

Official Message from the Author Delivered At Gunpoint from Her Editor!

For the record, I do not advocate *hiring a hit man* to avenge an ex-lover. I also don't recommend *baking poison brownies* and tasting them yourself. In fact, none of the retribution tools mentioned in this novel—*cyanide, arsenic, or carbon monoxide*—are worth trifling with.

However, I do believe some break-up stories leave open the possibility for a little good, clean fun. All's fair in love and war, right? And besides, whoever said there was anything wrong with "getting back" at Mr. Right?

I live in Texas and have many "normal" girlfriends. But even these girls have a little Alex Forrest in them. Come to think of it, every woman I know has a little "Alex Forrest" in her.

Do you remember Alex Forrest?

She was the character played by Glenn Close in *Fatal Attraction*.

Now, I know some of you who are out there reading this are probably saying to yourself: "Oh no! Not me. I am *certainly no* Alex Forrest."

Ah, but I respectfully disagree. Although many of us would never stoop to psychotic acts of revenge such as boiling pet rabbits, there have been countless women in history who have personified the age-old phrase, "Hell Hath No Fury Like A Woman Scorned."

(P.S. While many people attribute this quote to William Shakespeare, it actually comes from a play called *The Mourning Bride* written in 1697 by William Congreve. The complete quote is:

“Heaven has no rage like love to hatred turned/ Nor hell a fury like a woman scorned.”)

But let’s get back to Alex Forrest, shall we?

After I finished writing this novel, I decided to interview a smattering of women across the country to find out exactly whether my Alex Forrest theory is true. That is, does the average “normal” woman have a penchant for avenging an ex? And if so, what is the craziest/ over-the-top “Revenging-The-Ex” story you’ve ever heard?

I began my intensive research by picking up the phone. It was a Saturday morning. I had just eaten *tres leches* for breakfast. (P.S. *Tres leches* is a delicious Mexican dessert. But even Mexicans don’t eat it for breakfast.)

Anyway, I called several friends of mine, who in turn, called their friends. Remember. This was on Saturday.

By Sunday, I was fielding phone calls like a 911 Operator.

Upon hearing the news that some author in Texas was collecting “Best-Your-Ex” stories, my cell phone buzzed like crazy.

Here are some of those stories.

Ladies, you know who you are . . .

“I lost fifteen pounds and started sleeping with his roommate who was in Med School and was totally hot, hot.”

—Washington, D.C.

“He had a baseball that he caught in a World Series Game. He always bragged about how he had snatched it away from everyone else. Well, guess what? It’s mine now.”

—Houston, TX

“I called his ex-wife and some of the other women he had dated and we all got together for coffee and compared notes. Turns out we weren’t quite the monsters he’d made us out to be.

We recorded the entire thing on video cam and sent him the DVD.”

—Newport Beach, CA

“I went to a local Bait & Tackle Shop, bought some bait, and ended up sewing it between his curtains. Later, he told his friends that his apartment reeked of fish, and he couldn’t figure out why.

I know it sounds gross, but I always hated those curtains. His mother bought them.”

—South Florida.

“When my fiancé told me he was “having second thoughts,” I left a framed 8x10 photo on his bedside table. It was a picture of me bending over in the nude. The perfect ass shot. I intended the photo to be funny—a shot of me ‘mooning’ him. My fiancé told me he thought it was the sexiest thing I’d done in a long time.

That’s what had been missing in our relationship, he said. (A little zing.)

We ended up getting married. My husband still keeps the photo inside his desk at work.”

—Austin, Texas.

For more “Revenge-The-Ex” stories, or to add your own, please visit www.JoBarrettBooks.com