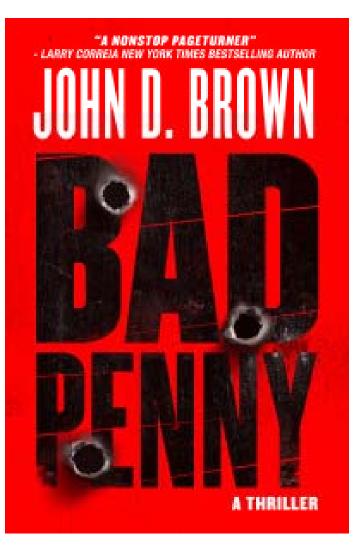
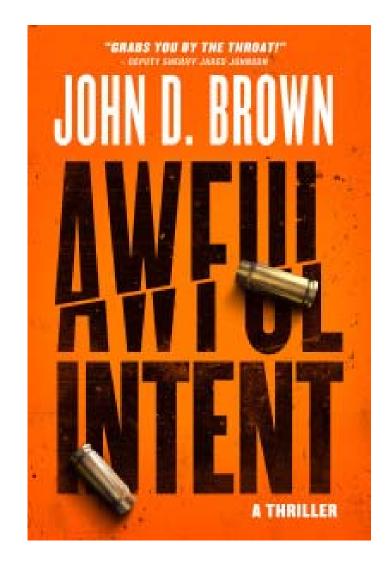
Triggers and Delay Make Them Beg for More

By John D. Brown

Frank Shaw





And?

- I picked up this book for a little light reading over Christmas break and couldn't put it down." –Live Great
- "My gosh what a story. I was on the edge of my seat the whole book and exhausted by the time it was over. Absolutely loved it even though I need a nap now." —Judy Glover
- "Couldn't put it down and almost read straight thru" Mona Talbot
- "I could not put it down." Alan J Anderson
- "Very well written fast moving and hard to put down" Amazon Customer
- "Riveting I did not put it down until finished" Amazon Customer
- "Couldn't put it down. Great story!" Kindle Customer
- "Very well written. Realistic I could not put the Kindle down" Shorn

And?

- "It was very difficult to put the book down." Amazon customer
- "You'd best find a comfortable chair when you start because you won't get up until you're finished." — Seven Shinall
- "I read in two days because **couldnt put it down**" *Olga Platt*
- "I could hardly wait to go to the next page." Edie English
- "Could not put this book or "Bad Penny" down. Well worth the lost sleep" — Carolyn
- "Damn you John Brown. The last half of this book was so good that I stayed up until midnight last night to finish it when I had to be up at 0400 this morning" —Ian M.
- "I had trouble putting it down."
- "This truly is a book that I couldn't put down (much to my wife's displeasure" Dwight Diedricht

And?

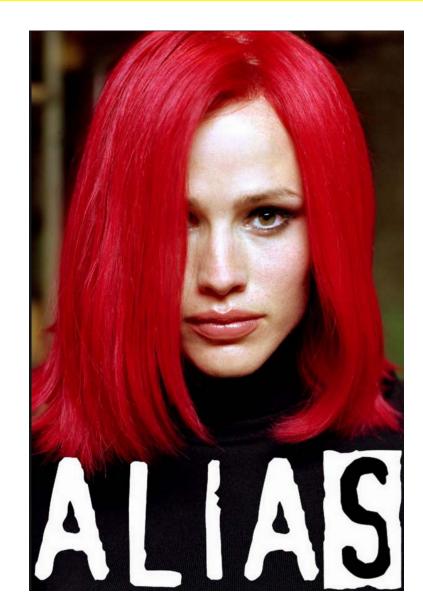


please lord, don't let tom cruise play this character Published 1 day ago by ridelife

Insight begins with understanding what you're trying to accomplish



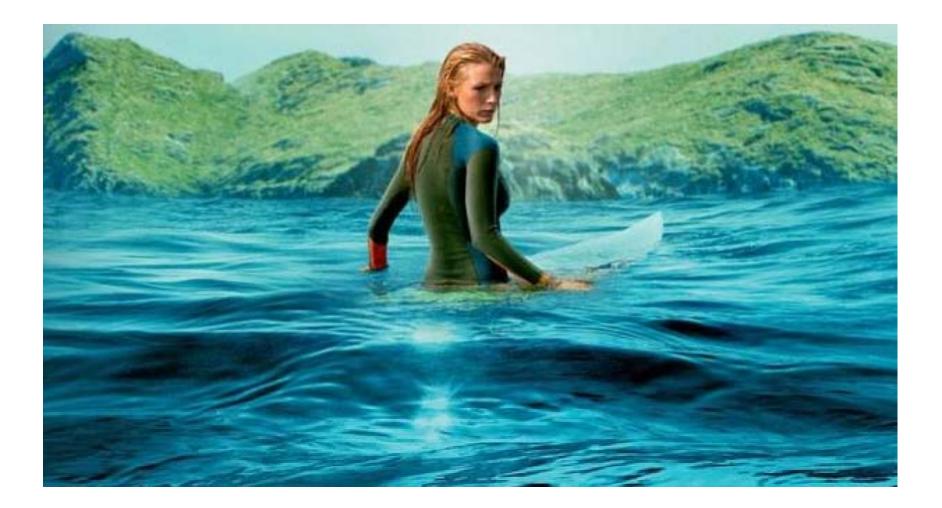
What were you lacking that you had to get?



