

# All Authors Magazine

Issue 12

## The Spooks of Imagination





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## Introduction

### *Cheers to Autumn*

Glorious scents fill the air, the weather has cooled to a satisfying, welcoming breeze. Summer is over and children return to their yearly custom ... school and the like.

Pumpkins patches and dew covered fields spread across yards of orange-red acres.



A serene and heartwarming change from the heat that once threatened to consume us is welcomed with open arms. Prime colors covering every expanse, reminding humanity of its benevolence.

This is my **favorite season** for a number of reasons.

- The weather is perfect, and I take advantage of it to sit outside, basking in its beauty whilst I write.
- The ambiance is favorable and in many ways tranquil. Perhaps it's the smell in the air, or the temperance of the breeze. Possibly it's the colors. Nevertheless, for whatever reason one is filled with a sense of optimism.
- The change reminds me that a beautiful season, filled with joy is quickly approaching.
- I look forward to the beauty of time well spent with family and friends, making memories and sharing gleeful moments—things like pumpkin carving and Halloween preparations.

As a little girl I remember waiting for the fall with unmitigated anticipation. I just knew that the entrance of the fall was the telltale sign of good thing soon to come. I suppose, to a certain extent I still hold on to that belief. I would go so far as to say that the little girl inside of me never went away, and it is at the cusp of autumn that she comes out to play—her heart rejoicing.



It is the wonderment of autumn that brings to mind this poem by William Blake:

### To Autumn

*O Autumn, laden with fruit, and stain'd  
With the blood of the grape, pass not, but sit  
Beneath my shady roof; there thou may'st rest,  
And tune thy jolly voice to my fresh pipe,  
And all the daughters of the year shall dance!  
Sing now the lusty song of fruits and flowers.*

*The narrow bud opens her beauties to  
The sun, and love runs in her thrilling veins;  
Blossoms hang round the brows of Morning, and  
Flourish down the bright cheek of modest Eve,  
Till clust'ring Summer breaks forth into singing,  
And feather'd clouds strew flowers round her head.*

*'The spirits of the air live in the smells  
Of fruit; and Joy, with pinions light, roves round  
The gardens, or sits singing in the trees.'  
Thus sang the jolly Autumn as he sat,  
Then rose, girded himself, and o'er the bleak  
Hills fled from our sight; but left his golden load.*

With those beautiful words, I leave you to ponder on the marvel that is Autumn.

Love,



### Before Proceeding

**SPECIAL  
ANNOUNCEMENT!**



This will be the final issue that Coffee Time and Author Interview will be featured separately. Starting with our November issue it will be combined to form Coffee Time Author Interview.

\*\*\*\*

We would like to take a moment and thank the participants of this issue of All Authors Magazine, who are as follows:

MJ Holman  
*Coffee Time with Y.*

Mick Bogerman  
*Author Interview*

Chantal Bellehumeur  
*Poetry Unleashed*

Brian Smith  
*Awesome Covers*

If Death Should Love Me  
*Featured Book*

Da'Kharta Rising  
*Guest Article*

PurpleAlong with a special bonus article, giving spotlight to October being  
National Domestic Violence Awareness Month

Queen of Spades  
*The Testimony of Terror*

And of course, our beloved columnists for this issue:

A. Lopez, Jr.

Harmony Kent

Beem Weeks

Frederick H. Crook

Douglas Boren

Y. Correa



## Testimony of Terror

Has there ever been a moment where you wanted to write about something but at the very instant you are in front of the computer screen (or blank notepad), your thoughts go toward something else?

Dear Readers, Writers and Precious Patrons, this in unfolding first hand, before your very eyes. You see, I was all set to talk about some cool, light hearted spin on the theme of Issue 12. Yet, as I sit here, more pressing lines call for spotlight.

*Who am I to deny the beat of the pen?  
(play on words intentional)*

This will be a very rare occurrence. I dare not say “once in a lifetime opportunity”. That falls in the same category as “never say never”. I will take off the crown and the flowing gown with shimmers of unleashed threads.

*Presenting ...*

*Just Monica.*



Horror is fascinating to read about in books and to see unfold on the big screen. *Is it just as appealing when one is in a relationship that serves as a testimony of terror?*

*Growing up, I saw two different interpretations of what a relationship should represent.*

One snapshot was the dynamic I had been around since the age of three—two people who supported each other and cared for each other through good and bad. The love may have not been stated through words but it was demonstrated time and time again through action.

The other picture was a bit more passionate, a bit more erratic: a woman who sought love despite opposition from others and would not rest until she was completely satisfied. This resulted in her track record for successful affairs not being very stellar. The latter also echoes what one would see in romance works that feature the “good woman vs. bad boy” portrait.

Since my grandparents did not want me to repeat the mistakes of their youngest child, they did certain things attempting to protect me. In doing so, their chains of protection were easily misinterpreted as the shackles deterring a natural growth in my adolescent years.



*"We are from a time  
where if something is broken  
we fix it, not throw it away."*

Quite honestly, the majority of my relationships prior to high school could not be considered relevant to the outside world. I just saw the guys during the timeframe at school and that was the extent of it. The few friends I did have perceived this set up as strange. The more they talked about the freedoms they had at their ages, the more skeptical my view became on my upbringing.

However, because I wasn't involved with any guy who dared to challenge my grandparents' arrangement, I didn't feel like the rules were grossly unjust.



During senior year of high school was when I met my rebel.

In hindsight, I can say that it was the rebel in him that appealed the most to me—the way he conducted himself with no apologies and seemed extremely happy and content.

In comparison, I was solely existing.

Outsiders saw me as this female with a bright future ahead. Quiet, intelligent—the antipodal to my mother. Yet, this discontent simmered inside me. I battled whether all of these rules were not so much for me as it was for the people who raised me, serving as some type of redemption for their own guilt.

I did not want to try to figure them out. I was tired of not feeling like I was me. Who was I exactly? I was about to reach the next phase of my life, yet I still had no inkling.

I was practically grown but felt no older than eleven or twelve years old.

Damien\* (name has been changed) admired my “good girlness” but detested the elements that made it so. He couldn't understand why he was not allowed to come over to my house, or go out on dates. His favorite line was, “If you love me, you will do this for me.”

Soon, I was doing activities—things I wouldn't normally do—all for the sake of maintaining a good relationship with him, to proving my love for him. The gift I wanted to save for my husband ended up being his present instead. I wanted to believe that Damien was the guy I would stay with.

Unfortunately, the moment he obtained my virginity, the passion of the Forbidden soon became the scorch of Hell.



Damien would throw tantrums if I went a day without calling him, or if I didn't call him at the exact time we discussed. Calling him at 5:33 when we agreed upon 5:30 **was unacceptable**.

Tiny incidents escalated from a molehill to a mountain in zero to sixty seconds. Even when proof surfaced that his assumptions was incorrect, Damien would still treat his suspicions as gospel and handle me as if I were untrustworthy. Two examples of his behavior stick out like a sore thumb.

One day, I was using the curling iron to style my hair. The end of the wand grazed against my neck and left a tiny burn mark. I was running late for school that day, so I positioned my hair so the flaw was covered. When I had lunch with Damien that afternoon, he noticed the mark and fired off all types of questions:

*“Why is there a passion mark on your neck?”*

*“Who left it there?”*

*“Do I know the guy?”*

It didn't matter how much I told him that it was **in fact** a burn mark made by the curling iron—Damien was convinced that I was cheating. This led him to **actually cheat** with one of his ex-girlfriends and use his paranoia to justify why he did it.

This was his first incident of cheating. Most women would have hit the road. Damien was a master of mental and emotional manipulation: so much in fact, that he could take an incident which was unequivocally his fault, then provide expertly placed spin causing you to not only take the blame but also apologize in the interim.

I knew I hadn't cheated. Damien convinced me that since unfaithfulness on my end was the more believable narrative, then I should have expected the retaliation since I “hurt him so much”. I was convinced to see his take.

Needless to say, I stayed.



The longer I was with Damien, the more I was out of my element. One particular adventure with Damien landed me in trouble. Since trouble and I were never an item, school officials stepped in and ordered Damien and I to end our relationship. All were convinced he was a bad influence and that once he was clearly out of the picture, I would be back on track.

To appease them and my grandparents, we made it look as if we terminated our bond. A close friend of mine (as well as his cousin) acted as the lookout, along with being the messenger when we had to rely on written correspondence.

This was when another example of his Damien's aforementioned tendency surfaced.

Internally, I was torn. For one, Damien was behaving strangely and I had no clues as to why. For two, I was unsure whether I still wanted to invest in this union. The glee of going against the grain was wearing off. The instability made me look in the mirror and detest my reflection. Talking with Damien's cousin always helped. It calmed me so that pertinent decisions made regarding Damien could be conveyed sans emotion.

That day, I sought **that calm**.

Normally his cousin and I would stay in the room a few minutes after class was dismissed. However, due to an after school meeting, we went outside. Everyone was waiting for transportation to get to their homes. We sat next to each other but kept our voices low so others couldn't listen in on the conversation. Damien *wasn't there* but one of the exes that he stayed friends with apparently was, keeping an eye on the cousin and me.

Everything came to light when a very irate Damien confronted me the very next day.

I was rearranging some literature as part of my duties as counselor aide. I couldn't even get my version of events spoken without Damien calling me everything but a child of God. Then, he demanded that I give back a piece of jewelry that he gifted me, which I refused. Hearing the yelling, the guidance counselor came out just when he tried to grab me and snatch the ring off my finger. She ordered Damien to leave, adding that I didn't have to return anything that was a gift. Damien and I did break up after that confrontation. I busied myself with final exams and preparing to graduate.

About three weeks after I graduated, Damien stopped by my job. We talked for a long time. During the talk, he apologized for how he treated me, said he missed me and still loved me. He pleaded with me to give him one more try, even offering to appeal to my grandparents to win their favor. Damien seemed sincere. Even his cousin claimed Damien was behaving better and becoming more mature.

The third time had to be the charm, so I believed. The belief was destroyed once another woman's scent and trysts leftover from a sexual encounter—think small reenactment of 50 Shades—surfaced and was verified by our mutual friend.

My cuckold threshold was maxed out. I was finally able to put the nail in the coffin and bury my tempestuous relationship with Damien.

I cannot sit here and pretend that after Damien, my love batting average was terrific. As a matter of fact, the relationship after Damien was way worse. The reason I did not talk about that guy, who equated to the full embodiment of my terror, is that before a storm reaches full force, it all has to start somewhere.

Damien was my starting point.



*Why am I talking about all this?*

October is National Domestic Violence Awareness Month. The occurrence of domestic violence has shifted over the years from being rare to being quite commonplace. The face of domestic violence isn't just one gender (although the focus is still primarily women). Despite more people being vocal, the percentage of abuse happening in relationships keeps rising.

Yes, a huge focus is on the violent aspect of abuse. However, there are also signs that mimic abuse that aren't physical but *just as harmful*. Here are some things that Damien did that officially labeled him as my first abusive relationship.



- Embarrassed me with put-downs. Whenever I did something that upset Damien, he would be very quick to criticize me. He would put down my weight or call me stupid, not caring who was around. He tended to be louder and more abrasive in front of an audience.
- Controlled my actions. Regulating my phone calls, dictating where we would go and what we would do all the time were things Damien did constantly.
- Told me his bad behavior was my fault. Many times, Damien would claim I “would make him do certain things” or that I was just “being oversensitive and it was no big deal”. Anyone that tries to negate your feelings so that he feels powerful is a form of abuse.
- Badgered me about sex, not caring whether I wanted to perform. Despite telling him that I wanted to wait, he kept putting pressure on the issue, claiming the quicker we made love, the deeper our love would be.

# The scars you can't see are the hardest to heal.

It is those invisible scars that linger. One bad relationship can thwart how you see yourself and how you interact with others. It puts toxicity into otherwise healthy things. If one doesn't have enough time or discernment to repair the damage, then others will swoop in like vultures to feed off the weakness.

As a result, a person entering into another abusive relationship is not strange to see. Usually, a person thinks the next mate is going to be better, only for the affair to unknowingly repeat the same rhythm.



I was lucky to have survived my erroneous choices in companionship. Some people were not so lucky, leaving family members and friends to grieve their losses.

I say all that to say the following:

- Real life terror is anything but beautifully thrilling.
- No relationship is perfect, but you have the right for your feelings, thoughts, and person to be treasured and respected.
- Manipulation is not love.
- Just because someone is not putting his/her hands on you doesn't mean you're not experiencing abuse. The impact of emotional and mental abuse can last for decades after the person has broken away from the perpetrator. Sometimes, behaviors associated with the trauma never go away. There can be times when a person can unknowingly trigger the behaviors, no matter how much treatment or self healing one receives.
- If you are that person who is always saying "Why didn't she get out the first time? You must be dumb, don't have a lot going for yourself, etc...", I will let you know, not just as a survivor but one who has interacted with others, it is not that cut and dried: particularly if one has children, particularly if the abuser is the primary breadwinner. This is a whole ocean of grey and all dimensions of the grey have to be handled correctly. Abuse does not discriminate on race, sexuality, gender or educational background. Even a person with a Ph.D. can be so in love that she can dare to bend, even break her typical preferences and requirements.

- If you are an individual who is prone more to judgment than real assistance, then your approach may do more harm than good in terms of friendship. The person is already feeling some type of way about what she is going through. Do you really think shining a strobe light on the obvious (you need to leave) is going to make things better, or magnify things ten times worse because she knows you speak truth? If you can't listen without condemning, then it's best for you to not even pick up the phone. You aren't the support she needs at that point. The abused needs someone that will applaud the attempt and provide the resources crucial for assistance. However, if things do not pan out, be that person who will remain a lifeline. Be that one who says "I'm still here." Dare to be the minority because the majority have already wiped their hands.

I share this in the hopes that it will assist others. I will be that minority to others, to demonstrate what they can survive. I don't want anyone to go through the spooks of abuse that can haunt them for years.

Don't let flawed choices make you a prisoner of a potential cycle. Learn from it, grow from it. That marks the difference between mentally staying a victim and mentally evolving as a survivor.

From,  
Monica

**In short:** A Southern girl who went beyond surviving and is finally living

**In long:** A devoted granddaughter, loyal friend, fierce revolutionary, passionate poet, storyteller, creative eccentric, and a woman born with a lot of fight



### References

[30 Shocking Domestic Violence Statistics That Remind Us It's an Epidemic](#)

[Warning Signs and Red Flags: The National Domestic Abuse Hotline website](#)

[Resources for Victims and Survivors](#)

If you or someone you know is experiencing any form of domestic abuse, call the number you see below.

