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Media Kit

Intentional Take
A Novel

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Author Biography

Robert Roberge Jr., author of *Intentional Take*, was born and has lived in Massachusetts his entire life. Robert has worked as a marketing communications writer since 1989 in various industries, and in 1997 started his own freelance writing business targeting large-to mid-sized companies. He holds a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Professional Writing and a Bachelor of Science Degree in Film/Media Production.

His literary influences include Robert B. Parker, Elmore Leonard, James Lee Burke, and Ernest Hemingway. He also enjoys the work of Ross MacDonald and John Irving, among others. Robert recently completed the manuscript for a second Jeff Tribe novel, and is currently at work on a new mystery-thriller.

Visit his website at www.robertrobergejr.com.

Book Facts

Author: Robert Roberge Jr.
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Publisher's Synopsis

Intentional Take is a mystery-thriller, first of a new series from RJR Press, featuring the character of Jeff Tribe. The series will follow Tribe as he evolves from helping family and friends to taking cases as a true detective.

Intentional Take begins a year after Jeff Tribe got himself released from prison on a technicality and tracked down his fiancée's true killer, the crime for which he was unjustly convicted. Now Tribe's estranged aunt wants him to use those same detective skills to find her kidnapped daughter Charlene who was taken off a city street in broad daylight eight days ago. The police have no leads so Tribe teams up with a former boyhood pal, Esai Morales, who loved Charlene when the two were teenagers but is now a local criminal, and together they search for the missing woman from Massachusetts, to New Jersey, and down the coast to North Carolina. Along the way Morales painfully relives his fateful romance with young Charlene while Tribe deals with a shoebox full of memories from the father who abandoned him and who could now still be alive, two cops who may or may not want to help find Charlene, outlaw bikers, and a dark secret that will rip apart what's left of Tribe's tattered family.

Author Robert Roberge Jr. lives in Massachusetts. *Intentional Take* is his first novel. Fans of Elmore Leonard and Robert B. Parker will enjoy this story.

- RJR Press (www.rjrpress.com)

Press Release

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Local Author Publishes First Novel

Robert Roberge's *Intentional Take* Is First Book of New Mystery Series

Wilmington, Massachusetts, November 5, 2007 – Massachusetts native Robert Roberge Jr. has published his first novel, a mystery-thriller entitled *Intentional Take*. It is the first book of a new mystery series from RJR Press, Burlington, Mass., featuring the character of Jeff Tribe. A second Jeff Tribe novel will be published next year.

“I’m really excited to be published,” said first-time author Roberge. “I’ve always enjoyed private eye novels and wanted to explore the origins of a private detective as he grows from getting himself and family out of trouble to taking cases like Spenser or Marlowe. I hope to do that with this series.”

Intentional Take begins a year after Jeff Tribe got himself released from prison on a technicality and tracked down his fiancée’s true killer, the crime for which he was unjustly convicted. Now Tribe’s estranged aunt wants him to use those same detective skills to find her kidnapped daughter Charlene who was taken off a city street in broad daylight eight days ago. The police have no leads so Tribe teams up with a former boyhood pal, Esai Morales, who loved Charlene when the two were teenagers but is now a local criminal, and together they search for the missing woman from Massachusetts, to New Jersey, and down the coast to North Carolina. Along the way Morales painfully relives his fateful romance with young Charlene while Tribe deals with a shoebox full of memories from the father who abandoned him and who could now still be alive, two cops who may or may not want to help find Charlene, outlaw bikers, and a dark secret that will rip apart what's left of Tribe’s tattered family.

“I’ve been working on creating the Jeff Tribe mystery series for the last ten or so years in my spare time,” said Roberge, a self-employed marketing writer. “This book took about four years to write, including a research trip down to North Carolina that was great because I stayed right on the beach. The second novel of the series that’ll be coming out next year I actually wrote first. Both were a lot of fun to do and are set in large part in the fictional town of Spicket Falls, a blending of my hometown of Methuen and the surrounding mill towns of Lawrence, Haverhill, and Lowell. This first book is also set partly in North Carolina and Springfield, Mass.”

