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<a href="http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-7DibRRghDcU/WD3O2f\_FMiI/AAAAAAAAF8w/YdQV-Yd1tNoW\_YJegs-p6SikIh52KI37ACK4B/s1600/Bad%2BDay%2Bfor%2Ba%2BBombshell.jpg" imageanchor="1" style="clear: left; float: left; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" height="320" src="https://2.bp.blogspot.com/-7DibRRghDcU/WD3O2f\_FMiI/AAAAAAAAF8w/YdQV-Yd1tNoW\_YJegs-p6SikIh52KI37ACK4B/s320/Bad%2BDay%2Bfor%2Ba%2BBombshell.jpg" width="212" /></a><span style="background-color: white; color: #818181; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;"><strong>Genre:</strong>&nbsp;Adult, Christian, Fiction, Historical, Mystery, Suspense</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #818181; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;"><strong>Publisher:</strong>&nbsp;Whodunit Press</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #818181; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;"><strong>Publication date:</strong>&nbsp;October 17, 2016</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #818181; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;"><strong>Number of pages:</strong>&nbsp;340</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">​​December 5th, 1941. Houston socialite, Tracy Truworth, is always on the lookout for something suspicious. Especially after growing up with her nose in the latest Katie McClue mystery novel, a series featuring a twenty-something female detective and her constant feats of derring-do. And for Tracy, escaping reality through reading couldn't come at a better time, since her own life isn't exactly going along like she'd hoped. Not with her overbearing mother determined to see Tracy marry Michael -- a lawyer likely to be a U.S. Senator someday -- in a wedding rivaling royalty. Yet everything changes for Tracy when she spots a bleach-blonde bombshell on the train home from Dallas after&nbsp;</span><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">a&nbsp;​shopping trip to Neiman-Marcus. Because something certainly seems amiss with the blonde, given the way she covertly tries to snare men into her lair, and considering the way she suddenly ceases all flirtations when a Humphrey Bogart look-alike appears . . . complete with a mysterious package wrapped up in newspaper and twine.</span></div>

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<span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Cindy Vincent, M.A. Ed., is the award-winning author of the Buckley and Bogey Cat Detective Capers, a mystery series for kids and cat-lovers that features the adventures of two black cat detectives.&nbsp; And yes, as she is often asked, Cindy used her own black cats, Buckley and Bogey, as the inspiration for the series, since they seem to run surveillance on her house each and every night.&nbsp; Cindy is also the creator of the Mysteries by Vincent murder mystery party games and the Daisy Diamond Detective Series games for girls, along with the Daisy Diamond Detective novels, which are a spin-off from the games.&nbsp; She lives in Houston, TX with her husband and an assortment of fantastic felines.&nbsp; Cindy is a self-professed “Christmas-a-holic,” and usually starts planning and preparing in March for her ever-expanding, “extreme” Christmas lights display every year . . . She is also looking forward to the release of the first book in her new Tracy Truworth, Apprentice P.I., 1940s Homefront Mystery series, &nbsp;which is due out in the Fall of 2016. &nbsp;</span><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">​</span></div>

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<span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">(Insert interview or interview with SLB from below here)</span></div>

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<strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">1. What do you want readers to take away from reading&nbsp;<em style="position: relative;">Bad Day for a Bombshell: A Tracy Truworth, Apprentice P.I., 1940s Homefront Mystery</em>?</strong><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">First, I'm hoping to give readers an updated flair of the great mystery novels and movies of the late 1930s and 40s.&nbsp; It was a colorful time before modern forensics, when fictional detectives and amateur sleuths had to rely on their intuition and people skills to uncover the identity of a killer.&nbsp; Much like the lead character in this book, Tracy Truworth, the protagonists of those days were larger than life, the stories were not quite so gory, and the crimes weren't shown with such blood-and-guts imagery.&nbsp; When you entered the world of a mystery in those days, you knew you were stepping into a fictitious place for the moment, and you could escape reality, rather than feel like you were involved in something that might be shown on the 6:00 news.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">And second, I'd like to show readers the incredible selflessness of people of that generation.