

at the **CENTER OF IT ALL**

for writers & authors

AUGUST 2014

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Interview

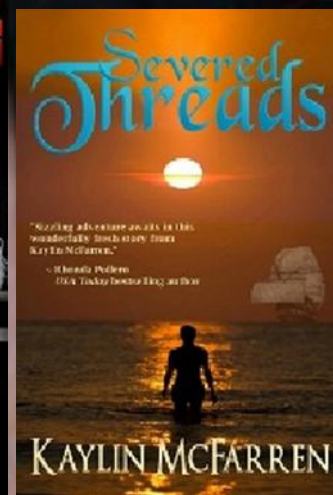
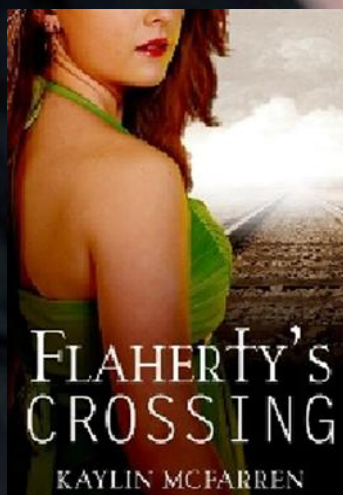
With

Bestselling

Author,

Lenora Worth

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Kaylin McFarren

Story page 6

at the
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Dr. Charles N. Toftoy

The following authors contributed information, poems, short stories, book excerpts, various writings, and other material to the content of this magazine issue and their contributions were used with their permission:

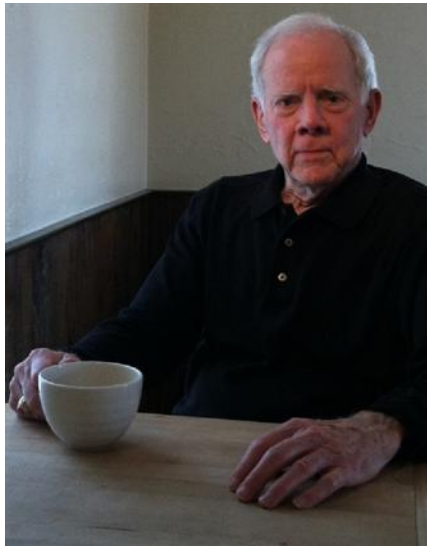
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The interview with bestselling author, Lenora Worth, was conducted by Cindy Bauer in 2009 and used with permission in a newsletter and blog, published on the internet. The copyright is retained by Cindy Bauer and has been used with her permission.

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ON THE COVER OF THE NEXT ISSUE!



[Dr. Charles N. Toftoy](#) has worked in the military, corporate, and academic sectors. He was a US Army airborne ranger and infantry officer, and a highly decorated Vietnam veteran earning two purple hearts.

He has a doctorate in strategic planning, an MBA from Tulane University, and a BS in engineering from West Point. In the corporate world, he served as General Manager for Raytheon Service Company, Director of Marketing for Lear Siegler, Inc.,

and President of PATCH Associates, among others.

At George Washington University, he served as the director of the Entrepreneurial Small Business Program and taught at the undergraduate and graduate level in The Business School.

Toftoy has received numerous academic, corporate, and military awards and honors and currently serves as a business strategies advisor to several local companies in Arlington, Virginia.



Have you considered promotion for your book(s)? A constant online internet presence is vital to book sales. As an author myself, I found it overwhelming to promote my work once published while still trying to write and hold down a full time job.

Over time (2005-2014), I have acquired the knowledge & experience to promote not only my books, but books written by other authors as well. I also provide several other publishing services, such as book cover design, book trailer creation, manuscript formatting, and e-book formatting & creation.

If you are in need of any of the above services, please take the time to check out my website where you will see what I can do for authors. There is a link to my clients and also a testimonials page where you can read the feedback from almost every client I've helped.

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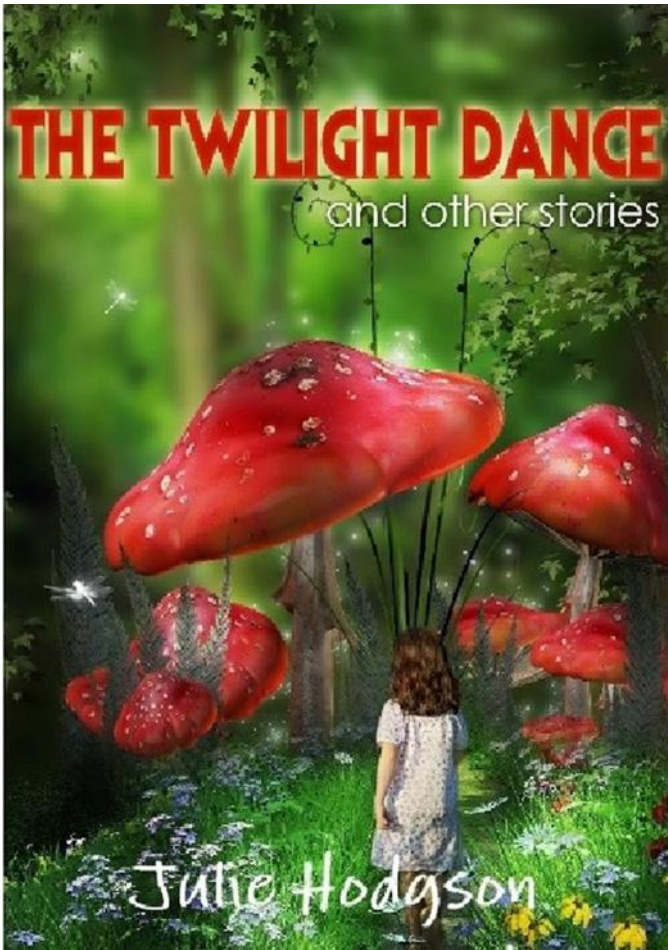
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Owner/Founder - Cindy Bauer

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The Twilight Dance and Other Stories

©Julie Hodgson

A collection of stories and poems the author has written over the years.

From enchanted forests to dogs that bark!

The poems and stories will warm your heart.

Must be read to children, using one adult.

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/julie-hodgson/the-twilight-dance-and-other-stories/paperback/product-21064409.html>

THE WISH

I saw a star fall from the sky
I closed my eyes to wish
A moment of quiet, eyes shut tight
A time not to be missed

I wished for peace and happiness
For all who walked the earth
Hungry tummies to be full
Children to laugh with mirth

The pain to stop for prisoners
Locked in a foreign land
But most of all I wished that
Humans could love and understand

ROUND AND ROUND

Round and round we go
In our merry way
We never stop to see the things
That pass us day by day

The smile on our friends faces
The marble games we play
We rush about our play times
And do not stop to say.

Thanks for the friends we have
Our parents and our teachers
The woods and forests in our land
Filled with tiny creatures.

The butterflies so colorful,
The moon so big and round
Then gentle setting of the sun,
Goes down without a sound.

THE HAGGIS GHOST

‘Twas on this night that Neil McDonald
Saw strange things, from next door,
He knew it was a ghost, he said
Of that, he was so sure!

He wore a red coat and kilt to match
With a sporran as big as fish,
A mighty sword held in his hand,
And a plate of haggis and chips.

Such a sight that ghost was,
It made Neil want to laugh,
But alas his mum just shouted down
“Come in now, time for your bath”

“Just a minute mum”, Neil said,
He really was amazed,
That ghosts these days, just hang around,
And Neil wasn’t even afraid.
So if, you see a ghost or two,
Don’t worry they’re okay,
They ‘re just there to eat their haggis,
And float around all day.

Julie Hodgson, 51, now living in Sweden with her husband John, has travelled extensively all over the world writing for children. She has worked on the children’s page of the Kuwaiti Times for about a year just before the first Gulf conflict in 1989, the story teller’s page for the Dumfries and Galloway Standard, the press and journal Banff Standard, plus numerous other papers and short story books as well. She has also been featured a few times in the Portuguese newspaper Aponte and several other papers and magazines. Such as Maria magazine and others.



She now settles for a quieter life giving her more time to write stories, and is in popular demand for storytelling, having visited many schools while living in Portugal. When last interviewed on the radio, Julie stressed how important it was for children to be able to read. She usually donates the proceeds from the sales of her books to charities. She has just "hopped" on board Opera Omnia's Publishing house and recently published the "Bilingual edition" of Jodie and the library card available at Amazon in print and as a Kindle e-Book.

Learn more by visiting her website at:
www.juliehodgson.com.



**Linda Yoshida
(Kaylin McFarren)**

Linda Yoshida, aka Kaylin McFarren, is a rare bird indeed. Not a migratory sort, she prefers to hug the West Coast and keep family within visiting range. Although she has virtually been around the world, she was born in California, relocated with her family to Washington, and nested with her husband in Oregon.

In addition to playing an active role in his business endeavors, she has been involved in all aspects of their three daughters' lives - taxi duties, cheerleading coaching, script rehearsals, and relationship counseling, to name but a few. Now she enjoys spending undisciplined time with her two

young grandsons and hopes to have many more.

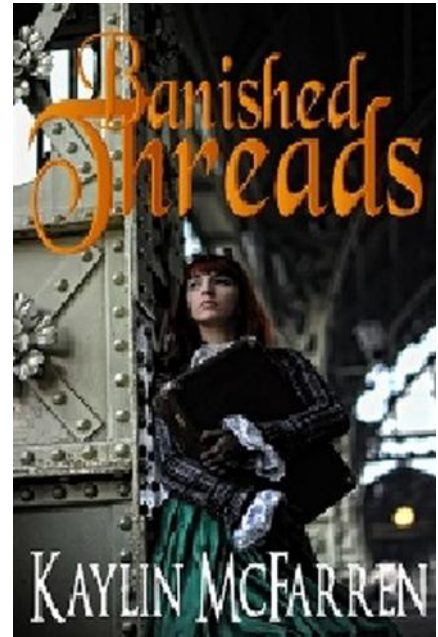
Although Kaylin wasn't born with a pen in hand like so many of her talented fellow authors, she has been actively involved in both business and personal writing projects for many years.

As the director of a fine art gallery, she assisted in furthering the careers of numerous visual artists who under her guidance gained recognition through promotional opportunities and in national publications. Eager to spread her own creative wings, she has since steered her energy toward writing novels. As a result, she has earned more than a dozen literary awards and was a 2008 finalist in the prestigious RWA® Golden Heart contest.

Kaylin is a member of RWA, Rose City Romance Writers, and Willamette Writers. She received her AA in Literature at Highline Community College, which originally sparked her passion for writing. In her free time, she also enjoys giving back to the community through participation and support of various charitable and educational organizations in the Pacific Northwest.

**Visit Linda's website
to learn more:
www.kaylinmcfarren.com**

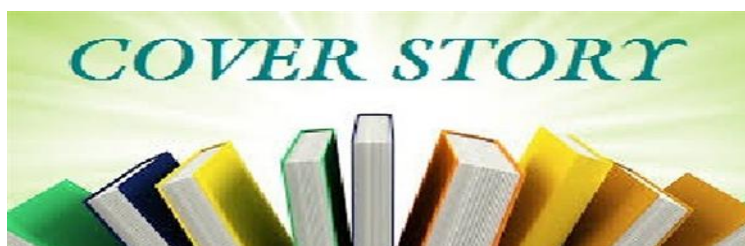
Coming Soon...



Banished Threads by Kaylin McFarren

While enjoying a much-earned vacation in England, Rachel Lyons and Chase Cohen are introduced to a secret mystical society by her jet-setting uncle and shortly after, a collection of priceless Morris Graves' paintings turns up missing. Drawn into the mystery, the lovers and their salvage crew members take up residence at the Lyons' stately manor.

However, acquiring the cooperation of locals and the Fraternal Brotherhood seems improvable, convincing Rachel to end their involvement - until she discovers the secret her uncle has been harboring for years...





Buried Threads *by Kaylin McFarren*

Rachel Lyons and her partner Chase Cohen accept a contract to recover a lost priceless treasure in the Sea of Japan. However, upon arriving in Tokyo, they soon discover their mission is more complicated and dangerous than they originally believed. In order to prevent a natural disaster from striking Japan and killing millions, they must form an alliance with yakuza members, dive into shark-infested waters and recover three ancient cursed swords before time runs out.

[Amazon](#) [Kindle](#)

Severed Threads *by Kaylin McFarren*

Believing herself responsible for her father's fatal diving accident,

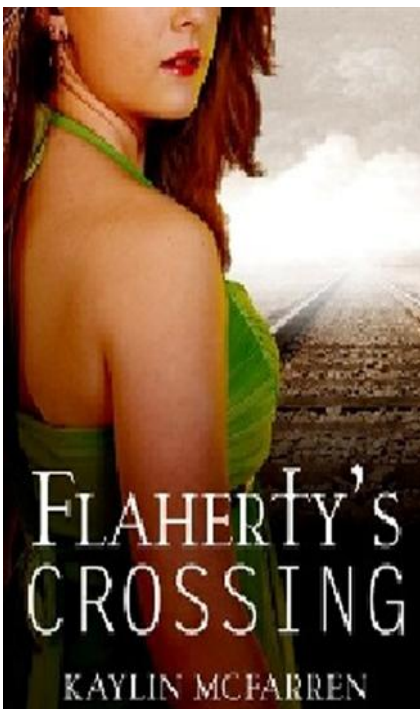
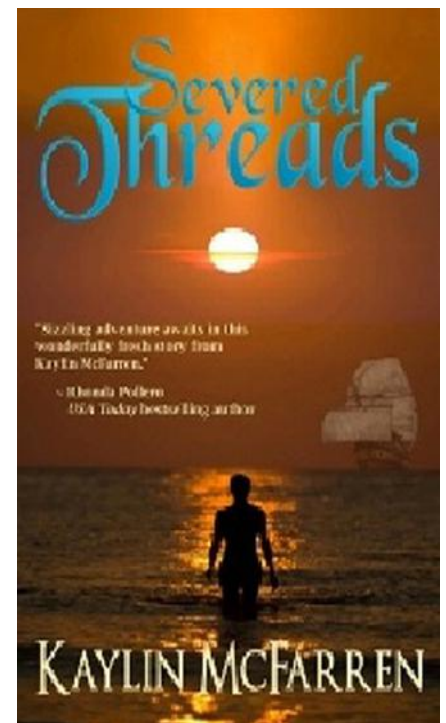
Rachel Lyons has withdrawn from the world and assumed a safe position at a foundation office. When called upon by a museum director to assist her former love interest with the recovery of a cursed relic from a sunken Chinese merchant ship, she has no intention of cooperating - until her brother is kidnapped by a drug-dealing gangster. In order to save him and gain control over her own life, Rachel must not only overcome her greatest fears, but also relive the circumstances that lead to her father's death.

[Amazon](#) [Kindle](#)

Flaherty's Crossing *by Kaylin McFarren*

From Pacific Northwest's award-winning author Kaylin McFarren comes a powerful novel about love, loss, and the power of forgiveness... Successful yet emotionally stifled artist Kate Flaherty stands at the deathbed of her estranged father, conflicted by his morphine-induced confession exposing his part in her mother's death. While racing home, Kate's car mishap leads her to a soul-searching discussion with a lone diner employee, prompting Kate to confront the true reasons her marriage hangs in the balance. When her night takes an unexpected turn, however, she flees for her life, a life desperate for faith that can only be found through her ability to forgive.

[Amazon](#) [Kindle](#)



A Little Bit of Humor



GOOD SAMARITAN

A Sunday school teacher was telling her class the story of the Good Samaritan. She asked the class, "If you saw a person lying on the roadside, all wounded and bleeding, what would you do?"

A thoughtful little girl broke the hushed silence, "I think I'd throw up."

DID NOAH FISH?

A Sunday school teacher asked, "Johnny, do you think Noah did a lot of fishing when he was on the Ark?"

"No," replied Johnny. "How could he, with just two worms."

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD

A Sunday School teacher decided to have her young class

memorize one of the most quoted passages in the Bible—Psalm 23.

She gave the youngsters a month to learn the chapter. Little Rick was excited about the task - but he just couldn't remember the Psalm.

After much practice, he could barely get past the first line. On the day that the kids were scheduled to recite Psalm 23 in front of the congregation, Ricky was so nervous. When it was his turn, he stepped up to the microphone and said proudly, "The Lord is my Shepherd, and that's all I need to know."

UNANSWERED PRAYER

The preacher's 5 year-old daughter noticed that her father always paused and bowed his head for a moment before starting his sermon. One day, she asked him why.

"Well, Honey," he began, proud that his daughter was so observant of his messages. "I'm asking the Lord to help me preach a good sermon."

"How come he doesn't answer it?" she asked.

ALL MEN / ALL GIRLS

When my daughter, Kelli, said her bedtime prayers, she would bless every family member, every friend, and every animal (current and past). For several weeks, after we had finished nightly prayer, Kelli would say, "And all girls." This soon became part of her nightly routine, to include this closing. My curiosity got the best of me and I asked her, "Kelli, why do you always add the part about all girls?"

Her response, "Because everybody always finish their prayers by saying "All Men."

BEING THANKFUL

A Rabbi said to a precocious six-year-old boy, "So your mother says your prayers for you each night? That's very commendable. What does she say?"

The little boy replied, "Thank God he's in bed!"

SAY A PRAYER

Little Johnny and his family were having Sunday dinner at his Grandmother's house. Everyone was seated around the table as the food was being

served. When Little Johnny received his plate, he started eating right away.

"Johnny! Please wait until we say our prayer." said his mother.

"I don't need to," the boy replied.

"Of course, you do," his mother insisted. "We always say a prayer before eating at our house."

