

*The Price
of
Fame*

By
Lynn Ames

THE PRICE OF FAME

© 2010 BY LYNN AMES

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CHAPTER ONE

Phil, do you have that last page?"

"It's right here, Kate."

"You're a prince."

"Have I ever let you down?"

"Do you really want me to answer that?"

"Hey, Roger, nice work on those shots from the train derailment—you really captured the feel of the scene."

The cameraman blushed. "Thanks, Kate."

"Okay, people, two minutes."

Bodies were in motion everywhere, and in the middle of all the chaos, the anchorwoman strode unhurriedly onto the set and sat in her chair. She clipped the lapel microphone to her silk suit jacket, inserted her earpiece, placed her copy on the desk, and ran her fingers through her hair one last time to settle it in place.

Katherine Ann Kyle was singular. It wasn't just the fact that she was classically beautiful, it was more the unconscious way that she carried herself—strong, assured, and completely unaware of her attractiveness. She had an intangible quality that made her appear at once captivating and unattainable.

"Kate, we're going to start with camera two and then shift to camera one after we roll the first piece of tape."

She didn't answer the director's disembodied voice in her ear, but he knew she'd heard him just the same; she was a pro.

"And, three, two, one, cue the music. Music fade, and...go."

Kate smiled up at the camera. "Good evening. This is the WCAP evening news for Wednesday, April twenty-ninth, nineteen eighty-seven. I'm Katherine Kyle..."



Jamison Parker, Jay to her friends, shouldered her way through the hotel room door, trying to balance her briefcase and her garment bag at the same time. She dumped the briefcase as soon as she cleared the threshold and the door clicked closed behind her. Then she hung the garment bag in the closet and proceeded into the room, kicking off her shoes as she went and rushing to answer the already-ringing phone.

“Yeah, Trish, I agree with you...No, no. His press secretary and his scheduler both told me the governor would see me tomorrow at four...Yes, that’s four p.m., ya goofball.”

The petite, green-eyed blonde cocked her head and listened to her editor ramble on about how important this piece was going to be for the magazine, since this governor was being touted as a rising star and possible presidential material. She wandered over to the bed, flopped down on it with a grunt, and flipped on the television with the remote she’d found on the nightstand. She glanced at her watch—great, just in time to catch the local news and maybe get some idea of the regional issues before her interview tomorrow.

“Trish, you don’t need to offer me your firstborn in exchange for a great story. Hell, I’ve met your son, you can keep him!” She said it with a smile in her voice, and Trish laughed and continued to prattle on. Jay’s eyes drifted to the screen as the music came on signaling the start of the newscast. She rolled her eyes at something her editor said and was about to reply when she locked eyes on the news anchor.

“Oh my God, I can’t believe it, it’s *her!*” Jay didn’t even bother to say goodbye before disconnecting the call.

She sat there, mesmerized, afraid to blink lest the image disappear. For five years this woman dominated her dreams and fueled her imagination. Now, there she was...Jay ignored the ringing of the phone again, knowing it was Trish calling back. *Katherine Kyle. Now I have a name to go with that unforgettable face and voice.*

CHAPTER TWO

At precisely 2:30 p.m. the next day, Kate strolled through the door to the newsroom. She was impeccably dressed in a crème-colored, button-down, silk blouse and a rich blue silk pantsuit that complemented her deep blue eyes. She poked her head into an edit bay and greeted Gene, one of her favorite cameramen, who was laying down pictures to go with a report on dredging PCBs from the river. Then she continued on to her desk, fired up her word processor, and scanned the national headlines on the AP wire.

The newsroom was quiet at that hour. The day-shift reporters were all out covering stories, and the evening anchors and reporters weren't due in for another hour. Kate always liked to get in early, though; unlike some of her on-air colleagues, she refused to be just a talking head. She was a journalist first, and an anchor second in her mind. As the primary anchor or star, she was very rarely required to go out on the street to cover a story these days, but unlike her male co-anchor, she still insisted on writing her own news copy and took the time to research the day's happenings instead of simply reading somebody else's words in front of a camera. This fact earned her a great deal of respect among most of her peers, who appreciated her work ethic and intelligence.

As for her co-anchor, well, as she once told him when he complained that she was making him look bad, "You don't need my help for that, Gerry. You do a great job all by yourself." The entire newsroom erupted in laughter, and Gerry stalked from the room to spend his usual two hours in makeup reading the comics.

