

MEDIA KIT

I Believe You

A mystery novel by Jeanne Grunert

Bricks & Brambles Press is pleased to introduce you to our latest release – I BELIEVE YOU, a mystery novel by Jeanne Grunert. Set on Long Island’s Gold Coast, this is a novel of love and death, jealousy and rivalry, forgiveness and redemption. Follow the Majek family as they uncover the truth behind the death of one of their own, the shocking realization that threatens to shatter their close-knit family forever.

Author Biography

Jeanne Grunert is an award-winning author whose tales of mystery and imagination have entranced readers for many years. She is a professional, full-time copywriter and blogger, as well as a magazine columnist for *Virginia Gardener* magazine. Jeanne grew up on Long Island, very near to where the story in *I Believe You* is set, and currently lives and works on a 17-acre farm in rural Virginia. She holds an M.A. in Writing as well as an M.S. in Direct Marketing, and is the author of a previous work of fiction, *An Ancient Gift and Other Stories*, and several nonfiction books about business and gardening.

Follow the author:

Official Author Website: www.jeannegrunert.com

Gardening Blog: www.homegardenjoy.com

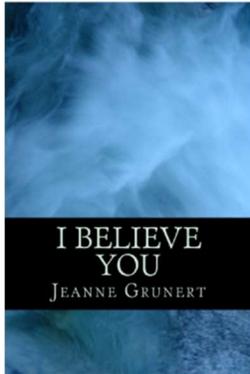
Business Website: www.marketing-writer.com

About the Book

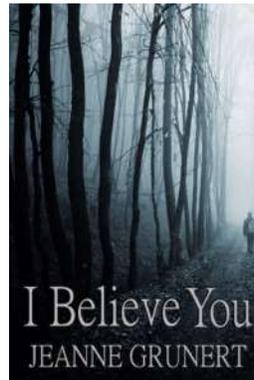
Six months ago, a hit and run driver changed David's life forever when his wife, Cathy, was killed. Now he struggles to raise his three sons alone and run the financial empire founded by his outlandish father. One night, a mysterious stranger appears to be watching his home. The next day, \$100,000 is missing from his bank account. As David struggles to untangle the knot of lies,

deception and intrigue surrounding his wife's David, he threatens to shatter his close-knit family forever.

Images



AMAZON PAPERBACK EDITION



KINDLE EDITION

Book Information

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Review Copies

Review copies are available in paperback and electronic (PDF) format. Please request a sample copy from the author at jeannegrunert@gmail.com or by calling (434) 574-6253.

Top Customer Reviews

5.0 out of 5 stars

A fast-paced, absorbing thriller.

By Mollie B Griffith on October 1, 2016

Format: Paperback Verified Purchase

I was hooked right away by the lifelike Majek family. "I Believe You" is a quick and entertaining read, full of suspense and well developed characters. I loved being so caught up in the plot that I stayed up late and woke up early just to keep reading. This book will transport you to a realistic world of investors, colorful but close-knit family members, and faithful friends.

5.0 out of 5 starsA Wonderful Read That Will Stay With Me

5.0 out of 5 stars

By Jodee Redmond on October 4, 2016

Format: Paperback

With its well-crafted story and believable characters, Ms. Grunert proves that you don't need coarse language and brutal violence to draw a reader into a tale and hold them there. I found myself feeling as though I "knew" these characters and through the expert weaving of the story line, I cared deeply about what happened to them. I felt the momentum increase as I got to the story's conclusion and totally enjoyed the exciting ride, although I was a bit sorry my time with the Majek family had ended. Bravo!

5.0 out of 5 stars

By examining the eternal relationships and the love that binds beyond the grave

By Regina on October 1, 2016

Format: Paperback

Gripping, strange, and wholly original. Through skilled craftsmanship and an economy of prose, Grunert is able to allow her reader to grasp the untouchable veil that separates the visible and the invisible, the seen and the unseen, the corporal and the spiritual. She gives meaning to the matter of human suffering, especially psychological pain of loss, guilt and redemption. By examining the eternal relationships and the love that binds beyond the grave, some healing can only happen through penitence and purgation but only if the deaf are willing to hear and if the truly debilitated recognize their own latent disability. A wonderful novel that grows larger in the mind.

Excerpts

Chapter One

David Majek yawned, lacing his fingers together and raising his hands over his head, stretching to the ceiling. He dropped his hands with a thud onto the desk in front of him on top of the piles of papers he'd brought home from work. Multiple spreadsheets were open on the desktop monitor, but nothing there made sense, either. Whether it was because he was tired or there really were discrepancies in the Triad Fund he couldn't tell. He rubbed his tired eyes, glanced at cold mug of coffee to his right, and yawned again.

I should call it a night, he thought, shuffling the papers around once more. But he also knew that once he sank into bed, he wouldn't sleep. Cathy's side would remain cold and empty. The hours would tick by until dawn, when he'd rise early once again to more coffee and endless work. Anything to keep his mind off of Cathy's absence.

"Um, Dad?"

His teenage son Josh stood in the doorway. David leaned back in the creaking office chair. "Hi, Josh. You're up late. Everything okay?"

"Um, Dad?" Josh shuffled his bare feet on the hallway carpet. "There's a guy outside."

"Outside where, Josh?"

"On the corner."

"So?" David waited.

Josh wandered over to the couch before finally circling back to his father's desk near the door. "Well, he's like, watching the house or something."

"What?" David pushed back his chair. He narrowly missed tipping over the congealing coffee. "What is he doing?"

“He’s standing on the corner. I think he’s taking pictures with his cell phone.”

