

DEVIL IN DISGUISE



Media Kit



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AUTHOR'S BIO

Author **Tonya Franklin** has been writing since the age of 13, and has had a love for words ever since. She has served as a contributing writer for various e-zine publications, and although she has written numerous books, this is her first professional work self-published for profit. She is also the author of *Good Customer Service Tips for Entrepreneurs* and *Women on Purpose: Bible and Business*, a study-help empowerment book for professional women, which applies the prophetic nuggets of the book of Amos to assist women in birthing and moving forward in their purpose. She is currently working on two other writings for small businesses as well as another non-fiction book for publication.



She is the Chief Administrative Officer/Owner of **UpWrite Solutions, LLC** that offers virtual services in marketing, event consulting, and basic office administration, and the EIC/Founder of *The Virtual Elite* magazine, which caters to virtual assistants and freelance entrepreneurs of color. She is a native Mississippian, but has lived abroad in Europe. She has a love for food, teaching, and reading.

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Summary: Ben Moore, III is the pastor of Triumphant Valley Christian Center, and has had his share of secrets and lies. But his desire to live holy and whole puts him on a path to restoration from his past mistakes. Aside from struggling with the pressure to please his father, his prayer for a comeback seems to be getting answered until tragedy strikes his family, someone gets murdered, his wife goes to jail, and his buried past comes to haunt him with a vengeance. And even more secrets are revealed as he struggles to have his own one-on-one revival with God. Being blinded by who he believes are his enemies, Ben gets blindsided once more on the rollercoaster that becomes his life. Is there any hope for him to be truly delivered and restored, and find the real...DEVIL IN DISGUISE?

EXCERPT FROM CHAPTER 13 (Page 18)

“All Eyes on Me”

Ben washed his hands in the kitchen sink, and waited on his wife to emerge from downstairs. After a night of love play, Ben was content. He pushed around the forks and plates on the table and opened the container of Spanish fried rice and chicken quesadillas. As he spooned the rice on the plates, he saw his wife.

Wearing a peach cotton jogging suit, she displayed a glowing smile. “I don’t know why you won’t let me cook,” she said wrapping her arms around Ben’s waist. He continued to spoon the rice and place the quesadillas on their plates, smiling.

“Because I am trying to give you a break. It’s no problem for me to cook sometimes,” he said turning around and giving her a kiss on her forehead.

“You call this cooking?” Angela laughed pointing at the plates. “*Las Haciendas* did the cooking, I think,” she said snatching up the bag the food came in.

“Hey, hey, hey,” Ben mocked offense grabbing the bag from her hand, “A brotha can call it cooking if he got a little help. Don’t you have Val helping you in the kitchen when you cook? That still constitutes you as cooking, doesn’t it?” he said sitting opposite her at the table.

Angela laughed, shaking her head. “That is *not* the same thing, and you know it.”

“Just bless this food woman,” Ben said holding back his own laughter.

As they finished blessing their food, Angela’s cell phone rang. She paused, and answered it even though she didn’t recognize the number. “Hello?”

“We’re watching you,” a raspy voice said.

“What? Who is this?”

“God slays the simple,” the voice said again. Then there was a loud click. Angela looked up quizzically at Ben.

“Who was that?” he asked.

“I don’t know. They said they are watching me, and God slays the simple.”

“What?” Ben frowned grabbing the phone from her. He quickly hit redial, but the number was blocked.

“We’re calling Vic,” he said. He used his cell and dialed his sister.

“Victoria, I need you to come over here as soon as you can. It’s about Angela.”

“Okay. I’ll be there in about fifteen minutes,” she said.

“Great. We got some dinner waiting on you,” Ben said hanging up.

Twenty minutes later, Victoria, clothed in a pair of jeans and white cardigan sweater, was sitting at her brother’s dining room table and chewing on a quesadilla.

“I got somebody running a check on that phone number,” she said to Angela.

