

The sound of high heels.

A novel by Paul Gouda

The author of

intoxicated emotions,
the scent of the full moon,
survival of the cutest,
the purple dream ...

and more.

This intro presents:

- 1- **The front cover.** The first imagery, and the concept's projection. Page 2

- 2- **Screenplay longline.** Of course every author's dream is for the novel to make Hollywood. An American stand-up comedian expressed optimism that the plot has a good screenplay potential. Who knows! The first longline presentations is a short, 30 seconds to one minute storuline designed to pitch the concept to a producer. [Two samples are presented.](#)

30 seconds presentation: Page 3
1 minute presentation: Page 4

- 3- **A sample material.** The first two paragraphs of the first page. The opening scene. Page 5

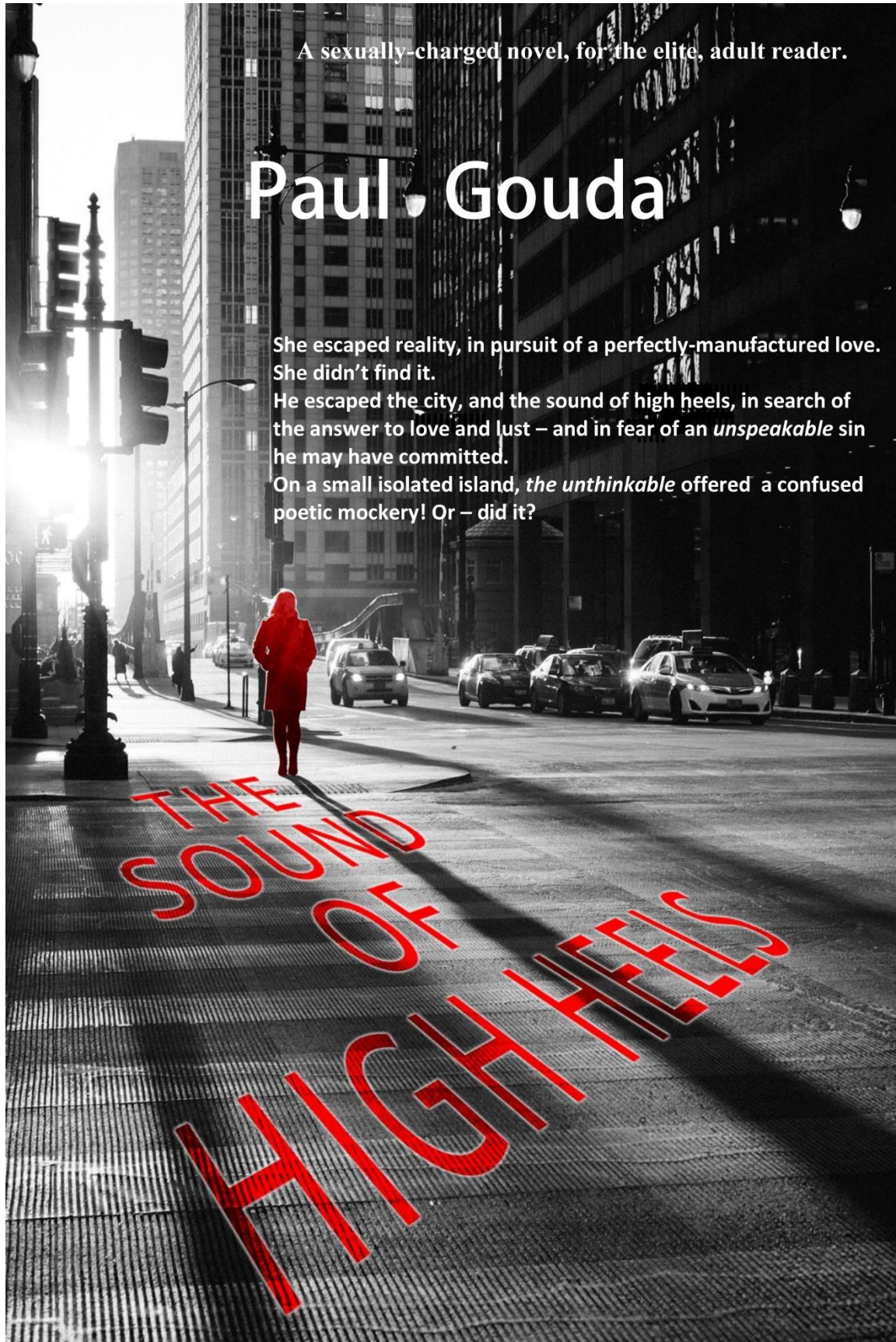
- 4- **The characters.** A good framework outlining the general picture. Page 6