3 Types of Information

- 1. Hopes and fears
- 2. Anticipation
- 3. Puzzlement, mystery

Hopes and Fears



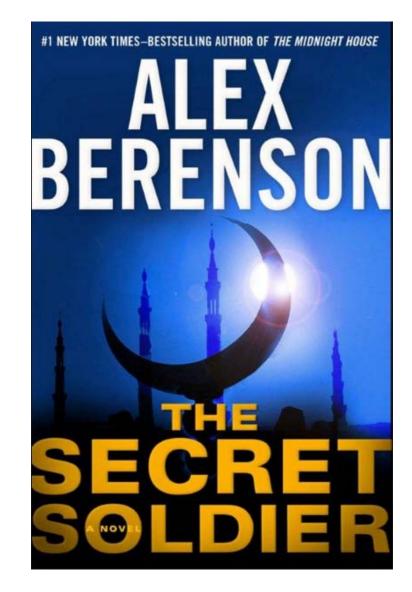
Anticipation



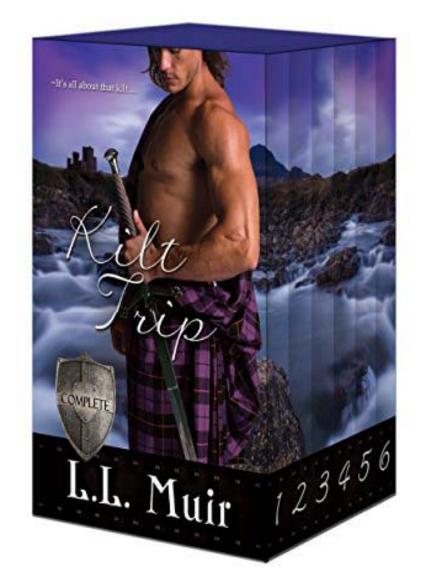
Puzzlement, Mystery



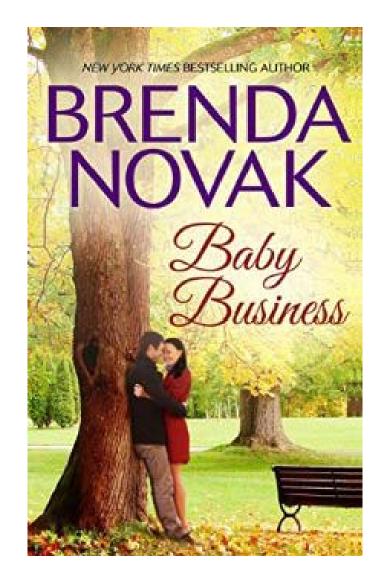
Trigger



Trigger



Trigger



Like a Rollercoaster



To Start the Ride

- 1. An interesting character
- 2. Something specific to gain or retain
- 3. Formidable obstacle

Triggering Desire to Gain or Retain

- THOM R
 - -Threat
 - -Hardship
 - -Opportunity
 - -Mystery
 - -Relationship

Threat

An aspect of happiness in danger...

- Life
- Security
- Health
- Relationship

– Control

- Freedom

– Ownership

- Self-respect

- Meaningfulness - Reputation

Hardship & Opportunity

Already experiencing pain or lack or see an opportunity for happiness...

- Life
- Security
- Health

- Ownership

Freedom

- Self-respect
- Relationship
- Meaningfulness
- Control
 - Reputation

Mystery

Seeking insight for...

- Reward
- Justice
- Secrets
- Odd Events
- Understanding what's going on
- A key to gaining or retaining

Relationship

A special type of threat, hardship, or opportunity

- Friends
- Lovers
- Family

Triggering Desire to Gain or Retain

Threat Hardship Opportunity Mystery Relationship

Desire to Gain or Retain Something Specific

Formidable Obstacle

Synonyms

- Trouble
- Difficulty
- Problem
- Complication
- Opposition
- Dilemma

Why?

Uncertainty We don't want to know what will happen. We want to know what might happen and worry about the possibilities.

Making the Task Difficult

- Conflict
 - Antagonist
 - Others
 - Things
 - Self

Obstacles

- Physical environment
- Cultural environment
- Objects
- Lack (knowledge, skills, resource, ability)

