inched toward the brown-colored metal booth with a glass window open at one side for passing documents. Chan drummed his fingers nervously against his thigh. Feng watched him silently.

Azmi, a new customs recruit in his early twenties, had just completed his training. New officers always pulled late night duty. Only two hours remained before his shift ended at midnight, and he was looking forward to returning home.

He liked his job. He felt important, questioning people, inspecting their cars and lorries.

Customs Officer Mustapha, also on duty, was busy writing up the daily report while waiting to inspect the next vehicle. His blue uniform with short sleeves accentuated his long arms and height. He was senior to Azmi, but only by a few months.

Two army officers patrolled this border crossing. They were dressed in blue camouflage uniforms tucked into their military boots; blue berets worn jauntily at a slant, M-16 A2 rifles slung over their left shoulders, P99 Walther pistols in holsters strapped to their right thighs. They were resting in the office, smoking and chatting.

Chan drove to a customs booth in the lane nearest the office. He opened his window as he approached the booth. The humid hot air flowed into the car, fogging his glasses.

Azmi leaned forward and said with authority, "Passports and car registration."

He passed both through the window, and then wiped his glasses on his dirty shirt as the officer ran the documents through the computer, and returned them.

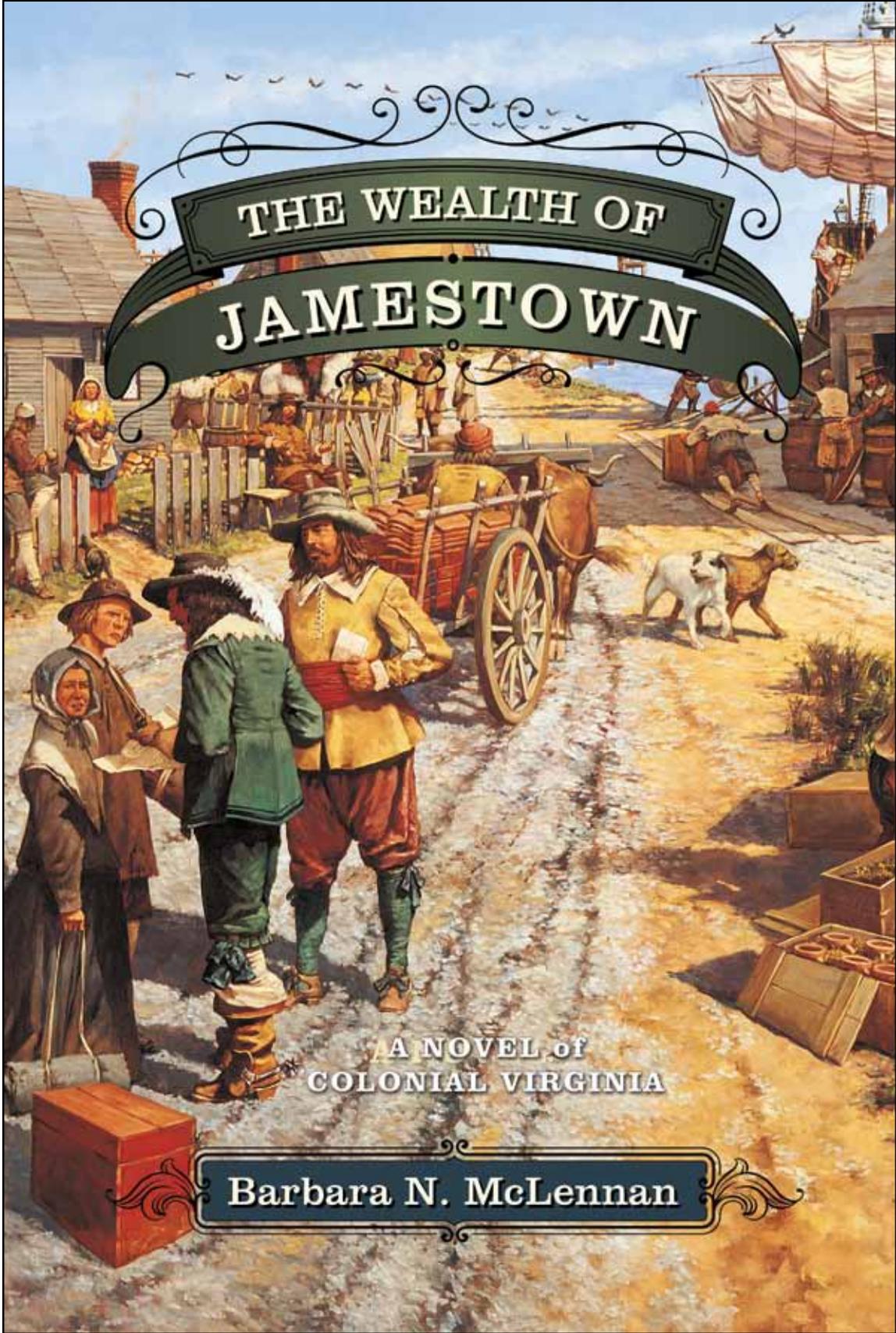
"Move forward to the inspection lane."

Mustapha watched from the office as the car pulled into the lane. He grabbed his flashlight as he joined Azmi and motioned the car to pull forward into a bay.

Mustapha said. "Turn off your engine and place your vehicle in park."

He walked down the passenger side of the car towards the trunk, shining his flashlight into the car. At the same time, Azmi approached the driver, flashlight in his hand, ready to inspect the vehicle.

Feng could hear the blood pounding in his ears as his heart beat rapidly. He felt as though his heart would burst out of his skinny chest at any moment. It took all his energy to remain still. He thought about the money he would receive from this job, but



## ***The Wealth of Jamestown***

**Barbara N. McLennan**

### **SALES HANDLE**

Closely based on historical events and people who lived in Jamestown in the 1690's. It is a revolutionary time, with Virginia seeing the birth of commerce, piracy, and vast accumulations of wealth.

### **DESCRIPTION**

William Roscoe, a young Virginia planter and sheriff of Yorktown and Gloucester, and Sarah Harrison, seventeen-year old daughter of one of Virginia's wealthiest planters, are in love and engaged to be married. But Sarah's father, Benjamin Harrison II, forces Sarah to break the engagement and marry James Blair, lobbyist, church bureaucrat and Commissary of the Church of England, with connections to the Board of Trade in England.

Sarah retains her dowry and wealth, and while Blair goes to England to lobby for a college of which he'd be President, she continues her relationship with William. Sarah and William buy two sailing ships, and William begins trade with pirates in the new city of Charles Towne. With King William's War with France finished, commerce and trade open up and Virginia planters become very wealthy—William becomes a member of the House of Burgesses. But Blair returns, reclaiming his status and seeking power over all of Virginia, forcing a showdown with William over the affections of Sarah.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Author is a docent at Jamestown, an historical expert on the period about which she writes
- Tells the story of powerful women at the start of American history. Most discussions of Virginia in the 1600s go no further than Pocahontas.
- Accurately depicts the character of the people who survive in the colony due to their ability to talk to and support each other.
- Documents and articulates the beginnings of the discontent with England and the development of the independent American spirit

### **AUDIENCE**

- \* Readers of U. S. colonial history.
- \* Readers interested in the role of women in early American history: the place of and relationship among marriage, family and property.
- \* Readers interested in the origins of U. S. law and politics: the purpose of representatives; how they face the executive; how to limit the power of the executive.



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Barbara McLennan has published five books and numerous magazine and journal articles on various political, economic, and historical subjects. For two years she contributed columns and articles on local customs and local history to NorthernNeck.com, a local on line newspaper serving the Rappahannock region of Virginia. Currently she serves as docent at Jamestown Settlement, the living history museum that commemorates the founding of the first permanent English settlement in North America. There she provides lectures and information to visitors. Holding both Ph. D. and J.D. degrees, Barbara McLennan is a former professor, association executive and high level

official in the United States Departments of Commerce and Treasury.

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**HIS036020 History/United States/**

**Colonial Period (1600-1775)**

### **MARKETING & PUBLICITY**

- Author is developing social media network, including her website, Facebook and LinkedIn.
- Will pursue endorsements and speaking engagements with the Chesapeake Bay Writers Chapter of the Virginia Writers Club.
- Planning on radio exposure, including with Neal Steele of WXGM.
- Will participate in courses at William and Mary
- Expecting second interview with Williamsburg Magazine.
- Sending out ARCs to follow her plan with Regan's Mandate, for which she received eight endorsements.
- She is actively participating in American history blogs

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Williamsburg, Virginia



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## Chapter Two

### Facing a warship

WILLIAM WATCHED THE WARSHIP chase the privateer into the small pier, and bear down on it. The large ship's cannon aimed at the small ship, ready to blow it out of the water. A ship's cannon shot would blow away not only the privateer, but also the dock and all the people assembled on it.

The Captain stood high on the starboard side of the ship facing the shore. He wore a splendid dress coat and appeared gigantic to the people looking at him from the land. His dark green jacket was embellished with gold brocade and he wore many medals. William knew that every captain looked different as the navy required no special uniform. This Captain was wealthy, pompous and showy. The Captain shouted:

"Everyone, get back! This is a royal navy operation. We have a customs runner in custody."

William shouted from his standing position, "I am the sheriff, and there are no facilities on this river for you. You must go to Jamestown, where there is a proper dock. The governor, our Chief Lord of the Admiralty, can see to your concerns."

"Then stand back, while I blow the criminals away!"

The crew on board the warship could be seen scurrying to load one of the great ship's cannons. They faced it out to the river, away from the shore and the private boat. While doing this, the warship crew shouted and joked with the people on shore, "Wait till you hear this, you bumpkins! Hold your ears!" The captain ordered the cannon fired and its thundering noise could be heard for miles. Every bird and frog near the York seemed to scream and take flight all at once. But it was only a warning shot, and the captain was having fun with the locals.

William stood his ground. He wasn't going to be intimidated, and now he drew his sword and waved in the air. He was furious and shouted, "You haven't proven the ship has broken any laws. That charge has to be presented before a court. This is Virginia and we enforce the king's laws here. If you act without legal justification, you are the criminal."

“But what will happen to the privateer, if we leave her here and go on to Jamestown? All of its cargo must be properly inspected by a customs agent and a full report made. We have reason to believe there are stolen goods on board.”

“Mr. Harris here is a customs agent,” said William, pointing to one of his five militia men. “We will prepare a proper report and take it to the governor’s offices in Jamestown. The ship will be kept here until we complete our review of what’s on board. If something’s amiss, we will keep the ship in custody.”

William could see several Indians emerging from the woods behind the dock. Now he’d have to find a way to assure them of their safety, and the sight of the great ship would likely frighten them.

The Captain looked down on the small crowd of farmers, fishermen, Indians and militia men. He’d just completed a long voyage and his men were anxious for some shore leave. He could see only two small wooden buildings, both meant for storage and maintenance of the pier. There was no town, village, or tavern, and he wasn’t sure his men would know how to deal with the Indians.

He shouted, “And what will you pay to have us abide with your foolish wishes?”

The warship crew laughed and guffawed. Some made faces at the crowd. The Indians began arming their bows, as several more appeared from the wood.

“You should take that up with the governor. He is also Chief Lord of the Treasury, as well as the Lord Chief Justice. We understand he’s interested in proper and fair enforcement of the laws.” William was still furious, and spoke in short clipped tones.

“Very well. We’ll go on to Jamestown and pay our respects to the governor. I am Captain Cavendish. Who shall I say is the sheriff?”

“I am William Roscoe, Sheriff of Warwick and Yorktown.”

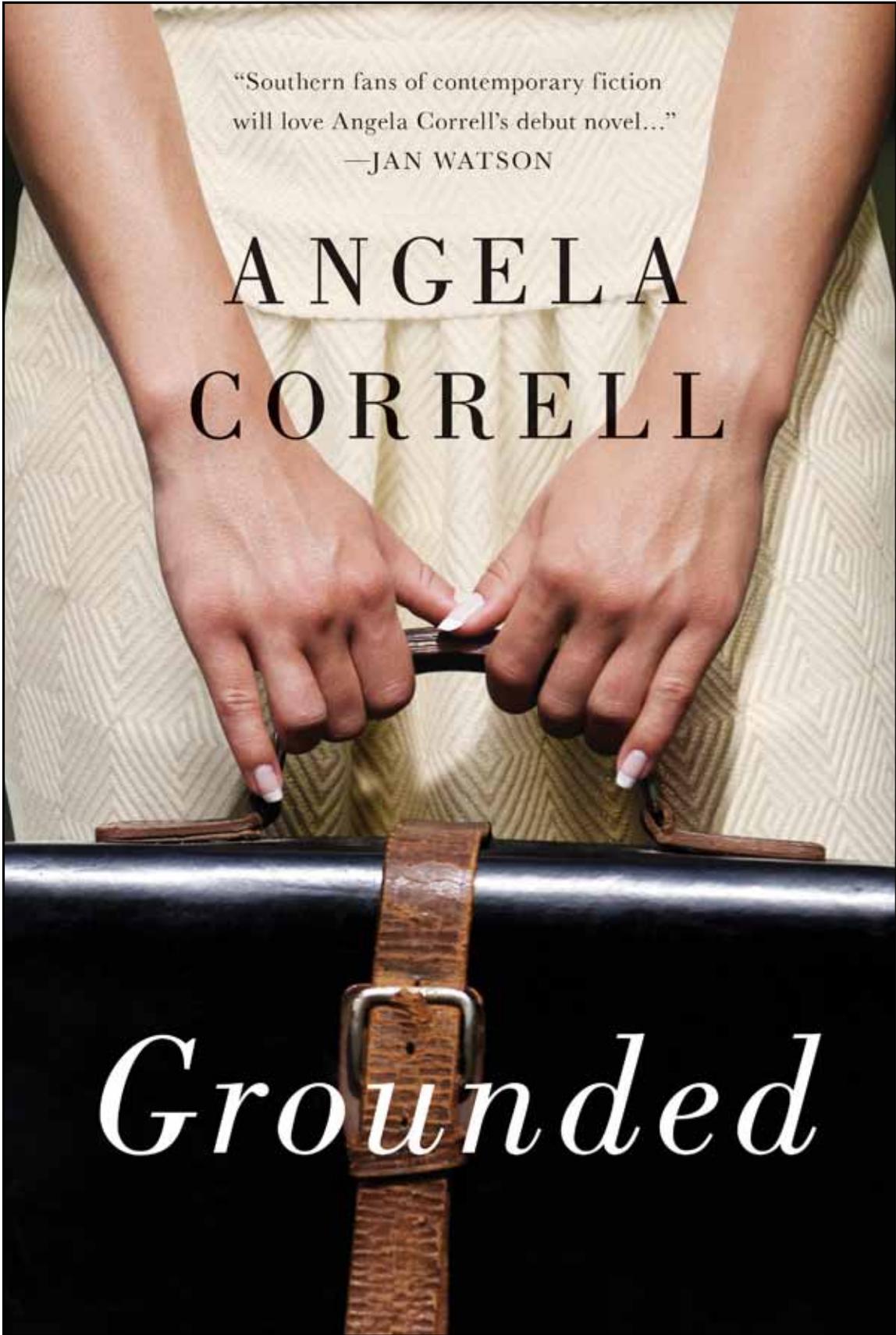
As the warship prepared to turn around, William stepped down from the barrel. He turned to his friend George Harris, who knew nothing at all about customs declarations. “Who do you know that’s seen a customs report?”