- 5- **The plot synopsis,** a couple of pages synopsis. Page 8

- 6- **A special review by the author.** A concept analysis and reflections on the storyline, written as a creative writing sample submitted to CBC and ADAB society. Page 10

- 7- **The back cover.** Page 13

- 8- **The spine.** Page 14



2- Screenplay longline:

Version – A 30 seconds

The opening scene involves Peter, a scientist in his late 50s restless in bed, next to his younger, model girlfriend. He is preoccupied by his research. He has developed a revolutionary men's health supplement, meant for all men regardless of age or condition. It is the perfect replication of the natural human physiology of men in their 20s and 30s, mimicking men's youthful chemistry.

The chemist, who had failed in previous relationship attempts with age-appropriate women, became a womanizer, kind of a playboy. The romantic, poetic side of him made him fall for his sensual, attractive current model girlfriend, and he was heart-broken with a recent breakup. He was about to travel overseas to supervise the production of the pill in the Middle East where regulations are relaxed. He needed a break before he started the demanding work mission ahead, and he went for a sailing trip. His fellow chemist, Adam, more like a brother, accompanied him. Adam is flamboyantly gay. The opposite of Peter.

A mistake resulted in going north on the ocean instead of south, and they run out of gas, no cell reception, on a Gilligan-like island.

Missing, the media coverage served the promotion of the pill. It was rushed to be manufactured based on what the lab collected as the proper formula in Peter's absence. The pill was widely and quickly promoted by rich and clever investors who first flooded the market with millions of free pills throughout every city in USA, Canada and most Europe.

The missing chemists' case continued to give the miracle formula global media attention which added to the fast and wide promotion of the product beyond expectation. The product's positive effect was temporary and soon it backfires and causes massive impotence among most men throughout USA, Canada and Europe – the areas that represent the white race, which was now practically endangered. Men's clubs that called themselves "the great white hope" were formed by the few who survived the green pill. Even in a large city like New York, still, the membership was fewer than ten thousand, out of whom only a dozen or so would qualify as a breeding stock material – those who would pass genetic, health and IQ tests.

The chemist is then rescued and is treated like the saviour of the white race, being a genius, healthy Caucasian man. He is pursued by women everywhere. After all, most men were impotent. He is offered pretty healthy young women from everywhere to have his child. He struggles with being treated like a piece of meat and realized how he treated women. The sentimental side of him couldn't accept being a father to unknown children whom he may not get to raise.

Another major twist takes place where he may have committed the unspeakable sin. Did he?

Then, he is now subjected to criminal charges as a result of the faulty formula. And, his company is dissolved. He is depressed. The negative side effect of the product turned to be temporary and men are back to normal. His final round of the battle of love and lust consisted of two age-appropriate attractive and smart women he had fancied. This presented the final twist and disappointments for him, particularly one woman who presented a shocking and depressing fact.

Distraught, disappointed and depressed, he sails away again for another trip, and unexpectedly the viewer or reader is presented with a final question for a final twist.

The players, in different ways, have all taken the wrong approach to love and lust. The mature woman and her boy toy. The middle age man, scared of love, attempting to purchase limited and conditioned love doses. Then there is the flamboyant gay, and the orthodox conservatives – and they all got it wrong – even if they thought that sex was great.

