

Marian Writes

With Affect to Effect



RE: The Inspirational Novels of- Marian E.

Greetings:

I am an upcoming author that currently residing in Orlando. Enclosed you will find a press kit providing more information regarding myself and my work. The content is listed below. There is detail regarding my published titles, 'And I Cry' and 'If Only You Knew.' Review copies are available upon request.

You can place your order through me where payment is net 60, books are returnable, and all promotional materials will be shipped along with the books to assist in the marketing and promotion or directly through the publisher. The general target audience for these titles are:

African American women of all socio-economic classes and religious affiliations, but certainly anyone would be able to enjoy this good read. Male or female.

Ages 21-45. Women under 21 and over 45 have also given the book great reviews.

Suggested for readers 16 and older.

For additional information please visit my website at www.BettMarr.com. You can reach me via email or the below-mentioned numbers. Look forward to hearing from you soon!

Have a great day!

Sincerely,

Marian E.
Author/ Publisher
Attachments

Document Content

Synopses: Detailed summaries of the story lines of each title.

Marketing Points: A summary of story appeal and target market.

Curricula Vitae: Summary of the education and professional history for this author .

Sample Chapters: Chapter one of each of the two works.

Marian E.

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Marian E.

Contemporary Research and Writing Experience:

Adult Creative Writing Instructor	2000-present
General Fiction Author	1998-present
Language Arts Motivational Speaker-Adults	1993-present

Published Works:

<i>If Only You Knew</i> , First Books Publishers, IN,	2003
<i>And I Cry</i> , First Books Publishers, IN	2001

Current Marketable Fictional Manuscripts:

<i>Slow Kisses</i>	General Fiction	2004-present
Asha	Suspense	2003-present
<i>Carolina Moon</i>	Suspense	1997-present
<i>My Name is Clark</i>	General Fiction	Writing
<i>Sex Machine</i>	General Fiction	Writing

Writing Experience:

Book Reviews	2002-present
Article Writing-Florida Sun	2000-present
"Miscellaneous Novels and Short Stories"	1994-present

Writing Awards:

Short Fiction Contest, Presented by Disilgold	2003
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Administrative and Business Management Experience:

NoirEnterprise – Owner/Operator	1998-present
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Volunteer Work:

Action Team Member for High Tech Literacy Center	1992-present
Classroom Writing Specialist	1992-present

Affiliations:

Authors for Charity
Authors Supporting Authors Positively-Board Member
Montsho Writers Guild-Board Member
BettMarr Literary Foundation-Founder

Marian's Bio



Marian E. is a native of North Carolina, who grew up on the streets of Philadelphia. The inner city can be a cold and hard place, where it is every man for himself. She knows this all too well and now draws from her life experiences to weave tales of inner city struggles and triumphs in her urban based stories.

Marian E. now resides in Florida with her son and lovable black Labrador Retriever. In addition to writing she is editor for IP Publishing, a book reviewer for C&B distribution, and host of 'The Literary Lounge,' aired monthly on Jericho Broadcasting. Marian is also pursuing a master's degree in fine art and currently serves on the Board of Directors for (ASAP) Authors Supporting Authors Positively and is founder of BettMarr Literary Foundation in Orlando, Florida, which is a network for local authors and focuses on promotion of its members and reading.

Marian is also an advocate for Hi-Tech Tutoring Center, Inc. The Center, which is a community-based non-profit organization, offers after school, computer-assisted tutoring to students of all ages in reading, writing, math, science and english to those where English is a second language AND the Black Aids Day organization, a project dedicated to spreading awareness regarding the devastating affect this horrific disease has on our community.

****FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE****

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A Stepladder for Life's Hurdles 'And I Cry' Tells a Powerful and Poignant Story

ORLANDO, FLORIDA-It may be cliché to say that 'life is a journey, not a destination. However, that often-touted bit of wisdom remains relevant even today. However, perhaps the phrase, "and some people's journeys are harder than others," should be added. It seems obvious that people face different challenges in their lives. For some the challenges are emotional, for some physical, for still others they are mental or spiritual. But whatever the challenges are, it is important to face and conquer them.

Author Marian E. addresses this issue and many more in her new book *And I Cry* (now available from 1stBooks Library). *And I Cry* tells the story of Denaire and Austin. Denaire is literally at wits end. In the words of the author, "She is climbing one rung at a time out of what she sees as a deep dark pit and is weary." Fortunately, before she falls of the ladder of life, Austin appears and offers her a helping hand.

Austin is kind and warm, yet strong and supportive. He simply cannot let misery go unnoticed or unchanged. However, Denaire is not the only one he is helping. Their relationship is the focus of the novel, but a host of other entertaining and emotional-wrought characters join them on their adventure toward stability and happiness.

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“*And I Cry*” was a notion brought forth by my desire to convey a message to people, to my people. In this work of fiction, my premise is simply to rise up, set goals, and make an effort to overcome obstacles that may stand in one’s way.