As Kate ran through the day's headlines, she listened with half an ear to the sounds of the newsroom that had become background noise to her over the years—the assignment editor barking into the phone at a field producer, the cameramen complaining about the reporters they

were assigned to work with, the tapping of fingers on word processors, the police scanners, and the three television monitors that were tuned to each of WCAP's competitors.

Then her sharp ears picked up something unusual. She moved quickly to the nearest police scanner just as Phil, the producer, reached it. She turned it up.

"...(unintelligible) ...explosion at the capitol... (unintelligible)... eagle is flying..."

"Holy shit," he exclaimed. "Holy shit. The governor was in the damn building."

"Who've we got in the area?" Kate asked urgently.

"No one. Everybody's on something else or not in yet."

"Gene," she yelled. "Get your gear. Make sure you bring an extra camera, two extra battery packs, extra tape, and a couple of mics, including the wireless lavalier. I'll get the satellite truck and meet you out back. Phil, get me a field producer ASAP."

"Kate," Phil started to say, but she was already out of earshot.



The scene on State Street was pure pandemonium. Kate and Gene weaved their way through the crowd of panicked people running in the opposite direction. It had been seven minutes since they left the station, which was located just on the outskirts of the city. Kate clipped on a wireless lavalier microphone that would pick up her voice and transmit it back to the satellite truck for direct feed to the television newsroom. Next she inserted an earpiece that would keep her in contact with the newsroom, her cameraman, and the field producer, when one arrived on scene. She also carried a wireless microphone in her hand. She looked up at the building that was the centerpiece of the city and gaped at the hole that had been blown right through the area that housed the senate chamber.

She and the cameraman were standing some twenty feet from the building. "Get a picture of that, Gene. I'm going to find some eyewitnesses and try to get a handle on this thing. And Gene, tell the station we're gonna go live with the coverage beginning when I come back here. Get the feed up and running." With that, Kate disappeared from sight, swallowed up by the fleeing crowd.

Within seconds, she located several members of the state legislature, including the senate majority leader, whose suit jacket was torn and whose hair, for the first time Kate could ever remember,

actually was disheveled. He had a small gash over his left eye, and his boyishly handsome face was covered in ash. Never one to miss an opportunity to be seen by his constituents, he quickly consented to be interviewed.

Of course, it didn't hurt that he had tried many times to pick Kate up when she first became a reporter in the area. Deferring to the fact that he was very married, among other reasons, she always politely declined his advances. Clearly he held no grudge against her.

She steered him over to where Gene was waiting so that she had the dramatic footage of the hole in the side of the capitol behind her. "Good afternoon," Kate said, looking directly at the camera. "This is Katherine Kyle reporting live from the scene of a tremendous explosion here at the state capitol building in Albany, New York. With me is State Senate Majority Leader Clyde Hicksdale. Senator, can you describe to us what happened?"

"I was in a meeting with the governor and the assembly speaker in the governor's office on the second floor. We were discussing the state budget. All of a sudden there was a thunderous boom, the lights flickered, and everything went dark. The governor's state police detail ran in, yelled that there had been an explosion, and they physically grabbed the governor and whisked him out of the building through a back entrance."

"Senator, can you confirm that the governor and assembly speaker are both safe and out of harm's way?"

"Yes, Kate, I can say that with certainty, since I just got off the phone with the governor several minutes ago. He is running a command post out of the governor's mansion, which, as you know, is several blocks from here."

Privately, Kate couldn't believe the man could be so stupid as to reveal the location of the governor publicly without knowing whether or not he had been the target of the explosion. But, as a journalist, she knew it just didn't get any better than this.

"Senator, I understand that the epicenter of the blast was the senate chamber on the third floor, is that correct?"

"Yes, Kate, that is what I was told by the state police bomb experts. Thank heaven the senate wasn't due to go into session for another forty-five minutes."

"You said you spoke with the state police bomb experts, Senator. Did they give you any indication what might have caused the explosion?" *God, could he really be foolish enough to tell me what I'm sure the police would wait weeks to reveal?*

“Kate, they believe it was a high-powered explosive planted somewhere in the senate gallery.”

“That would be the area reserved for spectators?” At the senator’s nod, she continued, “Senator, are all of your members accounted for? Have you been informed of any casualties?”

