

# Vicki Hinze Newsletter



May 2012



## Book News

Greetings!

So much has been happening, I barely know where to start. First, I have to say thank you for your emails and notes and feedback and reviews on **NOT THIS TIME**, **MIND READER** and **GIRL TALK**. What a treasure to get your comments and thoughts.

To answer a few of your questions on those three books.

You've asked me to make a series of **MIND READER**, making Caron and Parker key characters. I do hear you, and I will do what I can, but it will be a while. I've got a number of projects in line before I could add them.

You've also asked me to do another book on **GIRL TALK**, taking the girls from their forties to being seniors. Again, I hear you. Scheduling is a challenge right now, but here's what I will do:

When I see an opening, I'll ask you which you want first, and that's the one I'll write first. How's that? It's not perfect, but it's the best I can do right now.

Two new collections of short stories are out or will be this month, **LOVE IS MURDER: THRILLER 3**. This is the International Thriller Writers short story collection by 30 suspense writers. **Sandra Brown** edited it (and made a lovely comment about my story, **WED TO DEATH**). I was thrilled. No pun intended.

The second collection is from Novelists, Inc. Lou Aronica edited. My story, **INVIDIA** is in it along with the work of many bestselling authors. It's quite a collection.

A lovely reviewer let me know that something had happened to the **ONE WAY TO WRITE A NOVEL** eBook. It was coming through garbled up. It was corrupt, so I pulled it and since I had to rework it, I figured I might as well



### What's In This Newsletter?

1. News on the Books.
2. Facebook News/Invite.
3. On the Writing Front
4. On the Home Front
5. **Mind Reader** excerpt



# HOME FRONT

There are two big bits of news on the home front.

One is . . .

*It's baseball season!!!*

Two of the angels (grands) are on different teams this year, which means Hubby and I are enjoying twice as many games.

Watching the wee one (she's five) play is such a treat. It amazes me how much they grasp already—and how quickly.

Oh, some pick daisies in the outfield, and they pause and sit on the base to chat now and then, and forget to go to homeplate after third base and get tagged out in the dugout, but it's all so utterly charming. Each and every one is adorable. And seeing the t-ball stand get hammered a couple times each game . . . well, it's just an awesome way to de-stress. Personally, I wish the angels played year round!

update it. A lot has changed since it first came out. I've contacted Amazon and asked them to send everyone who's bought the book a copy of the 2<sup>nd</sup> edition. They're addressing that now and I'll keep you posted on getting your new copy. For those who don't yet have it and want it, it's up on Kindle now. In the U.S. it's [here](#). In the UK, [here](#). It's also in the Germany, France, Italy and Spain stores.

## FACEBOOK INVITE

A few weeks ago, I had to reformat my hard drive. This came on the heels of migrating my personal Facebook page to a Business Page. The personal page had maxed out, and nearly two thousand stood waiting to join and several thousand more subscribers couldn't get "friend" privileges due to Facebook limitations. Business Pages have no limitations. So I migrated to a Business Page—and lost nearly four thousand of you due to a Facebook snafu. You couldn't be recovered.

As you can imagine, this combination of events created quite a stir and left a number of you feeling you'd been dropped. Please be assured you weren't, and kindly consider this your personal invitation to rejoin (or join) me.

**If you haven't already, please like my new Page on Facebook by clicking [here](#).**

If you follow the group blog, [Christians Read](#), you can find it on Facebook [here](#) and on Twitter [here](#). There were unfortunately snafus there, too. I know, with everything else, this comes as no surprise, right?

## ON THE WRITING FRONT

I've been in high gear on the writing front. I mentioned that I'd started a new series, **LOST, INC.** for Harlequin's *Love Inspired Suspense*. Well, two of the three books are now written, and I'm currently working on the third. **SURVIVE THE NIGHT** will be released in October 2012 and **CHRISTMAS COUNTDOWN** in December 2012. I'm calling the third **TORN LOYALTIES** and it'll be released, I believe, in February 2013. So mark your calendars. I think you're going to love the folks at Lost, Inc. I'm sure enjoying them.

I've struck an agreement with Zondervan (Harper Collins) to write a new series there. I'm totally in love with this series and I can't wait to share more on it with you. Not quite time yet, but celebrate with me. These are more like inspirational HER PERFECT LIFE stories than NOT THIS TIME stories, and I can't wait to write them!

There's a special promotion in the works on the Seascape books, **BEYOND THE MISTY SHORE, UPON A MYSTIC TIDE**, and **BESIDE A DREAMSWEPT SEA**. I don't have all the specifics yet, but this is a *Heads Up* to watch the [blog](#). When I have them, I'll post them there.

The second event isn't nearly so much fun.

I'm in the office and smell something burning. When I'm in the kitchen, that's not unusual, but I was in the office. Mmm, odd.

I investigate and it's the washer. Major meltdown. I call the repairman, and he comes later that day. New belts and an adjustment to the motor's carriage and we're good to go. (Oh, joy. We get to do laundry.)

So we fill the puppy and start 'er up. I walk out and, *voila!* Something's seriously burning.

The washer.

Repairman returns and says, "It's dead."

So now begins the hunt for a replacement.

