

The Hovan Narratives Newsletter

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Christopher Iolaire



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Welcome to the seventh edition of The Hovan Narratives Newsletter!

Forestton

*A man, haunted by the reoccurring nightmare of the loss of his wife,
attempts to escape the anguish with a change of scenery.*

The wizard, using his magic, moves to Earth.

Someone followed. Or preceded him?

Whichever, they do not want him on the planet.

Or alive!

The feeling is mutual.

*Dangers that he is uniquely positioned to confront threaten him at home
and on Earth.*

*This good man, capable of violence, must protect this magically vulnerable
planet.*

Someone has to.

So much for escaping the memories.

Here we are in February. Sorry I was a few days late with the seventh edition of the newsletter. The delay occurred for good reasons! The formatting of the novel has been finalized. The covers (front and back) are complete and adjusted in size for both a 6 in. x 9 in. paperback and an eBook. This size paperback is called a trade paperback in the US. The novel will be available as a trade paperback and an eBook.

One of the advertising banners for the novel is above I will post it to my social media in a few days. But you get to see it first. I think it is beautiful. I am biased, I know.

Another aspect keeping me busy is setting up accounts on the various platforms so I can self-publish the book. This included purchasing the necessary ISBNs that I will need: one for the print version and one for the eBook. I plan on making the print and eBook available through Amazon and Ingram spark (for places other than Amazon). In addition, the eBook will be available through Kobo (more international), Apple books, and Google Play Books. That is assuming I can figure out how to get the manuscript and cover posted to each of these sites.

Choosing the Amazon categories and keywords has also been a chore. The book needs to be positioned in the proper place so people can find it and searches will offer it. This is not as easy as it sounds. There are a lot of categories and sub-categories from which to choose. Authors are limited to three on Amazon. Plus, the keywords are vital so that searches will bring it forward. This all ties into the book blurb, the short description of the story. The administrative stuff is keeping me busy.

I am very excited that the publication date is so close! An exact date has not been set yet because the books need to be printed and delivered. The manuscript and cover need to be uploaded and then approved by each platform. Also, a location needs to be chosen for the book launch and book signing, and then dates coordinated. More things to do. The end of the project is in sight, though.

As always, I appreciate any help you can offer with spreading the word about the novel: either through word of mouth or social media. When you finally get to read it, if you like it please leave a review on Goodreads and Amazon. It all helps! I continue to build an email list and an Instagram following. Join me on Goodreads.com as well. If you wish to help, please spread the word and repost. You can find me on Facebook at Christopher lolaire and on Instagram at @christopher_iolaire. If you wish to read the previous excerpts, then click on past newsletters at Christopheriolaire.com.

The next book excerpt is below. Enjoy!

Take care,

Chris lolaire



An hour later, with Racine's lesson concluded, Julian returned to his room to wash up. After a quick shower, Julian found Sanlar and Lily in the kitchen, finishing up dinner.

"Can I help?"

"Feed the dogs, please," said Lily. "Then let them out."

Though his own eyes were blue, Lily's blue eyes seemed unusual to Julian when framed by the black hair and brown skin of the elf. Maybe they struck him as different because blue eyes were rare in elves. Then again, blue eyes were uncommon in humans back home as well. Often enough, children had teased him when he was young for his unusual eyes and blond hair.

Julian picked up the two dogs' bowls. Immediately the dogs ran to him, dancing around, tails wagging, nearly tripping him, as he poured kibble into the bowls.

"There are the happy puppies," said Julian as he placed the bowls on the floor. He retreated toward the backdoor as Berk and Shire ate.

"Okay. Now outside, you two."

Tails still wagging, the two black Labs rushed out the open door into the snow. Berk pushed snow into the air and tried to catch it with his mouth. Shire sprinted in circles around Julian before stopping in front of him, paws stretching out in front, tail held high and wagging.

"Oh, you want to play, do you?" Julian rushed at Shire. The nimble black Lab darted to the side, out of Julian's reach. Berk ran behind Julian.

"And you too." Julian chased the two dogs around in the snow, never coming close to catching them.

"All right, all right. You win. Go take care of your business, you merry Labs."

The two dogs wandered over to the trees on the right side of the backyard. Julian walked away from the lodge to the foot of the hill rising from the backyard. The Sun had dipped behind the forested ridge, though the sky was still blue. Shadows under the trees had not darkened yet to black. Julian noticed three deer looking down from the edge of the woods, motionless.

Shire appeared at Julian's side, soon followed by Berk. The dogs stared at the deer. Julian looked at the Labs, who began creeping forward.

"Berk. Shire. Home." Julian took a step back toward the house, showing the dogs which way he wanted them to move. "Come. You had your dinner. Let them find theirs. Come, my friends. Back to your nice, warm house. Let them be."

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