



**M.W. Moore Publications**

**OFFICIAL PRESS KIT**

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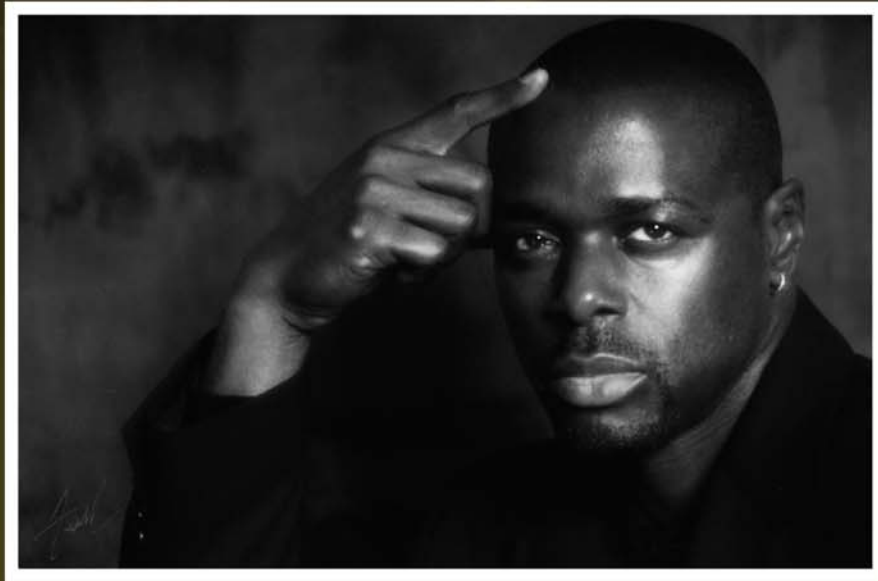
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**AUTHOR M.W. MOORE**

# Biography of M. W. Moore



Novelist **M.W. Moore**, an NCAA track-and-field champion who captured the conscience of readers with two installments of his extraordinary fact-based autobiography about a fallen star, rises again with the release of his newest novel, **An About Face**, which describes his transition beyond a life of villainy and imprisonment.

An indulgence into crime was an aberration for Moore, who grew up in a respectable middle-class Baptist family. As a former crack-cocaine user, sexual addict and model, he tells through his writings how his life was challenged behind bars and how his college education became inconsequential as a felon living alongside criminals of various backgrounds.

While his first book, **For What I Hate I Do**, explored the conflict in Moore's life, the sequel, **Internal Chaos**, starts the redemptive journey toward conquest. But he discovers that prison can be life-threatening as he seeks his identity, confronts temptations and witnesses pandemonium. Moore speaks eloquently and courageously about the dark side of addictions and its consequences, including his HIV status. Despite the risk of being ridiculed, rejected and vilified, Moore stands firm to his purpose: Tell all to help all. And he does so by removing the veil that often hides our deepest secrets.

The last installment of the Moore's trilogy, **An About Face**, explores the final years of incarceration and, ultimately, freedom. In March 2005, he is paroled and finds employment at an Internet design firm in less than a month. He later attempts a relationship with Jasmine, leaving behind wounded ex-lover and confidante Lazlo that causes embers to fly. Notwithstanding financial success, he relearns the brutality of the free world when jealous colleagues Carlton and Eva hurl sexual innuendos and threaten him with blackmail, thus jeopardizing his attempt at love. Despite obstacles, Miguel is determined to live proudly and make *an about-face*.

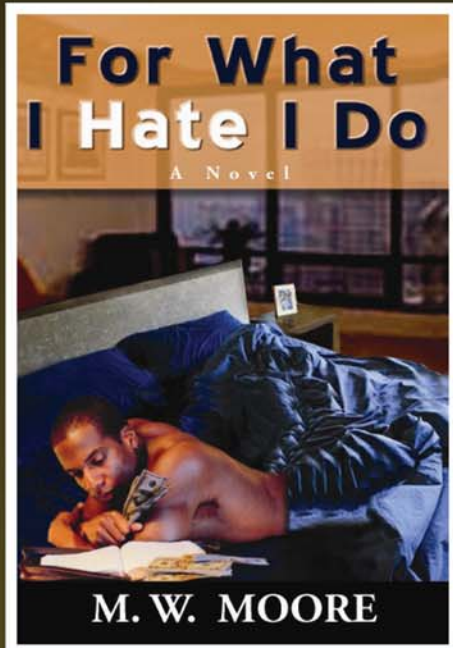
Besides being a successful writer, he is a manager in the oil and gas industry.