Out of my love for a people, this story is from the heart. In addition, it is the reason for being the first of my stories to be put into print. It is the message I have always wanted to deliver and the advice that I have to give. We cannot afford to be complacent with conditions of today. We all must work to bring about a better tomorrow. We must look within ourselves to find the answers to issues that plague us in “the here and now” or abandoned our hopes of a brighter tomorrow.

We must change our perspective, our attitude, to affect a change within our society. If we all begin with ourselves on the individual level, then there will be little reason to criticize or look for those around us to alter their mentality or modus operandi because at this point we all will be righteous (*its like Michael Jackson said, start with the “Man In The Mirror”*). With a new and improved mindset, our communities will strengthen; our well-shaped children will stand tall and grow into productive citizens and posterity will reap the benefit of our effort.

In this book, I am challenging all to assess their values and ethics. It is my belief that we are obligated to give back to our communities in any way that we possibly can. We cannot afford to turn a blind eye on a neighbor or friend in need of aid. We must learn to be supportive and the ways in which we can extend a hand.

Here’s to Our Future.

Marketing Points **AND I CRY**

Story Type:

An inspirational tale which takes place in the present day and focuses on inner city living. At the core of this story are two individuals. A strong male role model has successfully established himself and returns to his roots to rescue as many others as possible. There is the young female that has sputtered and stalled on life’s highway he comes along with a jump-start. Her world will forever change.

Story Appeal:

‘*And I Cry*’ will have major appeal to the female struggling with personal issues and she will definitely relate to Denaire, because the character begs specific questions. The does cause one to:

- ❖ Rethink ones present situation
- ❖ Assess the surrounding environment
- ❖ Establish guidelines for daily living
- ❖ Seek quality of life and relationships

Target Audience

The student, who has to manage time and is seeking reading that, will not consume a great deal of time.

The working mother whom utilizes public transportation and wants to make good use of the time spent in transit.

People in general who are looking for take along reading.

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“And I Cry”

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By

Marian E.

Synopsis

And I Cry is about the choices we make in life and how they affect ones outlook and impact upon human relations. The story alternates between the trials and tribulations of several principle characters.

The primary character, Denaire Stewart has just returned home after leaving for several years to escape the pain of loving a man whom was never shown how to return love. She once sought out Delaware as her place of refuge, but it reaped little reward and unfilled she returns home to her mother, who had always been her rock and her home had always been a safe haven, where she was once sheltered and protected from the world around her.

Coming home brought little relief for Denaire, the dark cloud of despair she imagined to always hover just above her head was now rumbling louder than ever. Denaire's not growing any younger, was an ever-present thought, which caused panic at her not having found a place in the world. Making little more than minimum wage and seeing no way out, she's feels lost and believes herself to be a failure without ever having tried.

Denaire lacks the self-esteem and tenacity to make things happen for herself, until she meets Austin Blake, who befriends her and vows to walk with her as she makes the ascension into what she believes is a productive life worth living. Austin worries that her fear of failing just may consume them both...

Austin is mentor to Denaire's young nephew and savior to all. He touches many lives, only hoping to leave the individual in a better state and this desire was the driving force behind his becoming a psychiatrist. He could not just stop at becoming a psychiatrist, but he was also resident at the youth detention center where he believes he can do the most good.

Austin's efforts go unappreciated by the youth who were forced to call the detention center home, until a group therapy session reveals Austin's volunteer work as a mentor in the inner city youth program. After this fact is made known, he receives many accolades from the inmates, including Roger Johnson, a.k.a 'Whip,' a once out of control troubled teen and until then had been the most difficult of the boys to reach.

In group, Whip surprisingly discloses much of himself and his desperate desire to not only escape, but to go backward. Back to a place and time where he was still innocent, where he has an opportunity to make different choices, but he can't go backward, so he goes forward escaping the detention center to start a new life with his youngest and very pregnant sister, Myra, in tow. Once more, he finds himself at the same crossroads, facing some of the same decisions that led to his incarceration in the first place. How can he find the strength it will take not to make the same poor choices again when the thug life welcomes him home and constantly calls out loudly for his return?

Sharae Moore, a young welfare mother with a drug problem and no regrets, like Whip, may soon dream of a better life as well. But at the moment she's bent on self destruction with her crack habit playing a major role in her downward spiral and consumed with her own selfish desires that lead her

to make poor choices that ultimately impact the lives of her fatherless children. The department of human services steps in and just maybe this will serve as a wake up call for Sharae or will it?

Austin

Austin shuddered as he crossed City Line avenue heading into the big, busy, and dismal city of Winterwood. Although a dynamic speaker, who served as keynote for miscellaneous function upon function, coming back always brought about a state of profound listlessness that he could not quite express eloquently. This languid frame of mind normally would shift its focus as it gave way to fond memories that were his childhood in Winterwood.

