

Media Kit: **IN WOLVES' CLOTHING**

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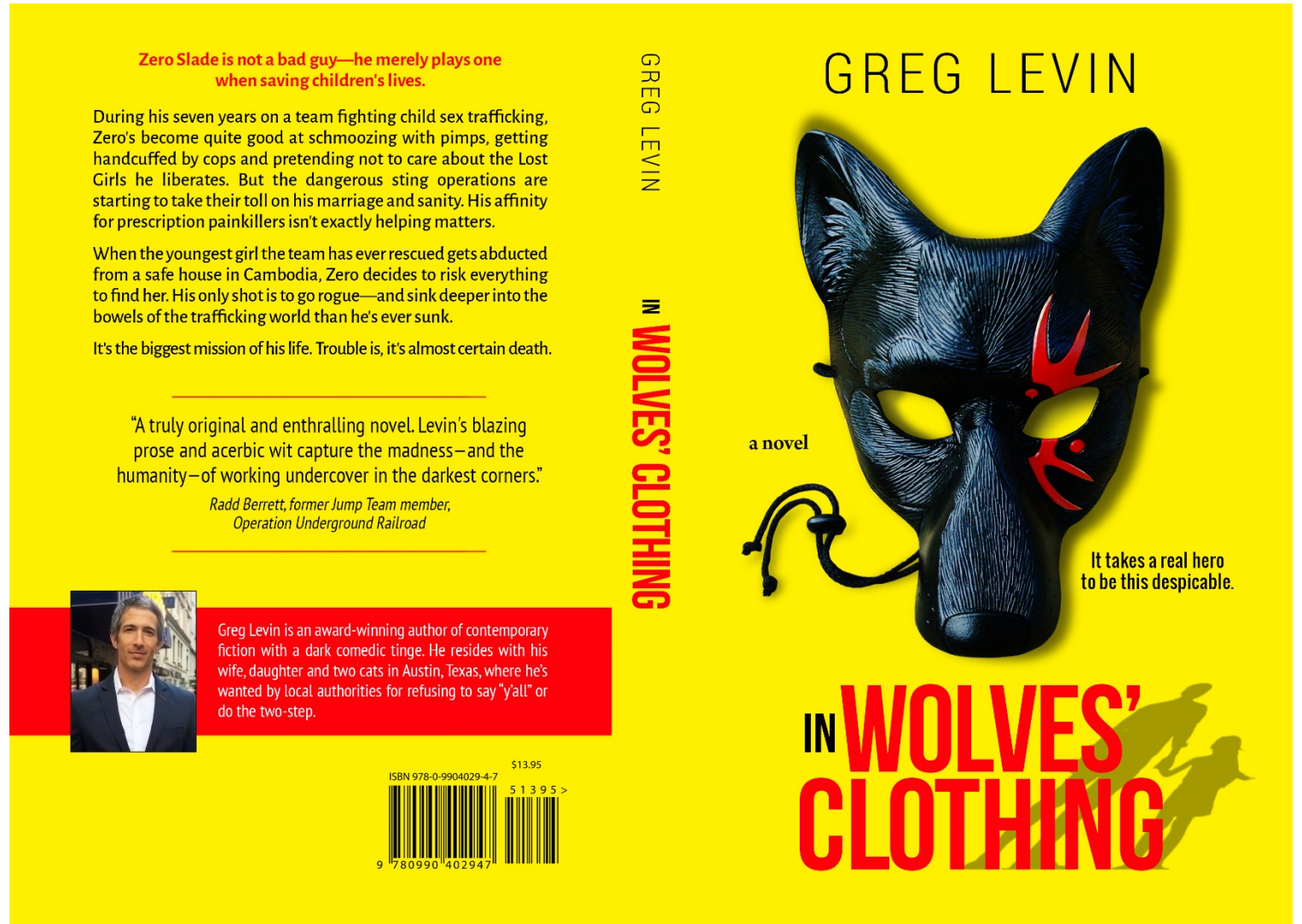
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AUTHOR BIO — LONG

Greg Levin is an award-winning author of contemporary fiction with a dark comedic tinge. He's gone from being read merely by immediate family and friends to being read also by extended family and Facebook acquaintances.

