

Nonfiction Ghostwriting Samples

Business Book

So, we sat down and developed a plan. First, we need to start reinvesting some of your profit to build out an executive team. A group of individuals at the top of their game to best help you manage your business. The idea of letting go wasn't an easy one for them and the tight hold on certain aspects of their business got tighter. "You won't find anyone smarter than me on that subject," they explained. They were convinced it would be impossible to train and scale their knowledge base, so to show them the power of an executive team, I brought in my own team to watch everything the business owner did.

We documented what we observed and piece by piece, we trained the business owner on things like how to use a CFO, how to use a COO, how to hire a Marketing Director, and how to create a meeting and communication cadence to lead their new executive team.

Marketing Book

Lost in a sea of marketing jargon, terms, and opportunities? Time to right the ship because I'm on a mission; I want to help business owners and managers be better marketers. I want to help you build a better business through marketing, customer retention, and outstanding products and services that have everyone coming back for more.

My mission began when I started jotting down notes for this book outlining a lifetime of experiences; some successful, some not, but each experience a lesson. Of course, you'll learn things on your own along the way, but this simple guide will get you started.

Investing/Self-Help Book

Linda Jones, Warren Buffett, Aesop – yep, the fairy tale guy – all talk about investing in yourself. So, how do you do it? What does it mean to invest in yourself? Well, I thought I was doing it when I was in school. I was investing in my education. I was learning how to work in finance, but I didn't really understand finance. Not in the build your wealth way, more in the have enough money so you can pay your bills way. Except that's not wealth. That's payments. If you've got just enough money to pay your bills, but not grow your income, then there's still some work to do.

Fiction Ghostwriting Sample

Action/Adventure with Sci-Fi elements

"It's a dangerous business to go hiking in Death Valley, but some fools do it. A few nights ago, we ran into an old hiker, his skin was like leather with deep wrinkles etched by the sun, cracked lips, and white hair – who knows what the man had seen in all his years. He seemed part of the landscape or a mirage, but as he passed us, he said something that caught my attention. Just a single word, "Nahullo". I'd seen that word before, in an old article, and had not heard it before or since. We stopped him and

Lisa Rogers - Ghostwriting Samples Portfolio – Nonfiction & Fiction



asked him to join us for a drink. He smiled as he asked first for beer, then thinking better of it, water first. Then beer.

He'd been out hiking he said, when he'd stumbled, literally – his foot had caught the edge of crumbled ruins– across some old bones and tools," Thomas paused, trying to remember what the hiker had said.

'Folks come out here, from time to time, to dig. It's not much now, but there was a time, he reminisced, this area thrived. Entire civilizations lived here, fought here, and died here; becoming the dust and dirt as far as the eye can see,' as he spread a hand out over the desert lands, extending it to the horizon.

NYT Bestselling Author - Paranormal Romance

How many times I wondered could I enter the dreamscape to relive my vision. Maybe there was something I'd missed. Something I wasn't seeing to give us an edge. What weakness could I unearth that would turn the odds. The question I kept skirting was how do I get into *his* head. It would have to be done, one way or the other, at some point. We needed something. Mercedes or Mathilda might know. It would be dangerous, but I remembered what I had been able to do as ivy trailed from my body and I'd been able to trap him, if only for a moment, but I wasn't strong enough. Yet.

You're not going in there without me. Jolie broke into my thoughts and I could hear the concern in her voice. She was worried. So, this is what people were like when they cared about you. Was this what they called empathy, I wondered?

Paranormal

Fire fills St. Peter's Square. Impossibly tall flames shaped like angel's wings licking at the clouds. The lights of heaven extinguished one by one. Screams of the fallen echoing in my ears. A raven's call and still I see. Chaos reigns. Blood. Bodies. Bodies of my men – Garrick! Emmett! Falkor! Oh Montgomery, you were still but a seraph! – piled among the multitudes of angels, demons, and humans. So many bodies. The Earth yawned and fire scorched it. Black smoke fills every orifice. St. Peter's Square a pool of blood and fire. And the Pope, oh god, the Pope, the one man I was charged to guard. He was—. I swallowed. He was at the top of the obelisk. In the center of the Square. A beacon to all who dare not enter here.

Darkness consumed me and I shut my eyes. Taking a deep breath, I opened them once more. I looked and I saw them. Everywhere. Every feather in my wings root to tip vibrating to a higher frequency. A shadow here, a movement there and I looked deeper. The throngs of worshippers had more than angels among them. Demons walked with some of them as we walked with the Pope. Easter Mass. It would be a massacre. I could see it, smell it, taste the Sulphur on the air.