Roberge, 44, was born and has lived in Massachusetts his entire life, including the last 12 years in Wilmington. He has worked as a marketing communications writer since 1989, and in 1997 started his own freelance writing business. He holds a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Professional Writing and a Bachelor of Science Degree in Film/Media Production, both from Fitchburg State College. His literary influences include Robert B. Parker, Elmore Leonard, Ross MacDonald, and Ernest Hemingway.

Intentional Take is available now from RobertRobergeJr.com, RJR Press.com, Barnes&Noble.com, Borders.com, and Amazon.com, or by special order from local bookstores.

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Q&A

Where can I buy a copy of *Intentional Take*?

Intentional Take is available now from RobertRobergeJr.com, RJR Press.com, Barnes&Noble.com, Borders.com, and Amazon.com, or by special order from local bookstores.

Will there be another Jeff Tribe mystery?

The second Jeff Tribe novel, a prequel to *Intentional Take*, will be published in 2008.

Is *Intentional Take* being made into a movie?

At this time there are no plans for a movie.

Where are the towns from the novel – Spicket Falls, MA and Earnest, NC – located? I couldn't find them on a map.

Both Spicket Falls and Earnest are imagined locations. Spicket Falls is an amalgamation of my hometown of Methuen, Massachusetts, and the surrounding mill towns of Lawrence, Haverhill, and Lowell. The Spicket River is real and runs through Methuen. There is a small falls in the center of town behind the fire station. Earnest is a combination of an area on the northern bank of the Cape Fear where there is a small dock out over the river with a sign next to it warning about crocodiles, a town off Route 421 that mostly consists of a traffic circle, and several locations in and around Wilmington, North Carolina.

Did you do research for *Intentional Take*? What were some of the sources you used?

My research includes reading books and newspaper articles about the topics and types of characters that will be in a novel, and visiting the locations I will be writing about. Some of the books I used as research for *Intentional Take* include *Hells Angels: Into the Abyss* by Yves Lavigne, *Rebels: A Brotherhood of Outlaw Bikers* by Daniel Wolf, *Gangsta in the House* by Mike Knox, *What Cops Know* by Connie Fletcher, *Bad Guys* by Mark Baker, *The Goodfella Tapes* by George Anastasia, *The Corpse Had a Familiar Face* by Edna Buchanan, and *Huddle Fever: Living in the Immigrant City* by Jeanne Schinto.

Where do you get your ideas?

Basic ideas can be sparked by anything—a newspaper article, conversation, photograph, observation, book, movie, etc.—but turning that idea into a short story or novel is the challenge. For *Intentional Take* I wanted to write a story about the origins of a private detective with an eye towards an eventual series of novels based on the character as he grows from helping family and friends to becoming a true detective. The kidnapping of a family member and the protagonist's quest to rescue her is the story I eventually decided upon. The title for *Intentional Take* came from a quote in the newspaper several years ago by a park ranger talking about the theft of plover eggs by someone attempting to speed-up the opening of a public beach. The ranger said that they knew the theft was an "intentional take" but that taking the eggs didn't work because the beach would have to stay closed for the process to start over again. As soon as I read the quote I knew *Intentional Take* would be the title and the rest of the plot also fell into place.

Do you have any advice for new writers?

My advice to new writers is to keep at it no matter what. Keep writing and keep submitting, but heed any comments you might receive if you think they might help your work. I would also suggest you read as much as you can as well, in your chosen genre as well as out of it. You can learn a lot from the works and techniques of writers who are already published. Finally, there are many books out there on writing and getting published – many of them available for free through your local library – so read and take advantage of those as well. Good luck.

Reviews

Praise for Robert Roberge Jr.'s *Intentional Take*:

"Roberge's plot is intricate and detailed, pulling the reader into this excellent mystery from page one and not letting go until its somber conclusion. Roberge has written a refreshing and original tale that pulls at the reader's heartstrings even as its almost constant action thrills and enrages."