“What are they talking about? God slays the simple? What does that have to do with me?”

“That scripture means that God will destroy those that choose to be ignorant to His will and do their own thing,” Ben said pacing the floor.

“Baby, please sit down,” Angela said pushing her rice around on her plate.

“I can’t. Somebody just threatened my wife. I’m trying to not go vigilante.”

“Please don’t go vigilante. We already got one hot-head,” Victoria said looking over at Angela.

“I have learned to be subdued,” Angela said half-jokingly in her defense.

“Really?” Victoria asked chumping down on her quesadilla. She mulled over ideas in her head, and she still couldn’t make sense of it all.

“I have a friend that works for the Dallas Police Department and he is going to do some checking up on a few things.”

“Okay. Things like what?” Ben asked stopping his pace and facing his sister with his hands on his waist.

“I’d rather not discuss it right now. Not until I’m sure,” she said making eye contact with her brother.

Ben sighed, and rubbed his hands over his face. “So what does this mean? Do me and my wife live in constant fear? Do we look over our shoulders until you *can* discuss it? I mean, what are we to do while some nut is out there watching me and my family like hawks and making stupid prank calls.”

“Ben, calm down. I understand that you’re frustrated, but just let the police do their jobs, okay?”

“Yeah,” Ben walked toward the door.

“Where are you going?” Angela asked as he grabbed his jacket.

“Out,” he said slamming the door.

“Do you think I need to put a black and white out on him?” Victoria asked turning to her.

“Yeah,” Angela said softly and nervously.

Ben raced up the interstate pumping no music. He was consumed with his thoughts and anger began to build and drive him. He turned off the exit to Kensborough Estates and slowed down a bit, as he viewed his rearview mirror. He thought he saw a police car behind him, but when he looked again, it was gone. He swerved around the corner and pulled into the classy neighborhood. He pulled into his brother’s driveway, and yanked the ignition off and pulled his keys out. He opened his car door and walked briskly up to the front door.

Ben rang the doorbell and rang it again. As soon as the door opened, Ben lit into Andrew giving him a sucker punch to the jaw. Andrew stumbled backward and grabbed his jaw in amazement. Then anger began to flow into Andrew's own eyes. He charged at Ben and rammed him outside onto the front lawn. Ben was fueled with anger by now, and he grabbed Andrew by his head and tried to twist it. But Andrew, being at least forty more pounds than him, had a good lock on Ben and was able to gain some momentum on his little brother. He got Ben on the ground and punched him twice across the face.

"What are you doing?!" Paulette screamed, as she stepped out in front of the doorway.

But they were so consumed in their fight, they didn't hear her.

"Oh my God! Oh my God! You've both gone crazy!" She screamed running back into the house.

Ben managed to twist his own body underneath Andrew and throw Andrew down. He grabbed his throat and began choking him. The fat oozed through Ben's fingers, and that fed into another adrenalin rush as he squeezed his brother's throat. Andrew coughed and gagged for air, but he continued to swing at Ben, sometimes missing him. Andrew grasped his fingers around Ben's loosening his grip, and pushed him off of him. Andrew staggered up on his knees while Ben huffed and puffed, trying to get up himself.

Although he was tired, Ben raged at him again knocking him backward. He punched him in the jaw again, and the sound of a siren blared over both of them as they tumbled on the front lawn.

"Halt both of you!" The voice of an officer blared. The officer stood over both of them with his weapon armed and ready.

Andrew lifted his hands, and Ben stood on his knees and wiped at the blood from his mouth, but he didn't hold up his hands. He was still too angry.

"Get up!" The officer ordered.

Andrew rolled on his stomach and got up using his knees one by one. He stood with his curly hair flying across his head. His eyes darted back and forth from his brother to the police officer. Paulette came back out and stood wrapped in her robe in disbelief.

Ben turned as if he was going back to his truck. "Wait a minute, sir," another officer grabbed Ben's arm.