"That's at our house." Johnny explained. "But this is Grandma's house and she knows how to cook."

An Interview with author Roland Hughes



Q: A family farm and as a sideline, drilling water wells. How did all the computer technology come into play?

A: Quite naturally actually. I grew up on this farm; it is actually my family's, not mine. I just help out when I'm home and store my larger toys here. Fate is cruel but if you live long enough it is fare. I had the

worst case of pollen allergies ever. As a child of 4 or 5 my allergies were so bad I would actually get water blister on my eye which would nearly swell my eyes shut. My allergies were why we purchased our first window unit air conditioner. Houses didn't have air conditioning standard back then.

This farm had horrible sulfur water. It started out bad and got progressively worse as time went on. You get used to the smell and taste, but what you don't get used to is the replacement cost. Refrigerators, freezers, televisions, basically anything with copper or silver simply got destroyed in a matter of months. Towards the end even the top-of-the-line freezer didn't make it a year. Average life span was about 6 months.

Adding insult to injury the well we had was either the 5th or 7th well ever drilled on this farm. Family lore is a bit fuzzy. My father was a child when the sulfur well was drilled. The drilling company used a cable tool rig. They ran it 24 hours per day. It took a month, but they finally got a sufficient quantity of water for the livestock operation the farm had back then. They just happened

to have to go 1250 feet deep to get it.

Suffice it to say that history gave me a keen interest in the drilling of water wells. Paying a drilling company to punch a dry hole in the ground isn't cheap. When you know ahead of time finding water is going to be difficult due to the location it becomes cheaper to get the training and the equipment then invest your time. We now have a much shallower sulfur free well. It was a journey which spanned 8 or 9 years if memory serves me correctly.

During my senior year in high school we got 3 Commodore Super Pet computers. I was in the first class to learn BASIC on them. We even went to some student programming contest at ISU (Illinois State University) and took third. No idea what it was at this point. As a kid with severe allergies attending a school without air conditioning I thought this was great. You got to work in air conditioning, got paid a lot of money and were surrounded by women in short skirts and heels all day. (I was in high school remember?) After graduating college I worked as an employee for a few years where I did actually manage to get the air conditioning but not the other two, so I became a consultant.

Q: The "geek" books make sense since you have the technological understanding, but what brought about the interest

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FAMILY CORNER

BY KATHI WYLDECK



Ideas by Kathi Wyldeck from her books:

Family Games and Games for Fun, Fitness and Learning

Game #4—Conjunctions:

Divide the children into three or four teams and give each group a marker pen and some sheets of paper. Let the children in each team choose a “Writer” to hold the pen and write the required words, another child as the “Displayer” to hold the sign up for the Games Leader to see, and the rest of the children to be the “Thinkers”.

Tell the players that you are going to say some sentences, each of which will contain a conjunction. The Thinkers must think of the conjunction being used and tell the Writer to write it down. The Displayer must then grab the sign and show it clearly to the Games Leader.

The first team with the correct sign displayed scores a point. Keep score to select a winning team.

Examples of sentences could include:

- Mark ate a sausage and Jenny ate an apple.
- I should come but it is raining.
- If you go to the pool, I will be there.
- Although it was dark, we couldn't sleep.
- Do your work until I tell you to stop.

- Peter jumps higher than Sam does.
- When you arrive, we will go out.
- Kate was sick so she went to bed.
- Unless you have a watch, you will be late.
- Wendy painted a picture because she likes painting.

General Knowledge Quiz #4

Science:

- a) What is the only liquid metal?
- b) Put the following electromagnetic waves in order from low energy to high energy: gamma rays, microwaves, red light, blue light, X-rays, infrared rays, radio waves, ultra-violet waves.

English:

- c) What is the difference between a simile and a metaphor?
- d) What is the difference between a homonym, a homophone and a homograph?

Art:

- e) Which great artist cut his own ear off?
- f) What is “Impressionist” painting like?

Answers:

- a) mercury
- b) radio waves, microwaves, infra-red waves, red light, blue light, ultra-violet waves, X-

(Continued on page 11)

- rays, gamma rays
- c) Similes describe something as “like” something else, but metaphors say they “are” something else.
 - d) Homonyms have the same spelling and same sound; Homophones have the same sound but different spelling; Homographs have the same spelling but a different sound. e.g.) I rose in the morning and picked a rose from the garden. (Homonyms); The building site was a messy sight to see. (Homophones); I will bow to the man with the bow tie. (Homographs)
 - e) Vincent Van Gogh
 - f) It does not look realistic, as in a photograph, but gives a general impression of a scene, often using dots and dabs rather than clear, crisp outlines.

Writing Topics of the Moment #4

Story:

The Hyperspace Taxi

Description:

The Sound of Heavy Rain on the Roof as I Lie in Bed at Night

Game #5

Animal, Vegetable and Mineral Ball:

Age Range: All age groups

Materials: 1 ball

Directions: Give the players a brief talk about the different meanings of the categories "animal", "vegetable" and "mineral". Then, stand them on the Games Circle with the Leader in the centre, holding the ball. The ball is thrown to a player, and at the same time, the Leader calls out one of the three categories. As the player catches the ball, he must give an example of that category.

For example: "Vegetable" = cotton T-shirt, pumpkin soup, paper, leaf, apple, oatmeal.

"Animal" = woollen jumper, leather shoe, egg, ice-cream, bacon, mosquito, human.

"Mineral" = glass of water, china plate, air, television, fridge, Jupiter, spoon, rock.

If the player is right, he throws the ball back to the Leader, but if he is wrong, or takes more than five seconds to think of something, he goes down on one knee. If he gets one right next go, he can stand up again, otherwise he goes down on two knees, and a third time wrong, he is out.

If the players are enjoying the game, the Leader can change the routine, after a while, and instead of calling a category, he can call out an object, and the player has to say if it belongs to the animal, vegetable or mineral category. Explain that some things are made of more than one category, and if this is called out, the players can say "Mixed".

e.g.) School shoe is "Mixed" as it contains "Animal" leather, "Vegetable" rubber soles and "Mineral" metal eyelets for the laces.

General Knowledge Quiz #5

Geography:

- a) What is a strait?
- b) Give an example.

History:

- c) Name some of the great sea explorers of the past.
- d) Where did they sail?

Maths:

- e) Without using a calculator, do this long division: $14,629 \div 17$. Give your answer correct to 2 decimal places.

Answers:

- a) A narrow stretch of seawater between two larger bodies of water.
- b) The Straits of Gibraltar, The Bering Strait, The Straits of Magellan, The Straits of Malacca, Torres Strait, Bass Strait, Cook Strait.
- c-d) Pytheus (Greece to Britain), John Cabot

(Continued on page 12)

(Continued from page 11)

(Britain to Canada), Bartholomew Diaz (Portugal to the Cape of Good Hope), Vasco da Gama (Portugal to India), Ferdinand Magellan (first to circumnavigate the world), Christopher Columbus (Spain to the West Indies), Amerigo Vespucci (Italy to America), James Cook (three circumnavigations of the world).

e) 860.53

Writing Topics of the Moment #5

Opinion: Bullies Should Be Punished

Report: Homo erectus

Game #6

Race of the Adverbs:

Sit the children down on the floor in a big circle, with legs crossed, and tell them that they are all adverbs. Walking around the circle, give each player an adverb identity. The first child could be an Adverb of Manner, the second an Adverb of Time, the third an Adverb of Place, and the fourth an Adverb of Quantity, and so on around the circle.

Now tell the children that you are going to call out a sentence. They must all listen and work out what type of adverb has been used. The children who belong to that adverb type must then get up, race around the circle, in a clockwise direction, and try to be the first back to their places. The first player home wins a point. If a player gets up with the wrong identity, he must sit back down, uncross one leg and put it straight out, to show that he has made a mistake. This player is not out of the game and can keep playing. If any player with a leg out gets up at the wrong time again, he must put both legs straight out. If this player makes a third mistake, he is out of the game. Keep playing and let the children gain points, or put their legs out, for as long as the players are having fun. Then find the winning player.

Sentences could include some of the following:

- Jill reads slowly. (Manner)

- Tim spells badly. (Manner)
- We came home late. (Time)
- Look up there. (Place)
- The weather is really cold. (Quantity)
- They will arrive soon. (Time)
- It is extremely hot in a sauna. (Quantity)
- Yesterday was my birthday. (Time)
- Please come here, Julie. (Place)
- The earthquake hit suddenly. (Manner)
- The birds in the trees sing sweetly. (Manner)
- Go inside and get your coat. (Place)
- David was so cold that his lips turned blue. (Quantity)

General Knowledge Quiz #6

Science:

- a) Name the five main levels of the atmosphere
- b) What are cosmic rays?

English:

- c) Fill in the blanks in these book titles: Wuthering ..., The Pickwick ..., Fahrenheit ..., Oliver ..., Animal ..., Journey to the Centre of ..., Twenty Thousand Leagues ..., War of the ..., The Invisible ..., The Count of ..., Anne of Green ..., I, ...

Music:

- d) Name the instruments that belong to the Strings section of the orchestra.

Answers: a) Troposphere, Stratosphere, Mesosphere, Ionosphere, Exosphere b) Sub-atomic particles, mainly positively-charged protons, entering the atmosphere from Space

- c) Wuthering Heights, The Pickwick Papers, Fahrenheit 451, Oliver Twist, Animal Farm, Journey to the Centre of the Earth, Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea, War of the Worlds, The Invisible Man, The Count of Monte Cristo, Anne of Green Gables, I, Robot.

- d) Violin, viola, cello, double bass.

Writing Topics of the Moment #6

Instructions: How to Plait a Girl's Hair

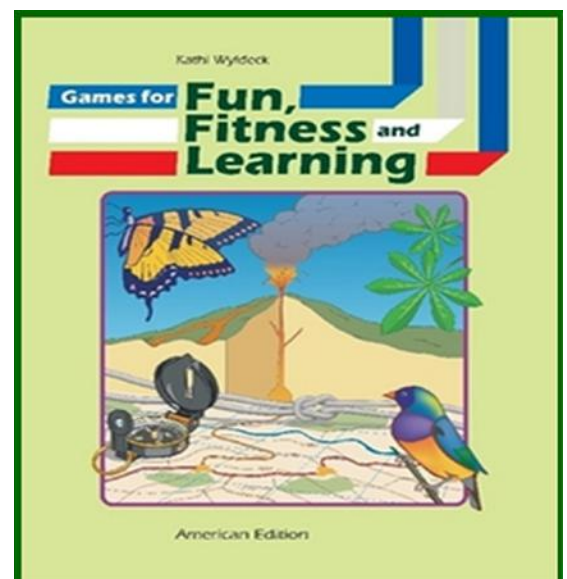
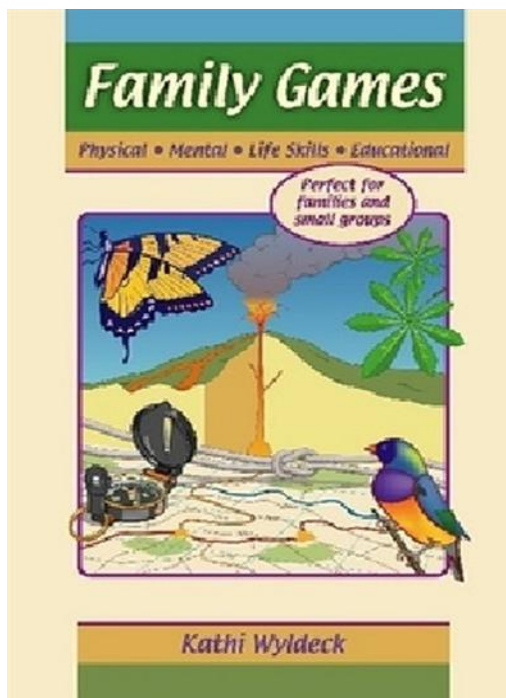
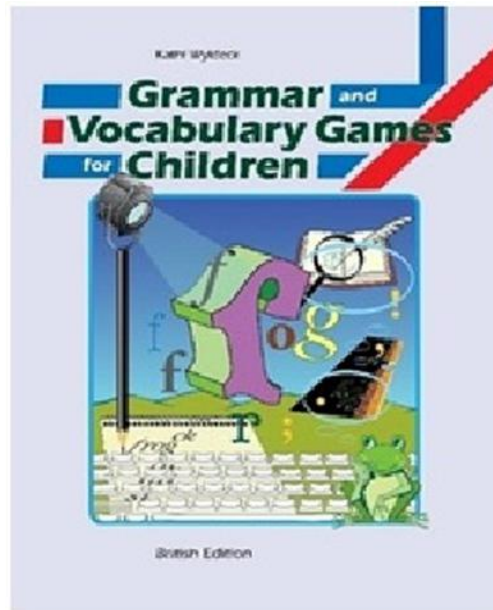
Diary Entry: A Child's View of the Last Few Hours as a Passenger on the Titanic

Ideas by Kathi Wyldeck from her books:

Family Games, Games for Fun, Fitness and Learning
and
Grammar and Vocabulary Games for Children.

If you like these family games and educational activities, visit Kathi's website at www.funfitnesslearning.com.

The site is updated with new programmes regularly.



(Continued from page 9)
in writing novels?

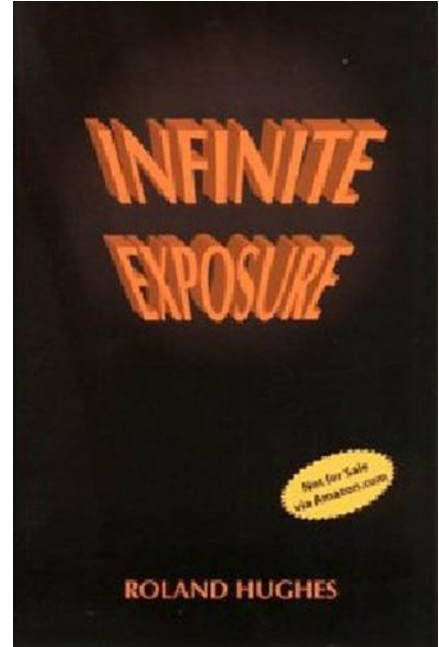
A: In truth, “Infinite Exposure” was written because someone from Citi Bank pissed me off one day. There is a company which makes T-shirts and stuff for writers. One I’ve never purchased but always liked has a warning printed on it. “Be careful or you will end up in my novel”. Truer words were never spoken or written. I no longer have any Citi Bank products btw. Last time I checked none of the mutual funds I own even hold their stock. Around the same time I wrote “Infinite Exposure” I got rid of all the funds which did. “John Smith – Last Known Survivor of the Microsoft Wars” was a bit different. There were a lot of little things which kept rattling around in my brain. Then we had all of the Mayan 2012 hoopla. As an IT worker doing business analysis and systems architect work you are trained to always ask “what if”. In this particular

case it started out as a single question, “What if it’s not a light switch but a starting point?”

People are very narrow minded and short sighted in general. For years you would hear reports on the news about mud slides in California and they would always say something like “the mud slide started this morning at...” those reports were always wrong. The mud slide started many months prior to that when the forest fire burnt the trees off.

There is a really good “Star Trek TNG” episode/movie where Captain Pickard is bouncing between 3 different time periods due in large part to Q. It takes most of the show for the Captain to figure out that Q is trying to teach him about a paradox. Three different ships from three different time periods focused a certain type of energy beam on the exact same point in space. It caused a rip in the barrier between time and anti-time. Due to the nature of anti-time the event horizon was much larger in the past, a past which had not had the event. That event horizon was about to stop the very creation of life on Earth. Not some gigantic disaster which killed all humans, but a quiet event which simply stopped a puddle of basic proteins from joining to create the first single celled organism from which humans would evolve.

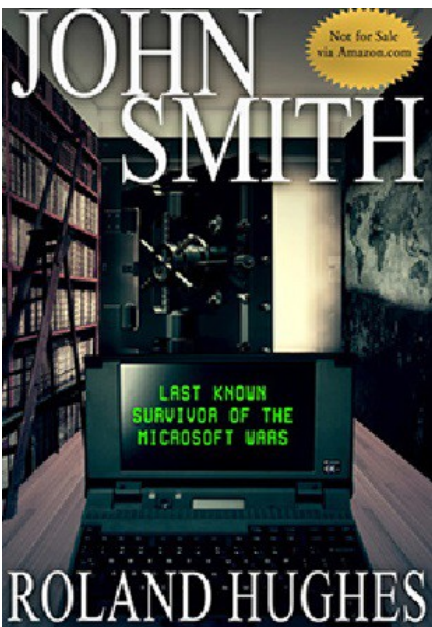
“Babylon 5” had a great story



line running its first few seasons. Two ancient races were tasked with “guiding the younger races”. Essentially these two were the light and the dark at least during the early episodes, different shades of gray in later episodes. They both meddled in different ways, even changed the genetics of some species in their attempts to “weed the garden”. For someone with a writer’s mind, this was not about the age old struggle between good and evil it appeared to be but about the struggle which is almost as old. That is the struggle between Manifest Destiny and Free Will and the high price of such a struggle.

If you are looking for direct influences when it comes to “John Smith – Last Known Survivor of the Microsoft Wars” at that one episode of TNG and the first few seasons of Babylon 5 up through the end of the Shadow Wars.

“What if” the Mayans were



right but it was a mud slide and not the flicking of a switch? “What if” that old Mayan story/legend where they claimed to be survivors of some great catastrophe was really how they viewed the start of a new cycle. “What if” alien visitations really happen but they aren't aliens, just survivors of past cycles trying to herd us along? These questions were running through my mind. Thankfully Susan Krowley came along to interview John Smith. I really thought that interview would be a single chapter long. I didn't even think the story would be a novel. The two of them thought otherwise.