George was a fisherman who could read, but did very little writing. “Perhaps your intended, Miss Sarah? The Harrisons do a great deal of tobacco trading with Holland and Scotland. Perhaps she knows what appears on a customs report.”

William saw the Indians take down their weapons. He greeted them and assured them, “Nothing will happen here. They go on to Jamestown to see the governor. Please tell the queen that we are all upset at the noise and commotion. I hope she is well and will not worry too much.”

Two Indians acquainted with William responded, “What kind of people fire first and talk later? That shot surely frightened the deer, the turkeys, and anything else that moves.”

“They’re sailors who’ve been at sea too long. I apologize for them. At least they didn’t fire at the shore.”



“Southern fans of contemporary fiction  
will love Angela Correll’s debut novel...”

—JAN WATSON

ANGELA  
CORRELL

*Grounded*

## ***Grounded***

**Angela Correll**

### **SALES HANDLE**

When layoffs ground flight attendant Annie Taylor, she trades her jet setting lifestyle for a seemingly quiet summer of organic gardening in Kentucky. Facing new hope and new love, Annie must make life-changing decisions.

### **DESCRIPTION**

New York City flight attendant Annie Taylor is grounded, putting a halt to her weekends in Rome and jet-setting lifestyle. Soon her boyfriend's true nature is revealed, and to make matters worse, she loses her apartment. In the midst of her crashing life, Annie leaves the city for the family farm in Kentucky, a place she's avoided for years. She finds a shotgun-wielding grandmother, a farm in disrepair, and a suspicious stranger renting the old stone house.

The country quiet haunts Annie with reminders of a past that can't be changed. She tries persuading her ailing grandmother to sell the farm, but is met with stubborn refusal. Childhood friend Jake Wilder is contemplating a leap off the corporate ladder to follow his passion for sustainable farming. Nearly ready to propose to Camille, a girl who wants more, not less, Annie believes Jake is making a terrible mistake. After all these years, does she have the right to tell him?

As the summer heats up, so do Annie's unexpected feelings for Jake and her love for the land. She sees a glimmer of hope for a second chance. But just as she is finding common ground with her grandmother, a phone call from New York forces her to choose between the past and the future.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

1. Covers the growing popularity of sustainable agriculture.
2. Author is highly connected in the Kentucky local food movement, owns a restaurant and a shop specializing in goat-milk products
3. Cross-over marketing to secular and Christian audiences.
4. Includes study guide for book clubs.
5. Resonates with current economic times.

### **AUDIENCE**

Women's fiction readers • Christian fiction readers • Southern literature readers  
Local and organic food enthusiasts • Sustainable farming advocates



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Angela Correll is a seventh generation Kentuckian. She has written over fifty columns for local newspapers about life, family, and farming and holds a Master's Degree from the University of Kentucky in Library Science. She owns a shop on Main Street in Stanford, KY, selling handcrafted goat milk soap and other local products. Angela and her husband Jess are partners in the Bluebird, a farm to table restaurant, promoting food produced in a humane, sustainable and natural way. She combines her passion for hospitality and historic preservation by renovating historic homes into guesthouses. She

lives on a farm with her husband, Jess, and an assortment of cattle, horses, goats and chickens. This is her first novel

**Distributor: Ingram Publisher Services**

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**FIC044000 Fiction/**

**Contemporary Women**

**FIC042000 Fiction/Christian/General**

### **Marketing & Publicity**

- Author will recruit influential friends around the country to promote book
- Book will be promoted at shop and restaurant
- Author is promoting book on website, Facebook, Goodreads and Twitter
- Blessed Earth, a faith-based environmental nonprofit. Nancy Sleeth is author of *Almost Amish* and *Go Green and Save*, both from Tyndale. Author may designate a portion of the proceeds to Blessed Earth.
- sustainablekentucky.com will participate in book promotions
- LA production studio is interested in the screenplay
- Author will leverage close relationships with radio personalities
- Author will leverage large network of personal and professional Christian connections
- Author will designate a portion of the proceeds to Blessed Earth.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Stanford, Kentucky



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The future of distribution

## CHAPTER ONE

ANNIE COULDN'T WAIT TO GET HOME. Up from the subway station and into a downpour, she wrestled a book out of the black leather handbag and used it to cover her head. The book made a poor umbrella, but with her other hand dragging luggage, it was the best she could do. Maybe getting soaked would at least wash the red stain off her khaki skirt.

Good rain, good rain. It was something her grandfather used to say years ago on the farm. Annie could see him in her mind, standing at the window of the farmhouse, a contented smile on his face and pipe smoke curling around his white head. But that was when rain was vital to food and income. Now it was a messy inconvenience.

The weather delayed their landing in New York and added to an already difficult flight. The crew had celebrated her birthday the night before, and she'd had too much wine. A dull headache lingered into the first few hours and then there was the businessman from New Jersey who could not be pleased. As soon as she brought him a newspaper, he wanted a drink. Then he wanted another newspaper and on and on it went. A bossy teenager flying alone complained about the music selection, all the while going through three headsets to find the one with the best sound. What was a teenager doing in first class anyway? And what happened to the iPods that seemed to sprout on every teenager's body like an appendage at thirteen?

The apartment building in sight, Annie ran the last few yards, her feet bitterly complaining in the high heels. Under the stoop, she unlocked the door and stumbled over the threshold with her luggage.

The air was thick with the rich scent of curry. She hoped it was coming from the Agarwals and not from her apartment. Stuart had said her hair smelled like the Kashmir Indian Restaurant when they'd gone out last week.

Nearly to the door, her luggage caught on the grate in the floor, jerking her backward. When she reached down to dislodge the wheel, her purse fell, scattering phone, hairbrush and lipstick across the floor.

Snatching up the errant items, Annie nearly stuffed her phone back into her bag before seeing a text from Stuart.

"Running late today...meet me at the apartment?"

She rubbed her temple, working it to release the tension. The last thing she wanted to do was go back out in the rain and ride the subway uptown.

“Annie, you are home!” Prema smiled, her warm dark eyes alight with excitement when Annie finally struggled through the door. “Oh, what happened to your skirt?”

“Tomato juice. We had a little turbulence and a passenger who had too many drinks. It could have been worse.”

“Yes, like my flight to Delhi a few weeks ago. A child threw up on me! It was most unpleasant.”

Amused at the understatement, Annie hid her grin since Prema was entirely serious.

“You’re cooking,” Annie said.

“Yes. I invited Jatindre to come for dinner. He sounded so sad, all alone.” The gold hoops in her ears swung as she moved from the living area to the kitchen, the scarf of her purple sari flowing behind her.

“And you’re in traditional dress,” Annie said. “Why do I think this is more than just a ‘welcome to New York?’”

“I am doing as my father asked of me. But this friend of my father’s is newly arrived. I don’t want to shock him with my American style clothing. Can you have dinner with us?”

Annie tossed the book she had used for an umbrella on the side table and picked up her mail. “I’m going out with Stuart, thanks.”

“There will be leftovers, I’m sure.” Prema pointed to the chalkboard hanging next to the door. “Kate and Evie are gone through Tuesday. Whatever is left is yours. I leave tomorrow for Delhi.”

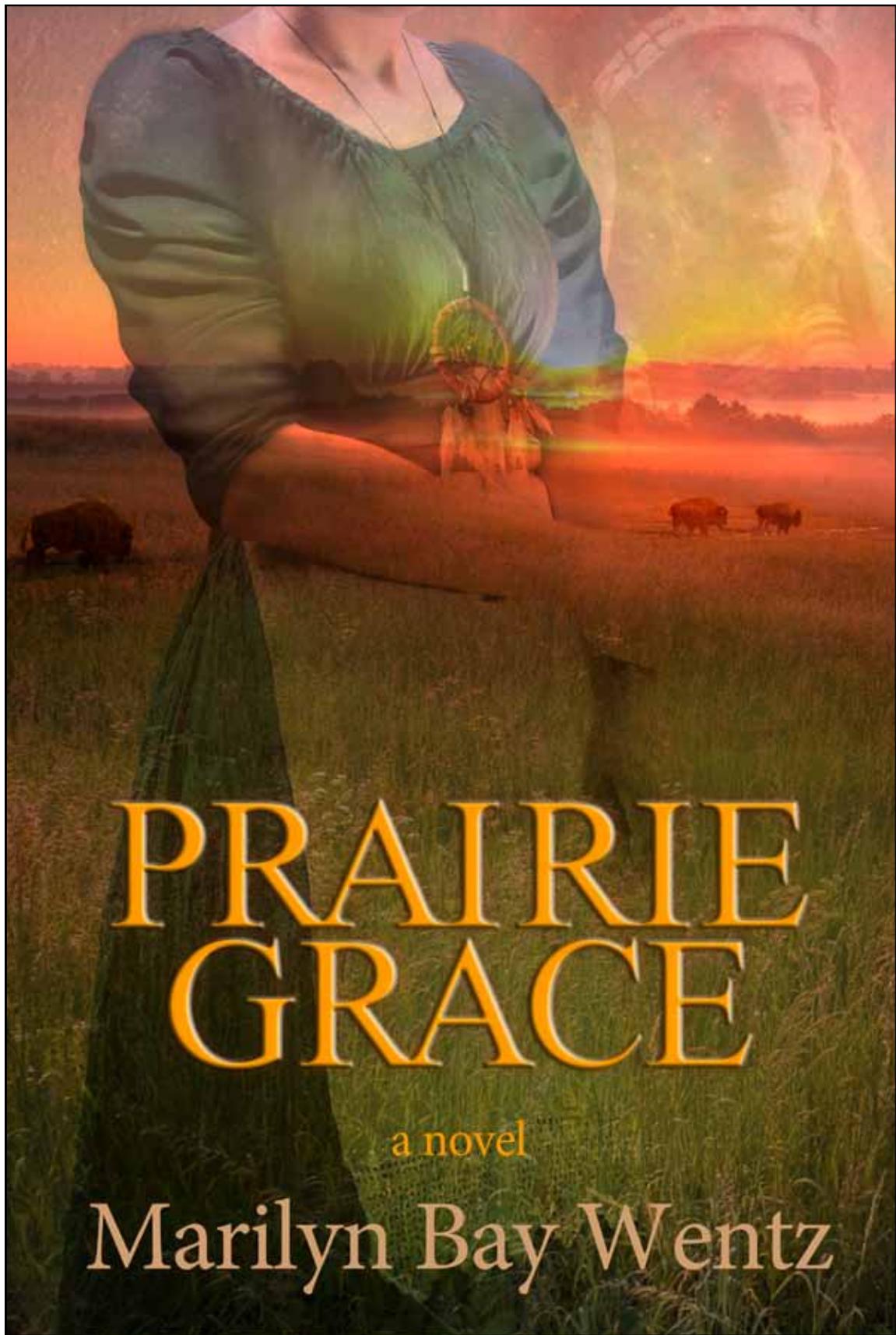
In an apartment of four flight attendants, the chalkboard was the only way to keep up with who was coming or going. Days of the week were listed at the top. To the side each girl’s name was written. An “X” meant you were out that day and night. A small “x” meant you were out part of the day. It helped with planning for social activities.

Four women in a three bedroom apartment had worked out well for the most part, since it was rare for them to all be home at the same time. Annie had the master bedroom, Prema had her own room and the two younger flight attendants Kate and Evie, shared another bedroom. Annie earned the larger bedroom by being in the apartment the longest, as several roommates had come and gone after getting married, or transferring to another city.

Annie tossed the mail on her bed and stripped off her TransAir uniform before stuffing it in the dry cleaning bag that hung from a hook in her closet.

The hot shower enveloped her in warmth, washing off the grime of an overseas flight. Her aching head felt as if a bowl of cotton were stuffed into her sinus passages. Breathing deeply of the moist heat, she could feel the pressure in her head easing and with it, her body relaxed.