The National Domestic Violence Hotline

1-800-799-7233

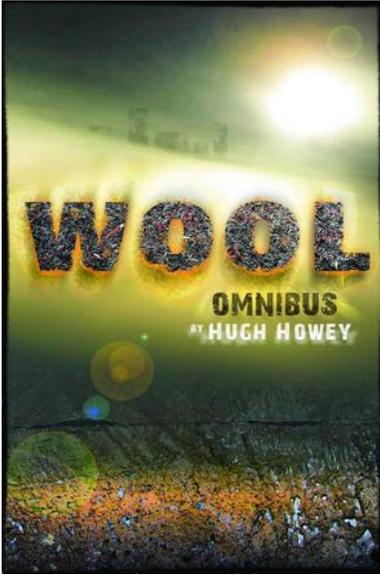
1-800-787-3224 (TTY)



# Books & Reading

## Let's Celebrate! Let's Read!

### **Issue 12: The Spooks of Imagination (Recommended Reads)**



**Title:** *Wool Omnibus*  
**Author:** *Hugh Howey*  
**Genre:** *Horror*  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:** This Omnibus Edition collects the five Wool books into a single volume. It is for those who arrived late to the party and who wish to save a dollar or two while picking up the same stories in a single package.

The first Wool story was released as a standalone short in July of 2011. Due to reviewer demand, the rest of the story was released over the next six months. My thanks go out to those reviewers who clamored for more. Without you, none of this would exist. Your demand created this as much as I did.

This is the story of mankind clawing for survival, of mankind on the edge. The world outside has grown unkind, the view of it limited, talk of it forbidden. But there are always those who hope, who dream. These are the dangerous people, the residents who infect others with their optimism. Their punishment is simple. They are given the very thing they profess to want: They are allowed outside.

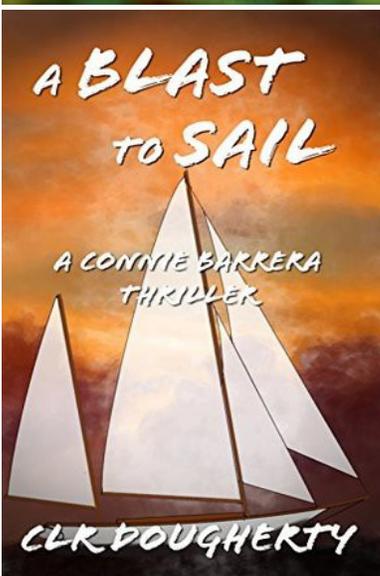


**Title:** *To Be Honest*  
**Author:** *T.C. Booth*  
**Genre:** *Romantic Drama*  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:** A freak accident left Starla Emerson with a deformed hand, low self-esteem, and a need to fade into the background. However, she finds it impossible to be invisible at her new high school where she is pushed front and center by a behind the scenes internet bully.

She joins forces with newfound friends to launch a counter attack in order to expose the cyber bully, aka grizzlygirl2015. Part of the plan involves the school's bad boy Chase McFall. Star feels more for this golden eyed boy than she should as the plan progresses. The plan backfires and lands Star in a mountain of trouble.

Will she have the courage to be honest about her part in the plan and her true feelings for Chase? Or will she be left heartbroken? Once the truth is out... there's no turning back.



**Title:** *A Blast to Sail – A Connie Barrera Thriller (Connie Barrera Thrillers Book 3)*  
**Author:** *C.L.R. Dougherty*  
**Genre:** *Sea Adventure*  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:** The yacht Diamantista II is as stunning as her captain, Connie Barrera. Both attract attention everywhere they go. Having just taken delivery of Diamantista II, Connie and her fiancé, Paul Russo, are on a shakedown cruise when trouble begins.

Connie and Paul are working to develop a summer charter business in the northeastern U.S. when they run afoul of a terrorist plot. The terrorists plan to use Diamantista II as the delivery vehicle for a nuclear weapon, but they underestimate Connie and Paul.

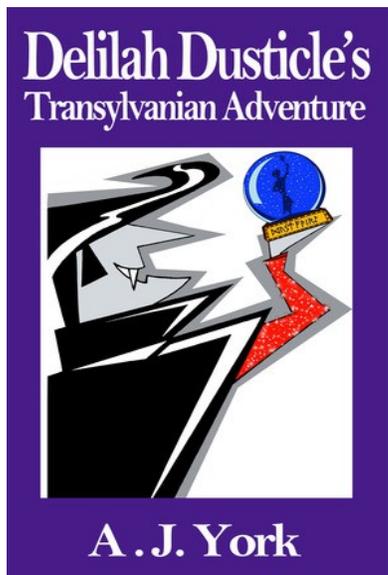


Sail along the coast from Maine to the Chesapeake, but be ready for suspense and surprises in the third book of the Connie Barrera Thrillers.

**Title:** *How To Find a Bra That Fits*  
**Author:** Liz Kuba  
**Genre:** Self-Help  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:** But you knew that already, didn't you? In fact, the last time you heard that, you ran out and got yourself professionally measured at a store in the mall. You came home with some amazing new bras, ready to take on the world...and a week later, you're back where you started: ripping your bras off the moment you got home.

It's time to determine for yourself what size you are. It's time to learn the difference between a bad bra and a good bra. It's time to know how to find a bra that fits.

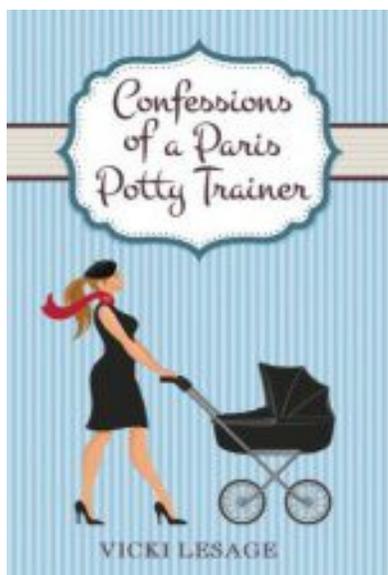


**Title:** *Delilah Dusticle's Transylvanian Adventure (Delilah Dusticle #2)*  
**Author:** A.J. York  
**Genre:** Childrens Ficition  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:** "Delilah Dusticle blends whimsy and wonder into a story that will appeal to both young adults and the young at heart. It's a lively, ebullient adventure through and through! Also highly recommended is the spooky sequel, "Delilah Dusticle's Transylvanian Adventure"..." Midwest Book Review, April 2015

Delilah Dusticle is back with an action packed mission. In this illustrated instalment, Delilah and the Dustbusters are invited to Transylvania, to cater for the Hallow Eve Ball. All is not what it seems and Count Dracula has a very unusual request. Get ready to join the fun and experience the magic!

This book entices the reader into a new and magical world that appeals to both kids and adults. The reader can explore how the ordinary in life can be extraordinarily overlooked, how friendship can help you overcome life's difficulties and how accepting yourself is the biggest challenge of all.



**Title:** *Confessions of a Paris Potty Trainer*  
**Author:** Vicki Lesage  
**Genre:** Chick-Lit  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:** Diapers, tantrums, and French bureaucracy – the crazy life of an American Mom in Paris.

Party Girl is back, this time as the sassy mommy of two kids trying to navigate the beautiful, yet infuriating, city of Paris.

How does she steer a stroller around piles of dog poop? How does she find time for French administration between breastfeeding and business meetings?

And can she ever lose the baby weight with croissants staring her in the face from every street corner?

Answers to these pressing questions – and many more – are in this hilarious sequel. Laugh, cry, and wipe up drool right alongside Vicki as she and her ever-patient French husband raise two children in the City of Light.

Read about Vicki's crazy Paris debut in her first book, Confessions of a Paris Party Girl.



## **Hot Off The Presses**

### **Issue 12: The Spooks of Imagination Hot Off the Presses**

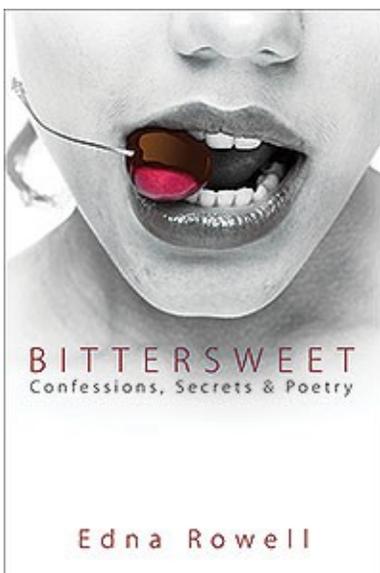


**Title:** *Crackles of the Heart (Divergent Ink, Book One)*  
**Author(s):** All Authors Publishing House  
**Genre:** Short Story Anthology  
**Release Date:** July 14, 2015  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Abbreviated Blurb (for Full Blurb, visit Amazon):** Divergent Ink is the mesh of different frames of thoughts, various interpretations of one core question that yearns for universal expansion. Although the subject matter may change every year, the purpose of the Divergent Ink series will remain the same.

The first book in the Divergent Ink anthology series, “Crackles of the Heart”, centers around the following question: Can the hot, handsome guy fall for the average, awkward woman?

Six Divergent Inks exploring “Crackles of the Heart”. Will there be hearts rejoicing or hearts breaking?



**Title:** *Bittersweet*  
**Author:** Edna Rowell  
**Genre:** Memoir  
**Release Date:** July 26, 2015  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Abbreviated Blurb (as told by the Author, for Full Blurb visit Amazon):** Bittersweet a collections of events, poetry, secrets ,and confessions surrounding my life. It is about the horrible things I endured in life.



**Title:** *Dreamweavers*  
**Author:** *Kerry Alan Denney*  
**Genre:** *Paranormal Thriller/Horror*  
**Release Date:** *August 2, 2015*  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:** Anything can happen when dreams merge with reality... including murder.

Welcome to Dreamweavers, Incorporated, where Dr. Paula Steiner blends lucid dreaming techniques with neuro-stimulation to teach her patients how to control their dreams and conquer their personal demons.

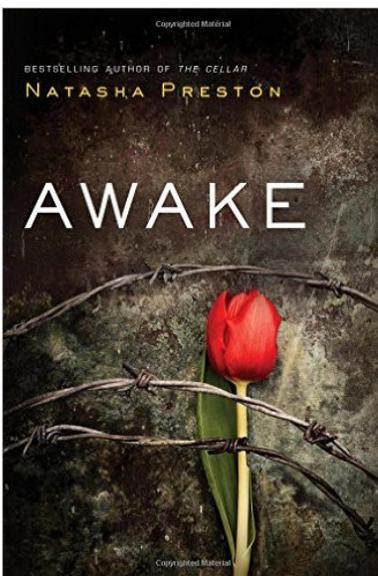
Toni Fontaine's possessive ex-husband is stalking her, while nightmares of brutal violence torment her. Travis Colt is haunted by the ghosts of his dead wife and son every night while he sleeps. When Toni and Travis meet at Dreamweavers, sparks fly, and dreams literally come true.

But fellow patient Nick Buchanan is making nightmares come true. Nick, a bitter young man adored by women until an accident permanently scars his face, has learned a powerful secret: he incorporates his twisted dreams into the real world, and uses them to kill people he hates. When Toni spurns Nick's advances and he sees her and Travis happy together, Nick makes Toni and Travis his next targets.

As the border between dreams and reality blurs, Toni and Travis realize they are the only ones who can stop Nick.

And the only way to defeat him is in their dreams.

Filled with hope, humor, romance, intrigue, action, surreal dreamscapes, a uniquely gifted and nefarious villain, and two amazing dogs, *Dreamweavers* reveals the compassion and resilience of the human—and canine—spirits with a triumphant climax that blends dreams and nightmares with what we all perceive as the real world.



**Title:** *Awake*  
**Author:** *Natasha Preston*  
**Genre:** *YA Thriller*  
**Release Date:** *August 4, 2015*  
**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Abbreviated Blurb (for Full Blurb, visit Amazon):** Of course, the dress was white. This is what I'm supposed to die in, I thought. Not many people knew what their last outfit would be.

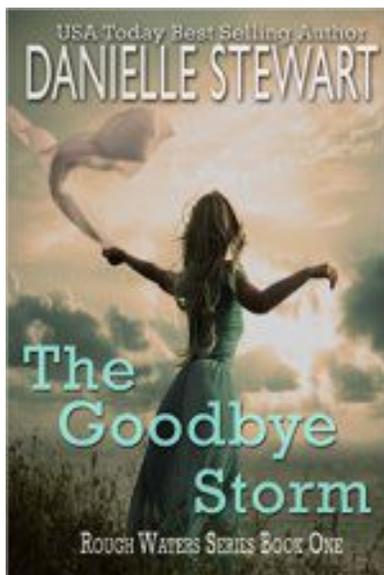
I pulled it over my head. It fit me perfectly. It had long, loose fitting sleeves, a modest neckline, and waves of material on the skirt. I hated it.

There were no shoes, and I was afraid I'd have to run through the forest barefoot but there weren't a lot of options. Besides, I'd run barefoot over a bed of nails to get away.

"Scarlett, are you ready?" he called.

I looked in the mirror and took a deep breath. Time to fight for my life.

Scarlett Garner doesn't remember anything before the age of four—until a car accident changes everything. She starts to remember pieces of a past that frighten her. A past her parents hid from her...and a secret that could get her killed.



**Title:** *The Goodbye Storm (Rough Waters Series Book 1)*

**Author:** *Danielle Stewart*

**Genre:** *Psychological Women's Suspense*

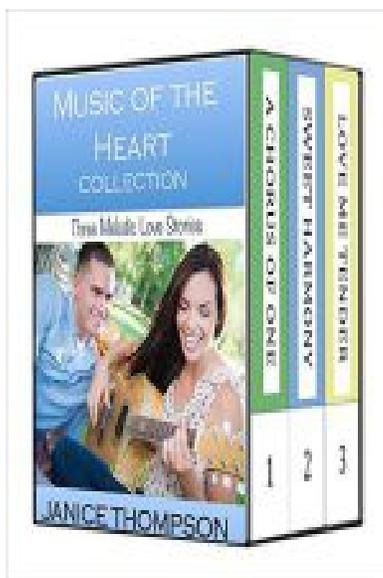
**Release Date:** *August 6, 2015*

**Available:** *Amazon*

**Blurb:** Autumn Chase is painfully aware grief is a beast that won't be chased off before it's ready to leave. When an icy road and a dark night leave her a young widow, she's forced to trade in her perfectly planned future for the unknown. Like a child hiding from a monster, she pulls her covers up over her head with the intention of sheltering herself forever. But once an unexpected stranger shows up on her doorstep, Autumn has to choose between being alone or connecting with someone who is hurting as badly as she is.

Noah Key, an emergency room doctor, has solemnly informed countless families that their loved one could not be saved. However, when his own wife dies suddenly there are no words to bring him comfort. His in-laws want him to fall to pieces to confirm his love for his late wife. His colleagues want him to take time off to grieve. The only thing Noah wants is to work enough hours in the day to forget his wife is gone. He's written himself a prescription for a cocktail of distraction and exhaustion in order to trick his brain into thinking his life isn't in shambles.