Q: Will there be more novels and do you anticipate in changes in genre at some point?

A: There are going to be more novels and more geek books. I'm working on some of them now. Once John Smith really takes off I will be looking for some very young and gifted writer to co-author the second

John Smith book to flesh out the world so they can continue on with the “Earth That Is” series.

Q: In layman's terms, what does Logikal Solutions do?

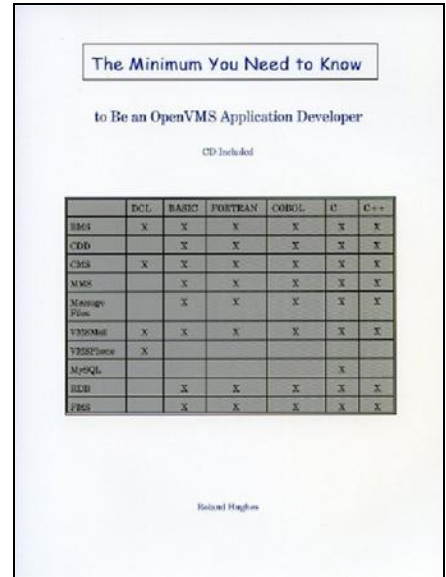
A: It is an IT consulting company. We provide software development, technical writing, systems architect and business analysis services to various clients.

Q: How has the “computer age” changed the farming business?

A: Improvements have come at a very high price.

Due to the “race to the bottom” when it comes to software development and technology products in general, a poorly designed steering/navigation system lawyered up and cost the country a 4G satellite and ground station wireless system which would have actually provided 4G to the entire nation in a matter of months instead of the “nationwide” 4G services which seem to only exist in the N largest cities.

Many of the tractors built in the mid 70s to early 80s are still serviceable. Granted some have had new engines put in them, but they were well built and designed to last. Not so much the case for the 90s forward. This problem is twofold. The first problem is “chasing the fast buck” and the second is the massive electronics burden. Engines and transmissions of older tractors, the ones built

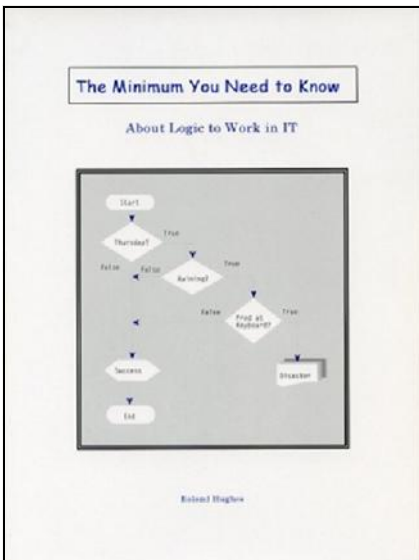


when people had to draw by hand, were over engineered by today's standards. In short, they were built to last. The graphics design programs allow engineers to design tractors with a planned end of life as short as 5 years. Today's tractors and combines have quite literally a rats nest of wiring and electronics inside of them. Rats nest is a good term since a single mouse can get into them during winter storage and render your quarter-million-dollar-only-made-the-first-payment-on-it piece of equipment a pile of scrap metal. The days of a father buying a new tractor and being able to pass it down to their son/daughter when they handed over the farm ended with my generation.

The list goes on and on.

Q: Do you feel that having all this “data” on electronic files is putting countries more at risk? (I have no idea where that one came from because I'm not a very political person, by na-

(Continued on page 16)



(Continued from page 15)
ture)

A: Putting YOU at risk. Forget the country. Do you know where your bank has its data center? THAT is “Infinite Exposure”. You should read it. I based much of it on what the FBI actually tells bankers during their lectures.

Q: Are there any other writers in your family?

A: No. My grandmother on my father's side taught me to write letters at a very early age. Her sister used to write very long letters telling stories of their youth and I used to respond. This was with pen on paper. We didn't even have a typewriter then.

Q: Farming, Computers and Writing – a very diverse agenda. How do you find the time to manage all of this?

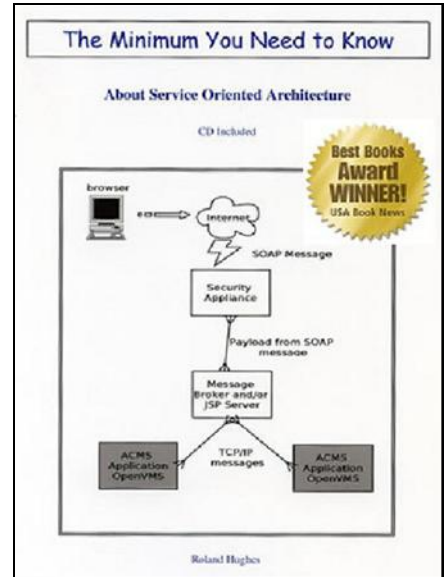
A: I stopped playing video games years ago. Consulting has also helped even out the flow. I use the time between

projects to pursue my other interests.

Q: Do you read a lot? Who is your favorite author?

A: The short answer would be no. I used to read quite a bit, but the authors I used to read really honked me off in one way or another. The “Wheel of Time” author started out great and then churned out volume after volume of what I would call “oatmeal” even after he was diagnosed with a long term illness. He stretched it out and someone else had to finish the series. Same with “A Song of Ice and Fire”. I got to the last hundred or so pages of “A Dance With Dragons” and I stopped. The writing quality had dramatically diminished. While I may one day finish this book I have no plans to read more in the series. I have never read any of the “Harry Potter” books, but I have seen all of the movies. I applaud J.K. for choosing to close that circle. A primary story arc which doesn't end is a horrible thing. Perhaps that is why I have all of the “Babylon 5” series on DVD, even “the lost episodes”. They set out to have a 7 year arc and they completed it.

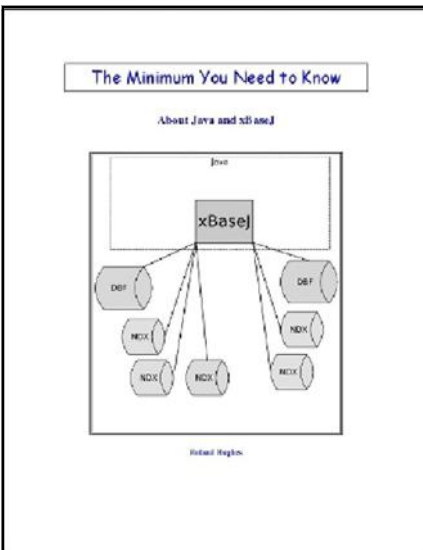
I know the old adage is “to be a better writer you have to be an avid reader,” but I just don't buy into it. At some point my Block Buster subscription became a much better source than reading did. The 3-at-a-time flat monthly fee completely changed my viewing habits and I will wager it changed most of



the country as well. During the days of VHS we had to pay something like \$7 to rent a movie. You needed a second mortgage if you returned it late. Now for something like \$20/month you get 3-at-a-time and return them when you get done. If you want more movies watch them faster.

When I had to pay \$7 each there was no way I was watching a documentary or an artsy “indie” film. Now I add those DVDs to my queue without even thinking about it. My view of the world goes way beyond Hollywood. “John Smith” contains little snippets from all over. Even a bad movie can have one redeeming scene which sticks with you. One of the most flattering comments I see about my novels is “this book really makes you stop and think.”

Q: Any final words or areas you'd like to elaborate on that I may or may not have touched-base on today?

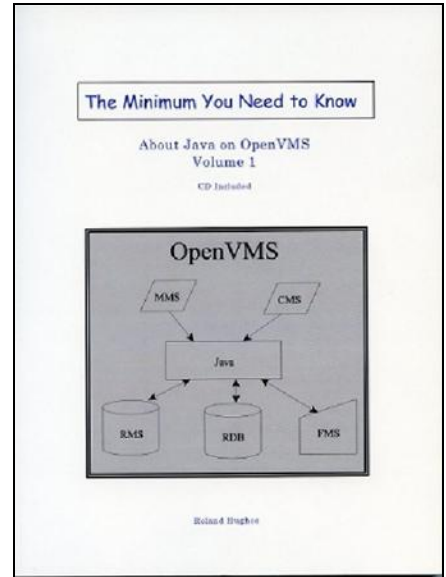


A: I read many comments about “how to write”. While they are well meaning most of them aren't worth the time it takes to read them. I have read many arguments between Outline Nazis and other writers. Have seen people try to quantify just how many books and which books a writer “must” read. I have seen these discussions paralyze people who would otherwise be writing because they “didn't want to do it wrong”. I have heard I don't know how many “learned” cough cough hack hack people instruct newbie writers to “show don't tell”. Don't bother listening. To me the only oxymoron larger than “military intelligence” and “happily married” is “creative writing class.”

The moment you open up Libre Office or put pen to paper and churn out the first sentence, you are a writer. You may never get paid, but you are a writer. That is the only requirement for the title. You are going to do it wrong. Don't believe me? Choose any famous

author you want, then ask someone who doesn't like their work. Take a Stephen King horror novel and have it reviewed by someone who only likes warm fuzzy love stories set in New York. I can tell you what that review will be like before they even start reading the book. If the reviewer doesn't point out spelling/grammar errors or dramatic gaffes such as a character being called Fred for the first 6 chapters and Susan for the rest of the book with no mention of gender changing surgery or other wretched storyline problems, they probably weren't part of your target market. That said, you are the least qualified person to edit your own work. A work of fiction needs at least 5 rounds of professional editing from 3 different editors if you plan to sell it. This is something the majority of the Kindle crowd seem to skip which is why I don't think Kindle is doing anywhere near as well as some proclaim.

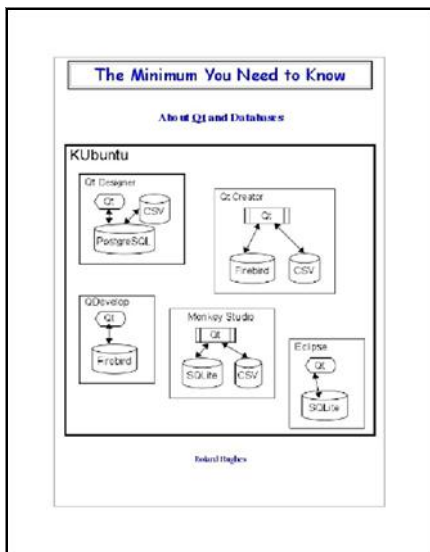
“Tell done well is the show.” So very few people do tell well people created the “show don't tell” mantra because writers who hadn't quite honed their skills could do show. If you choose to go down this path there are some things you need to watch and remember. One of the (I think?) Mad Max movies ends with a group of kids in some mountain valley all gathered together for an evening and then you hear the line “Every night we do the tell to keep the story 'membered well.” If you are going to do a



“tell” make your story 'membered well. Nearly every reviewer for “John Smith” finds some different part of it which shocks them or sends them off to look something up. At least those who like the story all seem to comment on it. Even the ones which empty their colon on it seem to have at least one comment like that.

How do you keep your story “'membered well?” By scattering the nuggets. The second movie you need to watch to understand this is “Casino”. There is what many movie goers thought to be a throw-away scene which tells you everything you need to know. De Niro's character is having breakfast with someone and his blue berry muffin doesn't have any blue berries. As soon as the guy next to him unwraps his blue berry muffin it falls apart because it has so many blue berries. De Niro then informs the head chef he must ensure every muffin has the same number of blue berries despite

(Continued on page 18)



(Continued from page 17)

the chef protesting about how long it will take. "Scattering the nuggets" is much like making blue berry muffins. You need the right amount of blue berries in each muffin. Too many it falls apart. Too few and it is just a nasty dry muffin.

Roland Hughes is the president of Logikal Solutions, a business applications consulting firm specializing in VMS platforms. Hughes serves as a lead consultant with over two decades of experience using computers and operating systems originally created by Digital Equipment Corporation (now owned by Hewlett-Packard).

With a degree in Computer Information Systems, the author's experience is focused on OpenVMS systems across a variety of diverse industries including heavy equipment manufacturing, pharmaceuticals, stock exchanges, tax accounting, and hardware value-added resellers, to name a few. Working throughout these industries has strengthened the author's unique skill set and given him a broad perspective on the role and value of OpenVMS in industry.

Mr. Hughes' technical skill sets include the following tools that enable him to master and improve OpenVMS applications: DEC/VAX C, DEC/VAX C++, DEC BASIC, DCL, ACMS, MQ Series, DEC COBOL, RDB, POWERHOUSE, SQL,

CMS/MMS, Oracle 8i, FORTRAN, FMS, and Java, among others. Being fluent in so many technical languages enables Hughes to share his knowledge more easily with other programmers.

Book Reviewers	
★★★★★	Excellent
★★★★☆	Above Average
★★★☆☆	Average
★★★☆☆	Below Average
★★☆☆☆	Poor
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Writing Contests



Benjamin Franklin Awards

Submissions for 2015: Open July 2014

<http://ibpabenjaminfranklinawards.com/>

Writer's Digest Writing Competitions

Prizes include cash, up to \$3000

- **Self-Published Book Awards 2015**

Deadline: September 2, 2014

<http://www.writersdigest.com/competitions/selfpublished>

- **Popular Fiction Awards 2014**

Early-Bird Deadline: September 15, 2014

Deadline: October 15, 2014

<http://www.writersdigest.com/popularfictionawards>

Unicorn Writers' Conference March 14, 2015 at Reid Castle, Purchase, NY!



Unicorn Writers' Conference

This year we will be welcoming 38 literary agents and 9 NYC major book editors, not to mention some incredible guest speakers.

We are known for our 1-1 manuscript review sessions - 40 pages reviewed for \$55- 30 minute meeting with an agent and/or book editor. Unicorn also offers a Query letter workshop for \$40 with an agent for 1 hour. This workshop is limited to 10 writers per 1 hour session, with four Query Letter Workshops with four different agents. Book Summary/Flap Copy Workshop returns this year for \$40 for 1 hour, limited to 10 writers per session with four book summary workshops at various times during the day.

This year we have five different workshops every hour to select from on the day of the conference, three (3) agent panels, and one editor panel.

The price is \$300 for all the workshops and three gourmet meals (excluding query letter workshop (\$40) and 1-1 manuscript review sessions- \$55). You may also sign up for one-

(Continued on page 40)



THE SILENCE OF NATURE

The winter passed, maybe not quite, returning for a glance to check our handling of her new buds and cutting the grass these early spring buds peeping behind bushes and trees.

A bright shining sun, white clouds in a coral blue skies, having their edges kissed by the radiance of our own sun. Spring clears the winter away to follow with a fresh summer.

A simple-words silence, a calming silence, is all around us behind which all natural noises can be heard sounding like hosts of birds singing: insects buzzing some distance away These sneak surreptitiously into the silence, their own way The silence heard is a very distinct from the birds and bees. It being the real sound of silence in this wonderful world.

Nature's silence is simple; has a powerful effect on flowers, mankind and animals, now in their way are quite perfect.

You will be forced to remain still where ever you may be

It is not something you can touch but still there to feel and admiring so much to make your mind much clearer, sending you into a sleepy world without your being aware.

Now comes the strength of nature's real silence to travel to lands far and near, no matter the distance; to the sights and sounds you will love to see and hear It will make you happy where ever you may need to be to be absorbed into the things you love; never succeeding. The Silence of Nature's dreams will carry you through with the certainty that she will bring you back again.

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SEPTEMBER MORNING

The misty Fog hides the distant trees
All is calm, not a breath of wind
The doves on the end roof apex
Magpies start their breakfast pecks
Not a leaf moves, only the doves
Nothing, even silence can be heard
On this first September Morning.

Virginia Creeper leaves turning red.
Birds waiting to rise from their bed.
Doves now cooing their morn' song.
Soon other birds will come along.
The bushes have their winter berries.
Becoming ripe; hedged blackberries.
On this first September Morning.

Within minutes of the Dove's call
Out of the sky the other birds fall.
Sparrows, Blackbirds, and Thrush
For breakfast they're all in a rush.
Now the red headed Coot awakes
Mallards land as their triangle breaks
On this first September Morning

The leaves on trees and bushes sway
The canal over the hedge: small waves.
Birds fly into the leaved tree branches
Warming their bodies; facing the sun.
A warm good morning to the Autumn;
Goodbye Summer; Hello, last hot day?
On this first September Morning.

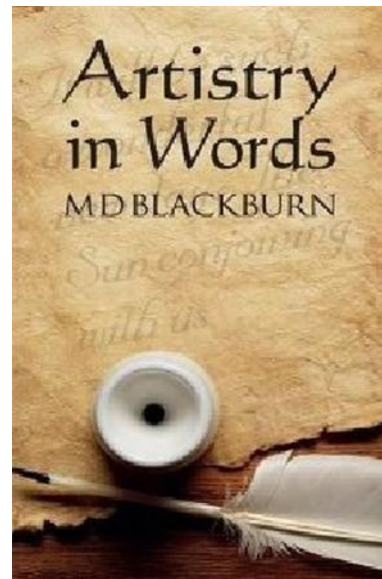
©Michael D. Blackburn



Michael Dennis (M.D.) Blackburn began putting pen to paper in March 2009, having never written before. He often wonders where the words come from. He now writes short personalized stories, poems, religious and political comments, autobiographies, sports reports, and joke books. He ranges

from poetry to prose as he ponders life's past experiences, taking the reader back into a time when life was simple. He examines his own childhood and encourages readers to explore their own nostalgia. His poetry and prose are intended to hold up a mirror. Readers may see themselves in his words and feel a ripple of surprise when they see where life's path has led. His work is enjoyed by readers in the UK, America and New Zealand.