"Look, that's my brother, and I just had to get some things off my chest. We're good, right bro?" Ben looked fiercely at Andrew.

Andrew just nodded, still holding his hands up.

"Ah, that might be true, but you were disturbing the peace, and we have to do what we do," the officer said ushering Ben back to Andrew's lawn.

Ben sighed, and as he was calming down, he was regretting even coming over here.

"Now, what's going on?" the first officer asked.

"Look, somebody is playing on the phone with my wife threatening her, and I believe my brother is behind it," Ben said getting angry again.

"What?" Andrew asked, looking surprised.

“Don’t play dumb,” Ben pointed an accusing finger at him.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about?”

“You,” Ben pointed again, “You may have not done it yourself, but you had something to do with it.”

“I haven’t done anything. Why would I do that?”

The first police officer asked them their names and jotted a few other notes and closed his pad. “Look, would you like to press charges?” he asked Andrew.

“No, no need. I don’t think he’ll be bothering me again. Because, if he does, he will be going to jail,” Andrew was regaining his composure.

Ben sniffed and turned his attention to the street. He narrowed his eyes at the first squad car. He recognized the number on the side of it. It was the same number on the car that followed him earlier. His mind was reeling now. He didn’t know if Andrew knew he’d come for him, and sent the police before time so he could have his chance to fight Ben or what. So many things were going on in Ben’s mind, he couldn’t sort it all.

Ben rubbed his head trying to slow down his racing thoughts. He sighed and the pain from his jaw and shoulder was beginning to come with a vengeance.

“Mr. Moore, can we assure that you won’t come over here with this foolishness again?” The second officer asked, jarring Ben back to the present situation.

“Yeah, can I go now?” Ben asked irritably.

“Yeah; we’ll follow you home,” the first officer said. He turned to Andrew, “Keep to yourself. I don’t want to have to come out here again, or you’re both going to jail,” he warned.

“Yeah,” was all Ben said. He was so angry he wanted to gut Andrew like a fish.

Ben hopped back in his truck and sped out onto the street. One squad car followed him, while the other stayed behind and took a statement from Andrew.

After everyone was gone, Paulette stood in the doorway waiting on Andrew.

“Really Pastor? Brawling on the front lawn with your brother?” She scolded closing the door.

“What was I to do? He came in here punching me like some hoodlum,” Andrew moved his jaw around and winced at the pain that shot through his face.

“You *charged* at him, Andrew,” Paulette pulled her robe tighter around her. She shook her head, “I’m so glad the children were asleep and didn’t witness this spectacle. You are brothers for God’s sake, and are supposed to be men of God,” she hissed at him.

“Paulette, you know as well as I do, that Ben is a low-class hood.”

“Low-class hood? You were both raised in the same family; in the same house,” Paulette couldn’t believe what she was hearing.

"You're making it like it's my fault. I was merely defending myself," Andrew said rubbing his arm. "Can you stop gabbing and bring me some ice? I feel like a Mac truck just ran into me."

"It's a crying shame for two pastors who are blood brothers to be brawling in the front yard like some middle school children. Both of you ought to be ashamed and repent," she said walking out and going to get him some ice. She returned, standing with a scolding look and held out the ice pack she made from ice cubes and a Ziploc bag.

"I have nothing to repent for. I did nothing wrong," Andrew responded taking the ice pack from her hands. He rested it on his chin and hissed as the coldness sat against his aching skin.

"I'm going to bed. My head is aching with all of this foolishness between you and Ben. I wish both of you would grow up. You're brothers; not enemies," she said walking toward her bedroom. "Make sure you come to bed tonight," she called out.

"I'm coming," Andrew yelled back. He sat back in his chair and sighed as the ice began to ease the pounding in his face. Before long, Andrew was snoring loudly in the chair.

Ben slowed down as the squad car pulled in behind him. Ben could feel the pain throbbing throughout his body now. He was hurting so much, that he could barely get out of his truck. When he got out, he merely leaned against it to hold himself up against the pain in his ribs and his face.