Moore, who attended West Texas State University and Mississippi State University, where he studied electrical engineering, is the third of five children. He is a native of Houston, Texas, where he still resides.



# For What I Hate I Do

(Copyright © 2005)



## Synopsis

Stark naked while high on crack cocaine, Miguel Morris is again mired in an environment of drugs and sex, this time a ménage à trois with a pair of “homo-thugs” with gold teeth.

After advised twice to move his car from the driveway, he dashes outside with a promise to return for more action.

As he pulls from the driveway, blue lights swirl, pounding feet rush toward him and .38 calibers are trained toward his head.

The police have snagged their prey.

Miguel’s illicit activities hit local television and newspaper. He’s a reckless “baller.” He’s also college-educated, a former model and track champion.

After his sixth bank robbery, a tip led law enforcement to this drug-infested neighborhood in the Third Ward of Houston, Texas.

Miguel’s self-destructive path started at an earlier age. Unwilling to be outshined by his two brothers, who excelled in football and basketball, Miguel joins the track team. In pursuit of money and fame, he confronts realities about his low self-esteem and sexuality.

His strong attraction to men poisons his efforts to start meaningful heterosexual relationships. His first male sexual encounter in high school leaves him embarrassed. As he excels in NCAA track and field competitions toward Olympic dreams, he learns that college life in Texas and Mississippi is a hotbed for sexual dalliances.

Miguel meets or competes with legends such as Carl Lewis, Edwin Moses and Florence Griffith-Joyner. Along the way, he befriends those who inspire him or foster his hedonism.

His neighbor Curtis, a tennis athlete, introduces him to drugs. Patrick helps him become a sexual predator by using crack to entice addicts. Marriage to a rising track figure ends eight months later after his wife, seeking U.S. citizenship, busts his adulterous life. And employment fades quickly due to frequent drug binges.

Even when rescue stares him squarely in the face, he still isn’t ready to abandon his scurrilous lifestyle. Clean-cut, attractive pharmacist Lazlo tries to edify Miguel, but he’s rebuffed. Miguel later engages in exotic dancing and entertainment, including a regular sordid tryst with a wife and her husband, who plays for a pro team in Dallas.

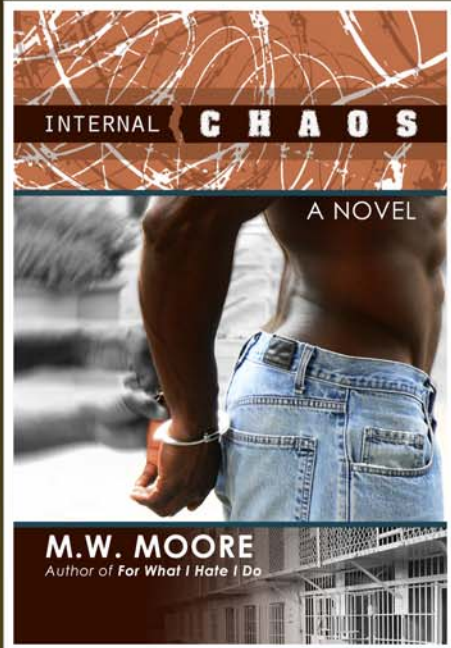
He cries out to God for help, but the sting of losing his grandmother to cancer and watching a sister battle multiple sclerosis leaves him depressed. And he’s now HIV-positive.

Miguel’s misery is underscored in Roman’s paraphrased biblical verse *“For What I Hate I Do,”* which means, *“I really want to do what is right, but I don’t do it. Instead, I do the very thing I hate.”*



# Internal Chaos

(Copyright © 2008)



## Synopsis

With the help of a gracious FBI agent, Miguel Morris accepts an irresistible plea deal after his confession to six bank robberies in the Houston area, but he learns life behind bars is a daily tempest marked by insolent penitentiary guards and delusional inmates.