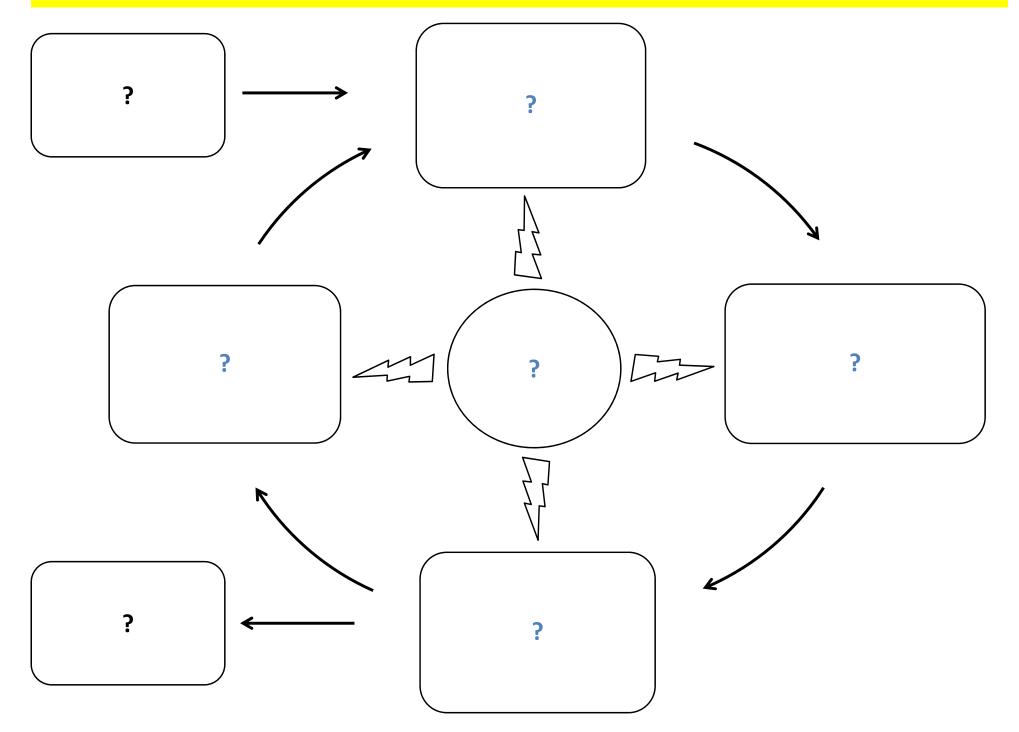
Pressure

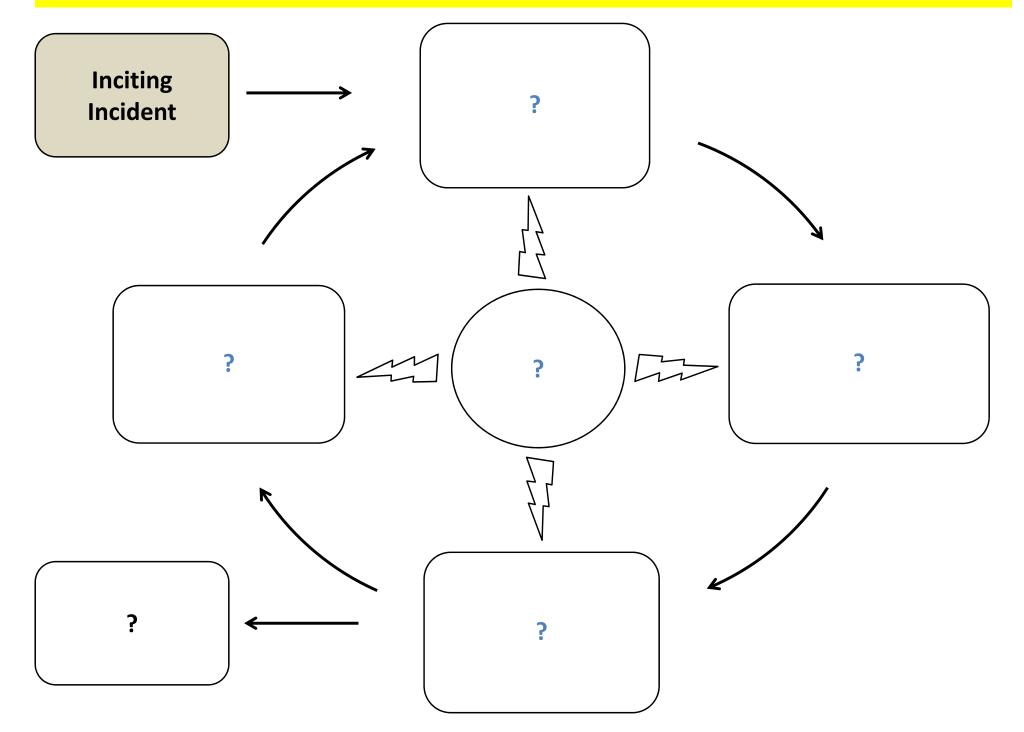
- Underdog
- Stakes
- Time

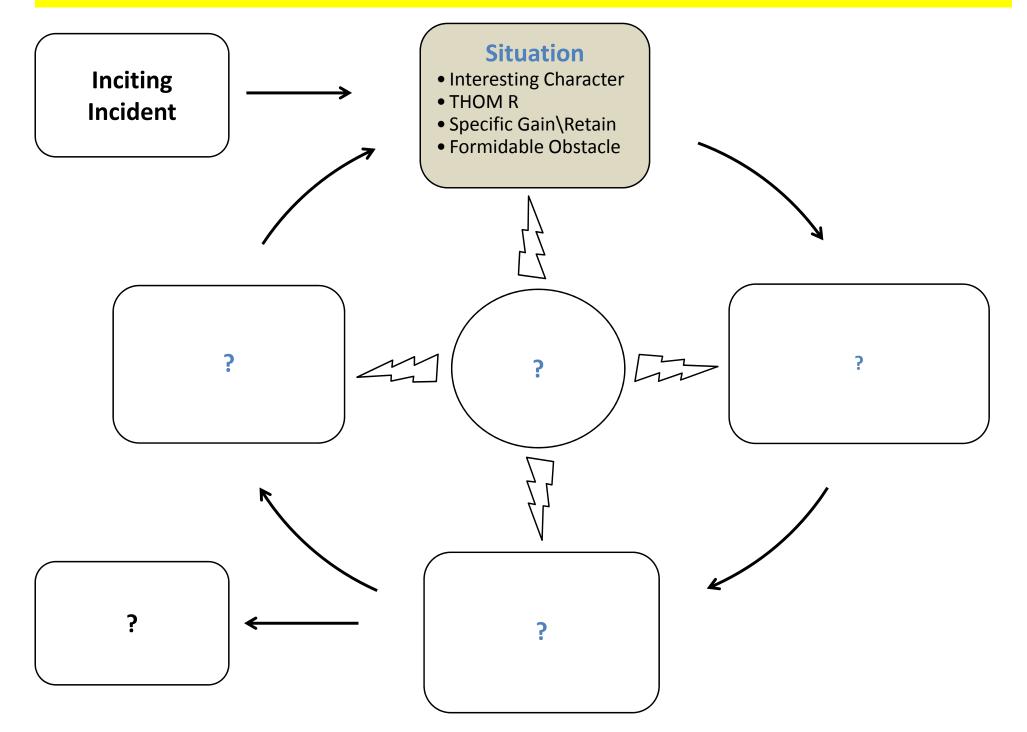
