

Paul's Monthly Newsletter

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A Newsletter from the Desk of
Paulsbooknook

Hello you crazy people. I hope that the previous month has been full of wonderment and good times for you. I also hope that you had time in your busy schedules to read my award-winning story, "Always a Question of the Rats" which is available to read for free at <https://www.rogueanimalbooks.com/book/always-a-question-of-the-rats/>.

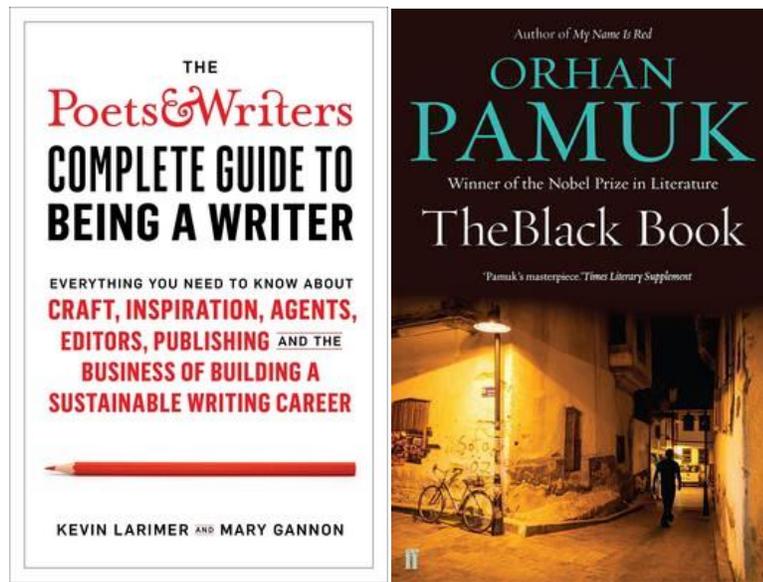
November has been a super busy and productive month for this prolific writer. I say prolific, not to boast, but to inform you that there is always something that is readily available. As a famous Canadian author said, "If I waited for perfection, I wouldn't write a word." (I paraphrased that, so it may not be 100% correct.)

What was so important for the #WritingCommunity this month? NanoWriMo of course! I don't know what it stands for, nor do I know why some letters are capitalized, but I'm on the website and the month of November is all about #goal setting as an author and then getting cool badges for achieving certain milestones. One can also track progress on each project/story/novel, including word counts, etc. I've been told by my daughter that it's used extensively by many schools around the world and that the goal is to write as many thousand words as your grade level (6,000 words if you are in grade six, etc.). I'm no longer in school, so I set the lofty, some would say stupid and unrealistic goal of 50,000 words for the month. Did I achieve it? Keep reading to find out!

What does an author read?

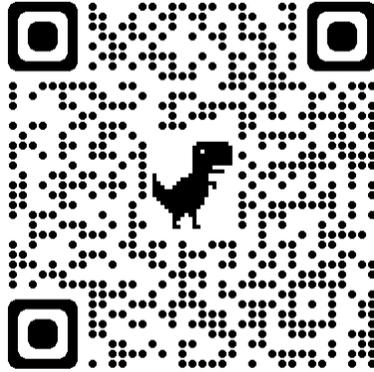
In October, I began reading The Black Book by Orhan Pamuk. I found it in an English bookstore in Istanbul during a long weekend visit to the crossroads of

Europe and Asia. I'd never heard of it, but seeing that it won the Nobel prize in literature, who was I to leave it sitting on the shelf? I'm still reading it, savouring each chapter as I go. I also received a book for my birthday! (Yes, I successfully orbited the sun one more time without doing significant damage to myself or others). Some people may be asking why I am still reading books on how to become a better writer. I would answer them by saying, "Vladimir Guerrero Jr still asks for advice from his hitting coach, even though Jr hit 48 home runs in 2021. Besides, the more I learn, the more you will hopefully enjoy my writing!"



Social Media.

I can see that not many of you follow me on #Twitter. You're missing out. Seriously, I tweet regularly and follow some funny people, including other writers and those connected to publishing, editing, etc. I'm just saying...@hookiep1. Did you know that you can use QR codes for tweets? I literally just self-taught myself (can I say that?) and wow. Lightbulb moment, folks. You know what to do with your phone!



Updates from behind the screen.