But despite the chaos, the former NCAA track champion and professional model must adjust to prison because it'll be his home for the next 15 years, unless he's paroled before then.

His first year of confinement is like a mental torture chamber as he is robbed of dignity. His college education is now inconsequential. Among his distresses, the former crack cocaine addict is forced to confront his disdain for flamboyant gay men when one, Kiki, becomes his cellmate. Oddly, Kiki indoctrinates him to life behind bars – teaching him prison jargon and survival.

Although penitentiary starts out as a lonely place, Miguel's megawatt charisma – much more subdued in lockup – still works to his advantage as many secretly admire his sculpted 6-foot, 2-inch stacked athletic frame and dark-chocolate complexion. Along the way, he discovers that emotional attachments are practically non-existent. But when those occur, submissive individuals are treated as property, often with violent consequences.

Even Miguel, despite his usual machismo in prison, is hurt a couple times when his heart is left unprotected. He lets his guard down after meeting a quiet, attractive, vulnerable indigent inmate willing to woo anyone and do anything as long as the person is willing to provide commissary items.

Internal chaos results because confinement leaves Miguel powerless to assist his mom's fight with breast cancer or help his best friend Lazlo, who's struggling with tough choices that threaten his sanity.

In an environment of "every man for himself," it's not unusual for inmates to know something about the other. Miguel discovers this because he must deflect rumors about his sexual preferences and his HIV status. He also must endure regular taunting from a malcontent power-hungry ranking correctional officer, Lieutenant RideOut, who patrols prison wings looking for contraband while keeping an eagle eye on Miguel – just waiting for him to screw up.

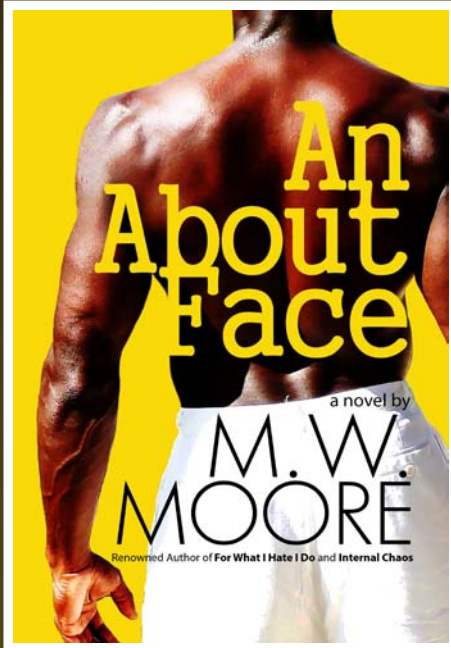
Miguel's misery intensifies further after being assigned to the back-breaking, Texas heat field labor of picking cotton and cabbage, a reminder of an era that harkens back to slavery. He also spends weeks in segregation without privileges after being caught having sex in another inmate's cell.

But when he meets Judas, deception takes on an entirely new meaning. It's one of the darkest moments for Miguel as the forces of evil continue to lurk.



# An About Face

(Copyright © 2009)



## Synopsis

The final years of prison don't get any easier for former NCAA track athlete Miguel Morris as forces still try to derail his hopes for early freedom. He's still tested by guards, fellow inmates and the bruising sun as he slaves like a farmhand in the work fields. But now, he's trying to avoid similar mistakes due to unresolved sexual addictions.

In March 2005, he's paroled and finds employment in less than a month. Ultimately, he hits pay dirt when an Internet design firm hires him as a technician despite a felony conviction for six Texas bank robberies. He later attempts a relationship with Jasmine, leaving behind wounded ex-lover and confidante Lazlo that causes embers to fly.

Notwithstanding financial success, he relearns the brutality of the free world when jealous colleagues Carlton and Eva hurl sexual innuendos and threaten him with blackmail, thus jeopardizing his attempt at love. In addition, a contemptible parole officer clamps down on his travels to promote his artwork, a therapeutic passion. Despite obstacles, Miguel is determined to live proudly and make *An About Face*.



