



### Excerpt From Life In The Hollywood Lane

Cue the Crazy Guy and Malibu Ken

There's this crazy guy. He has a crazy old mansion in the Hollywood Hills chockablock with movie memorabilia, leftover items from movie sets, and other oddments he's collected from around town. Chockablock is being polite—crammed, overflowing, up to the rafters would be more accurate.

I have been to so many wrap and opening-night parties at houses up in them thar, or these here, really, hills. There was one movie I wasn't even in, but I was some crew guy's arm ornament. The film was about the Armenian genocide and so the party celebrated Armenian culture, Armenian food, Armenian dancing, Armenian everything. "They tried to silence us a century ago," the director said, "but it didn't work. We're still here and we're still dancing."

The movie was extremely powerful, and it's times like those that I absolutely adore and appreciate this industry for the influential messages it can convey. Movies can change lives. So can speeches, politics, and books, of course. So can quiet people just lighting up their neighborhoods. My chosen vehicle is movies. Being in gorgeous mansions with that amazing view of the Hollywood lights and with the yummiest gourmet finger foods doesn't hurt either.

Although it came with that view and the yummy food, Claude's was unlike any other house in the hills, however. A full-size statue of Goofy greets every guest. A knight in armor stands guard in the massive living room, which is full of red-velvet furniture. Some of the beds in the bedrooms are round, with mirrors overhead. That all might be fun, but I heard it's terrible feng shui. Well, so is clutter. As various up-and-coming bands would play on the patio, I watched the Hollywood lights twinkle in the not-too-distant distance.

Once I was in the bathroom, and I looked up to find a creepy clown grinning down on me from the skylight. That was the night I met the guy with the foot fetish. I almost stopped going after that, but the insistent lure of finding things and people and situations and conversations you'd never find anywhere else was too much to resist.

I say Claude and his house are "crazy" with much affection. He isn't the insane kind of crazy, but the fun, wild, eccentric kind. I prefer crazy (well, this kind), really. He just doesn't conform to anyone else's idea of

how a life should be lived. His long, wavy white hair flows down his back—kind of a symbol of someone who’s seen so many ages come and go and has made his choice to keep one particular age in the present. Hey, I wonder if he knows Skye. I want long, wavy white hair someday.

One time I stayed really, really late talking to some fascinating person or other and ended up falling asleep on the couch in...the Jungle Room, I believe it was, complete with palm trees, wallpaper with a pattern of green bamboo, a (fake) leopard throw on the bed, and animal art all over. Claude had a number of different rooms with distinct motifs. I certainly wasn’t alone; bunches of folks were strewn here and there all over the house in the various “rooms”: the Queen’s Room, the Red Room, the Hookah Room, the Game Room, and the Bed Room—as in a room that has just one giant bed.

At about five in the morning, I heard something that sounded like souls wailing at the gates of hell...if there was such a thing as hell with a gate and souls wailing there.

“What in creation is that?” I mumbled.

“Coyotes,” someone answered. Ohhhhkay then!

Cyndi and I went to a *lot* of parties there. It was hard to even think of going back after Cyn died. She was my crazy-guy-crazy-house compadre. I didn’t know how I’d do it without her. So I didn’t.

But not long after my meltdown in the car, I received an email from my wonderfully crazy friend announcing a South Seas Valentine’s Day party. I forced myself into the car, then forced myself down the road, then forced myself onto the freeway, then forced myself up his road, then forced myself to walk into his house after sitting in the car for an hour or so plotting my escape.

I slowly made my way through the jumble of garden gnomes and Goddess statues in the courtyard and into the front room. With its dark wood paneling, the room was dark even at high noon, let alone at midnight. Lamps lit up the corners. Someone was playing the piano, as someone always was—sometimes a famous musician, sometimes not.

“Patricia?”

I turned around but didn’t see anyone I recognized. I started heading out of the room.

“Patricia?”

I turned around again. By this time almost everyone in the little room was looking at me, so I couldn’t tell who had called my name.