She had snapped at two passengers today and that was after biting her lower lip so much it was now as raw as sandpaper. For a couple of weeks she had been on edge, as if a black cloud of foreboding had settled on her. Annie knew it was based in the news reports that kept coming out about the airline’s financial crisis. She had tried to shake



## ***Prairie Grace***

**Marilyn Wentz**

### **SALES HANDLE**

A fast moving story set in 1864 Colorado Territory as Indian settler hostilities build and culminate in the Sand Creek Massacre. Told from the eyes of Georgia, a daring young settler woman, and Gray Wolf, nephew of historic Cheyenne Chief Lean Bear.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Thomas had read Gray Wolf's face well. "It's not your fault, son. Remember when I told you we can't blame an entire people for the mistakes of one?"

While the eastern half of the United States is embroiled in Civil War to end slavery, military and political leaders in 1864 Colorado Territory strive to enslave the Native American population they see as impeding settlement. *Prairie Grace* portrays this clash of cultures through real people, Georgia MacBaye, a throw caution to the wind frontierswoman, and Gray Wolf, a Cheyenne brave who is thrown into the white world when his uncle, Chief Lean Bear, leaves him on the MacBaye doorstep in hopes that Georgia's mother, a well known healer, will be able to save his life.

Despite the hostilities perpetrated by both the U.S. military and Native renegades, there are individuals from both the white and Native populations that speak reason and deal honorably with each other—including Thomas, Georgia's father, whose ultimate sacrifice brings Gray Wolf to understand grace in a profound way. Destined to be enemies, Georgia and Gray Wolf battle their own and society's prejudices as they strive to carve out their futures. Packed with history, fast moving and believable, *Prairie Grace* leaves the reader with hope amid a heartbreaking tale of our nation's past.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- \* The 150th anniversary of the Sand Creek Massacre is Nov. 29, 2014.
- \* The author's journalistic expertise of the prairie adds plausibility, with dozens of historic events, places and people woven into its storyline.
- \* The author's expertise in agriculture, use of herbal and nutritional remedies and horse training provide believable descriptions of settler life.



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Marilyn Bay Wentz grew up on a family farm in northern Colorado, near the land homesteaded by her great-great grandparents. With a degree in journalism, she has written hundreds of news releases and feature stories for her clients and employers, which include Saatchi & Saatchi Advertising Taiwan, the National Farmers Union and the National Bison Association. In addition to operating *Prairie Natural Lamb*, she currently is editor of two agricultural publications: *Bison World* and *Open Pastures*. She and her family live on the eastern plains of Colorado.

### **MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS**

- Author is building social media: author website, Facebook and Twitter
- Author will piggyback on publicity for the 150th anniversary of the Sand Creek Massacre.

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**FIC042030 Fiction/Christian/**

**Historical**

**FIC042060 Fiction/Christian/**

**Suspense**

### **AUDIENCE**

- \* History/Western history buffs
- \* Lovers of the open plains
- \* Native Americans
- \* Women who like historical fiction and historical romance

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Strasburg, Colorado



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- \* Author will ask her long term clients, National Bison Association and American Grassfed Association, which have magazine/newsletter distributions of 1,200 and 2,300, respectively, to promote Prairie Grace in their print publications (which she edits) and email newsletters
- \* Author will approach various groups with which she is affiliated, 4 H, niche agricultural marketing email newsletters like Sustainable Food News, food co ops & blogs about promoting Prairie Grace
- \* Author will offer groups like the National Buffalo Foundation, Colorado 4 H Foundation, and others a fundraising opportunity where they get a profit on each book sold through their channels
- \* Author will write and distribute one or more news releases to weekly Eastern Plains newspapers, as well as the Denver Post and talk radio stations like KOA (50,000 watt station) and KHOW, employing the angle of the upcoming 150th anniversary of the Sand Creek Massacre
- \* Author will create a blog Prairie Ponderings and distribute news on the book through her personal and professional email list, 1,200 plus, as well as promotion through Facebook and her website: [www.PrairieNaturalLamb.com](http://www.PrairieNaturalLamb.com)
- \* Author will contact the Colorado Historical Society, the Colorado History Museum, the Sand Creek Massacre National Historical site, the National Bison Association, and the National Buffalo Museum to ask about selling and promoting Prairie Grace in their online stores and/or gift shops; another possible group of interest is Western Horseman magazine due to the horse training content in Prairie Grace
- \* Author will take the promotion national by leveraging the attention garnered by the above activities
- \* Author will establish a national presence as a “Voice of the Prairie” by offering recipes, devotionals, insights from a rural perspective, etc. on a blog
- \* Author will explore organizing contests for fans/book buyers

## MacBaye Ranch, Bijou Basin, Colorado Territory, Spring 1862

GEORGIA MACBAYE DIDN'T DISLIKE GATHERING EGGS or milking the family's Jersey cow, Blue Bell. It's just ... well ... there were so many more exciting things to do. She opened the milking stanchion and released the gentle milk cow. The basket of eggs in one hand and the bucket of milk in the other, Georgia left the barn for the house, its reddish-brown adobe blending in with the prairie. The second story appeared an extension of the imposing bluffs. Her father had chosen the site in the Bijou Basin because the big oak trees reminded him of South Carolina. He told Georgia he hoped it would make her mother feel less homesick. He also had practical reasons for building where he did. The bluffs to the west protected the homestead from the fierce winter blizzards, and the Bijou Creek, just out their backdoor, provided the MacBayes and their stock with water.

This morning, the rugged beauty was not what caught her eye. Snaking single file down the bluffs was a procession of Indian ponies. The pace of the horses and the

absence of war paint, told her the Indians meant no harm, but she couldn't be certain.

Georgia ran toward the house like a startled hare, milk splashing over the sides of the pail, eggs cracking. "Indians ... on the bluffs ... come look!"

"Ring the dinner bell, Georgia," her mother Lorraine screamed, panic rising in her voice.

With the alarm sounded, Georgia's father and brothers, James and Henry, were in the house within minutes.

Georgia's father pulled down the new Henry repeating rifle from the rack above the parlor fireplace, his work-worn hands slamming the lever down to load a bullet into the chamber. The comfortable parlor with its embroidered doilies and fine furniture was at their backs, as pa, James and Henry stood facing the front door. She read anxiety, not panic, in her father's weathered face.

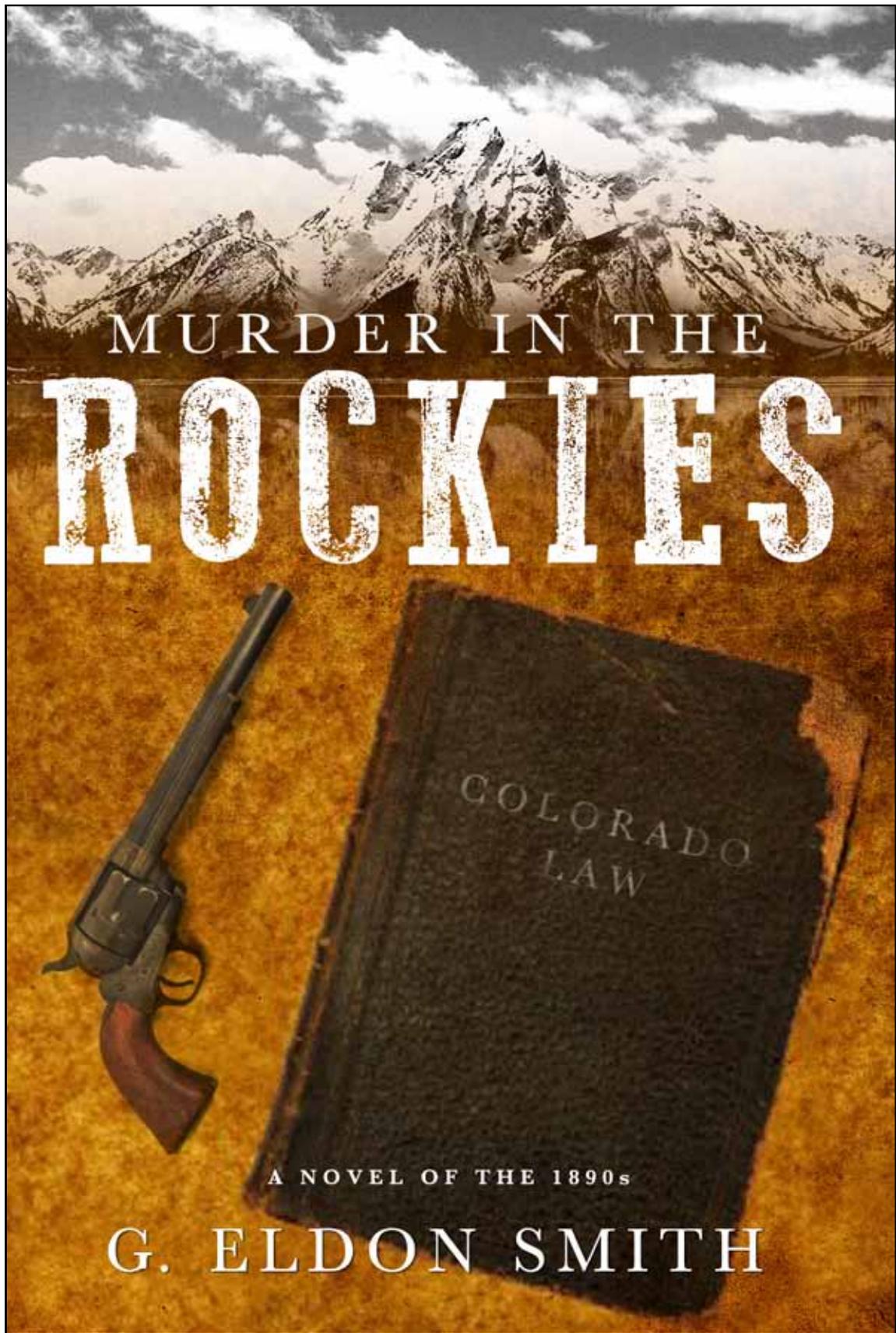
"Close the curtains, Loraine," Pa barked at them, and then softened his tone, "I don't expect any trouble, but I prefer to be able to see them without them seeing us."

A few tense minutes later, the Indians pulled their ponies to a stop in front of the MacBaye house. Georgia, who had ignored her mother's edict to hide in the root cellar, parted the lace-trimmed, gingham curtains that framed the kitchen window. She tossed back wavy auburn hair that had escaped her pony tail. For all she knew, the hair had never made it into the pony tail. She was unconcerned with such details. She wondered if the Indians, who had now made their way into the unfenced pathway at the south end of the main pasture, could see her freckled nose and hazel eyes pressed against the glass, but she just had to get a glimpse of them astride their powerful mounts. Most of the horses sported the bold, spotted coats favored by Indians. Feathers, beads, porcupine quills and snake rattles embellished their buckskin jackets. Naked chests, a shade or two darker than the buckskin they wore, glistened with sweat. Was it nerves, exertion, the warm spring day, or a combination of all three that caused them to sweat? Their presence, their power, their passion, all of it was frightening, yet exhilarating. They were so close that Georgia could not only hear them talking in their strange tongue, but she could also smell the familiar melding of human and horse sweat combined with sagebrush ... and what was that smell? Bear fat? The settlers used crushed sagebrush to keep mosquitoes at bay, a trick they'd learned from the Indians. An application of rendered bear fat, she knew, was another Indian way to keep away insects.

Georgia watched as the leader, adorned in a full, flowing feather headdress, dismounted. She guessed him to be her father's age, in his mid-forties. One of the younger braves also dismounted. She studied the young brave as he lifted a bundle from his travois and hoisted it onto his shoulder. She guessed him to be about nineteen, the age of her older brother James. This brave and the leader, a tall sinewy man with half a dozen jet-black braids flowing down his back, walked toward the MacBaye's front door, stopping about twenty feet away.

Georgia's father propped his rifle inside the door, stepped onto the porch and raised his arms, palms open, to make it clear he was unarmed.

"Lean Bear," Georgia heard the tall man say, patting his chest with his open hand. He paused as the young brave brought the bundle forward and deposited it with great



## ***Murder in the Rockies***

**G. Eldon Smith**

### **SALES HANDLE**

An historical murder mystery set in 1890s Denver about an upstart young attorney who defends a rancher accused of murdering a miner. Soon he finds out why no one else wants the case.

### **DESCRIPTION**

As his first case after law school, Andrew Coyle is hired to defend a rancher accused of murdering a miner. Public opinion and all the circumstantial evidence are against his client and the tenderfoot lawyer. He decides that he must find the real killer in order to prove his client's innocence. That task gets Coyle shot at, nearly burnt up in a cabin fire, and beat up in a barroom brawl. Along the way, he meets the haberdasher's daughter, and a rocky romance ensues.

Seeing that he is losing the case in the courtroom, Coyle turns to a desperate inspiration that is his only chance: using technology that is new in the 1890s. Will his scheme be enough to save his client from hanging?

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Historical murder mystery with a bit of romance
- Well researched about the history and characters in Denver during that era
- Covers the innovations and life changing inventions of that time: electric lights, indoor plumbing, and telephones.

