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ABOUT the Author

Harold E. Brown is a native New Yorker and grew up in the Bronx, Harlem and Freeport, Long Island. He has lived in Canada and settled down in Northern California.

Harold has worked both as a successful business owner, and over the last 18 years for a top brand international company, as an integral part of their management team.

Harold has a creative side too. He is a lover of the arts, especially music. He plays the piano, guitar and sings. Throughout his life he has been told that he has a natural writing talent. He has worked towards pursuing his writing and to being and becoming an author of both fiction and nonfiction books.

Harold loves the outdoors and traveling. Family is a very important part of his life, so he spends much of his free time enjoying the family. Most of all, Harold is a people person. Don’t be surprised if he just walks up to you and starts up a conversation. He is fluent in English, Spanish and Sign Language. He can even hold a conversation with you in German and Hebrew too.
PRESS RELEASE

“Captivating, Dramatic, Suspenseful…”

HEADLINE

Harold Brown’s new book “If I Don't Lose Momentum” is a spellbinding novel based on true events.

Short Description

Recent release “If I Don't Lose Momentum” from Newman Springs Publishing author Harold Brown is a spellbinding novel based on true events, exploring how the worst of childhood circumstances shaped one man into an unstoppable force.

Long Description

Harold Brown, a California-based writer, has completed his new book “If I Don't Lose Momentum” a gripping and potent novel based on true events, exploring how the worst of childhood circumstances shaped one man into an immovable object and an unstoppable force. The lead character Henry, tries to escape being a felon. He wants to legitimize himself in the real mainstream world. He wants to belong, and the more he strives, the more momentum he gains, and the larger the obstacles appear in his path. Can he break free from himself?

Published by Newman Springs Publishing, Harold Brown's spellbinding tale leads the reader through the experience of Henry, who at the age of eight experiences a no-holds-barred view of the world through the actions of his combative mother. As the book unfolds, the reader is introduced to the building blocks that forged Henry’s psyche into adulthood. Henry learns about life first through the lessons of his mother, punctuated by physical violence, and later by studying the bullying behavior of other boys in the home where he is sent to live along with his brother. In early adulthood, Henry goes from working a “good job” as a specialist in a prison, to becoming an inmate himself, where he learns to never let his guard down, yet always keep his mind at peace. Finally, back on the outside, Henry begins his search for true freedom professionally, in relationships, and within himself.

Readers who wish to experience this gripping work can purchase “If I Don't Lose Momentum” at bookstores everywhere, or online at the Apple iBooks Store, Amazon, or Barnes and Noble. For additional information or media inquiries, contact Harold Brown, the author at 510-867-0511 or online at (email) harold@theauthorharoldbrown.com, (webmail) www.theauthorharoldbrown.com.
Chapters 1 & 2

Chapter 1

There I stood, staring as the black viscous liquid oozed from her mouth and nose with glass shattered all around and over her body; and hearing the guttural moans eerily slip out, I was chilled. Being eight years old and never having seen anyone dead or dying, the thought never entered my mind. I guess if it were not my mother lying there, I would have immediately thought of death, but not my mother! She was a lioness. She was invincible. She was all that.

I glanced out of the seven story window of our apartment and wondered where my brother and I, especially, my father had gone. She had sustained a fractured skull, a busted eardrum. She lost her sense of taste and smell. The put two plates in her head. In those days, technology had not evolved to where it is today. The doctors were simply stumped by the bloodied and battered boy and assumed she would die, but she didn’t. She managed to elude death while in the hospital for two months. It was hide and seek, and death did not find her. Frankly, in those days, it was nothing to actually the truth from a doctor. He told her bluntly to her face that he had given up after doing all he could and that wasn’t much, but she pulled through anyway. She was a bit of a medical miracle, one for the record books. More proof that she was invincible-sheer force of will.

During the two months that my mother was in the hospital fighting for her life, my brother and I were placed in the care of a home for boys where we too had to fight for our lives. I never considered myself exceptional on any level, but inside the home. I was a genius; or maybe ingenious is the real way to put it. The level of understanding for both staff and the mistreated boys was zero, less than zero. You had better be moving when you were spoken to or at least you were getting a hit upside your head. “Get in line;” hit. “Eat your food;” hit. “Come here;” hit. “Clean that;” hit. “Answer me;” hit.

I had already learned to be a mind reader and developed catlike reflexes because of my mother. Necessity truly is the mother of invention. Most of the long-term boys were so traumatized that learning was pretty much not going to happen. What is that word? Hit? At eight if you had some tender moments at home, you were pretty quick to catch on and move forward. My mother sat me down on an occasion or two because of a bad grade I got in school, because I was playing around, and taught me the meaning of paying attention. “I am not raising any dummies;” hit. “Read this;’ hit.”read it right” hit. “Right the words correctly” hit ‘When you read, it should sound like you are just talking;’ hit.