The Principle is NOT Just Trigger

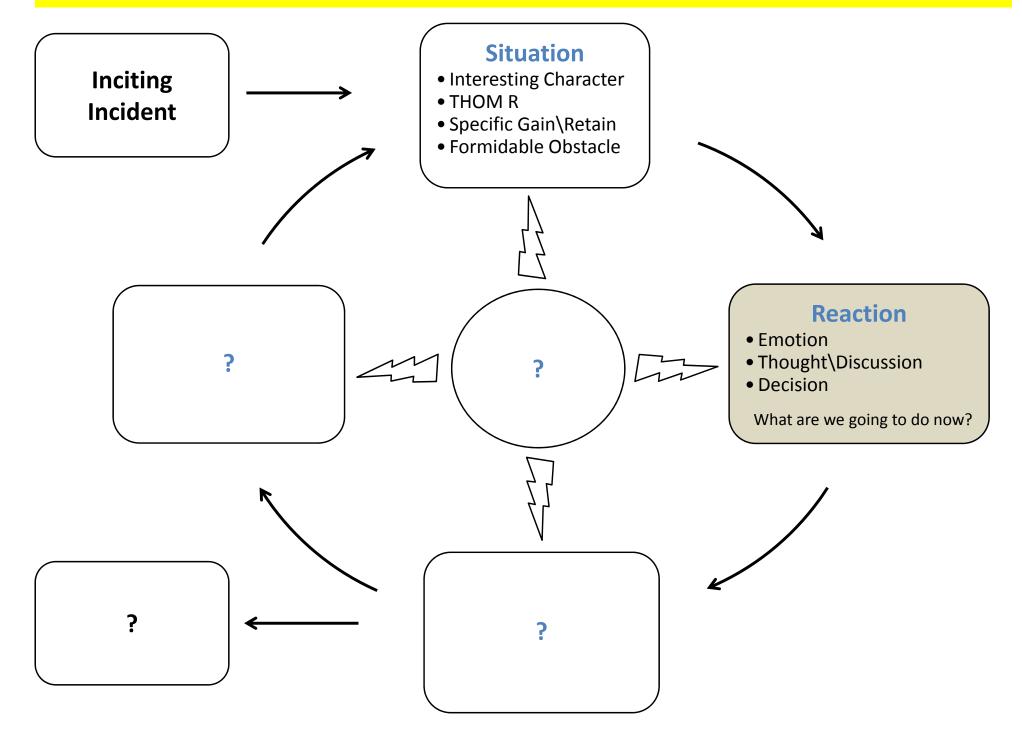
Trigger and Delay Delays have a shelf life Focused on the effort A story is...

