



# Press Kit

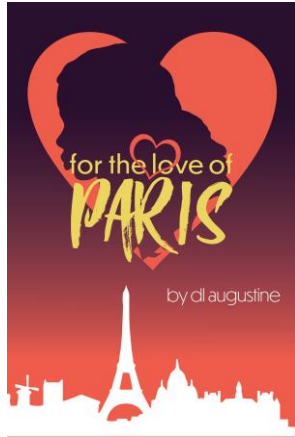
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# Sample Chapter

## Prologue



## FTLP Prologue

Her name was Paris. Even as a child Paris knew she was beautiful. She knew because the adults always stared at her like she was an alien. It used to make her uncomfortable until her mother explained it was because she was “exceptionally” pretty. She didn’t know what the word exceptionally meant, but she knew what pretty meant.

While still a child, she began to learn the power of her beauty. On Valentine’s Day, she always received more cards than anyone else. The teachers always let her clean the blackboard, or pass out papers. Some teased her, calling her “the teacher’s pet,” but she didn’t care. She loved the attention she received at school, because at home, it was like she was invisible.

Paris’s mother and father were getting a divorce, and for the last nine months, her life had started changing. Always a daddy’s girl, Paris’s world had shifted off its axis when her father left. She knew he was mad at her mommy, but she never doubted his love for her. She remembered the day he had left like it was yesterday. He and Mommy had been arguing again. She could hear her mother screaming and cursing at her father. In the beginning it had frightened her to hear them fight, but for the last couple of weeks, her mother had cursed her father out every day and that day was no exception. Not only could she hear her mother crying and screaming, but she could hear her father’s silence, which spoke louder than her mother’s screaming harangue. It filled her with a sense of dread. Before, when they had argued, her father had been a full-fledged participant. His lack of

response told her, even at her young age that this time, things were different. She lay on her bed letting the hot tears roll down her young face.

*Why does mother have to scream and curse so much,* she thought. Daddy wasn’t even arguing with her. All she was doing was making him mad.

Her small body jumped as she heard the sound of glass breaking, followed by the door closing. She waited for her father to come into her room and tell her everything was going to be all right, which he had always done before when they had their shouting matches. She knew this time was different. She thought about wiping away her tears so he wouldn’t see she had been crying, but quickly changed her mind, wanting her daddy to see her tears and know how upset she was. She lay there waiting for the doorknob to her room to turn. She listened for the sound of his approaching footsteps, but all she heard was the front door closing and his engine starting.

She lay there in shock, realization dawning that her daddy had left and had not said goodbye. He always kissed her on the forehead before telling her she was his favorite girl and he would see her when he got back. He must have been really mad at Mommy. He had left without saying goodbye to his “princess,” a name he had called her since she was old enough to remember. This was her mother’s fault. She was always being mean to Daddy.

Fueled by anger, she stormed down the hall into her mother’s room. The woman she found staring at her reflection in the mirror was a stranger. She found her mother seated at her vanity, drinking from a bottle of vodka which lately seemed to be her constant companion. She looked a mess; displaying raccoon eyes from the black eyeliner which always before, had been so meticulously applied. Black rivers

ran down her cheeks as she listlessly gazed at her reflection, then at her young daughter’s reflection in her mirror.

“He doesn’t want us anymore,” she mumbled, downing another shot. She ignored the look of anguish on her young daughter’s face.

“No!” Paris shot back. “He doesn’t want ‘you’ anymore.” She spoke, placing emphasis on the word you. “All you do is scream and curse at him! Why would he want you? You’re always drunk and ugly. Look at your face!” She stared at her mother’s ruined appearance in the mirror. Waves of anger washed over her young body as she continued to spew out the ugly hurtful words. This was all her mother’s fault.

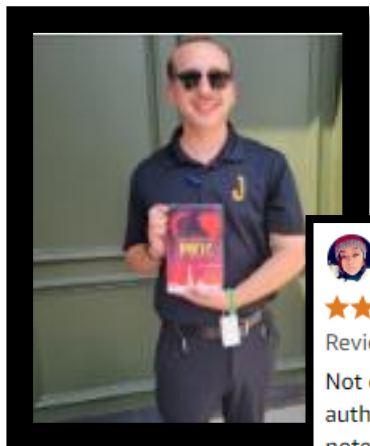
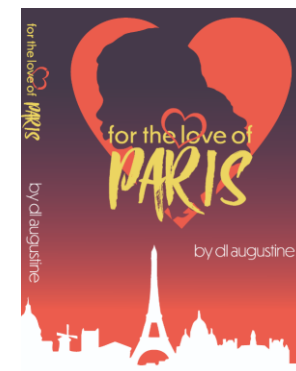
“He will come back for me, you’ll see. He will come back for me.”