&nbsp; There's a very good reason why Tom Brokaw has called them the “Greatest Generation.”&nbsp; From the homefront to the front lines, these people who grew up with absolutely nothing during the Great Depression were now willing to sacrifice everything, including their own lives, to stop fascism from taking over the world.&nbsp; One way or another, nearly everyone was involved in the War Effort.&nbsp; Men signed up in droves to go off to fight, and if, for some reason, they were unable to serve, many found it a great source of embarrassment.&nbsp; And women as a whole went to work for the first time, since workers were desperately needed here to produce airplanes and such so that we could win the war.&nbsp; People at home "went without" to ensure our military was well supplied.&nbsp; We've never seen the whole country join together to fight an enemy like we did in WWII.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">2. Can you tell us about the other books you will be writing for this series?</strong><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">The second book currently has a working title of "Swell Time for a Swing Dance," a title which is subject to change, of course.&nbsp; :)&nbsp; This book is due out next Fall, and the story starts out at a New Year's Eve gala for the Houston Museum of Art.&nbsp; The victim of a "murder at midnight" plot is a dapper fella who had been wowing the crowd all night long with his incredible swing-dancing skills . . . though apparently someone wasn't too pleased with his boogie-woogie abilities.&nbsp; As Tracy and her boss, Sammy Falcone, P.I., investigate the murder, they learn the victim was once a member of the "Swingjugend," or Swing Kids, a group of German young people who defied Hitler and the Nazis by listening and dancing to swing music.&nbsp; As she investigates more, Tracy learns the young man found dead on the dance floor had escaped Germany and made his way to the U.S., while 300 of the Swing Kids were rounded up in August of 1941, and sent to concentration camps — all because of the way they dressed and the music they listened to.&nbsp; Now Tracy tries to figure out why someone who had escaped the dangers of Nazi Germany met his end in Houston, TX, at the very moment when the year 1941 came to an end, too.&nbsp; &nbsp;&nbsp;&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">3. Do you have any funny or interesting “fan mail” or book signing stories?</strong><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I recently hosted a booth at a two-day Book Festival, and signed and sold lots of my books.&nbsp; On the first morning of the festival, a young family of four kids and a Mom stopped by, and the youngest girl was taking a look at my Buckley and Bogey Cat Detective Capers books, geared toward kids and cat lovers.&nbsp; The girl was utterly adorable, and after reading the backs of all the books, she decided to try the first in the series.&nbsp; So I signed it for her and chatted with the family for a few minutes. &nbsp;Then we said our goodbyes, and I figured I might see them the next time I came to this same festival.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">So I was pretty surprised when, just an hour before the event ended the following day, this same family came rushing in and stood before my booth.&nbsp; While the little girl was doing her best to act "nonchalant," her brother had no intention of doing so.&nbsp; Instead, he proudly looked me in the eye and informed me that his younger sister had read the whole book in one day — quite a feat for any child and obviously a source of great amazement to him — and was now back to buy the other three books in the series.&nbsp; When I asked the little girl what she thought of the book, she played it cool while her brother acted as her spokesperson and told me in no uncertain terms that the book was now her "favorite."&nbsp; And so it went.&nbsp; He told me everything, and as near as I could tell, didn't leave out a single detail while she simply stood by looking adorable.&nbsp; I think it took seven major muscle groups for me to hold my laughter, because honestly, I thought the whole scene was pretty hilarious.&nbsp; In the end, they bought the entire series, and they left with promises of stopping by to say hello the next year.&nbsp; Humor aside, I really have to applaud parents like that, who are raising their kids to be such great readers.&nbsp; They’re giving their children a chance at a much brighter future.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">4. What is your work schedule like when you are writing?&nbsp; Do you write full time or part time?</strong><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Ha!&nbsp; I guess you could say I write full-time and then some.&nbsp; (Though I am well aware how very blessed I am to be able do so.)&nbsp; My writing schedule varies somewhat during the year, because, as a full-fledged Christmas-o-holic (who puts up yard lights that can be seen from the Space Station), I always devote a lot of time to decorating in October and November.