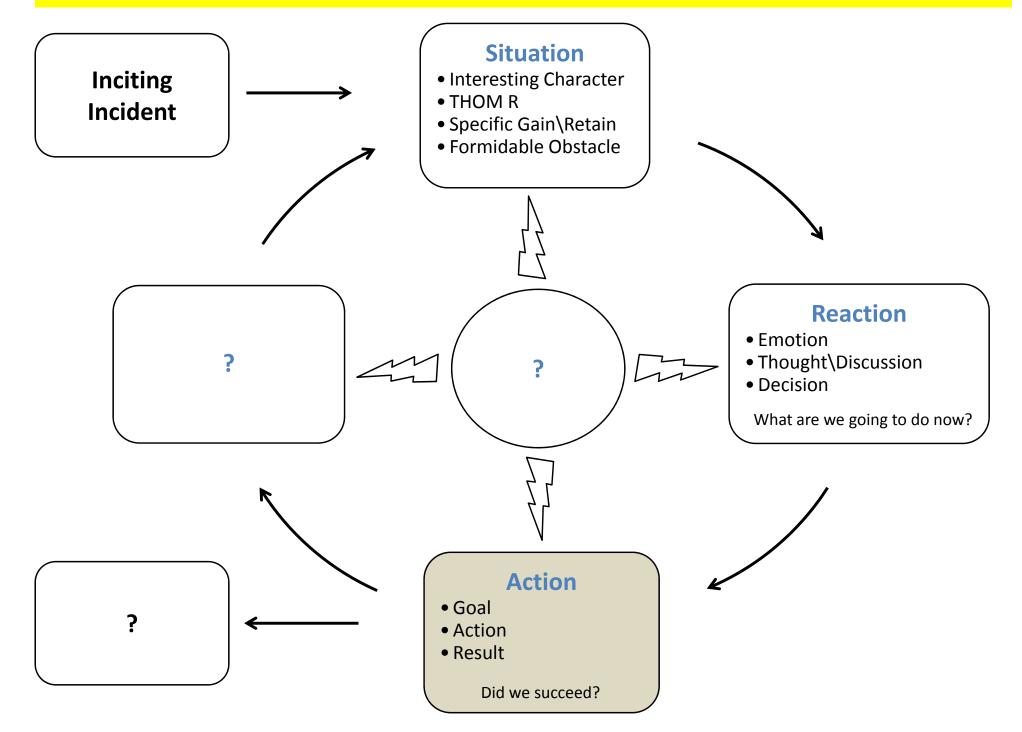
An account of the effort to gain or retain something specific

