

How much would you risk to save a patient? To save a friend?

The Night Nurse a massage therapy thriller

Media Kit

There's a pattern to everything. Even death.

When Jackson's older massage therapy patients start dying, he's the only one who sees that it's not their time. Their homes are subtly altered - a lifetime of comfortable patterns is being destroyed. The next day his patients are gone.

Wendy is a nurse who knows a hundred ways to give her patients the final relief. When the body count rises and suspicion mounts, she moves west. Now her back is against the Pacific. No one has ever seen the secret nature of her work in the night. Until now.

Wendy's tired of running. Jackson's afraid of the psych ward. As their paths spiral closer and neither can let the other go, Jackson must put his career and his freedom on the line, learn to accept his obsession and use the patterns - or lose everything to the night nurse.

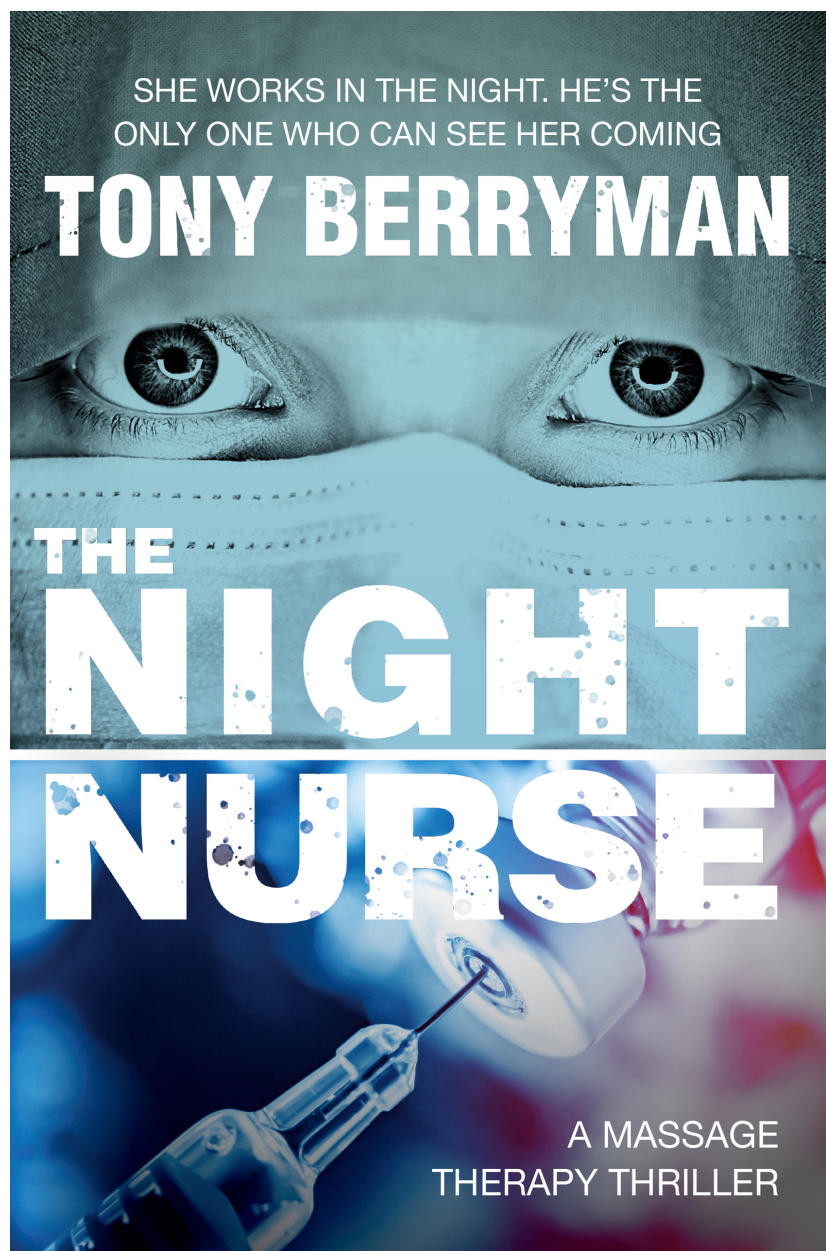
© 2020 Twintree Books

Paperback: 978-1-7771335-0-4

Ebook: 978-1-7771335-1-1

Contents

Summary	2
Excerpt	4
Author Bio	5
Author Q & A	5



Chapters Indigo
Barnes&Noble
Amazon.com
Amazon.ca
Amazon.co.uk
Amazon.com.au

For Immediate Release

Contact:
reachme@tonyberryman.com
250-409-9166



© 2020
Twintree Books

Night Nurse Summary

We meet Wendy, a nurse in Oregon who lives by three rules: Ease The Suffering; Don't Harm The Healthy; and When They Suspect, Move West. She helps another patient tonight, but suspicion is rising. She can't move west. This time she's going north, to a fresh start in Vancouver.

We meet Jackson, a traveling massage therapist with an obsession for patterns. It informs his work, but it can get dangerously out of hand. Lately his control has begun to slip. He feels something off at an elderly patient's house and sees a new doll. That night she dies.

We meet Marilyn, a Vancouver cop who wants to join the Emergency Response Team. A liquefied natural gas tanker is planning a public-relations parade into Vancouver Harbour and the entire police department is preparing for the protests.

We meet Borden, an industrial saboteur with an injured reputation and his sights set on the tanker.

Wendy works home care in Vancouver - an entire clientele who need her services. She rearranges each house to drain them of energy and gives each victim a doll. She racks up several deaths in quick succession, each of them different.

