

Whispering Spirits

Digital Magazine

September 2009

Revival Flash Contest



Waiting For Grim by Bruce Golden
Good Friends and Good Family by Desmond Warzel
End of Day by Maureen Wilkinson
Final Reel by J. Troy Seate
Blind Faith by Bruce Golden

Editors: Diana Cacy Hawkins, Sandie Bergen, Sharon Partington, Susie Hawes

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September, 2009, Revival Flash Fiction Contest

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Cover Design by Diana Cacy Hawkins of DCH Design and Publications

Whispering Spirits Digital Magazine. Issue No. 1: Flash Fiction Contest. September, 2009. Regular issues published twice a year, with two or three special issues and contests in between regular issues. A division of DCH Design and Publications. Subscription is free for viewing online or for the special pdf download editions. All editorial matters should be brought to the attention of Diana Cacy Hawkins at whisperingspirits@gmail.com or dianacacy@dragynspice.com by email only. All content of Whispering Spirits Digital Magazine is copyright protected to the originating author and Whispering Spirits Digital Magazine, as stated by US Copyright Office at <http://www.copyright.gov> All submissions must refer to the website and follow the guidelines posted online at <http://whisperingghosts.com>

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Letter From the Editor

Welcome to our Revival Contest Issue. I feared I wouldn't be able to keep the magazine going through all the crap life is throwing at me. But we should be in the homestretch now and able to move forward. Next year we will look at growth potential of our family of magazines and what the future holds. We have some big plans.

This issue has some great reviews and interviews in it also. Susie Hawes does a wonderful job getting the interviews done for us. I've done a few recent book reviews also and have those in this issue.

And, of course, we have some wonderful and supportive authors in this issue. The number of great stories that came our way was surprising and made our job of judging wonderfully difficult. Thank you so much to those who sent their flash stories to the contest!

Whispering Spirits Digital Magazine will have another issue coming up late November. Authors and poets will receive their notifications for both that issue and for the April 2010 issue within the next 30 days. We will not be taking in submissions for regular issues until May 2010.

We are brainstorming a special springtime contest or other fun event. Keep watch at the website and blog for notices on that.

Thanks for making this magazine such a joy to create. I hope you enjoy the stories and articles in this issue as much as we do.

Diana Cacy Hawkins
Managing Editor

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WAITING FOR GRIM

by Bruce Golden

One sat cross-legged, the other two propped against an outcropping of granite. A trio of horses stirred restlessly nearby, tethered to a dying sycamore. The half-eaten remains of a jackrabbit hung from a spit over the withering fire. Overhead a lone buzzard circled, undeterred by the menacing swarm of nimbi looming in the western sky.

“Come on, it’s your turn,” urged the first one, scratching a septic rash on his arm.

Ignoring the nag, his heavily-scarred companion grouched, “When’s he going to get here? I’m tired of waiting.”

“Yeah, I’m getting hungry,” said the scarecrow-thin third fellow.

“You’re always hungry,” complained Scar. “Eat some more rabbit.”

“It tastes like rat.”

“You would know.”

The expressive but rheumy eyes of the first fellow said he’d heard it all before. He scratched some more and coughed. Spitting, he said, “He’ll get here when he gets here. Make your play already.”

“Alright, alright. Hold your pus. Here.”

Scar tossed aside his scarlet cloak, leaned over the four-sided board situated between them, and placed his inscribed chips just so.

Rheumy turned his head sideways to read, “Strife.”

“You always use that one,” mocked Scarecrow.

“I can’t help it if I always draw those letters.”

“A couple of triple letter scores, two, three . . . that’s 11 points,” tallied Rheumy.

“Eleven,” chuckled Scarecrow derisively.

Scar raised his gauntlet-covered fist as if to backhand Scarecrow’s cracked lips, but restrained himself. “Let’s see what you can do, scrawny.”

Scarecrow fingered his chips contemplatively, but withheld his move. “Did you see the latest M. Night Shamaylan movie? I laughed so hard I nearly cracked a rib. It was a hoot.”

“A hoot? Who talks like that? What in the seven fiery torments of Hades is a hoot?”

“Damn you’re cranky today,” said Rheumy. “That’s what happens when you sleep with your sword.”

Scarecrow sniggered. “He woke up on the wrong side of his sword. Get it?”

Scar shot Scarecrow a look that would melt the armor off a panzer.

“It’s a joke,” said Rheumy as if tired of playing conciliator, “just a joke.”

Scar sheathed his gaze and mumbled, “Yeah, you guys are funnier than a barrelful of fuming nitric acid.”

Quicker than Scarecrow could riposte, Rheumy farted explosively and all three burst out laughing.

“Okay, here we go,” said Scarecrow, his bony fingers placing five chips to intersect the “r” of the last word. “Read it and weep, boys. Drought. Triple word score. That’s 39 big points.”

Scar made a noise signifying he could care less and stood up to scan the horizon.

“Where the hell is he? He’s always late. We’re always waiting on him.”

Rheumy didn’t bother to answer. Instead, he studied his own chips.

“You guys want to catch a flick later?” asked Scarecrow. “I can already taste that butter-drenched theater popcorn.”

“Films are irrelevant,” responded Rheumy. “Give me a good poetry reading anytime.”

Scar snorted, startling the horses.

Rheumy went on. “Celluloid, videotape, laser discs, they’ll melt. Books will burn. An entire book can’t be memorized—with apologies to Ray Bradbury—but a poem can be. Poetry is truly eternal.” He spread out his chips on the board. “Scourge. That’s 20 for me.”

Scarecrow nudged Scar. “Who do you think would win in a fight between Adolf Hitler and Charles Manson?”

“Manson,” Scar replied assuredly. “He’s one crazy bastard. He’d crush Hitler.”

“I don’t know, Hitler was awfully wiry.”

“They say Manson had twice the strength of a normal man when he went berserk,” added Rheumy.

“Who’s they?” groused Scar. “Everyone’s always saying they say this and they say that. Who are they?”

“Well,” began Rheumy, “nominally ‘they’ refers informally to people in general, or those regarded collectively as being in authority, or in-the-know.”

“What the blazes does—”

His retort was interrupted by the approach of pounding hooves. Scar stood immediately, his hand reaching for the ruby hilt of his sword.

“It’s about time,” he said, recognizing the incoming rider. “I’m ready to kick some ass.”

The rider approached, slowing his ebony horse to an unwilling trot. Skeletal-like fingers gripped the long-handled scythe resting across his saddle. His grim face was shadowed by the hood of his coal black cloak, but his eyes were white hot. He yanked on the reins. His horse reared.

“Mount up.” His voice echoed as if from a tomb.

The trio complied.

Scarecrow yanked his pitchfork from where he’d planted it.

Rheumy pick up his bow and quiver, leaving a trail of maggots in the dust.

Scar strode across their unfinished game, scattering the inscribed chips, and pulled himself atop his anxious, red-eyed sorrel. “Where to?” he asked.

“Somewhere gluttonous I hope,” responded Scarecrow.

“I prefer a healthy clime,” replied Rheumy, barely getting the words out before he began to cough. He covered his mouth with a gangrenous hand, but not before his pale horse stamped and whinnied.