Greg's novel *The Exit Man* was optioned by HBO and later by Showtime for development into a TV series, and won a 2015 Independent Publisher Book Award (a.k.a., an "IPPY"). Greg earned a second IPPY with his next novel, *Sick to Death*, which Craig Clevenger (*The Contortionist's Handbook*) called "a tour de force dark comedy." Greg's latest book, *In Wolves' Clothing*, is his most dangerous. He wrote much of it during a ten-week-long workshop led by the great Chuck Palahniuk (author of *Fight Club* and lots of other books Greg sleeps with at night).

Greg resides with his wife, daughter and two cats in Austin, Texas. He is currently wanted by local authorities for refusing to say "y'all" or do the two-step.

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AUTHOR BIO — SHORT

Greg Levin is an award-winning author of contemporary fiction with a dark comedic tinge. His work has been optioned by HBO and Showtime for development into a TV series. Greg resides with his wife, daughter and two cats in Austin, Texas, where he's is currently wanted by local authorities for refusing to say "y'all" or do the two-step.

BOOK DESCRIPTION

Zero Slade is not a bad guy—he merely plays one when saving children’s lives.

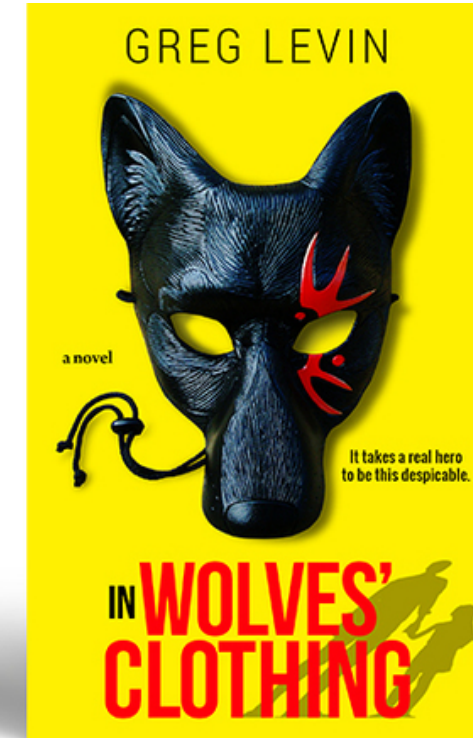
During his seven years on a team fighting child sex trafficking, Zero’s become quite good at schmoozing with pimps, getting handcuffed by cops and pretending not to care about the Lost Girls he liberates. But the dangerous sting operations are starting to take their toll on his marriage and sanity. His affinity for prescription painkillers isn’t exactly helping matters.

When the youngest girl the team has ever rescued gets abducted from a safe house in Cambodia, Zero decides to risk everything to find her. His only shot is to go rogue—and sink deeper into the bowels of the trafficking world than he’s ever sunk.

It’s the biggest mission of his life. Trouble is, it’s almost certain death.

“A truly original and enthralling novel. Levin’s blazing prose and acerbic wit capture the madness—and the humanity—of working undercover in the darkest corners.”

- Radd Berrett, former Jump Team member,
Operation Underground Railroad



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PRESS RELEASE

FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE

Undercover “pedophiles” sting traffickers and rescue child victims of sex slavery in daring new book

AUSTIN, TX, October 11, 2017 – Zero Slade is not a bad man—he merely plays one when saving children’s lives.

In Greg Levin’s new psychological thriller *In Wolves’ Clothing*, ex-CIA agent Zero Slade and his team travel the globe posing as pedophiles to liberate victims of child sex trafficking and lock away perpetrators. But the dangerous missions, coupled with Zero’s affinity for opioids, are starting to erode his job performance, marriage and sanity. The only thing that can save him now is a little Cambodian girl. Trouble is, he has to *find* her first.