Jackson gets frantic as his patients keep dying. There's always an awful feeling and always a doll. He does everything he can to stop it, to no avail. On weekends he indulges his secret hobby - playing with gunpowder and ballistics on the beach.

Borden discovers Jackson's skill and gets his unknowing help to secure the heavy ordnance Borden needs. The cops are watching and have replaced the device with a dud. Borden expected that and gets what he needs anyway.

Jackson's condition is getting worse. His friends are concerned. The College of Massage Therapists has him on probation. Years before, his obsession led him to the edge of the Lions Gate Bridge and put him in the hospital. He's still afraid of both. His patients keep dying and he can't stop it. When a patient passes during his massage, in desperation Jackson takes the doll.

Wendy, horrified, breaks in and steals it back.

The police report only gets Jackson in deeper trouble. Later, Marilyn decides to take a second look, but gets seconded to the ERT to help stop Borden.

Jackson discovers Wendy's name and address. Marilyn, called to the incident, stops

She lifted a hand to grasp his arm with a surprisingly strong grip. He could hear her shoulder creak. "I mean, I don't hurt, not hardly. Best I've felt since my last bender."

He frowned. "Then why aren't you getting up and around?"

Mrs. Shrop let her arm fall. "I don't feel like it. The pain's not holding me back, but I'm, I don't know, drained." For the first time a vague worry crossed her face. "Like somebody's pulled a plug somewhere and I can't get it back in."

He squinted and tried to figure out what he was seeing. It was a diminishment of sorts. Something was stealing her away.

him from breaking into Wendy's house. Last warning.

His friends are shocked. Charles, an ER doctor, forces him to visit his psychiatrist. He gets put on a clinical trial to fully stop his condition. It works, but he may have lost some awareness along with it.

Borden makes a midnight run in deep fog to plant his device on the Lions Gate Bridge. The ERT is ready for him. Wendy (a massive woman) walks into the scene, sees his lack of scruples, and (spoiler alert) tosses him and his bomb over the side before vanishing in the mist.

Jackson and a beach-bum friend, Leaf, go creekwalking in Lynn Canyon. Wendy, desperate to stop his interference, drops a rock from above - a violation of the Second Rule. She misses - Leaf ends up in hospital with a brain injury, where it's revealed he's the son of a West Vancouver tycoon.