They followed Grim, guiding their steeds to edge of the spectral mesa where they’d camped. Their leader took hold of his scythe and gestured with it through the void towards a blue sphere in the distance.

“Them again?” Scar said, shaking his head.

“You’d think they’d learn,” replied Scarecrow from atop his malnourished beast.

“It’s their nature,” said Rheumy. “They’ll never learn.”

Scar drew his sword, the blade shrieking from its scabbard. “Let’s get to work.”

Grim turned in his saddle and flashed a murderous gaze at his comrades.

“Actually,” he said, his jagged teeth showing through a malevolent grin, “I was thinking of blowing off work today and going bowling. Who’s with me? I say we go knock some pins to hell and back again.”

His black horse reared high into the air and then, as one, the four horsemen spurred their mounts and galloped into the void.

GOOD FRIENDS AND GOOD FAMILY

by Desmond Warzel

To Hennigan's relief, county jail wasn't that bad. Most of the forty or so guys in block A were decent enough people who'd just made mistakes. Sure, his orange scrubs scratched terribly, his sandals were too big, the food was less than edible, the library stocked only Harlequin novels, and the TV in the common area was stuck on CNBC. But many would have asserted that Hennigan deserved all these discomforts and more, for he was an example of that most abhorrent of species: the drunk driver.

Even so, he didn't think he deserved Sparks.

Sparks was Hennigan's cellmate, six feet of lurching, wild-eyed, black-haired, habitual offender awaiting sentencing on a string of felonies and shortly destined for a state institution. He had never caught Sparks sleeping. Whenever Hennigan woke in the night, Sparks was standing and staring; at the wall, at the door, at the narrow slit of a window, opaque though it was.

Though Sparks looked every bit the proverbial "quiet loner," he collared Hennigan every chance he got, expounding at length on his demented philosophies, his theories on racial superiority, or--his preferred topic--the veritable rogue's gallery of photographs taped to the wall next to his bunk.

"Good friends and good family," he would say, waving a tattooed hand at the pictures. "That's all you need. Nobody with good friends and good family has to worry about anything." Hennigan endured these sermons with offerings of agreeable nods and smiles.

Sparks also got reams of mail, most of it either handwritten in a psychotic scrawl or typed eccentrically in all capitals. Hennigan never received mail.

Once, Sparks had received a padded mailer containing an action figure: a G. I. Joe knockoff, though without guns or other loose accessories, per jail rules. There had also been a scrap of paper with "I NO YOUR LONELY DADDY SO I SENT YOU SGT KRUSHER" lettered in crayon.

"Good friends and good family, man," Sparks had said. Touching, but Hennigan shuddered to think that Sparks might actually have spawned one of the specimens in his photos. Sgt. Krusher sat proudly on the windowsill from then on.

Despite justice's slow march, the day of Sparks's sentencing finally arrived. When the deputies returned him from the courthouse, Hennigan asked him how it had gone.

"Ten years in State, man."

"That's rough."

"No sweat. Good friends and good family. It'll get you through anything."

That night, Sparks climbed into his bunk and went peacefully to sleep for the first time in his tenure as Hennigan's cellmate.

Hennigan, on the other hand, was troubled, though this should have been the gladdest night of his incarceration; first thing in the morning, Sparks was off to his new accommodations across the state. But in jail, comfort was predicated on familiarity. Hennigan woke several times an hour, panicked at the absence of Sparks standing nearby in his usual catatonia. Then he would hear the gentle snores coming from the bunk above and resume his restless slumber, anticipating his next awakening even as he drifted off.

It was in the wee hours when Hennigan was awakened, not by Sparks's troubling normalcy but by a genuine noise--a soft clatter, as though a pen had rolled off of the wall-mounted rectangle of metal that served as table and desk.

Hennigan sat up. Sparks still slept, his breathing deep and even.

There came the unmistakable sound of movement. The narrow line of light beneath the door divided in two, momentarily, and become whole again. Hennigan rose and peered out at the large common room. He thought he saw something scurrying among the tables and chairs where the inmates spent their days eating, playing cards, and watching television. A mouse, perhaps, though the scandal-wary county kept its jail meticulously clean.

He turned from the small square window, intending to return to bed, when a crash echoed throughout the cellblock. Looking back out, he saw that the TV had toppled from its high perch. The tube had shattered. Glass lay everywhere. The guard emerged from his secure observation room in the far corner, saw the mess, and quickly retreated back inside, presumably to avoid the trouble of dealing with the incident. A few faces appeared suddenly at the windows of other cells, and disappeared just as quickly.

Sparks had apparently slept through the disturbance, and Hennigan, figuring the excitement was over, made to do likewise when he heard a quiet jingling coming from the common area. He thought perhaps the guard had changed his mind about cleaning up the pieces of the broken TV.

When he looked out, he saw no guard, but there was movement near the heavy steel door of the observation room. It wasn't a mouse.

Hennigan, breathing rapidly, turned to look at the opposite wall of the cell. Sgt. Krusher no longer occupied the windowsill.

Out in the common area, it had crawled out from under the guard's door and now scurried back toward the cell on its plastic feet. It met Hennigan's gaze, transfixing him with its diabolical red eyes. Under one arm it held a set of keys; under the other, a shard of glass from the TV, dripping with blood.

Hennigan dove back into his bunk, drew the thin blanket over himself, and feigned sleep. It was the only solution that presented itself. Eyes squeezed tightly shut, he listened to the tiny footsteps as they drew nearer, listened as Sgt. Krusher scaled the outside of the door, perhaps with the television cord, listened as key after key slid into the lock, listened as one of them finally turned, listened as, on cue, Sparks slid down from his bunk and crept past him. Hennigan tried not to breathe.

Moments passed. Sparks must have reached the door by now. He considered opening one eye to check, when a soft whisper caressed his ear. "Good friends and good family. Didn't I tell you? You play nice, now."

With that, Sparks left, and the door swung closed behind him.

END OF DAY

by Maureen Wilkinson

Late afternoon as sun cools and disappears behind the old Willow tree. Purple shadows advance, sucking color from the lawn. Miranda and I sit side by side on the garden bench. We don't talk, after fifty years it isn't necessary, it's enough to have her close to me.

Before my joints got stiff with arthritis, and I was able to dig, the garden was Miranda's pride of place. Now weeds that survive my attentions with a hoe, flourish between the plants, and hedges grown too high, drain moisture from the soil. Next to the rose beds a swathe of yellow-green moss coats the shady side of the patio and spreads its fingers along the slab path. The lawn needs aerating, unsightly bald patches pock the surface like acne. As the light fades they disappear as twilight waves her magic wand.

Miranda would never complain even if the grass was knee high. I know her inside out. I've been enfolded in the warmth of her heart since we met. There hasn't been one hour I haven't loved her, one day I haven't been grateful that she married me.

I still see a beautiful young woman. Tall, elegant, her dark, red hair piled like a crown on top of her head. Loose wispy curls escaping her chignon, brushing her cheeks, and small, pale hands sweeping them aside with an air of impatience. Blue eyes, that alter with the light and border on green. Time can't change her.