The main character led a science project that introduced a revolutionary health supplement that was meant for all men, regardless of health or age. It is not just a mere treatment approach, but also a preventative approach that develops better muscularity. It was widely promoted under unique circumstances.

An event caused the scientist behind it to disappear and that attracted global media coverage serving as further promotion of his product. The deep pocket of rich and clever enthusiastic investors combined with intense media coverage resulted in an unprecedented promotion. The project goes wrong, and certain circumstances resulted in a negative sexual side effect in most men in USA, Canada and Europe – the areas that mainly represent the white race which was suddenly, to a degree, being challenged.

The main character debated love and lust, between the poetic sound of high heels, and the mere physical sensation on the head of the penis. Being one of very few white men left who could pass three tests: IQ, health, and sexual vigor – he suddenly became the target of many beautiful women throwing themselves at him.

He could now see how women must have felt when he treated them as a piece of meat. He found himself rejecting every man's dream, for Liz whom he had dated 25 years ago. But a major twist introduced a disaster no one saw it coming.

He then sought comfort in Jenny, another age appropriate beautiful women. Another unexpected twist.

Though the plot necessitated several graphic sex scenes, the novel digs deeper passed sex, challenging several debates from politics to religion, from science to poetry, and from comedy to drama. It debates real life scenarios, views and myths surrounding the complex battle of love and lust

The plot introduces a drastic and totally unexpected emotional state that was too much to handle. Distraught, depressed and discouraged, he escapes the world and considers what he had never thought he would consider for a substitute to love and sex – Or, did he? It's a question left for the reader to answer.

3- A sample material, the first two paragraphs of page-1, chapter-1. The opening scene:

Restless in bed.

Awake, restless in his large bed, Dr. Peter Bonitas lay on his back with his fingers laced behind his head, staring at the ceiling mirror that naughtily covered the stucco ceiling above his bed. The soft dark colour of the night was wrestling with the bedroom window's spying sorties of invisible daylight hiding behind the abating moon. The texture of the night appeared to flee the threat of the bedroom window, seeking refuge in the remainder of his near a century old house.

He turned slightly, glancing at the clock. 4:12 a.m. His mind was wandering like Moses in Sinai. He attempted to elude his thoughts, glancing at the sleeping form of Ramona, the open window illuminating her slender curves, her flawless olive-toned skin bathed in bluish moonlight. With each silent breath, her perfect, enticing breasts rose and fell slightly. Her auburn hair scattered over the pillow as if she were posing for a centerfold.

Note:

The theme debates the battle of love and lust. The interpretation of the sound of high heels. As such, the nature of the plot necessitated several romance scenes that included explicit sexual material intended for adult readers.

4- The characters:

Peter, Dr. Bonitas. A middle-age chemist with a revolutionary formula. He has another side to him, the poet, with a passion for women.

Dan, Dr. Martins, and Ramzy, Dr. Ramses are his co-owners of the science research lab business. Ramses is married to **Katrina**, a Dutch blonde, while Martins arranges for a different date at social events: **Madeleine**, a French black woman, and **Abella or Bella**, a Spanish teacher, appeared in the plot.

Adam is a less-senior chemist, a friend of Peter. Adam however is an openly flamboyant gay. His boyfriends included **Max & Darren**.

Jeff is the company salesman, a black man with a taste for women. **Natasha**, a Russian visitor is one of them.

Ramona, is a younger woman, model material and was Peter's girlfriend in the early stage of the story.

Amanda, is a company employee. Like Ramona, she is an attractive young woman.

Jessica is also an attractive young company employee. Eisha is her sister, who runs a coffee shop nearby.

Mary, is a mature middle age woman. Peter's secretary. She likes her men young, and on temporary basis. Her boyfriends included **Jason and Kevin & Richard**. Her daughters **Rose & Gina** appeared in a scene.

Pele` is Peter's son, a 1st year college student. His friends who appeared in the plot are: **Aurora, Jen, Keisha, Mike, Phill & Alex**.

Afrah, Peter's sister.

Sheik Hamad Hammam is an Artab investor. His delegation include a few active men, including his main assistant **Mr. Salih**.