We visit all the stores in a 20-mile radius (that's a penchant of Hubby's I endure) and acquire a new washer—and a dryer. I'm **not** appliance shopping twice, and when one goes...

This is good and bad news.

The good news, we found a set and bought it.

The bad news, they won't be delivered for two weeks.

No doing laundry for two weeks. Mmm. Is that the good or bad news?

You decide.

I'm sitting here with

## An excerpt from MIND READER...

It was about to happen again.

She knew it. Sensed it. Smelled it as distinctly as she smelled the freshly brewed coffee in her kitchen. And there was nothing she could do to stop it.

The images forming in her mind were as vivid and real as the chips in the porcelain tabletop in front of her. As real as the steam rising from her coffee cup. And because they were real, dread and cold fear clawed at her stomach. She knew what would come next, and yet she was powerless to stop it.

Rain pelted against the window of her apartment. Caron stared at the flattened drops beading on the pane, wishing she could force the image away.

Then it was too late for wishing. The image was there. The image of a little girl, eight, maybe nine, with shoulder-length brown hair and wide green eyes that were almost black with fear—more fear than any human being should ever know.

Caron swallowed hard. Where was the girl now? The lighting was dim, everything was blurry. Focusing all her energy and concentration on the girl and her surroundings, Caron tried to sharpen the image. But a sense of betrayal grew strong, then stronger and stronger, until Caron couldn't get past it to pick up on anything else. Acid churned in her stomach. She began to shake, then to shudder. It was happening again—just as it had with Sarah!

Caron clenched her muscles, fighting the resentment she felt at her life once more turning topsy-turvy, spinning out of control—and fighting the guilt that came with the resentment. From the time she was seven, she had considered the images confusing, a curse, because even then she hadn't seen ordinary people. She had seen victims.

And Sarah James's case had proven Caron right; she was cursed. That case, a year ago, was the last she'd helped Sandy with, and after it, everything had changed. After nineteen years, the images suddenly had stopped.

Now they were back.

Why did she have to go through this again? Why?

The need to hear someone's voice—anyone's voice—hit her hard. Caron sent the phone a desperate look. She could call Dr. Zilinger, her analyst, or her aunt Grace—anyone but her mother. Her mother never had understood why Caron didn't just "ignore" the images, and all the explanations in the world hadn't convinced her mother that Caron could no more ignore them than her mother could have ignored the pain of childbirth.

A sense of urgency seeped through Caron's chest. Sandy. She had to talk to Sandy. She grabbed the phone and dialed.

It seemed to ring forever, but he finally answered, "Yeah, Sanders here," he said. His familiar gruff voice helped ease the lump from her throat, but the tightness in her chest remained. "Sandy." Why, after all this time, was talking to him so difficult? "I'm on my way to your office. We have to talk."

"Caron?" He sounded surprised.

She supposed he was surprised. It had been nearly a year since her last call. "Yes, it's me."

an inquiring mind.

*Cleaning house. Laundry.  
Cooking.*

**Is there an app for that?**

Until next time, I'll be at the  
baseball field or in the writing  
vault, on Facebook, Twitter,  
Pinterest or Blogging.

Wherever I am, know that I'm  
wishing you happy appliances,  
much joy and many, many...

Blessings,

Vicki

“What’s wrong?”

His wary tone held fear, a fear she’d felt before and had hoped she’d never feel again. But now she was. The receiver in her hand grew sweat-slick. The words choked her.

“It’s happening all over again.” Her voice cracked. She slumped against the counter and held on.

“I’ll come to you. Where are you?”

“No.” She was scared stiff, but she couldn’t lean on him, or on anyone other than herself. If nothing else, she’d learned that. Her temples were pounding. Rubbing circles on the left one, she forced her eyes open. “No, I’ll come to you.”

She slid the receiver back onto the hook, her hand shaking. She should have been stronger and not deluded herself into believing that the images would never come back. But she hadn’t. Now she would have to fight this battle the same way she’d fought all the others—alone.

Caron grabbed her purse and headed for the door.

Outside, she dipped her head against the rain and ran, dodging murky puddles and dark patches of soft, squishy mud. Water gushed along the curb to the drain and splashed down with a hollow thunk somewhere beneath the street. She took a giant step over the water and climbed into her Chevy. Then while the engine warmed, she tissueed the raindrops from her face.

The images were back. When they’d stopped, she’d felt naked without them. The way a man must feel when he discovered he was going bald—at the mercy of his body, helpless. She tossed the soaked tissue onto the floor mat. Seeing the images was like that. She was helpless to stop them. No matter how much she wanted just to teach her students, just to be normal, she was reduced to suffering the empathy pains and the emotional upheaval of the victims, and to wondering, Why me?

A crash of thunder shook the car. A bare-limbed oak tree to her right became the image of a dark-haired man with a stubbly chin and wicked green eyes. He belched, and the smell of beer nearly gagged Caron. Lightning flashed, a little sizzle rent the air, and then, as quickly as it had come, the image disappeared. Shaking, Caron rolled down the window an inch. Rain and fresh air rushed into the car on a chilly gust. The wind whistled and whipped at the craggy oaks lining the scrap of lawn in front of the apartments.

The limbs looked like sneering gargoyles, twisted, grotesque and menacing. “God, help me,” Caron whispered. “I’m suffering a landslide.”



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