When the world keeps moving on without them, Noah and Autumn will need to decide if they'll survive the storm or allow themselves to be swept away by it.



**Title:** *Music of the Heart Collection: Three Melodic Love Stories*

**Author:** *Janice Thompson*

**Genre:** *Christian Romance*

**Release Date:** *August 9, 2015*

**Available:** *Amazon*

**Blurb:** Enjoy three “melodic” (music themed) stories from author Janice Thompson:

#### BOOK ONE: A CHORUS OF ONE

It's the opportunity of a lifetime...Jessica Chapman has her happy ending planned out. Does it really matter that she and her fiancé don't agree on every little detail? Or even on some big ones—like her passion for music and the theater. Jessica plans to become Nathan Fisher's wife and live “happily ever after” in Houston. But then Jess is offered the internship of her dreams. The handsome and tenderhearted Colin Phillips sees something special in Jessica, believing the Lord has chosen her to train vocally gifted children—in Dallas. Could God also have chosen her to play a more important role in Colin's life? Should Jess settle for an ill-fitting lackluster marriage? Or will the Lord orchestrate the perfect duet?

#### BOOK TWO: SWEET HARMONY

Tangie Carini had her sights set on landing a lead in a Broadway play. But when her career flounders, she ends up in Harmony, New Jersey, as a church drama director. Will Tangie find the role of a lifetime where she least expects it?

Stodgy music director Gregg Burke realizes he needs help. But how is he ever going to work with the outrageously eccentric Tangie Carini? Or will he discover that opposites do indeed attract?

## BOOK THREE: LOVE ME TENDER

As “Love Me Tender” plays in the background, Debbie Carmichael determines to salvage her family’s restaurant, Sweet Sal’s Soda Shoppe, after her father’s health fails. Teen heartthrob Bobby Conrad agrees to perform at a fund-raiser concert. But just two weeks before the highly publicized event, Bobby backs out of the benefit. Enter...Johnny Hartman, a young, unknown singer. Debbie soon realizes the twists and turns leading up to the concert have been divinely orchestrated. And it isn’t dreamy Bobby Conrad who has stolen her heart—but the tender Johnny Hartman.



### *International Corner*

#### **Issue 12: The Spooks of Imagination (International Corner)**



**Language:** Chinese

**Genre:** Romance

**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:**

范妮·希尔，又称女人快乐的回忆录，一直是臭名昭著的小说，因为它第一次出现在伦敦 1748-9。禁止它的“淫秽”的内容，这个虚构的帐户一名年轻女子的非常规路线，以中产阶级体面，事实上，通过奥古斯英国的闺房和妓院活泼，引人入胜的漫画欢蹦乱跳，与女主角的冒险和挫折永不减轻她的人性或她决心找到真正的爱情和幸福。芬妮的故事提供了现代读者性感和物质，以及爱与性在 18 世纪的一个不同寻常的坦率描绘。



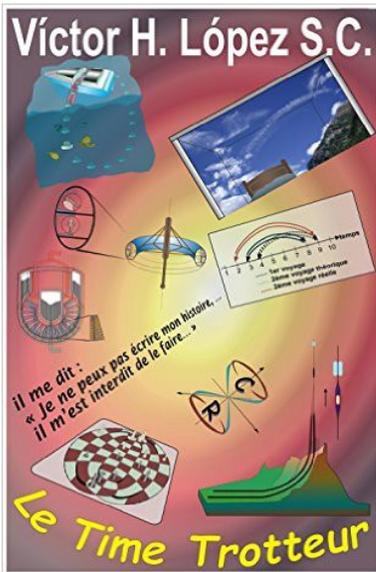
**Title:** *The Last of the Famous International Playboys* **Language:** Portuguese

**Genre:** LGBT Drama

**Available:** [Amazon](#)

**Blurb:**

Um campeão de Fórmula 1 descobre o amor numa corrida em Mônaco.



**Title:** *Time Trotter: The Incredible Story of a Man Who Wakes Up in the Future*

**Language:** *French*

**Genre:** *Sci-Fi*

**Available:** *Amazon*

**Blurb:**

Par un étrange hasard notre personnage principal est projeté vers le futur. Il est « l'invité » des gens qui veulent transmettre un ou plusieurs messages à ses contemporains, lui-même ne sait pas lequel (ou lesquels). Il va être le témoin privilégié, malgré lui, des divers développements futurs : les transports, la transmission des connaissances, la rationalisation énergétique, les armes du futur, la gouvernance mondiale...

Il doit raconter, mais il ne doit pas donner de détails (personnes et lieux doivent rester anonymes, les dates omises, ...). Exercice difficile, celui de transmettre un message en gardant la plus grande discrétion sur ses sources. Il est le dépositaire d'une expérience à relater en taisant une partie de sa réalité...

Il apprendra, dans le futur, qu'il a déjà fait un voyage, mais il ne se rappelle pas.

Quand il revient à son présent, il doit s'acquitter de cette promesse.

Une personne alimente ses insomnies, il est tombé amoureux d'une dame du futur, une Dame qui n'a pas encore existé.



**Title:** *DOUBLE-humanity: A Series of "Detektif"* **Language:** *Russian*

**Genre:** *Fantasy Fiction*

**Available:** *Amazon*

**Blurb:**

Человек — доминирующий биологический вид на Земле. Ученые уверены: мы «получились» из кроманьонцев. А между тем параллельно с кроманьонцами жили и неандертальцы, которые однажды исчезли. А если неандертальцы никуда не пропадали, а все это время были рядом? Всё бы так и продолжалось, но дубль-человечество неожиданно столкнулось с угрозой тотального вымирания. Есть только один способ спастись — позаимствовать биологический материал у соседей по планете. И раскрыть секрет своего существования?..



**Title:** *Now It Does Not Matter Because the Title Comes At the End* **Language:** *German*

**Genre:** *Comic Book/Graphic Novel*

**Available:** *Amazon*

**Blurb:**

Original Fränkische Urkomik im Fränkischen Hochdeutsch geschrieben. Schräg lustig und unterhaltsam Man muss es einfach lesen. Das Zigarillobürschlein möchte ein Buch schreiben, dabei gibt es viele Hindernisse.



## **What NOT to Read With Mini Truth**



Hello all!

Today, I bring you part 3 of a three part What NOT to Read segment. Last Issue I brought you “The Tower’s Alchemist” by Alesha Escobar. This Issue, I am introducing you to “Circadian Circle” from the same series.



### **Blurb:**

Isabella.

Octavian.

Ammon.

The Akashic Record...

Nazi warlock vampires, a rampaging Black Dragon, Vatican wizards, demonic corruption, and a Time Wizard gone mad. In this gripping, action-packed conclusion to The Gray Tower Trilogy, things go to hell in a hand basket — and the world will never be the same.



If you've been following my reviews thus far, you'll have seen books one and two in the last couple of issues.

Today, I present you will book three of The Gray Tower Trilogy.

Prior to choosing this book for What NOT to Read, I read it as part of The Review Board. Suffice it to say that I was not impressed.

Funny enough, this book established a TRB Record as to "how quickly I could sum up my disdain for a book".

Typically, I would go into long lists of what I did not like in a book. With this one, it was basically more of the same as the last two. So instead of going on for hours, drivelling about my contempt, I made a list of the reasons why this book fell for me.

I was disenchanted with this trilogy as a whole. From the first book I found way too many things that I felt were not kosher with the series.

First, I must say this ...



I am a lover of Fantasy Fiction, and I realize that in books of this genre the truth must be stretched to make way for the fictional aspect of the story.

However, the trick to a good fictional story is to make it believable, and I felt that the Gray Tower Trilogy failed in that aspect.

This is a grand shame because the elements of the series could've made for an outstanding trio. Yet, the lackluster articulation made this collection highly unattractive to me.

Following are the elements that I did not like about Circadian Circle:

- Still I did not take a liking to the character of Isabella. Still, I felt as though she was obnoxious and temperamental, as well as immature. One would've expected there to be some sort of maturity in the character considering that this was the third part of the series, but there wasn't.
- I cannot believe that she got over the loss of Ken so quickly. That bothered me quite a lot. What woman that was wholly in love with a man, get's over him that quickly? Again, I didn't buy it.
- There was way too much additional dialogue and narrative in this book which made it twice as long as it needed to be. It was just way too wordy and I felt as though the majority of it was there just to elongate the story, and for no other reason. Truthfully, it had no place in the book.
- The beginning of the story starts just like the first book in the series, full of action but lacking true reason. Then the story drops in action and becomes boring ... yet again.
- There is tons of magic, demons and things of the sort—it kind of felt like an episode of Charmed at times—but I feel that as a whole, the handling of these elements was mediocre.
- Another thing that bothers me is that throughout the series we find a 'set in stone' implementation of 'rules' as it pertains to magic and the otherworldly beings, however time and time again, it seemed as if those rules did not apply to Isabella the main character.

Basically, I kept feeling like these laws were broken just to get Isabella out of trouble. That bothers me. Because a rule is a rule for a reason. It cannot be broken, not even by the main character.

- The ending, to me, was unbelievable and anticlimactic as well as highly convenient. As the matter of fact, I had to read it twice to get the full gist of it BECAUSE it was so unrealistic. I was fully frustrated. I was like, "Wait, what? Are you serious? Did this REALLY just happen?"

As a whole, I'd like to reiterate that I was not impressed with this story, or the trilogy for that matter, and was very let down ... AGAIN!

Unfortunately, because I'd hoped that this book would make up for the shortcomings of the rest, yet didn't, my rating for this one is even lower than the others.

I'm sorry, but the Gray Tower Trilogy was just not what I expected it to be at all.

Truth says... 1 Star.



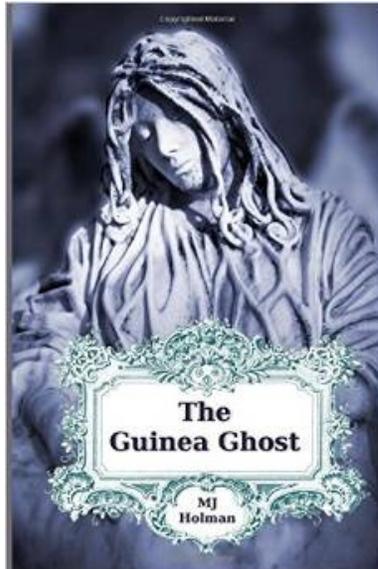
# Features

## Coffee Time

*Today on Coffee Time, I am interviewing MJ Holman, Author of novella [The Guinea Ghost](#) and poetry collections [The Sea of Conscience](#) and soon to be released [Waves to Light](#).*



*MJ, it's so great to connect with you today here on my Coffee Time interview. As usually, I am going to have my piping hot cup of coffee before getting started.*



***The Guinea Ghost***  
***Amazon***

### ***What was the inspiration behind The Guinea Ghost?***

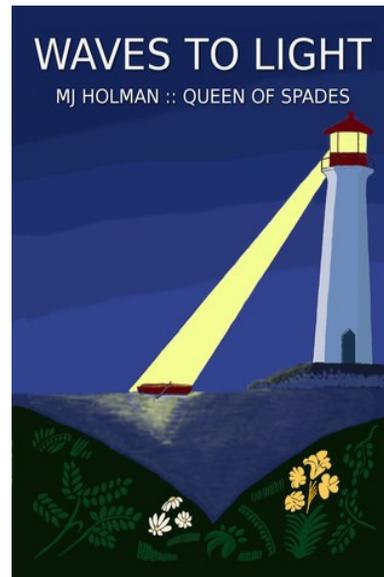
The Guinea Ghost was inspired by a newspaper cutting from 1764. It told the true story of 'Molly from Horton', a maid who went missing on the Yorkshire Moors. Her suicide led to a series of hauntings on the farm of the woolstapler where she had been a servant. The tale ended with a twist and I decided I had to write about it.

I embellished the yarn with an account of the fictional Phoebe Chatterton, daughter of the woolstapler and victim of the hauntings. Despite introducing fictional members of the family, I chose to stay as closely as possible to the original unusual tale.

It became a short story, but such was the response to engage more with the characters of Molly, Phoebe, and Phoebe's sister Hannah from readers, I decided to expand The Guinea Ghost to a novella.



***Sea Of Conscience***



***Waves To Light***

***Tell our audience about some of your upcoming projects.***

One forthcoming project is a joint venture with Queen of Spades called Waves to Light. It came about after I invited her to contribute towards my poetry and prose book, The Sea of Conscience.

She suggested a book concerning depression, its effects and coping mechanisms. We both set about producing twenty poems/prose each for the project, the result of which will be seen this September. It has truly been a joint effort and I have enjoyed every minute of it.

Also for 2016 I have been working on a vampire novel.

***Random Question #1: Sunrise or sunset?***

Sunrise: the most peaceful and meditative time of the day. The greatest inspiration comes to me in the morning and I need the peace of the waking hour to gather my thoughts. If I've had a good night's sleep, at this time of the year I can start writing between 4-6 am, it's just me and the birds.

***Fill in the blank: The color that reflects your mood on most days is \_\_\_\_\_ .***

The color that reflects my mood on most days is blue because it surrounds me. I have of course chosen to have it all around me, but it is the colour with the most powerful impact on my thoughts and moods. It has both positive and negative connotations and for that reason it speaks to us all. I use it frequently in my paintings and believe it has a compelling effect on the mind of the observer. As artists we all want to move the reader and observer in some way, I choose to do this with blue.

***Does the method behind your poetry writing differ from your story writing? Please expand.***

Definitely. I write poetry very quickly, it comes out of my head fully formed. The exception to this is a story poem called Amor Hereos: Prelude from The Sea of Conscience which took several months to write. I was aiming for a specific genre and wanted to write in the style of the Florentine Camerata so it took some research and reading, from Ovid to the works of the Camerata themselves. I also researched Florentine remedies and cures from the 17th century.

My stories and my novels are planned, though I do deviate like all writers when the muse calls for it, but for the most part I sit down and plot, then when it comes to writing I plod! Because I tend to write historical stories, I research everything carefully as I go along even word usage. I am not one to overburden the reader with historical details, I just like to have the information for ambiance. I am more interested in character, plot and device.

***I am aware that you are working on a Vampire novel. Would you care to share with our audience a bit about that?***

It is called *In London, Where The Vampires Sing* and it is the story of Kitty Lacey an 18th century actress, who enters into the world of the theatre only to find it inhabited by disingenuous but attractive characters. The story is told in diary format and from the viewpoint of many of the main characters. I have approached it this way because I was keen to get inside their heads and explore their psychology.

Parallel to the main narrative there are child abductions and a murder mystery and Kitty finds herself at the centre of both. It all gradually unfolds to a suitable denouement (I hope) whereby all the characters stories reach their natural end.

I have chosen to write this in a lighter style than say *The Guinea Ghost* while keeping with 18th century writing styles and speech. I have read plays from the era (Polly Honeycombe to name one) to get an idea of the language, but I have not overwhelmed the text with the likes of 'prythee' etc. What matters more is the prose is correct for the gothic genre, the characters are multi-faceted and the plot makes sense.