He grew up on Birch Street, which was small, but like any huge city, the street was packed tightly with row houses and loose trash seemed to dance merrily about as it was carried by the wind. Coming back into the city had a way of filling him with a kind of inner peace, almost like the calming effect of a symphony, but this mood was unique in the way that it was realized at no other times.

Being careful so as not to make contact with the curb, which separated the street from the sidewalk, he masterfully parked his car just as his cell phone rang. He stopped short, sensing it was Angela and hoping that his irritability would go undetected, “hello,” Austin answered in a husky voice, barely bothering to glance at the caller ID display. There was silence and he waited patiently for Angela to respond.

Ignoring his dryness, “well Austin...have you given much thought to what we discussed last evening?” She queried in a feathery soft voice that had no affect upon him. Closing his eyes and propping his head against the headrest, Austin sighed deeply, but inaudibly. He took a long slow breath before replying warily. “We discussed nothing, my dear. You gave me what sounded to much like an ultimatum and I declined gracefully, as I recall.”

Matching his tone, Angela retorted. “So you find something wrong with me?”

“No, I am not saying that at all. Marriage is a move I have yet to contemplate. I am just at a point in my life where I feel complete. Listen Angie, I understand your biological clock is ticking,” he said almost mockingly. “I am saying you shouldn’t keep company with me exclusively. If you find your soul mate out there before I come around to seeing things your way...then it’s my loss...Is that okay my dear?”

The statement infuriated Angela, but she knew she had no right to lash out at him. He could not help the way that he felt and after all, he was entitled to feel anyway that he chose. But still, she could have ripped him apart for calling her Angie. He knew how she despised nicknames and felt them beneath her.

Frustrated that he had refused her and stifling spiteful untruths that cried for release, it was her tone that tore into him like a dull edge serrated knife, nearly screaming. “Damn you Austin! First, you go telling me that I’m not the one then to add insult to injury, you disrespect me with a pet name! I can’t stand your condescending tendencies. You’re not above everyone else you know!”

'Condescending! Now who's more pompous than she is?' Austin took the phone away from his ear and as he held it not far from his face, he watched the timer ticking, counting away the seconds. Due to their long history of intimacy, he was tolerant and his expression continued to reflect great patience as she rambled on.

Angela paused again and he took the opportunity to break in and spoke into the phone just as she got her second wind and continued to rattle on. "Listen, call me when you get off that high horse." He said it in a single breath, because he had been afraid that he might not get it in otherwise. He did not allow her an opportunity for rebuttal. "Bye Angela." He promptly hung up.

Sitting there for a moment staring from the window as unpleasant thoughts of this overbearing, stuck-up female ran through his mind, he had no regrets in the direction the conversation had taken. If it were not for things taking a turn for the worst, he would have felt badly about hanging up on her. He knew that she was not his type right at the door so not severing their relationship early on, had become something that he regretted. So high and mighty and convinced that the sun set at her feet. What actually blew him away was discovering that a great many Black middle class women in his age group were so shallow that it revolted him to point that he had to exercise great care as not to prejudge all women, because all were not shallow, insensitive, and power driven, just a select few. One had to take the good with the bad, but it took effort not to have the few that he encountered bother him. He believed that God would deliver the right woman into his awaiting arms at the right time in his life. He would have no reservations in joining with her until death did them part.

Meanwhile, Angela's anger dissipated and gave way to sadness. She flung herself across her bed and began to sob. She thought about how much she loved this man. She could not understand why he could not return this love so potent.

Aloud and as if someone with the answer could hear, Angela sobbed... "Why does this have to be so hard... why can't he love me too?" She rolled over and sat up, alone in her darkened room, which reflected her current mood, she hung her head sadly and realized that Austin would never return that kind of love. And as the reality of it all began to hit home it was clear that no one there liked it.

As Austin shut the car door, he could hear the cell phone ringing. In case it was Angela throwing one of her rich bitch tantrums, she could scream into a computer and he allowed the call to go to voicemail. He envisioned her doing just that, as he had witnessed far too many times and felt a little ill. In a blunt straight to the matter sort of way, he suddenly resolved to sit Angela down and tell her how he truly felt. It was time to be candid with her despite the fact that she would take it badly. Only God knew how she might react to blatant rejection, because being subtle was not getting through to her at all. There would be no marriage, period.

After stepping out of the car, his mind was still clouded with thoughts of Angela and he paused momentarily before going to the house where Rashon, a rambunctious and carefree ten-year-old that he mentored in an inner city youth program, was no doubt eagerly awaiting his arrival.

Austin had become involved in the program as soon as he was old enough. His obsession was to help fatherless boys through trying times of growing up in the 'Da Hood'. He desired to make a difference and change the dead end paths some of these boys were destined to follow. He recalled how growing up without a father or a positive male role model was particularly trying for him. Although, his Mother played a major role in the shaping of young Austin, he always felt something was lacking as if there had been a void. She did all that she possibly could to keep the family going

and seeing that all of their needs and a great deal of their wants were satisfied. She overcompensated for the lack of a two-parent household until it was more or less an obsession and no difficulty was ever too great.