- *Midwest Book Review*

"Intentional Take has twists and turns that will keep the reader eagerly turning the pages. This is the first book in a new series. Robert Roberge Jr. is a gifted author. He has created a complex plot that will quickly capture the interest of the reader and hold them to the last page. This thriller will tug at the readers' heartstrings. Don't miss Intentional Take."

- *ReviewYourBook.com*

"This [Midwest Book Review] review is very accurate ... I've passed [Intentional Take] along to others that I think will enjoy it as much as I did. It's refreshing to read a book where you don't know what will happen until the end, and then be surprised at the ending. I enjoyed the Jeff Tribe character and look forward to the next book in this series. I also enjoyed the references to Methuen, Lawrence and the fictitious town of Spicket Falls. It's great to read a book where you are familiar with the area. Great Job!"

- *Vinnie-Jean Byrne, reader*

"[Intentional Take is an intriguing] and compelling thriller that gets you hooked in asap as the story develops with twists and turns, and by no means is predictable. You'll come to know the main characters on a personal level as their troubled pasts unfold throughout the book along with the figuring out of "who dunnit." Tribe, the main character, is edgy. His dark and strong side was appealing to me as probably to most women. The writing is smooth, easy to follow and naturally engaging. I would anticipate when I could pick up the book again after I had to put it down. I look forward to the next Tribe mystery which I hear is coming out soon."

- *Sue Leno, reader*

"INTENTIONAL TAKE was a damn good book. Spare and riveting. Tribe is good. Please put me on the list to notify when the next book is published. Keep at it! You are very talented."

- *Tom Brakefield, reader*

Intentional Take

A Jeff Tribe Mystery

Robert Roberge Jr.

Chapter 1

Jeff Tribe did not know this man claiming to be his uncle, this lanky, middle-aged guy with graying hair standing at the edge of the yard holding a Boston Bruins cap in his hands. The guy looking back over his shoulder now and again while he talked—at the aging blue sedan parked in the street.

“My name’s Leo,” the man said. “That there’s your aunt, Pauline.”

Tribe let down the wheelbarrow and took the work gloves off one at a time while he looked past Leo at the car. He had been out here for a couple hours now, doing yard work for his landlady, Mrs. McGreevy. It was only early April, but the day was hot and the tee shirt he wore was soaked through with sweat and felt tight across his shoulders and chest.

“Why’s she still in the car?”

Leo met his eyes, then looked away. “Something’s happened. Will you come and talk to her?”

“I haven’t spoken with her in probably ten years.”

“I know,” Leo said, then took a step towards the street.

“Okay,” Tribe said.

They went down the four steps to the sidewalk and walked over to the car. Tribe’s aunt rolled down the window. She was dark-haired, faded pretty, and thin. Her blue eyes were red from crying and she looked paler and more tired than he remembered.

“Hi Jeff,” she said.

“What’s going on?”

“I’m sorry I didn’t come visit you in prison.”

“That’s okay.”

“And I’m happy they found out it wasn’t you who killed that girl.”

Tribe nodded.

Tears sprang to her eyes but her voice didn’t crack.

“Charlene’s gone,” she said. “They took her.”

Tribe stepped up to the car. “Who did?”

“Two men.”

“When?”

“Eight days ago.”

“Eight days,” he said, easing back. “I guess you talked to the cops.”

“Of course.”

“What do they say?”

“Can’t find her. Leo says that if they don’t find them in the first forty-eight hours it’s over.”

Tribe glanced at Leo. Leo looked away.

Tribe said, "I don't know if that's true."

Pauline said, "I need your help, Jeff."

"What can I do?"

Leo said, "It was all over TV how you got out of prison then went about finding out who really killed that girl you were going to marry. Pauline thinks you'll be able to find Charlene the same way."

"The cops are a lot better at this kind of thing than I would be. I'm just one guy."

"They haven't found her yet," Pauline said.

Tribe looked at his aunt, thought about it. These people were maybe his last living relatives, his last bit of family—even if he barely knew them.

"Okay," he said.

Pauline nodded her head a few times, seemed too relieved.

Tribe said, "So how did it happen?"

"Ask Leo. He was there."

Leo flushed red.

Tribe said, "Tell me."