“My people are still getting in touch with everyone, but so far, I think most of the senators have been accounted for. We’re still trying to reach a few.”

“Senate Majority Leader Hicksdale, thank you for your time.”

“My pleasure, Kate.”

“To recap then,” the anchorwoman said as she faced the camera fully and Gene zoomed in for a close-up, “an explosion rocked the state capitol building here in Albany at two forty-eight p.m. The blast apparently was centered in the senate chamber, and detonated some forty-five minutes before the senate was due to go into session. Senate Majority Leader Clyde Hicksdale, who was in a meeting one floor below the senate chamber with the governor and the leader of the state assembly, indicates to WCAP-TV that the governor has been escorted safely from the building and is monitoring the situation from his private office in the governor’s mansion several blocks from the capitol. Although we have not had any confirmation from the state police as of yet, Senator Hicksdale informs us that he has been told by the state police’s elite bomb squad that the explosion was the result of a high-powered incendiary device. We will try to get independent corroboration of that fact for you as soon as possible.”

Kate knew most of her colleagues would have simply reported the news that the explosion was caused by a bomb as fact, but she wasn’t any reporter, and she wasn’t just going to take Hicksdale’s word for the cause. In her mind that would have been journalistically irresponsible. It was one thing to attribute the supposition to her interviewee, and quite another for her to report it as absolute gospel truth.

Kate continued her report. “At this moment, it is unclear how many, if any, casualties there have been. As you can see over my shoulder”—she gestured as Gene panned the camera back and scanned the panicked crowd behind her—“there is much confusion here on State Street. In recent weeks there have been heated debates raging between the governor and the two houses of the legislature regarding—”

BOOM.

A second explosion rocked the building. Kate felt a white-hot surge of air from behind as she was lifted off her feet and thrown to the ground. She looked up to see Gene getting back to his feet. Ever the professional, he still had his camera running and he gave her the hand signal letting her know his equipment was still intact, that he had gotten the footage of the second blast, as well as of her going down, and that he was getting the images behind her of the new horror.

Kate rose to her feet and turned to face the spot where the entrance to the capitol used to be. She watched in mute terror as members of the legislature, staff, tourists, and children ran screaming into the street. There was blood and glass everywhere. Through the now-open space where the covered and columned entryway had been, she could see that the first-floor ceiling was starting to give way. She looked up briefly at the window that marked the governor's office. Catching Gene's attention, she began talking again.

"As you can see, a second explosion has just rocked the capitol." Kate raised her eyebrow, a silent question to Gene as to whether or not her microphone was working. Gene gave her a thumbs-up. "That window there," she pointed to the corner spot on the second floor, as Gene zoomed in on her, "is the governor's office."

Even as she continued talking to the viewers, she heard Phil say in her ear from the newsroom, "Kate, you're the only game in town. The scene got cordoned off before any of the other stations could get their people down there. CNN and all three major networks are carrying you live. No pressure here, girl, this is great stuff."

She could hear the excitement in his voice.

Gene followed her hand and zoomed in on the dramatic picture of the tattered curtains in the governor's office blowing out the hole where the window once had been. "As we have been informed by the senate majority leader, who was meeting with the governor at the time in that room right there"—she gestured again to the hole at the corner of the building—"the governor was taken to safety just after the first explosion."

Kate turned sideways to take in the scene behind her. What she saw touched her deeply as a human being—there were too many people still in harm's way. She knew her first responsibility as a journalist was to get the story, but as a person, and one who had extensive first aid training, she felt she had a more important obligation to help. Maybe, just maybe, she could accomplish both objectives.

She continued talking as she began running toward the building. "As you can see, there are a number of people hurt or trapped awaiting assistance. Rescue personnel are swarming over the scene, but the number of emergency workers is simply inadequate to deal with the number of casualties."

In her ear, Phil was screaming. "Katherine Ann Kyle, don't you dare put yourself in danger." Kate heard him but ignored him. "Kate, please," he pleaded. "Don't." The last was whispered quietly. "Stay safe," he murmured.

Gene moved to follow Kate, all the while training the camera on her as she dodged debris on her way to aid the injured. She motioned below camera level that he could get the general pictures of the scene and still pick up her audio without putting himself in jeopardy. She knew that he appreciated her gesture of concern, but was determined to stay with her as long as he could without losing transmission.

