

Edition #4

The Hovan Narratives Newsletter

#4 - November 1, 2025

Christopher Iolaire



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Welcome to the fourth edition of The Hovan Narratives Newsletter!

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

The wizard, using his magic, moves to Earth.

He is followed.

Or preceded?

*Trouble erupts on Earth and on his home planet. Danger that he is
uniquely positioned to confront.*

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

Someone has to.

So much for escaping the memories.

Welcome!

Thank you for joining me for the fourth edition of the **Hovan Narratives Newsletter**. The manuscript is still with the copyeditor, who should have it back to me in early November. During this past month, the focus has been on book marketing and story ideas for book three.

Yes, book three. Earlier books can foreshadow or set in motion ideas in later books. Thus, the action seems like natural outcomes of decisions by the characters. The weaving of story ideas and plot lines. As a first time novelist, my craft of writing is taking large steps forward. The level of writing in the present manuscript compared to earlier versions is quite different. I feel that I have significantly improved my writing and story telling.

The book marketing however, is what I am least knowledgeable about. Marketing is a work in progress. I am trying to build the email list and the social media following so that I can keep in touch with potential readers. If

you would like to help with this, I would ask that you re-post the Instagram posts, facebook posts, and enjoy the newsletters.

I am still deciding on a book launch date. At present, I am thinking of February. Getting there, but still a lot to do (and learn). After the copy editor finishes, then it is time for the proofreader and the formatting of the book. More on that in upcoming newsletters.

You can find me on Facebook at Christopher Iolaire and on Instagram at @chrisopher_iolaire. Those of you who receive these newsletters can also help get the story noticed. Spread the word! Thank you for that.

OK, for reading to the end, you get the next scene from the book. The scenes in the previous editions of the newsletter are the opening scenes of the book, occurring in Boston. In this scene, Julian has left Boston. Again, if you click on past newsletters at ChristopherIolaire.com, you can re-read the previous scenes, if you wish.

Take care,

Chris Iolaire



Just after midnight, Julian saw the turnoff that led to the one lane bridge crossing the swift, narrow stream. He got out, opened the gate, drove his SUV over the bridge, and then closed the gate behind him. He knew that opening the gate would send a signal up to the lodge, though he was not sure if anyone was awake at this hour to hear it. The long driveway up to the lodge in the Berkshire Mountains of western Massachusetts ended in a gravel lot. The gravel crunched under the tires, though a thin layer of fresh snow hid the small, blue grey pebbles. Grabbing his backpack and

small suitcase from the back of his SUV, he breathed in the crisp, cold air, and headed towards the main entrance of the old two story building.

The front door opened before he climbed the two steps up onto the porch. The bright light from the recessed fixtures in the porch ceiling lit a smiling Caucasian man waiting in the doorway.

Julian looked at the shorter man, taking in details such as the wavy brown hair, lighter in color than the man's eyes, that drifted in the breeze. Julian noted that the man could use a shave.

Nice touch.

"Hello Racine."

"Good to see you, Julian. It has been a while. Come in out of the cold. The wine is breathing."

"You did not need to wait up."

"No worries. Sanlar watched the Bruins. Gladiators on ice, he calls them. They beat some team on the west coast called the Ducks. Warriors fighting ducks?" Racine chuckled. "Welcome."

Julian slid his suitcase into a corner as Racine locked the heavy wooden door. He turned to watch Racine.

Racine's hair darkened to black and straightened. His skin seemed to develop an instant tan but continued to deepen in color. His eyes switched to jade and shone from a face now more oval with a narrow nose. The need for a shave was gone. His face to Julian did not suggest youth, but Julian would have had trouble guessing his age if he did not already know.

"There it is," said Julian. "The ageless face of a middle aged elf. I would not like looking into a mirror and not seeing myself."

"The hardest part was getting the magic to move the hair with the breeze. Come. The wine and Sanlar are in the Fireplace Room. Lily said to say hello, but has gone to bed."

Julian hung up his coat on a coat tree and walked with Racine down the hall. Julian noticed Racine's ever present limp.

No. I am not the only one with a painful past.

Two black labs came running down the hall, tags wagging. They bypassed Racine.

Julian dropped to one knee to greet the energetic dogs. "Berk! Shire! How are you?"

He hugged each dog and scratched their heads. When he stood up, they sprinted back down the hall and turned into the Fireplace Room. Julian followed them in. True to its name, the room glowed in the calming, flickering colors of a wood fire. The large, rounded stones used to build the large hearth and chimney seemed appropriate to this sitting room in the old rod and gun club.

Sanlar met them and handed each a glass of red wine. "Here, my friends. I heard you coming."

Sanlar had the same height and deep tan skin color as Racine. He was more muscular and moved with a grace that spoke of athletic talent and dexterity. His eyes were piercing dark brown. His straight black hair, common among elves, was loose and shoulder length. He spoke with an accent that was much stronger than either Julian's and Racine's.

"Thank you." Julian accepted the glass with a small bow.

"Chianti Reserva," added Racine. "In honor of your trip to the north end for dinner. Though Tom did not seem too happy that you were out with Melissa."

"So he told me. And her. We are just friends."

"Yes," grinned Sanlar. "Until you are not."

Julian ignored Sanlar's comment and his smirk. "The fire smells wonderful!"

Racine waved toward the couch. "Sit and relax."

Julian sank into the couch opposite the wall from the fire and closed his eyes. He rolled wine around his mouth, savoring the soft tannins. The scent of the fire filled his nose.

"Tom taught me a new word. Restorative. Sipping excellent wine, breathing in the calming scent of a wood fire, relaxing on a comfortable couch in the company of friends is restorative."

He opened his eyes. "Thank you for receiving me so late and allowing me to stay a few nights."

Racine accepted his thanks with a nod and a salute with his wine glass. "You are always welcome! You need not ask to come. Your room is ready for you upstairs. Besides, you will earn your keep tomorrow."

Sanlar added. "I will get you for a training session when he is done with you. Maybe some cross country skiing too."

Julian took a big sip of wine. Then he placed his glass on the end table and sat back. A dog jumped onto the couch and laid across his lap. He closed his eyes again as he petted the dog.

"Look forward to it."

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