&nbsp; Then I fall into the usual joyful hustle and bustle of Christmas activities, including hosting a party or two of my own.&nbsp; I also sell my books at various shows in November to December, so I don't get a lot of writing time during these months unless I'm on a deadline. However, I do find time for research during the holiday season, so I can settle down and start writing again the first of the year.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Strangely enough, I seem to get more writing done during the summer months, and I'm not sure why that is.&nbsp; I also wrestle with insomnia (runs in my family), so if I can't sleep I just get up and work on my latest book.&nbsp; To be honest, I actually enjoy writing in the middle of the night, when the world is quiet and free from everyday distractions, and I can really concentrate on my work.&nbsp; Funny, but the insomniacs in my ancestry were all very accomplished and highly successful, so I guess you could say insomnia does have its plus side . . .&nbsp; :)</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">5. What inspired the idea for "Bad Day for a Bombshell?"</strong><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Quite frankly, this book was inevitable.&nbsp; I’ve long been a fan of the old mysteries, those that were actually written in the 1930s and 40s.&nbsp; Top that off with a love of vintage clothing (I’ve been a collector for a couple of decades), and a love of swing dance and big band music . . . and well, I just knew that someday I’d write a 1940s/WWII mystery novel.&nbsp; I’m surprised that it took me this long to get to it, but I had too many other projects going before this one.&nbsp; (So many books to write, so little time . . .)&nbsp; As for the specifics of the plotline, amazingly, I started out with one plotline, but the more I got into the story itself and the more I got to know my characters, well, the more I realized my first plotline just wasn’t the right one for this book.&nbsp; Not only that, but the first time I wrote my lead character, Tracy Truworth, I gave her the profession of being a newspaper reporter, kind of a Brenda Starr-type character.&nbsp; Yet the more I developed my heroine, the more I saw that she needed a different occupation to suit her personality.&nbsp; So I gave her the goal of being a Private Investigator instead, with her starting out as an Apprentice P.I.&nbsp; So I veered off the original plan and let the story go in a completely different direction.&nbsp; I have to say, I’m very glad I did.&nbsp; It’s a much better fit, especially for a mystery series.&nbsp;​</span></div>

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Why I am Fascinated with the Forties<br />​by Cindy Vincent</h2>

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<a href="http://2.bp.blogspot.com/-pliLhGDpxNo/WD3Pai8ALhI/AAAAAAAAF9Y/NRGFRUQcnLgdLPdRzFPvVyHdnHjSsXHTwCK4B/s1600/Cindy%2527sfortiesgown.jpg" imageanchor="1" style="clear: right; float: right; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-left: 1em;"><img border="0" height="320" src="https://2.bp.blogspot.com/-pliLhGDpxNo/WD3Pai8ALhI/AAAAAAAAF9Y/NRGFRUQcnLgdLPdRzFPvVyHdnHjSsXHTwCK4B/s320/Cindy%2527sfortiesgown.jpg" width="136" /></a><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">People often tease me that I don't belong in this day and age, and that I seem to be a throwback to the 1940s.&nbsp; And in all fairness, they may have a point.&nbsp; Not only do I have a vintage clothing collection with lots of fabulous dresses and gowns from the forties, but I also collect the hats and gloves and jewelry that would have accessorized those dresses, too.&nbsp; Then there’s the music I listen to on a regular basis, which mostly consists of Big Band tunes and swing dance revival music from the 1990s.&nbsp; My husband and I attend Glenn Miller (Revival) concerts whenever we find them playing somewhere nearby, and we even went to a Big Band event at the National WWII Museum in New Orleans last summer, where we dressed in forties attire and danced the night away.&nbsp; (Yes, my husband even wore a fedora and looked rather dapper.)&nbsp; And yes, it was a LOT of fun!</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Yet while the music and the dresses and so many things hold a great romantic fascination for me, that’s not the main reason why I have such an appreciation for the forties, an appreciation that only grew after I did the research for my book, Bad Day for a Bombshell: A Tracy Truworth, Apprentice P.I., 1940s Homefront Mystery.&nbsp; No, what amazes me the most were the people of that time, (of course, as an American, and not having researched all that was going on in other countries, I’m speaking of people in the U.S).&nbsp; Especially the young people, the ones who came of age just as the world was exploding into war.&nbsp; That particular group had grown up during the Great Depression and had been raised with little or nothing.&nbsp; During the research phase of my book, I heard stories of people who literally had holes in the bottom of their only pair of shoes, and people who only ate one meal a day, since that was all they could afford.