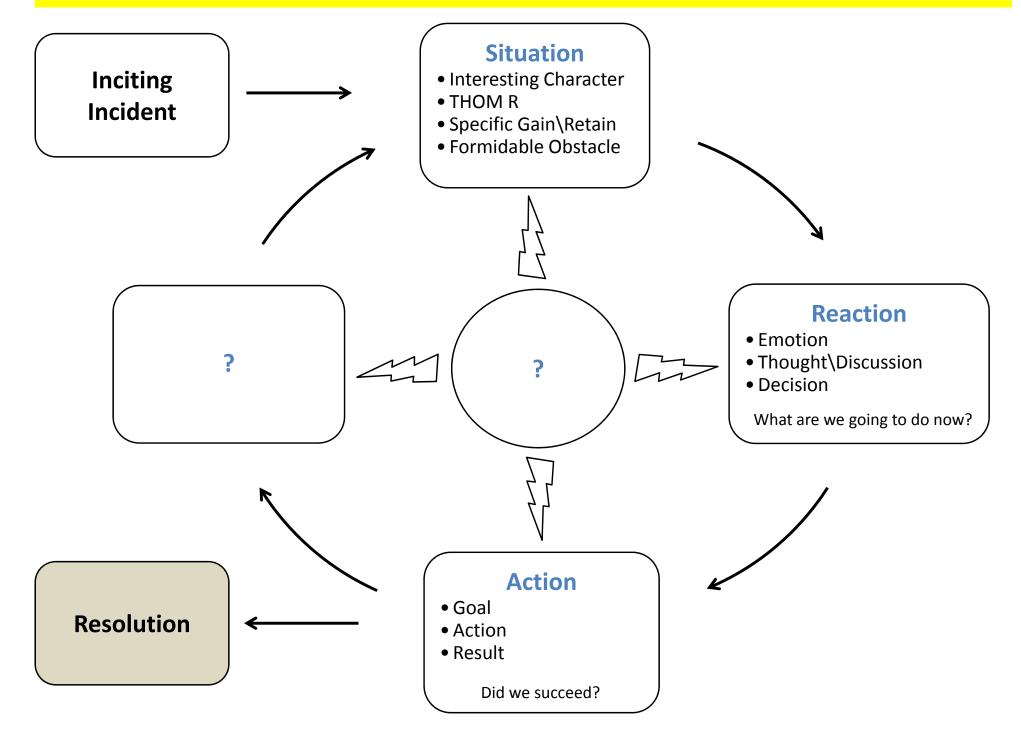


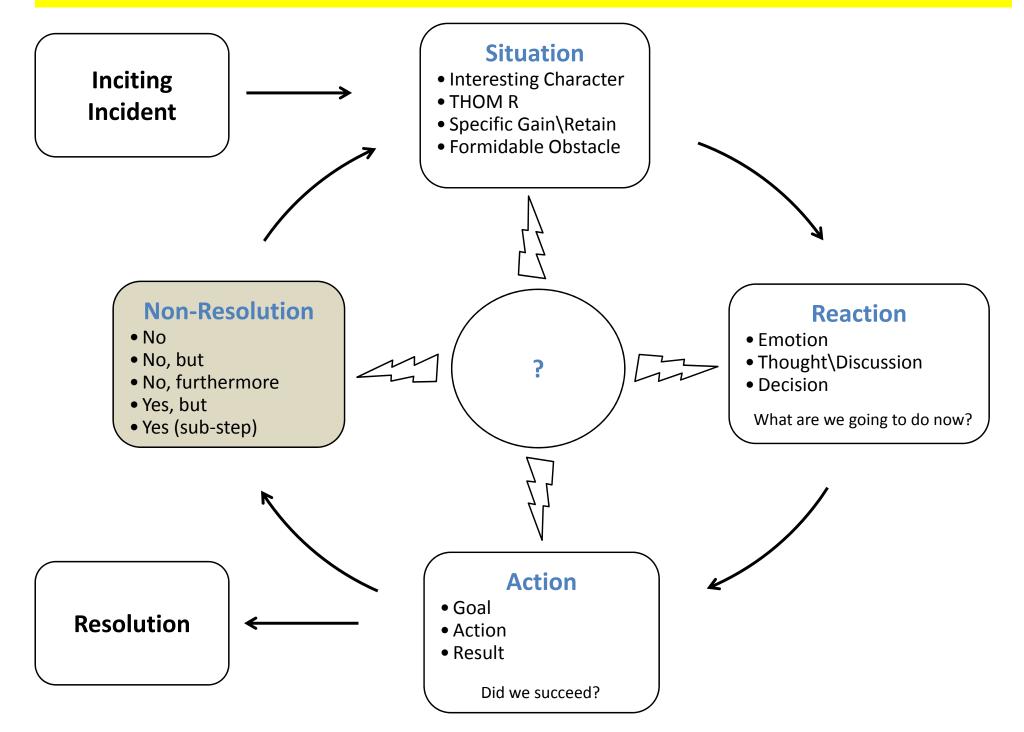


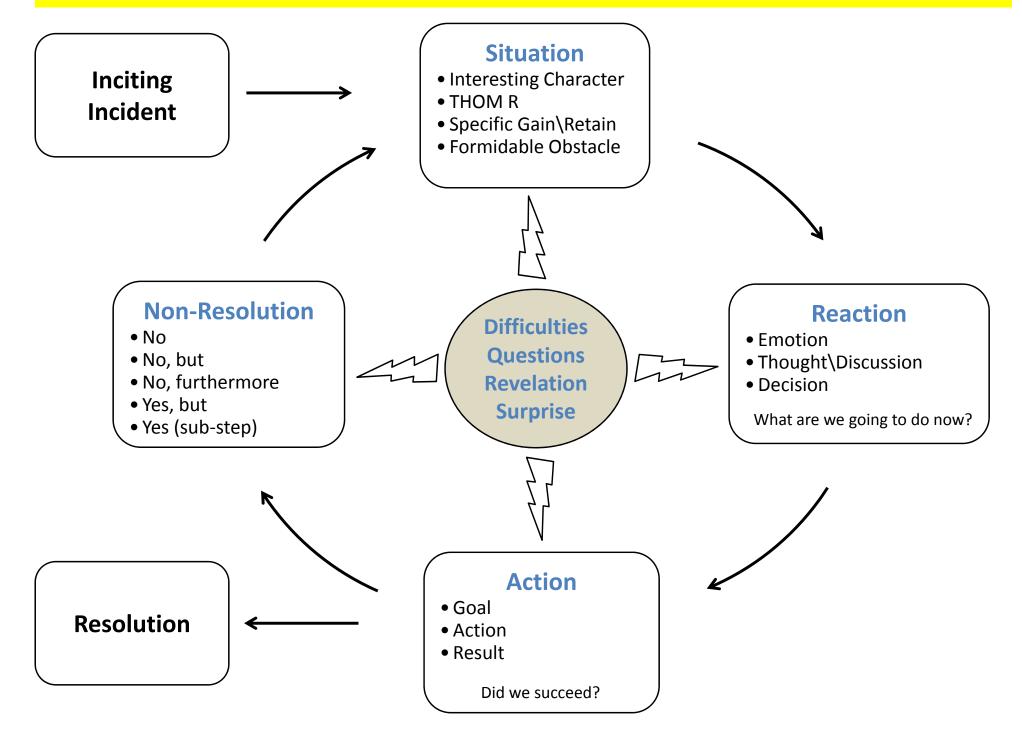




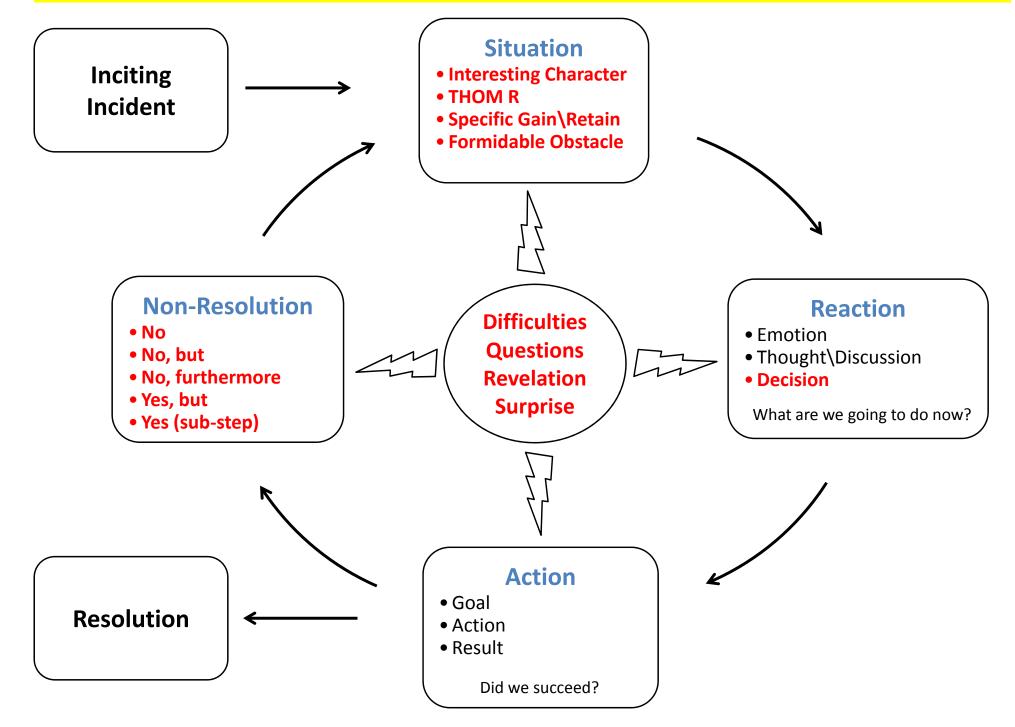




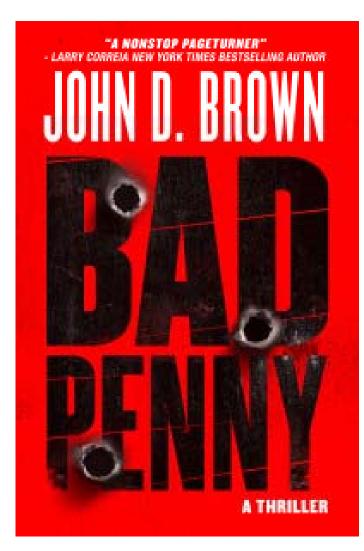




The Triggers



Frank Shaw



JESUS GOROZA, the man with tats running over his limbs like demons, thought the woman they were following on this deserted piece of interstate was FBI.

Ed Meese, the driver, the man with the scar on his neck, didn't think that was the case at all. She was in her early-twenties, a bit young for the FBI. And she was driving an old 1990s Buick without another soul in sight.

Wouldn't the Feds have sent backup at the first sign of trouble?

Of course, maybe she'd convinced her bosses she

was clear, convinced them that the big FBI agent had everything in hand, and they'd pulled back the cavalry. Meese shook his head. Cops were idiots.

The two men had been keeping back, playing it safe, giving the woman plenty of room. It was just after four a.m., the sun still more than an hour off. Hardly a soul out here. Just them and her driving in the dark, the two men waiting for her to make her mistake.

Up ahead the woman slowed, then took the exit to a small out-in-the-middle-of-nowhere Utah town called Coalville.

In a big city, there would have been cars. There would have been some bustle. There would have been witnesses.

There were no witnesses here. Not on these streets. There were hardly any homes.