I hope readers will find it an enjoyable escapade.

***Do you consider yourself a multi-genre author? If so, why? If not, why not?***

Unfortunately, I feel I have not been prolific enough to answer this question successfully. Over the years I have written mostly poetry and short stories, the latter being historical. For that reason and for the time being I would consider myself a historical writer who often veers towards mystery. My future plans are for a straight historical novel of which I am already on about 20,000 words called *The Analysis of Beauty*, thereafter a historical romance of which *Amor Hereos* was a prelude. So for now call me historical.

***Random Question #2: What are you typically doing on any given day apart from writing?***

I am a historical researcher by trade working from home. Sometimes I venture to the British Library which is a wonderful place to research, read and write. It has a peaceful, studious ambiance – only occasionally do you get the habitual yawner or the bod who types too loudly! These things irritate me because my concentration is easily disturbed, but on the whole I enjoy my chance to escape to the BL.

As a result of any research I may have done for a paying customer I have reports to write, they can take several days to prepare. When completed, I am free to do as I please. I may spend time in the garden, or going for a walk. I may read, paint or keep my journal up to date. I also watch a lot of sport and this summer England hosts the Australians for the Ashes urn in cricket. This is a very important event in our sporting calendar and I am always glued to it.

***We also know that you are a painter. Can you please tell us about your paintings, the process, and/or how that differs from writing?***

Paintings can start as dreams or visions. I have no idea if the visions are connected to my bipolar disorder but they're very vivid and full of colour. The cover for *The Sea of Conscience* was based on a dream, it then became a poem and a journal entry; the cover for *Waves to Light* came from a concept by Queen of Spades, then I had the vision of it.

I struggled for months trying to come up with the cover for *In London, Where The Vampires Sing* until I finally had a vision for it last week. It deviates away from landscapes and seascapes and is on a rococo theme.

Once I have the concept I then set about drawing it on paper with pencil. I then go over the outline in black pen so I can scan it to my computer. Once it's on my computer I use a program called Gimp, a drawing tablet and an electronic pen to paint.

The whole process feels very different from writing. Painting is a very calming, relaxing form of recreation and I think it is that way because I paint in 'waves'. Writing is much more intense and something I have to watch because it can lead to hypomania. I have to strike a balance.

*Is there anything left in your life that you'd like to do? That is to say, have all of your aspirations come into fruition or are there still things you'd like to accomplish?*

I have not managed to achieve writing a full length novel yet so that is top of my list. I would also like it to be a bestseller! By that I mean a big bestseller so I can have a steady income.

I am not bothered if I remain an indie author or get a publishing contract, as long as I can write successfully and people enjoy what I do, is all that matters.

*Thanks for checking out this issue's Coffee Time.*



***MJ Holman Bio:***

MJ Holman was born and lives in east London, England. She is the author of *The Sea of Conscience: Poetry, Prose and the Pursuit of Self*, *The Guinea Ghost* and the forthcoming *Waves to Light*.

She has been writing poetry since she was a teenager and has recently turned to other forms of writing. Inspired by her research on the subject, she is currently writing a vampire novel set in the world of 18th century theatre.



***Author Interview***

***Issue 12: The Spooks of Imagination  
Author Interview***

*For Issue 12: The Spooks of Imagination, our Featured Author is Mick Bogerman.*

*Mick, thank you for joining us here today at All Authors Magazine. We're very happy to have you. Whenever we pick an author to interview, we try to pick authors whose work we find interesting. Suffice it to say that your works have peaked our interest. \*giggling\**

*All Authors Magazine is a magazine created by authors, for authors. Our motto is "Advocating all authors, reaching all readers." So, today we are going to pick your brain in the hopes that our readers/followers learn more about the person behind the books.*



***The illustrations of your covers are superb! Can you tell us more about the cover artist for your Slug Pie Stories?***

Sure! Her name is Kat Powell and she lives in Texas. She went to Texas Tech University and got her Bachelors degree in Studio Art. She's so easy to work with too. You just tell her what you have in mind, give her a synopsis of the story, talk about colors and TA DAA she makes a cover. Although it might be a little more complicated on her end. She has a page on the Slug Pie Stories Website and her own page on Behance. We're gonna have Kat do all my covers for as long as she wants to.

***How do you feel when people compare your series to the Goosebumps Publications?***

Do people do that? Really? 'Cause that is awesome! I love R. L. Stine. I mean I don't actually love him; I admire his work. Not that he's not lovable, or anything like that, I just don't know him personally. Do you know him? If you do would you tell him I said, "Hi?"

***What was the inspiration behind Slug Pie Stories?***

Well since you brought up Goosebumps, I read a bunch of Goosebumps books in third grade and I thought it'd be cool if I didn't have to meet a whole new set of characters every time I read one. What if all this weird stuff happened to the same kids in the same town? What if one of those kids was me, and the town was like a magnet for strange creatures? What if I made up guidebooks for all these different situations to help other kids who found themselves in the same situations? You can get a lot done answering a few "what ifs?"

***Despite the stories having a great appeal to young boys, do you have young girls who appreciate them as well?***

You betcha! Lots of girls like the same stuff as boys. Why wouldn't they? It's the stores that decided to split everything out into pink girl's stuff and blue boy's stuff. I think stores must make more money that way.

***What do you do in your spare time, when you are not writing?***

I go to the beach a lot for swimming, fishing, boating, and crabbing. I hang out with my friends. We play basketball and video games mostly. I ride my bike a lot. I really like the comic book store in town. The owner lets me and my brother stay all day if we want. Watching TV, reading, eating, sleeping. Yeah, that's what I'm up to. Unless there's school. Then I'm there. Doing school.

***Are you aspiring, or have you already written an Adult story? If so, in what genre(s), and why?***

Um. No. I don't want to write an adult story. What'd be the fun in that? Anyway, plenty of adults read books written for kids. Maybe they need a break from all the sad in adult books. Kids books have adventure, friendship, scare, humor, why would I want to write about anything else?

***As a child, did you aspire to be a writer when you grew up, or was this unplanned and just happened to work out?***

As far back as I can remember, I've always told stories to my family and friends. They kept saying, "You should write that one down." or "You can make a book out of that one." Yep. That's how it all started. With their help we got this little publishing company started, named it Slug Pie Stories, and TA DAA, the books were born. Although if you ask the adults they'll tell you it ended up being a little more complicated than that.

***Random Question #1: Would you rather fight zombies, a bloodthirsty mermaid, or a robot?***

Hmmm. I don't really want to fight any of them, but if I have some friends and my brother to back me up, it'd probably have to be . . . robots. We can fight them with everyday household items: water guns, fire extinguishers, an electromagnetic pulse emitter.

**Random Question #2: Who was/is your favorite Superhero and why?**

BATMAN! He's just a guy. No superpowers, no mutant genes. He's got epic fighting skills, and awesome toys, and he takes the bad guys down. Definitely Batman. Definitely.

**If you could go anywhere in the world at this very moment, where would it be and why?**

Canada. Or maybe Mexico. They're completely different countries with different cultures and they're right next door to the U.S. I don't even have to take a plane or ship to get to them. How cool is that?

Hey, thanks for interviewing me. This was fun!



You can connect with Mick Bogerman on:

[Facebook](#)

[Twitter](#)

[Goodreads](#)

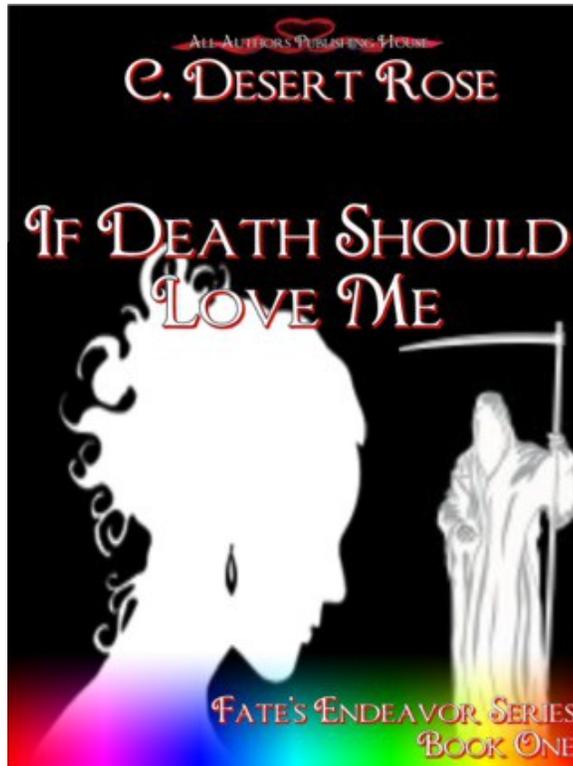


## ***Featured Book***

***If Death Should Love Me***

***By***

***C. Desert Rose***



### **Blurb:**

A dull roar, that's all I could hear. Souls, that's all I could see... So many people. Some good, some bad. Some breathing, some barely breathing. All souls. It was funny what you could see when you stood in the middle of the Emergency Room. Who survived, who didn't. All of them, every one, a soul. A soul for the taking.

So begins your introduction to the floating, clustered world of souls that will have such influence on Sophia, the young Puerto Rican-American girl who has just lost her closest ally, her grandmother, "Abuela". It is just after the funeral, at the cemetery, where Sophia meets the tall, almost angelic man who will play the most unexpected role in her life.

A love story. A fantasy. An adventure. If Death Should Love Me tells a tale of "fate" far beyond the normal meaning of that little four letter word. How else would you explain why Sophia wonders what would happen If Death Should Love Me?



**Excerpt:**

*Comoros, Africa  
190 A.D.*

I was a child—eleven years of age. I was bullheaded and swore that I was a man; as much of a man as any twelve year old in my tribe. As a matter of fact, in my opinion, I was more of a man than they could ever be, as I was the son of the tribe leader.

And, I was in love.

Sulika, was the youngest daughter of the tribes oldest member, the Wise Man, Bohlale. Her mother was his third wife. Sulika was also eleven and as fair as a dove. I wanted her as my wife and I was determined to prove myself a man in order to have her. This was my mission. My promise!

One afternoon I visited my dear Sulika.

“Sulika!” I called out so that she would step outside to see me. She poked her face out from behind her home in order to see who was calling for her. She had been in the backyard of their shack home farming with her mother. “Yes?” She called out.

“Come. Let us play.” I half ordered and half invited, trying to hide my real intention of visiting her from her family. Her mother waved at her without saying a word, prompting her to go.

“I’m coming.” She replied. As I observed, I saw her father watching from the inside of their shack. His eyes blazed with inquiry. She ran toward me and we both headed off before anyone else could follow. I led her into the jungle.

“You will be my wife.” I told her bluntly.

“We are not of age yet. We still have another year. Beside, who told you I want to be your wife?” She teased.

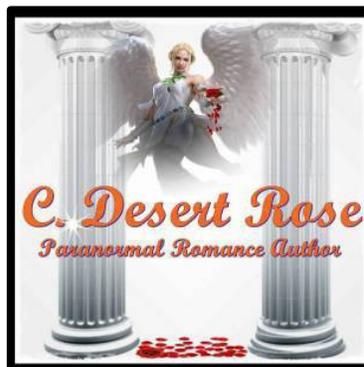
“No one tells me anything. I am prince of this tribe!” I teased back. “And my command is that you will be my first wife.” I continued, as we made ourselves through the jungle, playing with trees, rocks and branches.

“Well, you have three problems,” she said in a vexing tone. “First: you’re too young. Second: I want to be your only wife. And third: you have to prove yourself worthy to have a wife. So what are you going to do about that?” She taunted with the sound of laughter lingering in her voice.

Even though I knew that she was teasing, it somehow hit a nerve, so I responded in anger. “Okay, you will be my only wife! And, I am not too young, and I can prove myself!” Losing control, I ran deeper into the jungle to prove myself.

Sulika, yelled my name from behind. “Amari, wait! What are you doing? Amari, come back!” I could tell in her voice that she was beginning to get worried. Still, I was determined and nothing would deter me from my mission.

“Just watch! I am a man!”



For more about If Death Should Love Me visit:

[The Fate's Endeavor Series website](#)

[C. Desert Rose's Author Website](#)

Twitter [@CDesertRose](#)



**Awesome Covers**  
**Issue 12: The Spooks of Imagination**



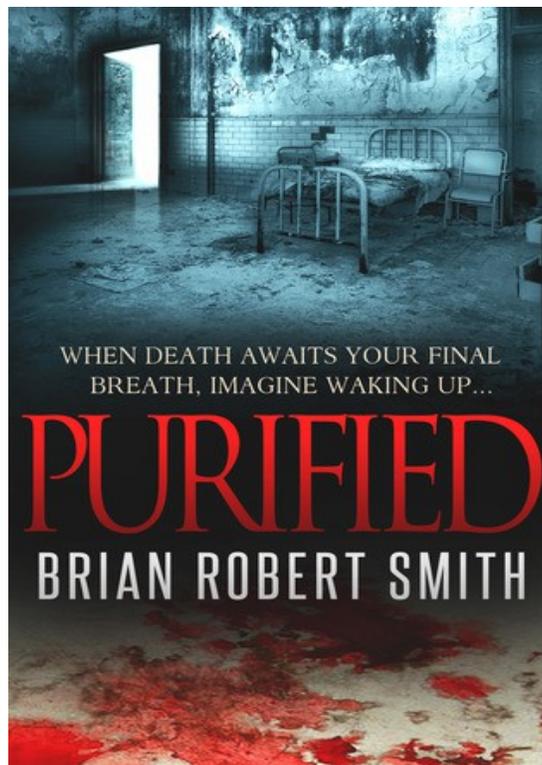
**Networking Links**

**Website**

**Twitter [@sstaubin01](#)**

**Facebook**

***For this issue's Awesome Covers, we are proud to feature Purified by Brian Robert Smith.***



**Genre:** Horror/Psychological Drama

**Available:** Amazon

**1. While writing *Purified*, did you already have specific imagery you wanted depicted in your cover?**

During the process of writing *Purified*—or any story for that matter—I was always thinking about what image should be on the cover. When I was done writing *Purified*, I was unsure. So, I went through the story, beginning to end, and wrote notes on scenes that I thought could be used to define the story. After that I decided on two images: one was of the main character (Mason) escaping from the unauthorized experiment, and the other was of a room where the experiment was being conducted.

**2. Did you design it yourself, or was it done by another party?**

No, the concept is mine, but the art was done by Derek Murphy at [creativindiecovers.com](http://creativindiecovers.com). I wrote the tag line and suggested the bed in an abandon hospital room. Derek found the images and put it all together with layers and filters. At first we had Mason sitting on the bed, but we decided on the empty room with an opened door. That suggests someone has escaped which is what happens when the reader first meets Mason in *Purified*.