Leo said, "We were downtown—you know, in Springfield—heading to a jewelry store for something for Pauline when these guys came along and just took her. We were at the front doors to the place when I remembered I'd forgot my billfold in the glovebox of the car. I asked Charlene to go back for it on account of my bad leg. They just drove up and took her right out of the middle of the street. Couple guys on motorcycles, real biker types. You probably know the kind from prison."

"You didn't do anything?"

Leo dropped his eyes, started playing with his Bruins cap, working at the brim. "What could I do? It was over in a couple seconds. They grabbed her and then they were gone."

"You didn't try chasing after them in your car?"

"I didn't think about doing that. I went and called the cops."

"What'd these guys look like?"

"Didn't see them too good, tell you the truth. It happened so fast. But man, they just looked like bad-ass biker guys, the kind you see, you know?"

"That what you told the cops?"

Leo looked at Pauline. "I told them everything I could. I'm busted up over this too you know."

"I need to ask questions," Tribe said. "And not worry that they're bothering you."

"We know that," said Pauline.

"Leo?"

"Yeah, go ahead."

"These guys," said Tribe, "don't usually wear their club colors when they do something like this. But that doesn't mean there wouldn't be something you'd notice, maybe insignias on their jackets, specific colors of clothing, tattoos, or stuff like that. Anything stand out to you?"

Leo leaned his butt against the car. "I don't know, black leather vests maybe. White tee shirts under them with jeans, I think. You know, those nazi soldier half-helmets they wear."

"You don't sound too sure."

"I can't be. Man, the cops asked me about this too, but I didn't know then and I can't say I know now. It seems like I remember like I told you, but I don't know if I'm just filling it in at this point or what."

"Anything marked on the helmets or vests?"

"Some colors on the vests I think, blue and green. But it was just a blurry shape."

"Cops come up with anything on that?"

"I don't think so. At least, we haven't heard."

"Okay," Tribe said. "Leo, can you give Aunt Pauline and I a few minutes?"

"Huh?" Leo said, straightening his back. "What do you mean?"

"I mean I want to talk to her alone."

Leo clutched his hat. "By God, you're a blunt bastard."

"Leo!" said Pauline.

"I don't like being talked to like this. It's not right."

"Leo," said Pauline. "It's up to Jeff. He's the one who's going to find her."

Leo slapped the cap against his leg a few times, gave Tribe a look. Tribe stared at him until he turned around and walked off down the sidewalk towards the street corner. Watched Leo as he walked away in his black Member's Only windbreaker, blue jeans, and boat shoes—the guy going along without much of limp today.

He turned to his aunt. "How well do you know this guy?"

"We've been married two years. God, you are blunt."

Tribe said nothing.

"When you were a little boy you were so friendly and happy. Your father used to bring you out to see us without your grandfather knowing. Charlene was younger than you, but you used to play with her in the back yard with her dolls. You were doing it for her, we knew. You always had your baseball glove with you—your father said you slept with it—but you'd leave it on the porch while you played. You were so patient with her. You look like him, you know. Your father."

Tribe said, "I wouldn't know."

"He hasn't contacted you."

It wasn't a question so he didn't answer.

"I'm sorry," she said, looking away for a moment. "I thought maybe you'd heard from him."

"Not since I was seven."

"Jesus. I'm sorry, Jeff," said his aunt. "I should have done better by you myself."

"My mother and Pèpère did all right."

"Yes," she said. "They did. I think I found out a lot about the kind of man you turned out to be from TV and all you went through."

"Lot of people think they know me from TV."

"I guess they would. But from everything I saw, you handled yourself well."

"Thanks," he said, meaning it. "But we should get back to the things I need to know. Was Charlene having any problems with anyone before this? Old boyfriends, or whatever?"

"No, I don't think so. The police talked to them. I gave them a list of names."

"I'll need that list too. Plus whatever else you can tell me, where she worked, hung out, girlfriends, all of it."

"I can do that."

"Who's the cop you've been dealing with?"

"Detective Chapman."

"I'll need you to let him know I'll be contacting him. You can use the phone inside."