His Mother, Birdie Blake, was a gutsy thick-skinned individual as solid as a rock and definitely up to any challenge. When life would strike her a vicious blow that sent her reeling backwards, knocking her to ground, and left her gasping for air, she always had the strength to get up and deal with the situation at hand. She would summarize, conclude, and then find resolutions quickly. She was talented that way as if it was her gift from God and knowing no other way than to face everything head on, that's exactly what she did. If she could not go over it then she went around or under it, and would be damned before she allowed any dilemma to kick her in the behind. Birdie's philosophy in life was. "Don't let life do you, you do it, find that loop hole. Everything has a way out." Austin was inspired by this one quality that he admired so much, it literally shaped him. As a young child, he drew strength from his Mother. She kept him strong and molded him into all that he became. When Austin looked back on it, he appreciated her even the more.

Although forever conscious of his father's absence, he was now thankful that his childhood went exactly as it did. Perhaps life would not have turned out in the way that it had. At present, he would not have changed his life nor his perspective for anything in this world or the next and looked forward to a bright future that some day would be filled with a loving wife and children.

After shaking the thick thoughts of Angela that dulled his senses, Austin walked up to the door. As he reached out to ring the doorbell, Rashon whom had lain in wait shouted, "BOO!" as he quickly swung the door open. For Rashon's amusement, Austin pretended to be startled.

Rashon giggled as he opened the door wider to allow Austin to enter. He was still pretending the scare had shaken him as he walked into the living room where Rashon's grandmother, two sisters, and a boy about Rashon's age sat. Austin greeted the small group gathered in the living room. Mrs. Stuart, grandmother to Rashon, introduced the stranger as Rashon's cousin...Evan.

Evan and his Mother had recently returned from Delaware and were living in Mrs. Stuart's home until situated in a place of their own. She felt that they would be with her for quite sometime due to Denaire's current income limitations. She was working at a fast food restaurant, making little more than minimum wage. Yes, she had decided that they would be with her for as long as it took her daughter to pull herself up. It would be over her dead body before her flesh and blood would live in low-income housing as her daughter had once suggested that they could do.

Denaire moved to Delaware with a girlfriend from high school, but things did not work out between them. Following a series of conflicts and catfights, that led to her moving out and still unfulfilled, she decided her hometown was the best place for her and Evan. Actually, she never wanted to leave home, but felt that if she were to put some distance between herself and Evan's father it would ease the pain of his abandoning them shortly after she became pregnant.

Moving did not help completely, but she no longer felt the need to seek out people that he knew. By doing that, it somehow gave her the sense that he was near and lessened the pain that their breakup caused. A dim shade of peace bathed, but stopped short at completely soothing her wounded soul and no longer compelled to go where she thought he would be or to call his home just to hear his voice, she felt a tug of release. Denaire's heart was still heavy with hurt that time alone could not seem to heal and it could be seen in her eyes every now and then. His cold and blatant abandonment was the

type of trauma that could scar anyone for life. Demoralized by her first relationship she had once vowed and still very much meant, that never again would a man hurt her in that way...never would she let one that close to her again.

With all of the enthusiasm a slightly stiff, but oh so smooth psychiatrist could muster, Austin informed Rashon of the big day he planned for them. Rashon then pulled him to the side. Austin knelt so that they were eye to eye when Rashon spoke to him. He asked in a whisper if his cousin could join them because he did not want Evan to be lonely in a house full of girls! To emphasize his point, Rashon scrunched up his face as if being with girls was unthinkable when one had other options avail themselves.

Rashon looked at him with sad and pleading eyes as Austin thought it over or pretended to think it over, because he quickly said. "Yes! It will be my way of making up to you for not being able to visit for three whole weeks!" Austin held up three fingers, spread apart, and widened his eyes as he spoke.

"Aw, that's okay Austin, man I understand a grown up world can be full of complications. Don't lose any sleep over it, okay." Rashon cheerfully stated.

Austin was blown back by Rashon's statement and attempted to conceal it. Rashon often made statements that made him appear wise beyond his years. Luckily, his being addicted to crack cocaine at birth or the four rough years he spent in his Mother's care or lack-there-of had not scarred him permanently.

Rashon and Evan stood on the sidewalk beside Austin, as he unlocked the car for them. As she turned the corner, Evan spotted his Mother walking home from work, but decided not to say anything, because it was not very often that he was able to go places or to ride in a car. The idea of riding in a car always excited him, especially a car as nice as that one. He was taken with the car's beige leather interior and a faint but sweet unfamiliar scent that lingered in the air. Denaire continued into the house and stopped in the living room. After greeting her nieces and Mother, she asked. "Was that the boys getting into a car with some man?" Mid-way the question she had begun looking around for them, half expecting the boys to come running up to greet her.

"Yeah, that was them and Austin...taking them off for the day."