# Feature Article: Suspect in six area bank robberies in one month confesses to five

Deaths, 22A  
Editorials, 2AA  
Education, 2BA

## METROPOLITAN

Local & State



### Suspect in six area bank robberies in one month confesses to five

By STEPHEN JOHNSON  
Houston Chronicle

The assistant manager of a coffee shop captured in the area bank robbery after being arrested inside a southwest Houston crack house early Sunday, according to law en-

forcement officials. Michael Wayne Moore, 28, was charged with five counts of robbery to serve in connection with robberies at five banks in Harris County. He also is a suspect in a sixth robbery that occurred Friday night at Fort Bend County. Moore's alleged crimes appear to

involve a Wells Fargo bank at 11011 West 177th Street in Houston. He is charged with robbing two banks on Thursday at 12000 Memorial and 12204 Westchase. Moore was also charged in the Nov. 21 robbery of a Bank United at 177th Street and a Nov. 26 robbery of

Cherry Moore, a man entered the Kroger store at 330 pm Friday and pointed a rifle to a Bank United later saying he had a gun and wanted money.

When the robbery suspect left the scene, reportedly inside the license plate number on a Honda Accord and

reported it to police, said Moore. A car bearing the reported license plate number, following by Houston patrol officers who arrested Moore at a known crack house in the 3000 block of Hardy.

Moore is being held in Harris County Jail in lieu of \$200,000 bond.





★★  
FRIDAY  
NOVEMBER 24, 2006  
HOUSTON CHRONICLE  
chron.com

**YOUR FRIDAY HAIKU**

■ A preposition is not something that you should end a sentence with.

**It's time to give thanks and answers to readers**

**W**INEDALE — All columnists get questions. Before we came up here to spend Thanksgiving in the country, I made a list of a few queries that have come in lately from the customers.



LEON HALE

**Q:** How do you pronounce Winedale?

**A:** Just as if it were two separate words, wine and dale. This rural community got its name from the wine grapes grown in the area by settlers. Some readers, seeing the name in print, try to pronounce it Winny-dale.

**A salute to hooters**

Penguins are soooo yesterday. What's really cool right now is the owl. As a wise man once said, the owls are not what they seem. Check out a special Friday edition of TMI. **PAGE E3**

**Q:** When you visited that talking mule, you wrote that mules are hybrid animals and therefore sterile. At one time Texas A&M owned a female mule that had a foal.

**A:** Yes. Most of the mule literature I've read says that mules are almost always sterile. Mare mules are known to produce foals but these cases are rare and considered to be genetic accidents.

**Q:** Where is your Old Friend Morgan buried? Is it possible to visit his grave?

**A:** I get this question every time I mention O.F. in the column, so I've answered it before. But one more time: Many years before his death

Please see **HALE**, Page E9

**TELEVISION**

**A few regrets but they don't pity the fools**

■ TV watchdogs who've spun book off Web site show remorse over Crocodile Hunter

By **ALAN SEPINWALL**  
NEWHOUSE NEWS SERVICE

"I think you can spell 'post-humously' without 'pity,'" insists Sarah Bunting.

But it's close. Bunting knows from pity — and, more importantly, the lack thereof. Bunting is co-founder of TelevisionWithoutPity.com, one of the most indispensable — and certainly the funniest — TV resources on the Web, home of scathing recaps of dozens of shows both good (*Deadwood*)

and bad (*Big Brother*). But in eight years of merciless digs at actors, writers and reality TV "personalities," Bunting says she rarely will reread a comment that she wrote or edited and think, "That was too much."