The book, which Levin had the honor of workshoping with author and cult icon Chuck Palahniuk, was inspired by a humanitarian trip Levin’s wife took to Cambodia in 2016 to build an art center for children rescued from sex trafficking.

“My wife came home and showed me pictures of all these smiling, resilient young girls at the safe house she visited,” says Levin. “When she told me the incredible way in which the girls had been freed from the horrors of sex slavery, I couldn’t *not* write about it.”

As part of his research, Levin interviewed Radd Berrett, who spent over two years with Operation Underground Railroad (O.U.R.) carrying out the type of sting operations depicted in *In Wolves’ Clothing*. Berrett was initially hesitant about having such important work fictionalized, but says he’s thrilled with the end result.

“The book does justice to and raises awareness of an absolutely critical problem

plaguing society today,” Berrett says. “Levin’s blazing prose and acerbic wit capture the madness—and the humanity—of working undercover in the darkest corners.”

In Wolves’ Clothing is available now on Amazon as a paperback as well as a Kindle ebook. Learn more at <http://greglevin.com/novels/in-wolves-clothing>.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR: Greg Levin is an award-winning author of contemporary fiction whose work has been optioned by HBO and Showtime. His new novel, *In Wolves’ Clothing*, is out now. Greg resides with his wife, daughter and two cats in Austin, Texas. For more information on Greg and his books, visit his website at greglevin.com.

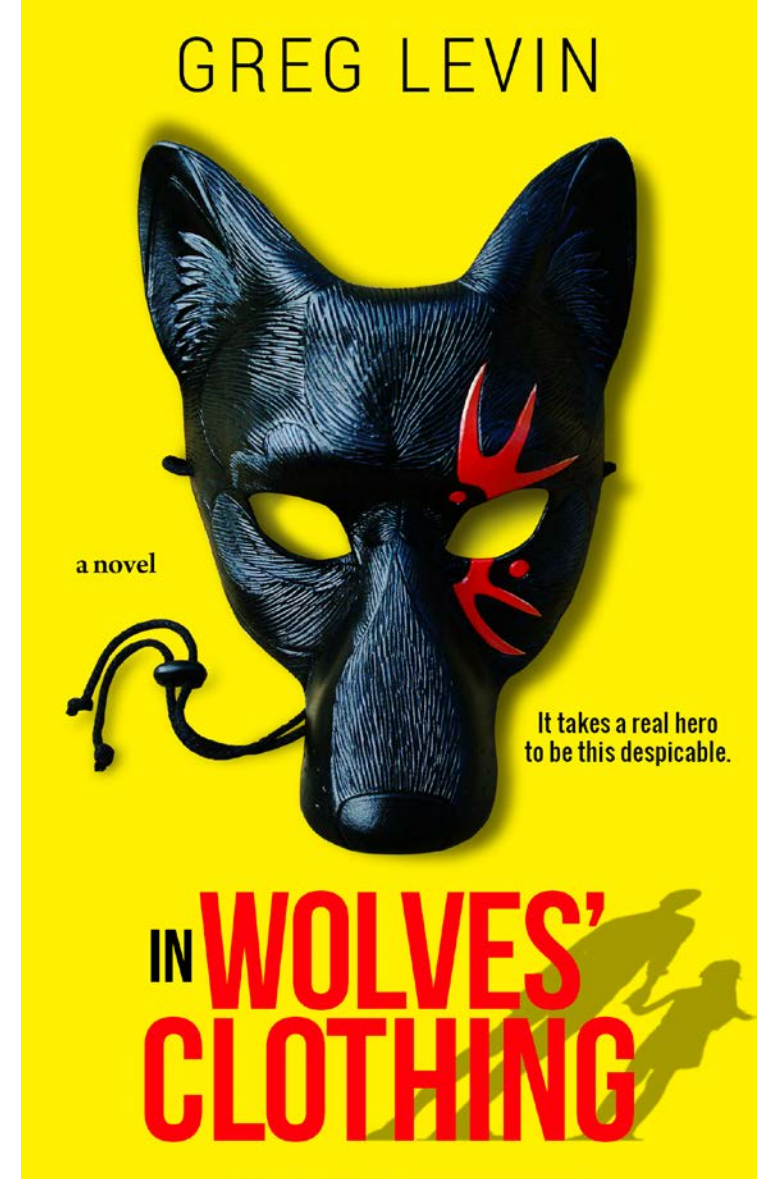
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Book cover and Author photo JPGs: <http://bit.ly/2wLLdy4>