&nbsp; Yet instead of thinking of what they didn’t have, many of this generation grew up happy and so full of optimism.&nbsp; As a general rule, they tried to look on the “Sunny Side,” with humor being considered a good way to deal with their troubles.&nbsp; This group found ways to entertain themselves on a shoestring — they attended movies and dances and sang songs in groups, because everyone knew the words.&nbsp; Generally speaking, people looked out for each other, and being selfish was considered immature and unacceptable.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Then came the military unrest in Europe and Asia.&nbsp; At first the popular sentiment in the U.S. was to stay out of things, but eventually, especially after we were attacked at Pearl Harbor, Americans changed their tunes.&nbsp; And this is the part that fascinates me the most — men and some women signed up to serve and fight the war in droves.&nbsp; They gave up good paying jobs, gave up their lifestyles and time with their loved ones, all to fight the fascism of Hitler and Hirohito.&nbsp; In fact, from what I learned, being rejected by the service was considered a great source of embarrassment for many men, when they were either considered to be 4F or in a job that was “essential.”&nbsp; I read stories about men lying about their age, (either because they were too young or too old to enlist), and finding ways to fudge on a physical so they made sure they would pass.&nbsp; I even read stories of men who were turned down in one place who traveled to other states because someone knew a recruiter who was a little more lax and would let them in.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">On the homefront, people did all they could to help the War Effort.&nbsp; And though rationing was something sanctioned by the government, many did so without complaint, knowing their sacrifice helped our military members.&nbsp; Others signed up to be air raid wardens, or plane spotters, and nearly everyone grew a Victory Garden.&nbsp; In essence, what happened here on the homefront was every bit as important as the battle on the front lines.&nbsp; And it seemed that nearly everyone wanted to do their part.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">But I also have an appreciation for this time period because it turned out to be a great melting pot for our nation.&nbsp; The War brought the rise of the Tuskegee Airmen, the Navaho Code Talkers, and the WASPs (Women Air Service Pilots), and more.&nbsp; And while it certainly wasn’t perfect, it was a good start, because our country needed the contribution of the talents and abilities of all.&nbsp; Women entered the work force like never before.&nbsp; Since the roles once filled by men were now vacant, it was essential that they step in and take their place, especially as the war industry worked overtime to supply the military with airplanes, tanks, and more.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Of course, as I write this, I realize I’ve told you nothing but positive things about the WWII era. Even so, I’m also well aware that the people of that time period had their flaws, and they certainly were not saints.&nbsp; While it’s easy to wax romantic about the era, there is nothing romantic about war.&nbsp; And I can’t forget that anywhere from 50-80 million people died during WWII.&nbsp; But I can and will remember how selflessly members of what Tom Brokaw calls the “Greatest Generation” sacrificed so much, so that America and her Allies of the time could remain free.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">And that, in a nutshell, is why I’m so fascinated by the forties.</span></div>

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<span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;"><a href="http://3.bp.blogspot.com/-8HXZdbN5424/WD3PkdeG1uI/AAAAAAAAF9g/bHFYIyMcVz0MYZLsigE-nWEqWNSMzh\_VQCK4B/s1600/6.png" imageanchor="1"><img border="0" height="150" src="https://3.bp.blogspot.com/-8HXZdbN5424/WD3PkdeG1uI/AAAAAAAAF9g/bHFYIyMcVz0MYZLsigE-nWEqWNSMzh\_VQCK4B/s400/6.png" width="400" /></a></span></div>

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<span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Detective Denton, of course, sat right across from me.&nbsp; Between his size and the wingspan of his arms, he practically took up the entire expanse of the other side of the table.&nbsp; He’d been grinning like a Cheshire cat ever since Michael, a well-known Houston attorney, had walked in and made such a gigantic leap to such an erroneous conclusion.&nbsp; Of course, it didn’t help that Michael had practically announced his assumptions from a rooftop.&nbsp; Since then, Detective Denton had all but thrown the book at me.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Though at least he’d removed my handcuffs.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“Soooo . . . little missy,” he said in a slow drawl, one he seemed to have acquired somewhere between the apartment building and the police station.&nbsp; “This is all about a man, huh?