### **AUDIENCE**

- Mystery readers
- History buffs
- romance readers



### **AUTHOR BIO**

G. Eldon Smith is a third generation native of Colorado. Colorado history was his favorite subject in school, where he also drew and sold cartoons as a hobby. Gary published one children's short story, two articles in the op ed page of the *Rocky Mountain News*, and several letters to the editor. He has a Master of Public Administration Degree and wrote multiple choice test questions for the Colorado Department of Personnel for hiring and promotional civil service tests.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Centennial, Colorado

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**FIC022060 Fiction/Mystery &  
Detective/Historical**

**FIC031000 Fiction/Thrillers**

### **MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS**

- Author will seek endorsements from Sandra Dallas, retired columnist, and author Dick Kreck, Colorado History Professor Tom Noel, and the Denver Post book review editor.
- Author planning book signing events with Tattered Cover, a local independent book seller (three stores).
- Author will enter his book in Mystery Writer's contests.
- Author has established a website, Facebook, Twitter account and other social media to promote the book.



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## Prologue

About half a dozen regular customers leaned on the bar in Murphy's Saloon. They didn't have any better place to go, and found Murphy's as good as any spot in town to spend the hot summer morning. The lone exception was the bartender. He had shaved that morning and wore a crisply starched white shirt. He had come to work early to start his shift. He didn't want to be late for his first day on the job. Just graduated from the ranks of losers on the other side of the bar, he did not plan to join them again.

The swinging doors opened with a bang and two men stomped into the saloon. The first, Henry Defler, looked familiar to the men at the bar even if they didn't know his name. He had the appearance of a miner dressed up for a night in town, which for Defler was the night before. The second, Will Conway, the larger man, was a stranger to them. The bartender, sizing them up, as he did each person coming through the door, decided the larger man was a rancher, cattle, but definitely not a cowboy. Defler he knew. Everyone in that part of Denver knew Defler.

"I didn't mean to offend you," said the rancher. "Here, let me buy you a beer. Bartender, let's have two beers down here, one for my friend and one for me."

The smaller man scowled at the words "my friend," but did not turn down the beer.

"I was just buying her breakfast. I didn't mean anything by it," Conway said, trying to make peace even though Defler, the miner, wasn't having any of it.

"She gets breakfast at the boarding house. She doesn't need you to buy her breakfast."

The rancher chuckled at the term "boarding house."

The men at the bar stopped talking and started listening to the newcomers' conversation as the volume increased.

"You got what you paid for. Just leave her alone on her own time," Defler said.

Conway started to say something, but Defler cut him off, saying, "I don't like some country boy parading around showing off with my lady friend!"

Again the rancher scoffed. "I thought she was everybody's lady friend."

With that the local man connected with a solid right to the jaw. The barflies at the other end of the bar were astonished. There was no pushing and shoving, not even any name calling. Out of nowhere, Defler hit the out-of-towner with a haymaker.

The blow knocked Conway back several steps, but he kept his feet. He looked at the local man-about-town in disbelief and then charged with his head down in a bull rush. His target, Defler, stepped aside.

Defler picked up a chair from next to a nearby table. The rancher turned and charged again only to be met by a chair smashing across his back. Although taller and

heavier than Defler, Conway was no match for a chair swung with such force. This time he crumbled to his knees. The smaller man picked up one of the legs from the splintered chair. When Conway grabbed for Defler's ankle, Defler rewarded him with a tremendous whack on the side of his head with the chair leg. The blow flattened Conway and left him dazed on the saloon floor.

As Conway recovered and struggled to his hands and knees, he wiped blood pouring from his ear. He saw Defler heading for the swinging doors.

Defler turned and snarled, "You best stay away from Lilly LaRue! She's mine!"

Still on his knees the rancher said, "I'll kill you, you son of a bitch."

Behind the bar, the bartender did not know what to do. When Murphy had briefed him on his job duties, a situation like this hadn't been mentioned. The bartender looked at the broken chair and the blood on the floor. "Who is going to pay for that chair?" he thought. He pondered for a minute and then poured himself a whiskey, and another. Then he poured a round on the house.

"This isn't the only job in town," the bartender decided as he poured himself another shot and vowed that the next day he would get back on the wagon.

## Chapter 1

"I wonder what's going on?" Coyle thought out loud.

As the train pulled into the station, discharging a white cloud of hissing steam, Coyle watched the activity outside his passenger window. He saw a passing buggy with three men in it. One was a uniformed police officer, one wore a suit and a derby, and the third man appeared to be a prisoner. They were followed by another buggy with two uniformed policemen and a couple of policemen on horseback. Behind the horsemen, a small but growing crowd of curious onlookers tagged along. The train came to complete stop, and the crowd passed by.

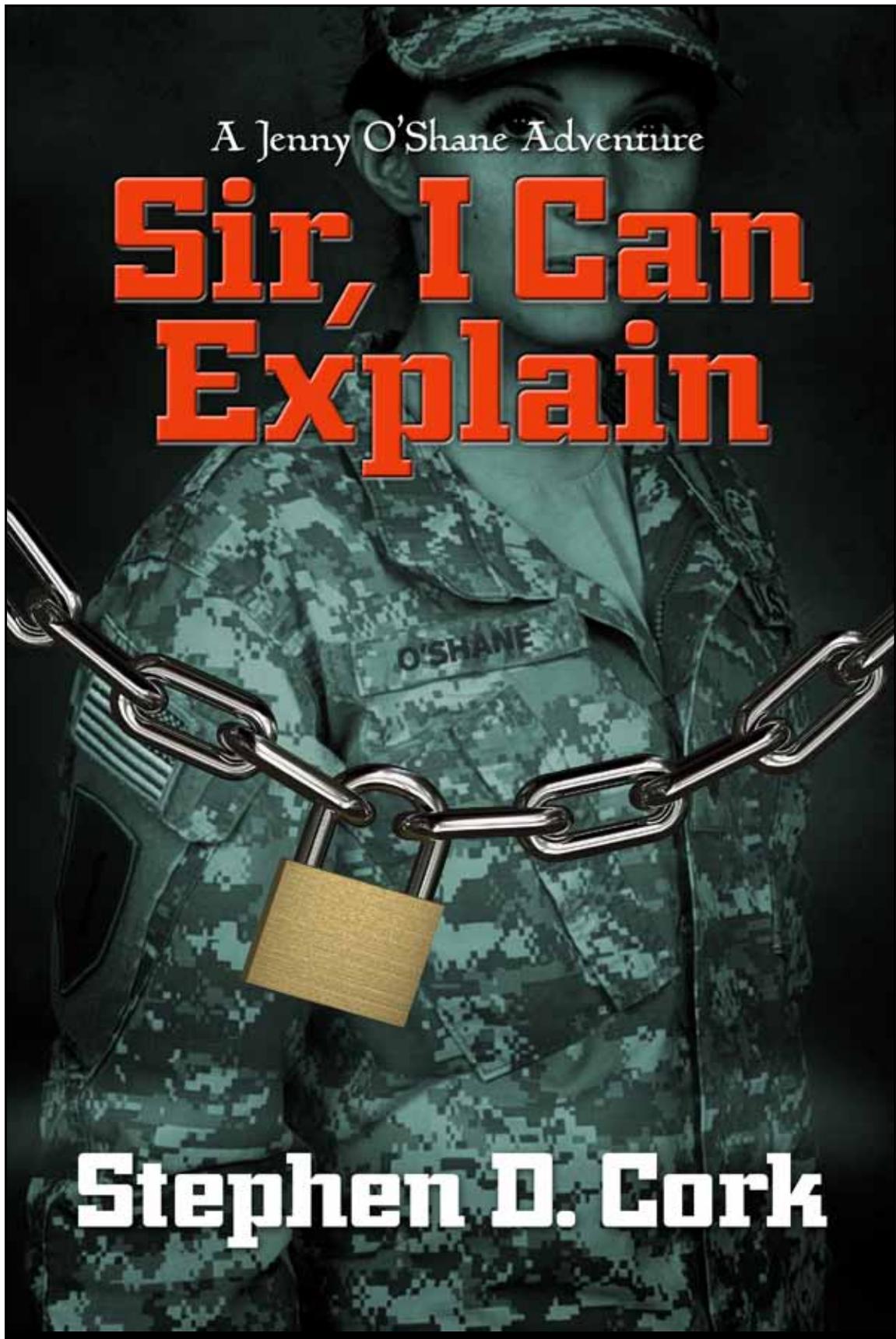
When Andrew Coyle, Esq. of the Philadelphia Coyles, stepped off the train and onto the platform at Denver's Union Station, his first look at Denver amazed him. He had expected mostly frame buildings, if not log cabins. Instead, he saw well-built, brick structures reaching as high as four or five stories. It was 1890 and Denver had been rebuilt in brick after the disastrous fire of '63 and the flood of '64. Business was booming and opportunities abounded. Andrew Coyle, fresh out of law school, meant to take advantage of every opportunity that came his way.

Coyle crossed the street and caught the 17th Street cable car. He noticed the tall buildings and telephone poles along the way to Larimer Street, the main commercial street in the growing city. He had seen tall buildings before, and telephone poles in the east. They were not new to him, but he had not expected to see them in Denver.

For those days, Coyle was also tall. At six foot, two and a half inches, he was the tallest in his graduating class. His height also emphasized the thinness of his youth. He looked like one of the telephone poles he saw along the way. In fact, he may have been described as gangly. His light brown hair and boyish smile seemed to say, "Hey look at

A Jenny O'Shane Adventure

# Sir, I Can Explain



**Stephen D. Cork**

## *Sir, I Can Explain*

**Stephen D. Cork**

### **SALES HANDLE**

*Sir, I Can Explain* is a fast-paced adventure torn from the pages of W.E.B Griffin and Tom Clancy. It features Jennifer O'Shane, a quirky, quick-witted globe-trotting Military Police Major in the U.S. Army who risks her life to destroy a world-wide syndicate of human traffickers.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Major Jennifer O'Shane is ordered by the President on a top secret assignment to INTERPOL and the Central Command of the U.S. military to take on a crime syndicate of unimaginable scale. The mission: find and destroy a giant international human trafficking operation.

She parachutes into the mountains of Argentina, plumbs the depths of the Mississippi River, and boards a storm-tossed ship in the Caribbean. She faces off with a sadistic crime boss on a personal vendetta, and uncovers terrorist connections to the slave trade. She is hailed as a hero for saving the life of the Crown Prince of Saudi Arabia, only to be arrested a month later. She is stonewalled, harassed and threatened at every turn.

Why does Jenny go from hero to pariah? How can she convince senior leaders of the scope and breadth of the human trafficking operation? *Sir, I Can Explain*, is a roller coaster ride of excitement with a finale that will curl your toes.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- \* Main theme of human trafficking is very current with high public visibility.
- \* Politically potent in view of White House involvement and recent elections.
- \* Provides a strong female main character in a fast paced action role.

### **AUDIENCE**

- \* Active and retired military types (VFW, American Legion, and U.S. world-wide military facilities).
- \* Women and men who enjoy strong, intelligent female action figures
- \* Readers who like action and fast paced thrillers



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Colonel Stephen D. Cork U.S. Army (Retired) enjoyed a successful military career of nearly twenty seven years. While working as the Commandant of the Sarasota Military Academy, Colonel Cork penned a fictional short story titled *Take That*, published by The Pepper Tree. He wrote a novel in 2006 titled *Fat Chance* (aka *Knight Moves*). This was the first novel published in the Jenny O'Shane thriller series and became highly popular in the Sarasota community. Colonel Cork retired from the Sarasota Military Academy in 2011 to devote more time to his writing. His

current projects include publishing the second Jenny O'Shane novel (*Sir, I Can Explain*), preparing charter applications for new charter schools in Florida, and writing the third book in the Jenny O'Shane thriller series (*This Is A Goat Rope*).

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**BISAC Code Category:**

**FIC031000 Fiction/Thrillers**

**FIC002000 Fiction/Action &**

**Adventure**

### **MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS**

- Author is developing a website and social media
- Author expects to have access to several Army and other military exchanges and stores for book signings and sales.
- Author has links to VFW, Legion, Disabled Veterans, Vietnam Veterans, Military Officer's Association
- Author is a Knight of Columbus with nearly 10,000 state members.
- Author's church members read previous book
- Author has connections with local radio and television
- Author has links to military retiree publications that offer free reviews of military author books.
- Author retains connection with the Sarasota Military Academy.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Sarasota, Florida



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## Chapter One

THE SOFT LEATHER OF THE CHAIR felt cool against Jenny O'Shane's arms. She was alone; the whir of air conditioning the only sound. Summoned to a security meeting at the Saudi National Guard Headquarters, she was drumming her fingers on a large conference table while admiring the panorama of downtown Riyadh. Her ears were still ringing from the call to prayer broadcast from a minaret of a nearby mosque. She'd been waiting thirty minutes. She knew that the Saudis were being rude to express their annoyance at having to meet with a woman.

Trickles of sweat rolled down the small of her back. Despite the building's cooled air, the U.S. Army's combat uniform was too warm in the oven-like Saudi summer.

Jenny stood when the room's double doors swung open--a habit from her military upbringing. An older man bustled in with an arrogant air of royalty. He wore a Saudi dishdasha robe, and a flowing shora headdress. Gold stitching hemmed the edges of the dazzling white silk robe, and formed an intricate pattern on the chest.

She stifled a smile when a small retinue hovered about him like butterflies in a flower garden; each trying to outdo the other in servicing their charge. There were two younger men wearing similar, less ornate dishdashas, and a young, pretty Caucasian girl in an ivory colored ankle-length abaya dress and hijab scarf. The slim girl placed a coffee service on the polished conference table, and then backed out of the room, bowing low.

The two men adjusted blinds, and set out the coffee cups and condiments. Jenny got a good look at the older man as his entourage scurried about. He had a ready-to-smile kind of face, but the grey eyes that returned her look were as hard as granite.

"Good evening, Major O'Shane," he said in fluent English. "I'm Prince Allaweh Kaliq, Minister of Security, and first cousin to Crown Prince Fahd." He ignored her offered hand, and didn't bother introducing the others.

