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# *Road to Nineveh*

A Christian Psychological Thriller

## By Charles Besondy

“I don’t want to.”

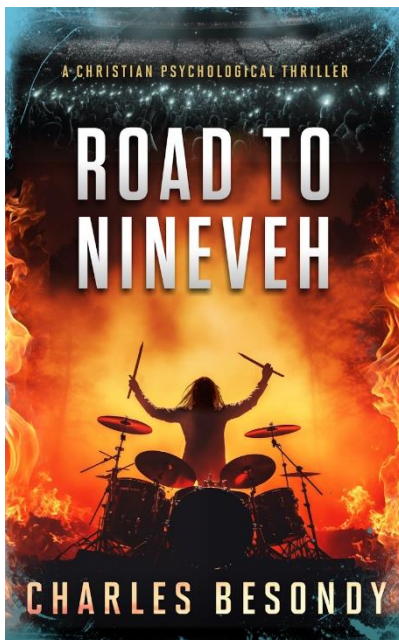
### Book Blurb

When Charley Austin Marches to the Wrong Beat, Life Gets Ugly

Twenty-year-old Charley Austin travels a torn and troubled world as the star drummer and lyricist for the famous Christian rock band, DelivRus. He has musical gifts and a clear mission from God.

And that mission makes him a big problem for Lucky Zebul.

Zebul implements a sinister and depraved plan to crush the vulnerable rock star and put an end to the band’s Godly influence in the world.



Against a backdrop of societal upheaval, *Road to Nineveh* continues the story of Charley Austin (introduced in Book 3, *The Snare*) as he, like a modern-day Jonah, faces the harsh

ROAD TO NINEVEH ADDRESS THE  
QUESTION: WHAT HAPPENS WHEN ONE TURNS  
THEIR BACK ON GOD’S PURPOSE FOR THEIR LIFE?

consequences of turning away from God’s purpose for his life and succumbs to pride and lust.

Follow the gripping, emotionally charged story as Charley performs in the bright lights with DelivRus across America and Europe, igniting hope and faith, while off-stage his soul is systematically smothered by the darkness.

Will the tough love of his parents, band mates, and Mia be enough to bring him back from a devastating scandal? Will he regain purpose for his life on a sunbaked Texas ranch, or for redemption, must he make one more trip to the Lighthouse on the misty Washington coast?

Besondy's Christian thrillers have been compared to the character development and emotion found in a Charles Martin novel. Others suggest Besondy writes as if he is the secret lovechild of C.S. Lewis and Stephen King. You can decide.

Road to Nineveh will appeal to fans of edgy Christian Thrillers or New Adult Thrillers.

Part of The Lighthouse series:

#1 *The Hidden Saboteur*

#2 *The Chase*

#3 *The Snare*

#4 *Road to Nineveh*

Join Charley's turbulent journey of faith in a world turned upside down by evil.

## Book Facts

- Written between May 2022 and November 2023
  - Genre: Fiction, Christian Fiction/Thriller/Suspense/Romance. Also can be considered as New Adult 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 December 26, 2023. The book is also available in paperback and audiobook. The audiobook is performed by Shawn Saavedra. Mr. Saavedra also narrated *The Hidden Saboteur* and *The Snare* in this series.
  - Besondy's eBook and paperbacks are sold on Amazon. The audiobook version of this title is widely available.
  - Cover design concept by Charles and Sofia Besondy. Design by James at GoOnWrite.
  - *Road to Nineveh* is Book Four in The Lighthouse series, written since 2018
    - *The Hidden Saboteur*, Book One, three-time award winner for Christian fiction
    - *The Chase*, Book Two, four-time award winner for Christian fiction
    - *The Snare*, Book Three, two-time award winner for Christian fiction
    - *Road to Nineveh*, Book Four
    - *All for Clay*, Prequel to The Lighthouse series, a sidebar Novella
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- *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.
- He is the recipient of ten literary awards for fiction and Christian fiction (as of January 2024)

## 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 65<sup>th</sup> 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 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 2024 I had written six 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 *Road to Nineveh* ©Copyright 2023, Besondy Publishing, LLC

After signing the bar bill and leaving a generous tip, Phobley slipped upstairs to his suite. He wanted to enjoy a lavish Mediterranean meal before transmitting himself back to Unalaska. June was coming to a close. He wanted to end the month strong by exceeding quota before the annual Grand Declaration, and his performance review, in Sheolus.

This short excursion had been a success. Now he knew, with care, he could come and go as he pleased for a few days at a time. Next month he’d catch up with C-682 in Italy or Greece—plant a few more seeds, pick a little fruit.

Phobley recalled words from scripture: “Thus, by their fruit you will recognize them.” He laughed until his sides hurt.

“What is it?” Charley screamed into the fog. “What’s your point? Why are you dumping buckets of crap on me? I can’t even walk.”

Furious, Charley grabbed the crutch by his side and hurled it forward hard. But instead of clearing the fence top and disappearing into the sea, the crutch hit the fence railing and spun back fast end over end. Charley had just enough time to protect his head with his hands before the crutch slammed into him, stinging his hands, still tender from the quarter-mile crawl at the ranch.

“Geez!” he screamed.

What a pathetic mess. He couldn’t even throw a temper tantrum without it backfiring. But before he could reach down and hurl the crutch again, a thought struck him and made him sit up straight. He wasn’t angry with anybody, not even with God—not really. He was raging against himself.

Weren’t his ego and lust the root causes of all his problems? He had no one else to blame. His pride, his welcoming of sin, that’s what brought him down. That’s what ended his career with DelivRus. That’s what made him go into debt chasing a dream of rising again as a star. Now, that was all gone. The ranch was going into certain foreclosure in another month or so. The songs he’d written were sucked away and scattered like leaves. The people he loved had been hurt.

He had a lot to be angry about all right. The weight of the realization pressed down. Seeking a distraction for the growing sense of despair, he raised his head. Thick, low-hanging fog blocked the view like a heavy veil. The only hint that an entire ocean was out there beyond the fence was the sound of waves methodically crashing at the base of the cliff seventy-five feet below him. He was beginning to understand the state of mind that had led to his mother’s fateful leap off the cliff from this exact spot. Does every person reach this point in their life—the point when suicide looks like the best way out?

He stood on his good leg and hopped forward twice until he could lean on the chest-high fence. He bent forward, looking down into the thick, gray, swirling mist.

“How’s the music camp?” Charley inquired.

“It’s amazing. I’m learning a lot. The instructors are cool. The other students are nice, too. The only problem is for every guy there are four girls,” Mia said, still looking at this face.

“Why’s that a problem?”

“Silly, I didn’t come to Spain just to study music,” she said. “I have other plans, other...interests.”

“Oh...I get it. You’re after a romantic interlude with some tall, dark guy with a sexy European accent.”

“Something like that, but I could put that plan on hold,” she said.

“Why? You’re losing me.”

“I’m flexible. I can change that plan...it all depends,” she said.

“Depends on what?”

“On how the next forty-five minutes play out,” she said, still turned in her seat studying him.

Another wave of heat raced over his face. He felt his palms sweat. He took a long drink of beer from the bottle.

“I...uh ...”

“I’m sorry if I flustered you with my directness, Charley. I figured time was short and we shouldn’t waste it on small talk,” she said. “I’ve always kinda liked you. I was upset we didn’t go to the same college, but here we are in Spain together and I thought, how cool, we could, you know, see if there’s a spark. If not, no worries. I can revert to Plan A.”

“I’m Plan B?”

“You can advance to Plan A status. Just start talking,” she said with another of her hopelessly cute winks.

He took another swig of beer.