

# Media Kit for Chasing the Tumbleweed by Casey Dawes

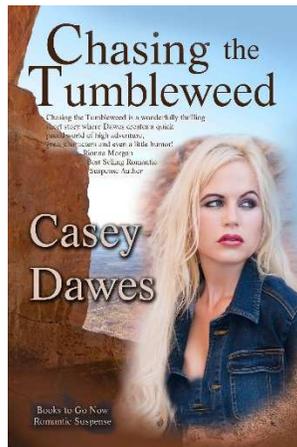
**Title:** Chasing the Tumbleweed

**Author:** Casey Dawes

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**Genre:** Romantic Suspense



## ***Book Blurb***

Fleeing Salt Lake City as a twenty--four--year-old failure, Laurie takes the long way home through the middle of Nevada's lonely high desert plains. Her rest stop should have been routine, but now she's fighting for her life against a well-armed escaped murderer who's dragging her further into the empty wilderness.

Forest ranger Jeff Dawson's lonely life suits him just fine, but he's concerned he's falling into a rut and becoming soft. If trouble happens, will he be ready for it?

## ***Buy Links***

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## ***Excerpt***

The hot August wind blew the tumbleweed across the two-lane highway. Laurie Bevin eased off the gas to avoid the rootless bush, though even that small movement increased the pressure in her bladder. There had to be a rest stop. The barren Nevada countryside didn't have a decent bush to hide behind to do her business.

What had possessed her to take this road? The interstate would have gotten her from Salt Lake to LA faster than this podunk highway through the heart of basin and range country.

But that was the problem. She didn't want to go faster. Moving faster meant pulling up at her parents' door, a failure at the ripe old age of twenty-four.

There! Black pipes rose from two squat non-descript buildings that blended in with the rest of the brown landscape. Only the gray thunderclouds to the east provided relief from the unrelenting drabness.

She drove her ancient Celica onto the dirt parking lot and pulled to a stop. As she got out of the car she noticed a bright red plastic ice chest positioned exactly between the two buildings.

*Odd.*

Holding her nose, she ran into the brick outhouse, using every ounce of willpower to keep from peeing in her pants. She sighed with relief when she finished and stood to zip up her jeans.

Something rustled behind the building.

Probably some form of rodent. *Time to get out of here.*

She glanced around the small space. Not even a hand sanitizer.

Turning the doorknob with distaste, she tried not to think of who or what lingered on its cool metal surface. She scurried back to her car, giving the ice chest another glance.

She'd be better off not knowing what was in it.

The disinfectant wipes left her hands with a medicinal smell, but it was a vast improvement over lingering germs. Laurie gave another glance at the ice chest.

No good could come from opening it, but if she didn't, her unfulfilled curiosity would haunt her for the rest of the trip. She pulled out another wipe to protect her fingers, walked slowly back to the chest and circled it as if it was a snake. Finally, she lunged toward it and yanked it open.

## ***Author Bio***



Casey Dawes has lived a varied life--some by choice, some by circumstance. Her master's degree in theater didn't prepare her for anything practical, so she's been a teacher, stage hand, secretary, database guru, manager in Corporate America, business coach, and writer.

With a few marriages, two sons, and three step-children, her personal life was a challenge when she met and married her current husband who has proved to be the love of her life. They reside in Montana where she quilts, writes, and coaches on the banks of the Clark Fork River. The couple has been adopted by two gently used cats.

## ***Links***

**Website/Blog:** [www.stories-about-love.com](http://www.stories-about-love.com)

**Facebook:** <https://www.facebook.com/Casey.Stories.About.Love>

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