**3. Was this the original cover, or was there one prior to the final? If there was a previous cover, why was it revamped?**

Yes, this is the original cover—the only one used for *Purified*. There were other drafts, however. The escaping scene and the experiment scene were conceived; but this scene of an empty bed, in an abandoned hospital room, with blood on the floor is what I decided on.

**4. Do you feel this cover represents your story well?**

I think this cover gives the reader a feel for the external conflict which should intrigue them to find out more. It works well with the tag line: When death awaits your final breath, imagine waking up...From just seeing the cover, the reader doesn't know what waking up *Purified* means; but they can imagine what waking up here would be like.

**5. Is there anything you would change about this cover?**

I always wanted the cover lighter. Not brighter but lighter. The art was done in Photoshop, and the psd was lighter. The conversion to pdf made it darker. I actually decided to lighten the flattened pdf before submitting it for ebook and print.

**6. What is your artistic preference in cover design (abstract, realism, etc.)? Did the cover for *Purified* veer away or stay in alignment with your preference?**

Personally, I don't have an artistic preference as I think the story should determine the type of art used on the cover. I have just released a young adult comedy (*Circumcised at Seventeen: A Previously Uncut Comedy*), and an illustration was done for it. I think, just like in stories, a unique concept is what attracts readers the most. The cover should grab the reader's attention and make them wonder what they are missing out on if they don't read the book.



**Guest Article**

***Don't Tell the Terror***

**Guest Article**

**by**

***Da'Kharta Rising***



When I heard that the theme for Issue 12 of All Authors Magazine Online was “The Spooks of Imagination”, I leaped at the chance to become a part. I tend to express myself with no apologies but for the AAM audience, I will try to tone it down. Keyword being try.

Oh, how rude! I started writing and didn't even introduce myself. I'm Da'Kharta Rising. You can call me by my first name only or by my initials DR. None of that Miss Rising stuff. I'm not on the front porch of a mansion waiting to be served some English tea.

I'm also known as the SASS, the Slightly Anti-Social Socialite. However, I'm going to break my ASP (Anti-Social Protocol) to talk to the writers. Particularly the writers I hold dear to my heart: those who wrote horror, thrillers, and drama.

I have just one simple question:

***Why in the sam Hell must you tell everything?***



Lately, I've been reading books in the previously mentioned genres. The whole beauty of a horror, thriller or drama write is to sustain a level of mystery and generate conflict that keeps the reader guessing.

I'm not a romantic chic, by any means, but think of it like this:

You are a guy surprising his wife for his anniversary. Now if you are going to treat her to a fancy dinner, a snazzy hotel, and some "hot make the cops call knocking" sex, are you going to tell her about it in advance?

**No.**

You may drop hints here and there but you aren't going to say, "Hey babe, we are going to (insert restaurant that is equivalent to a car insurance payment), a five star hotel, then I'm going to strip you down, pour honey on your ass and make you orgasm like never before!"

If you do tell it, then it's stupid!

***Why? Because you've spoiled the surprise.***

**DUH...**

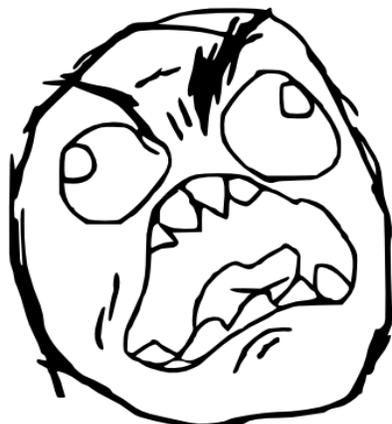


***Why in the hell would I even want to read the entire book if you've given away the identity of the killer twenty five percent in? Or debate on motive when the motive is spelled out?***

Which guru deemed that birthing full blown spoilers in the midst of writing thrillers, dramas and horror was a terrific idea? I'd like to find that person because I would resurrect Jason Voorhees, Michael Myers, and Freddy Kruger to hunt that moron down.

***This. Has. Got. To. Stop.***

***No. I. Will. NOT. CALM. DOWN!***



Yes, the extra periods are on purpose because I want those statements to be like mental hollow points of real talk piercing through your brain.

I do not want to assume that the average reader is so dumb that the writer has to point out every point of conflict in the book. There is something called *imagination*—it can make the scenes in the book be as dull or as fantastic as the reader wants them to be. Why deprive the reader of that freedom with one's diarrhea of the pen?

If you are a writer that is a word count snoot, then use it to set up some scenery or to give a further description of your main character. Even develop some of the supplemental characters to make the main catalyst of conflict look like a richer bad ass. Don't go around telling the very things that make a reader want to grab your work in the first place.

Before I make my exit, a very important SIDE NOTE:

***If you can't keep from revealing the "why, who, and how" in your book blurb, get someone else to write said book blurb.***

I kid you not! There was one book that had a very long blurb. Due to the fly cover and the premise, I picked up the book. Needless to say, that long blurb revealed all the pivotal action about the book. Can we say disappointed? #WhatAFail

The moral of this write: **Show me the fright.**

**Also known as:**

***"Don't tell me who the killer is."***

***"Don't give a play-by-play on motive."***

***"Don't give a blueprint about everyone's drama."***

***"If you must say something, HINT."***

With shiny sharp blades and an even sharper mouth,

DR



If you are still baffled at what I mean, then come closer. I know of some research you can grab.

For the cheapskate (also known as #FREE):

["Vocal Remedy"](#)

For storytelling nestled in Best Selling Books:

"Unrest", "Omitted", and "The Kutters": from [Continuous Drips](#)

"Coalesce": from [Concordant Vibrancy](#)

For maximum paranormal drama:

["Boundless Limits"](#) (Transcendent Choice, Book One)



## **All About Indie**

### **Issue 12: Spooks of Imagination All About Indie with Harmony Kent**



### **The Tangled Webs We Weave**

Hello, and welcome to issue 12 of All Authors Magazine. In previous issues, we looked at the ins and outs of what you need to do to get your book written, polished, and published. The focus was on the externals, whereas in this issue—its theme being The Spooks of Imagination—I thought it might be apt to take a look at the stories we tell ourselves.



Quite often, we are our own worst enemy and harshest critic, and it would be a rare thing for us to judge others in the same severe way. We tend to make black and white comments inside our heads, and take them as truth, when the reality is usually decidedly grey. The problem with this way of thinking, of course, is that it has the tendency to strangle our creativity to death. It will blow up the creative centre of our brain just as surely as if we'd stuck a stick of dynamite in there.

*"I like nonsense; it wakes up the brain cells. Fantasy is a necessary ingredient in living; it's a way of looking at life through the wrong end of a telescope. Which is what I do, and that enables you to laugh at life's realities."*

**~ Dr Seuss**

I love this quote, as it reminds me that the important thing is to write—every day, if I can manage it—not so much what I write. When we have our story idea, we need to just write it out and let it flow. Too often, many writers try to self-edit or self-critique at this stage, and this is guaranteed to kill our muse.

Ever since I got old enough to hold a crayon, I've been writing. However, I didn't publish anything until my early forties—why was this? Now, your answer may be very different, but I suspect that quite a few of us can relate, all the same—I simply didn't have enough confidence. Without this all important ingredient, we can never develop a strong “voice” as an author, and no matter how good our plot, or characters, the lack of a voice will limit the power of what we have to say.

The things we tell ourselves, subconsciously or in full awareness, directly affect how confident or inadequate we are. So, the stories we tell ourselves are of far more significance than the stories we tell others through our writing. The following quote has both negative and positive connotations:

*“If you can imagine it, you can achieve it. If you can dream it, you can become it.”*

~ William Arthur Ward

Basically, this is saying that what we think is what we get. What we think is what we become. What we think is what we attract toward us. Whether this bodes for good or ill is entirely up to us. It is worth, once in a while, taking the time to stop. Just stop, and notice the kinds of thoughts we habitually think, especially as we are writing. Pause and listen. What is our mood? What is behind it? Are we judging as we work?



Don't turn off the power before your bulb is even lit! Light-bulb moments come by on occasion, but only if we're letting the current flow. My rule of thumb is to write out my first draft without censorship. The editing and honest critiquing comes in to play from the second draft onwards. Take note of the word, DRAFT. You're not aiming to write a masterpiece on the first go, but to build it as you polish and refine. Most books have gone through at least two drafts (and usually more) by the time they reach an editor, and more still before they reach the bookshelves.

In the above paragraph, I also mentioned “honest critiquing,” and this is a key term. When it is time for us to look at what we have written, we need to approach this task from a neutral position. If we are wearing any filters, we will do damage, whether this be a black filter or rose tinted. We don't want to be too proud to see our mistakes, and nor do we want to be too jaded to see its worth.

Recently, while at a writer's group, we wrote poems and read them to the group. One lady felt so bad about her work that she couldn't read it out loud. The facilitator encouraged the woman to let her read it, and we were all blown away at what she had written, but she just did not see its value. What a shame. What a waste. Without the kind encouragement of all of us in the group, that beautiful poem would have been thrown in the trash.

As we can see, imagination can be like treading a razor's edge. We need to value our work, while at the same time being able to recognise where we need to tweak and adjust (and sometimes, cut and slash). And, recognising what we can be proud of.



Another thing we tell ourselves, a lot, is that we don't have time. Our lives are simply too full to write. Always, we have something else we need to do, and somewhere else we need to be. Whereas many of us do have to hold down a day job, and/or care for a family, it is not true that we can't find even half-an-hour a day, or half-an-hour a couple of days a week to sit and write. What this lack of time usually implies is procrastination. For one reason or another, we don't actually want to spend time on our writing. And, of course, this stems from the kind of things we tell ourselves.

At the times I suffer from apparent writer's block, I will put aside the work in progress and write something else. Not once have I found that I have nothing to produce, and the block always has something to do with the job in hand. This gives you a valuable clue, and if you find it easy to work on something different, then you need to sit and look at what needs to change in your work in progress. What is it that's creating the block on that particular piece of writing?

Reflection and introspection are an important part of a writer's life, and awareness of what we do with our imaginations. Sometimes, we're just tired, and what we actually need to do is to give ourselves a break—go for a walk, or a drink with friends, or anything else that relaxes you and gives you time out. The self-awareness part comes in when we have to discern whether we do need a break, or if we are putting off doing what needs to be done.

Constantly, as we experience each second of each day, we are telling ourselves things. And, oh, the tangled webs we weave. And then we wonder why we're caught up, why we're stuck, and add insult to injury by getting more and more frustrated, which just adds to the glue. The spider of our mind lies in wait, ready to pounce, and injects its venom at every opportunity.

What happens if we turn all of this around? What then? We break the web of self-deceit. We free ourselves from the cloying, suffocating cocoon. As Alfred Whitney Griswold says, "The only sure weapon against bad ideas is better ideas." All of a sudden, we find we have more time than we had imagined. We find that we have lots of ideas swirling around, begging to be written down, or tapped into a keyboard.

In one sense, writing should be viewed like any other job. As something we have to spend a little time on each day. The old adage "use it or lose it" is very apt, here. But, while many of us have jobs that we don't like all that much, this wants to be one that we enjoy. Otherwise, why are we doing it? The way we feel while writing will show clearly in the finished product.

For me, writing is like breathing, and I miss it desperately when I don't make the time to do it. Of course, I take time off, and some days I'm just not in the mood. But if I go more than two or three days without writing something, then I feel it. There will be a sense of something missing. Not all of us feel like this about our writing lives, but many of us do. The important thing is to respect how it is for us, and live our lives accordingly.

If we love to write, we need to ensure that we make the time, even if that means half-an-hour less sleep a couple of times a week. If we hate it, but it is part of our job, then a helpful approach would be to look at just what it is we don't like, and to be aware of the kind of thoughts we bring to it. And if it feels like a horrifically bad task, then maybe we need to seek alternative employment.

What all of this comes down to is what we tell ourselves. What stories we make up. What spooks of imagination we bring to life. Or magic, come to that. The problem with writers is that they have big imaginations! This is both blessing and curse. Which is why we need to channel what we think.

*“The visionary starts with a clean sheet of paper, and re-imagines the world.”*

**~ Malcom Gladwell**

As authors and writers we don't just make books, we also make our lives. Our imaginations are the key to our very existence. Which is great, because we have it within our power to conjure up the best ever life. We just need to be aware of the spooks of our imaginations. In the same way that serious writers study the world around them, and the people in it, they also study themselves. They read a lot, too. This is all part of the inner life of an author.

There are as many opinions as there are people. Just as we ourselves are full of opinions, thoughts, and ideas, so are other folks. Nowhere is this more obvious than in the realms of book reviews. I recently came across a book that had a thousand reviews. Roughly five-hundred loved it, and the other five-hundred hated it. This says rather more about the readers, than it does about the book. It is the same novel, with that many different opinions. Which brings me back to my first point, about not being overly critical of what we write.

When it comes to reviews on our books, we need to develop a thick skin. And this is one area where the spooks within our minds will run amok if we let them. Whatever you do, don't take your outer critics too seriously. Treat them the same way you need treat your inner critic: listen for the good advice, but otherwise leave it be. Don't get tangled in the webs of words. Some people will love what you have written, others will be indifferent, and yet others will hate it.