Then came Steve Irwin. On page 128 of the new book, *Television Without Pity: 752 Things We Love to Hate (And Hate to Love) About TV*, which she wrote with TWoP co-founder Tara Ariano, the entry on the late *Crocodile Hunter* host included such passages as "Though he comes across as your standard braying Aussie loon, Steve Irwin is apparently a qualified zoologist" and "he takes very stupid risks in the name of documentary television," not to mention an assessment,

Please see **PITY**, Page E5

**BACK ON TRACK**

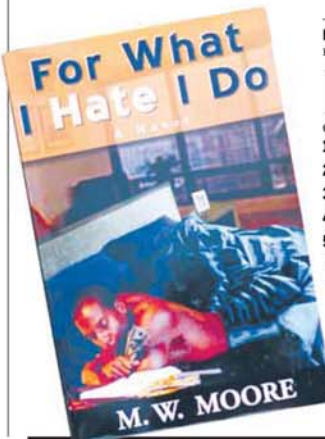


**Writing his wrongs**

STEVE UECKERT : CHRONICLE

**A NEW MAN:** Born in Houston's Fourth Ward, Michael Wayne Moore grew up to be a star athlete in high school and college, one of the last people you'd expect to see arrested for a string of bank robberies. But that's exactly what happened when his life fell under the control of addictions to drugs and sex. Now a writer, the 47-year-old has changed his life for the better.

Novelist Michael W. Moore was a star athlete, crack addict and bank robber. Now he's confronting his demons in a new book.



By **ANDREW GUY JR.**  
HOUSTON CHRONICLE

**I**N his wallet is a list he keeps with him at all times, *The Things I Hate to Do!* (*Top 10*), with several of the items crossed out:

- 1) ~~Sleep w/prostitutes~~ (crossed out)
- 2) ~~Criticize others~~ (crossed out)
- 3) ~~Lieing~~ (SIC) ~~to self~~ (crossed out)
- 4) ~~Waste time/procrastination~~
- 5) ~~Exploit people/use them~~ (crossed out)
- 6) ~~Cheat God/deny his power~~ (crossed out)
- 7) ~~Wasting money~~ (crossed out)
- 8) ~~Making promises I won't keep~~ (crossed out)
- 9) ~~Grieving the spirit~~
- 10) ~~Eating unhealthy~~

Michael Wayne Moore still puts things off, defines "grieving the spirit" as not listening to that nagging inner voice, still struggles with eating right. Perfect he is not.

The 47-year-old has the air of a preacher: 6 feet 2 inches, 205 pounds, calm and controlled, the confidence of a man comfortable at the center of attention. His body is sculpted — athletics and prison will do that — and he takes as much pride in his appearance as he does in his message, rarely seen in anything less than perfectly pressed slacks and a nice button-front shirt.

At this moment he is facing a group of around 40 black men at G's and Z's Coffee Shop in the Third Ward. It's a book club for gay black men, and he was invited to talk about his demons, specifically his journey from track star to college student to drug addict to bank robber to prison inmate to a

Please see **MOORE**, Page E7

# MOORE: From the top to bottom and back again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE E1

free man trying to make amends.

His novel *For What I Hate I Do* (available at Amazon.com) is like many first fictions: highly autobiographical and, at times, sprinkled with clichés and clunky prose.

But the structure of the book is almost irrelevant. Moore has opened the door to issues taboo in the African-American community: sexuality, drug use, the down-low culture.

"We need to start facing our fears," Moore said. "If we continue to ignore the things that we struggle with, that's when we start to medicate ourselves with drugs and alcohol and sex. That leads to a lot of destructive behaviors."

These issues are not new, nor is this the first time they've been explored in print. Houston writer E. Lynn Harris has a series of novels about bisexuality in the black community. But where Harris' books are melodramatic in plot and flowery in prose, Moore's book is gritty, often detailing sexual acts and drug use.

"A lot of people like Harris' books, but frankly they're a bit too pretty for me," Moore tells the crowd. "I don't think he goes into details about what it's really like dealing with a lot of issues. I wanted to write something that was realistic and told the truth."

## Where did he go?

Truth is, the first time he robbed a bank he drove a rental car. His gut was twisting, and his hands were sweaty. He drove down Westheimer to rob a Starbucks but changed his mind because he was a part-time assistant manager at another Starbucks. He was afraid the police would be able to trace the crime back to him.

This was 1997. Instead of robbing Starbucks, he had coffee and contemplated the next step. He should rob a bank; it would have more money.

Down the street was a Randall's grocery store. Inside was a Wells Fargo.

Driving down Westheimer planning his first heist, he wondered what had happened to the man he used to be: high school

athlete, lady's man, NCAA track star. He was an alpha male, wasn't he?