Jenny: is a middle age beautiful and intelligent woman, a neighbor of Peter. She is a retail store sales manager. One of two age-appropriate intelligent and attractive women Peter hoped to have in his life. The plot will present a surprising and unexpected twist that eliminated Peter's hope in her.

Liz or Lisa, is a former girlfriend of Peter, 25 years ago during graduate school. She is an intelligent attractive whom Peter fancied for a wife. The plot will present a devastating and most unexpected turn that – despite mutual attraction – Peter had to run away from her.

Martha is also an ex-girlfriend of Peter back during college days.

Robert Reid, the company lawyer. A racist, arrogant SOB.

The unknown Arabic woman.

Media personnel, in different scenes, including TV reporters & cameramen.

Kelly & Spice, the two girls at the strip club, and the big bouncer.

Dr. Paul Gouda, the Ministry of Health scientist-spokesman.

Kassandra's bachelorette party, **Jerry**, her fiancé, **Marie** her younger sister,

Monique and her brother **Steve, Chenwie**, and **Diane** the bride maids.

Adrianna, the hooker, **Samantha**, her sister, and their friend **Shadia**.

Sophia, a journalist, and her photographer. Her friend Tracy and other women involved in a specific scene.

Characters from the past that are involved in supportive scenes include:

Peter's father, a religious, provider, and caring man. Peter's mother, a party girl. Two maids at Peter's home at his young early teens: Fatima & Hanan.

Other supportive and brief appearance:

The security guard, the receptionist, Lab technicians, servers and patrons at pubs & bars, two men involved in Peter's mother affairs, belly dancers and employees at a hotel party, the MC, servers in a Middle Eastern café scene and friends of the sheik, the big karaoke singer, the mail man, Bernie the barber ... and others.....

Several characters struggled with the battle of love and lust. The novel has several explicit sex scenes intended for adult readers.

The character's interactions projected various views debating and reflecting on love, sex, adventure, suspense, science, poetry, politics, religion and comedy. The plot has it all.

5- The plot synopsis:

Dr. Bonitas had finally figured out the right math for the formula. A replication of the hormonal chemistry of man's physiology in his youthful 20s and 30s. A revolutionary health supplement meant for all men, regardless of health or age. It is not just a mere treatment approach, but also a preventative approach that develops man's general muscularity. It was widely promoted under unique circumstances. The rich Arab investor signed a contract to mass-produce it. The chemist-inventor, before traveling abroad to set up the production operation, decided to first take a week off, wind down after months of daily long hours at the lab. The trip was particularly needed because his model girlfriend, Ramona, had just left him. "**The opening scene** starts with the chemist in bed next to the naked, perfect, Ramona." He has been too busy with the lab work for her liking.

He attempted to find comfort in sex, to no avail. "Sex scenes: Amanda, a young employee who seduced him. Eisha, a sister of an employee who is opening up a café had an encounter with him in the empty diner. And it seemed to be a trend at this lab. Mary, his 50 years old secretary repeatedly elected young men half her age as boy toys. **These sex scenes are detailed and graphically explicit.**"

Peter felt getting away for a short trip was needed. Adam, his close friend didn't want him to cruise alone. He joined him. "Who would better understand you than a man with a woman's heart?" Adam, the gay friend, argued.

The trip goes wrong, and the boat ends up a 1000 km in the wrong direction, in the middle of dozens of uninhabited small islands. A Gilligan-like situation with a touch of divine comedy – the man who loves women too much – or fancies them, is trapped on an island with a flamboyant gay. Several evenings of debates presented challenging material. One common debate was on love and lust. Peter, who is also a poet, longing for the sound of high heels, the woman's scent; and Adam arguing that love is all about the sensations on the head of the penis, nothing more than those few seconds. The material covers a wide scope of views, from love and lust, to politics and religion. It has it all, suspense, adventure, sex and comedy.

The research lab where the formula was invented is a small company with three main chemists. The inventor, now the castaway chemist, who owns the company, had worked solo on the project, and only he, had the exact formula procedure.