To request a review copy of *In Wolves’ Clothing* contact:

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PHOTOS



TESTIMONIALS

“A truly original and enthralling novel. Levin's blazing prose and acerbic wit capture the madness—and the humanity—of working undercover in the darkest corners.”

-Radd Berrett, former Jump Team member, Operation Underground Railroad

“With a thriller's pace and twists, the novel grabs you and won't let go. And it goes deep. The characters are vivid, the dialogue is sharp, and Caleb—the protagonist's new partner—steals the reader's heart.”

-Kathleen Doler, author of *The Hook*

“An unpasteurized, thrash-metal paced story. With a final surprising twist, Levin has crafted a tightly written, adrenaline-packed thriller.”

-Simone Mets, author of *Very Christmas*

“Hail to the King Author of dark topics! Greg Levin's done it again. Don't let the subject scare you away from this novel. Levin handles it with sensitivity and solemnity. Go read it. You won't be sorry.”

-Angie McMann, co-author of the *Miss Match* trilogy

“I found myself trying to turn the pages almost faster than my fingers were capable of moving.”

-Yael Abel, short story writer

SAMPLE INTERVIEW

You write about issues that most authors would tiptoe around. Care to comment on that?

Sure. I do it because there are already so many novels about vampires, zombies and wizards, and I don't want to have to compete with them. Besides, it's exciting to explore subversive and controversial topics. To go underground and get a little dirt on my pajamas while I'm sitting in the house writing. Also, I've never been big on tiptoeing. Sometimes it's better to charge straight toward a dark or dangerous topic and see who flinches first.

And where does your dark sense of humor come from?

I guess you could say it's a survival tactic. I don't use dark humor to offend—I use it to *defend*. Humor is a magnificent weapon, one that, instead of destroying, keeps us from being destroyed. Nietzsche said, “We have art in order to not die of the truth.” I feel humor serves the same purpose. In fact, humor—when deftly wielded—*is* art.

What motivates you to write?

The desire to remain sane. Kafka was spot-on when he famously said, “A non-writing writer is a monster courting insanity.” I can sometimes make it two or three days without working on a novel, blog post or grocery list, but after that I absolutely **MUST** write. Even when I'm on vacation in paradise with my beautiful wife, I need to scratch out a page here and there to keep the crazy away. Too much sun, surf and relaxation terrifies me.

What are your biggest writing distractions?

My beautiful wife's desire to go on vacations in paradise. That, and any kind of noise other than the clicks of my own keyboard and synapses. I wear silicone earplugs whenever writing to avoid being pulled out of my fictional world by such annoying sounds as my wife saying good morning, my teenage daughter sneaking back into the house, or my cats begging me to feed them. I know this makes me seem a little selfish and mean, but in my defense, I'm not a very good person.

How has your upbringing influenced your writing?

I had a pretty happy childhood, which normally dooms a writing career. But I managed to overcome all the unconditional love and support and still become a tortured writer of dark and twisted tales. That's not to say my upbringing didn't help me at *all*. I was a very talkative kid, and when all my family and friends finally got sick and tired of listening to me, I turned to the written word. Nobody can shut you up when you're alone in a room typing ... nobody except my cat, Dingo, who loves to sit on my laptop right when the prose is flowing.

What would you say is your greatest strength as a writer?

