

Below are excerpts of the inspirational book, *Somebody Prayed For Me*.
AVAILABLE NOW! This is the perfect gift.

Excerpt “**Silent Cries**” by Linda R. Herman

Months had passed since the violent rape and even though Travis, her assailant, was behind bars, Tanya was a nervous wreck. She still feared him. She felt him lurking in the shadows and he stalked her dreams. He was driving her insane.

Tanya took a deep breath before attempting to continue. Her heart was racing and pounding. She felt hot. Her palms were now clammy. Would she ever be able to move past his attack?

“Would you like to talk about something else, Tanya? Perhaps you can take me back to the beginning of your relationship with Travis. We can work our way up to that day.” Olivia was careful not to say rape. Tanya was already a nervous wreck and rightfully so. Olivia didn’t want to upset the young mother any further.

“In the beginning he was nice to me.” Tanya smiled at the early memories as she told Olivia how her relationship with Travis came to be.

“Do you remember the first time he was violent towards you?”

Of course she remembered the first time. The second, third, and twentieth time may have been foggy in her memory, but the first and last were never to be forgotten.

Excerpt “**Her Silent Hell**” by Allyson M. Deese

Before the doctor even said it, Shadeya knew. She knew that her baby was gone.

"I'm so sorry, Mrs. Beard," she heard the older, round face doctor say. "Your husband told us you fell down a flight of stairs. Is that what you remember?"

Thomas squeezed her hand. He made it look as if he was being the supportive husband, but Shadeya knew differently. It was a warning. He was warning her to go along with his story or suffer the consequences.

She simply nodded her head. Dr. Ford stared at her almost silently begging her to tell him what had really happened. But she couldn't. Instead, she lowered her eyes. She didn't want to lie for Thomas, especially after he had robbed her of motherhood. But what choice did she have? Would the truth set her free or bring her more pain and suffering at the hands of the man who vowed to love her until death did them part?

Excerpt “Facing Reality” by Tinisha Nicole Johnson

Denise opened the door and saw Tiffany asleep in bed, still fully dressed. On the nightstand sat an empty candy wrapper and a carton of orange juice. Denise turned off the light, making her way to her own bed. For the third night in a row she cried herself to sleep, intensely depressed.

The next morning Denise was awakened by her daughter, who’d become her usual alarm clock.

“Mom, get up. You’ve been drinking again I see.” Tiffany held up the bottle of vodka.

Denise focused, then snatched the bottle from Tiffany’s hand. “What time is it?” She slowly sat up and brushed her wild hair back with her fingers.

“It’s eight. My bus comes soon and you have to be at work in thirty minutes. Get up!” Tiffany placed a cup of fresh hot coffee on the nightstand before walking out. Denise reached for it and took a sip, before going to the bathroom, running the cold water over her head and taking a hot shower.

Denise banged her head lightly against the shower wall as the water ran through her hair down her back. She had to stop doing this.