

The Snare

A Christian Psychological Thriller

by Charles Besondy

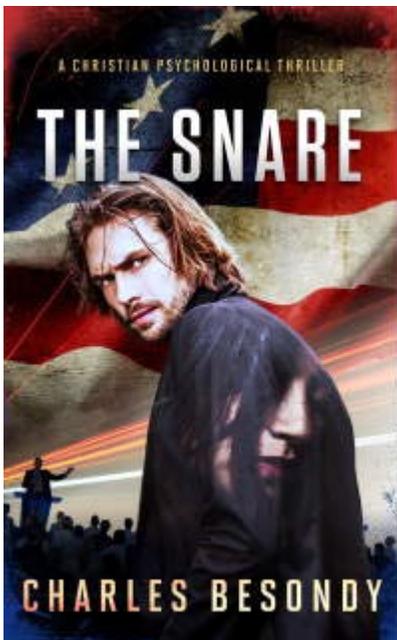
“It’s not fair.”

Book Blurb

The Deceiver’s Plan is Working. Is it too Late for Charley Austin and the World?

In the small coastal town of Reef Bay, Washington, Charley Austin is graduating from high school. He has no way of knowing that his life will be hell for the next 9 months because his view of the world and faith will be turned upside down.

All because he is a pet project of Phobley, whose goal is to destroy the boy – not to kill him physically – but to destroy his faith. For that purpose, Phobley has a sinister and seductive plan.



Only through the unconditional love of his parents and three strangers is Charley able to find truth and a purpose that saves him and gives hope to a shattered world.

The Snare is classic Besondy – a vivid, suspenseful story with an inspirational ending.

The Snare addresses the question: Could socialism be Satan’s final and strongest deception? And what is God’s response?

It’s 2038 in Reef Bay, but the story reads like today’s evening news, as Charley, made bitter by tragedy, becomes enchanted by a woman, and is swept up in a political movement that threatens his very freedom.

The Snare is Book Three in The Lighthouse series by multi-award-winning author, Charles Besondy. It was written to be enjoyed fully without reading the two preceding novels, *The Hidden Saboteur* and *The Chase*.

The story takes place between June 2038 and December 2039 (with one flash back to 1947). The action occurs in western Washington and Oregon (with a few detours to the foothills outside Roswell, New Mexico).

Book Facts

- Written between April 2021 and December 2021
- Genre: Fiction, Christian Fiction, Thriller, Suspense, Inspirational Fiction
- The names of the dark angels were derived from names of evil Greek gods. For example, the name “Phobley” is an adaptation of Phobus, the Greek god of fear.
- The dimension in which the dark angels meet is called Shelous. This is an adaptation of the Hebrew word, “Sheol,” a place of darkness apart from God.
- Lucky Zebul is a fine, worldly name for Satan. It is an amalgam of two names, Lucifer and Beelzebub.
- First published by Besondy Publishing, LLC in eBook format on January 2, 2022. The book is also available in paperback and audiobook. The audiobook is performed by Shawn Saavedra. Mr. Saavedra also narrated *The Hidden Saboteur* in this series.
- Besondy’s eBook and paperbacks are sold on Amazon. The audiobooks are sold on Amazon, iTunes, and Audible.
- Cover design concept by Charles and Sofia Besondy. Design by James at GoOnWrite.
- “The Snare” is Book Three in The Lighthouse series.
- The Lighthouse series consists of three novels, a novella, and a short story written since 2018.
 - “The Hidden Saboteur,” Book One, four-time award winner for Christian fiction
 - “The Chase,” Book Two, three-time award winner for Christian fiction
 - “The Snare,” Book Three
 - “All for Clay”, Prequel to The Lighthouse series, a sidebar Novella
 - “Painting for a Stranger,” a sidebar short story to The Lighthouse series

Author Facts

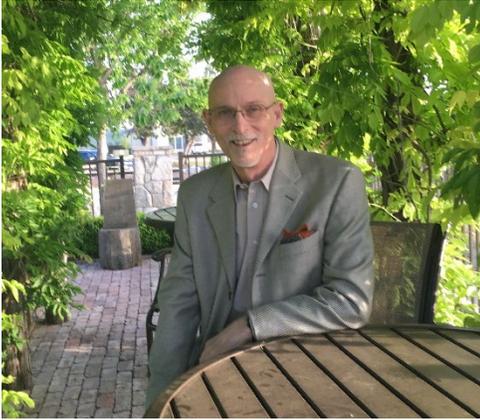
- Charles Besondy and his wife, Sofia, live in Lakeway, Texas.
- Charles spent the first 23 years of his life in Oregon, followed by 26 years in Seattle, Washington before moving to Austin, Texas in 2000.
- Charles graduated from the University of Oregon before starting his career in Marketing.
- He was baptized in 2007, the same year he met Sofia.
- He self-published his first non-fiction book in 2008.