She figured the others were aides in that one of them poured from a copper trimmed crystal coffeepot into two matching tumblers. He stirred cream and sugar into both without asking for preferences. He gave one cup to Kaliq, and the other to Jenny.

Kaliq sat in a chair at the center position of the table. Motioning Jenny to a seat opposite him, he raised his cup, slurped loudly, and sighed with appreciative pleasure.

The aide immediately refilled his cup.

Briefed on Middle Eastern culture, Jenny knew that it was customary for hosts to exhibit a gesture of hospitality, and to exchange pleasantries prior to discussing business. And, she knew that she was expected to follow Kaliq's example. She slurped and was rewarded with a mouthful of bitter, high-octane espresso. The jolt of caffeine went directly to her bloodstream. Her hands and feet tingled.

Barely suppressing a cough, she sighed in pretended pleasure. The aide started to serve her more. She placed her hand over her cup to indicate she was satisfied. With a slight nod of his head, Kaliq seemed to acknowledge her correct protocol, and to indicate that obligations of hospitality had been met.

The same aide gathered the cups and placed them on the service tray. He snapped his fingers, and the girl reentered the room, picked up the tray and bowed out. Only when the doors closed, did Kaliq speak again.

"So, the Americans sent a woman to coordinate security for the Commanding General of Central Command. Some would interpret that as a sign of weakness by General Penfant."

"Yes, Excellency. But, many more would see it as recognition of the modern times in which we live." So much for pleasantries, she thought.

"Harrumph. Perhaps." He paused, and then added, "I hope I didn't keep you waiting long?"

"Thirty minutes isn't long with a view like this, Excellency." She detected a faint smile. She figured he knew her meaning.

He opened a folder one of his aides placed in front of him. "Thank you, Mohammed," Kaliq said to the aide. Jenny noticed that Mohammed was staring at her. There was an unpleasantness about his demeanor that made her skin feel itchy. She ignored his stare, and refocused her attention on Kaliq.

She recognized the paper he was looking at in the folder. It was the bio she'd been told to provide as an introduction. It was hard to miss the bold letters at the top:

U.S. Army Major Jennifer O'Shane, Military Police

"We already know a lot about you," Kaliq said without more preambles. "You recommended against having your General Penfant attend the reception we've planned during his visit to thank him for helping us with the Somalian pirates." He held up the palm of his hand to indicate she needn't respond.

Jenny watched his long fingernail trail down the list of bullet points on the bio. His lips moved as if he were reading the information out loud. He passed over the first bullets that talked about her graduation from West Point and early promotion to major. His finger paused on the third bullet that indicated her title as the Chief of Security for the Commanding General of CENTCOM. "How long have you had this job?"

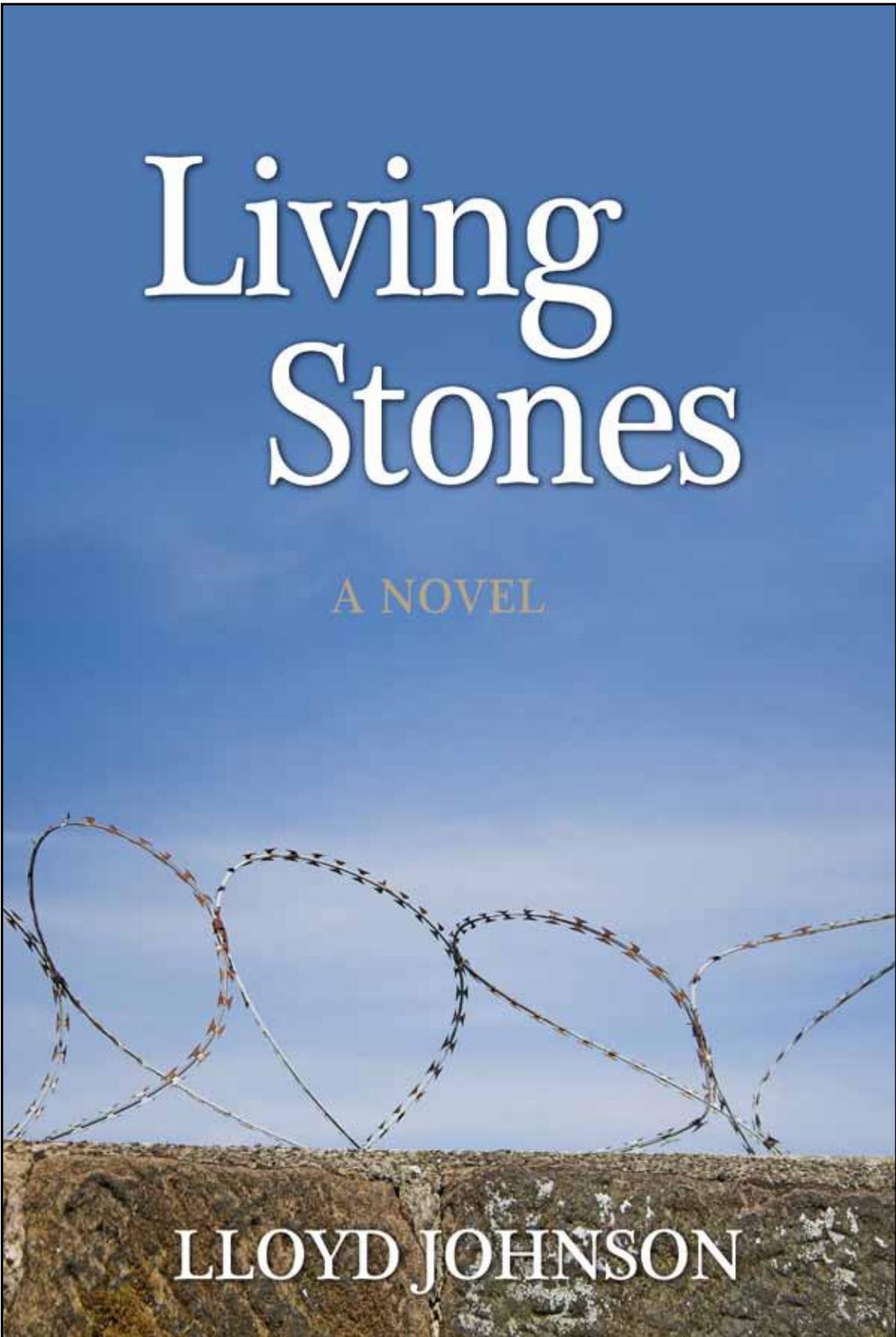
"Nearly one year," she answered, suppressing the urge to say more.

Kaliq's finger rested on another bullet point: Her list of awards. He turned the resume over and dismissively pushed it aside. "There won't be any need for your heroics at the reception. The palace is impregnable."

He looked her over as if for the first time, an eyebrow rose when his eyes glanced

# Living Stones

A NOVEL



LLOYD JOHNSON

## *Living Stones*

**Lloyd Johnson**

### **SALES HANDLE**

Beautiful graduate student Ashley Wells is the victim of a jihadist bombing and is abducted in Jerusalem. She falls in love with a Christian Palestinian and is torn by her Zionist beliefs and her new desire to help the Palestinian cause.

### **DESCRIPTION**

She was in the wrong place at the wrong time. Nearly killed in Seattle during a jihadist bombing, Ashley recognizes the synagogue bomber and is later stalked by a hired Muslim hit man in Israel. There she visits the home of Najid, the Christian Palestinian scholar she had left behind at the University of Washington. She falls in love with him, putting her at odds with her Zionist pro-Israeli convictions.

On the run, Ashley sees the beautiful rock churches and shrines. But the living stones, the people of the Holy Land intrigue her. She meets Jews and Palestinians, Rabbis for and against Israeli settlement expansion. Gentle Palestinians like Najid's family, and those in the West Bank suffering under military occupation. Both Muslims and Christians living peacefully together.

Najid and Ashley find the bomber in Seattle despite the FBI dragnet put out to arrest him. *Living Stones* is the story of an American woman coming to terms with the truth of the Middle East, and the lies she had been fed. Will she survive the forces that threaten to tear her apart?

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- The author lived in Bethlehem recently as well as two Middle East visits in past years.
- The book illustrates Palestinian/Israeli issues many in the U.S. have never considered.
- The Arab Spring and the turmoil in the Middle East makes *Living Stones* timely.
- The phrase "Living Stones" is understood by many Christians as it is both biblical and applied by many organizations to the people of the Holy Land vs. the "dead stones" of ancient buildings and shrines.

### **AUTHOR BIO**

With special interest in the current Middle East, retired surgeon Dr. Lloyd Johnson turned to fiction writing, putting out two books, with a sequel in the works. He is a member of Seattle writing group, and blogs regularly on Israel/Palestine subjects. Johnson is a Clinical Professor Emeritus at the University of Washington in the Department of Surgery. He is Fellow in the American College of Surgeons, and past president of the Seattle Surgical Society. He authored 26 scientific articles in peer reviewed journals/texts. He has worked and traveled extensively overseas, including Asia, Africa and the Middle East, and served for six years as volunteer executive director and board member of a humanitarian NGO in Central Asia. The author lives in Edmonds, Washington.



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**Adventure**

**FIC042040 Fiction/Christian/Romance**

### **MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS**

- The author is blogging on [www.lloydjohnson.org](http://www.lloydjohnson.org)
- The author is engaging in other social media
- The author will contact other blogs, Christian groups and NGOs for reviews and endorsements

### **ONLINE**

[www.lloydjohnson.org](http://www.lloydjohnson.org)

### **AUDIENCE**

- Palestinian and Jewish Americans
- Readers interested in the Middle East
- Women
- Christians

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Edmonds, Washington



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*He has showed you, O man, what is good.  
And what does the Lord require of you?  
To act justly and to love mercy  
And to walk humbly with your God.*

MICAH

## Prologue

ASHLEY WELLS CRUMPLED ON THE SIDEWALK as the synogage behind her collapsed in a cascade of debris and dust spraying in a thousand directions. The shock wave leveled everything in its path, including Ashley and her fellow graduate student, Najid Haddad, who had been standing on the sidewalk chatting on a sunny Friday afternoon. Ashley had noticed a young Caucasian man across the street in a hoodie staring at them, but she didn't think much of it. Other pedestrians had slowed to admire the magnificent stone Jewish house of prayer.

After their eyes briefly met, the man in the hoodie wheeled around and walked away. Ashley turned back to Najid. Suddenly a roar overwhelmed her and in the same second she was slammed to the ground. Next came agonizing pain, then blackness.

\*\*\*

Najid stood unharmed except for minor lacerations on his arms. Ashley's body had protected him. He turned her onto her back. "Ashley, can you hear me? Ashley! Ashley!" Blood pooled on the sidewalk. She moaned. He felt a rapid pulse at her wrist. He waved his arms. "Help! Help!" His voice just another in chorus of screams as people scurried to the crowd gathered in the street. Then everything blurred as sirens screeched and police and Medic-I ambulances appeared. Najid stepped aside, shaking his head, wide-eyed. He trembled. "Oh God, help Ashley! Make her live!"

Emergency personnel swarmed around her, quickly pouring in IV fluids. They moved her onto a stretcher and into a Medic-I van, which then sped away with siren blaring and red lights flashing. Police, guns drawn, with helmets and flak jackets, rushed into the debris of the synagogue searching for other victims.

Najid gazed at the bloody sidewalk, shaking his head. His mind whirled and echoed with the explosion, unable to focus. It seemed unreal. He had fled violence in the Middle East for a peaceful education in Seattle. In a daze, he began walking slowly past large maple trees and older homes with wooden porches. Tears welled in his eyes. The prayer kept coming, "Oh God, please help Ashley. Don't let her die."

Still dazed, he heard staccato footsteps behind him and someone yelling. Suddenly a policeman yanked Najid from behind, clamped handcuffs on his wrists, and pushed him into a car with blue lights blazing. Najid shuddered. This happens in America too?

## Chapter 1

ROBERT BENTLEY, FACE FLUSHED, stormed out of his father's dark-paneled home office, with Conrad Bentley close behind.

"Your life has been pretty easy. We've given you everything you could want. Half a million dollars in trust funds." The older man raised his hands palms up, shaking his head. "What more could you want?"

"I'm out of here, Dad. All you think about is money! You really could care less about me! Tell Mom goodbye when she comes home, if she still wants to live with you! Don't come looking for me. I won't be back!"

Conrad Bentley shouted back, "Don't act so indignant, son. If you're so high-and-mighty then why have you dabbled in drugs with Mark instead of studying at Cornell?!"

Robert raced across the mansion's patio and vaulted over the door of his red Corvette, which glimmered with its top down. Gunning the engine, the twenty-one-year old jerked the car into gear. The tires screeched as he roared around the circular driveway slowing only enough for the automatic gate to open. Knuckles white on the steering wheel, he flew down the street, suddenly swerving to miss a child on a bicycle.

He slowed, glancing in the rearview mirror for any police. The elegant Long Island community had proven generous with traffic tickets.

Robert seethed, gritted his teeth, and shook his head, fingers raking his dark hair. His Dad had no clue! Of medium-height and slender frame, shorter than his father, he scowled and hunched his over the steering wheel.

Robert heaved a deep breath and sighed telling himself to calm down. as he headed toward Mark's modest house. Talking to Mark might make him feel better.

# CROSS TOWN PARK



**MELANIE BRAGG**

## ***Crosstown Park***

**Melanie Bragg**

### **SALES HANDLE**

A fast paced social/legal thriller with a spiritual twist. Alex Stockton's impulsive decision catapults her into an unfamiliar world, an impossible trial, and her perfect trial record and judicial future hang in the balance.