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### **Cold Coffee/Book Marketing Global Network 5 Star Review**

“Life In The Hollywood Lane” is a woman’s fictional (chick-lit) where the story-line depicts the journey of a young woman who goes to Hollywood to make it big. As someone who has never even visited Hollywood, I found this story very interesting, heartwarming, funny, and sad as a friendship ends with a tragedy.

Many young girls feel like Trish (main character) as they compare themselves to others and think of themselves as the ugly duckling. Most young girls would give an eye tooth for Trish’s beautiful curly red hair and warm glow of freckles. Not Trish. When Trish left her Wisconsin hometown, she left behind the good, the bad, and even her loss.

Striking out on her own, Trish soon met Cyndi at an audition and the two became the best of friends. Trish saw Cyndi as the beauty she longed to be. Trish didn’t realize that underneath the beauty comes same life experiences, situations and emotions, as both girls chase their own Hollywood dreams.

Author Ann Crawford writes this unique story, while educating her readers on “Life In Hollywood Lane.” As I read, I believed that Ann was writing from some of her own life experience. Ann Crawford is an award-winning documentary filmmaker. She has traveled the globe and I can see these experiences woven ever so slightly into the story.

I love Trish's story and Ann's writing style. I believe each reader will come away with something of their own. For example, I never thought about the color orange as a universal color. Let me quote the main character Trish (LA Actress) from the chapter titled "Fifty Shades of Orange."

"October is always orange. No matter where I am in the world—at least in the Northern Hemisphere—October comes in orange. Wisconsin is a pumpkin orange. Bordeaux, France, is a soft orange. Northern California is a gentle orange. Florida is a bold orange. Russia, China, Japan—they're all their own oranges. How did I get lucky enough to travel to so many places? Well, without much makeup and with brown or blonde hair color, I can look a whole range of oddball characters, from a crack addict to a hillbilly to a psych-ward patient to a prostitute. So, I actually get a lot of work as unknown, unmemorable characters. I'm the loud, ugly, angry woman in the crowd behind a lynching (ugh!) or a burning at the stake (ugh!). It's a good thing I can look so unmemorable because I can keep getting roles like this."

It seems to me that going to Hollywood is much like playing a lottery. You might win big, you might win here and there, or you might lose, but you will learn something from the experience.

If you enjoy stories where girls reach for the stars, overcome life's situations and excel beyond their imagination, this book is a good fit for you. What were your dreams in your youth, or what are your dreams today? Are you willing to strike out on your own like Trish, to broaden your horizon?

I endorse "Life In Hollywood Lane" by Ann Crawford as a story filled with optimism, inspiration, and coming full circle to end with love. Review by Cold Coffee/Book Marketing Global Network.

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### **About The Author**

Ann Crawford believes in love at first sight, that good always prevails, and that we're here for those wild, wonderful, way out there, visions of ours to come alive.

Ann has lived "oh, all over," and right now there's a view of Colorado's Rocky Mountains out the window. When she's not circumnavigating the globe (65 countries and counting, plus all 50 states), communing with sea critters on the ocean floor (in her scuba gear), or climbing every mountain (on the back of her husband's motorcycle), or flying planes (at least as a student pilot for now), you can find her writing.

Ann is the author of the newly released romcoms/chick lit *FRESH OFF THE STARSHIP* and *LIFE IN THE HOLLYWOOD LANE*, mystical *SPELLWEAVER* about a woman during the witch hunts in Scotland in 1597, the hilarious *ANGELS ON OVERTIME*, the deep *MARY'S MESSAGE* (about Mary Magdalene), and reach-for-the-stars *VISIONING*. Ann's life-affirming books weave tales of love and intrigue that take readers on mystical journeys. Her characters live radiant lives touched by magic, an ability Ann believes we all have.

Ann is also an award-winning documentary filmmaker. Her first movie was about a group of vets returning to Viet Nam to perform humanitarian work, give something back to the people, return to their Areas of Operation, and heal their wounds of war. Her second movie involved traveling around the world and interviewing people from all walks of life--heads of state, street kids, academics, artists.... the folks of this world--on how they envisioned creating world peace. The website for this movie won numerous awards. Ann is also an award-winning humanitarian.

Ann would be delighted to speak or do a book reading for your group or book club. Please contact her through her website, [anncrawford.net](http://anncrawford.net).

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