The officer got out and approached Ben, "Look sir. I'm not into family squabbles, but when you bring it outside and disturb the neighborhood, that's when I have to get involved. You understand that?"

"Yeah," Ben said leaning on the truck some more. "I know you guys won't do anything about it, but somebody called my wife tonight and threatened her. I know my brother has something to do with this, but I can't prove it. Yet," he said.

"Have you filed a report?" The officer asked.

"No, but my sister filed one," Ben let out a gush of wind as pain seared through his back and face.

"Your sister?"

"She's my lawyer. Look, I know you got to do your job, but I got one question: did my brother hire you to follow me?"

The officer frowned in confusion, "Sir. An APB was sent out on you almost forty-five minutes ago. No one *hired* me to follow you."

Ben nodded and in his frustration with the officer, he lowered his head and sighed loudly.

"You need to get that jaw checked," the officer pointed at Ben's face. "You're bleeding."

"Yeah, thanks," Ben said wiping at the blood with his hand. He looked up to see the porch light come on and the front door opened.

"Ben?" he heard Angela's voice. Now he had to get ready to deal with her. Reality of what just happened was starting to sink in, and he wasn't sure he wanted to deal with it right now.

"I'm fine," he said wiping at his bleeding mouth again.

"No you're not," Angela said coming closer to him.

"My God! What happened to you?" Angela turned toward the officer, "Is he alright?"

"He's fine. Are you his sister?"

"No, I'm his wife. What happened?"

"He got into a brawl with his brother," the officer said.

"A brawl?!" Angela turned accusingly to Ben.

"Yes ma'am. I'd advise that you keep him at bay when he decides to get another urge to fight his brother out on the lawn. I won't be so nice the next time," the officer tipped his cap, "Goodnight y'all."

"I will, thank you officer," Angela said. As the officer turned and got in his squad car, Angela stood there and stared at Ben.

"I don't know if I should slap you upside your head, or fall down on my knees and be thankful you didn't get your stupid self killed," Angela set her hands on her hip, staring at Ben.

"Not now," Ben said walking past her to get into the house.

"Ben, I can't believe you! You know everybody's watching us and every move we make. Really? Fighting with Andrew in the front yard?" she scolded following him in.

"I know he had something to do with it," he said opening up the kitchen cabinet and taking out a glass. He slung five ice cubes in it and held it up to his face. He sat down in his recliner in the family room and leaned back with the glass.

"Well, for your sake, I hope you're right."

"Where's Vic?"

"She dipped out almost twenty minutes ago. She said something about checking on a friend."

"A friend? I wasn't aware my sister had those," Ben said switching the glass to the other cheek.

"Well, I guess she does have them. At least one," Angela said grabbing her bowl of Mexican rice.

"Do you really think somebody saw what happened tonight?" Ben said looking up at her.

"Yes, I do. Somebody's always got their eyes on you."

REVIEWS

“(It) is full of suspense and will definitely keep you interested...Hats off to the exceptional author, Tonya Franklin.”

Tasha Hobson,
Richwood, TX

“Awesome; had me wanting more. I love the suspense and thrilling sensation I feel when reading it.”

Tondra Barnes,
Blogger & CEO of Aleise Styles
Hattiesburg, MS

“...Well written, and kept me in suspense...”

Felicia Goldwire,
North Bay, CA

“...Excellent. The book preview held my attention and interest.”

Debra Boddie,
Jackson, MS

“...Very interesting. The plot and characters had me on edge, which I love in a suspense book...”

Leontyne Wells,
Jackson, MS

Chapter Reveal Preview Link:

<https://www.createpace.com/Preview/1209218>

Book Purchase Link:

<http://www.tonyadfranklin.com/books>

INTERVIEW Q & A

Q: What brought up the idea for your book?

A: I wanted to present a different perspective with Christian fiction. I wanted to present a more “real life” character of people who genuinely love God, but struggle with real-life, real-people issues.