"Austin...who's Austin, Momma?"

"You know, I told you about Rashon's mentor."

"I don't think so, you might thought that you told me, but you know how forgetful you are sometimes."

Refusing to believe that she never once mentioned Austin, she continued in her attempt to have Denaire recall the instant that she had spoke of Austin. Mrs. Stuart went into detail about his being from the Southside youth program, where prominent adults took young people under their wing with hopes of inspiring them and an ultimate goal of molding them into responsible members of society. From the way that it was phrased, Denaire was left with the impression that it was something her Mother once read from the back of a pamphlet.

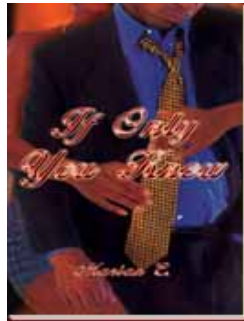
What she did not mention was that she decided to get the children involved in the program, because even though she had never spoken it aloud and she cried about it many a late night, she had always faulted herself for the way Rashon's Mother turned out. She didn't know if it was something she did or did not do. Maybe Kat had a need that had gone unrecognized.

Whatever had gone wrong, Mrs. Stuart wanted to ensure it did not happen to the three grandchildren she found herself with legal custody of. And when the children first came to her, in the beginning, she had literally worried herself sick about it. Due to her fret, she spent more time with them than she had with her own children. She now had more time to give because she was retired and sometimes when she was in the mood for it, she worked part-time, but not usually.

In hindsight, she recognized things she should have or could have done with her own children and now with the grandchildren. Carefully she listened when they talked to her, hearing and analyzing every word said. She even listened when they played with one another and other children. Sometimes she would stand in corners just beyond the schoolyard and secretly watch them at recess, looking for a sign that something was amidst so that maybe she could jump right in and fix it. Looming about her head was her greatest fear...more children growing up as a stereotype or statistic and she could not bear the thought of wasted lives, especially those of her very own grandchildren!

End of Chapter One

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ORLANDO WRITER USES WORDS TO RAISE AWARENESS ABOUT A DEADLY DISEASE

Orlando, Fla. August 1, 2003 – What began as a motivational tool for a friend, will now be used to influence readers about a disease that has claimed the lives of so many – AIDS. Through her dynamic novel – “If Only You Knew” – Author Marian E. of Orlando, Fla. helps readers understand why they should consider the consequences of their actions, and the rippling effect their actions have on those around them.

“This story is truly about consideration for those close to us,” said Marian E. Proceeds from the sale of “If Only You Knew,” will be donated to the Black AIDS Day Foundation in Philadelphia, Pa. to aid in increasing the awareness level of AIDS. Lamont Evans, president of the Black AIDS Day Foundation, said he is grateful that Marian E. has chosen to donate proceeds from the sale of her book to the organization. The Foundation (www.BlackAIDSDay.org) is comprised of multiple non-profit organizations to assist in spreading the word and educating African Americans.

“We are always striving to raise awareness about this disease,” Evans said. “We can only overcome this when everyone comes together in this fight.”

While the number of those contracting AIDS of various races is on the decline, African Americans appear not to take the disease as a legitimate threat and our numbers steadily climb, Marian E. said. The need for behavior change, she said, is great and although a great part of it is utilizing common sense, there are groups that teach AIDS awareness and among them is the BlackAIDSDay.org.

“Their concern is as sincere as mine is and that’s why I’ve chosen the BlackAIDSDay foundation as a charity,” said Marian E.

According to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), African-American women accounted for nearly 64 percent of HIV cases reported among women in 2001 –that’s compared to nearly 17 percent for white women. African-American men account for 43 percent of HIV cases reported among men in 2001 – that’s compared to 35 percent for white men. African Americans have accounted for more than 320,000, or 38 percent, of the more than 833,000 estimated AIDS cases diagnosed since the beginning of the epidemic. By the end of December 2001, more than 168,000 African Americans had died from AIDS.

For those of you who can't wait to read other novels by Marian E., you can check out her other two novels, "And I Cry" and "Asha," which will be released in 2004. To find out more about this gifted writer, please visit her official website at www.bettmarr.com.

For media interviews or to schedule speaking engagements and book signings for Marian E., please contact Publicist Bernice Guity of P&G Communications of Atlanta, Inc., 404-298-7799 or email at pgcommuns.com.

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Behind 'If Only You Knew'

Have you ever heard of a person just totally losing it over an individual, behaving in ways that even they themselves can't explain. Well that's exactly what Tyson Taylor encounters. Naturally by anyone's definition he is considered a successful, straight arrow, with his feet planted firmly on the ground. Not even he would consider himself to be prone to indiscretion, but like some the best them, he gives in to his most basic of all instinct and stands to lose it all, when he meets the hot blooded siren, Zuelle Brooks and comprises his relationship, morality and stands to lose it all. Sometimes when we make decisions and take action, we don't always look at the big picture and that is what this story is about, stepping back viewing the total impact on all involved as whole.