The week turns to weeks, turns to months, and the media coverage of the missing chemist who invented a miracle formula, provided the project with an invaluable global exposure and promotion. The Investor took the legal steps to secure the formula from different lab files in the absence of the chemist who invented it. An additional security step was taken by the chemist to protect the formula. It involved using a table of separate correction factors to alter the final values of reagents' math used in the lab procedure.

The investor poured 10 million dollars into flooding the market with a near a half billion free pills distributed throughout chain retail stores. Chain grocery stores, men's clothing, gyms, supermarkets, gas stations, and more, reaching every city in Canada, USA and Europe for several months. Mass production in China meant just a few cents cost per pill. The 500 million free pills reached nearly every man in USA, Canada and Europe, repeatedly. The typical "buy a pair of shoes, a shirt, \$25 groceries and get a free green pill" was a hit. The investor repeated the free pill approach. The pill cost him a few cents, he gave it stores for just a few cents more, still doubling his money, but it was the chain stores that were the happiest. A \$10 or \$20 pill is costing them a few cents, given away with 2 for 1 sales that were very successful. Yes, businesses paid only 10 cents per pill and they gave it for free to promote sales, selling, for example, another pair of shoes that cost them \$2 from Twain or China, for \$25. Meanwhile, the investor not only promoted the pill but also made five times the investment on a pill that cost them a little over a couple of pennies in China. A win-win situation. The media attention to the case of the missing chemist who disappeared with the gay chemist, was covered by global TV stations and the internet, and that gave the pill an unprecedented invaluable promotional boost. It was the topic of debate on every station, and the pill witnessed a circulation that made it the subject of essays by college students writing on marketing techniques.

The pill worked like magic as far as instant erection – but, temporarily. The formula was not put together with the correct math ratios. They didn't use nor found the separate CF sheet. Accordingly, it worked for a month or months, in a fashion similar to Viagra, but then, in the background, it was working against the chemistry of the basic hormonal operations, killing the basic chemistry of the reproductive physiology. After using it for a month or so, not only it no longer works, it destroys man's libido. The book provides a scientifically sound explanation.

This quickly became an epidemic throughout USA, Canada and Europe. In a few months, with the exception of very few individuals here and there, some cities ended up with none except teenagers, less than 2% of men were still sexually active. The media used analogies like the *28 Days Later* movie. A disaster fit for a fictional movie.

Europe, USA and Canada represent very well the white race that is now in some degree of danger. A generation will have to wait for young boys to reproduce to 10 to 20 years. Women have the option of getting black men from countries like Jamaica or even Africa. But white women who wanted a white man and a white baby had very limited options. Even in a large city like New York, it was reported that under 10,000 men had escaped the pill's effect. Very few of whom would qualify as a stud material – those who would pass genetic, health, and IQ tests in order to be labeled a “great white hope.”

Talk shows discussed the disastrous situation. Women groups pushed for establishing qualifying criteria for the very few men found here and there that are still sexually capable and could be used as “studs,” via traditional sex or insemination. They must however meet certain physical and health standard and a minimum 130 IQ. This basically eliminated the remaining few sexually capable white men.

Sample scene: few isolated cases of sexually healthy men advertising their services, one toothless homeless who appears to be a drug addict. One is a Texas farmer who would make George Bush look genius. One is a 350 Lbs bald and ugly as hell. One is a Russian mafia with an attitude as ugly as the tattoos covering his body.

The missing chemist was rescued. He comes back as very well the last man standing. The hope for the current generation of the white race and the dream of millions of women. And the hope for men, if he could reverse the effect of the ‘green pill.’ He had no idea what was happening, and couldn’t wait to hold a woman, to have sex.