### **DESCRIPTION**

On a flight from New York to Houston, Alex Stockton, a successful young lawyer, meets Reverend Morse. He is in dire need of a lawyer to represent one of his foster home house parents, Jose Gonzales. The Reverend believes that Jose was falsely accused of sexually molesting Chris Jackson, a teenage boy, in Crosstown Park. He convinces Alex that Chris Jackson made the allegation against Jose because his uncle, Voodoo, is seeking revenge against the Reverend for disrupting his illegal drug and prostitution activities. Alex's instincts take over and her long buried memories of her foster home background surface. Before the plane lands she has taken Jose's case pro bono.

She has six weeks to discover what happened in Crosstown Park between Jose and Chris. She teams up with Nic Wright, a handsome former cop turned security company owner, to save Jose and the poor children at Shepherd's Cottages. As the case progresses, Alex's life and perfect trial record is threatened. Not to mention her lifelong dream of becoming a judge. What she really needs is a witness...

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- 1) Fast paced conversational tone and subject matter make it a good beach read.
- 2) Strong, independent female character with a passion for public service
- 3) Non fiction hooks: lawyer issues, women's issues, foster home/child care issues, and spiritual issues make it valuable to promote speeches and book club involvement to a wide audience.
- 4) Courtroom drama and investigation leading up to the trial is compelling fiction
- 5) Black church themes and Alex's spiritual journey make this accessible to both trade and Christian catalogs
- 6) Author is an attorney who specializes in working with the disabled and children

### **AUDIENCE**

- 1) Readers of legal thrillers
- 2) Healthcare providers, govt. case workers, social workers and foster parents
- 3) Spiritual people and Christians
- 4) Lawyers, law students, paralegals, anyone in the legal field.
- 5) Women



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Melanie Bragg is the author of *HIPAA for the General Practitioner*, published by the ABA Solo, Small Firm & General Practice Division. Her upcoming book *Defining Moments: Insights Into the Lawyer's Soul* will be published by the American Bar Association Flagship Division. Melanie is the Chair of the Book Publications Board of the American Bar Association Solo, Small Firm & General Practice Division. She is a lawyer/mediator practicing general civil law, who has devoted her life to the representation of children, the elderly, and mentally disadvantaged people. In 1994 Bragg formed Legal Insight, Inc. and in 2012, she launched Success for all Seasons, a coaching/speaking business.

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Women  
FIC031000 - Fiction/Thrillers

### **MARKETING & PUBLICITY**

- 1) Tours, travel, speaking engagements
- 2) Social media plan: author's website melaniebragg.com, blogs, You Tube, Facebook and Twitter. Posting to LinkedIn.
- 3) Radio, TV, Print interviews, contact lawyers, government, Christian and foster care networks and blogs.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Houston, Texas



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## CHAPTER ONE

ONLY TWO THINGS SCARED ALEXANDRA STOCKTON: turbulence and falling in love. With only minutes to spare, she boarded the plane from New York's La Guardia Airport to Houston and took her window seat near the back. As the other passengers settled in, she dashed out several emails on her Blackberry before she hit the off button. She needed the next three hours to think.

An African-American man with grey hair and thick glasses squeezed himself into the middle seat next to her. He leaned down and pulled a book out of his briefcase. It was a Bible. Alex gave him a polite smile and turned to gaze out the window. Just as the plane pushed back she saw a white bird outside and, as quick as it appeared, it was gone. She closed her eyes and tried to forget reports of thunderstorms and rainfall on the waiting area televisions. The plane climbed through the stormy clouds. Alex's hands tightened on the seat arms and she took a deep breath, fighting the rising panic that always came when she flew. No matter how calm the flight attendants were, Alex felt a terror she could barely contain. The pilot's voice was soft on the overhead speakers. He told them it would be a bumpy flight. She listened carefully for any signs of strain in his voice. Hearing none, she told herself that there was nothing to fear and plugged in her earphones. Music would soothe her.

Alex's thoughts turned to the week long seminar she attended in New York. A team of Broadway actors taught lawyers trial techniques. She had learned new ways to bond with juries. The coach had them take off their shoes and dance around like crazy people, which had been easy for Alex and much harder for other members of her class. Some of them would still be three sheets to the wind in the bar she left them in last night. She barely got out of there herself at 1:00 a.m. But as much fun as it was, parts of the seminar were unsettling. It was too close for comfort. She had to reveal parts of herself during the exercises. Feeling vulnerable was scary.

Once they were up over the clouds, the flight crew came by with the drink cart and a snack. The man next to her ordered a ginger ale. Alex noted his distinctive Southern drawl. He sounded like a man comfortable in his own skin.

"I'll have one too," she told the flight attendant.

Just as the drinks were delivered, the plane lurched again. The cart rolled a few

inches down the aisle with the servers holding it tight.

Alex gave the man next to her a look of abject fear. “White knuckle flyer,” she said through clenched teeth.

“Now. Now,” he said, patting her hand that gripped the armrest between them. “It’s just turbulence. You don’t strike me as someone who scares too easily.”

Alex couldn’t help but smile. It was true. There were few times she would admit to being afraid. “Alex Stockwell. ‘Houston home?’”

He nodded. “You?”

“Yes. I’m coming back from a week long trial seminar.”

He gave a wide grin. “You don’t look like a lawyer.”

“I hear that a lot.” With her leggings, boots that made her over six feet tall, and an oversized sweater, he was probably right.

“I’m Reverend C.O. Morse,” he said. “I’m on my way back from a pastor’s conference.”

Alex thought about plugging her earphones back in, but the conversation distracted her from the bumpy ride. Something about the man’s calm demeanor drew Alex to him.

“I haven’t had call to need a lawyer ‘til just a few days ago,” he continued.

“Why do you need a lawyer?” she asked.

While she inhaled the scent of his Old Spice cologne, Alex listened to Reverend Morse’s story. She learned that less than a year ago, he and members of his congregation bought up some abandoned crack houses in Houston’s crime-ridden and impoverished Fifth Ward, renovated them and opened Shepherd’s Cottages, a foster home for neglected, abused and abandoned children. With a common interest in helping neglected and abused children, they forged an instant bond.

In her legal practice and pro bono work, Alex represented children. She was captivated by the Reverend’s insight into problems she grappled with daily at the courthouse.

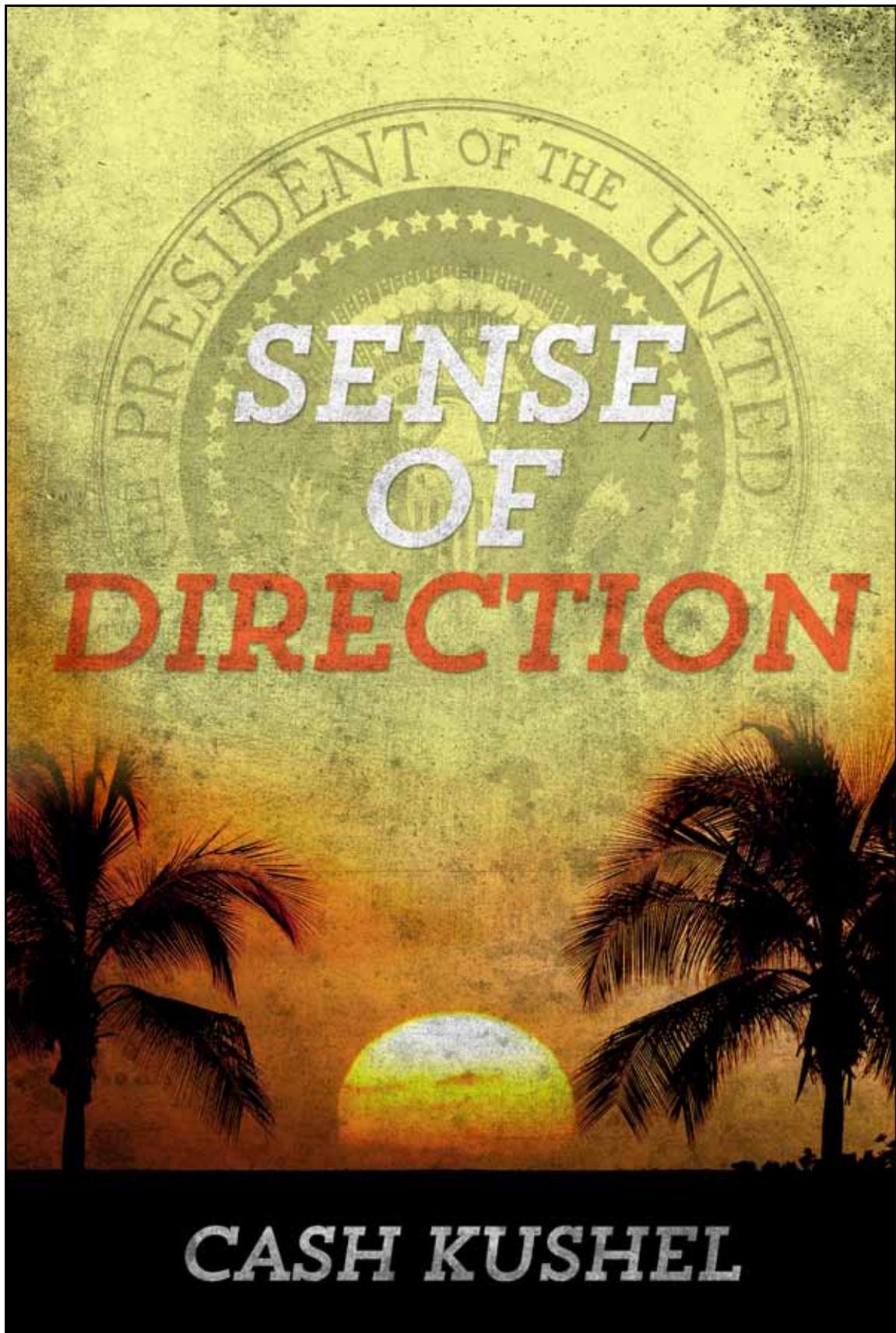
The Reverend explained how, Jose Gonzales, one of his house parents responsible for caring for the children, was accused of molesting Chris Jackson, a teenage boy at the home.

“Chris’s uncle, Voodoo, who has always been like a son to me, got him to tell those lies on Jose about what happened in Crosstown Park,” he said, then grew quiet. “Voodoo is mad that we took his base of operations and slowed down his drug trade. We are slowly turning the community around and he doesn’t like it.”

He leaned over and pulled a small photo album out of the computer case at his feet.

Alex looked on while the Reverend turned the pages and showed her photos of Shepherd’s Cottages. She noted that it had a tall barbed wire fence around it. Inside were small homes, with what looked like fresh paint. The Reverend stood outside one building named “Administration Building” with a heavy set woman and several other people. They all looked happy. A young Hispanic man in a t-shirt and jeans stood by the Reverend with a big smile on his face and a group of small children around him. They also grinned from ear to ear.

“That’s Jose,” the Reverend said, pointing to the young man.



## ***Sense of Direction***

**Cash Kushel**

### **SALES HANDLE**

Professor Steven Kaye agrees to drive presidential candidate Senator Dallas Dunn for a weekend of routine political events. But three separate factions set out to kill the candidate, forcing Kaye to use desperate means to survive.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Professor Steven Kaye is enjoying country club life in Florida when his son Ross volunteers him as the chauffeur to presidential candidate Senator Dallas Dunn. During a weekend of political rallies, fundraisers and a presidential debate, Kaye must think on his feet to protect the senator and himself from evil forces.

Recent national events prompt Dunn to make a bold speech about securing America's borders, triggering attempts by his many detractors to sabotage his candidacy. Due to a highly charged political landscape, various factions adopt strategies that call for the senator's demise.

A Mexican drug lord, a Vietnam vet, a distressed defense contractor, a handsome cartel henchman, and former members of the Bulgarian Secret Police all stand in the way as the senator tries one last time to secure his party's nomination.

What starts as a routine assignment for Kaye becomes a race to survive and find a sense of direction.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- Taut political thriller
- Contrasts the relationships of two pairs of Fathers and Sons
- Tackles the problems of America's borders and the violence brought forth by the drug cartels
- Deals with the topic of immigration as a hot button political issue
- Looks at the horrors of the Vietnam War and the plight of the returning veterans.

### **AUDIENCE**

- Readers of Action and Political Thrillers
- Active and retired Military
- South Floridians
- Politically motivated



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Cash Kushel is an accomplished storyteller whose novels include *Lotto Trouble*, *The Choosers* and *Stockhammer*. He holds a Ph.D. from the University of Texas at Austin. He has been an award winning professor for the past thirty three years at both Fordham University and New York University. Kushel has appeared on television numerous times as a business and legislative analyst.

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**FIC050000 Fiction/Crime**

### **Marketing & Publicity**

- 1) Author will use social media
- 2) Author will organize book signings
- 3) Author will line up radio interviews

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Boca Raton, Florida



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## CHAPTER ONE

### Wallington Circle

\*\*\*

Professor Steven Kaye was halfway through his power walk around the two-mile circle inside the lavish Wallington Country Club community. The Florida sun brought beads of sweat to his face. The iPhone in his right pocket began to vibrate. Without breaking stride, he noticed a call from his son Ross.

Steven's Boca Raton home stood inside a magnificent gated community of thirteen hundred well-appointed residences. He migrated south ten years earlier after winning a substantial amount of money playing the New Jersey lottery, joined by his wife, Susan, and their three sons. Steven took advantage of all Wallington Country Club had to offer. Golf, tennis and working out in the state-of-the-art gym. And when he wasn't physically active he was socializing.