Learn more by visiting:
mdblackburn.wordpress.com/



http://www.amazon.co.uk/s/ref=nb_sb_noss?url=search-alias%3Dstripbooks&field-keywords=artistry+in+words&x=0&y=0

Interview with Best Selling Author, Lenora Worth!

*Conducted by
Cindy Bauer in 2009*

I'd like to welcome bestselling Inspirational Romance Author, Lenora Worth, who has so graciously accepted my invitation for this interview. Lenora is the author of more than thirty novels. Lenora, I'd like to begin with some background information because you're a tough one to get a bio on :) Through some research, I found you were born in Georgia. So let's begin there.

CB: What was your childhood like, growing up in Georgia? Parents, siblings, pets?

LW: Oh, yes on siblings and pets. (I had parents, too, of course.) I was the baby of the family. Seven children. I was always in trouble but I also learned to sit back and just watch—a trait that has served me well in being a writer. I had cats, dogs and I fed the hogs and pigs every afternoon after school. I hated the isolation of living on a farm but now when I look back, I can see that quiet, lonely time helped to shape my imagination and my dreams of being a writer.

CB: You married your childhood sweetheart. Since you write romance, tell us how he 'romanced you' into marrying him?

LW: Well, we were young and a bit naïve, but on about our third date he told me "I love you, I think." I thought that was sweet. There never was a formal moment where he proposed. We just knew we wanted to get married. But he can be very romantic—such as the time he "kidnapped" me and took me on a romantic weekend for our anniversary.

CB: You have two children. Do they also have a love for writing?



Lenora Worth

LW: I have a daughter and a son—both grown now and yes, they both have creative streaks. My daughter is trying to write to sell in romance and my son writes songs, plays guitar and piano. They both love to read.

CB: What one ingredient influenced you the most to write Inspirational Romance?

LW: I think it was a combina-

tion of my upbringing as a Southern Baptist and the notion that God is such an important part of our lives, why not put that thread in a love story. I'm a Methodist now and my faith has grown through the years, so it just feels natural to me to include a faith element in my stories.

CB: Tell us about that first book sale, because I understand you had several rejections before selling your first story.

LW: Yes, I have a big stack of rejection letters. My first sale to Avalon came in 1993, two years after one of my older sisters had died in a wreck caused by a drunk driver. The year after her death I found it hard to write, but I managed to push through. I talked to the Avalon editor at a conference in New Orleans and she told me to send her something. So I did. Then I got a bad case of the flu and I was so sick I could barely get out of bed. Well, she called during my sickness and I thought she was a telemarketer and almost hung up on her. I actually thought my fever had me hallucinating! But it wasn't a dream—it was a dream come true!

CB: What advice do you offer other authors also facing rejection and pondering where to go next?

LW: Rejection is tough and yes, we do take it personally even though we are told not to do so. But if you don't send anything out, you will never

know. And I'd rather have ten rejections than one "Why didn't I ever try again?" I also tell people that if you want to write and you don't do so, you're not using the gift God has granted you. Because that one story might be the one somebody out there needs to hear.

CB: Does your location or family play a part in your inspiration for your story ideas?

LW: Oh, yes. I love southern locations because that's what I know best and I use elements from my family and my childhood memories to color my stories. When I look back, I find something in each book that stems from a real event or memory that happened in my life. The south lends itself to mystery and that bit of gothic appeal, and in the south we pride ourselves on having big, chaotic, colorful families, so I use the good and the bad of that mixed blessing to create my stories.

CB: Have you ever written or considered writing in any other genre?

LW: I did write five books for the secular market, but I just wasn't comfortable with getting too graphic or steamy. I'd love to write a lush historical one day and maybe a big old mainstream with all those southern gothic elements I love.

CB: You have a new book just released this month. Tell us about *Heart of the Night*.

LW: Oh, this is one of my favorite books (and I don't brag on my stories a lot). But Eli Trudeau just stole my heart when he appeared in *Secret Agent Minister* (which was out in 2007.) He is one of my Christian secret agents and he's a member of CHAIM, an organization of specially trained agents who help Christians in danger the world over. Eli had a lot of angst and he needed to find God's love, so writing this book was both a joy and a very painful experience at times. And I was able to showcase Louisiana and especially Grand Isle, a place I fell in love with when I went down there on a mission trip to help rebuild after the recent hurricanes.

CB: What other books can we look forward to this year?

LW: The next installment of the CHAIM series is due out in April and that's *Code of Honor*. The hero is Irish/American and he's almost as adorable as Eli. He shows up in Eli's book, but his story is set in Atlanta and Ireland.

CB: How important is it for an author, or aspiring author, to join a writing guild? What value of joining can one expect and do you contribute your success to the knowledge gained by doing so?

LW: Well, joining any type of group where you find like-minded people is always helpful. You know you're amongst those who understand you. And then there's the instant educa-

tion you receive by attending meetings and workshops. You learn about the business side of writing, which can bring down even the strongest amongst us, and you learn how to handle everything from rejections to dealing with contracts. Plus, it gives you inspiration to keep on trying, no matter what. The experience of joining a guild or group is priceless to me. I have friends now from all over the world and I cherish the blessing of that.

CB: Do you plot out your stories in advance or just sit down and begin typing once an idea pops into your head?

LW: I usually get an idea of a scene in my head and it just won't go away. Then I jot down that scene as I saw it. After that, I just let the story develop until I can do a short synopsis. After that, I usually present that to my editor and if it's a go, I begin the process of fleshing out the story. I'm an odd bird in that I'm part seat of the pants and part methodical plotter. I edit heavily with each chapter so I don't have to spend a lot of time on the back side getting things done.

CB: Do you work on more than one piece at the same time? And if so, is that ever confusing or does it make it easier to move back and forth between them?

LW: Yes, lately I've been doing that a lot because I've been blessed with new projects. It

(Continued on page 33)



EXCERPTS, POEMS, SHORT STORIES & MORE!

Time Heals, Forgiveness Mends, Sometimes Our Greatest Misery is Our Greatest Happiness, and Dancing with our Love

From the depths of hell is when my writing a novel came about. I sat down at my computer and began to write to relieve my pain of discontent. I knew I wasn't happy. I knew I couldn't do anything about it because I was married to a man who suffered anxiety and couldn't be left alone for more

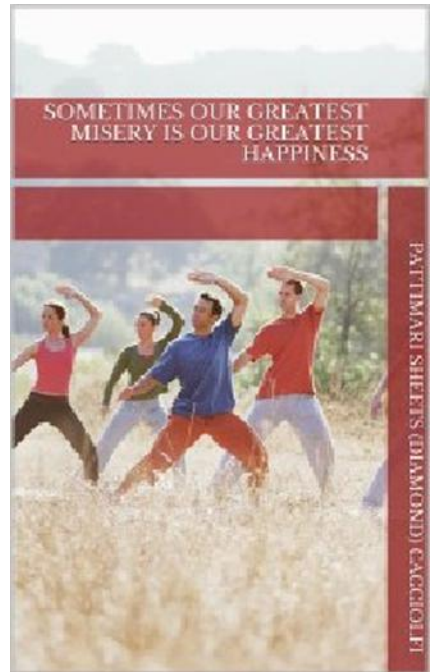
than an hour without someone with him. I felt helpless, so one day I sat down at the computer and let my fingers fly across the computer keyboard.

I seemed to be in a trance and by the time I snapped out of it and looked down, I saw that I had written 10 pages. I was amazed. I was excited. I didn't worry about spelling or grammar, no, I just typed words from somewhere deep within myself. It must have been pent up for some time because it flowed out like honey on a piece of bread.

That book was Time Heals, Forgiveness Mends. It was about a woman who was struggling with her life, sort of living in a box, and didn't know it until her husband was brutally murdered in a hotel room. She helped the very people who were accused of her husband's murder and her husband's colleagues thought she had gone off the deep end, but she continued to help them and discovered herself once again.

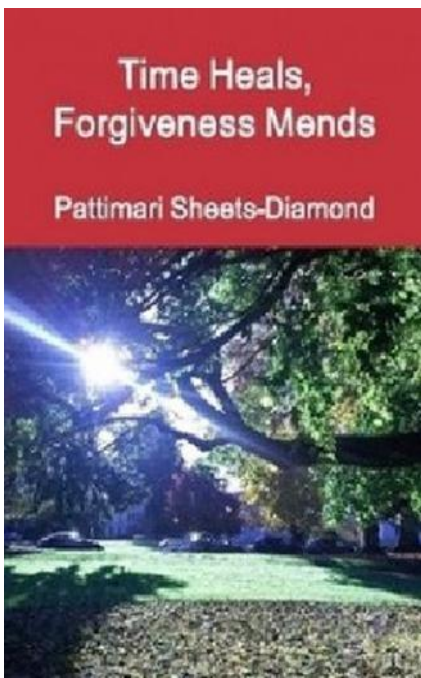
The story had similarities of my life at the time, but I blended some of it with a

lifetime friend's life as well and with the two put together, Time Heals, Forgiveness Mends was written and published. I was overjoyed. I felt a part of myself coming alive again.

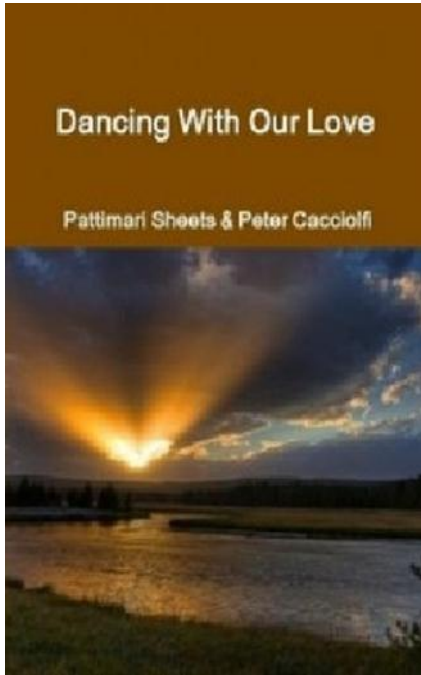


[Kindle](#)

More than a year later, my husband asked for a divorce and left. That is when I found myself in familiar depths of pain, and so severe that I wrote Sometimes your Greatest Misery can be your Greatest Happiness.



[Nook](#)



Hardcover

It was an odd pain; my mind was relieved and contented, but my body went into shock and I couldn't eat or sleep for almost three days. After I started with a tablespoon of soup every two hours to regain my strength back, and a day later, my lifetime friend and her husband took me out to dinner, my body snapped back and later that night I sat down at the computer and wrote Sometimes your Greatest Misery can be your Greatest Happiness. It is a self-help book about how to deal with pain in your life and how your thoughts can change your life. I am a therapist so writing the book came natural for me, but the meat of the self-help book came from my own experience of such a painful rude awakening.

Four years later, I met my present husband online. We began writing back and forth

and when he found out I was a writer, he offered to proof my books for me because he had a master's in English. I wrote back a paragraph of a fantasy story and said, "Tag, your it."

He wrote back and added another paragraph to the story, and on and on we wrote for four months on that story, and when it came to its end, we met in person. We published that story with our emails we had written and called it, Dancing with our Love.

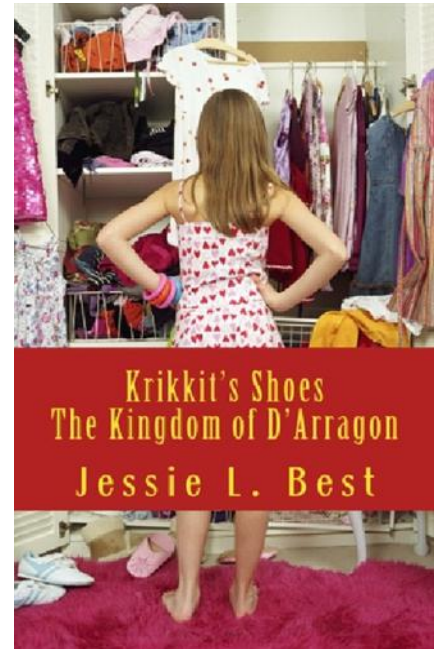
In 2013, my husband, Peter, and I opened PnPAuthors where we promote other authors. We believe authors helping one another is what is best for all authors.

An Excerpt From:
**Krikkit's Shoes:
 The Kingdom of
 D'Arragon**

"Queen MaryAnne!"

Syntaba called the Queen in a loud piercing voice and her eyes quickly found the three leaning over the wall above her. She said not a word but kept her eyes on them, her face uplifted.....

Before the guards could make a move, the Queen began to disappear in front of their eyes. Slowly she faded away until all that was left were the ropes swinging to and fro from the pillar.



Amazon and Kindle

About the book:

Life is pretty ordinary for Krikkit. Ordinary and rather boring. Boring, that is, until she places the shiny black leather shoes she rescued from beneath her bed, on her nine year old feet. Transported almost instantly to the Kingdom of D'Arragon, she becomes caught up in the mystery and magic of the royal D'Arragon Dynasty.

Sorcery and intrigue abound, but Krikkit's sense of adventure overcomes her fear and doubt as she enters a wondrous new world she could never have imagined existed. She attempts, with the help of Jara, a D'Arragon sorcerer, to prevent a century old prophecy from becoming a horrible reality that would change the royal dynasty forever.

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Amidst all the excitement and chaos Krikkit encounters, she cannot help but wonder if she will ever get home again.



[Amazon](#)

An Excerpt From:
Buried Threads

Book Summary:

A disturbing prophecy sends a treasure hunting duo on an urgent race to rescue a country in Kaylin McFarren's heart pounding new novel, Buried Threads. Full of erotic suspense and wild adventures, this is one trip that readers will never forget!

Rachel Lyons and Chase Cohen work together as the successful owners of a treasure hunting company. But a seemingly simple assignment--to track down a priceless gem that is believed to be buried in

a shipwreck deep within the Sea of Japan--takes a startling, and dangerous, turn. Faced with a monk's dark prophecy that a natural disaster will soon strike Japan, killing millions, Rachel and Chase must embark on the mission of a lifetime in order to uncover the three cursed samurai swords that can avert the catastrophe. Chaos ensues as their adventure takes them from shark infested waters and creepy caves to haunted hidden tombs and a confrontation with Yakuza gang members. Time is running out as the prophecy's day of reckoning draws near. Will Rachel and Chase succeed before disaster strikes?

Buried Threads has received the following awards: 2014 Reader Views Readers Choice Awards - 1st Place for Romance; 2014 Pacific Book Awards - 1st Place Adventure Category; 2014 Chanticleer Book Reviews & Media's Great Beginnings Contest - 1st Place Paranormal Mystery

Chapter Description:

Kenji Ota is a trained assassin working for the Yakuza - a legendary Japanese gangster organization. He has wealth, fame and good looks, and a vendetta against a childhood friend - a highly respected Buddhist monk, who happens to have a gift of prophecy. They both have their sites set on a beautiful Japanese geisha, but only one contender will survive in this heart-stopping tale.

CHAPTER 1

The mystery begins...

Kenji Ota didn't fit the description of a bloodthirsty killer. Upon meeting him, it would be difficult to believe he'd gotten away with murdering at least twenty-five men. He was intelligent, intuitive, and physically attractive. His black hair was kept short and neat, and from the professional manner in which he dressed and carried himself, he could have been mistaken for a television announcer or successful business executive. He socialized in mixed circles—with stockbrokers, politicians, and street-smart hoodlums alike—and his charming, larger-than-life personality drew the attention of attractive women everywhere. However, after meeting Mariko Abe, his taste in the fairer sex had been spoiled forever. No one in his mind would ever compare to Kyoto's most beautiful geisha or be foolish enough to keep her away from him.

At 8:45 p.m., he stepped inside RAIN, one of the hottest nightclubs in Japan's Roppongi district with his face hidden behind a katou anime mask. He knew that only the "big" people in Tokyo could gain access to this place, and at the age of twenty-nine, he was already considered one of the largest. His loyalty to his yakuza family, the Zakura-kai, carried great weight and had earned him three rankings within the Japanese syndicate:

Kaito Mitsui's bodyguard, his personal advisor, and captain of his own crew of soldiers. Yet his hard-earned promotions were not the result of monies earned, smart business dealings, or his ability to entice new, ambitious recruits. They came as the result of his eight-year incarceration on behalf of his boss for a botched extortion scam.

With renewed interest in the noisy scene before him, Kenji pulled off his mask and tucked it into his black studded belt. He ran his hand across the back of his sweaty neck—the irritating result of another muggy August night. Unlike the devoted men in his crew, he shied away from solid black suits by wearing tight jeans and a loose white shirt most days. And although the police had released him only four days earlier, across his back he carried a red wakizashi—a lethal thirty-one-inch sword.

Associates who were below Kenji's rank moved quickly aside and bowed in respect as he passed. On more than one occasion he'd proven himself a deadly adversary with his sweeping blade, the most memorable occurring ten years earlier. Boss Mitsui had called a meeting between Katsu Nagura and all the underbosses in the Zakura-kai to discuss territorial issues. Foolishly, Nagura had challenged their supreme leader, bringing him to his feet.

"You're not even worth killing!

You stupid ingrate!" Kaito Mitsui yelled at the top of his lungs.

Dedicated to his mission to protect his boss at any cost, Kenji appeared in front of Nagura in the blink of an eye. He whipped out his sword and slashed the yakuza boss's face twice across both cheeks. Within seconds, four of his men jumped in and were dropped to their knees with gaping wounds and severed arteries. The ones that could stand scrambled to get out of there. The two that couldn't were carried off and deposited in a common grave. Strangely, the whereabouts of these men were of no interest to local officials or members of Nagura's group. Kenji was never confronted for his part in the bloody incident and was left to conduct business as usual in the Zakura-kai with the same unaffected attitude he exhibited tonight.