Sample scene: As he steps onto the mainland, he whispers looking down at his groin area, “soon my friend, soon.” Women who noticed him checking them out are confused. He approached what appeared to be an unemployed hooker, a beautiful woman in a short skirt and high heels who still walks like a hooker. A few months out of work weren’t about to change much in her. She is shocked, she takes him home to the surprise of her sister and a girlfriend who were present at her flat at the time. Half an hour later she comes out of the room and tells them that he, yes, he did. The sister goes in next, then her friend. He finally walks out satisfied. Sex with three beautiful women after a long fasting. He forgot to pay them, and on his way out he stops and turns to face them, “Oh, sorry. I forgot about money.” The girl responded “Oh, yeah. One second,” and she runs and collects money from the other two girls, and gives it to him. He didn’t understand.

Soon the media knows about him. He corrects the math of the formula, but does not know whether it’s too late and whether it may take a year, years or never for the negative side effect to be reversed. He is physically fit, still plays soccer, healthy, intelligent with a certified genius IQ membership in MENSA makes him an ideal candidate for reproduction to save the white race.

Societies and TV shows had women competitions for a “date” with him throughout USA, Canada and most Europe. Beautiful women in their prime competed for an hour in bed with him for a baby. The hope of marriage to a healthy white man was within only 2% margin of possibility to most of the present adult American, Canadian, European white generation. Scenes include quickies on perfectly set beds in 5-star hotel in various cities as he fancied the offers in his mind (sex scenes: Russian, German, British, Canadian, American women ...) – but he never actually slept with any of them. They were plans. Thoughts.

He couldn’t stand the thought of having children in several states and countries to whom he would not be a real father. He wants to raise his child, to play football with him. And, the thought of being a piece of meat made him uncomfortable. He had thought he would love it. Perhaps now he could see how women felt, the way he treated them.

He resisted the temptation of every man’s dream and sought Jenny. The “real woman” he fancied. An age-appropriate neighbour he had a thing for. She turned to have been simply friendly with him, with no intention to lead him on. There is a reason why Jenny should have never been considered by him. What a disappointment. A significant turn of events.

He called Liz, his college love with whom he had recently reconnected. Jeff informed Peter why Liz should never be perused by him. What a disappointment, a disturbing fact. A depressing discovery beyond his imagination. A significant twist. He may have committed the unspeakable sin. Did he?

He was truly depressed and confused. Although suddenly there is good news. The negative side effect of the drug turned to be temporary, and is quickly disappearing, and men are returning to normal. But in reality, he was too devastated to care.

Having failed in love and lust, failed to interpret the rhythms of the sound of high heels, haunted by the emotional disaster of a possible ugly truth about him and Amanda, him and Liz, and the story of Jenny ... harassed by the rejection and disappointment and shocking news – and the failure of company and his career ... he decided to escape the world. Another trip away back into the ocean to some island far away from it all.

The hell with love. Maybe Adam was right. Forget about emotions and poetry. Maybe it's all about the sensations on the head of the penis.

The closing scene:

Peter is on his way to the boat. Adam accompanies him again. And a theory leaves the reader (or the viewer) with a question mark only the reader or viewer can answer. **The end.**

6- Concept analysis.

An introduction by the author, a poetic, creative writing presentation submitted to CBC and ADAB as a promo.

Awake, alone, restless in bed at dawn; I lay back with my fingers laced behind my head, staring at the open window; drawn to the poetic gibbous moon chasing the sky's defeated umbra.

The soft dark colour of the night was wrestling with the bedroom window's spying sorties of invisible daylight hiding behind the abating moon.

The texture of the night appeared to flee the threat of the bedroom window, seeking refuge in the remainder of my near a century old house.

Scattered thoughts reflecting back on a life journey were torturing me. Thoughts and emotions debating a foolish past of roads I crossed and battles I fought – and lost; depicting love scenes I enjoyed or suffered.

The silence of the night was no contender to the kaleidoscope of emotions that swam in my dim vision. I got up, said good morning to "Anubis," my Great Dane, served him a bowl of milk and poured myself a glass, and headed for my desk. Headed for the therapeutic comfort in debating my emotions in writing. Emotions that were lost or saved on their journey from the heart to the brain.

Some of these thoughts are roots dug deep into the ground. Some have reached water wells. Others are suffocated by rocks and sand.

