

# *The Jake Eliam ChickenBone Mystery Series*

## **AUTHOR'S DISCLAIMER**

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Everything you buy today has a **DISCLAIMER**. Pick up some toothpaste and there is a disclaimer. Buy a bottle of whiskey, find a really long disclaimer to discourage you from twisting the cap. So, in the spirit **and** letter of the law, I am adding my own **DISCLAIMER**.

When a reader picks up a book and the last word in the Sub-Title is MYSTERY, they immediately think about the 'traditional' mystery. You know the kind. Page one, somebody is whacked, a murder, a body and up steps a slick investigator and for the next 300 pages, readers are taken through a wild ride of twist, turns, thrills and clues and then on page 299, you are STUNNED at the surprise twist at the end. Well, if you picked up one of my books expecting this...you have made a serious purchasing error...The ChickenBone series is more about the **JOURNEY**. Jake may have a little problem getting the truck started, but once it is rolling down some backwoods dirt road, it will eventually get you to where you're going, and you will meet some dang interesting and odd folks along the way. Perhaps, I should have named it, The Jake Eliam ChickenBone '**Meandering**' Series. That would have caused some Agent in New York City to spill her double latte cappa-cappa fru-fru while writing me a rejection letter.

You see, if you pick up a ChickenBone book, you're picking up a **STORY**. It's more like a bunch of friends sitting around a fire and one guy starts telling a tale. Rambling, running off into the ditch, the beer is getting warm and you're saying to yourself...When the heck is he ever going to get around to telling us what happened...Then an hour and two beers later, you are leaning into the fire, hanging on for the ride to the finish. You just have to empty the cooler and burn through a pile of good oak to get there.

The folks that end up reading the entire **ChickenBone** series is the same person that has absolutely no guilt or remorse when it comes to plopping down in a big fat chair with a bucket of fried chicken and watching a ballgame from start to finish without moving an inch.

So, I am officially adding a **DISCLAIMER** like they do on every TV commercial. It might not cause that long list of unspeakable afflictions to unmentionable parts of the body...but it's possible...not absolutely sure. So, if you develop a rash or you're just disappointed, you can ask for a refund... I said you could **ASK**...I didn't say you could actually get one.

So, obligations now have been met on the advice of my semi-licensed lawyer, Rufus B Bailey, a proud graduate of The Gilly Gilbert School of Law and Muffler Repair. All correspondence and complaints should be forwarded to Rufus. If you find him, let me know...he owes me money.

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