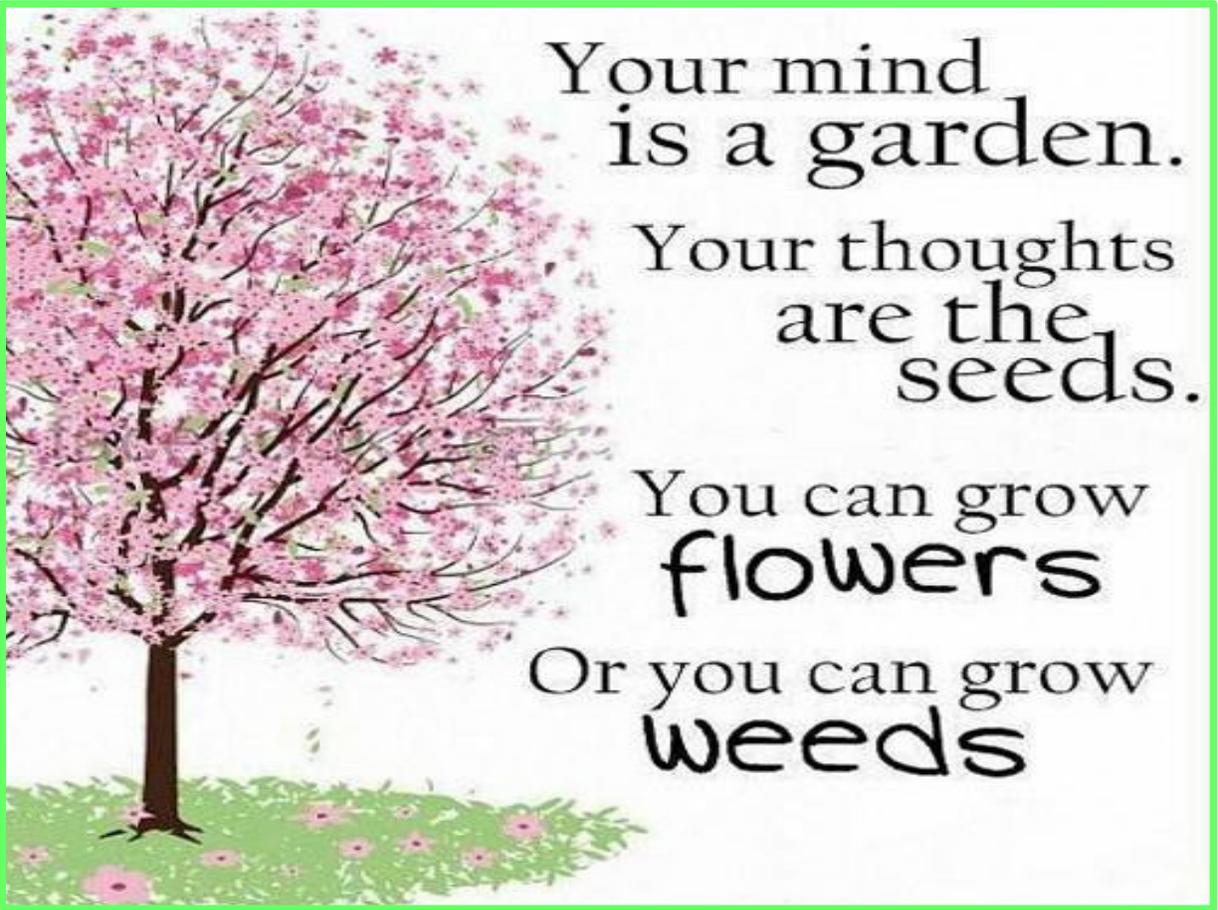
When we write, we often pour ourselves out onto the page, and our books are personal to us. However, we must not receive reviews (glowing or glowering) personally. If we take things too much to heart, we might never write another word. Here comes that need for balance again, and walking the tightrope. When it needs fixing, we fix it. And when it's good, we see that it's good. But we don't get hung up on pride or inadequacy. None of it is personal. None of it defines who we are as a person.



We have looked at the pitfalls of inadequacy and being overly critical. But what of being too proud? Pride often leads to anger, and prevents us from actually hearing constructive feedback. From this position it is too easy to lash out at the offender, and we quickly make a bad name for ourselves. We don't learn the things we need to learn. Our books aren't the only things that make our brand; our personalities are also out there in the public eye. Especially in this modern day and age with the wealth of social media.

Pride and inadequacy are two sides of the same coin—each end of one spectrum. And, throughout our lives, we slide up and down this scale. Even from day-to-day, or hour-by-hour, our perspective shifts.

Our experience is an ephemeral thing, and the webs we weave are what shapes it.



***Ask AJ***

***The Spook of Too Much Information***

In this issue of Ask AJ, we have a two-part question. And here we go!



### **The question:**

*I've just started work on my new novel which is currently classified as a psychological thriller. One of my co-workers found out about my writing venture and was interested in reading what I had so far, since it's one of his favorite genres. Upon reading it, he said that I was revealing too much crucial information that could mess up the whole concept of my book being a thriller.*



**Here's my two part question to you: (1) How can you tell when you've revealed too much in a thriller?  
(2) How can you rectify that in the early stages of writing?**



### **Pre-game**

Before getting to the questions, let me say a couple of things about your situation.

Without knowing the details of your novel, it is hard to tell if you are indeed revealing too much early on. While it is okay to get feedback about your work in progress, the early stages on any work are hard and are just that...the early stages. The all-important first draft will always change, and your story will evolve over more revisions as well.

The one good thing about getting feedback early on is that it makes you **aware**. Aware of how your writing is interpreted and flowing in the story, and aware of things you might be oblivious to as you're penning your novel, but it is a bit too early to pass around just yet.

So on to the first question:

#### **How can you tell when you've revealed too much in a thriller?**

I feel all things will eventually get revealed in a thriller/suspense/horror novel. (Well, almost all things, depending on cliffhangers etc.) There is a time and place to pass on those revealing nuggets to the reader, and depending on the action or the turning points of the story, they should be strategically placed.

When we are writing our stories, most of the time, we are blind to many things in the plot that may be feeding a little too much information to our readers, but that is okay because we are in the process of writing. And that is the only thing that matters at that point in time – just keep writing! This is not the time to decide whether you are revealing too much key info or not.



## **Getting A Team**

Since we are too close to our work to see everything that may be wrong, we need the honest help of others to help us see the proverbial light. Usually the people on your team are not family members. I think you can see where I am going with that.

For me, the best way to know how I'm doing is to have a beta-reader or possibly three with unbiased and honest takes. They will let you know of the story's consistency and flow, and specifically if you are revealing too much early on.

A developmental editor will also find the error of our ways and more, but an editor can dig into our budgets. Either way, beta-readers are a great way to go.

### **How can you rectify that in the early stages of writing?**

This question is an extension of the previous one. To clarify: How should I fix the problem of revealing too much information early in my story?

In answering the first question, my advice was to get the help of others. With this question, the way to rectify or fix problems in the early stages is to simply...**wait**.

### **Wait**

Wait until you are done with your novel. Take a step away and wait until your readers are done reading it. Listen to what they have to say. Take in their advice and opinions and break down your first draft.

Self-edit and reread your story from start to finish. Mark or write down the key revealing points throughout and work to make sure those are not front-loaded in your story. Spread them out smoothly and somewhat evenly to keep the suspense and the flow even.

We can go back to the first few chapters and pull out or move around the things that need it, but only **after** we are done. This way we have the full canvas of our work instead of just the first third or so of the story.

That's how we will fix the problems of revealing too much early on, along with any other problems we run across.

As a side note, and it's just the way I do it, but I don't give my story to beta-readers, family or friends until I have completed my first draft.

I know I will sound like an old record here, but all questions aside, **write, write, and write**. Get that first draft out of the way so you can start revisions with a full work in front of you.

"Keep the reader guessing!"

~ALJ~

Do you have a question for AJ? Send to [admin@allauthorspp.net](mailto:admin@allauthorspp.net). Your question could be used in an upcoming issue!

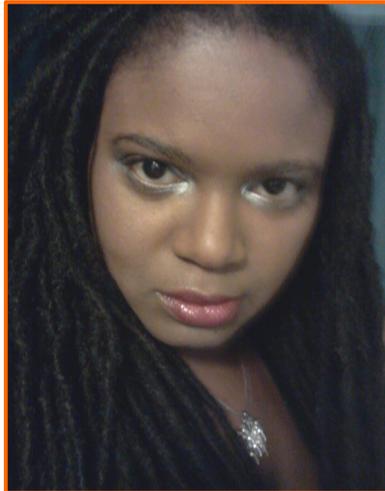




## A Queen's Ramblings

*Poetry Muse (Never Spooked)*

By  
*Queen of Spades*



This is for those who think  
The Ghost of Short Stories  
Stopped by my abode  
And scared my Poetry Muse off.

Haven't you ever heard  
Of something called multi-tasking?  
Guess the answer to that is, "No."  
Otherwise you wouldn't be asking.

I appreciate all of the poetry love  
From *Private Pain to Reflections*,  
But have you ever had a calling so great  
That you had to move in that direction?

You see, that what a storytelling muse do.  
That's what a storytelling muse do ...

*Hey, I'm not Jill Scott,  
Can't make this flow too hot.*

So, instead of making the two forces battle,  
I had them cooperating.  
Poetry was always observing:  
Impatient but appreciating-

All of the hidden messages,  
Touching and so paramount.  
Just the only difference was the chance  
To have a bigger word count.

Now while the Short Story Ghost  
Is resting by its own desire,  
Poetry Muse is busting loose,  
Never devoid of lyric fire!

Two new poetry books  
Will be arriving in due haste,  
And the only thing you will be saying  
Is they both were worth the wait.

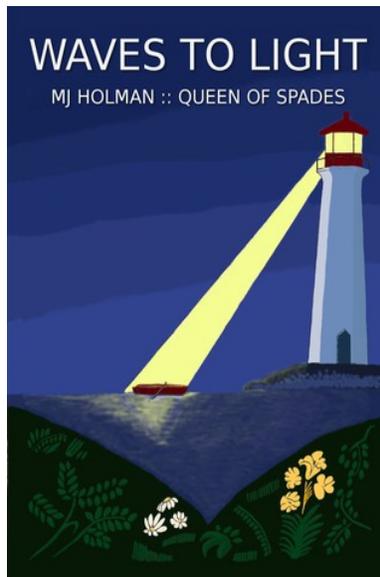
#JustThatFreestyleSh-



***Coming Soon***

This September

Pre-Order your copy on [Amazon!](#)



**Waves to Light by MJ Holman and Queen of Spades**

Waves to Light is the highly anticipated follow up to 1st collaborative effort, The Sea of Conscience. In this collection, we both get a bit more personal, outlining our own individual journeys in the ongoing battle with depression.

***And In December ...***

Life-o-Suction (Spaded Truths II): Life-o-Suction is the impromptu second book following the Spaded Truths prototype: still A-Z but encompassing a blend of social and personal observations.

**The Crook Analysis**  
*Issue 12, The Spooks of Imagination*



***Your Sci-Fi Novels Need Character!***

I've read quite a number of novels in my short life and am sure to continue reading them. I've perused the local bookstores and have read the back covers of quite a number of Sci-Fi novels by publishers like Tor, Del Rey and others and always end up walking away from them, rolling my eyes in disgust over the descriptions on the back. For the most part, they sound like ridiculous space-opera "Star Wars" or "Star Trek" wanna-be's, complete with over-the-top goofy names for alien races and extremely campy character names that induce laughter not awe. I'm 45, not a teenager, so perhaps my judgment is skewed and jaded by my few years of being an independent author.

I know what you're thinking and you're right. "Star Wars" itself seems ridiculous if one scrutinizes the names of characters, places, weapons and gadgets. Character names like 'Luke Skywalker' and 'Han Solo' seem a bit contrived and humorous, and the names for the planets, 'Dantooine' and 'Tatooine' remind me of chewing gum and mouthwash, respectively. But as these are names of fictitious people and places in galaxies, it's fine, as long as the characters are strongly written with backstories and some details that allow the reader to identify with them.

For instance, when we saw "Star Wars" for the first time, we knew that Luke Skywalker comes from Tatooine and lives with his aunt and uncle because his parents are dead. By the end of the movie, we know that he made friends on that planet, lost one during the attack on the "Death Star" (Biggs), and became a fighter pilot with the rebellion. Things change for the boy in the subsequent movies, but these truths are evident by the end of the first movie. With this being said, Luke Skywalker is twice the character that Han Solo is. Why? Easy. What's Solo's back story? He's a smuggler that has a fast ship and a really tall, furry Wookiee pal named Chewbacca. Uh-huh. What else? He's got some past with Jabba the Hutt and has gotten into trouble with the Empire before. Mmmkay, good. What else?

Silence.

My point here is that even though "Star Wars" is a great film and we love the characters and can't seem to get enough of them, from a literary point of view, one can't build a story on a 'Han Solo' alone. My apologies to the authors of those supplementary novels that capitalized on the "Star Wars" franchise, if they've built him up with a nice backstory, that's good. He needed one. I read a few of those half my life ago and aside from allusions to previous adventures, he seemed the same guy to me. No hate intended, honest. Who doesn't love Han Solo? I'm just saying I'd rather sit down for a Tupperware tumbler of green liquid with Obi Wan. Duh.

I'm talking to the authors or would-be authors of Science Fiction right now.

Give your characters strength and dimension by providing details. Without strong characters, the readers are not going to pick up what you're laying down, no matter how solid the premise of the rest of the story. It's one thing to have created this fantastic alien race with these wonderful high-tech gadgets and weapons or whatever, but it's another thing to create a believable protagonist, supporting character or a nemesis if you cannot make your characters solid and multi-dimensional.

Obviously, those of you planning on writing a series and featuring the same characters over and over don't need to show all your cards at once. Think of the example of Luke Skywalker again. The whole, "Darth Vader is your father thing" came about in the following movie along with the fact that Princess Leia was his sister. You want to give away the right amount of information and not say so much that you write your character into a corner.

I've read some pretty poorly written works in my time and the leading reason that they are so, is the character development. Some really good ideas have been ruined by the author overlooking the importance of their characters. Here are some tips that come to mind.

- 1) Early on in the manuscript, describe the main character's physical features. You don't have to be extremely detailed, but pick out three or four physical attributes early on and tell us about them. You can always give more detail later.
- 2) Give some details to your ancillary characters, too. A brief physical description can go a long way. Include some details about them while they interact with your main character. It adds dimension.
- 3) Don't get into a bog with details, either. I recently read a book where the main character sought the advice of a former lover. There were three pages of physical description and backstory that went into this character and then, POOF! She was never mentioned again. As a reader, I was miffed.
- 4) It's okay to remind your readers of an attribute as well, especially if it's your second or third book in the series. Readers might not have tuned in for the first installments. Don't reiterate everything, just hint at the details as you go along.
- 5) Don't sacrifice your character building for the sake of imaginary technology. The Enterprise would never have been nearly so interesting without a Captain Kirk or Mister Spock. You may think you have a wonderfully entertaining story based around an impossibly terrific piece of imaginary equipment or technology, and you may be right, but without developed characters, you've got nothing but a script for a YouTube video.
- 6) No character should ever be flawless, but none should be horrifically tragic, either. Perfection is boring, let's face it. Without kryptonite, Superman would win everything all the time and put all those comic book fans to sleep. On the other hand, no one likes to read about Major Wuss, either. A good balance makes for a captivating character.

Science fiction books have a hard enough time appealing to readers as it is, these days. As much as we super geeks and nerds love "Star Trek", "Star Wars" and "Doctor Who", and want to write something to compete with them, the author in us has to consider the depth of these characters that we love so much and emulate that well in our own creations. Sometimes, it takes more work to build a "Luke Skywalker" than it does a "Death Star". Keep cranking on those stories, kids!



To connect with Frederick H. Crook, Sci-Fi author, visit:

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## Historical Harbor

Issue 12, The Spooks of Imagination

The Unique Challenge of Words in Historical Fiction

By

Douglas Boren



Sometimes readers of historical fiction complain that it is too wordy, too explaining, or adding too much detail in the scenes. They may even feel that the story would gain in strength by heavier editing.

But I submit that the additional detail, or over-elaboration, is something that is expected or even necessary because it's historical fiction. Basically, historical fiction has to obey all the same rules as any kind of fiction. And yet, we are creating worlds that are unfamiliar to our readers. We want them to be able to picture what we picture. We want them to be in the period.



