

WYSTON BOOKS,  
INC.

Novel: LIES IN PROGRESS

## LIES IN PROGRESS by Stanley Goldstein

### About The Book

A pregnant teenager, rejected by her parents and sought by police throughout the world, is hidden and cared for by friends. Foreseeing her murder, she prays only that her child survive and, someday, know how much she loved him. But the girl has unknown allies: a priest who delights in classical study; a congressional aide so skillful he's nicknamed "The Lord"; and an English outlaw on his final, most dangerous mission: to rescue his sister, safeguard America from the awesome weapon, CATAclysm--and gain redemption.

Having characters of dimension and intelligence, this novel is a moral and political

### About The Author

Stanley Goldstein is an author and psychologist who has appeared on national broadcasts including *The Larry King Show* and *CourtTV*. His first book was praised by *Kirkus Reviews* and described by

odyssey of our time,  
destined to be shared and  
remembered.

Publication Date: October,  
2002

Pages: 300

ISBN: 0971770514 (quality  
paperback) - \$15.95

ISBN: 0971770522  
(hardcover) - \$24.95 (SOLD  
OUT)

*Publishers  
Weekly* as  
"outstanding."  
This is his  
first novel.

NOTE: Prices are subject  
to change without notice.

Excerpt from *LIES IN  
PROGRESS*

CONTENTS

*Author's Note*

*Foreword*

BOOK ONE

LOVE AND AFTER

*Beginnings*

BOOK TWO

DECEPTION TIMES THREE

*Pride's Consequence*

BOOK THREE

OPERATION CATACLYSM

*Devil's Work*

BOOK FOUR

THE VENGEANCE OF THE LORD

*Judgment, and Revelation*

*Epilogue*

*Select Bibliography*

AUTHOR'S NOTE

This is a work of fiction. If you believe a character to be someone you know, trust me--you don't. But publicized historical events and, unfortunately, the science and mechanics of terrorism, are accurately described.

*Lies In Progress* was completed just days before the attacks on New York City and Washington, making necessary minor descriptive changes. Hopefully, government actions will cause the weapon described to remain fanciful.

I thank my brother, Leonard, for his long support and helpful suggestions.

Comments are welcome.

Stanley Goldstein

Hudson Valley, New York

November, 2001

#### FOREWORD

The TV news droned on as he explained my poisoning. Torn refugees and smartly dressed soldiers; then an eleven year old baton twirler whose loose costume anticipated my diminishing curves.

Later we viewed a documentary of the husband who disposed of his wife's body fragments in a stream. Hopefully she was dead before chipping began. If guidelines for loves still exist *that* should be first!

Or is murder now acceptable with a great political career at stake? When some things must simply be done, not considered.

#### CHAPTER ONE

"'His thing was big and hairy.'"

"Well aren't they?"

"Some," her friend responded with a knowing smile. Not laughing since their geometry teacher, though in his sixties, wasn't yet deaf or unobservant. Both girls stared intently onto their worksheets with lips barely moving.

"What else?"

"You can read it," the seventeen year old said to her younger classmate, passing the letter across the small space separating their desks.

It was four pages written in stream of consciousness style as if the writer had been trying both to communicate and to understand her experience.

"We met in Media Play's parking lot after work. He asked if I was hungry and I said I didn't eat since lunch and he said he had food in his City apartment but never learned how to cook and I said I could. We went in separate cars and he drove fast so I had to which scared me but I was more scared of losing

him.

"He was smoking when I parked but put the cigarette out when he saw me--I HATE smoking. But it doesn't seem to matter so much when you're in love. Maybe he knows how I feel and trying to stop.

"His apartment is on East 50th Street by the river. The doorman smiled like he wondered if I was his daughter or niece but I smiled as if I belonged there which maybe now I do.

"The apartment has two entrances: one into a small foyer and the other through the kitchen. The refrigerator and stove were old fashioned and he said he was lent the apartment by a friend and didn't change anything since he only sleeps there when he works late and his wife never comes. I guess he noticed I felt funny when he said wife cause he put his arm round me and I felt warm and the feeling went away.

"Then he said it was time to feed me and smiled which I love to see and we went to the tiny kitchen and found ham and cheese

and bread and he said we could eat in bed.

"I knew we'd have sex since the first time I felt him hard against me but wondered who does what and when? But everything went easy! He said it's fun showering together and I smiled and said OK but had to pee and he said I should and I did and then I called him into the bathroom and we took off our clothes and went into the shower and he soaped me and I soaped him and his thing was big and hairy. Mom coming--more tomorrow."

The sixteen year old slipped the note back.

"Seeing LeeAnn tonight?"

"Her house Friday-- come."

"Baby-sitting, but call me!"

Her friend agreed and both looked up into the scowl of their teacher, feeling relief when he didn't demand to see the note. Twenty minutes later school was over and the girls walked to their

Scarsdale homes, deep in conversation and barely acknowledging passing friends.

"Where'd they meet?"

"He needed someone to teach him computer and her father volunteered her."

"For what?" the smiling sixteen year old asked and received a painful grip on the shoulder.

"No one knows but you and no one else will!" was the less friendly response.