As she moved into the first-floor lobby, she kept up a running monologue for the sake of the viewers. "The ceiling has caved in here, as you can see, trapping a number of people." Kate spied a young blonde girl whose leg was pinned under a fallen pillar of the side portico. The girl's watery green eyes and tear-stained face bespoke her terror and pain. Kate went immediately to the girl's side. "It's okay, sweetheart, we're going to get you out of here."

The camera zoomed in on the child. Kate first took the time to comfort the girl and then began leveraging her weight to try to move the pillar off her. With a monumental effort, she was able to shift the marble just enough to slide the youngster's body out from underneath. She hugged the girl to her briefly and called for a nearby fireman to come and carry the child to safety.

It wasn't until Kate moved on to the next victim that she allowed herself to acknowledge how much the little girl reminded her of another green-eyed blonde and another traumatic rescue.

It was a mid-winter day in 1982 and Kate was working as a member of the ski patrol at the college snow bowl.

As she paused to rest in the middle of a trail, a blur of movement caught her eye over on the far left side of the trail about 100 yards ahead. A big mountain of a man was barreling down the slope, completely out of control. Kate quickly scanned the area, already calculating the distance between him and anyone below him. "Shit!"

Kate already was in motion, knowing that she was going to be too late. She watched helplessly as the out-of-control goon slammed full speed into a much smaller female skier who had the misfortune to be in his path. The pair disappeared in a cloud of snow, arms and legs flying through the air in a tumble of bodies. Kate arrived before the plume of snow settled, releasing her skis and planting them to mark the accident even before she came to a complete stop. The petite blonde was lying motionless, her right arm and left leg at odd, unnatural angles. The behemoth was shaking his head. “Wow, man, that was really something,” he remarked.

Kate didn’t spare him so much as a look. “Are you hurt?” she asked him coldly, kneeling next to the woman.

“Naw, I’m tougher’n that.”

“Grand, then just sit there until I can deal with you. If you so much as move a muscle, so help me I’ll ram my ski so far up your ass it will come out your mouth. Got me?”

The big man’s eyes opened as wide as saucers, and he just nodded mutely.

Kate was busy assessing the woman’s injuries and checking to see if she was breathing okay. Pulling out her two-way radio, she called to the base patrol hut and radioed her location, calmly asking for a stretcher and leg immobilizer and instructing them to have an ambulance standing by. “And Ken, send up Robbie to deal with the jerkball who caused this thing; I don’t ever want to see him on this mountain again.”

“Roger that, Kate. It’s going to take us a few to get to you—you’re in a tough spot. Hard to reach.”

“Do the best you can, Ken, she needs help now. Out.”

Kate put the radio back in her fanny pack and looked down at the injured woman, who just now was coming around. Gently, she removed her charge’s goggles, which were cracked but miraculously remained on her face.

“Did you get the license plate number of the t-truck that hit me?”

Kate laughed in spite of the seriousness of the situation. “Hey,” she said softly, lowering herself so that the woman could see her without moving her head. “You’re gonna be all right, but I need you to stay very still for now, okay?”

“Yes. I hurt so much.”

“I know. I’ve got a team on the way so that we can move you safely. Hang in there.”

“M-my shoulder.”

“Mmm.” Kate said. “It’s dislocated from the looks of it. I can try to put it back in if you want. It will be less painful if I do.”

“Ok-k-kay, but this is going to mess up my lacrosse season, isn’t it?”

“Fraid so.”

Kate dug her foot into the snow and tried to get leverage. God, she didn’t want to cause this poor woman any more pain, but she knew that the discomfort would be temporary, and that the end result would leave her feeling better. She braced herself and grasped the dangling shoulder, being careful to jar her as little as possible. Then, using direct pressure at the correct angle, she gave a quick push and felt the bone slide back into place. The woman gave a short yell.

“Okay?”

The blonde looked up at Kate and gave her a weak smile. Her lips started to quiver and her body shook from the shock of the accident and the cold. Without thought, Kate unzipped her own jacket, then slid carefully behind the injured skier, zipped the jacket with both her and the woman inside, and effectively used her own body heat to try to warm her. Feeling the young co-ed shiver uncontrollably against her, she wrapped her arms carefully around the slim waist and pulled her closer still.

Kate’s lips were almost directly behind her ear. Murmuring soothing words, she tried to comfort her, wishing with her whole heart that she could take this woman’s pain away. To distract her, she began to ask questions.