Entering the club's bar for a quick bite often turned into many hours of chatting and joking with new-found friends. The club's magnificent swimming complex was another favorite hangout. Ten years in Boca Raton had flown by quickly. With their children grown, Steven and Susan had even more free time to enjoy club life.

"Tough life," Steven would often say, sarcastically. He had no regrets as to what his life had become. He pinched himself once a day asking if he really lived in this incredible paradise.

Whenever he returned from being away he was still in awe as he drove past the fountain at the Wallington entrance. As he walked the two-mile circle, he marveled at the beauty of the foliage and the majestic palm trees lining the streets..

Steven had worked as an accounting and taxation professor at Fordham University in New York City—before he hit the jackpot. After moving, he accepted a similar position at Florida Atlantic University, his ninety-minute commute having been replaced by a quick ten-minute jaunt. On occasion, he still flew around the country for lucrative consulting projects. But his normal schedule consisted of teaching at Florida Atlantic two days each week.

His oldest son, Scott, graduated Lynn University in Boca Raton. After graduating as a criminal justice major, he became a deputy in the Palm Beach County Sheriff's Office.

Steven's youngest son, Jordan, was a junior communications major at the University of Miami. He was the voice of the Miami Hurricanes on the college radio station, calling many of the play-by-play broadcasts for football, basketball and baseball.

His middle son, Ross, graduated Cornell University with a double major in American studies and economics and was earning a six-figure salary working for a major Wall Street investment bank. He spent long days dealing in U.S. Treasury securities and fixed-income derivatives.

He excelled in his job and had a great attitude, earning an especially large bonus, for a first-year analyst. He took the Wall Street job at his father's urging, but he wanted to do something else with his life.

He called to share some important news with his dad, who had suspected something was up.

Steven held his breath.

"I'm giving notice this afternoon."

"Why, son? Steven asked in an exasperated voice. "You're doing so well."

"I don't enjoy staring at a computer monitor all day surrounded by the din of the trading floor. Every morning I leave my apartment it's still dark out. My colleagues are at their Bloomberg terminals checking out where the ten-year note traded overnight in Tokyo and London. They get excited if interest rates fluctuate two basis points ... It's a big game and it seems shallow." Steven stayed calm, measuring his words in the hope they would resonate with Ross. "There's a lot to be said about financial security, son. Make some money and then you can follow your heart." "I don't know what I want to be doing in five years, but I do know what I want to be doing in the short-term."

There was a pause.

"Dad, why are you breathing hard?"

"You caught me walking around the circle at Wallington," Steven said.

"Can't you stop for just a minute? This is important."

Steven leaned up against a palm tree surrounded by a strip of well-manicured plantings.

"I've been tapping my network. Do you remember that alum of my frat, Sean Lowell? He graduated fifteen years before me and is CEO of a DC think tank. I spoke with him by phone last week. He's an old-school Washington guy and lives next door to Barefoot Fredricks, Senator Dunn's campaign manager. Fredricks offered me a position on the campaign staff. I start next week."

"Look, son, I want to be supportive, but Dallas Dunn? I predict you'll be out of a job in a month. Don't give up Wall Street for something so transient."

"It's only July. The New Hampshire primary isn't until January. That means I'll be working at least six months."

"I'm telling you, by August, his campaign will be over," Steven said, sounding increasingly agitated.

"Show some faith, Dad"

*Broken  
Pieces*



Danny Woodall

## ***Broken Pieces***

**Danny Woodall**

### **SALES HANDLE**

A moving story of child abuse, a woman's slide into darkness and the redemption she finds from an unexpected source.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Angie Larson is raised by seemingly faithful Christian parents. But after her father begins abusing her, Angie asks her mother to divorce him. When her mom refuses, Angie is forced to suppress her memories and go on with her life.

During high school she dates a young man from church. They marry and are happy, but it doesn't take long for her to realize she can't escape her dad. Holidays, birthdays, and surprise visits from her parents only give her dad a chance to continue his verbal abuse.

She falls deeper into depression and, after her kids are grown, she decides she will commit suicide on her next birthday if her life does not get better. A few months before the fateful day, Angie decides she must confront her parents about the terrible deeds they have kept secret and forced her to bear.

Broken Pieces is an emotional rollercoaster that delves deep into God's redemption to provide help and hope for those who suffer.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- 40 million Americans may have experienced sexual victimization as children.
- Based on actual events close to the author
- The book is a resource for helping victims of abuse and their loved ones
- An inspiring Christian story of the power of forgiveness

### **AUDIENCE**

- Friends or family members who know of someone that has been abused
- Pastors and counselors
- Christian adults who work with children
- Victims of child abuse



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Danny Woodall has written for LifeWay's Bible Express and Essential Connections, has a monthly column in the Christian Online Magazine, and has contributed to several anthologies. He is also working on an anthology called *Thank You For Your Hero* along with author, Melanie Stiles. Woodall has a degree in education from Lamar University. He has worked with children for over thirty years and has three children with his wife Arlene. This is his first novel.

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**FIC045000 Fiction/Family Life**

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Port Neches, Texas



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## Prologue

April 22, 2006

ANGIE SQUINTED AT THE mid-morning sunlight filtering through the beige bedroom curtains. She tugged on the flowered bedspread. The sweat-drenched sheets felt cold. She glanced at the clock on the dresser; it read 10:28. To her, sleep was better than life. She sighed and drifted back into a hazy sleep.

Vague images started to appear in her mind's eye, she was a seven-year old in bed instead of a grown woman. Her dad slithered into the room. She felt her stomach muscles tighten. His hand slid under the covers; the clammy hand pawed her. Spewed curses and raspy threats sent chills down her spine.

When Angie opened her eyes, the images did not disappear. Chills shot through her body. The images were real, buried memories of her childhood now oozing for the first time to the surface of her fragile brain.

Frantically, she phoned her husband Joe and begged him to come home. The recollections had finally shone light on the darkness of her childhood.

As she waited for Joe by the living room window, various emotions engulfed her. First, there was relief that she now knew why she hated her dad. Then there was blind rage because of the bare-faced hypocrisy of her parents, followed by bitterness. Now she was dealing with a sinking feeling of what might have been.

Soon the red Toyota pulled into the driveway.

When Joe saw his wife, he knew something was wrong. He had seen the hopeless blood-shot eyes, the chattering teeth and the sweat-soaked hair before, but the deep haunted look in her eyes he had never seen.

They sat on the couch together, and she started to talk, in choppy phrases at first. Then short sentences, followed by repetition, then a torrent of words. She began to shake, and Joe wrapped his arms around her. In the next three hours, he learned more about his wife than he had in the past thirty years.

During the next few months, more pieces of the puzzle would fall into place.

# Chapter One

June 7, 1968—almost thirty-eight years earlier...

Angela grabbed a piece of pink chalk and knelt on the driveway. She added the final touches to the picture of Dolly, her new toy. The chalk and doll were birthday presents from her parents.

Then she drew a picture of herself and a circle with a number seven inside. Last week she had finished the first grade. She was a big girl now. Her smile was brighter than it had been for a long time.

A rustle by the side of the house caught her attention. Her eyes darted toward the garage where her dad, Buster Larson, waved the water hose at her.

“Don’t mess up the driveway. I knew you didn’t need the chalk, especially after how much the doll cost.”

She dodged the blast of water. The stream swept the picture of Dolly away. The second gusher obliterated the drawing of herself.

Her dad fumed, “Get in the house, supper is ready.”

Angela’s shoulders slumped as she walked toward the house. Once inside the kitchen, the aroma coming from a platter of fried chicken and a steaming bowl of mashed potatoes made her forget the near miss of the water serpent. Her mom, Sally Larsen, stood by the stove. Flour covered her red and white apron. She glanced at Angela. “Good, you came inside. Now go tell the twins supper is ready. They’re in their room.”

The twins, age four, were a bundle of energy. Angela never knew what to expect. She loved those two live wires. Peeking into their room, she saw toys scattered across the floor. John pushed a truck, and Jeff held a stuffed tiger by the throat. Angela shook her head and laughed. “It’s time to eat.”

She saw Jeff’s eyes light up with a mischievous twinkle as he threw the tiger at her. She dodged the airborne missile but stepped on the truck and fell. She giggled when her brothers jumped on her. The three rolled into a heap.

The next thing Angela saw was her dad in the doorway.

“Out of the room.”

The twins scampered to the table. Angela struggled to get up.

Her dad thundered, “Why did you start a fight?”

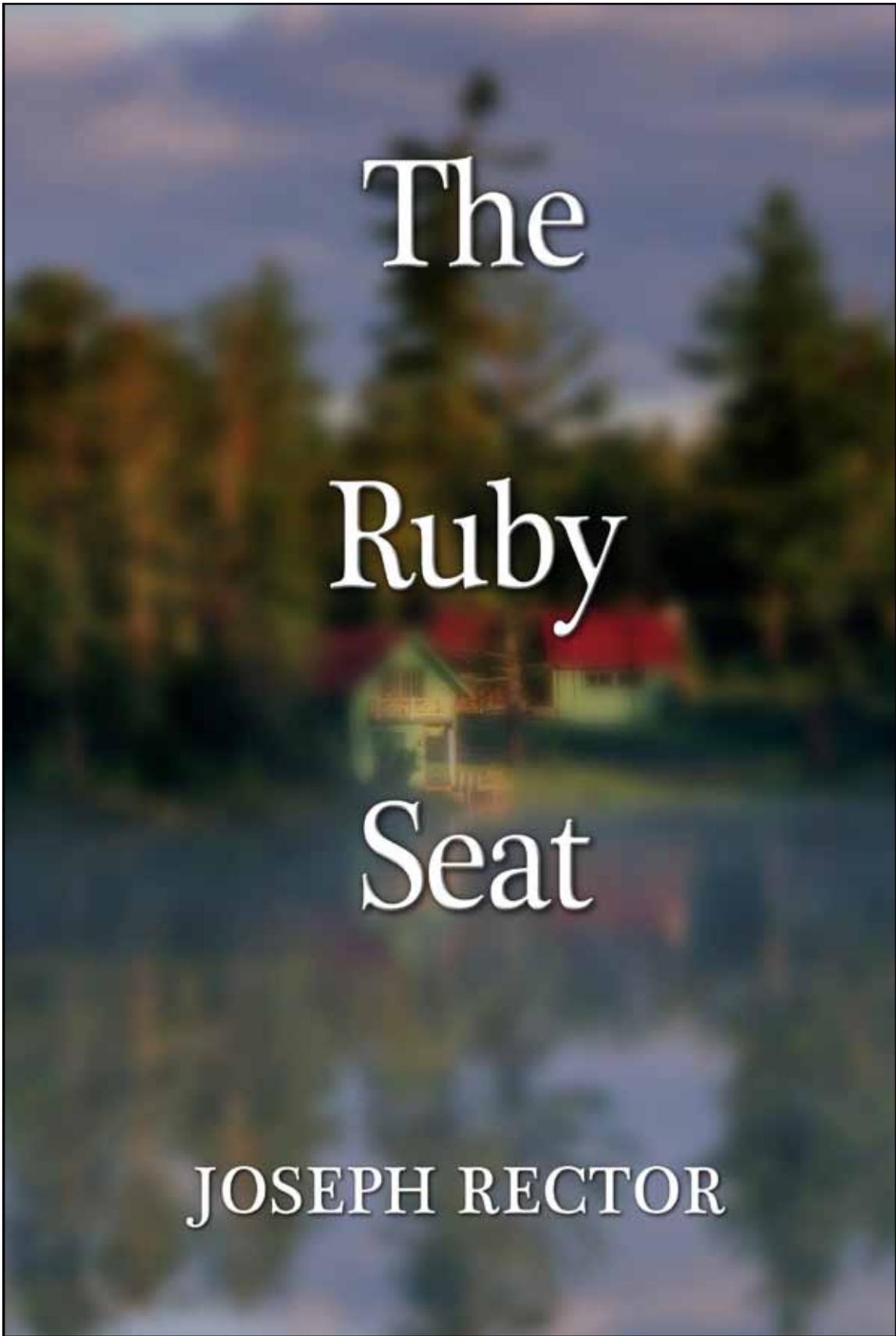
Angela tried to pull away from the iron-like grip as her dad squeezed her arm. She protested, “We weren’t fighting.”

“Looked like a fight.”

Anger filled her eyes. “But I didn’t start it.”

He shoved her against the wall. “Go to your room. You’re a bad girl.”

She bit her lip and started down the hall toward her room. Halfway there, she turned around. Her dad was standing with arms folded, master of the hall and the



## *The Ruby Seat*

Joseph Rector

### SALES HANDLE

An earthly/spiritual tale set in the Adirondack Mountains about a tough teenage girl and a saintly old man who are the best of friends until dark secrets from the past surface.

### DESCRIPTION

Cyril Bankstrom lives alone on the shores of a sparkling Adirondack lake. He is a quiet, humble man who—after great suffering—acquires a rare and mystical gift of sensing God's Oneness in all things. But for the past 40 years the same haunting nightmare has tortured him—his hands are covered with blood; a child is screaming; a white house is burning, and in a large pine tree, a noose hangs in the moonlight.

In the eyes of his one true friend, Eva, Cyril is perfect, and she has grown to love and admire him. He is the opposite of the things she hates about her imprisoned, alcoholic father. Then a stranger appears in the dark woods with the truth of the old man's past. Cyril and Eva must journey deep in the forest to find the peace or death that awaits them.