At the risk of sounding a tad redundant, I'd say it's my ability to bring levity and humor to dark topics while simultaneously revealing the heart and humanity of my main characters. I love getting readers to root for a well-meaning sociopath or serial killer or just plain loser, and eliciting laughter and tears in the process.

As a reader, what is your favorite book quote?

I have to choose just *one*? That's like asking me to choose a favorite snowflake or Rocky film. Hmmm, I think I'll have to go with the following staggeringly good one from Denis Johnson—an amazing writer we lost earlier this year:

“Talk into my bullet hole. Tell me I'm fine.” (From *Jesus' Son*.)

Who is your favorite book hero and/or villain, and why?

I have *two* favorites, but (spoiler alert) they are really the same person. The first is the unnamed protagonist of *Fight Club*, and the second is Tyler Durden of *Fight Club*. I could go on for days explaining why they/he are/is my favorite hero/villain, but I must respect the first rule of Fight Club and not talk about Fight Club. I've already said too much.

What book has influenced you the most as a writer?

This may shock you, but it's *Fight Club*. It's the book that really got me into contemporary transgressive fiction. While it's not my *favorite* book by Chuck Palahniuk, it is the one that awoke in me a fresh new way of writing—dangerous prose with a minimalist bent. Prose that is dark and startling, but also peppered with pathos and humor.

You know, this would be the perfect time for me to share a humble-brag. I was fortunate enough to be one of a dozen writers Chuck Palahniuk selected to participate in his inaugural “Writing Wrong” workshop in Portland this past spring. Every Monday for ten weeks I got to sit in a room with him, read sections of *In Wolves' Clothing* (which was a work in progress at the time), and have him tell me everything I had to fix to make the book as good as I had deluded myself into thinking it already was. The whole experience was extremely rewarding, and humbling. More importantly, it gave me the ability to name-drop Chuck Palahniuk during interviews for the rest of my life.

Tell us a little about *In Wolves' Clothing*.

It's about a guy named Zero Slade who travels the world posing as a pedophile to help rescue victims of child sex trafficking. I'm not kidding, and the book is no joke. There are men and women in real life who carry out the kind of elaborate sting operations that Zero, along with his cohorts, carry out in the book.

In Wolves' Clothing is definitely not a dark comedy like my previous two novels, however, there is an ample amount of subversive humor and comic relief in the story. But let me assure you, not once do I (or my characters) make light of the horrors of child sex trafficking. The humor in the book never comes at the expense of the Lost Girls. It comes from how my protagonist and his fellow undercover “pedophiles” cope with the harrowing missions—and the absurd role they must play in order for those missions to succeed.

So, while I geared the book to enthrall and entertain readers, I also I aimed to do right by all the victims of human trafficking—and all the women and men who've dedicated their lives to liberating and caring for those victims.

EXCERPTS

Excerpt from Chapter Two of *In Wolves' Clothing*

Guadalajara.

The guys and I ogle the dozen or so pre-teen prostitutes being led into our villa by three slim, scowling men. Each of the men is wearing a different soccer jersey that looks the same. Each of the girls is wearing whatever discount-rack party dress the pimps forced them into. The room smells like Drakkar Noir and sweat mixed with Cotton Candy and fear. Some of the girls look at us and try to smile. The rest of them probably aren't aware we exist.

We offer the girls some sodas as they plop onto couches and chairs in the huge open living room. Barrett says something silly in broken Spanish and several of the girls giggle. Even one of the pimps is smiling. I pour myself a glass of tequila and wink at a ten-year-old.

The trick to looking excited when children are presented to you for sex is to remember you are saving their lives. If you don't look excited, the pimps will get suspicious. Show your anger and disgust, and you ruin everything.

I take a sip of tequila and grin at a child and would kill for an oxy. The one I ate an hour ago is losing its luster. But two on the job, that's a no-no.

For help getting into character, think about the biggest douchebag frat guy you've ever met, imagine him with several million dollars, multiply his money and demeanor by ten, and then act like *that* guy. Right up until the cops remove your handcuffs and thank you.