Our two daughters and four grand-children visit at the weekends. They rush in full of urgency, bursting with news or eager to show the latest gadget they've acquired. The children spin around the garden like brightly colored tops. I love them, but watch the clock, waiting for them to leave, waiting for Miranda and our quiet time together.

The day has almost gone now. Miranda strokes my cheek, her touch, like a light, breeze across my skin. I sigh for the past when we made love until morning light woke the birds. With the darkness, Miranda will also go - but tomorrow, as the shadows lengthen and the sun sets behind the willow tree, she'll return, and we will sit together, me and my love.

THE FINAL REEL

by J. Troy Seate

Laura's dream of a movie life bears a companion. A clearly carved premonition huddled in a corner of her existence, a gloomy image much like a macabre setting from Hitchcock, etched in black and gray, right off the screen and into her world.

The scene is simple enough: A man with a cunning, feral smile whispers to Laura, "Time's up. This is the end. Sweet dreams."

This specter lurks on the fringes of her subconscious; the grinning man's hunger is both terrifying and final. But as a train transports Laura from Nice to Lyon, her thoughts are positive. Her love for movies has steered her into acting and her opportunity has come with a small role in a French film.

And she's met Paul, a man whose persona might be powerful enough to exorcize that pesky premonition. Paul is astonishingly handsome and their lovemaking carries her away to a Technicolor world with Dolby sound. In his arms, she's truly evolved into a woman, no longer an ingénue. Like a master with a violin, he coaxes from her the most beautiful notes with sensitivity and magnetism and how she loves playing her part.

As the train clickity-clacks through the French countryside, Laura watches farmhouses rush by, silhouetted by the sinking fireball behind them. Snuggling against the side panel of her seat, she dreams about her next encounter with Paul, the man to chase away her frightening vision forever.

Then Laura hears activity in the passageway opposite her compartment. She keeps her eyes closed and lets her consciousness drift, determined not to let anything or anyone distract her from thoughts of being cradled in Paul's arms.

The cabin door clicks open causing Laura to stir. In the dim light she can see the shape of a man. There's something strange, yet familiar about the intruder. He leans forward. The overhead light spotlights his features. It is a face she knows as well as Paul's, a face from the place of dreams and nightmares she'd hoped never to visit.

The grinning man.

"This can't be," Laura breathes. "It's all wrong."

A wry grin creeps across his face. He lacks color. Rather, he is tinted silver-gray, just like in her dream scene, just like an old movie. She watches, mesmerized, as he removes something from his overcoat.

A pair of scissors.

Her hand flies to her mouth. She's too terrified to move or speak. Her premonition has never gone this far.

The scissors flash in the cabin's dim light. She's horrified, yet transfixed.

He's not attacking her. Rather, he's cutting something. Pieces of film fall to the floor.

Up and down the scissors fly.

Snip snip.

Celluloid floats down like feathers.

"No . . . It can't be. I want to be with Paul. Please, not now . . . Not after coming so far!"

“You sure that’s necessary Al? Cutting her like that?”

“The girl’s got to go. The storyline can survive without this character in Paul’s life, although she’s a real piece of work,” Al says, grinning.

“You’re the editor,” Max replies. “I feel for the writer though. All this sub-story, only to be cut and trashed.”

“Hey, that’s showbiz. His *film noir* stuff plays better anyway.” Al snips a final piece of celluloid. “Goodbye, Laura. And sweet dreams.”

BLIND FAITH

by Bruce Golden

Fatigue only pushed them onward. Concepts of time diffused in their wake. Hunger atrophied--a hollow thought redressed by expectation.

On and on and on they soared through the comforting cold of liquid space. Above them the great void; below the dense, rocky base of the world; ahead only blackness. Gliding up, then down, the congregation moved as a single entity, graceful behemoths linked by a shared resolve. But the longer their pilgrimage progressed, the warmer their environs became, the more unorthodox their course seemed. Uneasiness circulated throughout the cluster. At first it was only a feeling, a vague sense of apprehension. Then a solitary voice cried out.

"Let us turn back and make for more temperate currents."

For the first time since the journey began, their communal purpose wavered. Doubt and indecision spread unspoken.

"We must keep going," called the master pilot. "Follow me, my brothers. Follow me to a better world."

"I'm no longer certain," said another. "Why must we do this?"

"There is no longer a place for us in this world," said the pilot with authority. "It has been fouled by those with no reverence for the true order of things. We are a spiritual minority wallowing in the swill of a soulless majority. But have faith, brothers. A greater world awaits us--a world so wondrous and bountiful it defies imagination. All you must do is follow me. Follow me through the depths of despair and into the light of never-ending bliss."

A swell of assent surged through the congregation, and its collective intent was fortified. The master pilot increased his speed, relying on renewed hope to sustain them. Conviction and a shared allegiance drove them on.

"It won't be long now," he assured them. "When the time comes, do not fear. The threshold to the new world may seem bewildering, even painful. Suppress the pain. Ignore the strangeness of it all. Instead rejoice in what lies ahead. Drink from the pool of righteousness I offer you, and have faith. Above all, have faith."

Onward they swam through foreign waters that grew more and more tainted. On and on until the brine tasted of silt and the base of the world grew closer . . . ever closer. When it was nearly close enough to reach out and touch, misgivings were resurrected. The congregation looked to their leader for guidance. He accelerated. They followed.

With the suddenness of a predatory attack, they broke through the surface of their world into the blinding light of the void. A solid mass clutched their bodies and held them immobile. They struggled desperately to breathe, crushed by their own monstrous weight. The void and its brightness were familiar, but the gritty firmness beneath them was terrifying. Dozens cried out.

"Fear not!" commanded the master pilot. "This is the threshold. Bear witness to the strength of your brothers and trust in that in which you believe. A new world awaits us. Have faith!"

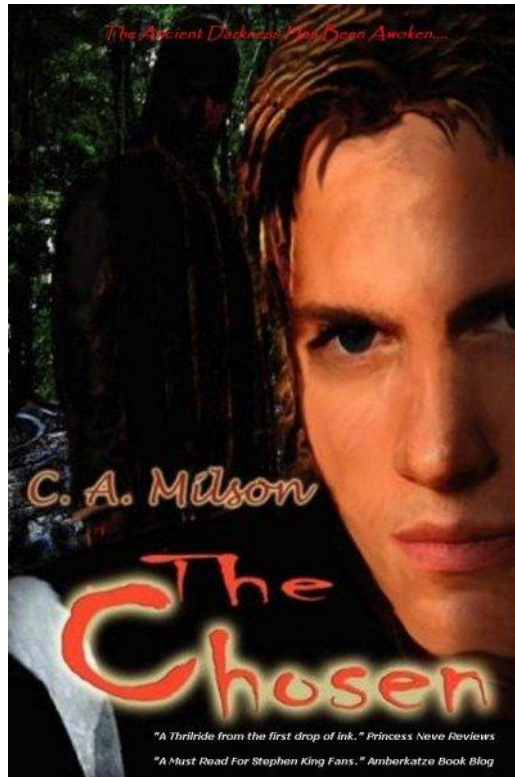
WELLFLEET, Mass. -- Frantic efforts to save more than 40 pilot whales that beached themselves on a stretch of Cape Cod sand failed yesterday. Dozens of volunteers tried to keep the small whales wet with buckets of water, and attempted to push some back out to deeper water. However, those that were pushed out returned to the beach with a mysterious single-mindedness. All 46 whales died.

