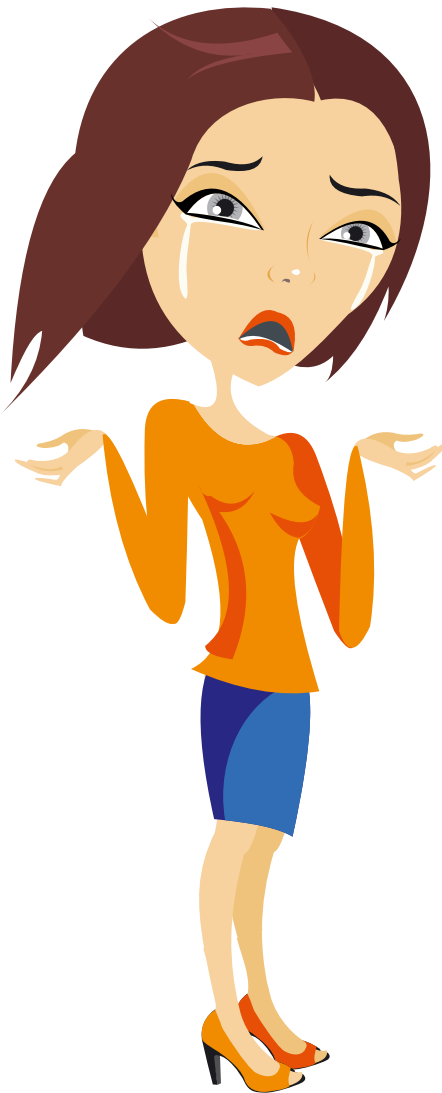


Gasps!

gasp defined, “inhale suddenly with the mouth open, out of pain or astonishment; strain to take a deep breath.”

Here is a very short sample of what I'm looking for. Don't worry about crafting the story, I can do that. My hope is to weave scenarios throughout the meat of the book that are true, honest, and hopeful. This is a snippet – without the pre or post story. I'll be sure to give that. But, I wanted you to see the gist.



“Women hold you at arm’s length,” snarled Jacquelyn, as she thrust her arms forward, dramatizing the action.

The earth beneath Cindy’s feet trembled as she felt a sudden shift in the fault line of her heart.

“You are beautiful, talented, sing like an angel, are a published author, dance . . . shall I go on?” she paused. “And, when you walk into a room exuding the confidence you do, women are intimidated.”

Cindy gasped for air. Fighting hard the tsunami of tears welling within, all that came out was, “What? What did you just say?”

Suddenly, the keynote speaker of the women’s retreat they were attending walked up, obviously unaware of the situation.

By now, the tsunami had hit. Cindy was a mess.

Quickly, Jacquelyn took control of the situation. She was very good at that.

“Call me when we get home. We’ll set up a time to meet at my house.”

We always met at her house.