For instance, a novel set in modern times can assume a lot more than one set in the past (and I suspect that fantasy and science-fiction also share some of this). You can say “She got dressed and went to work,” and we’ll all have a pretty good image of what that would entail. What about in a past where, in some social milieus, one didn’t dress oneself, where it was impossible, in fact, to do so because of all the fastenings at the back, completely out of reach? Or you could also say, “He rode to town”. How, exactly? A horse? A carriage? If so, what kind? Then you would even have to describe the road. In our modern minds, we automatically envision a four lane paved highway, but in historical fiction, you can’t assume anything. That world is as alien as any there is to the imagination of the reader.

That’s an oversimplified example, but I think it’s a little to the point. Of course, the real trick is to convey all that detail, all that evocation of a period and place, and not make the text feel overburdened with words. Then, you have to make sure that you don’t lose the reader for the opposite reason, because she lacks the period vocabulary to paint that mental picture. A crespine, for instance, mentioned as an item of clothing, needs to somehow be put in context as something that goes on the head. In a modern context, there’s no need to explain what you do with a hat.



I think this need of historical fiction, of drawing the reader into a world they are completely unfamiliar with, and is partly why people will read multiple books set in the same time period, or concerning the same people. Over time, they’ve built up a “vocabulary” of images that put them in that place and era, and they don’t have to work quite as hard to find their way back as they had to work to get there in the first place.

For example, John Jakes wrote a fascinating series of early America comprising no less than eight books collectively known as the “Kent Family Chronicles”. Likewise, he also wrote the North and South trilogy. For the reader who takes the time and effort to read these, whether or not all at once, they are transported into that world, with all of its unique vocabulary, culture, and wonder. The familiarity makes the reader comfortable, and they easily glide through a new world they were unaware of previously.

Then there are the anachronisms. That’s when a modern word is used that simply didn’t exist during your story’s time frame, or had a totally different meaning. While it may make perfect sense to you, the writer, and may even sound perfect in your head, it could be absolutely out of place and destroy the authenticity of the story.

For example, I couldn’t write, “Come and get it, punk” in the 1700’s England. Punk simply didn’t exist in that context. Obviously, if a character saw a heroic act by someone in the 1800’s, he wouldn’t say, “That was cool, dude!”



So historical fiction writing presents itself with unique challenges. However, if handled correctly, the words are the vehicle that takes us to the stuff of dreams.

I invite you to look further by going to [DougBoren.com](http://DougBoren.com).



## Short Story Station

### Issue 12: Spooks of Imagination

**“Demons”**  
**By**  
**Beem Weeks**

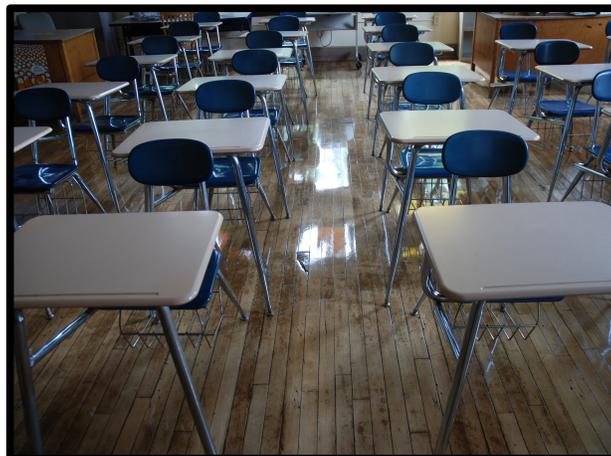


Ghosts don't exist. They simply are not real. When a person dies, they cease to be—unless you're religious, then you have either heaven or hell. Dead people don't wander around on planet Earth, hiding out in rundown old farm houses. They just don't. My mother told me so a hundred times. So did my father.

Demons, well, they're a different thing altogether.

I saw it at the bottom of the list. My name, Jessa Leaner, big and bold in the late summer sunlight, showing I'd be one of the fortunate ones. I'd be sitting in Mrs. Corner's class for my fifth grade year. That meant other kids, those less fortunate ones, would be forced to endure an entire school year under the rule of fat Miss Biddlewine. After all, Conklin Elementary School had just two fifth grade classrooms. A kid's entire well-being depended upon the fate tossed at him or her by those in charge of assigning students to teachers.

Mrs. Corner, she'd been at it since my own parents had made their way through fifth grade; a kindly sort—not at all different from my own grandmother. Her classroom rested beneath a cozy atmosphere, with posters on the walls encouraging reading and writing and believing that anything and everything is possible for those who dared apply the effort. An aquarium at the rear of the room flashed the brilliant colors of exotic fish not native to our area—reds and blues and greens and yellows. Jiminy the gerbil worked furiously on the wheel inside a cage next to the fish tank—as if he, alone, powered the very lights overhead.



There weren't enough desks, though. Four neat rows of sixes added up to just twenty-four. Three of us didn't get there early enough to secure our places.

"There's room in Miss Biddlewine's class," Mrs. Corner explained, dismissing the overflow of kids standing at the back of the room.

Tommy Richter grinned at me from his seat, said, "Shit out of luck, Leaner. Off to the dungeon."

Three of us were forced to make the slow march down the hallway to the cold, bland, fishless, gerbil-less, poster-less confines belonging to the one nicknamed The Beast.

It didn't take long for me to wind up on the bad side of Miss Biddlewine. An A+ book report suffered with the markings of a D- after The Beast had become convinced that I hadn't fully read the assigned novel. But I had read it—the year before. So what if I forgot about the little twist at the end?

"You're a lying little cheat," she told me to my face.

"Am not," I argued.

Detention followed; a full week of missed recesses.

"I hate her," I told Shasta Cummings on the bus ride home from school that day.

Shasta said, "You do not."

We'd been best friends since before kindergarten, me and Shasta—even though we're complete opposites. Shasta, tall and blond and beautiful, scored all A's on her report cards and never spoke a bad word against anybody. Me? Short with brunette hair chopped in a pixie cut. And my grades, well, they were nearly as bad as my attitude—if you believed my mother.

"Okay," I relented, "maybe I don't hate her. Maybe I just don't like her very much."

The bus trundled down Grove Road past the old Fielding place. All eyes aboard the bus turned fearfully on the abandoned farm house. Nobody but squatters had bothered with the place since Elmer Fielding took a hammer and caved in the heads of his wife and three young children before shooting himself in the temple some thirty years earlier.



"We're going to stay the night in there on Halloween," Shasta boldly proclaimed.

Tommy Richter didn't believe a word of it. "Horse shit!" he spat. "Ain't nobody got guts enough to go in there at night. Even those squatters make sure they're out before sundown."

I had to side with Tommy on that one. Shasta had been saying we'd stay the night in the old Fielding place every Halloween since second grade. We never did, though.

Tommy's the one who brought it up. He said, "You know, Fieldings and Biddlewines are blood related." He shifted in his seat across the aisle from me and Shasta. "Rumor has it that Miss Biddlewine's mother was a Fielding."

"So what?" I retorted. "What's that got to do with the price of tea in China?"

"Means she might have it in her to just up and snap one day," Tommy explained, ambling toward the door to get off at his stop. "Crazy runs in families, I hear."

\* \* \*

I didn't mean to say it out loud; it just sort of slipped past my lips and found its way into Miss Biddlewine's ears. Write an essay on what we hope to be when we grow up, she told the class.

Simple enough; I wanted to move to Hollywood and be an actress, I wrote. It's a dream I'd nurtured since the first time I ever saw The Wizard of Oz on TV. I yearned to be Dorothy, just wandering along my own yellow brick road. It didn't matter that I'd never acted in anything—I was simply too petrified to try out for the school plays year after year.

Miss Biddlewine's beady black gaze fixed on me like I'd brought a plague into her classroom. "You're joking, right?" she said. "A Hollywood actress? You? No, ma'am. An actress must be pretty and talented. You, Jessa Leaner, are neither. I suspect you'll amount to little more than a housewife to one of the local farmer boys. That will be your lot in life."

Anger got hold of me, convincing me that this was not the time to cry. Not in front of The Beast.

As I said, I didn't mean to say it out loud.

But the words fell out anyway.

Loud and hate-filled came my voice. "I hope you die!"

Gasps filled the room, sucking all the breathable air from my lungs. I wanted to apologize right there on the spot. But the thing about pride, well, pride is an obstacle.

Pride goeth before destruction.

Miss Biddlewine didn't react—at least not the way I figured she might. She simply dismissed me and called up the next student.

\* \* \*

We all knew something bad had happened when we found Principal Goresline, rather than a substitute teacher, occupying Miss Biddlewine's desk.

"Died during the night," he said, his words fluttering above my head like evil accusing butterflies.

All those other kids looked on me as if I'd gone to Miss Biddlewine's house myself and did away with her.

The accusation from my conscience found its mark. My fault!

"She was fat," said Shasta. "She had a heart attack. You can't blame yourself because she ate too much."

But I'd said those words. I'd said them aloud.

Spoken words can never be taken back.

\* \* \*

“It’s a Ouija board,” Shasta announced, cradling the box like she would a newborn baby. “We’ll use it to conjure up Miss Biddlewine when we stay in the Fielding place tonight.”

“My parents won’t let me be out all night,” I argued, hoping to talk her out of such a foolish notion.

“They’ll never even know. You’re telling them we’re staying at my house, and my parents will think I’m staying with you.”

I needed to know. I needed to ask Miss Biddlewine if she blamed me for her death.

“Does that thing work?” I wondered aloud, nodding at the box.

Shasta’s reply came adamant, certain. “Of course it works. My cousin Janet used it to talk to our grandmother last Halloween. She asked private questions and the board answered correctly. It had to be Grandma because nobody else could have known the answers.”



We walked up on the Fielding place just as the sun dropped below the horizon, leaving the sky streaked through with purple. First-floor windows had long-ago been busted out by teenagers using the place for a hangout. Graffiti on the walls told tales about this girl or that one who might do things I’d never heard of before. Spent cigarette butts and empty beer cans littered the creaky floor.

“We’ll sleep upstairs,” Shasta said. “It’s not as dirty up there.”

Water stains painted ghostly images on the ceiling where the elements breached the leaky roof. Half-burned logs clogged a small fireplace inside the bedroom we claimed.

“Can you build a fire?” Shasta asked.

I tossed up a shrug, said, “Maybe we shouldn’t.”

I’d long ago learned to hate that dismissive tsk sound Shasta often employed. She knew as well as I did that I’d give in.

“Fine,” I huffed, “—but I ain’t taking the blame if this place burns down.”

\* \* \*

Shadows came out against the orange glow. Teasing dark shapes danced in corners, mocking our false bravado.

“Do you suppose he killed somebody in this room?” Shasta wondered.

He did; one kid in each bedroom as they slept. The wife, she’d been found in the kitchen. Fielding killed her as she prepared breakfast for her family.

We sat Indian style, facing each other, in front of the fire. The Ouija laid claim to the space between us. Candy bars and soda pops kept us in comfort.

Simple questions were asked as a means to calibrate the spirits. The oracle moved to either yes or no, depending on the knowledge we'd sought.

Shasta took control once we were satisfied we'd connect with somebody.

She asked, "Can we speak to Miss Biddlewine?"

The oracle slid across the board. Yes.

"I didn't mean it," I whined, hoping Miss Biddlewine herself might be listening. "Honest."

Letters began to pile up beneath the oracle, spelling out words I didn't want to know. KILL came first. Then, DEMON; DEATH and BLOOD followed.

"This ain't Miss Biddlewine," Shasta assured me.

I flung an accusation at her. "You're the one moving that stupid thing, aren't you?"

"I swear I'm not," Shasta promised.

All that soda pop and a case of the nerves got to me. "I gotta pee," I told her, gaining my feet.

"Hafta go outside," Shasta said. "Somebody smashed the toilet."

"Come with?" I asked, hoping to hide the pleading in my voice.

But Shasta wouldn't budge. The comfort of her sleeping bag won out over friendship.

Under my breath, I said, "I hope they get you."

The stairs creaked beneath my feet. Darkness swallowed the main floor rooms. Outside, thick black clouds blotted out the moonlight. The night air had gone to a damp chill.

In the back of my head I could hear my mother's voice. Be quick about it!

Just beyond the back door I popped the snap and pulled my jeans down. That's when I heard it—heard them. Those whispered voices mocking me from somewhere inside that old death house. Shadows moved through the kitchen like tall dark ghosts, vaguely human in shape. I counted two of them against the blackness.

"Come inside," a whispered voice seemed to say.

Long, twisted fingers gripped the door frame.



A face, gaunt and hollow, peered out at me, watching me through black pools of nothingness where the eyes were meant to be.

I have no recollection of yanking my pants up; just of running across a field of soy beans, stumbling blindly toward my house.

My mother opened the door, said, "I thought you were staying at Shasta's house."

"Decided not to," I replied, slipping words between puffs of breath.

"Shoulda called; I'd have sent Daddy to pick you up. A girl shouldn't be wandering around at night."

I could still see that face: the empty gaze, protruding cheek bones, and the way its tongue dangled between cracked lips. Had he been one of Fielding's victims? A son, maybe?

\* \* \*

Shasta's parents came looking for her the following day.

I don't know why but I told them everything. I told them about staying at the Fielding place, the Ouija board, seeing the demon in the window.

They found Shasta's body in the room we'd shared. She'd been abused in ways you'd expect to read about on graffiti-covered walls.

Squatters, the police claimed. Drug addicts, judging by all the needles found.

I knew better, though. I'd seen the culprits.

Demons.



# Poetry Unleashed

**Unleashed Feature**  
***Poetry Unleashed***  
***Featured Poet***



For this issue, All Authors decided to do a feature poem as well as interview the author of said poem. Check out the haunting ambiance of "[\*Hiding in the Wilderness\*](#)" by Chantal Bellehumeur.

***Hiding in the Wilderness***

Alone she sat surrounded by darkness,  
Except for the moon that shone in the sky.  
Hiding in the middle of the wilderness,  
She feared the footsteps she could hear nearby.

Dry leaves and branches crackled beside her;  
The beat of her heart accelerated,  
Her breathing became louder and harder.  
Scared of what might happen, she waited.

Total silence came down so suddenly,  
Making her paranoid and quite disturbed.  
Her green eyes looked around nervously,  
As a loud echoing gun shot was heard.

The man who had run to warn her was dead,  
Receiving the bullet right in the head.





***Website***

***Facebook***

***Goodreads***

***Chantal, thanks for taking time out of your busy schedule to sit with All Authors Magazine for our Poetry Unleashed feature. Today we would like to pick your brain on what stirs your imagination, as well as how that trickles down into your poetic approach and your other forms of writing.***

***The theme for Issue 12 is “The Spooks of Imagination”. What does that theme mean to you as it pertains to your writing?***

The words Spooks of Imagination is inspiring me to let my mind wander off in various directions and invent stories.

***Prior to writing, you expressed an interest in acting. Talk to us more about your experiences.***

When I was a child, I was a natural performer and loved to sing and dance in front of an audience. In my teenage years I became very shy.