"You can start right away?"

"We've already started. Let me go get Leo."

As Tribe walked towards the street corner he wondered why his aunt had deflected him about her marriage by bringing up his father. Or, maybe she did have feelings about his father taking off on him. He'd have to ask her about it. One thing for sure, hearing how he was like his father was a weird thing. Being compared to someone you barely knew, barely thought of in the day to day, it was—awkward. Made him feel guilty, somehow. Of what, he wasn't sure.

Besides, he didn't know how much he liked being compared to someone who would pussy-out on his wife and kid. Getting divorced was one thing, just taking off and disappearing was something else entirely. Not wanting to support your own kid, be a part of his life—why would someone think he'd even want to be compared to a man like that?

Leo was almost finished with his cigarette when Tribe reached him. He turned when he saw Tribe coming then flicked the still burning butt out into the street. He was wearing the Bruins cap.

"Done talking about me?"

Tribe looked at him, decided to let it go.

"Leo," he said, "was Charlene having any problems with boyfriends, or anyone else, that you might have picked up on?"

Leo gave him a stiff jaw for a bit, then said, "No, I didn't keep track of her and guys. She was twenty-six, you know? She dated a lot. What, you think she was dating one of these bikers?"

"I'm asking you."

"She was into good guys. Button-down types, far as I could tell."

Tribe nodded, stuffed his hands in the pockets of his jeans. The tee shirt he'd sweated through felt clammy now. "So, nothing romantic with one of the bikers?"

"Not likely. 'Course, I can't say for sure."

"All right. But now, I've got to ask something else: any problems between you two?"

Leo made a face, looked right at him. "I knew that was coming. No, no problems. You can ask Pauline."

Tribe watched him as he said it, but there was nothing in his face giving anything away.

Leo said, "Look, I know you want to ask all these questions. But let me tell you, you're not covering any new ground here. Cops went over this stuff with me for *hours*. This is a waste of all of our time."

Tribe didn't say anything, looked down Hughes Street towards his aunt. She was out of the car now and standing on the sidewalk talking to Mrs. McGreevy, who'd made it down the stairs to the street despite the back brace.

Without looking at Leo, he said, "Why don't we go see the ladies?"

"Sure."

They began walking.

After a moment or two, Leo said, "You know, Jeff, I didn't mean to take the hard tone with you. I realize you're only trying for an angle to get Charlene back."

"We aren't exactly close, but she is my cousin."

"I know. I kind of forgot that. Besides, we've been dealing with this for more than a week. You've only just found out."

"I'm glad you can see that, Leo."

"Ask me whatever you need to."

"I appreciate that," Tribe said as they reached the women.

Pauline put her hand out and touched his arm. "I'm glad you're back. Carolyn and I were just about to go call Detective Chapman."

Mrs. McGreevy met his eyes. "You're going to find Charlene?"

Tribe nodded.

"Let's go up," she said, motioning towards the house.

Leo stood with Jeff and the old lady in the living room while Pauline made the call from the kitchen. Two and a half hour ride over in the Buick with the busted spring in the driver's seat, and

now here he was looking at actual doilies on the arms of the sofa and chairs, on the end tables—pretty much everywhere. He took out his Seabrook Dog Track lighter and a pack of cigarettes, started shaking one out.

“No smoking in here.”

The kid didn't even look at him when he said it.

Leo glanced at the old lady, shrugged, then put the pack back in his pocket.

“Nice house,” Leo said.

When she looked at him and said thank you he could see in her eyes that there was more to her than mothballs and doilies. She was short, very thin, and had blue hair like any old lady, but she'd probably been through some shit. He wondered how she got the back brace, but was afraid to ask.

To be saying something, Leo said, “I wonder if Pauline got through to him or they put her on hold. They do that, you know.”

Mrs. McGreevy said, “If it was me, I'd prefer they didn't have time to answer their phones. I'd like to think they were out looking for young Charlene.”

Her leprechaun voice sounded even higher indoors. Jesus, everyone had an attitude. But what could you expect in a rundown town like Spicket Falls? Made Springfield look like a manicured beauty.