As he neared the DJ's booth, the bass-infused rock music grew louder. Hundreds of bodies bounced to the techno beat. Dresses shimmered beneath flashing strobe lights, and the surrounding bar was filled three deep with thirsty customers. By Kenji's estimate, it was unusually busy for a Monday night, even with the discounted drinks and rockabilly theme.

While he continued to eye the club's glitzy interior, contemplating owning it one day, two girls crossed the

dance floor and headed straight for him. "Ken-chan, come dance with me," the girl in the skimpy red dress called out. She was swaying her hips to the music provocatively and angling a come-hither look. Her friend in a blue micro skirt joined in, matching her move for move. In his book, with their thigh-high stockings and hemlines barely covering their assets, they looked like Sasebo bargirls. But another quick look around convinced him they weren't alone in their meat market attire. "You promised last time," the girl in red persisted.

Right. Kenji feigned a smile. He knew these girls belonged to Tak, a "family" member who enjoyed cheap whores and spending his money in by-the-hour love hotels.

"He's not interested in you," the other girl said, tugging at his arm. "He promised to dance with me. Right, Kenji?"

He hadn't, of course. He had better things to do and would have remembered if he'd made a promise to anyone... especially these two. He pulled his arm free with little effort. "Sorry, Tak's waiting. Maybe another time." Kenji could hear their annoying little whines as he stepped away. Hustlers like these were more disappointed in the watered down drinks you didn't buy them than the time you weren't willing to spare.

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He edged his way around the crowd and spotted his friend at the back of the room. As usual the acne-scarred rebel was holding court in one of the club's high-back chairs with drinks on the table and two girls seated before him hanging on every word.

As he drew near, Tak's eyes lifted. "Hey, man! Been waiting for you. What took you so long?" Unlike most of the people Kenji socialized with, Takashi Bekku lacked proper manners. He was slow at paying tabs unless there was someone at the table he needed to impress. Although he was street smart, his education had ended at junior high. The knife scars on his arms and cheek came from his father and not from gang members as his girlfriends were led to believe. But despite it all, Kenji Ota valued their friendship and was confident that if worse came to worst, Takashi would be there for him—watching his back all the way.

"Sorry I'm late," Kenji said. "I had some business to take care of." He pulled up an empty chair, and two new girls came over to join them. They giggled, prattled away, and patted his shoulder, but he paid them no mind.

By the look of excitement in Tak's eyes, he knew exactly what Kenji was talking about. Earlier that night, Mitsui-san had ordered a hit on Nobu Kimura. He was a retired

detective who had spent half his life trying to bring down the Zakura-kai. The man was clever, considering he was old, half blind, and favored a leg from a childhood injury. But he was also brazen and secretly corrupt. He had raided their clubs, planted wires, and hassled their business associates. He even went so far as to interrupt the boss's birthday party just when his cake arrived. All because Mitsui refused to drop a dime—hand him a boss on a silver platter to make him look good with his department heads.

Of course it came as no surprise when Kenji got the order to get rid of him. Yet the recollection left him grimacing. He didn't mind taking care of the competition or squirrely guys in the organization, but this was different. Kimura was an outsider, a well-known official people were likely to miss.

Tak was grinning over the top of his drink. "So how'd it go? As good as I'm guessing?"

Kenji glanced away, recalling the white bathroom's blood-splattered walls. He grew anxious and started bouncing his heel under the table. Like chewing on fingernails, he found it hard to sit still and not move when surrounded by people.

"C'mon, gimme the gory details," his friend insisted.

Kenji leaned in and lowered his voice. "I sliced his neck from ear to ear like I'm gonna do yours if you don't shut up."

Tak laughed and slapped his fist into his hand. "Aw, man! Nice. Quick death. Now if it was me, I would've delivered slow torture."

"Yeah, that sounds like you. Anyway, you didn't ask me to come here to discuss Kimura. There must be something else on your mind, right?"

The girl on his left handed him one of the beers from the table. He nodded his thanks and twisted off the cap. After a long pull, he sat back and waited for Tak's answer. "I heard Satoru Yamada hooked up with an American treasure-hunting company and is flying in from Los Angeles tonight. The lead diver showed up three days ago and has been real tight with your sister Yuki ever since. They've been buying gear and going to libraries. Checking out history and treasure hunting shit. No one seems to know much, but I got a good feeling about this one."

Kenji listened closely, thoughtfully nodding.

"Anyway, it turns out this guy has been trying to line up a dive boat. Since you got one stored in that marina you own, this could be your chance to pull in some real dough... maybe even throw a few crumbs my way."

Kenji snorted a laugh. “Yeah, right. What else do you know?” “They’re getting together for a meeting on Friday night and Yamada is planning to invite that geisha Mriko Abe to join them. One of my guys saw him checking out rings in Los Angeles a few days ago. Before the night is over, they might be celebrating more than a partnership.”

Shit. Kenji swallowed hard. He lowered his crossed arms but managed to keep his eyes level, knowing the slightest sign of weakness could undermine his position. “Is that it?” he asked.

“So far. I’m going to do a little more snooping around to see if there’s anything worthwhile to report. Just wanted to give you a head’s up.”

Ah...now it made sense. The real reason Tak had called and insisted he show up. It wasn’t about his sister forming an alliance with Yamada. They’d been friends for years and were always covering for each other. But when it came to his boss, if the American was here to recover something of value, stealing it and handing it over to Mitsui could result in gaining his favor. Maybe even expedite a promotion.

“So where’s this meeting going to take place?” Kenji asked. “If it’s anywhere near the Tanahashi mansion, you won’t make it in there alive. There are hundreds of guards surrounding that place. You’ll be cut into tiny pieces if you

take one step on their ground.” Tak was quick with a comeback. “No way in hell. You think I’m stupid? My connection at the Garden restaurant said they’re due at six thirty.”

“Fancy. Yamada must’ve swindled some rich gaijins out of their money,” Kenji said. “So you got any idea what they’re after?”

Tak half shrugged. “Not a clue.”

“Well, if you hear anything, I’d be interested in knowing.”

“Sure, you got it. Anyway, I’m thinking of crashing their party.”

Kenji huffed a laugh. “Why would you do that?”

“Firsthand information, of course.”

“Well, good luck with that.” Kenji stood up to leave.

Tak reached out and grabbed his arm. “Wait a minute! I need your help.”

“No way. It doesn’t matter how much I hate Yamada, I’m not going anywhere near him. Not without the boss’s say-so.”

Tak’s eyes narrowed. “Whatever I find out could benefit the Zakura-kai,” he reminded him.

It was no secret Kenji would do anything for the family:

infiltrate investment companies, circulate meth, demand protection money... even destroy their enemies should he be called upon to do so. And even though friendships were short-lived, they were equally important. He didn’t want to waste the rest of his life looking over his shoulder. Too many years had been spent that way.

Kenji heaved a sigh. If he didn’t go along to keep Takashi Bekku out of trouble, the next execution order he received could have his name written all over it. “All right,” he finally said. “What do you want me to do?”

“You’ll love it. I picked up a wig and borrowed some women’s clothes. I heard they’re looking for wait staff, so I thought we’d sneak into the restaurant pretending to be servers.”

Kenji unleashed a cynical laugh. “You’re kidding, right? Women’s clothes? And who do you think is going to wear those?”

Tak’s brow furrowed. “You got a better idea?”

half my bank account before I’m through,” he said, “but in the end, it will all be worth it.”

The doorbell buzzed again. Kenji laughed and walked to the front door of his apartment

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with his towel draped over his shoulder and his white shirt unbuttoned. He was getting ready to tell Takashi he wasn't interested in his stupid plan or in hearing more about the container he was in the process of loading. But by the time he'd pulled the knob and begun to swing the door open, he realized he really didn't know who was on the other side and almost slammed the door in the face of a nerdy-looking guy.

"Kenji Ota? I'm here about a plumbing issue. Sorry, am I interrupting?"

What the hell. Kenji looked him up and down. "Yes to the first, no to the second," he said sternly.

The guy had brownish hair, which was scattered ambiguously about his head. His face was freckled and he appeared to be middle-aged with neither the build nor the dress of a yakuza gang member. All in all he looked perfectly harmless. Still, Kenji reflected, so had the others.

"I'm in charge of maintenance," the man explained. "My name is Daiichi Asano. As you may know, there have been some concerns about possible water leakage in the building. We're having a terrible time trying to find the source, though, and we're reduced to looking at any suspect blip in our readings, no matter how insignificant. Uh, have you noticed anything

leaking in your apartment?"

"I was using the shower earlier," Kenji said. "Would that do it?"

Daiichi sighed. "Ah, yes. I believe it would." He fiddled with the seam in his pants, then seemed to notice himself and swiftly placed his hand in his back pocket.

"Did you want something else?" Kenji said.

"Well...I know this is a bit of a bother, but might I take a look around, just for appearance sake? If I can't tell my boss I gave this an inspection, even a cursory one, he'll have my head."

Kenji hesitated, but decided that he might as well let the man take a look rather than arouse any kind of suspicion, however small. "Sure, help yourself," he said.

Before Daiichi could respond, Kenji immediately walked into the kitchen. He took Kimura's watch from the counter where he had left it and slipped it into his back pocket. When he looked up, Daiichi was peering around the corner, scrutinizing his movements.

"You keep this place pretty neat."

"Well, you know...confirmed bachelor here," he said with forced cheer.

The man nodded and flashed a

wry smile, showing he didn't have a clue. He followed Kenji through the kitchen and looked around. Surprisingly, his gaze passed over a steak marinating on the counter and the diamond-inlaid tanto knife Kimura had confiscated from a local hood—the same one Kenji had reclaimed on his sister's behalf and intended to flaunt at their next meeting.

"Getting dinner ready?" Daiichi asked.

"Yeah. I hope you're not planning on joining me."

The man turned away with no comment. He stepped into the living room and didn't seem to find anything of interest. Then he took a quick peek into the bedroom before withdrawing into the hallway.

"Well, I think we're good here," he said, smiling the wide smile of someone who didn't really want to be there.

Kenji nodded and smiled back. He walked toward the entry and waited for Daiichi to follow. But as the inspector passed by the bathroom, he halted. "Oh, mustn't forget!" he said.

Before Kenji could stop him, Daiichi ducked inside and took a look around. Kenji rushed after him, thinking up distractions. By the way the man was staring, it was obviously too late.

"What on earth is this?" he

asked.

Wrong question, Kenji thought. The sudden urge to take this little man and put his head through the wall threatened his self-control.

“I don’t believe it!” Daiichi said. “Have you been washing clothes in here?”

Kenji had the sense to look at the floor, feigning deference and biting the corner of his lip to hide the smile that was threatening to break out. “Yes,” he managed at last. “As a matter of fact, I have. Exactly. God, how embarrassing.”

“Mr. Ota, while I doubt that this habit of yours has anything to do with the water leaks, it sure isn’t helping to prevent them. We have washing machines in the basement to take care of your laundry needs. Why don’t you use them instead of wasting water and doing this in your own home?”

While he was talking, Kenji had been staring at him, but now he glanced back at the pile of clothes in time to notice a tiny thread of blood weaving its way down the drain.

Daiichi’s eyes were stretched wide in horror.

Great. Kenji sensed that he was about to say something that would undoubtedly evoke a negative reaction. His faithful wakizashi was still hanging on the back of the bathroom door. It would only take two seconds

to grab it. One quick swing and this annoying little creep would be silenced forever.

“Oh that,” Kenji said, following his line of vision.

Daiichi tilted his chin. “Exactly. What’s been going on here?”

“Relax, Mr. Asano. I work part time as a butcher. I ripped a carcass wide open earlier today and had to rush home to change for a date. Normally I wear an apron when I work...especially when there’s a mess to clean up. But as you can tell, I left everything in the wash.”

Daiichi’s eyes dropped to Kenji’s ripped abs and the claw marks tattooed on his chest. His Adam’s apple bobbed up and down with his audible swallows. “Right...okay... great. I think we’re done here,” he said. “But if this happens again, I...well, never mind. Just finish what you need to get done.”

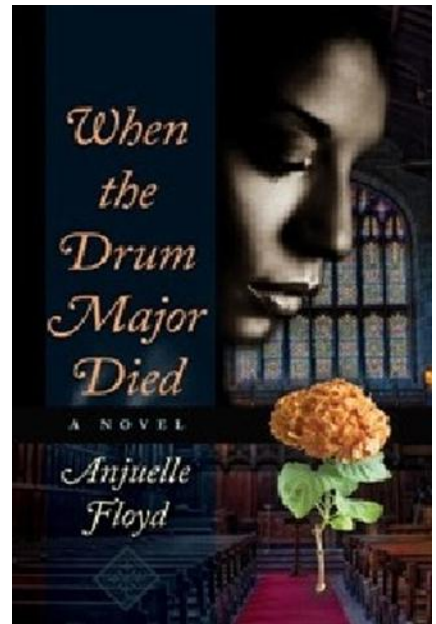
“Thank you,” Kenji said, smiling. “I always do.”

He shut the door behind the maintenance inspector and peered through the keyhole. As soon as Daiichi was out of sight, he leaned against the wall. This time it had been a little too close. His confidence was making him bold and careless. But at least now he had a faithful ally—someone who would vouch for his innocence, if it ever came to that.

Kenji wiped his damp forehead with the towel from his neck. He went into the bedroom and mused over how easy it was to convince simple-minded people of anything. Their naivety wouldn’t allow them to see the worst in mankind. He knelt down in front of his closet, opened it, and reached deep inside, grabbing a small box hidden behind his shoes and spare arsenal. It was heavy, and its contents clinked as he pulled it out. He removed its lid and dropped the watch on top of all the others. Then he stood back and looked into the dresser mirror.

“How sad,” Kenji said aloud. “People just have too much faith these days.”

***An Excerpt From:
When the Drum Major Died***



[Amazon](#) and [Kindle](#)

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Chapter 2

Florina fingered the key to the front door in the pocket of her wool coat as she walked against the brisk cold. With suitcase in hand, she pressed towards the house where she and Redmond would live. They had driven past it on their arrival in Poinsettia moments after dawn. The sun, piercing remnant clouds of the previous evening, had delivered sufficient light for Florina to view the new coat of white paint Redmond had commissioned glistening against the December morn three days in the wake of Christmas.

Eager to forget the conversation she overheard between Redmond and his father, Florina's thoughts now slipped to hopes of making good on the new lease life had granted in her efforts to survive.

Hydrangeas. Pink hydrangeas.

She had considered them when passing the house hours earlier. The hope of nurturing them to bloom in spring, maintaining their presence through summer until autumn, offered respite from the hurt of her loss amid yearnings to move forward. Yet desires alone might not sustain and make them real.

Hydrangeas.

Florina continued down the street, buoyed by the image,

towards her new home. With each step she pictured how the hydrangeas might encase the verandah, adorn and bring dimension to the home in which she would begin a new life aching from a loss she had yet with which to make peace.

And then she saw her ... a woman sitting upon the steps leading up to the veranda. She held a cigarette between her fingers, the woman.

She flicked ashes into the space between the shrubbery and the veranda, the space where Florina had silently proposed to plant the pink hydrangeas.

Florina cringed.

Florina viewed it strange this woman sitting on the steps of Florina and Redmond's house, and smoking in public. Many things were changing for women around the nation, but upstanding Negroes of North Carolina still deemed a woman smoking as lurid, something engaged in by those who were loose, or of ill repute.

She entered the walkway leading to the porch, and the woman stood. "Hello. I'm your neighbor." She extended her hand, "Our house is next door." The woman, with a tight, almost sculpted hour-glass waist, turned towards the brown house with the green trim, then brought the cigarette to her lips, inhaled and released a ring of smoke. Again she flicked ashes into the space between the shrubbery and the

veranda.

Florina was put off. She observed her neighbor, who like herself was fair, extremely fair. On a clear day she could have passed for white.

"Aren't you cold?" Florina asked. The woman wore but a cropped, black sweater against a red, wool dress and black heels.

"Oh, me." The woman brushed her dress revealing her manicured nails with glistening with red polish. "Like I said. I live just next door." Holding her hand with the cigarette as if balancing a tray, she walked toward Florina and took Florina's suitcase. "There's lot of talk about you around Poinsettia," the woman said on her way up the steps.

Florina followed hesitantly. She was unaccustomed to such displays of openness, especially from people she had newly met, and whose name she did not know.

"You're Redmond's new wife?" The woman turned back on reaching the front door.

Like the woman, Florina too, had failed to introduce herself.

"Where is he, Redmond?" The woman inhaled from her cigarette.

"Back at Mama and Papa Austin's." Florina glanced in the direction of the Austin home from where she had

walked five houses down.

Remnants of the heated discussion flooded Florina's thoughts. Please God, I can't lose another husband to this filthy war. She prayed.

The woman pushed open the door, entered the house and dropped the suitcase on the floor. "Let's get some heat on in here." She grasped her shoulders then rubbed palms together.

Florina closed the door as the woman then across the room, lit the heater that once lit, displayed thriving flames. "And don't feel the need to do that again." The woman eyed Florina's suitcase. "Struggle with those bags, or with anything else for that matter."

"It wasn't heavy." Florina removed her red coat and brown leather gloves, sliding them into her coat pocket--a gift; she didn't want to lose them.

The woman strutted down the hall, entered the kitchen and returned with a round glass ashtray. "This is a really nice house," she said. "Carolyn and Hammond have kept it in good shape." The woman's accent reflected bits of northern and southern flavor.