Because of the gravity of situation and to provoke the conversation necessary to educate I believe that I can do my part in the fight against AIDS by showing my sincerity and concern, that's why all proceeds are donated to the BlackAIDSDay foundation. While the number of those contracting AIDS of various races is on the decline, African Americans appear not to take the disease as a legitimate threat and our numbers steadily climb. The need for behavior change is great and although a great part of it is utilizing common sense, there are groups that teach AIDS awareness and among them is the BlackAIDSDay.org, which is comprised of multiple non-profit organizations to assist in spreading the word and educating African Americans. Their concern is as sincere as mine is and that's why I've chosen the BlackAIDSDay foundation as a charity.

Marketing Points **IF ONLY YOU KNEW**

Story Type:

A general fiction tale of relationships, how our decisions may impact those close to us, takes place in the present day, and focuses on the path that a young man has chosen which not only affects him but reaches out to touch each and everyone close to him. The story's timeline is approximately six years and constructs cause and affect that lead up to its devastating climax.

Story Appeal:

'If Only You Knew,' will have major appeal to the general audience, especially those struggling with personal issues and because there is an array of characters young and old, understanding each perspective is not difficult. The story's intent is to convey the message of consideration for those around us even when we feel our decisions are for us alone to make. This point is delicately woven into the plot and consistent throughout the story's theme. Readers will definitely:

- ❖ Be enlightened as well as entertained
- ❖ Rethink ones present behavior
- ❖ Assess our present views regarding sexual relationships
- ❖ Establish guidelines for daily living
- ❖ Seek quality of life and in our intimate relationships
- ❖ Proceeds to benefit the **Black Aids Day Foundation**

Target Audience

Every adult should be able to take something away from this novel.

Young people who may have disregarded the concept of a traditional relationship and adopted the view that recreational sex is a sign of the times.

People in general who are looking for take along reading.

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“If Only You Knew”
1410759938

By

Marian E.

Synopsis

If Only You Knew opens with Zylene Brooks, a wild, and daring temptress sneaking into the office following an early morning tryst right there in the building where she works. Zylene's behavior can only be summed up as a facade to mask the small and vulnerable child within her, which runs from a loveless and painful past. Zy views her adventures in sex as conquests and boasts to Lynda of latest victory, the 'no nonsense', Tyson Taylor who is a, strictly business type of guy with his head held high.

Although his live-in love interest Marie, is dutiful, and truly adores him, Tyson relishes his encounter with Zylene and desires more than a one-night-stand. The very evening of the morning that he experiences Zylene's brand of sex, the deceit begins. He believes that he has persuaded Zy to contact him to arrange their next rendezvous'. She doesn't call and his mood becomes foul, which sets the dear and sweet Marie off. Days go by and Tyson becomes antsy like a drug addicted fiend looking for his next fix. He finally blackmails Zy into meeting with him. She comes to him at the pool house where he awakes to this seductress and the games begin, attracting an array of spectators and amongst them are Marie and the Police!

Tyson finds himself alone and too ashamed to find Marie, so he focuses his attention on Zy. His pursuit finally pays off only to have her aging husband threaten him at gunpoint. By this time, Tyson is taken with the alluring Zylene. He stands his ground, which was pointless because neither of them had been graced by her presence in sometime. Zylene moves in, but does not change her behavior, because who was Tyson to be treated with more respect than she had given to her own husband.

Just as Tyson deserves, he is quickly abandoned by Zylene then falls into a deep depression resulting in the loss of his job and confidence. At the urging of his mother, Marie steps back into his life for a brief moment to whip this monkey back into shape. She even goes as far as to find him a job, which his pride is still very much intact making it difficult to accept her help.

He does eventually gets over it and accepts the position only to face the resentment of his colleagues. In his struggle with the naysayers, he bumps heads more than once with the ringleader, Reggie. Reggie is one of meanest sistahs that he has ever come across and he quickly develops a strong dislike for the overpowering young executive who suffers with a Napoleon complex.

He later runs into Reggie outside of work. They miraculously strike up a conversation, which leads her to invite him out for an evening. Unbeknownst to him, she is cousin to a local radio personality that he respects and admires and this sparks his long and endearing friendship with her.

Sometime later there is a sexual encounter between Tyson and Reggie and she becomes pregnant. Tyson feels badly and wants to set things right, after all he had taken her virginity and was best of friends with her cousin. After giving it much thought Tyson proposes that they marry to

make a family for their child. Reggie is less than receptive to the proposal and he pleads his case, telling her he feels badly, and desires things to be as they should.

They marry early in her pregnancy and Reggie has avoided the dreaded visit to see a doctor for her first prenatal examine until Tyson forces her to make the appointment. She reluctantly does so to learn the devastating fact that she is HIV. The news sends Tyson in search of Zyelle to choke the life from her body.