Scientists say pilot whales are highly sociable mammals that travel and feed together in large pods, and have a "follow the leader" social structure. While no one knows exactly why whales beach themselves, it's theorized the animals lose their sense of navigation while feeding or following a sick animal that has gone astray.

Q&A Session with Author: C.A. Milson Interviewer: Susie Hawes

Milson was born in writing in 1989, stories. In 1994 he and turned it into a always been a strong wasn't until 2007 seriously, and landed American publisher. publishers and he is full version of The Paperback and E-Edition contains were previously cut

His most recent The Chosen 2nd Darkness. Milson has also currently working on Urban Myths and



Brisbane, Australia and began when he penned 26 short took one of those short stories two-part novel. Writing has passion for Milson, but it when he took the art of writing his first book deal with an In 2009, Milson has changed pleased to announce that the Chosen will be available in Book in May 2009. (The 2nd characters and scenes that from the original version)

works include The Chosen, Edition and Bloodline of

written 28 short stories, and is his You Tube project about Legends.

Imagine a world beyond our own where Dark Forces reign, and only one mortal stands in the way of their enslavement of humanity. The Chosen, Bloodline of Darkness, and Prophecy's End follow the life of Alex Manning. A hero called to face a destiny that he wants no part of.

When did you know that you wanted to be a writer?

The first inspiration of ever dabbling in writing came in High School, when my English class was asked to do a book report. Rather than writing a book report, I decided to write my own story. It was very short, about 4 pages, but for my effort I got top marks, which was good. And that was as far as my interest in writing went. That was until 1989, when I got inspired by a hobbytex photo in my mothers apartment. It was then, in Melbourne, I knew I wanted to be a writer

Do you have any advice for new writers?

I get asked this a lot by budding writers. To I will share exactly what I tell everyone else. First and foremost writing is a gift; Regardless if you write songs, short stories, novels or poetry. Like any talent, it takes time and dedication to be polish your craft. Okay, you have an idea for a story. Where do you go from there? Build on the story. Add some life into the characters to make them as real as everyone else. Next thing to do is find yourself an agent or publisher. Even if you don't have the story finished, still find time to look for an agent or a publisher. So many people ask me about this and many believe that they will get a huge advance and be picked up by a mainstream publisher straight away. Unfortunately in the real world things don't often happen that way. I heard someone once say "In order to walk you need to learn to crawl." This is very true, and for any budding writer it is worthwhile doing all you can to get your name out there. Finding an agent or publisher takes research. What genre do they represent or publish? If you write romance novels, you can bet that a publisher or agent who specializes in drama wont touch your work. Harsh words but true. Unless you know about them, how can one expect them to want to know about you? Bottom line is, while you are writing your story, find an agent or publisher. It is never ever too early.

What is the best thing about being an author? The worst?

The best thing about being a writer is being known. I admit, being recognized by some on the street can be nice, but I am a private person, so I don't tend to tell a lot about who I am. The worst thing? Without a doubt stalkers! Yes, if you have some fame, regardless of what level that is, you are going to get some who think that you "owe them", which can be a real nightmare. I do a lot of online publicity, especially on social network sites. One site in particular I get inundated with dozens of messages and requests. So much so that I have to filter through them and respond when I have time. One person in particular was apparantly not too happy that I did not send a reply, so that person got really upset and started sending message after message after message. I woke up one day to see about 10 messages from the guy. Yes, that is a downsize to having any level of fame. You will get stalkers, you will get hounded, you will also get the critics who will want to slam your work. That all comes with the territory. If you cant handle any of that, then you should consider why you want to be a writer to begin with? I know this may be going on a little, but it is also a simple truth. Your work may be great, but remember that you cannot please everyone. My advice on this part is just take it with a grain of salt and enjoy the ride.

When was your first publication?

My first publication came out in 2008. July 4th infact.

What are you working on right now?

Right now I am working on a lot of things. Currently I am working on finishing second edition of *The Chosen* and in a rush to get that released by May. When the first release came out in 2008, there was so much that was chopped from the original story, and far too much stereotyping that was never ever part of the book to begin with. So now I am going back to absolute basics and putting back in the characters and some scenes that were cut from the first version. Naturally, the original characters will be modified to make more sense in where I wanted to go with the original idea.

The next thing I am working on is the second book titled *Bloodline of Darkness*. This novel is set ten years after the first, in which the main character, Alex, has forsaken all his giftings to live a normal life. A normal life is far from what he will get as the Dark Forces have found a new way back into the world, and they have a Blood Score to settle.

What is your favorite genre to write?

To read?

Authors and books in that genre?

I like to experiment with different genres. When I penned out 26 short stories back in 1989, I experimented in a wide range of genres. Horror, Suspense, Sci-fi, Drama. Even a children's story. For now, Supernatural Horror is the one I am comfortable with.

Authors I have a preference for are H.P.Lovecraft, Stephen King and Russian writer Sergey Lukianenko.

What is your favorite book?

My favorite book is *Misery*.

What inspires you?

Different things inspire me. I can be out and out or travelling to another country and something I see will give me an idea. A few months ago, I visited a town called Chapayevsk, which is not far from Samara, Russia. The city has a small population and is on the brink of ecological disaster. Everywhere you go you will see buildings in a state of ruin. It was once said the whole population of Chapayevsk would be relocated and the town abandoned and declared "off limits." Going there gave me a great idea for a scene in *Bloodline of Darkness*.

What kind of research do you do for a project?

For horror novels I will typically research ancient mythologies and also videos on hauntings.

Those can be a good source for ideas. Everyone has heard of houses that have are subject to supernatural activity, whether there is a bump in the night or a spirit is terrorizing a family. Okay, so imagine that, but on a larger scale, where supernatural beings terrorize a town or a city. Now you've got a plot 😊

Where do you like to go to do your best work?

Anywhere spooky 😊

Do you like to write with a pen and notebook, on a typewriter or on a computer?

Computer

Do you listen to music or prefer silence?

I listen to a wide range of music when I write. I allows me to block out the outside world and just write.

Do you outline your story before you start a novel?

I will come up with ideas, or a basis. But I generally build the story as I write.

Do you edit as you write, edit after you're done or a mixture of both?

A mix of both

If you weren't a writer, what would you do?

Marketing. I have spent 15 years in the marketing field and I am good at what I do. I have worked with companies in the US, Canada, UK and Australasian marketplace. I still do marketing when I need to.

How does your family feel about your writing career?

I think they are happy to see that I have done what I wanted.

If there was one thing you could change about your work, what would it be?

I'm already doing that now, with the second edition release 😊

How did you prepare yourself to become an author?

Preparing myself to be a writer did not come naturally. It took a long time for me to get an understanding of who it takes to be a writer, and the journey so far for me has become one that has shown me sides of myself I did not know existed. I have learned new things about my style and my creativity that I did not think existed.

What inspired you to write *The Chosen*?

