

Paul's Monthly Newsletter

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A Newsletter from the Desk of
[Paulsbooknook](#)

Issue #2 is here. It's been a whole month since the first/inaugural/starting newsletter graced your inbox. Hopefully you had a chance to read it, laugh, get to know me and share it with your friends. If I didn't convince you that I am unique, sarcastic, witty, and despite what some people may say - a good writer, don't worry. I'll keep doing this until I convince you. I could wear you down, hoodwink you or by some sheer chance of luck, get you to just say yes.

You may also be wondering why it's a word document. It's easier for me, printable for you and shareable to more people. Besides, don't you love the snazzy headline?

Paul Does an Interview.

That's right. I conducted my first interview with a website called the Indie Book Butler. Can you believe that they didn't even charge me to do the interview? (Humour people. You should be laughing by now.)

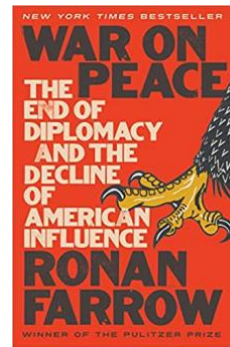
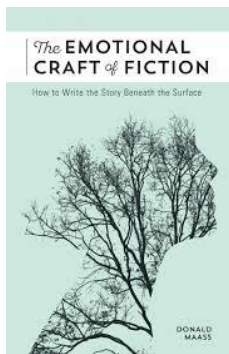
I'll give you a teaser here so that you can see what type of questions they asked, and what my answers were.

IBB: Is there anything you *must* have in order to write?

PH: No musts. I'm simple. A desire, though, is an antique typewriter. I want to hear the tangible sounds of progress as my story is creating one keystroke at a time. My wife got me the Hanx app for my phone so that I can 'type' on the go. It's great motivation.

Here's a [link](#) to it. If you wanted to know what makes me tick, why I like to write and see some great insights, just click and read.

What does an author read? Currently, I'm reading these two books:



Updates from behind the screen. What did I do all month when I wasn't working? Good question. During the lockdown here in Israel, I have a short commute to work so I've managed to stay busy to keep myself and others around me (family) sane. That included:

- Creative Writing Course to better my skills and produce flowery prose, pointed humour and gripping novels for you, my readers. I hope that it worked!
- Work continued on my novel - Limestone City Murders. I can't give much away, but there are some murders by some bad people taking place in Kingston, Ontario and the cops are in a pickle as to how to find the killer before more people die. It's going to be a fantastic story. I can see I've sold you on it and if you won't to pre-order, it's only \$12.99 for paperback and \$3.99 for e-book.
- I wrote 11 flash fiction stories, some of which are on my website, others on Facebook or my blog. I will share one at the end here.
- I have a writer's group - Around the World in 5,000 worlds. We are now up to 5 members! We shared more stories, critiqued and improved our fiction writing.
- I had another flash fiction published!!! Check it out here with the fabulous people at Fictionwrit.i.ng. It's called [The Hangman's Noose](#).

Flash Fiction of the Month.

Why Be a Chameleon, When You Can Be a Tiger?

All Trevor ever wanted was a chameleon. Twenty years ago, he used to pretend that he was invisible and could walk around the streets of his village without anyone seeing him. Trevor's left arm was shorter than his right; broken at birth, it never fully formed. The torment that he received from

his classmates was merciless. The trick to being invisible, was to meld into one's surroundings, like his favourite animal. But much as he never owned the animal, he couldn't perform its vanishing act.

As he walked down the city street, minding his own business, a group of teenagers saw him and exploded in laughter. They were filthy and looked to be homeless as they emerged from the nearby cardboard city. Trevor tried to ignore them and walked faster, but he felt like a heavy appliance was tied to his waist.

In less than a minute, the teenagers had caught up and were running rings around him. Taunting and jeering happened instantaneously, followed by insults. The cacophony was too much for him and triggered the memories of the bullying as a boy. Like a tiger in a cage, with people yelling and prodding at it, Trevor roared in an attempt to scare those around him. The teenagers froze, afraid of what would happen next.

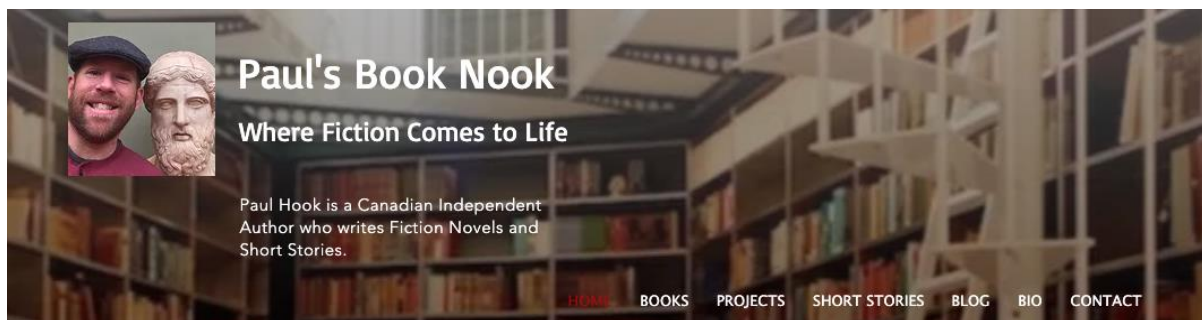
Trevor put his right hand in his jacket pocket and pointed to his tormentors. "If any of you come close to me, I will shoot. I'm tired of this bullying and I won't hesitate."

Unsure of how stable or unstable their target was, the threat was hoisted aboard and the ringleader said, "Okay. Jeesh, we were just kidding."

"Yeah, well you picked the wrong guy on the wrong day."

Trevor left through the opening in the circle and walked home. Out of sight of his tormentors, he pulled the carrot out of his pocket and smiled.

[Paul Hook](#) is the author of [Island of Rubies](#) and many [short stories](#).



(I know you want to click on the links to my SM. Go ahead. I won't tell anyone)

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