

# Paul's Monthly Newsletter

Issue #6 | June 2021 | Vol # 1



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

Do you believe in just in time delivery? I do. I think it's great and without further ado, welcome to my newsletter. If you're new or old to me and my writing, you'll never be bored. Witty remarks, sarcastic comments and a constant stream of writing keeps me and my readers engaged (hopefully!).

I don't know how often you look at my website (I lied, I actually can see how many people view it every day), but there have been some new additions: notably links to my favourite short story sites. They have some great authors with fanciful imaginations, who are loquacious and love to write to make other people happy. What could be better. Two of them are below:



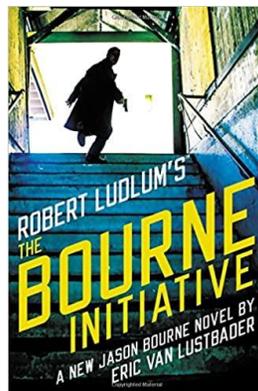
## Limestone City Murders - a Novel in Progress.

I know what you're asking. 'Is he stringing me along? Is there actually a book here?' Writing a novel takes time. 80-100k words do not just materialize onto paper when

you snap your fingers. I can promise you it is coming along. I'll even give a teaser on my website this week as a working draft for chapter one. Who knows what will happen in the idyllic town of Kingston, Canada.

### What does an author read?

Yup. Still reading. I read to write and I write so that you can read. It's a cyclical thing. I read blogs, posts, tweets, stories, articles, webpages, books, novels and sometimes even hand-passed notes. Newspapers and comics are mostly a thing of the past for me, although who doesn't love Calvin and Hobbes? I'm currently reading Robert Ludlum's "The Bourne Initiative." If you like thrillers, action and good writing, this is the series. The book came out a few years ago, but hey, can you blame me?



### Updates from behind the screen.

I managed to finish four short stories, start another four and work on my website this month. On top of that, our writing critique group re-started after a few month hiatus. It's been quite busy and productive, to say the least. Two stories are submitted and I should be back in two weeks. Fingers and toes crossed!

- Dark Web Detective Did you ever think that a detective would livestream his murder scenes? Well, this guy does. Follow the second person POV and discover what happened in the hipster barber shop. Coming out soon.

- The Supply Specialist What do you get when you mix a retired, army logistician, a mafia and time? The answer: a great tale that you have to read to believe. Coming out soon.

## Story of the Month.

### **Flight Delay**

They were identical. An army of men and women dressed in white bio-hazard suits, latex gloves and full face masks. They moved as one unit, walking through the corridor to the departure gates, eschewing the travelator. Anyone who saw them got out of the way, as if an invisible force field pushed at them.

Ten, faceless and nameless people. It was an imposing sight to even the most hardened adults used to scenes of violence and death.

Taggart, a forty-something business executive travelling home to New York looked up from his phone and stared as the group passed him. Normally, he wouldn't have been around to see such a spectacle as he spent his time in the executive lounge, but the flight had been delayed. He hadn't found out until he got to the boarding area and saw the disappointment on fellow passengers' faces.

*Great. Just what we need. They're probably going to scrub the whole plane and we'll have to wait until they get a replacement. I knew I shouldn't have left the lounge.*

Even the recent success in his work had been forgotten as the worst thoughts chugged into his head.

Kids pointed and stared, one lady ran to get out of their way and the airport staff seemed hesitant to engage with any of them.

Taggart went back to watching the stock market updates on his phone as he waited for the announcement over the P.A. system. At least then he could know when the next timing would be so that he could go back to the relative safety of the lounge and drown his sorrows in a London Mule.

A minute passed and Taggart looked towards the boarding area. The attendants stood behind the desk, carrying on. Thinking that he must have been too engrossed in the bull run on the stocks, he walked up to get an answer.

“Excuse me, miss. I mustn’t have heard the announcement. What will the new boarding time be?”

A young brunette looked back at him, her eyes hidden by bangs. She replied, “Sir, boarding will be in ten minutes.”

Confused by the answer, he nodded and turned. It was only at that point in time that he began to laugh.

Twenty feet in front of him sat the faceless army. They had their phones out, some had crossed their legs, talking to one another and a chubby man looked like he was sleeping.

The biohazard team wasn’t going to scrub the plane, they were just passengers like the rest of the group. Only, they took their safety to another level.

Taggart could only hope that they couldn’t afford business class. He sat back down and surreptitiously took a photo of the group to share with his friends.

Some things were just too unbelievable unless seen in person!

[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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