Q: How long did it take to write this book?

A: About four years, really. I started back in 2013, but I stopped writing, and picked it back up in 2015, and I finished it at the end of 2015. It took me about a year to strategize my marketing and to actually take a leap in publishing the book.

Q: What challenges did you meet in writing this book?

A: Pulling the essence out of the character’s weaknesses. I wanted to still keep it real by showing their humanity, but I wanted to keep the class of being saved, without them being viewed as hypocritical or weak. It took a while for me to shape the characters – writing and re-writing – but, I think I’m satisfied with how they are portrayed.

Q: Did you have a ritual in writing this book?

A: No. Sometimes I would be falling asleep, and an idea or story angle would pop up in my head, and I’d have to turn on the laptop to type it out. I mainly just need peace and quiet to think and formulate; nothing huge.

Q: What authors do you like to read? And why?

A: I love Toni Morrison, and Christian fiction writers, Kendra Norman Bellamy, Vanessa Miller as well as E.N. Joy’s diva series are the ones that pop up right now on my mind; but there are countless others that I like. I love Toni’s approach to difficult subjects. She tackles racism, colorism, and relationship issues within the black community. Her perspective is always submerged in symbolism, and although it can be a little challenging to uncover, it’s phenomenal. Kendra, Vanessa, and E.N. Joy are veterans in the Christian romance fiction genre, and their approaches to handling drama in the Christian community is awesomely done with class.

Q: What do you want readers to gain from reading your book?

A: A sense of encouragement. I want people to realize that being saved, anointed, and appointed does not save them from trials, failure, and attacks. It’s okay to question God – but be willing to listen to the answer, and move in what God says. I also want people to know the difference between genuine love for God, and love for the *idea* of God. I also want Christian marriage to be revisited in truth. Christianity doesn’t save you from marital strife, but how you choose to handle that strife is what makes all the difference. The book is about growth for the two main characters: Ben and Angela.

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FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Author Hopes Book Release Will Put Mississippi on the Map
New Christian Fiction Author, Tonya Franklin, Hosts First Release Party

The *Devil in Disguise* Book Release party will be held **March 5, 2017 at 4:00 p.m. at 1814 Shady Lane Drive, Jackson, MS**. This event is a launch to the first fictional published work to raise awareness of the author, the book, as well as meet with supporters of the book.

A special chapter reading as well as live Q&A session will be featured, and book signings will be available for those who have purchased the book. Photo ops and give-a-ways will also be a part of the event. There will also be a side release of the 31-day devotional, *A Woman Not Ashamed*, on-hand to be premiered and sold.

About Tonya Franklin – She is an indie Christian fiction author, who also writes books on business empowerment and professional training. She is the author of *Good Customer Service Tips for Entrepreneurs: Please and Thank You with a Smile* and the developer of the e-course “Sharpen Me Up,” which is based on this book, as well as *Women on Purpose: Bible and Business*, which is a study bible guide that unearths nuggets of professional principles from the prophetic messages of the bible book, *Amos*.

Her desire is to bring a healthy image of African-American and Christian writers from Mississippi to global readers and entrepreneurs. And she wants to provide a platform for Christian authors in the South to expand their reach and reputation on a global scale. She has been a writer for over 20 years, but has only been a published author since 2015.

“There aren’t many avenues for Christian authors and entrepreneurs in Mississippi, and I’d like to change that. I want to project an option for (us), where we can compete successfully with a strong sense of ethics, and not fear that we have to compromise our faith in order to do it,” she said.

The new Christian fiction thriller, *Devil in Disguise* tells the story of a pastor, Ben Moore, III and how he manages to keep his faith intact in spite of being set on the rollercoaster of lies, secrets, and murder. The Chapter Reveal is available on www.createspace.com/Preview/1209218. The official book release is scheduled for February 20, 2017.

To learn more, visit www.tonyadfranklin.com

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