"You mean Dr. and Mrs. Hammond?" Southern custom required you attach "a handle" to the names of the elders, address them as 'Mr.' and 'Mrs.', or 'Miss.'

Florina looked into the woman's eyes, blue-gray, like Ennis', an aspect she had avoided since spotting her perched upon the steps. Memories of the attraction she felt toward Ennis when first meeting him came alive.

"I love you, Florina."

Now as with Ennis, words remained glued to the roof of her mouth. He had needed Florina's permission to enlist. As a college student, he had avoided the draft, but upon graduation he saw a military stint clearing the way for him. After returning from Vietnam, he planned to secure a loan to start an engineering business.

He had it all planned. Ennis.

Regret filled Florina's heart. "I should have told him, 'no, don't go.'"

Cigarette in one hand and ashtray the other, the woman started back down the hall. Florina followed. Memories surfaced.

"I'll be back," Ennis had promised.

"And I'll be here ... waiting," Florina had said. A roar of guilt for having married Redmond but three months after their acquaintance tore through Florina.

Upon reaching the back of the house, the woman, whose name Florina did not know, pushed

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does get confusing sometimes, but I try to work on one story maybe in the morning and then shift to the other one that night. Or take it day by day. Sometimes I'm working on one and the characters from the other one seem to interrupt with "Hey, we have this situation" or "When do we get a turn?" It's very confusing having all these people in my head.

CB: Has Inspirational Romance always been your favorite genre to read as well?

LW: I read everything, but inspirational have always played a strong part in my choices. I read Christy in high school. And Anne of Green Gables, but I also read Wuthering Heights and Jane Eyre. Love the classics and love to read lots of different things to keep myself updated, and to try and keep a finger on the pulse of the industry. I like historicals and suspense, so I read a lot in those areas.

CB: What one experience out of many, can you attribute your success to and why?

LW: Determination! If I had time here to tell you how the odds were so against me, you'd understand why I still pinch myself each time I sell a book! I knew I wanted to write when I was a child, but I just thought it was a dream. Then as I got older, I thought it could maybe be more than a dream. I fought my way into this business,

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word by word, with so many naysayers talking in my head that it's a wonder I ever sent anything out. But I think we have to have a bit of strong ego in this business, and by that I don't mean we're stuck on ourselves and self-centered. I mean we have to stay focused, keep our eyes on the prize and never give up. I wanted this badly enough to do it—I worked hard, I tried and tried, I cried, I prayed and I learned the craft of writing. It's not easy, but I never gave up.

CB: Where can we learn more about you and your books should we wish to follow your career as it progresses?

LW: You can go to my website at www.lenoraworth.com.

You can visit me at the [craftie-ladiesofromance.blogspot.com](http://craftieladiesofromance.blogspot.com).

We also have a Craftie Ladies of Romance blog spot, too.

Or visit eharlequin to find out about all the Steeple Hill writers.

CB: Where can your readers connect with you on a personal level and do you encourage your followers to write to you with questions?

LW: I don't mind questions at all. I love hearing from readers and aspiring writers. I don't have a lot of time to read manuscripts, but I'm always willing to answer questions and guide people to find the right

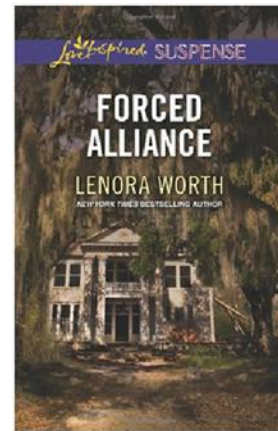
answers. People can email me through my website.

CB: Finishing this up, can you briefly tell us the steps you've taken to become published and up to this point in your career, and what advice can you offer other writers still waiting for their 'big break'?

LW: Steps—I had a dream, but I knew I needed goals. So my first goal was to learn how to write a publishable romance novel. I learned that by reading books, going to conferences and asking questions. I also read a lot in the genres I wanted to write in. Then I learned how to write a whole book. (Very important step—I see a lot of first chapters and proposal, but somehow that writer never finishes the book. SO FINISH THE BOOK. Then I learned how to query and send out proposals, how to find an agent and how to conduct business in this industry. I realized I had to be professional, firm, focused and current—and that means knowing the market, studying the market and changing with the market. I also found my voice and my writing style. The worst mistake I see with aspiring writers is impatience. They want it all now! It takes time to develop and cultivate a writing style and a business style. There are always exceptions to the rules, but you have to learn the rules before you can break them. Best advice—read, read, read, write, write, write and learn and listen from others. And most important, let God guide

you and wait for His time.

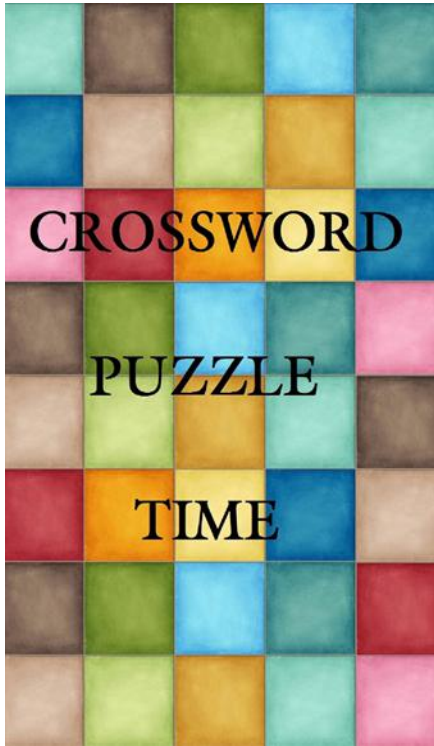
AN UNEASY PARTNERSHIP



By-the-book FBI agent Josie Gilbert has no business falling for her confidential informant, but she can't walk away. She needs this case—her *career* needs this case. And suave thief turned FBI asset Connor Randall is too deep in the mob syndicate to pull out now. But when the crime boss they are trying to take down becomes a target himself, Josie is forced to take Connor into hiding without blowing his cover. Now, dodging hit men and fighting a perilous attraction, she has to make a life-and-death decision. Can she trust the man who has stolen her heart...or is he working one last con?

Published June 3, 2014

http://www.amazon.com/Forced-Alliance-Love-Inspired-Suspense/dp/0373446012/ref=la_B001IXOEBE_1_8?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1408114414&sr=1-8



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57	58						59					60			
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64						65					66				
67						68					69				

ACROSS

- 1. UK awards
- 5. "___ on down the road"
- 9. Baggins the hobbit
- 14. Negri of the silent screen
- 15. Shoemaker Thom
- 16. Atom negatively charged
- 17. Way off base
- 18. Bombard
- 19. Sound that fakes boredom
- 20. Put in a horizontal position
- 22. Not year-round
- 24. Slight quake
- 25. Street talk, e.g.
- 26. "Illiad" and "Odyssey," e.g.
- 28. Egyptian immortal
- 32. "Monday Night Football" network
- 35. Computer programming language
- 38. Contemplate
- 39. Group race
- 41. Sought-after
- 42. "The Glass Bead Game" author
- 43. "Ghostbusters" director Reitman
- 44. Prairie wolf
- 46. Half a bray
- 47. Bundle of energy
- 49. Organize
- 51. Short narrative
- 54. Non-academic resident
- 58. Bill Clinton's instrument
- 61. Put holy oil on
- 62. Targets for mice
- 63. Housecat's perch, sometimes
- 65. Ferdinand of WWI

- 66. ___ plume
- 67. "Twittering Machine" painter
- 68. Black, in verse
- 69. Shaq's surname
- 70. Nutmeg, e.g.
- 71. Queens Park

DOWN

- 1. Dizzying design
- 2. Arbor
- 3. Unite on the run
- 4. Veiled dancer?
- 5. Ming the Merciless, e.g.
- 6. Serve that zings
- 7. Hot condiment
- 8. Director's direction
- 9. Pinza and Chaliapin
- 10. Lickety-split
- 11. Den mother?
- 12. Half a Polynesian island
- 13. Feature of color, but not collar
- 21. Sentimental, and then some
- 23. Frenzied
- 27. Part of London or Manhattan

- 29. Adrenaline surge
- 30. She'll "always have Paris"
- 31. Did in, Samson style
- 32. Parched
- 33. Group of quails
- 34. Family of Highlanders
- 36. Honorary Oscar awardee, 1991
- 37. Iowas relatives
- 40. Largest snake in the world
- 42. Great blue wader
- 44. Plays for a sucker
- 45. Completely wrecked
- 48. Serving in "Nicholas Nickleby"
- 50. "Buy one get one free" offer
- 52. Undertakings
- 53. Greece's Constantine II, for one
- 55. Weeping statue of myth
- 56. Under a false ID
- 57. Prefix with centric or biology
- 58. First baseman Martinez
- 59. Nobel Prize subj.
- 60. Seward Peninsula cape
- 64. Director Spike

Solution on Page 50

(Continued from page 33)

opened a door. "Now this is the sun room, as Grandma Austin likes to call it." The woman looked out onto the back yard displayed through the windows. "This was originally an open back porch before Grandfather Austin enclosed it. He died a year after it was completed." A wisp of sadness traipsed across the woman's face.

The woman's crème colored face bordered on white, like Florina's aunts, her father's sisters. Florina surmised that white Americans failed to recognize the woman, as they did Ennis, and Florina's aunts, for being Negro.

Florina regretted having lacked the strength to ask her parents', most particularly her mother's, permission to marry Ennis.

She had asked that Ennis to send his military pay to his mother, Melinda McCreary. "I don't need it. She can use it to buy a house." Florina never considered he might not return. Her thoughts had instead settled upon how to explain to her parents their marrying without having told them.

Ennis thought her suggestion kind. "She'll be forever thankful." He had smiled. "As am I."

Florina thanked God that she had instructed Ennis to send his military pay to Melinda, who while working as a domestic throughout his childhood, had

raised him alone, and struggling to make ends meet. Melinda being the beneficiary of her son's military pay had kept secret their marriage. Military officers delivering the news of Ennis' death had gone to Melinda instead of Florina.

The woman remained focused on the backyard. "With Grandpa Austin gone Grandma Austin moved in with Redmond's parents."

"I know," Florina finally spoke. Redmond's Grandmother had given Florina a quick history of her life hours earlier over breakfast.

The sadness in the woman's eyes intensified, and Florina witnessing it sank farther into her pit of loneliness. She had yet to comprehend making a new life with Redmond, whose attraction towards Florina, much like Ennis', mystified her.

The woman walked past Florina back into the hall. "And here we have the bedroom," she said looking to the window facing the doorway. Florina followed her inside.

"Our bedrooms face each other." The woman nodded towards the brown house displayed through the window, then plopped onto the bed Florina and Redmond would occupy that night. She lowered the ashtray onto the bedspread and exhaled a circle of smoke that dissipated into the air as Ennis' life had in the Vietnam

War.

Florina grew angry and was about to speak when the woman said. "You know he's planning Poor People's March. Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr." The woman gave a haunting smile. "It's going to be like the March on Washington, but more serious this time."

Florina frowned.

The woman continued. "The Poor People's March is going to be longer. There's going to be a tent city on the White House lawn."

"How do you know these things? Florina asked completely confused, but also intrigued.

"A friend of mine is a follower of Dr. King. When Malcolm was killed we turned to him. No one was left."

Florina again knitted her brows.

A dark shadow overtook the woman's gaze. "I was there when those men killed Malcolm. I saw it all. Him lying there.

Blood streaming from his chest. It was ..." Her voice caught. The woman's shoulders trembled.

Florina thought her about to cry.

The woman lifted the ashtray and stood. "It's been nice

meeting you, but I need to go and prepare dinner for Macon,” she announced and strutted back to the front of the house, sitting the ashtray on the coffee table before the sofa. “Macon is my husband,” she said blowing out more rings of smoke.

“Macon and Redmond are childhood friends. They grew up together.” The woman flashed a smile. “I’m sure we’ll become good friends too.”

Florina didn’t know of Macon Elder.

The woman walked to the front door, grasped the knob then turned back. “Oh, and by the way, I almost forgot. In fact, forgive me.” She extended her hand and with a smile said, “My name is Agnes. Agnes Elder.”

Eager to rid herself and their home of Agnes, but now even more mystified, Florina accepted her palm.

“My husband, Macon, is the other doctor in town along with Redmond and his father, Hammond,” said Agnes.

“Is he a surgeon?” Florina asked.

Agnes’ melancholy again came forth, Florina sensing that despite her smiles it had found permanent residence within Agnes. “No. There’s only one Negro surgeon in Poinsettia, and that’s Redmond. And

there’s only one Redmond Austin.” Her voice trailed into the half-smile, losing shape upon her lips.

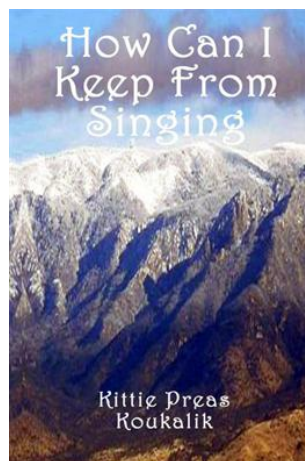
Her gaze receded, she reflecting upon a past Florina was both curious and cautious to understand. The cigarette between her fingers all but gone, Agnes opened the door and left.

She had been thinking of Ennis when she looked up and he was standing in the doorway to their bedroom. Redmond. But Florina saw Ennis.

“Why didn’t you tell me you were leaving?” said Redmond.

“You said you’d come back.” She spoke to Redmond as if he were Ennis.

Excerpt From:
How Can I Keep From Singing
by Kittie Preas Koukalik



[Amazon](#) and [Kindle](#)
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[Create Space](#)

Dick carried Terry’s ashes in a backpack. Those of us at the bottom of the falls waited, sharing memories until we finally heard them at the top.

After a gunfire salute, they were ready to scatter the ashes. We were sitting at the bottom of the falls. I didn’t expect what was to come next. I had been watching up at the top of the falls when I heard my daughter say, “Mom, look!”

I looked forward and saw my beloved’s ashes, swirling and blending into the stream at the pool in front of me. As they blended, the color of the water changed. The green water became gray as the ashes became a part of the beautiful water in front of me.

Once again came those all too familiar guttural groans from deep within me as I screamed and cried! Suddenly humor saved me. We had bottles of water. I asked someone to fill me a bottle from the swirling water in the falls. As he was leaning over to fill the bottle from the swirling water containing the ashes, he curiously asked, “Why do you want a bottle of this water?”

I remember laughing as I said, “Terry always said he wanted to be put in a douche bag and run through one more time!” We all laughed and the Terry Preas humor had, once again, saved me!

(Continued on page 38)

(Continued from page 37)

High on That Mountain

You'd been there so many times before
This time though was different
The beauty of this place so serene
A pool of life amongst trees and ferns
You'd told us so many times in the past
Though no one thought it would come
The jagged face of the stone worn smooth
The powerful sounds of the water flowing down
You wanted it to be this way so we came
This time was your last time to make the journey
The sounds of the birds singing their wonderful song
Wind through the pines the air fresh and cool
You imagined it this way friends and family together
We were there with you climbing the slopes to the top
From melted snow the water forms the sight we came to see
Without having been there you'd not know its tranquility
Your last wish that could be granted to you
So proud we were to help you attain this ending goal
With the path of the water we all watched you go
For a final time you changed the world we all know
You're gone from us now the water carried you away
But forever in our hearts your precious memories will stay

By
Christopher Wacaster
6-18-2003

About the book:

*"We were still sweethearts.
He just went to work one day and never came home".*

Terry and Kittie Preas found a new life in the Bonita Valley area of Arizona and it was there that they raised their two children. Preas Welding & Construction was founded in 1982 and became very successful as an agriculture related business.

Terry & Kittie were only weeks shy of their 32nd wedding anniversary when Kittie's world became suddenly and forever changed. In May 2003, Terry was crushed to death while working on a job. He died before her eyes.

Immediately Kittie was thrust into an unknown world of "widow" and a single woman running a welding business.

This is the story of their love, Terry's accident, and the pain, anguish and sorrow Kittie endured, even after she found new love.

Confessions from a Bestseller Addict

A Short Story by Glynda Joy Nord

It's there. Lying peacefully on the coffee table where I had placed it an hour ago. Outwardly so innocent and so simple. Yet it's tempting me, again. Beckoning my return to a world I had just escaped. Yes, escaped! For at times, I feel like a prisoner. A prisoner captivated by words. But I must hold back. I need to finish my work before I can indulge once more into its pages.

I look away from the book and focus on the notepad at my fingertips. "All right, you can do this. Complete two more things on your To-Do-List and then you can read the next chapter," I tell myself out loud. I scroll down the list: wash dishes, do laundry, make bed, vacuum bedrooms, mop kitchen, and the list continues.

After I scan the columns, my eyes glance over at the coffee table. I study the novel for the tenth time since I put it down. It's a plain-covered hardback that features only the book's title and the author's name. However, the story within its bound pages call to

me, "Glynda. Glynda. Glynda." Such a foolish thing really. The words are not going anywhere, but still I have a tendency to grab the book. Now!

I continue to stare. I bite my lip in frustration. I could read just one more chapter and still have time to tidy the house before my husband returns. My mind made up, I snatch the book and start to read. Soon one more chapter turns into two, and as the clock ticks, two chapters have become eight.

Hi. My name is Glynda Joy Nord and I am an addict. The drug of reading has made me a slave to adventure. I've become a time traveler in the *Outlander* series, visited my husband's Swedish kinsmen in *The Girl Who Played With Fire* series, and been bitten by vampires in the *Twilight* saga.

Yes, I am addicted to best-sellers!