Fortunately he fails in his attempt to locate her and returns to wife, who in his absence has done some soul searching and resolves that she would rather face the ordeal with him then without.

While he learns that he is practically immune to the effects of the disease, Reggie's condition deteriorates rapidly. They decide to hide their secret from their families until the last possible moment. Finally, with his back against the wall Tyson makes the announcement, which results in an emotional explosion of anger and hurt where all fingers are pointed at him. The situation is overwhelming and weighs down on him heavily. His emotional struggle to come to terms with the impending death of his wife, which will leave their young daughter, Taylor, motherless gets the best of him.

If Only You Knew is a poignant tale of one man's journey through life where when it rains it pours. Whether Tyson triumphs over his trials and tribulations or is crushed by the bitter emotions he internalizes is totally up to him.

Prelude

Somewhere in America a tortured soul screams out.

He stood just on the other side of the door thinking, pausing, delaying, but mostly he was thinking. His life had unraveled right before his very eyes and he just stood there thinking...thinking of the past six and half years and the women who had touched his life. Women who changed him and shaped his destiny. The women who fashioned this nightmare or was this his doing? 'Yes.' He surmised. It was all on him!

If only he knew what the future was to hold its prevention could have been possible. Was this his punishment? As in the wrath of an angry God? But, what was it that he could have done to cause such suffering of another? His thoughts were convoluted and he was fuzzy around the edges. He wondered if he had mistaken medication that lay about the house in abundance, for aspirin. He couldn't remember. Nevertheless, he decided that if it was the wrath of God, then it could not be his fault; it had to be something that she herself had done. *'Ye shall reap what ye shall sow.'*

He heard the cries of the baby girl. They were distant, but he finally heard them and mechanically reached down and lifted her up into the safety and warmth of his loving arms. He moved as if in a drug induced state. *'Yep, I definitely took something,'* he thought. The baby girl's cry was reduced to whimpers and an anguished filled whine, a whine that urged, a whine that was meant to prod him into compliance.

'No, this can never be part of her first memories; her first thoughts to mar her young mind. This cannot be the right thing to do. Can't have this etched into her memory and seeping into her dreams.' He thought as he recalled snatches of early memories from his own childhood that he himself had misinterpreted and misconstrued.

'This shall never be a nightmare to haunt this child. She does not deserve this. They do not deserve this. I won't take her inside of the room.'

It was becoming difficult to think, to focus, as he looked down the hallway at her. She had been watching with her hands folded as if in prayer. "Do it. Please do it." Her expression begged. She was still there and her eyes were saying all of the things that she no longer spoke. She appeared haggled, worn, and weather beaten.

'Am I seeing her as she really is?' He wondered.

He was sluggishly turning back to face the door when he caught glimpse of the large print that hung on the opposite side halfway down the long corridor and was really seeing it for the very

first time. He took a long hard look and studied all of its fine detail, all of its glory, and appreciated the artist's effort. It was created by one of the Florida Highway Men and depicted the beauty of solitary moments in time. The sky was cast over by dark clouds that threatened rain and hovered above one of the State's many lakes. What he wouldn't give to be there, lying in the tall grass, beneath the shade of that tree, and his fishing line cast out into the still of the waters. He shut his eyes tightly and wished himself away, right into that painting, if he could. When he slowly reopened them he found that he still stood in the hallway just outside of the room.

He studied the gaily-decorated walls for a few moments longer, allowing his eyes to linger on family photographs. Many were of the baby girl in various stages of development, from infancy and as a toddler with the latest being taken a few months prior. In the earlier pictures, she was always baring a toothless smile with big bright laughing eyes. Any other time he would have smiled as the photographs stirred fond memories, but today they only intensified the pain.

'No, I won't. This is insane. Can't take the chance!' His mind screamed out, but his lips failed to move and his voice abandoned him too. He looked back again with every intention of defying those pleading eyes that were still there watching, hoping, and waiting.

"I can't." His eyes begged as he suddenly and slowly turned the doorknob, then stepped into the room.

End of Prelude

My disappointment with this book is that it is a labored read, caused by the lack of transitioning between the past and the present. However, Marian E., has penned a story laced with information that is necessary for our survival.

Reviewed by Dawn R. Reeves
of The RAWSISTAZ Reviewers

Reviewer: [Nicki Lancaster \(see more about me\)](#) from Orlando, FL USA

Novelist and founder of BettMarr Literary Foundation, Marian E. has penned a powerfully poignant story of lust and its ramifications in, ***IF ONLY YOU KNEW***. Tyson Taylor always played it safe until one woman altered his life in ways he never dreamed possible.