The original story that inspired me came from a hobbytex photo that my mother had on the wall of her apartment in Melbourne, Australia. It was 1989, and the picture she had was red velvet that had a yellow moon set behind an old rustic shack. I sat there staring at the picture and came up with an idea for a short story which I called Shack of Evil, which was based on one of the characters of what is now *The Chosen*. That original story I was rewrite several times until what is now *The Chosen*.

Is Alex patterned after anyone?

Alex is not patterned after anyone in particular. Of course, there is a part of me in all the characters I write, but when it comes to Alex, there are some character traits which I based on my former life, especially in the opening sequence where he gets panic attacks. I used to get panic attacks, although not as bad as he experienced. But, when it comes to other characters, I base their persona on what the person would be in real life. How would they act if they were a real person? When I can imagine that, then I have a character. I try to make them as real as anyone you would meet in the street.

Where can we see your work online? In print?

The Chosen is currently available through Lulu.com, MobiPocket and through my website in Digital format. In May *The Chosen* will be available through some 25,000 online retailers

Do you have a website or blog? Tell us about it.

My website is: <http://authorcamilson.info> My web is a WordPress site, so I tend to do a lot of blogging on there. I have Chapter Excerpts from *The Chosen* and *Bloodline of Darkness*, as well as samples of short stories, and a forum for readers to have their say.

Interview with Darrn Randle, publisher of Witchfinder Press
(<http://www.witchfinderpress.co.uk/>)
Interviewer: Susie Hawes



Tell us about yourself.

My name is Darren Randle, known to friends and readers as “The Vern”. I’m 32 years old; I have an unsatisfying lust for horror, an interest in the Victorian asylums of Brittan and an imagination that is twisted beyond measure. I am the creator of the Purpleverse project and now heading up The Witchfinder Press. I welcome you to my world!

When did you know that you wanted to be a writer?

I don’t think I ever consciously decided that I wanted to be a writer, certainly not a professional one. I started writing around the age of 15, mainly horror material, the same as I write now albeit a little tamer. Seeing others read and enjoy my work was the reward I was seeking at the time and I guess pushed my motivation.

Do you have any advice for new writers?

Listen, read and learn. Take some time to research the markets you may want to place your works with and be careful who you choose as your friends. The small press world is a big pond full of big fish, small fish, nice fish and dirty great sharks! Only submit your works when you are satisfied that they are finished and represent your best effort. If you’re not satisfied with what you’ve written, chances are your readers won’t be either. Then again, I’m a hack writer so perhaps I’m not the best person to offer advice!

What is the best thing about being an author? The worst?

The best thing about being the writer is the unlimited scope to create something that “I’d like to read”. To sit and fashion a piece that others may enjoy reading gives a feeling of empowerment I guess, knowing that my words are taking someone else’s imagination on a journey that they’d possibly never have without reading my work. The worst part is simple... Writers block or sitting typing for an hour and producing total rubbish!

What person has helped you the most in your career?

“Career” is a strong word. My actual career is a construction chemical specialist. If we were to look at the writing / publishing thing, I’d have to say my friend Clara and her mother Jan from the days of my childhood. They both took an interest in my darker works and encouraged me to write more. The other strong factor is the kindly people who support the projects I work on by being a part of them, either by submitting their works or buying the books.

It’s the small factors that make a difference and not necessarily a single or sole entity. In fairness I believe that to succeed in whatever you really need to believe in your abilities, push yourself and be your own best friend. Sometimes helping yourself is the best form of help.

What's the best piece of advice you ever had on writing?

Simple - “Proof read it”. I’m the worlds worst for writing and then thinking “Yep, that’ll do” and leaving it. I’ll opening admit to writing some amazingly shambolic works over the years. The concepts have been sound by let down by poor editing, spelling and grammar. I am happy to say I’m improving, or at least I’d like to think that.

When was your first publication?

Historically speaking, it would have been when I was 17 in 1994 when I edited a fanzine style photocopied magazine called “Relics”. This was really aimed to old 8bit computer users. It lasted one issue and sold about 5 copies!

In later years, On-line, it would have been on an old diary site called “In the wire”. From there I started up Purpleverse.com which eventually moved from an online only publication into a printed book. My first “real” printed publication was “The enlightened Darkness”. A self published collection of horror stories. I’ve taken it off sale for the time being as again, the poor editing let it down. Enlightened Darkness was my first real effort at a collective works. Most of the works were centered around “The Manor”, an asylum run by Dr. Arndle. Very macabre, very over the top works with a sense of depravity and desperation.

After finding self publishing was relatively straight forward, I put out a paperback version of Purpleverse. This was followed by two issues of Sinfully Twisted magazine and a further three issues of Purpleverse.

What are you working on right now?

Currently I am musing over a project with the working title “365”. I’ve never written a full length novel and I’m still not sure whether this will make it past a few chapters in size. The basic premise is a gentleman who is released back to the community after a long period in a secure hospital. He does not adapt to this brilliantly and his long suffering wife thinks that writing a daily journal will help unleash his emotions and help his recovery. Needless to say things take several downward spirals.

As a snippet, the main character is called “Guy Falks”. His mother, Ms. Falks, was raped and fell pregnant at the age of fifteen. Due to her families’ spiritual beliefs, she was forced to keep her bastard child. Such was their loathing of the child; a satirical name was given to the boy, Guy, as a reminder that he was nothing other than a parasite and certainly unwanted. The story will flash back to early childhood years and charter the decline into his own personal hell.

I think this may be over ambitious actually, but I’ve enjoyed what I’ve written so far. If nothing else, the first chapter will probably unsettle a few people. Aside my own personal project, obviously The Witchfinder Press is taking up some of my time. This being the new project spawn from Purpleverse. We’ve already released Phobia and now we look at Devil in the clock, a poetry collection by Alexis Childs. This is exciting as it is the first book I’ve published for someone else.

What is your favorite genre to write? To read? Authors and books in that genre?

I’d be lying if I said anything other than horror or dark fiction. I’ve tried my hand at nicer works but generally fail abysmally. The simple fact is my imagination is filled with dark thoughts and nasty things. I’m not overly sure that I’m proud of that but that’s the truth.

If I’m reading fiction I try to keep away from mainstream authors. This is not due to a dislike, but I prefer to read amateur writers or perhaps more underground writers, those people who fail to get their works in to the shops as they are classed as to extreme or way out there! If I were to name one big author, I guess I’d have to go with Clive Barker. Truly visionary and this was more than evident in The Hell bound Heart. It is also worth commenting on some of his very early films like Salome and The Forbidden. It shows so much potential just waiting to be realized.

What authors have influenced you the most?

Probably the authors who have chosen to work with me. Clichéd as that may sound; they represent the true spirit of a writer. Committed and dedicated people who write for enjoyment and for progression. The majority have taken criticism and comments on board and used that to help broaden their approach to writing. From that, the influence to improve on my work has followed. In regards to content influencing me, I don’t really think I’d be able to choose anyone. I try not to model my works on those of others. I certainly don’t aspire to follow in anyone’s footsteps, merely leave my own marks in the sand.

What are you reading right now?

I'm currently engaged in "Right and Left of Centre" by John and Lillie Allee. It is an engaging view on enhancing ones level of spiritual and personal understandings. I guess I had to read it as I've spent a good amount of time reading the words of John Allee, formally Lord Egan of The First Church of Satan.