My addiction started four years ago when I read *Three Cups of Tea*; *Eat, Pray, Love*; and *Horse Soldiers*: those were the first non-fiction books that I had read (other than self-help) written like a novel. What great reading. I couldn't believe it! Then I read two novels, *The Kite Runner* and *Water for Elephants*.

Without warning, my reading interest changed. My love for paperback romance died. I had outgrown the passion, the beauty and, especially, the happily ever after. Besides, in nearly all best-sellers, the main characters usually have some sort of sexual attraction, or love interest, which doesn't always have a

Cinderella ending. I still needed the shoot'em-up adventure in westerns and the facts of history, so in January 2010, I set monthly reading goals: two westerns, two historical, and one bestseller taken from the current New York Times top 10 list. This totaled sixty books for the year. I met my goal but surpassed the number of best-sellers. Instead of reading twelve books, I read twenty. In fact, I read several books such as *Roses*, *The Help*, and *Juliet* before they even made the top 10 bestsellers lists.

I choose books from the Sunday edition of the *Austin American-Statesman*. I compared the National Best-Seller lists (fiction, nonfiction, and paperback fiction) to the Local Best-Seller lists (fiction, non-fiction, and children's and young adult books). If a book appeared on both lists for more than three weeks, then the book went on my "to buy" list. But, I had one stipulation. The author could not be a multi published novelist such as John Grisham, James Patterson or Tom Clancy. I wanted to read material by the newest authors, not those with an established readership.

My addiction escalated when I upgraded my membership at a local bookstore. I received coupons (up to 47 percent off a single item) twice a week via e-mail. So instead of purchasing just one book at the regular price, I could get two books for about the same amount of money. And my bestseller library began to grow—along with my addiction.

But all good things end sooner or later.

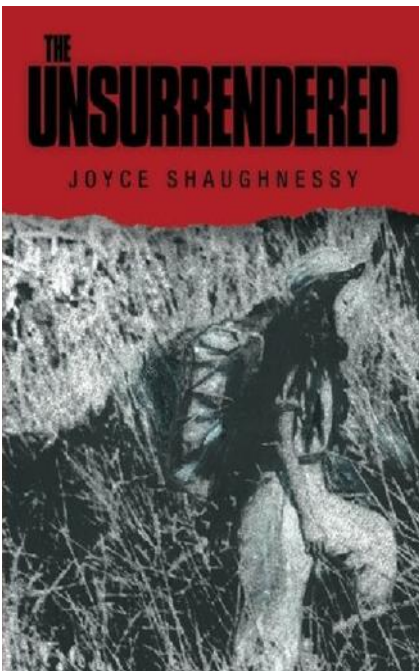
My fixation to read started to interfere with family time, household duties, and even with my own writing projects. But it didn't stop me from venturing into someone else's world. Finally, two things prompted a wakeup call to my addiction. In January, I was diagnosed with a severe case of carpal tunnel in my right wrist. Who would have thought that turning pages could cause such a thing! And in February 2011, at my weekly Bible Study Fellowship lecture, I realized that books had become an idol in my life. This was not acceptable. I was forced both physically and mentally to get my addiction under control. Since there isn't recovery program for BSS (Best Seller Syndrome), I had to devise my own treatment plan.

First, I switched priorities and I do my domestic responsibilities such as housework and errands in the mornings. Second, I no longer go to my favorite bookstore three times a week. This turned out to be a blessing because my spending was as much out of control as my reading. And third, I've restricted my reading to one-hundred pages per day, and only after 7:00 p.m. However, I do allow myself a few exceptions to the reading rule such as during potty breaks, while stuck in traffic or waiting in the drive through line at McDonalds. I'm sure you avid readers can relate to my problem.

(Continued on page 40)

(Continued from page 39)

Though I have taken control of my addiction, I can honestly say I'm not showing any signs of recovery: furthermore, it's not like I can chew gum or wear a patch to control this habit. After all, establishments like bookstores and libraries encourage such behavior! And I can't wait until my next fix—to read another bestseller, that is.



[Amazon](#) [Kindle](#)
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Excerpt from:
The Unsundered

Filipino recruits flocked in by the thousands. Many were former soldiers who had avoided capture or escaped from the Japanese and "gone bush." The Filipino soldiers had experienced Japanese brutality first

hand, and as soon as they heard of a guerrilla unit being formed in the vicinity, they joined up. In every part of the Philippines, and even in those resistance units which were led by Americans, almost all of the men with rifles and bolos were Filipinos.

Jacob and Carla supervised a vote among all of the soldiers one night in camp, and they all voted on a name to call themselves. Both Jacob and Carla agreed that it would boost morale for the entire group to organize under one name.

At sunrise in front of the school, one of his men raised the American and Filipino flags. Carla and Jacob both had tears in their eyes. Amando had tears running down his face, remembering his loved ones who had perished.

Almost every man and woman in the group had voted to call themselves The Unsundered.

About the book:

Filipino-American armed forces were sadly under-prepared for war when Japan attacked both Pearl Harbor and the Philippines in December 1941. A spontaneous resistance movement sprang up throughout the islands among Filipino civilians of all ages and sexes, and among the American and Filipino soldiers who remained unsundered or who escaped imprisonment after the falls of Bataan and Corregidor.

American military intelligence agent Jacob Martin and Carla Santos, his Filipina wife joined The Unsundered as it slowly assumed control over more of the existing, rival guerrilla units on Mindanao and trained them to harass the Japanese. Their group grew even larger with thousands of patriotic male and female Filipinos, many of whom were enraged by the Japanese atrocities.

(Continued from page 18)

theromancewriters-reads.blogspot.com/

enchantedscroll.blogspot.com/

fantasybooklane.com/

dedicatedreaders.wordpress.com/

noveljunky.blogspot.com/

fiery-fantasy-book-reviews.blogspot.co.uk/

(Continued from page 19)

to-one 30 minute meeting with all the guest speakers to discuss your book, marketing, and other areas of the speaker's expertise (excluding our best-selling author this year)

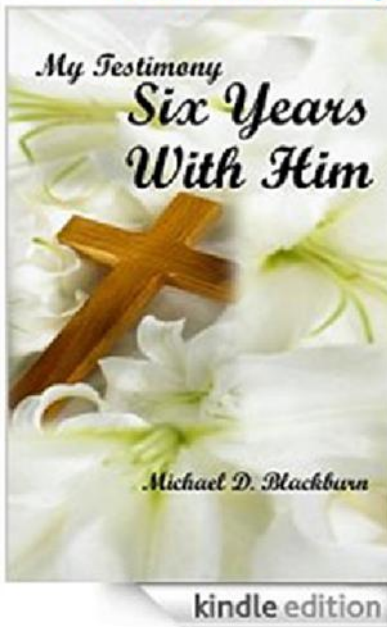
[Click here to view more about registration for this year's upcoming conference](#)

Contact:

Jan Kardys
Chairman Unicorn Writers' Conference
203-938-7405
unicornwritersconference@gmail.com

AUGUST NEW RELEASE!

Look inside ↴



Michael Dennis Blackburn (M.D. Blackburn) began putting pen to paper in March 2009, having never written before. He often wonders where the words come from. He now writes short stories and poems, as well as some other topics. He ranges from poetry to prose as he ponders life's past experiences, often taking the reader back into a time when life was simple. He examines his own childhood and encourages readers to explore their own nostalgia. His poetry and prose are intended to hold up a mirror. Readers may see themselves in his words and feel a ripple of surprise when they see where life's path has led. His work is enjoyed by readers in the UK, America and New Zealand.

My Testimony - Six Years With Him is Mr. Blackburn's personal religious testimony of his relationship with the Lord for the past six years.

[Kindle](#)

NEXT ISSUE:

**Inspirational Interview with Kittie Preas Koukalik,
author of *How Can I Keep From Singing***



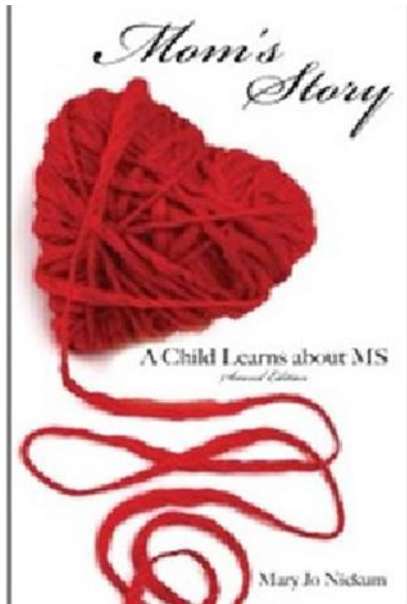
at the CENTER OF IT ALL



More Great Reads!

Mom's Story: A Child Learns About MS

by Mary Jo Nickum



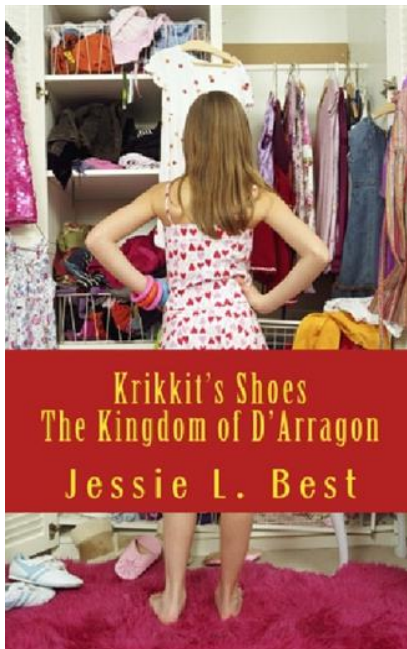
Mom's Story; A Child Learns About MS tells the story of a young girl who sees her mother with some frightening health problems and learns she has MS but she will not die from it. This book is a compassionate, accessible and easy to understand account of symptoms, search for help, diagnosis and adaptation to this heart-wrenching disease. Amy fears the worst, which is common when one is confronted by the unknown. Her best friend, Kayla, doesn't quite understand why Amy is so worried. Amy's older sister, Kelly is concerned and does her best to help, while older brother, Tony, tries to deny the whole situation. Information is the key to allaying much of her fear along with understanding from parents, adult friends and her older sister.

Ten percent of the net proceeds from the sale of this book will be donated to the National Multiple Sclerosis Society.

[Amazon](#) [Barnes & Noble](#) [Kindle](#) [Nook](#) [Saguaro Books](#)

Krikkit's Shoes—The Kingdom of D'Arragon

By Jessie L. Best



Life is pretty ordinary for Krikkit. Ordinary and rather boring. Boring, that is, until she places the shiny black leather shoes she rescued from beneath her bed, on her nine year old feet. Transported almost instantly to the Kingdom of D'Arragon, she becomes caught up in the mystery and magic of the royal D'Arragon Dynasty.

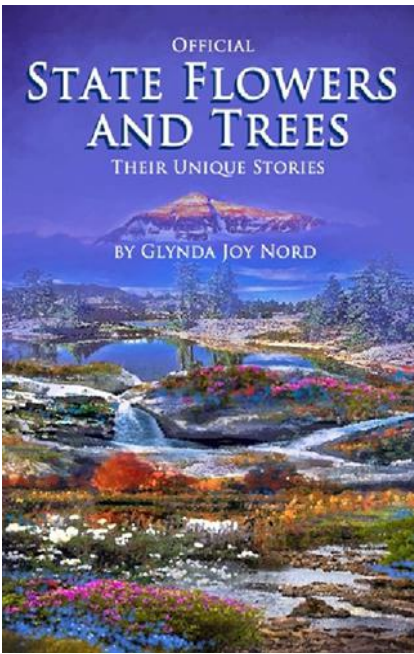
Sorcery and intrigue abound, but Krikkit's sense of adventure overcomes her fear and doubt as she enters a wondrous new world she could never have imagined existed. She attempts, with the help of Jara, a D'Arragon sorcerer, to prevent a century old prophecy from becoming a horrible reality that would change the royal dynasty forever.

Amidst all the excitement and chaos Krikkit encounters, she cannot help but wonder if she will ever get home again.

[Amazon](#) [Kindle](#)

Official State Flowers and Trees: Their Unique Stories

by Glynda Joy Nord



This all-inclusive book explains the history behind our nation's selection of its flowers and trees. The stories are rich with political intrigues, legends, deception, botanical history, war and conquest, and humor, which makes each state's adoption a unique tale.

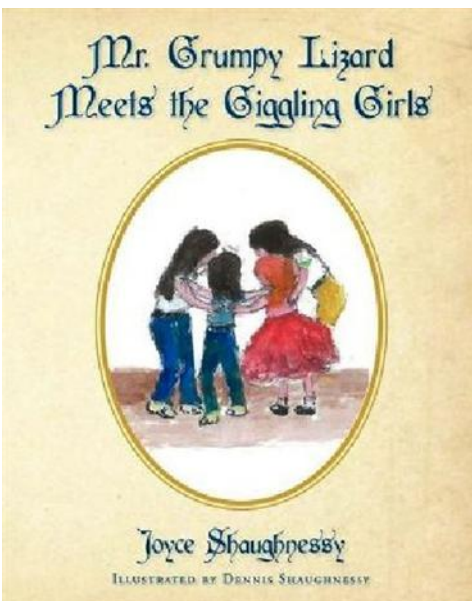
For over a century, each state has adopted a flower and tree as symbols for its state and its people; in fact, some states have chosen several representatives. All states trees, except Hawaii, are native to the state they represent. However, that is not the case with the state flowers as many of them are from other parts of the world.

Whether legislators adopted them due to the importance to their state's history, economy, or natives rare or common within the state, these symbols are highly honored by Americans. But, if the legislator's choices were simple, there would not be a need for this book.

This book was written, however, because the stories of why they were chosen are extremely colorful and grand just like the flowers and trees themselves...

[Amazon Paperback](#)

[Amazon Hardcover](#)



Mr. Grumpy Lizard Meets the Giggling Girls

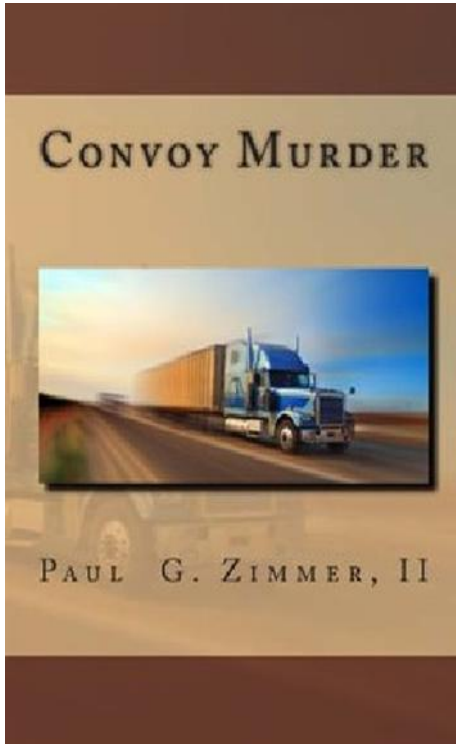
By Joyce Shaughnessy

Illustrated by William Shaughnessy

Her Majesty, Queen Craggy Crocodile of Reptile Land, sends Mr. Grumpy Lizard to meet four happy cousins, Hattie, Emi, Erin, and Katie Human. Come along for the fun as the four giggling cousins become the Official Ambassadors of Happiness in Reptile Land. Boys and girls alike will be enraptured by the life-like reptiles and funny monkey. It is a fun read for all ages.

[Amazon](#)

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Convoy Murder

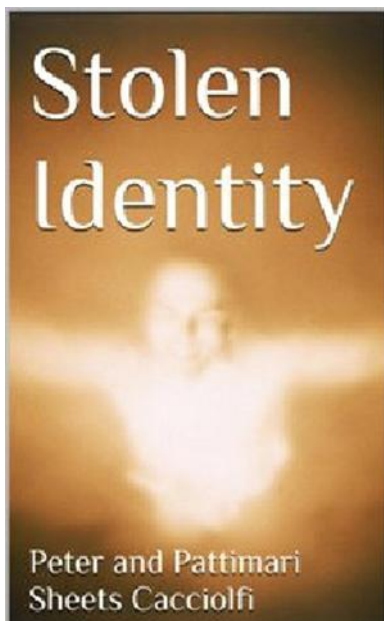
By Rev. Paul G. Zimmer II

Jake was about to have it all. That is until a dead body is discovered. This bright young man was truly destined for greatness, even before he finished his masters degree in Financial Management. However, like so many other Americans, his dreams and career burst when the recession bubble burst, forcing him to put his life on hold and take up driving big rigs. Somewhere between his college achievements and looking for his first job in Financial Management, he developed a deep, dark secret that no one, including his lovely young wife and adoring parents could have imagined. And it was partly due to the hidden lies and secret life that he ended up being charged with murder and imprisoned.

Once in prison, Jake was stalked by fear and danger with his every move. The reader will follow Jake on a journey that includes a pit of sexual liaisons, and a series of twists and turns in the plot; underscored by the greed of even those who Jake trusted the most. During his brief but deadly ride through the justice system, Jake discovers that he wasn't the only master of deception

and deadly plans. Convoy Murder has its shares of laughter, chuckles and plenty of tears for you the reader, as the mystery and intrigue will grip and pull you along with Jakes journey. A journey building up to an ending that no one could have ever imagined or seen coming!