“How did you notice him?” David rose from his chair and strode past his son to the living room. A warm pool of light from the accent lamp on the hall table provided the only illumination in the room, but he could make his way past the sofas and coffee table, up the little step past Cathy’s baby grand piano to the front windows. Josh turned on the lamp on the end table next to one of the sofas and followed his father to the front windows.

David pushed aside the heavy burgundy velvet and rayon drapes covering the window and peered through the mullioned panes. It was a cool, misty April night. An offshore breeze blew salt-scented mists through the oaks and sycamores lining Edgewater Drive. He pressed his palm against the cold glass and wiped at the mist until he realized it was outside, not condensation on the glass. Joshua joined him on his right hand side, pointing down the slight hill to the base of Edgewater Drive where it curved away from Walnut Street.

“He’s there. Under the streetlight.” Josh pointed.

“When did you see him?”

“Eddie saw him about an hour ago. He just came and got me now because the guy didn’t move.”

Each corner of Hunter’s Run, the Long Island housing development where the Majeks lived, had old-fashioned street lamps that reminded David of the lamp that greeted the children into Narnia. David strained to see through the swirling mists. Rainwater shimmered on pavement and fresh green leaves.

David peered into the shifting mists. For a second he thought he saw a form near the lamp. A tall man wearing some sort of hat, it looked like to him.

“Oh, yeah, Eddie said the guy was at his school today, too.”

“What?”

“He said that he and Chris saw the guy at school today. They ran to tell a teacher, but by the time the teacher got there, the man was gone.”

“Can you get Eddie for me, please?” David asked. Josh pounded upstairs to find his little brother.

David leaned back against the barrister bookcase containing Cathy’s music. He hadn’t the heart to get rid of them, and dusting wasn’t even on his radar. To give away her music was unthinkable, the final act acknowledging she was gone, not coming home. Sometimes late at night when he couldn’t sleep, he wandered down to the living room and sat at the piano bench, resting his cheek against the music stand. Her fingerprints were still there, ghostly imprints of a full life cut short, a life filled with laughing and playing music, preparing for her next class at the university, practicing to play piano at church on Sunday. He wondered what his sister Eva had thought when he’d asked her not to dust the piano, but she had just nodded mutely and gone on to clean the rest of the house, instructing her workers to do the same.

Now he leaned against the bookcase, wedging his tall, lean frame between the upright case and the cool plaster wall, peering out from behind the curtains like a burglar in his own home.

The strange man hadn't moved. He still leaned against the lamp post, collar turned against the cold and damp, fedora pulled low over his forehead. The family room clock chimed 11:30.

He studied the man. Strongly built, with broad shoulders, unless the coat had padded shoulders. What was he doing there? As David watched, the stranger reached with his left hand into the flap of his coat pocket, pulling forth a small object. Maybe a pack of cigarettes? David shook away the image of a 1940s gangster film, when he realized it was a smartphone. The man raised the phone, and clicked. It took David a second to realize the man was photographing his house.

"That's it," David muttered under his breath. Confront the asshole or call the police? He reached for his cell phone and was just about to dial when footsteps thudded back down the stairs.

Eddie followed his older brother. His tawny hair was long and tousled, his bangs falling over his dark-circled brown eyes. He needed a haircut, but Cathy had always arranged such things. Alex had been here around Christmas to take his brother into town for a haircut; David supposed he would have to take his son from now on. He shook his head and raised his hands to sign to his son.

Have you seen him before? David's hands moved fluently in American Sign Language.

Eddie peered out the window, then nodded, glancing back to his brother, then to his father. He patted his hands together in the sign for "At school."

Josh nodded. "I told you," he said quickly to his father, his words tumbling out. "Ed says it's the same guy..."

David held up his hand to pause his middle son, then turned back to Eddie. *What did he do?*

Eddie shrugged, made Os with his hands, then raised opened his hands with his fingers spread and palms out. *Nothing*, the gesture said. He brought V fingers to his eyes. *Watching*. Then signed, *Waiting*.

The man outside had stepped closer to the Majek's home. Just a few feet away from the lamp post, but enough to disturb David.

Suddenly, a black sedan screeched to a halt by the curb. The man raced to the passenger door, threw it open, and slid into the front seat. David glimpsed the Cadillac logo and a New York license plate; the last letter a Y, but he couldn't get anything more than that. With a puff of exhaust fumes the car vanished into the misty night.

"Well," David said, tapping his phone. "I'm still calling the police."

"You think it has anything to do with...Mom?"

"Mom was killed by a hit and run driver," David said quietly, "I don't think so, but he may be casing the neighborhood."

"Casing it? Like in the movies?"

"Yeah, something like that." David waited until the phone clicked through to the 5th Precinct. He quickly relayed details to the dispatcher, who promised to send a car around to take his statement. Josh and Eddie waited until he was done. David continued. "He may be trying to see who's home, who's coming and going, things like that, so he can rob the neighborhood."

“Wow.”

David signed to Eddie, *Time for bed*. Eddie lifted his chin and pursed his lips. David knew he wanted to wait up for the police. *I'll get you if I need you*, he signed. *Go*.

“C'mon, Ed.” Josh took his little brother by the hand and pulled him back towards the stairs, where the two thudded back up their rooms.

David leaned against the cool panes of the front window, watching Edgewater Drive. Mist swirled against the newly blossoming maple trees. Light from the lamp post shimmered in rain-slicked golden smudges on the black pavement. Lights flashed; a police car turned the corner and cruised slowly up to the Majek's Tudor. David stepped away from the windows and back to the front door to let the police in to take his statement.

Cathy, he thought for the thousandth time that day, *I wish you were here*.

Did the strange man watching the house have anything to do with her death? Probably not, but as he opened the front door onto the cool, misty April night, and the scent of the wet asphalt and moist earth reached him, he shivered.

FOR MORE INFORMATION

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