Truth is, he had become a crack addict who solicited male prostitutes during his lunch breaks. A man carrying old pay stubs with *This is a robbery* scribbled on the back.

He drove to Randall's and sat in the parking lot. After a few minutes he went inside.

## The serial bank robber

Born in Houston's Fourth Ward, his family eventually moved to South Park, near MLK Boulevard. His parents, Jessie and Ardell, raised five kids. At Sterling High School, he reveled in the glory of track and the energy of cheering crowds.

He also ran track at West Texas State University (now West Texas A&M University). His good looks brought him modeling jobs. But he was soon confronted with an old issue he thought he left behind: He was attracted to both men and women.

He transferred to Mississippi State University, seeking a stronger track and field program and a change of scenery.

Scholarship money ran out his senior year, and he dropped out. He returned to Houston and a series of jobs: assistant manager at fast-food restaurants, customer-service representative for various companies.

Confident he could still make qualifying trials for the 1988 Summer Olympic Games in Seoul, South Korea, he continued to train.

He didn't make the trials. Later that year, his father died.

"Those two things really did it for me," Moore said. "I couldn't handle not making the Olympics. And then the situation with my dad. I just blocked it out when he passed. I think I cried 10 years after he died. I just couldn't believe he was gone, you know? It was hard for me to deal with it . . ."

He self-medicated with sex and drugs and soon was addicted to both. He ignored the risks of this lifestyle and, in 1990, HIV became part of his world.

"I didn't cry about it," he said of his diagnosis. "I didn't connect with it because I didn't

want to admit it."

But he was a wreck, and something had to give. The rent was due. His car note was in default. His credit cards were maxed.

In all, he robbed six banks.

West Transfer Unit in Beeville.

## Finding himself

Finger-snapping gay men, quick with a sharp tongue and dressed as if going clubbing, had always annoyed him. He never identified with that image and was "always absolutely terrified" of drag queens. He didn't act gay.

So, he told himself, he wasn't. But six years in prison taught him a few things. His early cellmates were effeminate gay men who were intelligent, down-to-earth guys. They became his confidants.

He kept a journal. He prayed. He wrote letters, asking those he hurt for understanding and forgiveness.

Terry Jackson, 34, who lives in Houston and was an inmate with Moore, recalled that when they met, Moore kept to himself, but the two eventually be-

came close.

"There's a lot of things in prison that can really make you unfocused," said Jackson, who was released last year after serving 11 years for armed robbery. "Everybody is trying to uphold their manhood and show how tough they are."

Moore and Jackson bonded over discussions about their past failures and future plans.

"We looked at all the mistakes we both made and the people we both hurt," Jackson said. "I was young at the time (of the robberies), and I wasn't thinking about all the people I hurt when I was doing it. But I hurt a lot of people. Michael did, too, and I think he was trying to deal with that."

He spent his time in prison reading and thinking. His favorite writers included Walter Mosley, John Grisham, Nikki Giovanni, Maya Angelou and Sigmund Freud.

The founder of psychoanalysis is known for his theories on identity and repression, arguing that human beings do not have immediate access to their inner selves and instead have a subconscious that's sometimes uncontrollable.

"I wanted to learn about human behavior," he said. "I wanted to know about my behavior, why I did the things that

*"Those two things really did it for me. I couldn't handle not making the Olympics. And then the situation with my dad (dying). I just blocked it out when he passed. I think I cried 10 years after he died. I just couldn't believe he was gone, you know?"*

—MICHAEL WAYNE MOORE

I did even though I knew they were wrong."

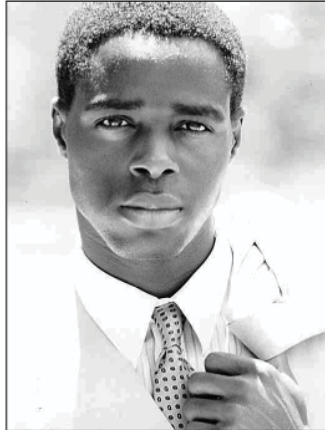
## His own future

He was released from prison in 2004. He landed a job at an energy company and later signed on as an electrician's apprentice at an electrical contracting company.