&nbsp; And looking at your fiancé, being the handsome fella that he is, I can see why you’d want to ‘fight for your man.’&nbsp; So when your fiancé called it quits, you headed straight for the girlfriend that he had on the side, and you got into a brawl.&nbsp; Only she was more of a scrapper than you thought, and the fight got more heated than you expected.&nbsp; And you ended up grabbing a knife and killing the little tart.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“Excuse me?” Michael jutted out his chin.&nbsp; “I did not know the deceased in any way, and I was not having a dalliance with some mere floozy in a low-rent apartment.&nbsp; As for why Tracy stabbed this woman, I cannot say.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I slammed my hands on the table and stood up.&nbsp; “Again, Betty was shot!&nbsp; She was shot, with a gun.&nbsp; She wasn’t stabbed.&nbsp; A stab wound makes a cut, whereas a gunshot leaves a hole.&nbsp; And I did neither of those things to her.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Then I turned to Michael.&nbsp; “And why, pray tell, are you here?&nbsp; I thought our relationship was over.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">As always, Michael sighed.&nbsp; “I am here to represent you, Tracy.&nbsp; Pro bono.&nbsp; I am your lawyer.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">To which I let out a little shriek.&nbsp; “This is the best I can do for a lawyer?”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Now my mother glared at me.&nbsp; Or at least, she tried to glare at me, but no matter how hard she seemed to work at it, she could not manage to hold her gaze steady.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“Michael has a brilliant legal mind,” she huffed.&nbsp; Just before she turned her smiling face toward my ex, while her gaze fought to catch up.&nbsp; “Right, Michael?”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">He raised one eyebrow.&nbsp; “Actually, Mrs. Truworth, I am only here to represent Tracy with the hopes of getting her out on bail soon.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I gasped.&nbsp; “Out on bail?&nbsp; I haven’t been arrested.&nbsp; There isn't going to be any need for any bail since I did nothing wrong.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Nana touched my shoulder.&nbsp; “Tracy is not a murderer.&nbsp; She wouldn’t harm a fly.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">My mother scrunched up her face.&nbsp; “Who knows what Tracy would do?&nbsp; I can’t believe she actually got up on stage and sang this evening.&nbsp; How terribly common.&nbsp; And improper.&nbsp; And who knows what she did to ruin her engagement, though we do know it was clearly all her fault.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“Tracy was going to break up with Michael,” Nana interjected.&nbsp; “She was planning on doing it tonight.&nbsp; He just did it first and saved her the trouble.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Michael turned to me.&nbsp; “I’m shocked by this news.&nbsp; Positively shocked.&nbsp; It seems I hardly even knew the woman I was about to marry.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I rolled my eyes.&nbsp; “Why would this come as a surprise?&nbsp; Maybe if you’d spent more time with me, we might’ve actually gotten to know each other.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Michael sighed. “I don’t think it’s possible for a man to ever spend enough time with you, Tracy.&nbsp; Because you’re much too selfish and immature.&nbsp; And I won’t be spending much time here, either, since I’m only handling things to get you released while you await your trial.&nbsp; After that, I simply do not have the time to take on a murder case.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I rolled my eyes again and sat down.&nbsp; “Of course you don’t.&nbsp; Though once again, may I remind you, that I have not been arrested.&nbsp; Or charged with anything.&nbsp; Because I didn’t kill Betty.&nbsp; There isn’t going to be a murder trial.&nbsp; At least not for me, anyway.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“Tracy is innocent,” Nana announced.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">The detective leaned forward.&nbsp; “Not from where I stand.&nbsp; Maybe she’d like to explain that shiner she’s got.&nbsp; I still think she and Betty got into a fight.&nbsp; As near as I can tell, little missy, Betty must have walloped you pretty good.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Whereby I glanced at my mother.&nbsp; “Betty didn’t hit me.&nbsp; My own mother did.&nbsp; In public, at the dance.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“And she had better not lay a hand on you ever again!”&nbsp; Nana clenched her teeth and stood up.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">My mother put a hand to her forehead as though she might faint.&nbsp; “How dare you both accuse me like that!&nbsp; I did no such thing!”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“And that only makes things even more interesting,” Detective Denton grinned.