Meese figured there were at most a few dozen, and they were all strung out along a main road that stretched for ten miles or more. All of the houses were dark. A bunch of hick farmers dreaming about cows.

A brightly-lit Best Western hotel and a Texaco gas station stood on one side of the interstate. A lone Sinclair gas station stood on the other. The woman

came to a stop then accelerated up and across the overpass toward the Sinclair gas station on the other side, the side that you couldn't see well from the interstate. The side she obviously thought might give her cover.

"Bingo," Jesus said.

Chapter 1: End

In the trunk, the woman breathed in through her nostrils and tried to calm herself. Her heart was beating like a bird in a cage. She fumbled around behind her with her zip-tied hands for the emergency trunk release and found nothing but the bones of the car.

It was close and dark like a coffin. Except you wouldn't smell motor oil in a coffin. You wouldn't hear the drone of the tires on the road or see the pinpricks of red leaking around the housing for the rear lights. But it was a coffin nevertheless.

Chapter 1: End

She'd known they'd find her. Eventually. Just as they found the others. The faces of those she'd worked with appeared before her and stabbed her with a pang of regret.

She adjusted her position, took slower breaths, tried to keep the panic away. She told herself she'd known the risks—they all had. Told herself she'd do it all over again. Told herself this wasn't over until it was over. Then she prayed to the Holy Mother. Prayed for eyes to see her chance.

Prayed the men would make a mistake.

