

## Ready to meet my son's heroes?



Fans of *Divergent* will enjoy Jeff Greenberg's *Isotopia*, now available for the first time in ebook!

Life is grand for Patch, the hotshot superstar of the hunting clan, until dead bodies start turning up in the Marketplace. Detective Jimmy Lask can't get any answers - not about the murders he's tring to solve, not about his mysterious new boss, and not about the ranks of enforcement officers that seem to multiply daily all around him.

His gut tells him to trust no one, but Lask forms an unlikely alliance with the brash, young hunter, Patch, whose appetite for illegal herbs might get them both killed. Together, they build a ragtag army that must set aside ancient rivalries to battle the forces determined to destroy the clan system, the very foundation of a free Isotopia.

W: drugs, violence

Sci-Fi/Fantasy | Dystopian Adventure

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# Listen in for an excerpt...





#### **FUNFACT:**

The name of Isotopia Publishing is taken from the fictional city of my son's dystopian novel, which I published in paperback after his tragic death in 2018.

Learn more about the logo and mission here

## **Teaser Scene:** (from chapter 20)

Lask registered surprise when he recognized the cuffed reckhead. "Hey, you're Koop's hunter friend, right? The one pretending not to be recked that first time I met you near his shop. What was your name again?"

The punk flashed that oh-so-satisfying "shit-I'm-busted" face for a split second before coughing up his name. "Patch."

"Yeah, that's right. I remember it sounding like some lame nickname."

"Y-you knew I was high that day?"

Lask beamed at Patch. "Kid, I'm a detective. It's my job to notice, not that you make it all that difficult, walking around like you own the place because you think no one would dare stop you."

Patch looked confused. "Well, why didn't you? I mean, if you knew the first time."

"Koop seems to think you're a good kid, and I trust his judgment more than pretty much anyone else's in Isotopia." Lask paused. "Don't go telling all your reckhead friends this, but personally, I'd rather spend my time apprehending murderers than herb guzzlers."

Lask let that stew for a minute in the kid's head while pondering whether Koop was right about the hunter's potential. "But the old man did seem a bit worried about you. So maybe I should be too, huh?"

"Koop can be a bit of a worrywart."

"Look, man," started Lask, "Koop says you're a kickass hunter, and I know you think that won't ever change, but just like anything else in life, you can screw it up if you're not careful." Patch shot him a look of disbelief, which Lask took as a challenge.

"Judging by that shade of red in your eyes, you're on Nectar. A relatively new concoction, but that slight twitch in your right hand tells me you've been using for at least a few months." Lask paused to make sure he had gotten Patch's attention before he continued. "To tell you the truth, Nectar itself doesn't appear to be all that dangerous, granted the user isn't an idiot about overdoing it. But that twitching will get worse if you keep abusing it like you do, and it'll spread too. This one dude we brought in a few months ago was tweaking so hard it looked like he was rave dancing. And I would be willing to bet your 'almighty spirit guide' Maris would catch on if his best hunter loses his perfect aim due to shaky hands and bloodshot eyes. Plus, I'm sure you've got some young hunters looking up to you, and if they see an addict as their role model, that's what they'll become. So, for everyone's sake, try to tone it down, kid—all right?"

Patch shifted his gaze back down toward his boots and muttered a defeated, "All right."

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I hope you'll enjoy the time you spend inside my son's imagination. I know I always did!

Is your book club looking for a fun read? Grab any of the books in the Cupid's Fall series and give me a shout. I'd love to join you!

Got suggestions? Questions? Complaints? Your replies go straight to my inbox. Until we meet again, stay safe!

Read Isotopia

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### Beth C Greenberg

4525 Dean Martin Drive, Las Vegas NV 89103 United States

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