What is your favorite book?

I don't actually have one if I am honest. I think the one book that sticks in my mind above all others was called "The fifth Amada ghost book". An anthology of sorts that I read in paperback when I was probably around 7. I remember a story called "Run for your life" where a lad was running in the woods, seemingly chased by some kind of ghost. My memory is vague but this book probably set my love for horror and the macabre.

Don't get me wrong, I may not have a favorite book, but I do enjoy reading. These days I find myself ploughing through mainly factual books. I have a thirst for knowledge and have probably over 10 different moods all partly read.

What inspires you?

Mainly people and their emotions. Pain, torment, joy and happiness all carry such different expressions of emotion and everyone wears these differently. Seeing a child cry as it realizes it has lost his teddy and then the relief in its face when it finds the teddy. Things like that right down to the watching the agony of a parent on the news who has lost their family in an earth quake.

Everything in life touches us in some respect as we look at things and evaluate what they mean to us. Sometimes I can just look at an object, a person or a place and instantly visualize something fictional and end up writing something based on just one thing.

There is beauty in everything we see, both the good things and the bad. For me I want to capture these things in my work so others get a feel for how I perceive the world. There lies my inspiration I guess.

What kind of research do you do for a project?

Unless I'm writing an article or fiction loosely based on fact, I'll do very little in the way of research. I usually start from a loose idea, let the imagination flow and then sit and remove all the nonsensical parts bit by bit. Researching for me, especially on a work of fiction tends to blind my creativity and I find what I write becomes very stagnant, very quickly.

Where do you like to go to do your best work?

Anywhere I feel comfortable but usually in front of my PC in our office, spare bedroom, call it whatever. My laptop was purchased to enable me to write with less restrictions but really it is

only used in bed for checking emails, forums etc. I think I like my big comfy chair too much!

Do you like to write with a pen and notebook, on a typewriter or on a computer?

It has to be the computer. My handwriting is terrible and my hand will start aching after five minutes of writing. There is also the practicality of things, it is so much easier to edit on the PC or laptop.

Do you listen to music or prefer silence?

I like music but not really something I engage in when writing. Musically I enjoy Pink Floyd, Morrissey, Muse, Rammstein and on occasion I even indulge in a little classical.

Do you outline your story before you start a novel?

Well, if I'm honest I did write an attempt at a novel many years ago. It was fairly dire and its not seen the light of day since. Actually, I was bloody awful thinking back to it. I think every piece of work needs a certain outline. I usually start with the title. Odd as that may sound, if I think of a title that sounds interesting, I can usually get a feel for a story to go with it. I'll build a mental image of the characters and their surroundings and start from there, usually developing the story as I write. Very rarely do I have an ending in mind until I've exhausted the tale, then I will think of a fitting end. I'm sure that breaks the rules etc, but I find it works for me. The usual outline is start, death, torture, more death, more torture and then end. That makes me sound so predictable and shallow! It works for me though.

Do you edit as you write, edit after you're done or a mixture of both?

Wherever possible I edit as I go. At least after I've written a good meaty part. To keep my mind focused on the story reading through what I've written regularly is essential otherwise I'll find myself going off on wonderfully odd tangents and losing the main plot altogether. If you read some of my early works you'll see what I mean.

I'm not the greatest fan of rewriting large chunks of text I have to say. I find I usually get the best stuff on the first attempt as it flows naturally. This is obviously how I feel the story should be and going back to rework or rewrite takes away the magic of the original vision.

What resources do you find most helpful?

Three good resources. Firstly the dictionary, it can be a great friend and probably something I don't use enough! Secondly, the thesaurus, priceless when you're fed up of seeing the same old words over and over and need something that jumps off the page. Finally, the reader's comments and criticisms. There is no better resource to help you improve your work than listening to the people who read you.

Take criticism in the context it is intended. Over look the spiteful comments (of which you will naturally see on occasion) and take into account the helpful comments, if you want people to

take you seriously; you need to be able to take criticism.

If you weren't a writer, what would you do?

I don't know really. Nothing in real life appeals to me aside what I do professionally and as a hobby writer. I don't see ever myself as a train spotter or working in insurance etc. Perhaps I've just found myself in a situation I'm comfortable with and not really interested in looking outside of that.

Which character you've created would you say is most like you?

Wow. Considering some of the characters I've created and written about, I'm not sure I'd really like to be likened to any of them. I suppose in many ways they are all an extension of me in some way or another, they must be as I've consciously written about them and imagined being them for the purpose of the stories.

What are some of your hobbies?

Writing is the most obvious. Aside this I enjoy working at a goat sanctuary with my fiancée which is called Buttercups, based in Maidstone, Kent. Buttercups has over 100 goats and the sanctuary (which is a charity) provides a loving and caring home for these animals. We also have a menagerie of animals of our own which take up a lot of our spare time.

I'm not a TV fan, I find the idiot box a distraction from conversation and most of the programming is fairly anal and pointless. I do however enjoy a good horror movie and it's fair to say I own a fairly comprehensive DVD and Laserdisc library of horror films now.

Finally, reading. Some may find it odd that I am not a great reader of fiction other than the works that are submitted to our projects. I read a lot of factual material, anything related to mental health, old hospitals and asylums etc and serial killers.

How does your family feel about your writing career?

My fiancée, Donna is really the reason I started writing again. She encouraged me to start working on Purpleverse and rest is really history. Donna often shy's away from my fiction as she is not a great fan of extreme fiction, especially horror material in which children are the principal characters.

Before she and I were together as a couple, one of the first works of mine she read was called "Porcelain footsteps" and had a principal character called "Hannah". This sort of blotted my copy book as her daughter shares the same name and the story was a little unsettling! None the less, she has been a pillar of support and is now working with me as a proof reader.

My parents have a collection of my books stashed away as well. I think I've surprised them with my efforts and what I've achieved; I just want to make them proud. My writing has also served my step daughter well as it makes me a "cool step Dad"!

If your book was turned into a movie, who would you like to play the main characters?

Robert Burke as a principal actor or lead for sure. He was amazing in *Dust Devil*, my favorite film. I'd also love Richard Stanley to direct. I'm not sure who I'd want in regards to a female cast, possibly Kathy Bates. I think I'd also like a small cameo role, it's been a long time since my amateur dramatics days but I think the fire still burns somewhere!

In honesty, in line with my love of helping new talent into the public eye, I'd probably opt for a complete unknown cast. It'd also keep the budget down. Now that has an appeal, a "For the luv" horror movie, shot on a pathetic budget and made by people with a vision for art and not the money... Hmm...

I would like to pen a tale that could be turned into a movie short. I'm no good at scripts but I'm sure I'd come up with something nasty. Perhaps the world isn't ready for that at the moment though lol.

What is your favorite word? Least favorite?

I'm not going to openly say my least word as the mere sound of it repulses me. It starts with the third letter of the alphabet and is four letters in length. I'm not prudish and far from saintly, but you'll not find me using it! I'm not sure if I have a favorite word however. The English language is replete with fine words; the real skill lies in mastering how to use them.

What is the hardest kind of scene for you to write?