This mission is a little bigger than the one in Acapulco yesterday, so there are six of us. Barrett, Malik, Drew and I have been joined by Anders and Scott from Seattle, who arrived in Guadalajara two days ago to get everything set up. Anders and Scott look more refreshed than the rest of us right now because they're not

finishing up a doubleheader. None of us at Operation Emancipation like doubleheaders—shooting off to a city to complete a jump immediately after finishing one in the same or similar time zone. Doubleheaders may be practical from a cost and logistics standpoint, but they're never fun. For one, fitting a second pseudo-designer suit inside a valise is next to impossible. Secondly, if you play a pedophile too often, your face might stay that way. But Fynn makes the schedule, and you don't fuck with Fynn or her schedule.

The guys and I are chatting and laughing with the girls, warming up to them slowly with a "*Qué guapa!*" here and a "*Muy bonita!*" there, making sure not to lock eyes or look at their mouths or do anything else that might invite a kiss. If one of the pimps sees any of us rejecting an advance, they'll know something's up. Fortunately, these girls, just like all the other girls in all the other cities and countries we work in, almost never make the first move. They may be smiling and giggling, but they're not. Sadly, their terror works in our favor. They think they're about to be raped for the tenth or hundredth or thousandth time, so they aren't in any rush to get things started. They're waiting on us.

I'm not wearing a watch, what with my wrists still sore from yesterday, but the cops are a little late. We can stall only so long before the pimps will start getting nervous. And you don't want a nervous pimp. Anders and Scott may have asked them nicely the other day not to bring any weapons to the party, but the thing about pimps is you can't always trust them to respect house rules. The good news is these three clowns aren't even paying attention to us. They're too busy marveling over the size of the place, trying to fathom its value in their heads, wondering what knickknacks they might be able to nab when nobody's looking. It's not often they get to see the inside of a house on this side of town. We are in Puerta de Hierro, one of the most affluent neighborhoods in the greater Guadalajara Metropolitan Area. A twenty-minute drive and a million miles away

EXCERPTS continued

Excerpt from Chapter Two of *In Wolves' Clothing* continued

from the pimps' brothel on Avenida Chapultepec, where Anders and Scott went to arrange this party two days ago.

Another sip of tequila. Less winking and grinning. And we're running out of stupid, flirtatious phrases to say to the girls. The watch I'm not wearing tells me we should definitely be getting arrested by now. It tells me it's time for what we at OE call the tourniquet.

"Okay boys, let's get busy!" I shout with glee at the guys.

You never get used to nearly throwing up in your mouth.

I grab the hand of one of the youngest girls—she's not a day over nine—and place my other hand on the back of another girl who isn't much older. Their forced smiles fall to the floor as we head toward the wide granite staircase. The other guys follow my lead, each picking the two girls closest to them and guiding them to the stairs. We look like teachers on a field trip, collectively accounting for all the children in our charge as we tour an historic home. If only it were that simple.

In about a minute, the girls will wonder why we aren't removing any of our clothing or theirs. Our lack of sexual interest and aggression might even make some of them more uncomfortable than usual. We'll just tell them we like it slow. What we *won't* tell them is we're here to rescue them. All it takes is one doped-up eleven-year old with a confused allegiance to her pimp to ruin a perfectly planned emancipation.

In this job, you learn to ignore the urge to comfort those you're protecting.

Excerpt from Chapter Three of *In Wolves' Clothing*

I can't remember if I took an oxy during the flight, so I eat two. They pair nicely with the scotch.

It's good to be home.

I should be upstairs sleeping, especially since I didn't catch a single wink on the flight from Guadalajara. But there's something I have to finish first.

An eight-letter word for gradually losing one's edge.

Slipping.

I fill in each box of 27 Down with my black pen and take another sip of scotch. It's times like these I turn into God. The crossword squares fill up by themselves in a secret blurry code. A few of the answers might even be correct.

The black pleather couch makes love to me as I solve 32 Across.

A four-letter word for spouse.

Neda.