Jackson realizes he's missing something. He cuts back on his new meds, returns to Lynn Creek and finds out the accident was an attack. He breaks in to Wendy's, finding only hundreds of dolls. Wendy, on returning home, decides to give him one last warning.

LNG tanker parade day. Jackson gives a massage at the Hotel Van, to Wendy. They agree there can be no peace between them. Furious, he dumps his new meds and rushes back to Wendy's house, getting caught in the rat trap she left for him. Wendy heads to Jackson's and leaves poison in his pills before heading to her new job - tending to Leaf at home. By the end of the day she will be free.

Jackson heads to the emergency room, where Charles finally believes him. He goes home, only to find a singed and battered Borden waiting with a gun, demanding new ballistics for his final plan. Once Jackson gets rid of him he sees the pill trap - and the photo Leaf sends of a new doll. Jackson's meds are out of his system. He needs to trust his condition. He rushes off to save his friend.

Marilyn has traced Wendy's trail of bodies and finds out that Leaf is next. On the way through huge protest crowds to the bridge and Leaf, she sees Jackson ahead of her.

Jackson survives his reunion with the bridge, survives a series of traps set by Wendy at Leaf's, and confronts her, killing the night nurse. Marilyn arrives to see the end. She discovers that Borden is still out there and Jackson knows where he is. They run to stop the pending disaster with the help of Jackson's pattern sense.



Excerpt

The First Rule shone bright in Wendy's mind: Ease The Suffering. She nudged Mrs. DuBois into the right position. "There, hush now, I've made it better in here. You'll see."

For this occasion she had chosen a new method. The phenomenon was well known, but finding out exactly how to cause it had cost her many hours of study in medical libraries, blowing dust off old books about thoracic neurology and synaptic impulse and the chemistry of nerve conduction. Finally she'd found it for anyone to see on the Internet, of all places. She took up Mrs. DuBois' thin wrist, feeling for the telltale drumbeat of life under her fingertips. There it was, a rhythmic surge of systole and diastole marking the precise flashes of bioelectricity that flexed the powerful ventricles and pushed blood to the very end of Mrs. DuBois' wrist. The heart was built to be the most durable organ in the body, its electrical system practically unstoppable. Except during the 30 milliseconds when it was gathering strength for the next ventricular thrust.

Wendy reached over the bed and balled up her fist. "What are you –" Mrs. DuBois tried to demand, but she didn't have the chance.

Pulse, rest, pulse. The next rest, then the barest edge of the next pulse. Wendy brought her fist down with a hard, sharp tap on the center of the thin chest. A light but fast blow, 40 miles per hour on impact for best results, stopped just short of bruising.

Mrs. DuBois' eyes bugged out and her face flushed deep red. After a beat of complete stillness she caught her breath, shuddering in a deep lungful and wheezing out, "You – no, you're trying to – nurse!"

Wendy gasped. Shame flooded through her; she had caused more pain with her bumbling. Of course, there was a momentary delay between the wrist pulse and the actual physical heartbeat. She'd been stupid. Before Mrs. DuBois could gather another breath she curled her fingers, carefully timed, and struck a second thump to the frail chest, again stopping short of leaving a mark.

Mrs. DuBois' body jerked in a wave. Her eyes got large again, this time with the fixed stare of the final astonishment. No breath came to replace the last one. The thrum in the wrist was still.

Wendy's compassion lit her up from the inside. She leaned close, beaming. "That's better. You don't have to suffer anymore, Mrs. DuBois. Good night now." She watched as the body slowly relaxed. The eyes dropped, their last look of reproach a minor pain Wendy would gladly endure in the face of her great joy. The job was done, and none the wiser.





Tony's Bio

Security guard. Taxi driver. Massage therapist. Voice actor. Snowplow operator. Pencil pusher. Writer.