Her friend reassured her and their discussion turned to the new, expensive, and little used teen center in this wealthy community. Though formerly a Jewish enclave, it now held considerable Christian population drawn by the excellent schools and manicured fantasy of sobriety. Students who worked were motivated by their desire for independence, not poverty.

The Media Play where LeeAnn worked was a factory like cavernous building. It's unfinished beam ceiling enclosed a carpeted area of book,

record, and video game displays, armchairs, and snack bar.

At her last job she once aimlessly turned index cards, having finished work but unwilling to leave early and lose pay. Suddenly her shoulder was patted by the smiling boss who said, "doun great." Even Media Play was better.

LeeAnn was barely sixteen but her height (five feet ten inches) and gravity of expression made her seem older. She was quiet and paused before speaking as if considering spontaneous speech unwise, even dangerous.

Her straight bond hair extended halfway down her back. This seductive element was, however, unmatched by her behavior for she wore no makeup and, her friends insisted, a skirt only twice since kindergarten: for class graduation ceremonies. Yet her persistent concern for others, as reflected in the favors she volunteered, caused no one to doubt her femininity. She was a girl who looked like a woman and thought

like the mother she had become for her two younger sisters.

LeeAnn felt guilty. Not about having sex which she felt was her decision to make. But for lying to her parents who believed she had been working late doing inventory. Even if everyone was asleep when she got home and they asked no questions the next day. As usual.

Her mother slept late. Her father returned home between midnight and three, when their arguments began. These didn't last long since he took the seven forty fifty train to New York City. LeeAnn wondered how he functioned at his law firm with so little sleep and where he spent evenings.

The Monsters (her five year old twin sisters who had resulted from a poorly placed diaphragm after a drunken party her mother once confided to her) had now chosen their clothes for the first time, in an acceptable but creative fashion. Then they glared at LeeAnn because her lateness had made it impossible for her to dress them, as she usually

did.

Choosing her clothes wasn't a problem: shirt and jeans. Nor was underwear, a girl in the locker room having suggested that she could manage with a tight T-shirt instead of bra. She wasn't really flat but her breasts were small. Like her vagina which Ralph liked. Or maybe just said he did.

LeeAnn thought how differently women and men related to sex. Only now did the phrase of her friends, "sex starved," make sense. And she realized that she had sex because Ralph was understanding. Possibly another man, from some bizarre curiosity, would have insisted that she pee in front of him. But he had sensed the timidity beneath her smile and responded to it. Why *had* he wanted her? Not because she was a good lay or from being horny for he could certainly find a more experienced woman with his looks and money, and had a wife.

These thought caused her to miss the last step and her books went flying

as she grabbed the banister. The Monsters quickly stopped laughing: she hadn't yet made them breakfast.

While driving to school her sisters chatted about their teacher's cupcakes and scarey stories. Being good readers and nosy, LeeAnn prayed that they hadn't found her letters.

Despite protests she accompanied them to their classroom though this made her late. No way would she leave them at the building's door as her mother did.

Her first class was English and the teacher didn't comment on lateness, choosing to avoid unnecessary confrontations. Twenty nine years before she had argued about a trivial matter with a teenager who committed suicide the next morning. Though it was impossible that her words caused this, she thereafter hassled only about important matters. Which made her the most popular teacher in the school, even having been selected by a senior class as the one they

would most value being marooned with. She had never married despite the promise of her name (Bea Frootful), this having aroused an insider joke which students affectionately shared with newcomers.

LeeAnn's crotchched itched. She squirmed in her seat hoping it would help but it didn't and she wondered if the sex caused it or some disease. Once, after a boy fondled her, she found white spots on her thigh and frantically called Penny who suggested that she wash the soap off.

LeeAnn wondered if she looked different as a non-virgin, smiling as she remembered having once believed that others knew when she was menstruating.

Bored with class work, a review of grammar for that week's exam, she wrote another note.

"You were right it didn't hurt. He slept a few minutes and we had sex again which was fun but not as much as the first

time. I fell asleep and when I woke he was getting dressed so I got dressed and we drove home but slower. I didn't see the doorman which I was glad and told him. He said with the size of his Christmas present he better be polite. He kissed before leaving and said he'd call.

"Am I his girlfriend or sex buddy? Will I teach him computer again and can I be sure now what he's paying for? If not for that, more than thirty dollars I hope! Won't know for weeks: he's going away. More next."

The bell rang and LeeAnn joined the throng surging through the halls. Penny was in her biology class and she would slip her the note there.

This teacher, Mr. Haskley, raved at late students, deprecated all, and generated numerous complaints. But was too near retirement for disciplinary measures to be effective. Decades before, to arouse sympathy, a principal implied that his behavior was caused by war

injury. But the ensuing sympathetic effect soon disappeared as student suffering continued.

LeeAnn's concentration flagged after giving Penny the note. But it momentarily became acute upon hearing the word "insides." Then she had a thought: maybe sex was a deeper experience for women than men because their body was *invaded* during sex.

The boy behind whispered in her ear. "What would you do if two guy raped you?"

LeeAnn usually ignored dumb comments. Now, realizing the depth of the sexual experience, her response had greater vehemence than she had intended.

"*I'd Bobbitt them,*" she said.

END OF CHAPTER ONE

Copyright 2002 by Stanley Goldstein. All Rights Reserved.