I took acting lessons to overcome that shyness and developed a liking for stage acting. I performed in a couple of amateur plays with a local theatre school called Orléans Young Players (O.Y.P.), one of which was a collective piece taken to the Ottawa Fringe festival. We were the youngest group to ever perform in the festival so it was quite thrilling to be part of it.

The following year I auditioned to be in a youth run theatre company associated with O.Y.P. After being accepted into ENCORE! I continued to act but also did backstage work. I was always so excited before and during a show.

Pretending to be a character really helped with my shyness over the years and I often made some up to do oral presentations. I felt more comfortable pretending to be somebody else in front of people and my grades were affected in a positive way when I hid behind a fake identity.

I later auditioned for the theatre program at Concordia University in Montréal and was accepted. It was quite an accomplishment for me since only about twenty people or so are allowed in each year. I was about 6 1-2 months pregnant when I started my university classes in the fall. My teachers didn't think I would last the semester but I successfully completed the three classes I had registered for. I then took some time off to take care of my baby. I planned on returning to University at some point but never did because I wanted to be as present as I could for my son. Plus, a career in acting was not very stable.

Rather than study theatre, I got an agent and worked as an extra in numerous movies, télévisions shows, and commercials from time to time for fun. I also took a few camera acting classes in the evening. I much preferred stage acting because of the rush, but continued to do camera work because I liked the experience.

I met my current husband on the set of "The Aviator", but we only started dating about twelve years later. I was still in a relationship with my son's father during my camera acting days.

By the time Jeff and I reunited, my love for acting had been replaced with writing. I guess I had always been a writer, but never considered publishing anything until a friend of mine told me I should.

I found that writing was very much like acting, in the sense that I had to place myself in the shoes of the characters. It was a lot more feasible for me to write as a hobby as opposed to act because I did not have to depend on anyone.

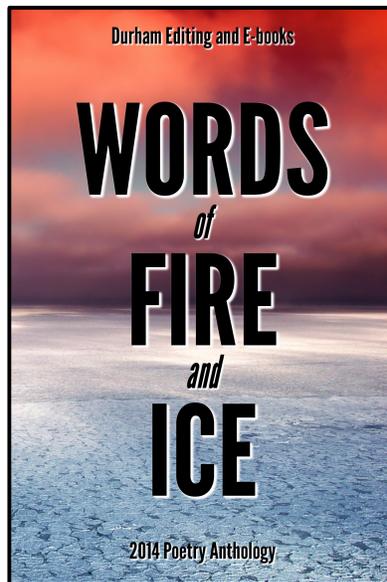
I use my acting skills to write at times, pretending to be my characters.

I have transferred my passions of writing as well as acting to my teenaged son. I recently coached him so that he could start doing extra work on camera like I used to.

***At what age did you begin writing poetry and did it serve as a catharsis for you?***

I think I started writing poetry when I was a teenager. If I may say so myself, I was pretty good at poetically jotting down my feelings or making up stories in rhymes. I kept the majority of my work to myself though, finding it way too personal to share. Some of my poems were quite dark or depressing.

Later on, after I started publishing, I decided to come out of my shell and expose some of my poetry. It made me feel a bit naked so I chose to publish "Hiding in the Wilderness", which was originally the result of a high school assignment, because of its story form; it revealed less about my emotions and I did not feel like I was allowing the world to find out a deep secret.



***You have been a part of several anthologies by Durham Editing and Ebooks. What was it like being in their Words of Fire and Ice poetry anthology?***

I deeply enjoyed working with Durham Editing from the very first time I contributed my work for one of their books, which was for an anthology called "Aspiring to Inspire." That is where my poem "Hiding in the Wilderness" was originally published. The fact that the poem got accepted for publication in the All Authors Magazine as well gave me extra confidence.

When I found out that Durham Editing was doing a poetry anthology, I decided to pull out some more of my old stuff to see if I would be comfortable publishing more poems and ended up submitting three.

I was both very happy as well as nervous when I found out that the ones entitled "The Vision" and "Wanting to end my Life", were approved for publication. I had written them while pretending to be characters I had created in my head.

I felt the same emotions about publishing a poem I ended up entitling "To the man that makes me happy", which had been composed in my teenaged years while wishing I had such a man in my life. I dedicated it to my boyfriend (now husband) early in our relationship because I was grateful to have found the perfect man for me. It was a surprise for him, so I guess part of me was afraid of his reaction. He ended up liking the poem and was moved by the dedication. I was relieved that he appreciated my heartfelt gesture.

My son wasn't as impressed with my poetry as my husband was, but that was to be expected.

I decided to write a poem for him so that I could publish something new. Although I wasn't unhappy with my work, I realised that I had lost my touch a bit. Practice makes perfect as they say, and I had not written any poems in a while. I felt very proud that my new poem "To my loving son Michael Aidan" was included in Durham Editing's anthology along with the three old ones, but didn't think I was going to attempt composing poetry anymore while story ideas were continuously running through my head.

***Do you think the type of poetry you write fits the current landscape of poetry today? Expand on your answer.***

I find poetry in general to be very personal and hard to judge. I am a book reviewer on top of being a writer and I don't review poetry because I can't say if a poem is good or not. I used to know a lot about the different types of poetry and did my best to follow the rules when I composed something. I am more of a story teller now. I still write a bit of poetry when the mood strikes me but not for publication so I don't follow any landscape. I just write what feels right to me.

***Do you think poets should record their poetry or perform spoken word? Why or why not?***

Until now, I never stopped to consider that. I guess it would be similar to watching a play or a movie. It would be easier to feel the written words of the poet if heard from their voice or even seen with gestures. I once had to create a maquette to represent a poem of my choice in a design class. My teacher and I saw the poem differently. I realised then that poems could be interpreted in different ways. It would be interesting to get the point of view directly from the poet and compare it with your own perception.

You have transitioned into other forms of writing, such as short story writing and novel writing. Do you find at times that the short story/novel writing muse competes with your poetry muse, or do they operate on the same wavelength?

No, I don't find that my short story/novel writing muse competes with my poetry muse. My poetry muse actually comes to compliment my stories at times.

***Out of all the genres you dabble in, what is your favorite genre and why?***

That is a tough question.

My baby is my horror novel but it is very gory and I had to place myself in the shoes of a serial killer, which was not fun at all. I actually almost didn't publish the book because I was afraid of how people would view me, just like I almost didn't publish any of my poems.

Although I love scaring people for fun, I developed a soft touch and I've been enjoying writing feel good stories or memoirs lately. I like knowing that I make people smile and want to enjoy life after reading one of my stories or books. The memoirs are meant to keep the good memories alive. I feel that I have immortalized love ones by writing about my time with them and publishing my work.

Just like my poetry though, I prefer to keep some memoirs more to myself or those I am close to rather than share them with the world.

***Out of your body of poetry, which poem or set of poems do you believe have been the most inspirational to your audience, and what makes that poem or poems so appealing?***

I know that the poems I write for specific people are usually appealing to them, just like the poems written for me are appealing to me.

I know the two poems I included in my short story “Saint Valentine’s Day” were well loved by my mother because she told me so. She printed and framed one of them. According to my mother, it was appealing because it was short and truthful.

I don’t recall getting any feedback about my poetry from anyone else, but even if I had I think a poet should write from their soul and seek personal gratification rather than the admiration of others.

**What advice do you have to any poet who is on the fence about crossing over to other styles of writing?**

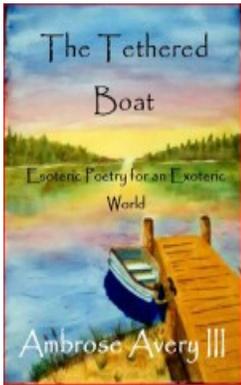
The best advice I could give is to have fun while trying out different genres. Listen to constructive criticism, but also remember to stay true to yourself.



## **Current Flows**

### **Issue 12: The Spooks of Imagination**

#### **Wet With Ink (Current Flows)**



**Title: *The Tethered Boat-Esoteric Poetry for an Exoteric World***

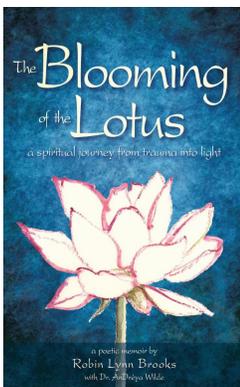
**Author: *Ambrose Avery III***

**Type of Poetry: *Spiritual***

**Release Date: *August 15, 2015***

**Available: *Smashwords***

**Blurb:** *The Tethered Boat-Esoteric Poetry for an Exoteric World*, is a book of metaphysical poetry, written from the heart, soul and Spirit. If you are unfamiliar with the terms “esoteric”, “exoteric” and/or “metaphysical” you’re not alone. For the quick definitions, “esoteric means: “secret, confidential and internal”, and exoteric means “general, well-known, and external.” Metaphysical means “Spiritual.”



**Title: *The Blooming of the Lotus***

**Author: *Robin Lynn Brooks***

**Type of Poetry: *Self-Help***

**Release Date: *August 15, 2015***

**Available: *Amazon***

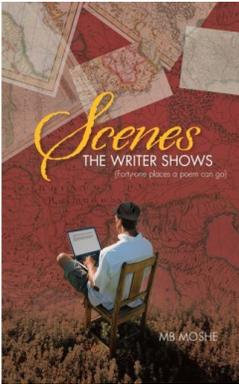
**Abbreviated Blurb (For Full Blurb, visit Amazon):** Survivors often feel alone in their experiences, with emotions that linger long after the trauma is over. As a survivor of incest, Robin Lynn Brooks understands the feelings. In her groundbreaking poetic memoir, *The Blooming of the Lotus*, she takes you on her deeply personal journey of healing. Traveling into the abyss of her past, exploring the depths of her experiences with brutal incest, violence, and torture, she journeys on her awe-inspiring quest to uncover her authentic self. The book will strike a chord with survivors, lending hope that even the deepest, darkest pit of despair can be opened to the light.



**Title:** *One True Thing*  
**Author:** *Phil McNulty*  
**Type of Poetry:** *Contemporary*  
**Release Date:** *August 16, 2015*  
**Available:** *Smashwords*

**Blurb:** 'One True Thing' is a collection of poems characterised by social realism. They attempt to 'say it as it is'. Each offers 'one true thing'.

**Title:** *Scenes the Writer Shows (forty-one places a poem can go)*  
**Author:** *Michael Amram*  
**Type of Poetry:** *African-American*  
**Release Date:** *August 19, 2015*  
**Available:** *Smashwords*



**Blurb (as told by the Author):** Scenes the Writer Shows {forty-one places a poem can go} is a collection of poems from my travels and experiences. They detail situations and moments in life—mine or someone else's—that were either positive or negative.

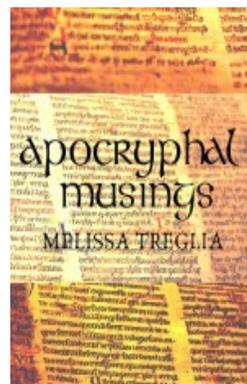
**Title:** *Exchange Rate*  
**Author:** *Claire Monserrat Jackson*  
**Type of Poetry:** *Gay and Lesbian*  
**Release Date:** *August 20, 2015*  
**Available:** *Smashwords*



**Blurb:** Gentleman robbers take flight, devils are redeemed, and old gods try to keep up with the latest trends in this collection of light, dark, and romantic verse. A mother and daughter are in the same room, separated by an uncrossable ocean; a man from Memphis turns the tables on the Father of Lies; a lone (and lonely) assassin contemplates her future and her past; and sirens and pizza exercise an equally magnetic pull on the souls of mere mortals.

All the negotiations we make with others—and ourselves—come into play, and love may be out of reach...but it's never off the table.

**Title:** *Apocryphal Musings*  
**Author:** *Melissa Treglia*  
**Type of Poetry:** *Women's*  
**Release Date:** *August 20, 2015*  
**Available:** *Smashwords*



**Blurb:** A collection of one hundred poems written from 1994 to 2015, on a variety of topics. Some saw previous release online, others have never been seen before. Some are humorous, others deeply romantic. Dive into a world of dreams and words.



***True or False?***

***1. It is a good idea to set a deadline for reviews when sending out advanced reader copies (ARCs).***

**False.**

One should never set a deadline for reviews when sending ARC copies of one's book. However, there is a catch. It is always good to "suggest" to the ARC reader by when you'd like to have the review posted if possible. "Suggest", of course being the operative word.

You see, if you give the ARC reader a set date you are going to encounter a few obstacles.

1. They may not have the time to read your book and turn you down altogether. One, as the author, should never turn down and/or hinder the possibility of getting a review. In suggesting a date, the review will not feel burdened by a timeline and will give your book the attention it requires.
2. They might not have time to read your work thoroughly and miss out on an important part which could ultimately hamper their rating/review.

***2. You should try to join as many online organizations as possible in order to promote your work.***

**True.**

As the author (if you are Indie, you're acting as the publisher as well), it's your responsibility to spread the word about your work. That being said, there is no greater support system than online communities. True, some quality groups have become watered down for one reason or another. True, Facebook is at the top of this list in that regard. However, there are plenty of other platforms where one can find these types of organizations. Google+, Twitter, Goodreads and LinkedIn are great places. There are also places like Authors.com. You just have to look. In so doing, you can and will meet other authors like yourself that will be willing to help and guide you on your venture.

### *3. An author should always engage with his readers through social networking.*

*AHA! Trick Question!*

#### **True and False!**

Here is the reason why the above theory can be both true and false.

It can be true, because there are plenty of readers that want to connect with their favorite author on a personal level. They want to learn what your favorite food or color is. Your readers want to know that YOU are just as human as they are. Social media is the best tool for that.

False because, while the author can and should engage, this should be kept professional. There is an invisible line that has been drawn, and it's our job not to step over it. Therefore, no "baby mamma drama", no "random fits of anger", no "unmerited hissy fits where you tell the world about how crappy your life is."

What was that I said about professionalism? Oh yes, that's right! KEEP IT!

### *4. Dark colors and ominous font works best for works classified as horror, thriller, or psychological drama.*

#### **True.**

Color scheme, font feel and overall ambiance is imperative when presenting the theme/genre/classification of a book.

A reader wouldn't anticipate, much less look for, a horror book with a pink cover, rainbows, butterflies and unicorns on it, now would they? This would be much like you expecting to see flying whales at the doctor's office. It doesn't make any sense.

For horrors, thrillers and psychological dramas, dark colors and ominous fonts do work best, yes.

### *5. For works that are in a series/saga, it is wise to have a website specifically for those bodies of works.*

#### **False.**

While it is nice to have, it's not necessary required. This makes the above statement null and void. It is neither wise, nor foolish, it is mere a matter of choice.

Having a website tapered to a specific series/saga is a great tool to have, but it has been and will always be a matter of personal preference. Nothing more.