She's leaning on the banister, wearing a white T-shirt and gray sweatpants that might have fit me when I was ten. Her eyes, almond-shaped during waking hours, are half open.

"You're home?" she says, pre-dawn gravel in her voice.

"Hi, baby," I say while trying to conceal the nearly empty lowball glass in my

EXCERPTS continued

Excerpt from Chapter Three of *In Wolves' Clothing* continued

hand. "Sorry to wake you. I'll be up in a sec."

Neda yawns and combs her hand through a shining cascade of black hair. "What time d'you get in?"

I scratch my shaved dome, feeling the perspiration forming, and say, "Uh, a little after one maybe."

Neda opens her eyes the rest of the way. "You've been here for nearly two hours? Why didn't—"

"Baby, I just needed to unwind a bit before bed."

Neda's eyes open wider than the manual recommends. "Why must unwinding always involve single malt and a crossword?" she asks. "You know, some men unwind by spooning their beautiful wife. Especially when they haven't seen her in four days."

I ponder the answer to 36 Across.

"Zero!" Neda shouts.

The sound knocks the pen from my fingers, and I go, "I didn't want to wake you." "And look how that worked out for you," says Neda. "At least if you'd come up when you got home you wouldn't be getting yelled at."

I tell her not to be mad, then get up from the couch as gracefully as a man two drinks and twenty milligrams in can. "I knew if I woke you right when I got home, you'd want to talk about the mission."

I realize this is not what God would say. I can tell by Neda's face.

"And would that have been so horrible?" she asks. "Us actually *talking*? About something other than your dry cleaning and where you're flying off to next?" What I want to say is, "Yes." What I actually say is, "Baby, come on. I don't want to get into it."

"I know, I know," says Neda, pulling on the banister railing like she wants to replace it. "You never want to 'get into it.' I stopped asking you to 'get into it' a while ago, Zero, in case you hadn't noticed."

I tell her let's talk about it in the morning, and she says we already are. Then she says, "You know what, forget it. Come up whenever. Or pass out on the couch. I don't really care."

Neda stomps up the hardwood stairs like gravity has doubled. I inhale in preparation to call out to her, but swallow the words. Neda has stormed off in similar fashion countless times before, but right now I can't remember the protocol. Leave her alone for a while until she cools off? Go after her immediately and talk her down? Go after her immediately and just hold her? Wait a few minutes and then tear her clothes off?

There's a good reason why I can't remember the rules: They keep changing. I've tried each of the aforementioned approaches an equal number of times in the past, and was successful with each roughly half the time.

I feel like a bomb defuser who's received minimal training. Do I snip the red wire first or the green one? Or the yellow one or the blue one? If I choose right, I'll be a hero, saving the day and winning the heart of the princess. If I choose wrong, I'll blow the whole goddamn kingdom to bits.

EXCERPTS continued

Excerpt from Chapter Three of *In Wolves' Clothing* continued

Or at least ruin breakfast.

I go with the red wire and pour another two fingers of scotch. The couch is softer than before, the crossword clues easier. If only the little boxes would stop blurring and bending, I'd be able write my answers inside them instead of somewhere over in the sports section.

The girls. They're still screaming, only now no sound is coming out of their mouths.

I wonder how many of the girls from the two Mexico missions will stick around their safe houses long enough to be reunited with their family, or at least to learn a trade that doesn't entail being raped thirty or more times a day. Hopefully more than half of them. Unfortunately, that would be considered a success. If only nine or ten of the girls we liberated in Acapulco and Guadalajara end up running off to find another brothel where they can get their daily fix of the drugs their previous pimp got them hooked on, victory would be ours.

You can imagine what *losing* looks like in my line of work.

Good thing I don't lose when I'm two-and-a-half drinks and twenty milligrams in. I'm cozy and invincible. I'm satin wrapped in Kevlar. I'm—

"Zero, what the fuck are you doing?" Neda shouts from the top of the stairs. "Get your ass up here now and hold me!"

Damn it. I knew it was the yellow wire.