At eight, I was reading like it was a script for a starring role in a blockbuster movie to avoid getting hit. I did not like hits. This would pay off for many years to come. Along with the reading of words came the reading of people. Most of this ability came from my mother, training me to understand what she wanted with just a glance. My world with my mother was not your normal mother-son relationship. We were partners, two peas in a pod, mental twins. She had the gift of gab. She could talk you out of whatever you had that she wanted.
Mom thought that I should understand how hard the world was, so she showed it to me first hand. She would say, “We are going to Charlie’s, and I want you to sit near me. Do not move no matter what I say.” But this required an amazing amount of seeing into her mind, because the situation could change and I had better change with it.

“When I ask you what is wrong, you are to say you are hungry. I will as Charlie for some money for you to run to the store to get something to eat. No matter how much money he gives you, you tell him no, because you need more to get what you want. But under no circumstances are you to bring change back. You put that in your pocket. I knew when to move, and what the looks meant, and we had lots of nonverbal conversations in crowded rooms. She knew everything. She was never wrong. And you better not try to make her be wrong.

It could have been worse in the home for boys, but thanks to my home training, I got by. But because I got by with the psycho staff, this made me a target of the psycho boys until I had to show just how psycho this psycho reader could be. Watch the biggest bully and and find his weakness. Catch the bully off guard and hurt him in secret where nobody but the two of you know, and you’ve got an ally, maybe. He will tell everyone that you’re cool and nobody better not lay a hand on you. He does not want his power or status questioned, and he does not want to lose his number one pecking order spot. He also does not want more of what you gave him to happen in front of anyone, especially from a little guy like me; it would give other boys hope. I did not want his spot. It was too risky. It gave you too much attention in the spotlight. Also, the staff knew who the bullies were, and a nerd was a nothing. I could live with that perception.

Once while I was in high school, this method of studying the bully paid off. Seldom are bullies alone, because they need constant support of lesser beings to give them their self-worth. This particular bully was very tall and could really fight. He could beat everyone in the school. He robbed me of a medallion one day, and I tried to talk him out of it. I pleaded with his sense of reason, but it did not work. He robbed me and walked away with his crew laughing.

I weighed about one hundred and forty pounds, and I was about five-foot-four. I had not grown to my potential yet. I was a bit of a pipsqueak. I already knew where he went and with whom, so I waited on him when I knew he would be alone and I brought my own bully with me, a Louisville Slugger - a bat that could even the odds.

I waited around the corner, and as he turned the corner, I let him have it across the shins. He fell down and I went into my act; hit. “I am sorry Johnny;” hit, “but you can’t take anything from me;” hit. “I know you can beat me;” hit, “but you cannot take anything from me;” hit. “If you do, I will come back;” hit. “If you beat me up;” hit, “I will come back;” hit. “If you beat me up again;” hit, “I will come back;” hit. “I will not tell anybody;” hit, “but you cannot take anything from me;” hit. “You cannot see when I have hit you;” hit, “so you do not have to say what happened. hit I will co back, hit. ” “ I will not stop; hit, ” “You did this, it’s your fault hit. ” I walked away and he limped away. We never became friends, but in some kind of way, bullies left me alone.
Chapter 2

I STOOD BY WATCHING THE pool game in progress, and awaiting my turn, I found myself wondering how was I going to begin to count down the ten-year sentence I had been given. Where do you start? At the beginning or at the end and count backwards? I looked around at the assortment of misfits and mental midgets who responded to everything with violence rather than creating anything. One wrong glance could be your last. You do not have enough eyes to watch your back. This was the largest collection of killers, thieves, and perverts I had ever seen. Not even a vivid imagination could create this scene. It was like the Star Wars bar scene, an imagination run amuck.

There were different kinds of people within each race. Racism was everywhere. There were Arian Brothers, Skin Heads, Nazis, and regular whites. The were black Guerilla Fighters, Sunni Muslims, Moorish Science, gangbangers and regular blacks. There were Mexican Mafia, La Familia, Border Brothers and regular Mexicans - and everybody hated everybody. There were so many clicks, I cannot name them all.

I did not have a friend. I didn’t even have anyone from my home state, let alone neighborhood. I was three thousand miles from home, because this was part of my punishment. I was given a choice between Florida and California. I choose California, because I had no basis to determine which state would be better.. I was told that I was not going to do time in the same state that I lived in. The real reason was I had co-defendants who had been very helpful in my prosecution, and part of their reward was to do their time close to home. This whole secret puzzle was going to have to be put together one piece at a time, with no do-overs, all by myself.

The game was over it was my turn. I stepped up to rack the balls, and I heard some say. “It is my game, not yours.” I simply stated he was wrong and he would have to wait his turn. I measured my words to not sound angry or afraid. I may have put a little too much on it, because I kinda felt tie tension. I initially got in line to play, because I was waiting on my phone time. The pool table was just outside the cell that housed the phone. You would have to sign up the day before to use the phone. Calls ran in fifteen-minute increments. People would sign up to use the phone just to sell their time to others.

