

Forward

“A Circle of Chaos” is the third novel in the Circles legacy series. Intriguingly these books are all cliffhangers and like a puzzle connecting one piece to the other, they tell the story. However, they each stand on their own beautifully, and are enjoyable one on one.

These fictional novels are also unique in their orbit as they have no conversation. In that way, to have made them special, each book is told from the leading lady’s viewpoint as she suffers through the growing fear in her life, and rejoices in faith found in that strife. Thus by suffering and rejoicing the circles spin and connect in their inspirations.

Happily offering these books in this manner, the reader will not be lost in annoying conversations of characters making the readers “peepers” into their story.

Thus by engaging the reader directly, these books will make a personal “seeker” contact with the readers, and as a reader from my first book says, “you will feel a part of the story as these novels do not want you to just read them, these books want you to wear them, and live IN them!” I agree, as this gives the reader a personal involvement, and a chance to experience abundant reflective looking glass moments with the characters.

Excitedly in this distinctive manner seeing yourself in the characters, my leading lady Angelica will speak directly to you! Yes in this approach she uses the book like therapy, while she chooses the reader as her new best friend, needed confidant and psychoanalyst. Likewise hearing her lyrical words define life, listening to her soul cry, and her spirit sing, YOU will become Angelica’s counselor. Absolutely from the mouth of this babe you will then have firsthand adventures with her as you enjoy the challenging journey of the circle.

Yes you will stand with her while the shy, young, slightly off balanced woman, with angel in her name, stays mired in a pit of blackness looking for the guiding light inside her destiny. Connectively in the beautiful descriptive imagery of this book the reader will taste the oily black water she drinks. You will see in your mind’s inner eye the brilliant menacing sunrises frying her alive. You will touch the camel’s coarse fur silhouetted in the moonlight. You will hear the fingernail biting, grating Moslem call to prayer floating off over asphyxiating air. You will feel the oppressive atmosphere of isolation driving her crazy in her jail cell apartment. Yes, you will help her chaotic family make sense of what makes no sense to her.

The dictionary defines the word chaos as “a state of total confusion, or an unright-able disorder, a complete lack of organization.” Chaos is also identified as a “total disaster”. In this definition and combination of misery’s untidiness located within these pages of my wild inspirational imagination, Angelica further defines her chaos as growing nightmares of great loss, feeling lost, needing to find peace going across the fire, following the Cross.

Hence in that crossing over thought my leading lady has realized chaos is found in many things like cross purposes, crossing the line, crossed eyes, going crossways, cross lies, crossed fingers, crossed hearts, cross love, then crossing somebody’s path like a black cat, or being double crossed, with many crosses to bear.

Therefore in that cross over thought, Angelica has discovered she has been misplaced and unhappy within the pursuing climatic chaos of her marriage and pandemonium life. Yet in shadowing the Cross, even in her self-inflicted anarchy, she has been surprisingly settled, celebrating her destiny. Yes she has always been quite serene in her faith and tranquil within her soul even as she has been living in the turmoil of her husband’s verbal abuse and the misery found living in the dark of the Saudi Arabian ghettos.

Thus in rotating chaos Angelica has additionally been confused by the accumulating matrimonial unrest where she has still found herself struggling with new and odd tests of providence while their verbally bloody marital clashing fights continue. Yet, even as she has threatened to expose their secrets and to have taken her innocent love with infant son Coby away from her extremely startled infuriated husband, Angelica has been twisted and torn up about that probability. Thus in giving Conner a strong hysterical ultimatum of an immediate relocation for the family, or expensive divorce Angelica is stunned how happy that has made her. On the other hand, where the pretty big new diamond nested, in conflict of her tested vows and spirits negotiations knowing that her husband desperately loves her in his own way, she has been amazed how unhappy that consideration made her also.

In that thought of giving things away, some that were not hers to give, while being oblivious to the past, stupid in the present, and blind to the future, something had to change “or else”! In that or else she was further tired of the Payne in her last name and weary living in the stinky bowels of hell she had known all too well, as she fretted over her mistakes of give and take in the past and present. Yes Angelica in giving in, then realizes how miserable in her first two books she has been living in the wastelands of Saudi Arabia, and how much she desperately wanted out of there.

Rightfully Angelica, a girl with angel in her name, had just about given up, as in her fate she found little to love, and a whole lot of things to hate. Yes as 1974 rolled on and over her, Angelica hated fate and she hated hate. She also hated that she had even known the word hate.

Subsequently, hating so much, looking for a man to count on and things to love, she also hated more that she used that word “hate” every day. Yes she similarly hated in that hateful way, as hate had grown, that she had become mentally unstable and had not known what she feared or hated the most.

So, to my fragile Angelica being married, living, divorced, buried, poisoned, breathing, hating, loving, being shot, dying, or suffocating were all the same thing. In that verification a “Circle of Chaos” started. Yes to that commencement Angelica then questioned again what she could have done to change “hate to love” and to have rearranged that wild ride, as her chapter of life started side by side. No she had not known if “hate could have become love”, but with help from above in that desire she was sure ready to have found out...