

Broken love — Hidden crimes
A tale for anyone who has mistaken
red flags for trail markers

Based on true events
of the world's largest criminal fraud*

A troubled artist with mad secrets
A drifter with math skills
No one was supposed to notice
No one was supposed to die

PAPER TARGETS



painting / Doug Meier

Art Can Be Murder

STEVE S. SAROFF

**"A wonderfully written thriller
with Big Sky country as a setting."**

- Kirkus Reviews

Available to booksellers through Ingram
standard 55% discount & returnable

Title: **Paper Targets** Subtitle: Art Can Be Murder

Author: **Steve S. Saroff**

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Size: 8.5" x 5.5" x 0.7"

Author's Website: <https://saroff.com>



An Ingram Spark Top 100 & Amazon Top 100 novel
3+ months on several Top 100 Seller lists:

- "Psychological Literary Fiction"
- "Literary Fiction"

Top-ranked on several GoodReads lists:

- #1 on "Books Set In Montana"
- #2 on "Best Montana Books"
- #3 on "Noir Fiction"

100's of five-star reviews



**"An immersive profound tumbling
romp of an adventure."**

"This book is flat-out genius, the best novel I've read in years.
The novel is that good, that remarkable."

- **Martin Clark**

Author of *The Plinko Bounce* and *The Substitution Order*

"A wonderfully written thriller with Big Sky country as a setting.
Montana Voice podcast host Saroff debuts with a novel about an
enigmatic loner who attracts strange characters as he tries to do
good - or repair the bad he has done. - **Kirkus Reviews**

"An astonishing novel. Highly recommended to everyone,
especially those interested in noir, art, a blazing narration, and
all of our deeply unsettling subconsciouses."

- **Michael Fitzgerald**

Author of *Radiant Days* and founder of Submittable

"Readers will be immediately invested in Enzi's fate, and Saroff
expertly intensifies the plot through unfolding backstories and
quiet tension. Lyrical yet succinct, Saroff's first person narrative
is well crafted, granting readers an inside view of Enzi's
sentiments." - **Publishers Weekly**

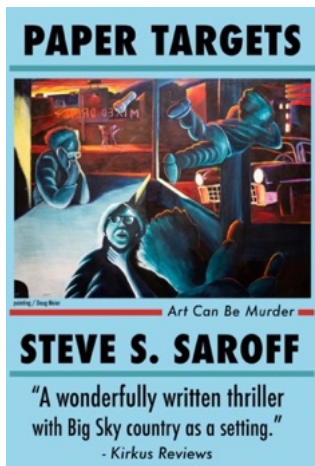
About the Author: Steve S. Saroff is the host of the popular
podcast *Montana Voice*, and is the author of *Paper Targets*, *The
Long Line of Elk*, and many traditionally published short stories
that appeared in *Redbook* and other national magazines. He was
a runaway who started and sold several tech companies. He
helped launch Submittable, the submission system used by many
publishers. Steve Saroff founded FreeMail Inc, the 1st
commercially successful internet-based email system, which was
acquired during WorldCom and Enron's multi-billion-dollar
criminal fraud* and collapse.

More of the backstory at <https://saroff.com>

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Excerpts from *Paper Targets* by Steve S. Saroff



“At three in the morning, the phone rang. I let it go to voicemail and didn’t listen to the message until the next day. The call had been from Kaori, a woman I had met at a crowded party more than two months before. Kaori had told me then that she was an artist and had come from Tokyo to Montana to ‘become famous.’ Now she was calling me because she was in jail. Her voice message said, ‘Please. I have no person now. I in the jail. I find your name in my pocket. I wait for you.’ Nearly six feet tall with red-tinted, jaw-length black hair, I first noticed her because she was standing by herself with her back to the crowd, looking out a window. Then I saw her hands, long and thin, her fingers stained with blue paint.”

“As I touch this keyboard, and if you are reading here, then you and I are not so far apart. But my story will share better if I first tell you some of where I came from. Far enough back, all of us must have a connection, a history, to those who struggled and left. It might be great-grandparents. Or closer. It could be your father or your mother. Or maybe, like me, it might have been you who had to run.”

“I hitchhiked and found jobs that lasted a few days or a week: picking apples in Washington state, stringing fences on ranches in Wyoming, working and sweating on road crews everywhere. I found the West and nights in bunkhouses, with the sounds of men coughing and drunks talking in their sleep. I found filthy motel rooms with stains on the walls and the forever miles of highways and roads. But I also found the sky, the rivers, and the wind, and I knew that the rooms were only for sleep, that the work was to be able to keep moving. Cities collect the runaways who are afraid of openness. The towns in the West collect the runaways who are afraid of not being able to keep leaving.”

“My first secret was that I could not read. And yet my earliest joy was listening to the murmuring of my mother as she read to me. We sat on a couch, a book shared between us, and I remember leaning against her. I also remember trying to touch the words, their shimmering mystery, as she held and guided my hand back and then slowly forth, beneath the lines.”

“I find moments without looking. Memories. Like books on a shelf, there is a scattered chronology, a disjointed stratum. Storms followed by windless gray. But then there are the peaks – a soft evening rain in a bright sunset sky with a rainbow arching over the darkening east. Then the rainbow doubles, the new colors reverse, and the center of the partial circle becomes connected with a perfect and invisible line from the sun behind my head. Does it matter that she was a chance moment? Do the thickness of the spines on the cluttered shelf matter? Do the physics of light explain the beauty of color? We have no choice other than to become veterans of time, but is it wrong to hold onto the sparks even if they still burn?”

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