Some of these thoughts were leaves and boughs that enjoyed the luxury of the youthful summer sun; tolerated the humility of the autumn mood; suffered the rigour of winter snow, and paraded the arrogance of the spring zephyr proclaiming its power over the valley ... over every tree.

Reflections on trial and triumph.

Where did the days go? A thousand moons!

How did I lose the battle for love, discarded alone in my old days to write about a lost dream?

I wanted to write about a manifestation of mountains of quarantined emotions.

I wanted to write about a woman I promised her that my love will be dancing around her, long after all the angels have died, and God is old and grey.

I wanted to write about a woman I boasted I would do to her what the full moon does to wolves. I boasted she would experience a sexual ecstasy that would make every stone of every church in town, at midnight, scream "Alleluia."

And I wanted to write about a woman to whom I wrote volumes of emotions. But she was illiterate. In love, she couldn't read. She couldn't write.

Troops of imprisoned thoughts, were searching for the texture, the scent, the feel of a million roses collected by an idiotic poet from the nights of a thousand moons ... the laughs of a thousand memories ... the breasts of a thousand women ... the tears of a thousand journeys.

Thoughts intoxicated by the sound of high heels, dancing to the rhythms of lust.

I wanted to write about a cabin on a peaceful river, cuddled by grape vines, overlooking a small village where the children play on the mountain in no danger; where love is a proud happy banner, dancing to the wind. To that magic cave, I often resorted, to rest, in my notebook.

I wanted to write about a thousand-year-old vine in the land of hallucination. A vine that witnessed all arts of love. Deserted by birds a thousand times. Lost its leaves a thousand times. Suffered a thousand winters, and danced to a thousand springs. Its leaves flew all over the valley; sang my poems, and mocked my idealism.

... Some of these thoughts are childish; they embarrass me. Others are profound, they challenge me. But, they all are as real as my dad's love. As real as the vine leaves.

I wanted to write about the days of denial that resembled an animal sticking its head into the sand when faced with a beast!

My approach to dealing with the beast failed to project the difference between weakness and kindness. It failed to distinguish reality and the truth from hallucinated, intoxicated, hollow and impossible emotional goals.

... I wanted to believe I am still, perhaps reluctantly, searching for love. I now have the experience. I am now qualified. Perhaps too late. I had abandoned that thought several times as I called the search off and sent the workers home. The emotional safety of being alone is tempting; though the price is debatable.

... I wanted to resurrect a beautiful woman I had accidentally created. I was in my favourite silk pajamas, tucked into my favourite silk bed sheets, with a cup of coffee, and a cigar, in a writing mood. She fell from my poetry pages, onto my bed sheets. An error made by the ink. A mistake of the pen.

And the voice of a letter slipping through the notebook onto the warm bed sheets, warned me of vegetarian eyes, vegan lips, on a carnivorous bed ... I didn't listen. I didn't understand.

I wanted to delete a woman with a heart made of leather. A smile with the texture of money. Eyes that could pour fabricated tears into theatrical love statements signifying nothing! The emotion thieves. Emotional assassination!

I wanted to go back in time and undo the foolishness of the past. Bring back a woman with a virtuous aura and a heart that inspired the archangel's poetic hymns. I didn't understand back then. I think I do now.

I tried the escapism of lust, with the love-free plan of an occasional sneaking out for a snack - as opposed to reserving two seats for a five-course meal. I searched for a farm full of roses made of women – where I don't have to dig, I don't have to pick, and I don't have to rake.

I knew it wouldn't work. I can't live without a real woman in my thoughts. In my book. In my bed. In my eyes. After all, Adam was in the company of God himself, in paradise, and he wasn't happy. He needed Eve to give him his happiness, and his challenges.

I tried to escape my thoughts, hiding under my thick blanket, in my shadowy bedroom, attempting a doomed emotional hibernation.

I worried ...