He plans to keep writing and wants to work on community development and revitalization projects in southeast Houston.

"I had to go through a lot of things," Moore said. "I was in denial about a lot of things and just want people to learn from my mistakes and not go through what I went through. I'm still living with my mistakes."

andrew.guy@chron.com



**A MODEL YOUNG MAN:** As a college student, Michael Wayne Moore's good looks landed him work as a model.

He was caught after a bank teller noted the plate number on his rental car. He robbed banks with rental cars because he thought they wouldn't be able to trace them back to him.

His mother saw a report on television about a serial bank robber. When she looked at the screen, she squinted. Was that Michael?

"He called me up and said, 'Mama, I have something to tell you. Are you sitting down?'" Jessie Moore recalled. "I said yes, and that's when he told me that they got him for robbing those banks."

She stood by her son, though her resources were limited.

"I wasn't going to put my house up (as collateral), and I didn't have money for a lawyer," she recalled. "When I first heard about the robberies, I said, 'Oh, Lord! My child is going to get 40 years!'"

He was sentenced in 1997 to 15 years and sent to the Garza

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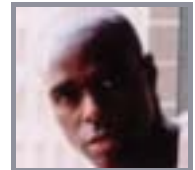
# Official Press Release:

black america's daily news source  
**thedailyvoice**<sup>™</sup>

Imagine one morning waking up to this headline plastered over the Metro Section of your hometown newspaper.

"Suspect in six area bank robberies in one month confesses to five."

Then imagine that same headline is about you, regardless of all your accomplishments from the past.



Living the life of a superstar athlete suddenly comes to a halt. All your athletic efforts are now tarnished by this dark cloud that dubs you as an offender of the state.

It does not matter anymore that you once competed with the best in track and field -- legends like Carl Lewis, Edwin Moses and many others who are enjoying the fruits of their labor.

All you can see is a six by nine cell engulfing you in its confinement and stench.

In 1997, I found myself on the wrong side of the law like so many other athletes before and after me who thought invincibility was a rite of passage.

I was cornered late that December night by a band of F.B.I. agents who raided a Houston crack house after being tipped off that I was the suspect they were looking for. After being booked on suspicion of felony bank robbery, I ultimately confessed to the errors of my ways and served six and a half years in a hot Texas prison until I surrendered to the terror of my actions.

The craziness of it all is that many athletes share these common denominators -- drugs, sex and irresponsibility.

The stories of Tim Montgomery, Marion Jones, Barry Bonds, Michael Vick, OJ Simpson, and mine are not exclusive but common in the athletic world. Many, like me are placed in this box of unrealistic expectations and we adopt a Superman attitude not realizing that man cannot fly without help from a source of some kind.

It is difficult breaking that mindset until tragedy takes its toll. By then it's too late. The damage has been done and the course is set on destruction mode.

Many are baffled when they attempt to conceive the reasoning behind our actions. Is it arrogance? Some may think so, but I beg to differ.

Truth is, many athletes are not connected with the rest of the world. In most cases we are pressured to do better than most and adopt a thinking error. Thinking we are 'better-than', even though we are all from the same cloth.

Yes, we are cut from the same cloth of the human race, yet we still believe, wrongly, that we are totally different.

*M.W. Moore is a former NCAA track champion and author of two books, For What I Hate I Do and Internal Chaos.*



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For What I Hate I Do

Internal Chaos

An About Face

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# Publication Fact Sheet

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*Internal Chaos:*

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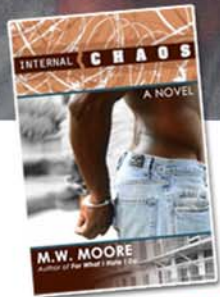
Track & Field  
Champion

**M.W. Moore**

*reading and signing  
his second novel*

**Internal  
Chaos**

Internal Chaos picks up where Moore's 2006 novel, For What I Hate I Do, leaves off. Main character Miguel Morris, athlete turned crack addict turned bank robber, goes to prison after a plea deal and confession. He suffers all the indignities associated with incarceration as he awaits the day of his release.



**Sat June 7  
7:30 pm**

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