“What’s your name?”

“J-jam-mison P-p-p-p-parker.”

“Is that five p’s or six?”

“V-very funny,” Jay said, rolling her eyes. But she smiled just the same, a fact that warmed Kate’s heart.

“That’s a pretty name.”

“M-my f-friends call me Jay.”

“Ooh. Are you including me in that number?”

“S-sure.”

“Boy, you’re easy.”

“D-don’t let it g-get around.”

“Hey, your secret’s safe with me. You’re a student, right?”

“Y-yes, a sophomore.”

Kate looked around impatiently. Where the hell was the team? As brave as Jay was being, she was in shock and hurting, her leg was clearly broken, and it was vital to get her off the mountain and taken

care of. She took out her radio once again and asked what the holdup was.

“Almost there, Kate. We’re doing the best we can.”

At that moment, Robbie skied up. “Whatcha got, Kate?”

She jerked her head in the direction of the big gorilla and explained to Robbie, who actually made the guy look small, what happened. “Get him out of my sight,” she hissed.

Kate turned her attention back to her patient, whose lips were starting to turn blue, and whose skin was very pale.

“Is my leg broken? It h-hurts s-so much.”

“I think so. No dancing at the Winter Carnival Ball for you, I’m afraid.”

“D-darn. And I was s-so counting on b-bringing F-fred Astaire as my d-date.”

“Um, isn’t he dead, Jay?”

“Is he? See, there’s another r-r-reason I c-can’t g-go.”

Kate was utterly charmed.

Just then a snowmobile came over the rise, instantly heading for the crossed skis in the snow. Behind it was a litter with all manner of medical equipment and four more members of the ski patrol. As soon as they pulled up, Kate apprised them of the skier’s condition, noting possible frostbite, exposure, shock, a likely broken leg and dislocated shoulder. As they worked to get her leg stabilized and her arm immobilized, Kate swathed her in blankets and grasped her good hand, leaning over so that Jay could see her face.

Softly she asked, “Is there anyone you want me to call for you? Your parents?”

Jay hesitated and her face took on a faraway look. For a second, Kate wondered if she had heard her. Quietly, she said, “N-no, there’s no one.”

Something about the way she said it made Kate want to ask more questions, but she didn’t want to push her just then. Instead she said, “How about a friend? Someone to meet you at the hospital?”

“Thanks. I’ll c-call my friend S-sarah when I get there—she’s got a c-car. Thanks for taking c-care of me. You m-make a great t-toaster oven.”

Kate smiled at her, gave her fingers one last squeeze, and assured her that she was in great hands just before the sled started moving down the mountain.

Sighing, Kate zipped up her jacket, put on her sunglasses and gloves, and stepped into her skis. For the rest of her shift, which was

another five hours, she couldn't stop thinking of Jay. Finally, when she couldn't stand it anymore, she made her way to the base patrol hut, signed herself out, and drove to the hospital.

In the emergency room, she asked the nurse on duty about Jay's condition. She was told that the patient was released only half an hour earlier and left with a friend. *Satisfied that Jay had been well cared for, Kate headed back to her dorm for a hot shower.*



At 2:45 p.m. Jay walked back into her hotel room after her run. She grabbed the remote and turned the TV to CNN as she peeled off her sweaty running clothes on her way to the shower. She had a little over an hour before her interview with the governor, and her run, as always, helped her to focus on the questions she wanted to ask and the ground she wanted to cover in the piece. She turned the shower on, adjusted the temperature, and stepped in, sighing with pleasure when the hot spray hit her sore muscles.

A half hour later, she emerged from the bathroom wearing a hotel bathrobe and toweling her hair. She froze in mid step on her way to the closet when she heard the familiar voice. Jay checked the logo in the corner of the screen; yep, it was CNN. What was Katherine doing on CNN? Then her mind registered the words.

"To recap, then..." the anchorwoman was saying. Jay sat down heavily at the foot of the bed, her eyes riveted to the TV. The scene unfolding on the screen was bedlam. She watched in horror as the camera shook violently but somehow remained focused on Kate, who was being tossed in the air like a mannequin. Jay gasped out loud and clutched a pillow to her chest.

At that moment, her hotel room phone rang. "Hello," she said numbly.

"Ms. Parker, this is Ms. Winston from the governor's office. Unfortunately, something has come up and the governor is going to be unable to keep his appointment with you this afternoon."