Tyson Taylor is in the prime of his life. With a six-figure income and successful career as a human resources professional, one would surmise Tyson is on the fast track. Longtime girlfriend Marie is supportive, intelligent and most of all wholesome. It seems marriage and 2.5 five kids is imminent until co-worker, Zylene, allures Tyson, with a little "afternoon delight." A solitary rendezvous with the mysterious uninhibited Zylene, sends Tyson on a pursuit that rapidly becomes a jones Marie no longer can scratch. Unbeknownst to Tyson, Zylene is harboring secrets that will skyrocket Tyson's world into disarray and causes her to vanish as quickly as she appeared. Years later as Tyson reassembles the remnants of his life, he seeks out Zylene in hopes of closure. But, what is revealed may be the beginning of the end and cause Tyson to confront sins of the past.

IF ONLY YOU KNEW is a heartrending story told in first person by Tyson Taylor. In the beginning, readers may feel the pacing slow and story contrived; however, the method Marian E. utilizes to convey her message of one person's action and how it affects the innocent bystander is moving and foremost. Marian E.'s writing is rich in lyricism and enraptures the reader during the turning points in the characters lives. Marian E. has taken a socially conscious subject of HIV/AIDS, evoking emotions so explicit, they will tarry with the reader for days to come! IF ONLY YOU KNEW, is a testament that unconditional love will stand the test of time, in sickness and in health, til' death do you part.

Reviewed by Nicki Lancaster

Alice <http://www.aliceholman.com> RAWSISTAZ Book Club

"AND I CRY" Denaire has had an unfortunate relationship that ended with a child named Evan. To escape the hypnotic effects of Evan's father, Denaire moves away from home. Not getting along very well with her new roommate, she eventually takes Evan and moves back to her hometown. While not completely over her first major love affair, she finds that she is able to live in the same town with Evan's father without trying to find him. She does vow never to let a man get that close to her again.

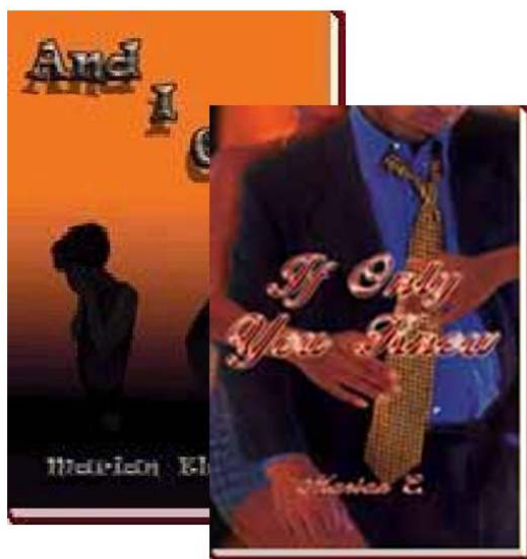
Austin, a Good Samaritan who grew up without a father, works with fatherless boys. He is the "big brother" to Evan's cousin, Rashon, whose mother is drug addicted and his father is unknown. Since Denaire has moved in with her mother and her sister's children, Evan becomes part of the group nurtured by Austin. Frequently Denaire accompanies Austin on outings with the children and finds herself attached to him. The feeling is mutual. Unfortunately, their path to true love is strewn with old relationships, Austin's mother who feels that Denaire is beneath her son and Rashon's feelings of jealousy at being displaced by Denaire.

A good, fast read explores relationships between different classes of people, irresponsible parents, and rescuing troubled boys. It makes a subtle statement about upward mobility in the ghetto. Yes ma'am I do. I am honest in my reviews and I really enjoyed your book. Marian tackled some hard subjects and she did it well. I think that more people need to see and understand that break between lower class blacks and middle class blacks. Many writers these days tend to confuse the two and blend them together. It leaves people who don't understand the streets, have no clue what goes on in the streets, confused...especially if the writer maintains that all the actors are really middle class. Marian makes a subtle distinction but one that was real.

Promotional Flyer

Discussion And Book Signing

Marian Writes



Critics rave that Marian E. has penned some of the finest drama available on today's market...

And I Cry... is a contemporary inner-city story with all of the drama of social issues. Denaire, a main character struggles to gain a foothold on life. She unwittingly inspires Austin, a family friend to do more to help, but can she make it on her own? They realize without inviting it that they have become a couple, which is bitter sweet for Denaire. *By No Means* mistake this novelette for a typical romance. It is a work of fiction, which depicts the social issues that appear to be interwoven in the very essence of Black America! ISBN 0-75965-115-9

If Only You Knew... is a poignant, woeful, yet compelling tale of one young man's journey through life where following an indiscretion that snowballs into more turmoil than one man can handle, and the pieces of his life have been scattered to the wind, Tyson is left more than torn. Is there enough of him left over to be picked up? Whether he triumphant over his trials and tribulations or is crushed by the bitter emotions he internalizes is totally up to him. ISBN: 1-4107-5992-X

Marian, a native of North Carolina, whom grew up on the streets of Philadelphia and learned that the inner city can be a cold and hard place, where it is every man for himself. She knows this all too well and now draws from her experiences to weave tales of inner city struggles and triumphs.

On hand to autograph copies of both her novels and answer questions regarding creative writing and independent publishing. Come Out and Join Us!



...with Affect to Effect