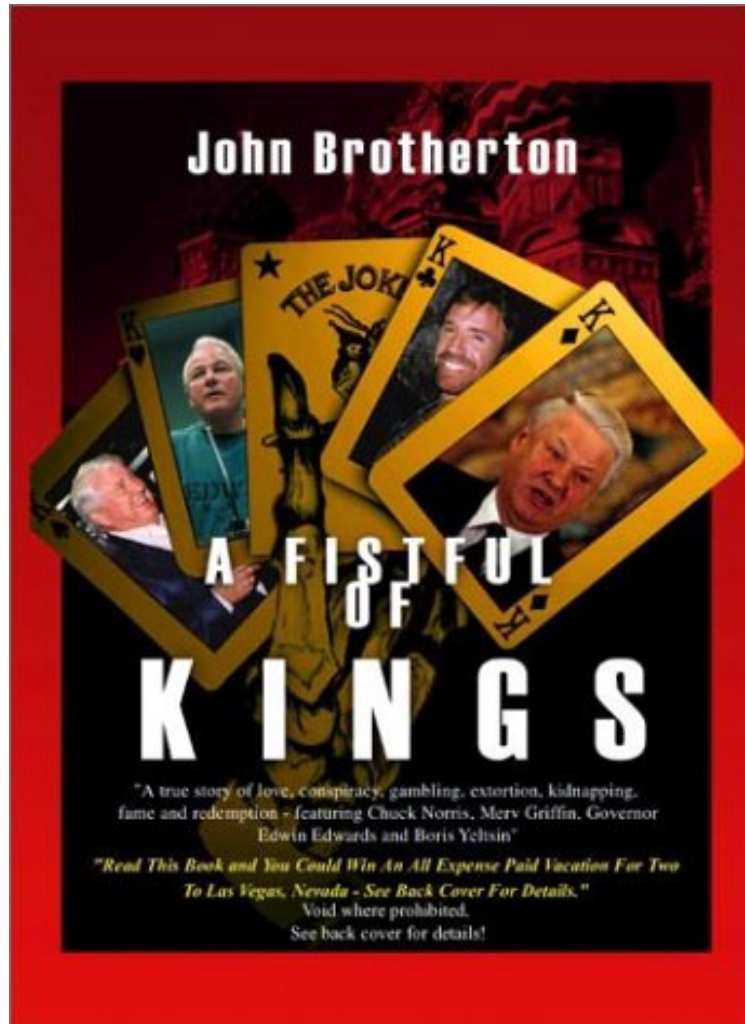


## A Fistful of Kings

John Brotherton

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**John Brotherton : A Fistful of Kings** before purchasing it in order to gage whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised A Fistful of Kings:

2 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Exaggeration never hurt anyone - or book sales eitherBy A CustomerI found the book an easy and entertaining read, but was constantly struck by the inconsistencies between Mr. Brotherton's assessment of himself versus his actions. He decried the immorality of Players, while at the same time he was in the middle of the bribing of Edwin and Stephen Edwards. He rued the plight of the teenage prosititutes in the Moscow casino, but continued to work there (even without being paid). What was incomprehensible though, was that after portraying his ex-wife as completely mad, and going to great lengths to proclaim his love for his children, he would move half way around the world and leave the children with his ex.Beyond the inconsistencies, I continuously chuckled at how he was always "the best and the smartest," i.e. projects always on-time and under budget; his casinos