&nbsp; “Your mother beats you up and then you go and take it out on an innocent girl . . .”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I shook my head.&nbsp; “I did not kill Betty!&nbsp; But maybe we should talk about why you’re allowing a crowd in here while you’re questioning me.&nbsp; Because I would like Michael and my mother to leave.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Detective Denton leaned back and grinned even wider.&nbsp; “Oh, please, by all means, let’s let these people stay.&nbsp; This little Marx Brothers’ routine is teaching me a lot about Tracy Truworth and why she had motivation to kill Betty Hoffman.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Michael suddenly gulped.&nbsp; “Betty Hoffman?&nbsp; Did you say Betty Hoffman?&nbsp; Betty was living in that apartment building?&nbsp; And now she’s . . . dead?”&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Detective Denton pulled out a notepad and flipped over a few pages.&nbsp; Then he started writing something before he raised an eyebrow to Michael.&nbsp; “So you did know the deceased, after all.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Michael tugged at his collar. &nbsp;“I may have met her once or twice.&nbsp; At the Polynesian Room.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I’m sure my eyes were about to pop out of my head when I turned to Michael.&nbsp; “When did you have time to go to the Polynesian Room?&nbsp; Or down to Galveston?&nbsp; I thought you were working day and night.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">He sniffed.&nbsp; “One must occasionally entertain for business purposes.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Nana snorted and sat down again.&nbsp; “Business purposes!&nbsp; I’ll bet.&nbsp; It sounds to me like the only kind of business you were involved in was monkey business.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“What a terribly common thing to say,” my mother retorted.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">All the while, Detective Denton wrote more and more notes on his notepad.&nbsp; “This must be my lucky day.&nbsp; Neglected doll.&nbsp; Philandering fiancé.&nbsp; And mother who humiliates her in public.&nbsp; Boy, oh boy, the jury is absolutely gonna love this one.&nbsp; This will probably make the front page of the paper.&nbsp; I’ll be famous after this case.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I groaned, wondering if there was any hope at all for me to get out of this gigantic hole I’d suddenly found myself in.&nbsp; A hole that my mother and ex-fiancé seemed to be digging just as fast as they could make their shovels move.&nbsp; The more they dug, the more Detective Denton was determined to see me hang.&nbsp; Did the facts in this case even matter?&nbsp; Or was he just trying to wear me down and get me to admit to a crime that I hadn’t even thought of committing?&nbsp; To think, all this had happened because I’d had momentary hopes of reviving Betty.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I was suddenly very thankful that I’d taken pictures of the crime scene.&nbsp; Because, judging by the way things were going, I might need all the evidence I could get to prove my innocence.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Detective Denton leaned forward and touched my hand.&nbsp; “So, Tracy, you say that Miss Hoffman was shot . . . where did you get the gun?”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">“She made a comment about shooting me with her father’s gun the other day,” Michael added with a frown.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I let out another shriek.&nbsp; By now I was reaching the point where the thought of committing murder was actually starting to sound like a good idea, starting with my ex-fiancé.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I raised both eyebrows and stared at him.&nbsp; “What kind of a lawyer are you?&nbsp; Aren’t you supposed to come to my defense, instead of doing your level best to incriminate me?”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">He sighed.&nbsp; “I am hardly a criminal lawyer, Tracy.&nbsp; Though I am well aware that sometimes it’s best to simply confess and throw yourself on the mercy of the court.&nbsp; Perhaps you could go for an insanity plea.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">My mother touched Michael’s arm.&nbsp; “Don’t worry, Michael.&nbsp; Insanity does not run in our family.&nbsp; Tracy will not produce any heirs who would turn out to be insane.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">This from a woman who was drunk and had just slapped her own daughter in front of an entire room full of people.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I shook my head in disbelief.&nbsp; “There won’t be any heirs because Michael and I are no longer engaged.&nbsp; And besides that, I’m not insane and I didn’t kill Betty.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Nana threw her hands up in the air.