Jay marveled at the woman's power for understatement as she watched the images of the capitol on her TV screen.

"We will be in touch with either you or your editor later today or tonight to reschedule. We are very sorry for the inconvenience."

Inconvenience. That's what you call it when the capitol is destroyed by a bomb?

“That’s quite all right, Ms. Winston, though I would like to reschedule as soon as possible.”

“Of course, we’ll be in touch sometime later today. Thank you for your patience.”

Jay was already refocusing on CNN. When Kate came back into view following the explosion, she seemed unfazed, despite the fact that half the building behind her was now missing. When she turned and ran toward the building, Jay jumped up from the bed, screaming at her to get back. “No, Katherine. No!” Jay buried her head in her hands. This was like some bad suspense thriller; it couldn’t be real. But it was.

Jay’s first reaction was to go to her, but as she started to throw off her robe and pull on jeans, she realized the impossibility of the task. There was no way, with all that chaos, that she was going to be able to get anywhere near where Katherine was at the moment. She growled in frustration and began pacing the room while she watched.

The CNN anchor was voicing-over the footage of Kate running into the capitol. “You’re watching dramatic live video of reporter Katherine Kyle of WCAP-TV in Albany, New York, where two explosions have just rocked the capitol building. Let’s listen in...”

The audio switched back to Kate just as she reached the little girl. Jay smiled wistfully at Kate’s efforts to comfort the child. She well remembered the soothing tone of that mellifluous voice and those caring, concerned eyes.

Jay sighed, turning her attention back to the coverage. CNN stayed with Kate live as she rescued the child. Then they began interspersing images and audio of the reporter assisting other victims with the footage shot earlier of her interviewing the senate majority leader, anchoring a newscast, background information about her, commentary about the capitol, and speculation about how many people might have been in the building at the time of the explosions. They interviewed experts about the type of incendiary device that might have been used, other experts about the hot issues in New York state politics at the moment, still more experts about what person or groups might have been behind the attack, and everything else CNN could think of to round out the dramatic story that was unfolding less than ten miles from Jay’s hotel room.

When she tired of CNN’s experts, Jay flipped the channel to WCAP. There was Kate, crawling on her stomach in what appeared to be a very unstable area of the capitol, trying to reach a middle-aged man who was partially buried under a piece of the ceiling. Although

the image was dark, Jay could see that Kate's once immaculate suit was shredded and covered in blood, her face and hands streaked with ash and small cuts. She sounded tired and strained as she talked to the man and began digging at the rubble. The sight made Jay's guts clench. "Oh, Katherine," she sighed sadly.

At 11:45 p.m., when Jay couldn't stand it anymore and it looked as though the station was about to end its coverage, she called the front desk and hailed a cab to take her downtown in the vicinity of the capitol. The closest the cabbie could get her was two blocks away.



Kate emerged from the wreckage that was once the capitol. Knowing she was off air, she spoke into the microphone to Phil, thanking him for hanging with her and assuring him that she was fine. He scolded her affectionately for ignoring his orders, then told her she'd done a fantastic job and to take the rest of the night off. She laughed as she unclipped the microphone, effectively severing their audio connection. She gave Gene a huge bear hug and a kiss on the cheek; his blush was visible even in the moonlight. She thanked him for his dedication and professionalism, and for his friendship. Then, handing him her earpiece and microphone, she told him to take the satellite truck and head home.

Kate walked off alone toward a marble bench in front of the fountain on the Empire State Plaza just across the street from the capitol. She sat down heavily and put her head in her hands.



From some thirty yards away, Jay watched as the reporter hugged her cameraman and then walked off by herself. Part of her resisted going further, not wanting to intrude on this heroic woman when she seemed to want to be alone. Jay could plainly see that Kate was exhausted both physically and emotionally. But a bigger part of her was desperate to offer comfort, so she followed her heart.

As Jay got closer, she began questioning what she was doing; she couldn't believe how nervous she was. *What if she doesn't remember me? Or what if she does remember me, but she doesn't want to see me? Heck, the last time she saw me I was pretty much catatonic.*

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More about the author, including contact information, other writings, news about sequels and other original upcoming works, pictures of locations mentioned in this novel, links to resources related to issues raised in this book, author and character interviews, and purchasing assistance can be found at www.lynnames.com.

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