Easy. I can't write anything nice, I stumble at the first hurdle when it comes to nice things. I wrote a piece a while ago entitled "A son's love for Mother" which was basically a nice tale of a Mother and Son enjoying lemonade in the garden on a summer's day. The twist was the Mother was actually dead and her Son placed her back in the deep freeze after the sun went down. Believe me, I've tried to write uplifting stories and I never succeed.

If there was one thing you could change about your work, what would it be?

That's a hard question. I'm not sure I'd really like to change anything. If I did I think I'd lose my identity as a writer and become a mainstream sheep. I'd be happy with having just a few people reading, understanding and appreciating my work in the format I write rather than trying to simplify things or even writing in a different style to appeal to a bigger audience.

What's the one question that no one ever asks you and you wish they would?

I've left this question until last to answer... It's given me a headache and I'm still not fully sure how to answer it. I'm fairly receptive to most questions and I think there is not a lot I'd shy away from answering. Perhaps one day something will ask me something and it'll really strike a

cord and I can come back and fully answer this. For now however I think I'll have to sit on the fence.

Where can we see your work online? In print?

I've temporarily retired my own books as I need to seriously edit them for spelling, grammar etc. They were rushed released when I first got into all this and the errors really are shocking. I'd rather brush them up a little and rerelease them as opposed to keep them on sale in that format.

My older and stranger works do however live in the older Purpleverse books which are still available at <http://stores.lulu.com/witchfinder>.

The thing I always urge people to remember when they read my works is look deeper into the work, just take it all on face value. Sometimes I've purposely spelt things wrong or phonetically, perhaps it is not always intended to make perfect sense either. I've always written from numerous perspectives, past, future, present and from the narrators view, the protagonists view and from the outsiders view all on one page. I want the reader to think, to be confused and have to analyze what they are reading. I've been accused of just being lazy or sloppy but I write in the manor I choose. It's like watching TV, if you're lost or confused, or simply hate what you're watching, turn it off! As I said before, I've never wanted to be mainstream or conform to the ideals of the masses.

Do you have a website or blog? Tell us about it.

The obvious place to find me is at www.witchfinderpress.co.uk and I will be starting to blog there shortly. The main problem as I've said thousands of times before is time. If you consider keeping the Facebook, Myspace, Blogs, Forums etc updated, it leaves little time for everything else. The new website will evolve as time progresses and hopefully will turn into an interesting and productive website. I openly welcome anyone who wants to join our forums as well, details are on our website. Please, join us and become a part of the family.

What's the biggest mistake that new authors make?

I'd imagine wanting to get a major book deal within hours of finishing their first epic novel or even expecting to get instant recognition of being the next big thing. On the flip side, as I mentioned earlier, taking on bad advice and being becoming allies with some questionable people within the small press community. I don't really think there is a simple, single answer to this one. Any new author is going to make mistakes on their voyage to discovery, we've all done it.

What are the things that will make you turn a book down?

I'm still new when it comes to the whole publishing other peoples books but there are a few real no no's! Firstly, I'm not interested in anything with excessive profanity, graphic sexual content of cruelty to animals. The market place is already full of titles that "titillate" their readers and although I've never had a problem with human cruelty in fiction, I just won't entertain any form

of animal cruelty.

Obviously the content should also be well written and able to hold the interest of the reader. I swear if I ever end something that ends with "... and it was all just a dream" or something written in the first person perspective ending with "... the bad news was I died the next day" I will probably scream or hunt down the writer. I don't mind reading things that are poorly edited and need a little help with structure but when something is just purely nonsensical and clearly not checked before submitting I just cringe.

I should also add that a rejection does not always mean that the work is poor and useless. In my case, I simply can't publish everything that comes my way, time is a massive factor, especially for a small outfit like Witchfinder Press.

What formats do your books come in?

Our books generally come in three formats. PDF for online and Ebook use, Trade paperback and the A4 magazine format. Depending on the title, the size will vary.

Who are your favorite authors to work with?

I've had the pleasure of working with many great people over the past five years but if I had to name drop, it would have to be P.S. Gifford, author of "The curious accounts of the imaginary friend" and "Dr Offig's lessons from the dark side". Paul was one of the first contributors for the original Purpleverse project and it has been wonderful to see him progress with his career and get books published. Even though Paul's name and reputation has grown, he is still humble to his roots and even featured in issue one of Phobia.

Paul's success is a great example of how dedication, commitment and determination can lead to bigger and better things.

What led you to publishing?

I think being an amateur writer and finding a limited market for my work (in regards to extreme shock horror fiction). The original plan was simply to publish my own work for whoever wanted to read it. No real marketing etc, just put it out there and let word of mouth do its job.

When I released "The Enlightened Darkness" I soon realized how viable print of demand was and how easy it was to format a book and get it printed. It was naturally progression, e-zines, websites for writers were two a penny and most of the people who worked with Purpleverse wanted something they could hold, put on their book case etc. I never really saw the project as a serious attempt to break into the publishing market and take it by storm.

It is very, very easy to confuse an amateur press with a small press. Witchfinder Press is a back office project, run in my spare time with the assistance of those who share my vision. I really never see the day when either time of finances will allow us to be a professionally recognized outfit. I'm happy when someone picks up our books and says "Great artwork", "Great fiction".

We also get our fair share of “Shit, how bad is the spelling on that!”. You have to learn from the criticism and that is why we are amateur, we make mistakes but still we try to learn from them.

I have to say, even though we are small, we’ve worked with some great writers and fantastic professional artists over the years, just take a look at the covers on the old Purpleverse books. It has been an up and down journey and for most of it, great fun and enlightening. Witchfinder is a new chapter and as I’ve said before, from the humble roots of Purpleverse we will grow into something bigger.

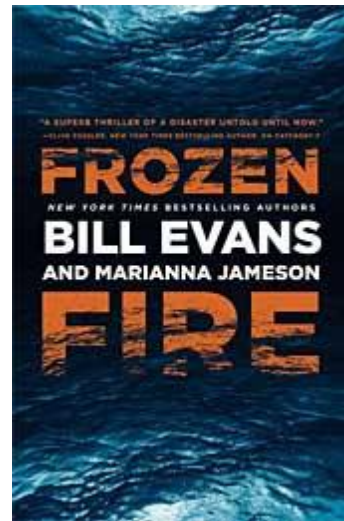
I’m a realist; I’m a hack writer with a small and loyal readership. I’ll never make it big and I’ll never be rich. Witchfinder will never make me or our writers rich. For us it is about the fun of it all, putting out the best products we can, improving from project to project and taking the fight to the big boys and waving our small but perfectly formed middle finger saying “Hi... we’re still here guys”.

The future is unwritten; let us see what happens next on this crazy adventure. Thanks for talking to me!

To find out what's new at Witchfinder Press, visit their blog at

<http://blog.witchfinderpress.co.uk/#home>

Book Title: Frozen Fire
Authors: Bill Evans and Marianna Jameson
Available in Hardcover and Unabridged CD
Publisher: Tor Forge
Release Date: June 23, 2009
ISBN: 978-0-7653-2008-7
ISBN-10: 0-7653-2008-8
Review by Diana Cacy Hawkins



Billionaire Dennis Cavendish uses his funds to build a facility on his island, the Paradise of Taino. His underwater, top of the line, first fully staffed underwater habitat, named Atlantis, will make history by gathering methane hydrate crystals from beneath the seafloor and give the world the only clean fuel that Earth has to offer. And make him the center of attention in the meantime.