About Charles Besondy (in his own words)

It all began as I sat uneasily in a high-back chair while 14 men in a semi-circle studied me intensely through dim candlelight rippled by rising smoke from white sage incense.

I was attending my first Christian men’s retreat. It was May 2015 a few days before my 65th birthday, and it was my turn to *be in The Chair*.

After long moments of silent prayer, each man, in turn, told me what the Holy Spirit was telling them to say as they studied me. I was not to respond – just listen and be present to their words.



Today, I can't recall most of what was said to me in that room. What I do remember, because it struck such a powerful chord in me that night, was three of the men had said, "I see you as a tall shining beacon."

I can assure you, up to that moment I didn't see myself as anything close to a tall shining beacon – quite the contrary – but from that moment on I gradually began to see me as God intended. Something else happened that night in the cabin on the San Saba River in central Texas. Without me knowing it, the Holy Spirit had planted a seed that three years later would become my first novel, "The Hidden Saboteur."

The seed began to sprout a single leaf the following year. At this time in my life, through the patient coaching of my wife and Bible study, I recognized how I was allowing my past to control who I was being. I had been believing a self-perceived lie that I wasn't good enough for love, happiness, and success. I certainly wasn't created that way by God – not good enough – so why was I believing it? Once I realized the deception of that perception, it opened my eyes to how nearly everyone's life is limited by similar lies – the "not good enough," the "not worthy," the "never can do it right." I wondered what can I do to free people of the chains and limitations of the deception? That was the first leaf of the budding seed.

The second leaf sprung suddenly into my head one day while working in the yard. Three words, "the hidden saboteur," summarized for me how Satan works inside each of us planting deceptive thoughts and beliefs that limit who we were created to be.

Weeks later, another leaf of the seed appeared. This time in the shape of a vision. I saw a tall lighthouse with its lantern shining brightly out to sea.

Awareness of self-limiting deception, three words out the blue, and an image of a lighthouse – three ways the Holy Spirit grabbed my attention. And then I understood – I had to write a book.

Eighteen months later, "The Hidden Saboteur," was released to encouraging reviews, and better yet, more story ideas were coming into my head. By January 2022 I had written five books in what has become The Lighthouse series of Christian fiction.

Readers comment that my books draw them close to the complex characters, thrill them with unexpected twists, and take them into vivid scenes. Many reviewers have noted their appreciation that Christian themes are apparent, but not over-bearing.

Three Excerpts from *The Snare* ©Copyright 2021, Besondy Publishing, LLC

Charley sat still and somber in the back seat of his father's car as it carried the family into Eugene, Oregon, home to the University of Oregon. Both parents had graduated from the school. That was the plan for him, too. Not that he cared that much anymore about school or career. He didn't know what he wanted, except it was darn good to get the heck out of Reef Bay – away from the whispers, the side glances, and the accusations. If only he could leave the nightmare behind, too.

Phobley scanned the surface of the steep hill seeking the thorny, brownish-green Bush that looked to the casual observer like any other cholla cactus on the mountainside. But there was nothing ordinary about it. He loved the irony of the Bush. Moses had encountered God at a burning bush. Phobley and the others used a bush to pass once a year into their world – to Sheolus.

Walking slowly through the loose rocks at the base of the mountain, he knew he was close. The Bush's vibration was growing in intensity – a signal that only he and others like him could sense. Well, that wasn't exactly true.

The loud, grating noise from the unmuffled exhausts vibrated the SUV as if it was being attacked by some energy field. A metal traveler mug rattled in its cup holder. The bottles of wine in the back shook against each other. Charley thought he could feel his teeth pulse.

The last two riders drew next to the Range Rover, opposite Charley's window. The nearest one turned his head and glared through the window directly at Charley. The man was the most disgusting thing Charley had ever seen. Grayish pockmarked skin hung loose from cheekbones like a blanket on a poorly made bed. Filthy hair flew backwards with the wind in a twisted, chaotic mess. The rider's coat and pants were gray and stained. Charley doubted either had seen the inside of a wash machine in months.

Then in a theatrical gesture, the man's left hand released the handlebar and slowly removed the wrap-around sunglasses. Charley flinched at the sight. From deep-set sockets, a pair of piercing bronze eyes glittered.

Charley saw the man laugh hysterically before replacing the sunglasses and gunning the Harley ahead with a burst of speed.

Moments later it was quiet again inside the engineered hush of the SUV. Charley studied the three men with him. Matt was tapping the steering wheel to the beat of some song playing in his head. Otto was checking his phone, and Jerry was looking out the left side of the SUV. All three seemed oblivious to what had just occurred.