- NanoWriMo So I ended up writing 21, 237 words, give or take a few. Nowhere near even half my goal, but hey, if I'd set a goal of just 10,000, I don't think I would have written more than 15,000. I set high goals and shoot for it, regardless of the fact that failing sometimes hurts.
- Limestone City Murders The background for my protagonist is done. It's been done for a while, but I massaged it a little. I also fleshed out the details on some great scenes, including one in Skeleton Park (yes, it is a real park in Kingston, ON).
- Sandwich Aficionado Finished and published by the good folks at RogueAnimalBooks! *Hint, use your phone with the QR Code!
- Orecchiette What happens when one spy follows two other spies to the south of Italy? Narrow, winding streets in an ancient city lead to intrigue, danger and demise. This story is half-finished. Will be out by Christmas!
- A Christmas Like No Other Marty returns to the place he swore he left behind for good. He knew he had no choice, and he knew what was waiting for him - the Plunketts and some Christmas traditions that no teenager should have to endure. Part One to be released on my RogueAnimalBooks this week, followed by Parts Two and Three in successive weeks.

- Delucas - Home Have you ever had a sense of smell or taste bring you back to your childhood? If so, you're in for a treat when reading this flash fiction that will be on my website, you guessed it, this week!
- Sunrise This one started as a flash fiction, but has morphed and is now over 3,000 words. I'm not sure how it's going to end, but I like it so far. Think of best friends, add in tragedy and compassion.
- Ghorosan and the Saviour Another short story that I started while on the bus to work. I'm working through it and like its direction. A woman sees a man in a dream and spends her life looking for the one that can save the world. Will she find him? Is he really the world-saver? Check it out below!
- Doctor's Office This was a #writerprompt by the awesome team on Facebook (I'm not using metaverse yet) called Writer's Island. It's a, 'to be continued' story that I started. We shall see where it goes.

Story of the Month

Ghorosan and the Saviour

Flash Fiction by Paul Hook

The name was spoken only ever in a whisper. Many believed he wasn't real. Some swore they had seen his miracles. Those that didn't know of him suddenly had an insatiable thirst for knowledge about the man. No one knew why he had such an odd name, but never questioned it.

She had been searching for Dawtenwyi for six years. Many people had called her crazy, and after six years, she didn't mind it. Her focus on finding him, to find the One, had become her life's sole purpose.

The day before, a man with a pet monkey had told her that Dawtenwyi was high up in the mountains about Ghorosan.

She had no way of knowing his veracity, but she had no other leads. So, she trudged up the muddy slopes towards the snowy peaks that were hidden by the clouds. Ghorosan held exotic animals, unique in the world. Cassy remembered the stories from her youth, when her grandmother would delight the children as they tried to fall asleep. Strange animals such as the yadidoo, a bird with a trunk for a nose. She longed to have the chance to see it and the other creatures spoken of by her grandmother.

A tribe called the Tralori offered her safe passage in return for any goods she would part with from the cities below the mountains. Cassy asked the elder if he knew of the Dawtenwyi. She was excited when the answer was a nod of the head. "He passed by one of our villages no more than two days ago. We will help take you to him," said the elder.

Three days of travel with the Tralori took her through the wild forests on the mountains. She saw many yadidoo and many more majestic creatures that seemed to be too bizarre to exist on the planet. The

elder had asked her why she was searching for the man, and she stopped to look at him. It took her a while before she could answer, as she had stopped thinking about the reason to find him many years before, and had only ever thought about the need to find him. Suddenly remembering, she said, “He can save us, all of us. He is the One.”

“Save us from what? Who is the One?” The elder and Tralori all asked.

“From the destruction that will befall all kingdoms, all peoples. The destruction of the world. Only he can save us. He came to me in a dream, many years ago and told me to find him. Only then would the world be safe from itself. And so, I have travelled thousands of miles, across the oceans and over mountains in search of him. To meet him and ask him to help save us from ourselves.”

They all nodded and understood. The tribes in Ghorosan knew of the sickness of the earth and made a pact to stay away from the cities. They were the evil on the planet. Only the protective forests keep the tribes safe from all but a few adventurous travellers such as Cassy and Dawtenwyi.

At the edge of a clearing, Tralori looked at Cassy and said, “Go forward to the water and you will find the One.”

His followers nodded at Cassy, who tentatively stepped forward and began to walk, alone, towards the end of her journey. The culmination of six years of searching for him.

Within a short distance, but shrouded by tall grasses, Cassy heard the babbling of water. Suddenly, a path opened in front of her. The blades of grass swayed and whispered in her ears as she continued onward. Dawtenwyi turned as she exited the grassy tunnel. “Cassy, you have arrived. I have been waiting for you.”

Cassy was both shocked and at ease with him knowing her name. The dream had brought her to this point in time, to meet someone that, until that moment, was a figment of her imagination. For some reason, she didn’t ask him the questions that had invaded her thoughts as she moved across the sea: Why me? How do you know me? How will I find you?

“Yes, Dawtenwyi. I am here, as are you. It has been six, long years since you came to me in my dreams. I am so happy to have found you here in Ghorosan.”

To be continued...

[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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