Frank Shaw

- Interesting Character
- THOM R
- Specific Gain\Retain
- Formidable obstacle
- Effect
 - Hopes and fears
 - Anticipation
 - Puzzlement, mystery

Love Story

• Interesting Character

– Anna Carillo

• THOM R 1

- Dead illegal kids in desert
- Gain \ Retain: find killer coyotes

• THOM R 2

- Meets guy at bookstore cafe
- Gain \ Retain: love

• Formidable obstacle 2

- He's a coyote



- Sees him. His smile and hair are gorgeous. Reads.
- RA: OH MY GOSH, checks hand for a ring...then scans for criminal markings. Thinks she sees one, tries to get better view
- RA: He catches her staring. Smiles. Can I help you?
- RA: No, just noticed mark on your hand.
- RA. Shows it. It's a butterfly tattoo. She turns back, frustrated with her 24x7 suspicion. Screwed up.
- He points out both have plumbing books, chat, stalls, she decides to try the hair thing her sister does...
- It works, phone rings, she goes private, returns, and...
- He's gone.

- RA. Disappointed, maybe she was making the feeling up. Looks around. Nada.
- Café Bob comes over with a screwy dessert she'd mentioned to the guy.
- RA. Aw. Who is he? Nobody knows. They ask around.
- Bob: Who was the guy that paid?
- Roxie shrugs.
- Bob: The guy with the hair.
- Roxie: Oh, the hair guy.
- Bob: Yeah.
- Roxie: I don't know.
- Bob: We don't know.

- Crazy Earl in back: he's a Wednesday guy.
- Anna: A Wednesday guy?
- Bob: Monkey bread.
- Roxie: Monkey bread.
- Bob: It's a madhouse for the monkey bread.
- Roxie: He's one of the monkey bread people.
- Anna's not tracking.
- Bob points to sign: Wednesday, monkey bread day.
- Roxie nods: They're crazy for the monkey bread.
- Bob: You should come back tomorrow.
- Roxie: It will be full of monkey bread people.

Home

- Granny who needed plumbing help (sister, daughter, uncle who looks MS-13?)
- Talks her into going back, what can it hurt?
- Okay, she says to placate.
- Makes her promise on statuette of Saint Guadalupe.
- She goes home with statuette to empty house.
- And...

Sheriff's Station

- Receive a report of suspicious activity, go out
- Anna and Mystery Man pass each other on the road
- Goofy scene with some hard core Minutemen, get a lead with partial plate number and contradictory description of car

Monkey Bread

- Pulls up to bookstore. Waits. Rolls eyes. Goes in.
- Looks, mingles, doesn't see him.
- About to leave, she hears him say, I thought you were [crazy dessert]
- I thought I'd try the monkey bread
- You do, and you'll be on a twelve-step program.
- They talk, hit it off, talk about plumbing, she needs some tool, he has one, says she can borrow
- She's crazy, second time meeting a man and she's borrowing his tools. Says okay.

Sheriff's Station

- Gets a list of vehicles, and pictures
- Swears she remembers seeing one of the cars in bookstore parking lot...

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- Anna not quite tracking: Right.
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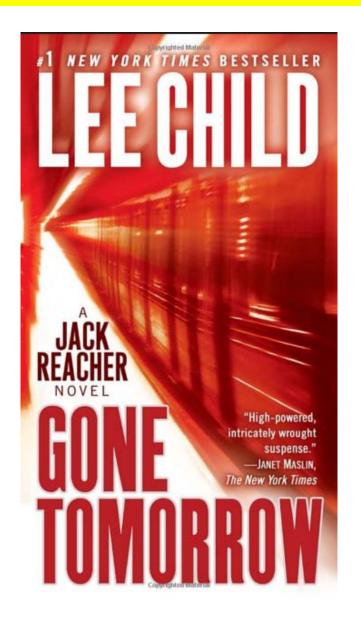
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Gone Tomorrow



Gone Tomorrow: Start

Suicide bombers are easy to spot. They give out all kinds of tell-tale signs. Mostly because they're nervous. By definition they're all first-timers.

Israeli counterintelligence wrote the defensive playbook. They told us what to look for. They used pragmatic observation and psychological insight and came up with a list of behavioral indicators. I learned the list from an Israeli army captain twenty years ago. He swore by it. Therefore I swore by it too, because at the time I was on three weeks' detached duty mostly about a yard from his shoulder, in Israel itself, in Jerusalem, on the West Bank, in the Lebanon, sometimes in Syria,

Gone Tomorrow: Start

sometimes in Jordan, on buses, in stores, on crowded sidewalks. I kept my eyes moving and my mind running free down the bullet points.

Twenty years later I still know the list. And my eyes still move. Pure habit. From another bunch of guys I learned another mantra: Look, don't see, listen, don't hear. The more you engage, the longer you survive.

The list is twelve points long if you're looking at a male suspect. Eleven, if you're looking at a woman. The difference is a fresh shave. Male bombers take off their beards. It helps them blend in. Makes them less suspicious. The result is paler skin on the lower half of the

Gone Tomorrow: Start

of the face. No recent exposure to the sun.

But I wasn't interested in shaves.

- I was working on the eleven-point list.
- I was looking at a woman.

I was riding the subway, in New York City. The 6 train, the Lexington Avenue local, heading uptown, two o'clock in the morning.

Gone Tomorrow

- Interesting Character
- THOM R
- Specific Gain\Retain
- Formidable obstacle
- Effect
 - Hopes and fears
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Trigger and Delay