The teacher's comments on Tony's school report cards all said the same thing: Tony's a daydreamer. He is easily distracted. He spends too much time looking out the window. Time hasn't done much to change this.

The intervening years have given him the three D's - discipline, determination and desperation - needed to turn daydreams into stories. His employment history along the way reads like a patchwork quilt: taxi driver, museum guide, security guard, tree planter, Registered Massage Therapist, snowplow driver in the Rocky Mountains, compliance coordinator with Parks Canada, and more. Each job has lent something to his writing.

'Write what you know' is an excellent place to start. Tony spent 17 years as a Registered Massage Therapist, 12 of them as a traveling therapist in Greater Vancouver. Massage therapy requires keen perception, the ability to read a person's life story from their body, and a solid understanding of human nature - all good qualities for a thriller protagonist. Jackson Teague, the massage therapist in *The Night Nurse*, is fascinated and distracted by the patterns he sees all around him. This way of seeing, Tony believes, is shared by most massage therapists, and Jackson experiences its clinical extreme.

Tony lives in the Canadian Rockies with his wife, the artist, writer and murder mystery plot consultant Juanita Rose Violini.



Full-resolution photos available at tonyberryman.com/mediapage/

Author Q & A

Why a massage therapy thriller?

Because it's a world I know! Massage therapists have a pretty amazing skill set. They are trained to read bodies like a book and they have an exquisite sense of touch. Jackson, the RMT in *The Night Nurse*, sees patterns everywhere. I believe most massage therapists see the world this way - Jackson's condition merely takes it to the extreme.

Also, massage therapy needs a hero in the thriller universe - it's not really represented yet.

How did Wendy, the nurse, come about?

A great massage therapist needs a great adversary. While the nursing profession is full of the most caring beings on the planet, nurses who abuse their position to kill occasionally arise. They



are called death angels, and their capture usually makes headlines. As a traveling massage therapist I found myself treating many elderly patients. I thought, what if a killer nurse ended up doing home care? The thought was horrifying, so I went with it.

How much of this book comes from your own experience?

I spent 12 years as a traveling RMT. You couldn't ask for a more varied and interesting job. While the story mainly highlights geriatric care, I served many amazing people from all walks of life. Jackson's treatment sessions lean heavily on my own experience - except for his troubles, of course.

Jackson suffers from pattern-fascination OCD. Is there such a thing?

While obsession with patterns is part of the obsession-compulsion spectrum, Jackson's case is a little different. True OCD usually compels the sufferer to do something out of dread - do this thing or something bad will happen. Jackson is compelled to follow patterns for their attraction and beauty. Does he actually have OCD, or something else? We'll see.

One amazing parallel to Jackson's condition is the real-life story of Jason Padgett. After a concussion and brain injury, Padgett began seeing patterns everywhere. It turns out he was seeing the geometry and math that underlay everything around him. He is now a renowned mathematician.

Wendy's mission is to 'ease the suffering.' Does she ever do some good?

The conversation about assisted dying is a complex and emotional one. I try to make Wendy's motivations pretty clear. She follows no one's decisions but her own about who should die, and her patients mostly disagree. There is one scene, however, where her mercies are welcomed.

You have independently published this novel. What is that process like?

Like climbing a mountain! But fortunately I'm not the first, and many people have sent back maps. Book publishing has so many facets - editing, proofreading, formatting, cover design, traditional and social media contacts, business details - that I now have mad respect for the work publishers do. That said, traditional publishing is having a very hard time right now. It's tough for new writers to get noticed.

I prefer doing things myself. That, plus a love of the learning curve, made the decision to self-publish easy. Ask me in a year and we'll see what story I tell then.

Any advice for emerging writers?

Do it! Like all art forms, there is no end to the learning, no end to the work and no end to the reward. Write stories, read books on how to write stories, and write those stories again. You learn so much just in the act of stringing words together. Do it and see where it leads.