She stared at her mother in the mirror, her small chest heaving, trying her best not to cry. Her words rang hollow in her own ears. She knew the words she spoke were just a false bravado, because her greatest fear was the very words her mother had spoken. What if her daddy never came back? What would she do if he never returned?

Paris’s world changed after that day. Her daddy did come back, but it was only to get his things. He came into her room and held her as she cried, begging him to stay. He told her he and Mommy would not be living together anymore, but promised he would be back to get her as soon as he found a place. He left again as he did the night of the big fight. More than three months would pass before she would see him again.

Her mother became like a ghost. Moving through the house silently, rarely acknowledging her daughter’s existence until one day she got a call and for the first time in almost four months, her mother almost seemed like herself. She told Paris her father was coming home, and they needed to get

# Reactions to Book



Tivona



**With God All Things Are Possible**

Reviewed in the United States on August 9, 2024

**Verified Purchase**

It has been a while since I've had a good read. This book exceeded my expectations! I could not put it down. I almost hated to get to the end, although I wanted to know how the story played out. This is a must read! It made me reflect upon just how amazing God is. All you have to do is trust in Him!



Angela Reese



**A for sure page turner! You won't want to stop!**

Reviewed in the United States on August 26, 2024

Not only am I a fan of DL Augustine's writings, I also had the pleasure of editing this one on behalf of the author.... At one point during this process I noticed that I had read an entire chapter without one red mark noted. Not because it was error free, but because I had stopped being an editor and became a reader of a book that had did what it was supposed to do. I was totally engrossed in the stories being told and could not wait to read what happened next! The characters were relatable and either you loved them or you hated them. Paris was a delight and you are going to root for her as you would your sister, mother, cousin, auntie or best friend! If you have ever questioned your faith and/or Gods will... do not do yourself a disservice and pass on this book! It will change you for the better! Five stars are definitely earned with this one.



JJ



**BEST BOOK I'VE READ IN A LONG TIME!!!**

Reviewed in the United States on August 21, 2024

This book has truly touched my heart. I can't wait to read this author's next novel.

My Most Captivating Recent Read!!!

I just couldn't put it down. It took me 2 days to complete. It's a "True HalleluYAH Redemption" story!!! This story raises an incredible mix of highs & lows emotions and cleanses one to the core. "For the Love of Paris" will shake something up inside of both genders in an amazing self-reflection way. Not for Robots 🤖 It's a superb novel on brokenness, trauma, tragedy, lost virtues meeting unexpected surprises. Read the book, buy a copy for book clubs, friends, peers, and those Satan help frenemies. I ❤️ this book! 🙏 this book will reach many wounded & "perfect" souls to work out hard life issues & reflect on what really matters.



**ORDER  
TODAY!**





# Author Profile



I am **D. L. Augustine**, a “GREAT” Christian Fiction Writer.

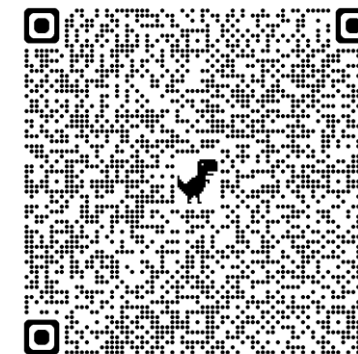
**Love:** Telling stories.

**Passion:** Helping people transition from pain to promise.

**Themes:** Brokenness, Survival, Healing, Redemption & Trauma

I know what it means to fight your way out of darkness by understanding, it cannot be done without help. Help comes in many forms, but the source is always the same.

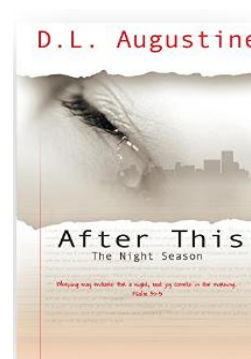
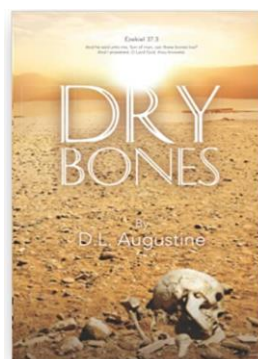
Ask me and I will tell you.



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