To a person with an emergency, like a letter from home with bad news, the phone was the quickest way to resolve the issue. That person would pay a pack of cigarettes of a couple of bags of chips to call home. Even if the phone was empty, you could not run the risk of using someone else’s time because it could cost you your life or, at the very least, cigarettes if you were lucky.

I did not want to miss my time. I never was a billiard freak, but it was either that or watch TV in an echo chamber filled with lots of noise and not be able to watch my back. New booties need to watch their backs because the test was coming. You knew it was coming. You felt it was coming. You just do not know when or by whom.

Pool seemed to be an innocent way to pass the time and now it had become a thing. The game ended and my phone time came. The cell was empty except for the metal phone on the wall. The entrance was a steel door
that remained unlocked. You could open and close the door; it was unlocked. Halfway into punching in the number, the guy from the pool game entered the cell. He was about six-foot-two and looked like the test. I did not jump to conclusions, but careful thought was in every move. I stayed close to the phone, because the receiver, if he got close, was my only weapon.

He explained that I had disrespected him by talking to him the way I did. I explained that he should have known what he was talking about before he arbitrarily tried to take something from me. Even something as simple as a game can put the smell of blood in the water for sharks that are looking for something to devour. I remember watching his every move and weighing his every word. Did he have a shank? My frame at 160 pounds would be no match for this heavyweight. If it were going to come to a physical battle, I would not have the advantage. All I could hope for was a good shot in close with the receiver I held in my hand.

A cell is too small and it is too easy to be grabbed and devastated. I told him I got too much time to do it, afraid of him or anyone else. I told him that if he came to battle, let’s get to it and be done. Other than that, I got less than fifteen minutes left on my phone time. As it turned out, he was fairly new and had the same concerns I had. He told me that if he did not come in and talk to me, someone would think he was soft and he would have had a problem. He never became my friend or ally, but I never had any trouble out of him either.

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Also available for purchase on iBooks
Testimonials & Reviews

If I Don’t Lose  MOMENTUM

“Loved the book. Couldn’t put it down, literally finished the book in less than 2 days. It is a must read and would give this book 5 stars!”  Sarah  October 24, 2018

5.0 out of 5 stars Deep!

“An 8 yr. Old force to live the life by surviving by the skin of his teeth....the realness of parents not being there, dealing with the system and all the violence that came with. Very easy read and very captivating. Can’t wait to read what the ends gonna be”  Valorie October 20, 2018

An exciting Read. October 20, 2018, “Great Read!”

5.0 out of 5 stars Emotionally engaging read

From the very 1st chapter I did not want to put this book down, and I didn't. Author wrote about Henry Black, his relationships with his dysfunctional/abusive mother who kept him close under her tutelage. How those life experiences and relationships molded and influenced him in his childhood and through adulthood. The book finds Henry Black, as the author stated, in "the worst of circumstances" once he is able to break free of his controlling mother and gain his independence. The book is suspenseful, dramatic with twists and turns and unbelievably based on a true story. This author has creative writing skills and the book is well written. I love a book or movie that has flashbacks, as this book does. This has been the best book I have read in a long time !!!! Looking forward to his next book!  Suzanne October 2, 2018
Title.....If I Don’t lose Momentum

Author.....Harold Brown

Genre/Price/#Pages.....Drama, Suspense, $16.95, 245 pages


Publication Date.....September 5, 2018

Formats Available.....Paperback, Digital

Excerpt.....At the age of eight, Henry got a close up of the world as there were never any holds barred. Henry's mom stood there with a knife in her hand, saying what his dad would and would not do. She attacked him and he assaulted the weapon. He punched the knife, he knocked the knife into the next zip code. Did she stop? No, she got bolder. She should have gotten a clue from the glazed look in his eyes. Henry did, even though he had never seen that look, he knew something had changed. When his dad did not obey her, as he normally would have, she should have know that something had changed. She attacked him like he was the antichrist and her job was to prevent his arrival. She wanted to kill him for daring to punch the knife, for daring to resist her will. He had the presence of mind to run for the door. She blocked the door, and with no way out and his mind racing, his dad’s mind snapped. These were the building blocks that forged Henry’s psyche. These were what made him both an unstoppable force and an immovable object under the worst of circumstances.
Interview Questions

What inspired you to write this book?

How long did it take you to write your book?

The books says it is based on a true story. Is this your story?

What is the book about?

Are you targeting a specific reading audience?

Would you like to see this book made into a movie?

Do you plan on writing a sequel or series?

Are you interested in and available for book signings, media events and interviews?

Where can we go to get more information on you, your book and any upcoming events or announcements?

Where can someone go to purchase your book?
Harold Brown is available for radio and TV interviews, podcasts, book signings, speaking and media related engagements.

Facebook: https://www.facebook.com/HaroldBrownCA/
Instagram: https://www.instagram.com/harold.brown.545402/
Twitter: https://twitter.com/haroldbrown068

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