were the most profitable; he was physically stronger and tougher than anyone else. The "best and smartest" are contradicted a bit by his being forced to go to Moscow to find work, as well as the near fatal sailing trip begun in a state of intoxication and ignoring the weather forecasts. I do not know that I would agree with the reviewer from Moscow that the work is entirely fictitious, but much of it stretches the bounds of credulity. Note the Belizean publisher: hire a proofreader to correct the numerous misspellings. 3 of 4 people found the following review helpful. Could not put it down. By A Customer I read the book in one day. I could not put it down. I know a lot of the characters in the book and found it to be true and accurate. I actually was a guest of John's at Player's on many occasions. There were many times that we were, in fact, escorted by body guards. I have no doubt that the book is based on truth and makes for excellent reading. I have actually stayed in the room's that John kept reserved so he could observe the dredging of Lake Charles. It had a great view of the Lake, as he states in the book. (I wish he would have told me the phone was bugged) I will always cherish the autographed copy of the book that I have. I am so proud to know John and Susan. Look for me in the chapter "10 years gone." His description of his ex-wife, my former skating pupil, is right on.... Get the book today. You would have only to meet her to know her trench mouth.. Rob Becky 5 of 9 people found the following review helpful. Life is good when you know the Truth By A Customer One can only feel sorry for Mr. Brotherton. Not because of his daring story, but because he has created a fictional world for himself in which he fancies himself some sort hero. The fact alone that he had to publish his book in Belize should say something about the legitimacy. A few facts...-the 'undying love' of and for his wife was interspersed with hookers which he paid for with his salary advances. -he was fired from Beverly Hills, Moscow because of constant drinking on the job and his inability to manage the casino. -he was never held hostage. The hotel he was living in was paid for by credit card. He had an exit visa and was free to leave at any time. The plane tickets for he and his wife were paid for by the club. -his 'bravery' towards Mr. B and the other characters is a brilliantly fictional story. -he can't write two coherent sentences if his life depended on it. whomever wrote this book for John should be ashamed. -he reviews his own book under the name 'raymond shaw' I do hope that Mr. Brotherton makes a lot of money from this book, as he'll need it for the lawsuits.

On one level A Fistful of Kings is about the casino industry in Louisiana and Russia. Its full of action and intrigue set on an international stage. Ultimately, A Fist Full of Kings is about one mans redemption and a womans uncompromising love that saves then both from dire consequences at the hands of the Russian mob. Along the way Brotherton encounters almost unbelievably corrupt Louisiana politicians who will do anything to line their pockets. As one of the star witnesses at the Edwin Edwards gambling corruption trial, Brotherton sets the record straight helping to bring down an ex-governor and his cronies. Brotherton and his wifes harrowing ordeal as hostages and their escape from Russia is all heart-stopping action, climaxing as a mysterious intelligence operative comes to their aid just in time to help them get out alive. For the past two years, Brotherton has written A Fistful of Kings in near seclusion after being threatened with promises of dire consequences if he decided to tell this story. A Fistful of Kings is all action, full of spine tingling excitement and all true.

About the Author John Brotherton is a decorated former US paratrooper and ex-Green Beret who became a top executive in the casino industry. As vice president of development for a riverboat casino company, Brotherton designed and built riverboat casinos in Illinois and Louisiana and managed huge casino complexes in Louisiana and Russia. Given Immunity from prosecution by the U.S. government, Brotherton testified in the casino corruption trial against ex-Louisiana Governor Edwin Edwards. Brotherton now resides in Texas. Excerpt. Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved. I couldn't drive it from my mind the image of the smashed up white car, blood all over its upholstery. I looked at Susan sitting beside me in the back seat of the cab. She was pale, too afraid to even move. Please, God! Please! I begged. If it has to be someone, not her! I didn't have to add that if we made it out of this, I'd be through with casinos. I had already promised myself that. I looked behind me again. The black Volga sedan that had picked us up almost as soon as we had pulled away from the Sovietsky Hotel was locked onto us, trying to get closer. Susan noticed my face and knew what I was thinking. If they want me, these Russian goons, I'm going to make them work for it. But why does she have to be caught in the middle? It's not fair. All she did was stick by me so they couldn't get me alone. Right! She had made it rough for them. And now? Now they're desperate. Now they'll do what they have to. I know too much. I reached in my pocket and pulled out all the cash I could get my hands on, and thrust it up to our driver. Hurry, sir, please! I urged in Russian. He looked in the rear view mirror and then, with a jerk of his head, over to his side view mirror. Again, I looked behind me. The Volga had changed lanes and was making a sudden surge to come up on our left flank. Our driver floored the accelerator. We shot forward and passed by a car to our left. He then yanked the wheel sharply to his left and nearly cut the car off. Behind us the Volga did the same. Ahead I could see the exit to the right, off Leningradskeye Schosse to Sheremetyevo 2 International. But our driver jerked the cab into the leftmost lane, accelerated even more, then whipped over two lanes to get into the exit lane. Now the Volga was three cars back, almost riding the rear fender of the vehicle just in front of it. As our driver turned onto the airport

exit, tires screeching, I thought of where this had begun, almost five years ago.