He looked down the dark hall for Pauline. What was taking so long? All this silence was uncomfortable. He wanted to say something to lighten things up, but knew they'd find fault with it somehow.

“Still on hold,” Pauline called from the other room.

He made a face at the other two and the old lady suggested they sit down, offered coffee. Leo said sure. It would get one of them out of the room.

When it was just he and the kid, Leo said, “How long you lived with Mrs. McGreevy?”

Neither of them had taken a seat.

Tribe said, “Since my mother died. I used to live with my mother and grandfather—Pauline's father—at the other end of Hughes Street, this road out here. I was eighteen.”

“How old are you now?”

“Twenty-seven.”

“Jesus, you seem a lot older.”

Tribe shrugged. Leo looking at him now: not too tall, maybe five ten or eleven, lean though, muscular and hard looking. Had the same brown hair and blue eyes that ran in the family, but this one's eyes were like ice. Stone-faced too, like you'd think he'd be.

“I guess that happens,” Leo said. “When you go through it like you did. Doing time, shit, three years for a murder you didn't do? Anyway, your aunt tells me you have some college?”

“Yeah, I went to Monroe State for Communications.”

“She said you got your degree. What kind of work do you get with that?”

“Lots of things. I was going into video production.”

“Like for the news, or a sitcom show?”

“Something like that.”

“Ever think of going back to it?”

“Not so much, anymore.”

“What are you doing for work now?”

“Nothing.”

That was it, nothing more. A wind-up clock covered with porcelain flowers ticked away on the mantel. Leo said, “Never went to college, myself. Drive a truck for the town.”

“Springfield?”

"That's right. Thirty years now."

"Long time. You like it?"

"Steady work, you know."

They could hear noises coming from the kitchen, Pauline telling Mrs. McGreevy she was still on hold.

"What does it mean," Tribe said. "Driving for the town?"

"Once you got seniority you get to drive the truck. Younger guys got to work the back of it—filling pot holes, some landscaping, scraping road kill, what have you."

Pauline and Mrs. McGreevy were coming down the hall together. Pauline was finally off the phone, thank God. And the old lady had no coffee with her, so maybe they could get out of here now.

"You get a hold of him?" said Leo.

Pauline nodded, looked at Tribe. "He says he'll meet with you. Call to set up a time for tomorrow."

"Okay," Tribe said, taking the slip of paper Pauline was handing him.

"We should probably get going then," said Leo. "Not take up any more of you folks' time."

Mrs. McGreevy turned to Pauline. "You can stay as long as you like."

"Thank you," said Pauline. "But we have over a two hour ride back. I don't want to be away from home too long, just in case."

"But you drove all this way."

"It was important that I talk to Jeff in person."

Leo looked at his watch. This had been their conversation the whole way here.

Pauline said, "Will you keep me up-to-date on how it's going?"

Tribe reached out and touched her arm. Family gesture, apparently.

"I will," he said.

They went back outside and down the steps to the car, the old lady staying in the house. Leo went around to the driver's door while the kid opened Pauline's door for her, then closed it after she got in.

"Thank you Jeff," Pauline said as Leo started the car.

"We'll talk soon," Tribe said.

"Pauline," said Leo. "We all set?"

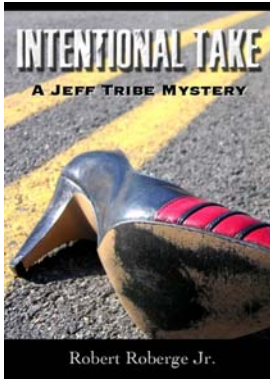
Pauline nodded, turned her head to Tribe. The kid smiled tightly. Leo pulled away.

When they reached the stop sign at the end of Hughes Street, Leo said, "You think he can do it?"

"Leo," she said, and he could hear the hope swelling in her voice. "After talking to him, seeing him, I really do. He's got a way about him, makes me feel he can find her."

"He's got a way all right," said Leo. But he was glad she had hope, at least. He didn't know if she could hold together without it.

Book Cover Photo



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Author Photo



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