But things go terribly wrong when a plane carrying the CEOs of nine of the world's largest corporations to his island goes down, unleashing the first of sabotaging attacks from an ecoterrorist bent on destroying his beloved operation, and humanity with it. Soon, the ecoterrorist group kills his science team and destroys Atlantis.

The destruction releases gigatons of poisonous methane into the water and atmosphere, killing everything in its path. The altered gas makes its way towards the Florida Keys and threatens to kill everyone and everything on Earth if it isn't stopped.

Victoria Clark, Taino's security chief, now suspected of the sabotage, teams up with the U.S. Government and Dr. Sam Briscoe, a methane expert, to find a way to stop the methane from spouting into the atmosphere and to nullify the methane that's already making its way along the coast.

Bill Evans and Marianna Jameson team up once again with Frozen Fire to bring us a thriller that keeps us on the edge. The characters are vivid and the science is frightening real. Putting down this book before getting to the end is a very painful thing to do.

If you like to read about real people in potentially real situations, with real aspirations, talents, and flaws, you'll love this book. The mix of science, deep characters, and believable twists brings a compelling story to the book.

You can preorder Frozen Fire by Bill Evans and Marianna Jameson at <http://us.macmillan.com/frozenfire>

**Book Title: Angel Warriors Section 1: Creation
and Angel Warriors Section 2: Rebellion**

Author: Melinda S. Reynolds

Web Order Page: <http://www.lulu.com/content/paperback-book/angel-warriors---creation/830089>

Book Review by Diana Cacy Hawkins

God created His angels and gave them free will, but what happens when that free will causes them to disagree with God? What happens when one angel gives in to pride, falls from God and uses his cunning to sway others?



The story of Lucifer's fall is known to many. Now Melinda S. Reynolds presents to us the stories of the other angels. Those who remained steadfast and loyal to God's decrees, those who harbored their disagreement with God's decisions, and those caught in between the two.

Creation gives a moving account of how the creation of Eden, and of Adam and Eve, tests the free will of the angels.

The ArchAngel Michael is fiercely devoted to God and commands the armies with strength and power. He cares deeply for his angels, yet lacks the ability to form a bond of friendship with any of them.

At his request, God creates the warrior angel Midhael, whose spirit is infused with love and forgiveness, along with the warrior attributes. He becomes Michael's second-in-command.

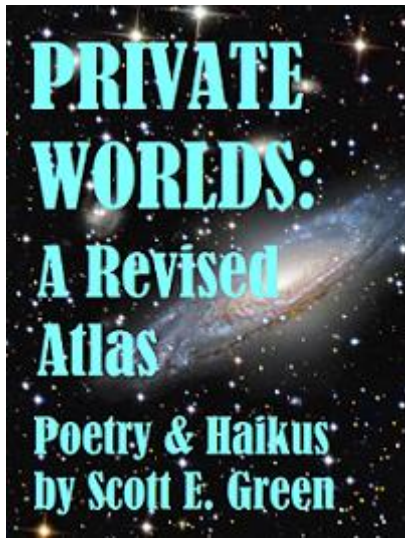
Sometimes allowing forgiveness also presents a risk. Sometimes forgiveness allows for more than just a second chance, but a third, and a fourth.

Michael's policy of not allowing the enemy to survive conflicts with Midhael's natural tendency to forgive. When events transpire from this conflict that causes Michael to question the loyalty of his second-in-command, a rift develops between them. Can Michael trust Midhael again? Can Midhael prove his loyalty to God and still act with the love and forgiveness he was infused with at his creation?

How will the resulting dissention among the angels affect the upcoming great battle with Lucifer and the demon hordes?

Angel Warriors: The Light in the Darkness by Melinda S. Reynolds Section 1: Creation is a fantastic read that brings you into the life of the angels of God and allows you to face the same challenges that Freewill brings into their domain.

In Melinda S. Reynold's Angel Warriors Section II: Rebellion, see how God's strength prevails and experience the love, devotion, and individuality of the Angels. Follow Midhael as he chooses to experience life with humans and falls victim to the human traits of want and need that cause him to turn away from God.



**Book Title-- Private Worlds: A Revised Atlas,
Poetry and Haikus by Scott E. Green**

Publisher: Abbott E-Publishing

Web Order Page:

<http://www.abbottepub.com/fiction.html>

Book Review by Diana Cacy Hawkins

Scott E. Green has compiled a unique and spellbinding collection of poetry in this edition. His short, yet powerful poems will make you laugh or nod your head as if to say, "Yep! That's true."

In this collection, Scott aims each poem at a particular creator or series. The topics vary from science fiction/fantasy/horror writers to film makers, directors, and actors.

He started with a short poem about one of my favorite TV series, The Addam's Family, and moved on through familiar "faces" to me: Poe, Ghost Hunters, John Carradine, Ben Bova, Piers Anthony, Bruce Lee, and so many more. I really started to feel as if I was reading through my entertainment life.

If you enjoy short poetry and want to read something you can personally connect with and be entertained by, then this book is for you.

ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

Bruce Golden

Bruce's short stories have been published across seven countries and his most recent fiction sales have been to *Oceans of the Mind*, *Postscripts*, and *Brutarian*. *Asimov's Science Fiction* says of Bruce's last book, "If Mickey Spillane had collaborated with both Frederik Pohl and Philip K. Dick, he might have produced Bruce Golden's *Better Than Chocolate*." Bruce's newest novel is called *Evergreen*.

<http://goldentales.tripod.com/>

Desmond Warzel

Desmond Warzel lives in northwestern Pennsylvania. His short stories have most recently appeared in *The Best of Abyss & Apex Volume One* (Hadley Rille Books) and *Return of the Raven* (Horror Bound Publications). In 2008 he took first prize in SFReader's Short Story Contest and was a finalist for the Micro Award for fiction of one thousand words or fewer.

Maureen Wilkinson

Maureen Wilkinson is a British Author. Her interests range from travel to antiques. It's when walking her German shepherd her mind travels its own strange paths. Some of her credits include short stories published in *Flashme*, *Champagne Shivers*, , *Literal Translations*, *Susurrus*, and *Bound off*, ect. Northern Ireland Arts council has just published four of her flashes in a newly released anthology.

J. Troy Seate

Mr. Seate has written everything from erotic humor to the macabre. His short stories and poems appear in several magazines and webzines. His first two anthologies, *Descent into Darkness* and *From the Depths of Darkness*, and his two suspense thrillers, *Chosen*, and its sequel, *Shanghai is Crying* are available through amazon.com, borders.com and most bookstores.

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Whispering Spirits Digital Magazine
<http://whisperingghosts.com>
whisperingspirits@gmail.com
Main Magazine Graphic & Banner
by Ron Leming
<http://www.bonestructure.net>

Published by:
DCH Design and Publications
220 Eads
PO Box 245
Hebron, NE 68370

<http://www.dchdesignandpublications.com>
dianacacyhawkins@dragynspice.com
dianacacyhawkins@gmail.com