[Amazon](#)



Stolen Identity

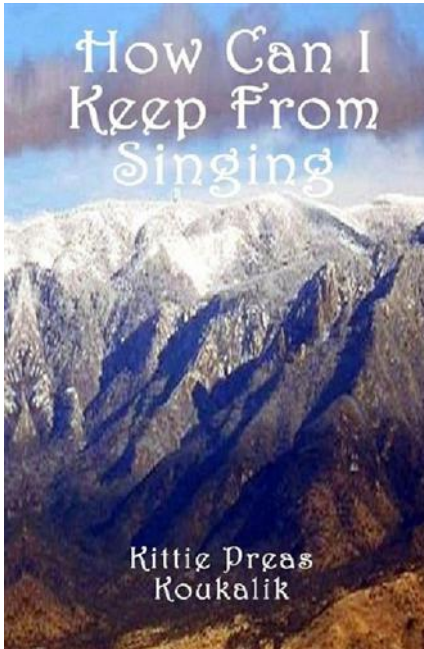
by Peter and Pattimari Cacciolfi

Joseph's life is turned upside down when he discovers that his Identity has been stolen, but thank heaven for Grandpa Louie who offers him financial assistance and helps him find the perp who nearly destroyed his life. This story, although fiction represents events that happen every day, which left unattended, can bring ruin to a happy productive life.

[Amazon Kindle](#)

[Publisher Paperback](#)

[Amazon Paperback](#)



How Can I Keep From Singing

By Kittie Preas Koukalik

“We were still sweethearts. He just went to work one day and never came home”.

Terry and Kittie Preas found a new life in the Bonita Valley area of Arizona and it was there that they raised their two children. Preas Welding & Construction was founded in 1982 and became very successful as an agriculture related business.

Terry & Kittie were only weeks shy of their 32nd wedding anniversary when Kittie’s world became suddenly and forever changed. In May 2003, Terry was crushed to death while working on a job. He died before her eyes.

Immediately Kittie was thrust into an unknown world of “widow” and a single woman running a welding business.

This is the story of their love, Terry’s accident, and the pain, anguish and sorrow Kittie endured, even after she found new love.

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Buried Threads

by Kaylin McFarren

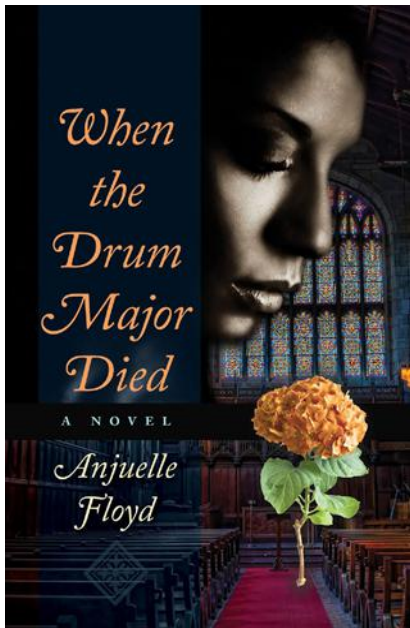
Rachel Lyons and her partner Chase Cohen accept a contract to recover a lost priceless treasure in the Sea of Japan. However, upon arriving in Tokyo, they soon discover their mission is more complicated and dangerous than they originally believed. In order to prevent a natural disaster from striking Japan and killing millions, they must form an alliance with yakuza members, dive into shark-infested waters and recover three ancient cursed swords before time runs out.

[Amazon](#)

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When the Drum Major Died

By Anjuelle Floyd

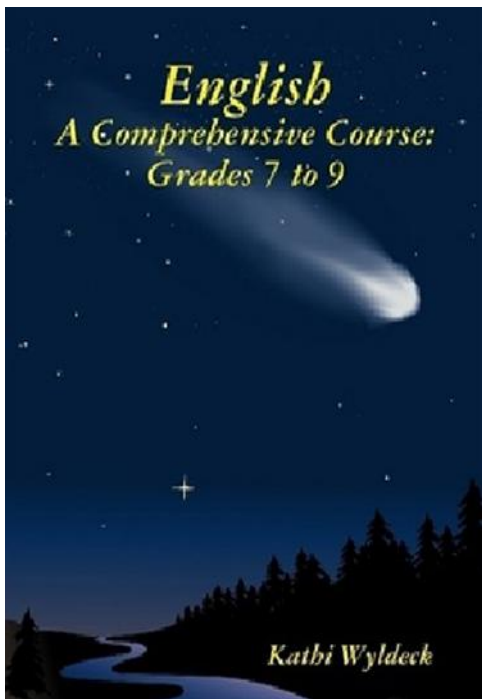


December 1967. Martin Luther King, Jr. has begun laying out plans for his Poor People's Campaign. Florina Austin, newly married, spies a woman sitting on the steps leading up to the verandah where Florina and her husband will live. The woman's uncanny knowledge of the space that Florina will inhabit leaves her suspicious. The following Sunday after church, Florina witnesses the woman she has come to know as Agnes, caress Redmond's cheek. The look in Redmond's eyes betrays longing. Florina and Agnes are neighbors. Their husbands, Negro doctors in Poinsettia, NC, hold prominent positions in the social and political life of their community.

When Agnes flees to Memphis and joins the Sanitation Workers Protests, all are aghast, none more than Florina.

As they move towards the fateful day Dr. Martin Luther King is killed, Florina learns that marriage exposes the vulnerabilities of all who pledge their trough and body. It casts an even greater shadow upon the ones who vow love unto death, and do not deliver what they have promised. When the Drum Major Died shows what happens when we resist change in favor of worn out tradition, but also what can and does occur when we open our hearts and embrace the words, "... be first in love ... be first in generosity ... He who is greatest among you shall be your servant. ..."

[Kindle](#) [Amazon](#)

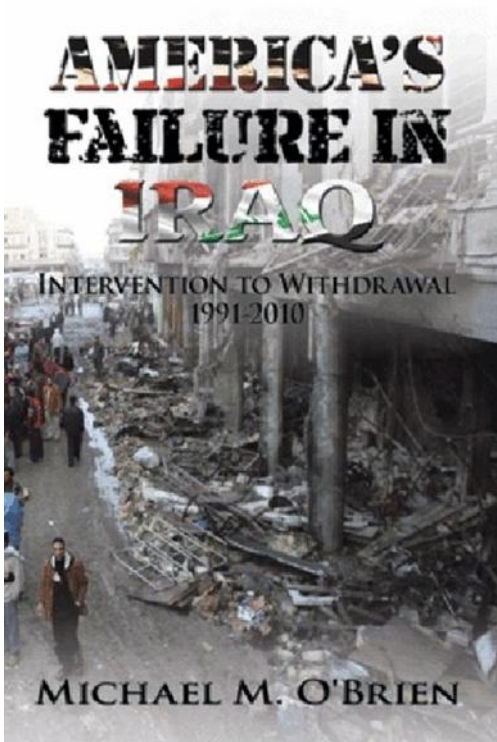


English - A Comprehensive Course: Grades 7 to 9

By Kathi Wyldeck

This comprehensive English course is designed for children in Grades 7 to 9, for advanced ESL students, for Grade 10 to 12 pupils who need more practice with basic skills, and for students who study at home. Every chapter consists of grammar, reading comprehension, phonic spelling, vocabulary, conversation, writing practice, and general knowledge. At the back of the book are several extra sections including conversation topics for ESL students, extra writing topics, a phonics summary, dictations, a booklist, and answers to all the exercises. This book is based on the "Essential English" series, but is an updated version, in a better-bound, larger format and with the addition of general knowledge.

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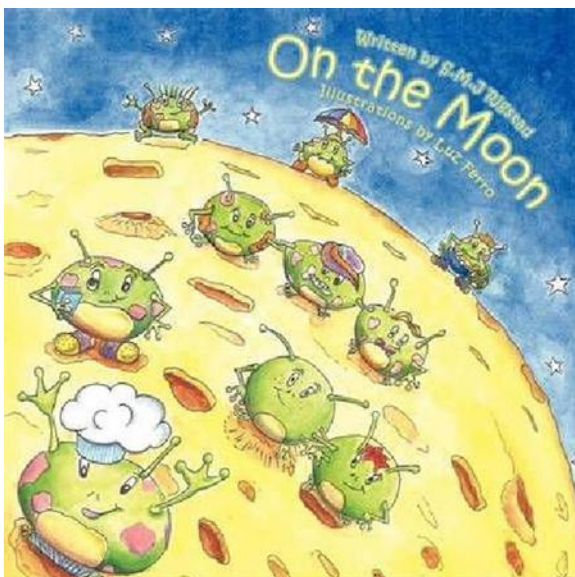
America's Failure In Iraq Intervention to Withdrawal 1991-2010

By Michael M. O'Brien

"America's Failure In Iraq" (402 pages, 198 photographs, 2 maps), explores the involvement of the United States in Iraq beginning with the Gulf War of 1991, under the 'leadership' of President George H.W. Bush and Colin Powell. It continues through the post-war years of the impotent United Nations sanctions that destroyed the Iraqi economy, the events of September 11, 2001, and the ineptitude of our nation's senior leadership, that culminated with the US invasion of Iraq in the spring of 2003. The termination of the Gulf War was one of the worst political-military decisions of modern times. But the invasion of Iraq by George W. Bush 12 years later led the United States into a 'mini-Vietnam' scenario that has split our nation down the middle again.

[Barnes & Noble](#) [AuthorHouse](#) [Dust Jacket Hard Cover](#) [Perfect Bound Soft Cover](#)

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On the Moon

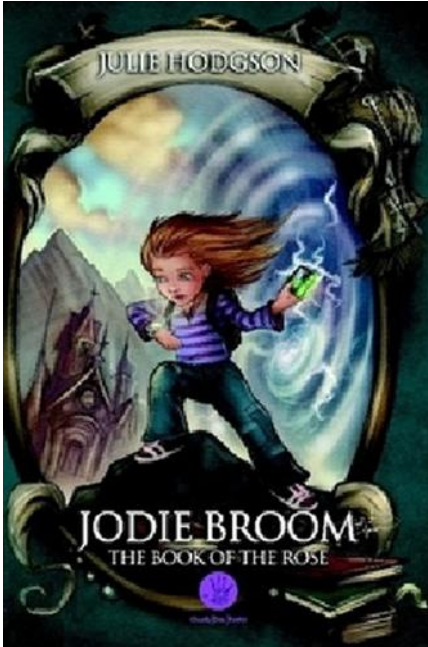
by S.M.J. Rigstad

On the moon, many years ago, lived ten toads. Come and enjoy these remarkable little space toads as they embark on a surprising adventure. Meet the sheriff, Trey, and see what mystery he is about to stumble upon, or maybe you want to play a little football with Tim! If that doesn't entice you, maybe you want to play leap frog with the tiny toad twins or see what Chef Tom is cooking up. Either way, there is adventure to be had in this clever, tongue-twisting tale of ten tubby space toads.

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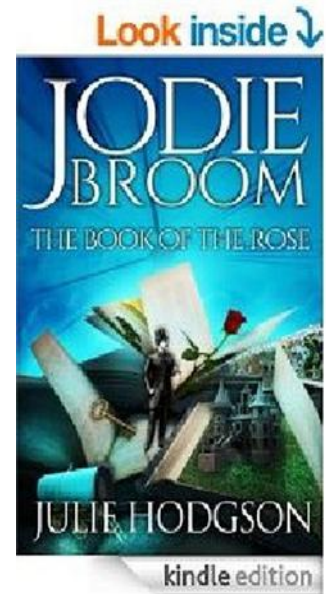
Jodie Broom—The Book of the Rose

By Julie Hodgson



Ever since Jodie came into possession of her time-travelling library card, she has had more spectacular adventures than she would ever hope to dream possible. But along with the thrilling escapades and the steadfast friends she has made, she has endured her share of heartache. Jodie attempts to escape her helplessness by continuing her search for the precious, long-outlawed printed books that she adds to her growing secret collection at the home of her friend, Otso.

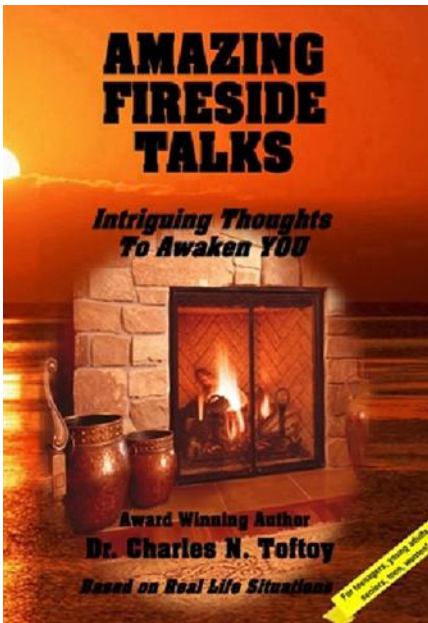
While visiting her favourite Victorian-era bookstore, Jodie narrowly escapes an encounter with a mysterious, possibly malevolent woman. Could it be Ms Noble, the wicked librarian who had forbidden time travel and confiscated all of the other children's library cards? Otso has tasked her with finding a very special and important book that could be the answer to all her hopes – a mission that takes Jodie All over the world once again. Take one gypsy, a promise and a Book, and a key, and THAT's adventure.



ble, the wicked librarian who had forbidden time travel and confiscated all of the other children's library cards? Otso has tasked her with finding a very special and important book that could be the answer to all her hopes – a mission that takes Jodie All over the world once again. Take one gypsy, a promise and a Book, and a key, and THAT's adventure.

[Paperback](#) [Kindle](#)

COMING IN SEPTEMBER!



AMAZING FIRESIDE TALKS

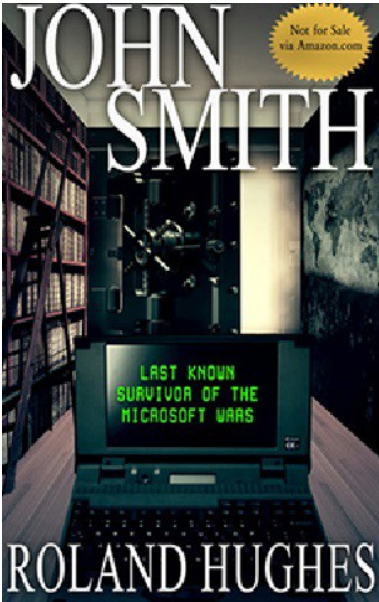
Intriguing Thoughts to Awaken YOU

By Dr. Charles N. Toftoy

Based on extensive research, Dr. Toftoy provides practical, rubber-meets-the-road thoughts to INSPIRE us. The ALPHA TEAM, characters from his first two novels, gather weekly to discuss important topics of life. This book is written FOR you and TO you, the reader, providing insights to help you cope with personal difficulties, make self-improvements, and assist or care for others. It will be beneficial to teenagers, young adults, seniors, men and women. A portion of the proceeds will be donated to the Wounded Warrior Mentor Program and the Disabled American Veterans Organization. Dr. Toftoy is a Professor, Emeritus at the George Washington University, a disabled veteran, and the recipient of TWO purple hearts.

John Smith – Last Known Survivor of the Microsoft Wars

by Roland Hughes



What if the Mayans got the start of the end correct because they had survived it once before? What if our written history was just as accurate as the old tale about three blind men describing an elephant? What if classic science fiction writing and television shows each got a piece of it correct, would you know which ones? If your eyes can only see a tiny portion of a collage do you know it is a collage?

Fans of Babylon 5, Star Trek TNG, Battle Star Galactica (the new one) and classic science fiction writing will enjoy the bountiful Easter Egg hunt contained within. When you were a child you learned to connect paper clips or thread beads together to make a necklace. Sit back and watch the beads you have had all your life form the picture you could not see. Consider for one second the possibility of the story, then hang onto your mind with both hands while you take the ride.

[Website](#) [Inquiries](#)

Crossword Solution from page 35

O	B	E	S		E	A	S	E		B	I	L	B	O
P	O	L	A		M	C	A	N		A	N	I	O	N
A	W	O	L		P	E	L	T		S	N	O	R	E
R	E	P	O	S	E		S	E	A	S	O	N	A	L
T	R	E	M	O	R		A	R	G	O	T			
			E	P	O	S			O	S	I	R	I	S
A	B	C		P	R	O	L	O	G		M	U	L	L
R	E	L	A	Y		H	O	T		H	E	S	S	E
I	V	A	N		C	O	Y	O	T	E		H	A	W
D	Y	N	A	M	O			S	O	R	T			
			C	O	N	T	E		T	O	W	N	I	E
T	E	N	O	R	S	A	X		A	N	O	I	N	T
I	C	O	N	S		S	I	L	L		F	O	C	H
N	O	M	D	E		K	L	E	E		E	B	O	N
O	N	E	A	L		S	E	E	D		R	E	G	O

IT'S OVER, BOOK...
YOU'RE AN INFERIOR
TECHNOLOGY.



YOUR BIG, CLUNKY
FORMAT IS IRRELEVANT.



JUST A NIP OF THIS
FLAME AND YOU'D BE
GONE FOREVER!





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Australia



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AUGUST 2014



Jessie L. Best
Canada



Linda Yoshida
as Kaylin McFarren
Oregon



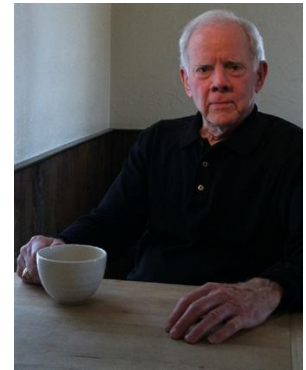
Roland Hughes
Illinois



MD Blackburn
England



Kathi Wyldeck
Australia



Dr. Charles N. Toftoy
Virginia



Anjuelle Floyd
California



SMJ (Sarah) Rigstad
Portugal



Cindy Bauer
Founder of AEP
Missouri



Michael O'Brien
Virginia



Julie Hodgson
Sweden

Meet the AEP Authors

*“Read on,
question
your own perceptions,
find yourself...
and, most of all,
enjoy.”*

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