Having turned the page on my indomitable love battle, conquered my emotional tyranny, and eradicated its power;

Having inured my soul to a new era of life on a safe flat ground;

Having concluded the final chapter, filed it away; and swore there shall be no addendum to follow ...

I worried ... it might make it harder to resist the pressure of keeping borders and fences.

I worried, it might make it harder to control the expected opposition within, the masked revolution leading the uprising roaring militia eliciting the illicit indulgence.

I had to face my worries,

my hopes,

my sorrow and my joy.

I looked out the window watching the new pink of the day wrestling its way into the sky. The fat moon, resisting calling it a night, hung low above the British Columbia mountains, fondling their jagged peaks with lethargic luminosity. The dark silhouettes of maple

trees appeared like giant sentinels watching the gates of heaven. Their golden fronds whirled and rustled in the defeated moonlight as if they were dancing to the music of the waves of the surrounding ocean, listening carefully as the waves curl against the cliffs.

The open window revealed slightly visible clouds scudding across the sky, blown about and blown apart by the aftermath of a struggle between the climax of a retiring spring, and the vigor of an anxious summer. The silent battle's sorties of breeze howled around the eaves and slipped into the house like a crocodile into a muddy lake.

I looked back inside the room. My trousers were lain on a chair with a pocket inside out. And a shirt lay there on the floor helplessly. I reached for them. I then picked up my keys, and the sound they made was a familiar tone to my Dane. He was already at the door. It was time for another round of peaceful search for the answer. "Let's go, Anubis," I said, as he expressed his agreement, wagging his tail so hard against the door I wondered if it hurts.

In a meaningless attempt to once and for all bury my thoughts and worries,

In an attempt to silence their poetic torture,

I decided, there is one last option I must seek.

Tomorrow at midnight, I shall jump over the moon's fence,

And I shall throw all my worries behind the sun,

Before dawn.

Tomorrow, I shall learn a new rhythm of the sound of high heels.

7- The back cover and the spine.

This novel explores the emotional battles of love and lust, as fought by many men and women in their search of romance in the wrong places.

To no avail, they all had flown beyond earth's orbit,
jumped over the moon's fence,
and dug deep below a dark past,
to bury their hearts behind the sun – before dawn.

... Love eluded them all.

They had the wrong map.
They followed the wrong route.



Peter, and his insecurities.
Dan, Jeff, and Mary, and their manufactured love.
Ramona, Amanda, and Liz, who wanted it all.
Jenny and Adam, who challenged the rules – and won!

In vain, they all cheered for 'sex' to be the capital city of the illicit kingdom of love. They raised the wrong banner. They sang the wrong anthem... And everything went wrong!

Even the man who lived for his love for women, was trapped on a small 'Gilligan-like' island with a gay guy. For months, the two thoughts of two very different characters debated love and life. Peter's version of poetic romance, longing for a woman's touch, her hair, and the sound of high heels. And Adam's theory that love is merely the physical sensations on the head of the penis.

A novel for the elite reader, by the author of "Intoxicated emotions," "The scent moon," and "The purple dream." www.GoudaBooks.com

Warning: The novel plot necessitated several romance scenes of a graphically explicit sexual nature intended for adult readers.

Available at these and other bookstores:

Chapters & Coles. Canada.
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"The author married facts to fiction, love to lust, and science to poetry; and produced a unique piece of literature. It has it all: Sex, Adventure, Science, Romance, Poetry, Suspense, Comedy, Religion, and Politics. Well-written. A good, long, read. OU - Lit. Soc.

"... Written by a renowned author of romantic poetry, it will take you on an exciting journey of creative storytelling. It will entertain you, yet will provoke you. Whether you're a woman or a man, heterosexual or homosexual, American or Canadian, it will challenge you. Brilliant."

LLS Gazette.

THE
SOUND
OF
HIGH HEELS



BASED
ON A
TRUE
STORY

THE
IRONY
OF
LOVE
AND
LUST.



PAUL GOUDA

8- Author's info.

Thank you for the time to review.

Visit the author's books at www.GoudaBooks.com

And his science background at www.OptimumGreen.com

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