&nbsp; “Tracy is not a murderer.&nbsp; How many times must I repeat it?&nbsp; I’m going to call my own lawyer.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Just then the door to the already crowded room flew open wide.&nbsp; Speaking of insanity pleas, in strode none other than Sammy himself, a man whose hobbies included walking around with a box full of obituaries.&nbsp; As always, he wore his trench coat and fedora.&nbsp;</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">I stifled a moan.&nbsp; Of all the interrogation rooms in all the police stations in all the towns in all the world, why did this Humphrey Bogart look-alike have to walk into mine?&nbsp; He was all I needed to add to this group who was about to convict or commit me.</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">Detective Denton let out a laugh.&nbsp; “Now who do we have?&nbsp; Another character in this little Vaudeville Act?&nbsp; This is better than going to the movies.”&nbsp; He jerked a thumb at Sammy.&nbsp; “Especially since this new guy is a dead ringer for Sam Spade.”</span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;" /><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-align: justify;">That’s when I dropped my head into my hands.&nbsp; Could this night get any more bizarre?&nbsp;</span></div>

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<span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">(Insert review here)</span></div>

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<span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">Enter the giveaway</span><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;"><span style="font-size: medium;"><a data-cke-saved-href="http://www.rafflecopter.com/rafl/display/d26850c5116/?" href="http://www.rafflecopter.com/rafl/display/d26850c5116/?" style="color: #fa8f00; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">&nbsp;HERE</a></span></strong><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">.</span></div>

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<strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">December 5--</strong><a data-cke-saved-href="http://christyscozycorners.com/" href="http://christyscozycorners.com/" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Christy's Cozy Corners</a><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">&nbsp;|&nbsp;​</span><a data-cke-saved-href="http://tonishiloh.weebly.com/blog" href="http://tonishiloh.weebly.com/blog" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Toni Shiloh Soulfully Romantic</a><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">December 6--</strong><a data-cke-saved-href="http://fictionaficionadoblog.wordpress.com/" href="http://fictionaficionadoblog.wordpress.com/" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Fiction Aficionado</a><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">December 7--</strong><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;"><a data-cke-saved-href="http://singinglibrarianbooks.com/" href="http://singinglibrarianbooks.com/" style="color: #fa8f00; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Singing Librarian Books</a></span><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">December 8--</strong><a data-cke-saved-href="http://pausefortales.blogspot.com/" href="http://pausefortales.blogspot.com/" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Pause for Tales</a><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">&nbsp;|&nbsp;</span><a data-cke-saved-href="http://rachellereacobb.com/blog/" href="http://rachellereacobb.com/blog/" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Rachelle Rea Cobb, Author &amp; Editor</a><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">December 9--</strong><a data-cke-saved-href="http://redheadedbooklady.blogspot.com/" href="http://redheadedbooklady.blogspot.com/" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Red Headed Book Lady</a><span style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">&nbsp;|&nbsp;</span><a data-cke-saved-href="http://readingismysuperpower.org/" href="http://readingismysuperpower.org/" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Reading Is My SuperPower</a><br style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;" /><strong style="background-color: white; color: #6d6d6d; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px;">December 10--</strong><a data-cke-saved-href="http://englishmysteriesblog.blogspot.com/?m=1" href="http://englishmysteriesblog.blogspot.com/?m=1" style="background-color: white; color: #fa8f00; font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: 14px; text-decoration: none;" target="\_blank">Encouraging Words from the Tea Queen</a></div>

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<a href="http://www.singinglibrarianbooks.com/slb-tours.html"><img border="0" src="https://4.bp.blogspot.com/-4Z97c9zftT0/WD3QVYDzNcI/AAAAAAAAF\_A/nWr5KBvZR2oenNU0O25t17IlB7xPHC6eQCK4B/s400/rsz\_1slb\_tours\_blogger\_button.png" /></a></div>

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