

## **THE AUTHORS SHOW – Fiction Mystery/Suspense/Thriller**

### **Author: L. P. Hoffman**

Award-Winning Author, L. P. Hoffman

From her Grandfather's tales about Buffalo Bill to the mystique of the West, L. P. Hoffman's imagination was primed at an early age. In her transient childhood, she experienced the dark side of Caribbean culture and survived war in the Middle East. As an adult, the author has traveled the world and moved among Washington insiders. L. P. Hoffman values unique perspectives and believes that culturally relevant stories born of experience are the ones best told.

L. P. Hoffman has always felt most comfortable communicating in the written medium. She began writing short stories as a child because she found it was the best way for her to express her feelings and passionate points of view. The author, also an artist, describes creative writing as "painting with words."

The L. P. Hoffman award-winning brand is literary fiction—using mystery and suspense to write about culturally relevant, sometimes controversial, issues—written from a multiple third-person viewpoint with a braided plot chain that propels the reader through the story. Many readers have said they cannot put her books down. Adjectives and phrases used by reviewers and fans to describe her writing include "intriguing," "foreseeing," "goose-bump generating," "prophetic," "skillfully written," "inspiring," "hopeful," "top-notch writing," and "for the thoughtful reader."

L. P. Hoffman writes her novels from a Christian worldview, but the spiritual elements are organic to the story, and readers say her books are not "preachy." She writes thought-provoking books that she hopes will inspire people to look further into the issues.

Literary-fiction novels by L. P. Hoffman include *The Canaan Creed* (Next Generation Indie Books Award Winner), *Shadow of the Piper* (Foreword's Book of the Year IndieFab Winner), *The Third*

Peril Trilogy: The Third Peril, The Third Woe (Independent Press Award Distinguished Favorite), and The Third Day (Coming soon).

Excerpt from The Third Woe

Joel, although of legal drinking age now, had a deeper reason for abstaining. From the day he was accepted into UC Berkeley, the rules had been clear. If Joel's true identity was ever discovered by anyone, he would be asked to leave the university. Drinking was just too risky.

Haus flipped the burgers on the grill and then launched into a rave dance, his ample girth swaying like gelatin.

Finn blasted him with a squirt gun, and some water droplets sizzled on the grill. The fight was on! The one thing Haus never joked about was food. He locked Finn's head under his arm and wouldn't let up until his roommate begged for mercy.

Finn grimaced. "Bro, remind me to get you a stick of Old Spice."

Joel leaned back against the house and kept an eye on some bikini-clad girls swirling their toes in the water.

Toadie stuck his head through the open window and followed the line of Joel's gaze to the kiddie pool. "Dude, I thought you and that little dark-haired waitress who works over at the Seabird Grille were tight?"

"I'm just doing a little harmless bird watching."

"Those Loth girls are a bit breezy for me." Toadie croaked out a belch. "But, that chick from the Seabird Grille you've been hangin' with... now, she's some primo arm candy." A wistful grin spread across Toadie's face. "I wouldn't mind takin' that babe on a stroll through the Glade."

"Her name is Coco, and she's off limits!" Joel growled at his roommate.

“Okay, chill. Man, you’ve got it bad.” Toadie punctuated his concession with another belch and then pointed to an interesting character with a long, white beard and Hawaiian shirt. “Who invited the homeless dude?”

“I don’t believe it.” Joel watched his old friend stroll over to the picnic table with a plastic barrel of cheese balls and a six pack of blue sports drink. “Zeke,” he yelled, “it’s good to see you!”

“Good to be seen!” The old man grinned.

Finn wandered over and took a loud slurp from his Solo cup. “Who’s your little ZZ Top friend?”

Joel made the introductions.

“Anybody who brings cheese balls to a party is okay by me. Hell, yeah!”

“I make it a policy to just say ‘No’ to hell. Besides, Young Fella,” Zeke said, with a twinkle in his eye, “those cheese balls would be burnt to a crisp there.”

Finn chuckled. “You’re a hoot, Ol’ Bro. Help yourself to a cold one!”

“Nah, that stuff makes you stupid.” Zeke grabbed a bottle of sports drink and twisted the cap.

“Blue Berry Blast. Now, this stuff will knock a big hole in your thirst. Has a nasty tendency to turn my lips blue, but I don’t mind.”

The plastic cup slipped from Finn’s hand. He dove to catch it, stubbed his toe on the picnic table, and then let out a string of profanities.

Joel and Zeke watched him hopping on one foot. Finn’s heel came down onto the edge of the kiddie pool, spilling a stream of water over his bare feet. He fell on his butt, and the partygoers roared with laughter.

“Yup, like I said, that stuff will make you stupid,” Zeke said to Finn, then he looked earnestly at Joel. “You’ve grown up nice, but I’m not surprised.”

“Can you stay?”

“Wish I could, Kid, but there’s someplace I need to be.” Zeke’s pale, crystal eyes locked on Joel. “I’ve got a message for you—kind of like an early graduation card from God.”

Joel pushed his hands into his jean pockets. “I’m listening.”

The Apostle Paul said, “When I was a child, I spoke and thought and reasoned as a child. But when I grew up, I put away childish things.”

“I don’t understand.” Joel followed the old man to the front yard of the party house. “Is God telling me to grow up?”

“That’s a question you should be asking Him. I expect God will make it all clear in time.” Zeke swung open the dented and rust pocked door of his old Rambler station wagon.

“I can’t believe this old relic is still running after all these years,” Joel marveled.

“You referring to me or the car?” Zeke climbed behind the wheel and cranked the window down. “A little dab of Gorilla glue and some fresh duct tape here an’ there. Would you believe she still gets great gas mileage?”

The old man fired up the engine and reached out for a handshake. “I’ll be seein’ you around.” As the Rambler rolled away, Zeke looked back and hollered, “Ponder that word, Kid. Things could get a little rough from here on out.”