### KEY SELLING POINTS

- \* Useful for parents who have lost a child.
- \* Accessible Christian content appropriate for trade.
- \* Deals with issues of redemption and forgiveness.
- \* Young adult and adult appropriate

### AUDIENCE

1. Christian and spiritual/metaphysical
2. Fiction readers
3. Young adults through old age



### AUTHOR BIO

Joseph Rector has written for Adirondack Life magazine and is an internationally published landscape photographer. He spends his free time climbing and re climbing the Adirondack high peaks that he loves. He is married and has two teenage daughters.

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**Adoption & Fostering**

**SEL027000 Self Help/Personal**

**Growth/Success**

### MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS

- Author will interview with Adirondack life magazine (40,000 subscribers)
- Contacting local newspapers and Burlington Vermont newspapers.
- Also connecting with radio stations in the area, the Adirondacks and Vermont.
- Author is making a You Tube video of himself talking about the book.
- Good social media presence with author website, blogs, Face book, twitter and LinkedIn.
- Scheduling book signings/tour

### AUTHOR RESIDENCE

Plattsburgh, New York



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## Chapter One

EVA THREW OPEN THE BEDROOM DOOR and hauled two bulging suitcases onto her bed. In heavy handfuls she stuffed her clothes into a tall rickety chest of drawers that stood crooked in the corner. Scurrying around the little room, she savored the familiar smells of the little cabin, even though it was a mixture of cool, stale air, moth balls and a hint of propane gas. Her heart was dancing in her chest—she was so happy to be back at camp, but most of all she just couldn't wait to see him.

The whole summer, she marveled to herself. I can't believe it! We're finally here! Eva closed the tight-fitting drawers as quietly as she could, but when she jammed the empty suit cases under the bed, her mother's voice echoed down the hall.

"Eva, I hope you're putting your clothes away neatly."

"Um...Yes Mooom," Eva called out drearily, accompanied by her standard scowl. "I'm almost done."

After giving her room an approving nod, Eva flipped her baseball hat off the doorknob and dashed into the kitchen, almost bumping into her mother. Ann took a step back and began fidgeting with an envelope in one hand and a card in the other.

"I'm all done. I'm going down to Cyril's. Okay?"

While Eva stood tall with an ear-to-ear smile she watched her mother's questioning frown dissolve away. Eva knew when the rapid blinking started, followed by a nervous smile her mother would give in without questions. And so the blinking began and Eva smiled even wider.

"Alright, you can go," Ann said peering suspiciously over Eva's shoulder toward her bedroom. "I know you're excited, I am too. But remember, when you get back I'll need your help getting the camp cleaned up and ready—" Ann's eyes fell to Eva's Pants. "Eva, haven't you got a better pair of jeans to wear. Those are so old and full of holes."

"No, you know these are my favorite. Why does it matter?"

"Oh, I don't know Eva. It would just be nice to see you in something besides those jeans and that green sweatshirt for once." Ann let out an exhausted breath and walked toward Eva with her arms held out, "Now, you be careful on your way—"

"Mom, I'm not five years old!" Eva scolded.

Eva avoided the oncoming hug by dashing around the small kitchen table and making a bee line for the front door. Her hands were busy tucking her long red pony tail through the hole in her baseball hat, when her mother yelled, "WAIT! Eva, please

sign the card. I need to get it in the mail tomorrow.”

In mid-stride, Eva spun around to face her mother. Her eyes narrowed and her arms crossed tightly to her chest. “I won’t write anything on that stupid card, and I’m not signing it. He doesn’t care about me or anyone else and you know that!”

Eva held her ground scowling at her mother’s sad expression. Just as Ann lifted the card toward her daughter, Eva adjusted her hat, turned and long-stepped through the tiny living room, across the porch and through the squeaky screen door. On the top step she stood for a moment, thought of her father and then wound up the rickety door and slammed it.

Eva’s new hiking boots hit the ground with a hard thud, clearing all three porch steps at once. She sprinted across the front lawn and halted at the edge of a barely paved, narrow road, her eyes scanning and searching, trying to remember...

“Where is it?” she asked herself impatiently. Eva’s brown eyes squinted as she separated the Adirondack foliage one by one; pine, balsam, maple, birch, and beech. When she spotted a tiny green apple, she smiled in relief. She crossed the road, not losing sight of the gnarled, twisted branches of an old apple tree that formed an archway and entrance into her secret world; a narrow downhill path that led to the lake and ended at Cyril’s lakeside home.

Eva never shared her love for camp and Cyril with anyone. At school, Eva felt very much alone among her peers, having very little in common with anyone. Early on, she tried to fit in, but most of the time her so-called friends seemed a million miles away. They talked and gossiped non-stop. It drained Eva just being around it, listening to the false nonsense. For as long as she could remember, she loved coming to camp more than anything. Each year that passed, the beauty and peace of the mountains seemed to take her further and further into herself giving her a permanent lone-happiness that nobody could take away. But she often thought why isn’t anyone in this school like me or just a little like me? And she also thought, just as often, why am I so different?

Two thoughts buoyed Eva and always lifted her spirits; first, in a few short years she would be attending Forestry College located in the heart of the Adirondack Mountains, where Eva knew for certain she would not be an outcast, and to speed things up she had been taking extra classes throughout high school in order to graduate early.

Cyril was her second saving grace. He never failed to bring a broad smile to her face. She didn’t know why she was so drawn to him; she just knew he was different from any other person she had ever met, and someday, somehow, she was going to live just like him, in the solitude of the mountains, away from the hurt and frustrations of the world.

Eva ducked under her archway and entered the green-shaded summer woods. Stopping for a moment under a great pine tree, she joyfully sniffed in all directions, bringing the much-missed aromas of sun-warmed pine, balsam and cedar deep into her lungs. Even the layers of decaying leaves and moss on the forest floor smelled wonderful. She set off on a cheerful trot, pushing the small branches aside, which, over the past year, had grown into her narrow trail. The pathway was made with Cyril’s help when she was seven years old. It was well used, easy to follow, and just four minutes of fast downhill walking to Cyril’s tiny lakeside cabin.

# The Hidden WORLD



SCHUYLER J. EBERSOL

## ***The Hidden World***

**Age of Intolerance**

**Schuyler J. Ebersol**

### **SALES HANDLE**

First of five novels in a series aimed at young adults of the Harry Potter generation. Nate Williams develops his untapped potential, which includes shape-shifting into a huge wolf, while attending the Noble College.

### **DESCRIPTION**

Nate Williams was found wandering alone in the woods at the age of six. He suffers a heart attack at the age of seventeen, which profoundly changes his body and soul—he becomes a shifter, assuming the shape of a wolf. He is sent to the Noble College, where changing into an animal is normal and classes are about shifting the weather or changing nature rather than math.

Nate quickly realizes that there is more going on at Noble than meets the eye. When a series of murders around the country threaten the secrecy of the Hidden World, Nate and his friends take it upon themselves to figure out what is going on and bring the killers to justice.

### **KEY SELLING POINTS**

- \* Appeals to young adults males, and females with a fantasy interest
- \* Author is a young adult who understands the world they live in
- \* This is the first book of a planned series with book two complete
- Age appropriate language

### **AUDIENCE**

Young adult boys and girls  
The Harry Potter Generation  
Fantasy readers



### **AUTHOR BIO**

Schuyler J. Ebersol began writing on his sixteenth birthday while recovering from a debilitating illness. Since then he has written five novels, *The Hidden World* the first in a series. After three years of sickness he has recovered from his illness and returned to school.

### **AUTHOR RESIDENCE**

Litchfield, CT

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**JUV037000 Juvenile Fiction/Fantasy & Magic**

### **MARKETING AND PUBLICITY HIGHLIGHTS**

- Author planning book tour around college schedule.
- Author building website
- Engaging social media via FB fan page and Twitter
- Engaging local media for interviews
- Author seeking endorsements from Jim McGoldrick, Mary Pope Osborne, and a few others.



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## Chapter 1

### The Fight

Nate slowly descended the spiral staircase, preoccupied in his thoughts, which were not what one might have imagined them to be like. He felt the smoothness of the stainless steel beneath his right hand, which was lazily trailing the circular railing. He noticed the space between each step where there was nothing but air. He felt the temperature drop every inch that he descended. He analyzed every element of his surroundings. The space he had immersed into felt unusually silent, and unnaturally clean. The staircase he was still standing on rose up out of the floor by the kitchen counter.

Nate glanced curiously around at the empty space by the window. Every single morning Nate could remember, Desmond had sat in his favorite chair by the floor to ceiling windows reading the paper, yet the chair was empty. The empty chair drew his eyes and seemed to be alive in its stark loneliness. It was just then that he noticed Emma for the first time by the door and asked, "Where's dad?" His eyes returned to space by the window. Desmond had always sat there and in his absence it was draining like a black hole.

"Good morning. He left early for L.A. He will be back tonight," said Emma. His foster mother was beautiful. Her hair was straight and fell gracefully on her shoulders. He remembered when it had fallen several inches farther in waves like her daughter's, but her role in an upcoming movie required the haircut. Her eyes were blue and shimmered with kindness. She never missed a chance to dress extravagantly, and her good spirit preceded her everywhere she went.

"Long day." Nate took Desmond's usual seat by the window in an attempt to fill the gaping hole, "What's for breakfast?"

"I am so sorry, Nate, I have to leave in five minutes for a meeting with my manager. There is pancake mix in the fridge. Would you mind making breakfast for your sister?"

"Of course not." In fact he liked cooking and often took the responsibility off his mothers shoulders so that she could relax or study her lines. If Nate Williams was normal, it was in a very superficial sense of the word. He was shockingly extraordinary in many ways, however once past the privileged life and striking looks, he was a boy like any other. He was a boy regular problems and joys that one would expect of someone his age. He had his faults, like anyone else, though it was difficult to see them under the mask of his popularity and confidence. From the look of him, it was impossible to guess

his past. He was of average height for seventeen and his clothes were unremarkable. He was most often seen in simple dark jeans and a faded t-shirt or polo. He cared about how he looked, but did not overdo it. The only thing about him that might hint at his true identity were his eyes. Framed by short wild, brown hair, they were grey and guarded-locked gateways into a place bursting with the amazing and the unexpected.

Nate's foster father, Desmond Williams, owned half the city in which they lived. His foster mother, Emma, was a very talented actress and his younger sister; Sofia, had inherited her mother's angelic beauty and ability to charm. No one suspected Nate was not who he appeared to be. Nate did not even suspect it himself.

Desmond had stumbled upon Nate's unconscious body when he and his young daughter had been hiking above the city. Desmond, being of the belief that his daughter should see the city in which she was to inherit every year until it was hers, had chosen one formidable autumn day to take his daughter to his favorite viewpoint. Nate had been only six, and Desmond had immediately adopted the young boy into his family, feeling a personal responsibility for his life. The adoption may have seemed a little weird to some and downright odd to others, but very few people knew of it and those who did, didn't talk about it much. Desmond was the most powerful man in the city and no one objected.

That night was a foggy cloud in Nate's mind. He remembered very little of his life before that night, and those small pieces had been pushed to the far corners of his mind. The cold and loneliness stood out sharply, but to this day, Nate purported he couldn't remember how he had come to be all alone in the forest, though it was not entirely true. It was the only serious lie Nate had ever told his foster father. He remembered some of the events that had culminated in that night, but most of them were stilled blurred around the edges and there was always that nagging feeling that he couldn't be certain that he wasn't forgetting some crucial aspect. This nagging feeling had driven him crazy until he had sat down at the piano at the age of twelve and found that he could play through his stress and express himself through the music. Ever since that day Nate had played religiously and now it was one of the most anticipated parts of his day.

Emma was arranging her things by the doorway. She never rushed; she always had everything done before it needed to be. Even if she was late, she would always take her time and make sure she had everything that she needed. Nate admired that skill, for it was one he would never have and he knew it. He was often late and even more often, disorganized and brutally forgetful. She went upstairs to say goodbye to Sofia and returned a minute later with her purse in hand. She grabbed her short, white coat and then kissed Nate goodbye.

"Dad left you the Rover. I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to Sofia. She was in the shower. I swear she spends more time in the shower than the rest of us put together. Tell her goodbye for me, will you?"

"Sure mom," struck by a sudden thought Nate ran to the door and shouted, "Where's Gatsby?"

"Check underneath the piano," called Emma from the driveway. Several minutes later, Nate heard the unmistakable sound of Emma starting her Porsche convertible.

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Founder John Köehler had a distinguished career in advertising and design as an Art Director, and owned a graphic design studio for 15 years. He has won numerous design awards during his career. John also was the director of Young Life Capernaum in Hampton Roads, a ministry for kids with disabilities. John is the 1991 Boomerang World Champ. He is working on his fifth book, *Billy Blue Sky*, set to launch in early 2013. He lives and works in Virginia Beach.



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David Hancock is the Founder of Morgan James Publishing and The Ethan Awards, and has co-authored nine books including *Guerrilla Marketing for Writers* and *The Entrepreneurial Author* and is reported to be the future of publishing. David also sits on the Executive Board of Habitat for Humanity Peninsula, and is chairman of the Board of The National Center for the Prevention of Community Violence.



W. Terry Whalin, Acquisitions Editor, understands both sides of the editorial desk—as an editor and a writer. A former literary agent, Terry is an Acquisitions Editor at Morgan James Publishing and the fiction Imprint, Köehler Books. He has written more than 60 nonfiction books through traditional publishers. For three years, Terry was a fiction acquisitions editor at Howard Books, a division of Simon and Schuster. Also for 12 years, Terry was an ECPA Gold Medallion judge in the Christian Fiction Category. He reads a broad range of fiction genres and has reviewed fiction for Book Page and many other publications.



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