



The Year I Learned To Text

By Juliet Montague



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Whoever said "politics and religion don't mix" forgot to throw *hot sex* into the equation.

When Julie, a celibate postmenopausal conservative, reinventing herself in Hollywood as an actor/comedian/realtor, takes on a handsome Persian Muslim twenty-two years her junior as her boy toy, she eagerly takes flight on a magic carpet ride into the addictive chemistry of unconditional love, which eventually consumes her.

Between auditions, working on television sitcoms and movies, driving lookie-loos about the city, caring for her two dogs and one persnickety cat, performing her stand-up routine, and attempting to keep her familial relationships from collapsing, Julie, a retired court reporter and mother of three, slips into her busy life erotic meetings in her basement with Ali, who claims to be an Internet marketing entrepreneur. In the light of scented candles, Julie comes of age and is awakened sexually by the black-eyed bad boy, who does not want to touch her in certain places, and who ritualistically washes his penis in her bathroom sink immediately after vaginal contact. Too soon he becomes her life, a life she senses has come and gone too soon. Late in life, she has learned patience: Ali is always two hours late to their trysts. He is on Persian time.

The Hollywood bungalow mews, in which Julie lives, is a recurring character; each resident having his and her opinion of the *goings on* at Julie's Spanish six-hundred-forty square-foot brothel. However, no one has ever witnessed Ali's comings and goings, which leads Julie to wonder if, in deed, she hasn't simply invented him, in light of the ongoing political climate and *The War on Terror*.

When he invites her to join him to live in a cave in Afghanistan, she begins to believe his anti-American pillow talk. An American citizen born in Iran and an honor graduate from UCLA, Ali bemuses our heroine with the contradictions of his Islamic religion, his hypochondria, and the exact whereabouts of his apartment.

Julie feeds her bewilderment with hours spent *Googling* everything Middle Eastern, always a Cuba Libre and cigarette to steady her. Quickly she learns more about Islam than she ever wanted to know. Her new knowledge of Female Genital Mutilation has her legs crossed in a clenched position.

Ali's hatred toward anything American begins to frighten Julie, who dreams of contacting the FBI or the CIA in an attempt to save him from himself.

Her immediate family--a sympathetic runway model and television actress daughter, a successful know-it-all divorced sister, and an obnoxious, Pollyanna mother on the edge of dementia-- each have their own advice to stir up the

cauldron of Julie's frustrations.

In an effort to loosen from his grasp, Julie buys a second home to renovate, a foreclosed vintage cabin in themountains, to which she runs in her feeble attempts to find herself in between mini-breakups from the Muslim sociopath, who continually bounces back into her Hollywood bungalow basement.

Julie at last frees herself, and after one year of soul-searching and never-before experienced depression, she finds him once again on her doorstep asking for her hand in *Marriage Islam Style*, the threat of three more wives looming on the sand-swept horizon.

Can Julie walk away?

Part Two of the MUSLIM ROMANCE TRILOGY: *JIHAD HONEYMOON IN HOLLYWOOD; NOT WITHOUT MY DOGS.*

Part Three of the MUSLIM ROMANCE TRILOGY: *THE ARAB SPRUNG, WHILE A MUSLIM SLEEPS IN THE WHITE HOUSE*

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The Year I Learned To Text By Juliet Montague Bibliography

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Editorial Review

Review

"If you want to be truly entertained by one of the most original writers in America today, *The Year I Learned to Text* is a must read. Ms. Montague brilliantly rivals Sarah Silverman's rhetorical disrespect for all things politically and religiously reverent--minus the gratuitous offensive verbiage."

--**Steven Emerson**, author of *American Jihad: The Terrorists Living Among Us*

"Ms. Montague cunningly spins one woman's appalling romantic tragedy into an enduring hilarious treasure."

--**Judy Carter**, humorist and author of *The Comedy Bible* and *The Message of You: Turn Your Life Story into a Money-Making Speaking Career*

From the Author

Dear Readers,

In January of 2016 I was excited to finally, after much procrastination in searching for closure, send off the manuscript of Part Three of **THE MUSLIM ROMANCE TRILOGY**, *The Arab Sprung/While a Muslim Sleeps in the White House*, to my "self-publisher" Abbott Press (under the corporate veil of Author Solutions). After waiting six weeks to be sent the galleys for final corrections, I was sent an exhaustive list of corrections/deletions/and proposed erasures to my life in the way of what the publisher titled the "Content Evaluation" process, a process that they had never before put my previous two books through. When I refused to bow to their demands--**I WILL NOT BE CENSORED**--they went back through Part One and Part Two, which Abbott Press had published without question in 2011 and 2013 and emailed to me pages of corrections/deletions/and further proposed erasures to my life. Again, I refused to re-write my books to suit them.

Abbott Press has refused to publish Part Three and has removed Part One, *The Year I Learned to Text; Why Am I Having Sex with a Muslim in My Basement?* and Part Two, *Jihad Honeymoon in Hollywood; Not Without My Dogs* from all sale sites. My books, therefore, are presently no longer available in any form, but for those offered for resale, for which I receive no royalties. Those of you who hold in your hands Parts One and Two are holding collector items.

I am saddened and outraged. The good news is that I shall prevail and learn how to self-publish on my own through Amazon's CreateSpace, if they will allow me!

September 15, 2016 UPDATE: Part Three has officially been published through CreateSpace with the wonderful help of formatter Steve@bookow! Get your copy of *THE ARAB SPRUNG*, *While a Muslim Sleeps in the White House* soon! Kindle version to follow!

I am again working with Steve to prepare the re-publications of Parts One and Two.

Thank you for your interest in my writing saga.

From the Back Cover

In this romantic comedy wrought with honesty, Julie grapples with the addictive chemistry of great sex and the pitfalls of dating someone who might not be the perfect fit after all.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Ann Bland:

Why don't make it to be your habit? Right now, try to ready your time to do the important act, like looking for your favorite publication and reading a guide. Beside you can solve your long lasting problem; you can add your knowledge by the e-book entitled The Year I Learned To Text. Try to make the book The Year I Learned To Text as your friend. It means that it can to be your friend when you feel alone and beside associated with course make you smarter than ever before. Yeah, it is very fortunated for you personally. The book makes you much more confidence because you can know almost everything by the book. So , let me make new experience and knowledge with this book.

Robert Marshall:

The Year I Learned To Text can be one of your basic books that are good idea. Most of us recommend that straight away because this publication has good vocabulary that will increase your knowledge in vocab, easy to understand, bit entertaining but nevertheless delivering the information. The article writer giving his/her effort to place every word into enjoyment arrangement in writing The Year I Learned To Text yet doesn't forget the main level, giving the reader the hottest as well as based confirm resource data that maybe you can be considered one of it. This great information could drawn you into brand-new stage of crucial imagining.

Mark Gallegos:

Are you kind of occupied person, only have 10 or even 15 minute in your moment to upgrading your mind proficiency or thinking skill perhaps analytical thinking? Then you are experiencing problem with the book in comparison with can satisfy your small amount of time to read it because pretty much everything time you only find e-book that need more time to be read. The Year I Learned To Text can be your answer mainly because it can be read by a person who have those short extra time problems.

Aaron Edgington:

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