

“The friendship between two married couples begins to unravel when one of the wives seduces a stranger in a bar. Blackmail, betrayal and murder ensue, and the danger seems to come from all directions.”

—*PUBLISHERS WEEKLY*, Mystery NOTES

(Posted at amazon.com)

*****chilling page turner

By a customer on July 19, 2001

Format: Paperback

page turner! I am an avid reader in constant search of books that promise to enthrall and entertain me. 'Just Your Everyday People' delivers on its promise to do just that. This is a gripping suspense novel about characters so real and 'ordinary' that one is immediately and easily swept into their lives. It is a story about jealousy, greed and unspeakable betrayal. It's about ordinary people whose human frailties propel them down a twisted road filled with murder, mayhem and sheer terror. 'Just Your Everyday People' is a thoroughly entertaining and satisfying read. It is the kind of book I search for -- an intriguing suspenseful page turner. I found it impossible to put this book down and the story haunted me long afterwards. I highly recommend it!

Excerpt from Chapter 2, *Just Your Everyday People* by Fred Yager and Jan Yager. All rights reserved. Published by Hannacroix Creek Books, Inc. 2002.

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THERE WERE other places they could go in Lakeside, Connecticut, a mostly commuter town of 77,000 about forty-five minutes northeast of Manhattan. There were other restaurants that served better food, other bars that catered to a fancier crowd and stocked pricier liquors. But over the years, the Ostrich had become *their* place. It was where they went to smooth out the knots and torment of a week of imprisonment at their tedious and monotonous jobs. It was their oasis in a desert of disappointment that had fallen over each of their lives as the hopes and dreams of their youth slowly transformed into the realization that this might be as good as it would ever get.

They would meet at the Ostrich on Friday nights after work to reward themselves for surviving another week of self-imposed confinement in their minimum-security jobs.

Julia parked in the back lot since the front was already full.

From the outside, The Ostrich looked like the grain warehouse it used to be. The faded paint on the original brick siding proclaimed the finest barley, wheat, corn, and hops. But now the only hops were in the domestic and imported beers available by bottle or draft.

Julia stepped inside and saluted its namesake, a giant stuffed ostrich with its head buried in a pitcher of beer mounted on the wall behind the bar.

Only 7:15 and the place was already filling up. Couples were dancing on the tiny sawdust-covered floor in the back. Singles were hanging out around the bar, holding on to the edges of high wooden stools. Julia had to push her way through the intense crowd, declining several offers of drinks and even one marriage proposal from Luke. He was one of the Friday night regulars, a baby-faced generation-x bond trader who had relocated from Silicon Valley to the new investment bank that had just opened up downtown. Every Friday night for the past two months, Luke had proposed; and every Friday night, Julia turned him down.

Moving farther into the darkness of the bar, Julia felt a strange sensation, as if the ordinary craziness of end of the week ribaldry was starting earlier, making way for an even more bizarre evening. There seemed to be more strangers here tonight, businessmen in town for a convention or a national sales meeting. For the first time in as long as she could remember, the strangers outnumbered the regulars....