

The Hovan Narratives Newsletter

#2 - September 1, 2025

Christopher Iolaire



The Hovan Narratives Newsletter

Welcome to the second edition of The Hovan Narratives Newsletter!

*A man, haunting 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 at home. Danger that has him in the crosshairs and 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!

Welcome to the second edition of the Hovan Narratives Newsletter. This is the newsletter for the Hovan Narratives series. The first two books are written: Forestton and Shetteca. I am focused on book one titled 'Forestton The Hovan Narratives'.

If you wish to read the first edition of the newsletter, you can go to my website Christopherialaire.com and click on the past newsletters page.

I mentioned in the first newsletter that I was working on the suggestions from the editor. That editor is a developmental editor. Her job is a story analysis. She checks for things like character strengths and weaknesses, plot flaws, pacing, point of view, and story arc.

Her most important suggestion was to be mindful of the point of view. I was jumping to quickly from one point of view to another. Occasionally, I would slip into omniscient POV where something would be mentioned or expanded on that the character would not know or would not be inclined to discuss or think at that moment in the story.

Along with cleaning up a few things, I focused on the point of view chapter by chapter, scene by scene. After doing some research (reading), I decided a third person limited point of view works best for my novel. With this point of view, the reader knows what only one character at a time is thinking. The reader is brought inside a particular character's head, but

only one character per scene. Some stories stay within one character's head the entire novel. I chose not to do that.

So, I am mostly done with that. Still re-reading some sections. With the additions, the word count is now about 101,500 words.

The next step was to find and hire a copy editor. I have now done that. A copy editor's analysis is a more grammar based, word use approach. For example, the copy editor may point out that a sentence is structured incorrectly or that I used a particular word too often. In other words, he or she will ensure that the writing is clear, engaging, and grammatically correct.

So, my manuscript goes off to the copyeditor. Now, I wait to see what he thinks!

While this is going on, I need to think about marketing the novel. How do I get the book out there and noticed? This newsletter helps with that. Social media helps as well though I need assistance from my children to figure out how to use it! You readers can also help get the story noticed. Spread the word! Thank you for that.

I can be found at Christopher Iolaire on Facebook and @chrisopher_iolaire on Instagram.

OK. For reading to the end, you get another scene from the book. The scene in the first edition of the newsletter is the opening scene of the book. This following piece is scene two. Julian and Melissa are still in Boston. Again, if you click on past newsletters at Christopheriolaire.com, you can re-read scene one, if you wish.

Take care,

Chris Iolaire



Julian held the door for Melissa as she entered the small restaurant, leaving the chill of the Boston evening outside. Warm air carrying delicious scents welcomed them in.

"Two please," Julian said to the hostess.

She picked up two menus and walked them to a table by the window.

Julian held the chair for Melissa as she seated herself. He brought both coats to the coat check before joining her at the table.

"Always a man with manners."

"My father would have nothing else from his son."

"Suggestions?" asked Melissa, looking at the menu.

"I think everything is excellent. At least, it used to be. It has been two years since I came. For me, the spaghetti and meatballs. I do not have an Italian grandmother to make it for me. Chianti?"

"Yes please. I think a seafood pasta dish."

The wine came just after the bread and olive oil. Julian raised his glass to toast. "To a successful interview tomorrow."

"Yes. I'm nervous." After the first sip of wine, Melissa continued. "The internship went well. If I can turn it into a job, that would be great!"

Julian leaned forward on his elbows, hands surrounding his wine glass. "The internship and the job you hope to get are doing the same thing? Same company?"

He watched Melissa wrap her hair around her right hand and throw it across her back. She took another sip of her wine and put the glass down.

"I interned in New York with a different division of the same company."

Julian continued to lean forward on his elbows as she spoke.

With her hair pulled back off her face, she appeared ready for the office. He imagined she would secure her hair with a clip or a tie for the interview to keep it behind her shoulders. Not the sexy look she had a moment before, with her dark hair adding a perfect border to her beautiful face, drawing out the lighter shade of her brown eyes.

His blue eyes held her brown eyes until his eyes wandered to her cheekbones and down to her lips, watching them move as they formed words. He then noted the small gestures of her hands gently emphasizing parts of the story in tune with the sparkle of her eyes.

When she paused, they each sipped Chianti. Julian said, "And you could live here in Boston, near Tom and Cathy."

"True, and they could help find a place to live. If I get the job offer."

Melissa relaxed back in her chair. She explained her mother's concern that she would move so far away and the benefit of having her brother Tom nearby to lower her mother's apprehension. The upturn of her lips gave evidence of her excitement of life in a new city and the hope of getting the job she wanted.

"Many of my friends had trouble finding a good internship and are now struggling to get any job. I was lucky that my dad had a connection from his military days."

Julian drank some more wine, basking in the presence of the beautiful, vibrant, intelligent woman. She was happy. For Julian, that was an enjoyment to be near, even if she incited memories of his deceased wife Suzhanee by both her looks and outgoing confidence. But Melissa knew none of that. She did not know that her similarities to Suzhanee were an attraction, but also not. Bittersweet.

He noticed that Melissa had stopped talking and was watching him.

When he refocused on her eyes, she smiled. "You sit there and let me go on and on." She paused. "There are things going on behind those charming, blue eyes. They are distracted, but not vacant."

"I was simply watching your enthusiasm. It is nice to hear you so excited and happy and have a plan for success."

"Deflecting again. I don't think you and simple go together. You are a hard one to get to talk about yourself. Maybe we need more wine."

"Not too much wine. I have to drive you to Tom's apartment later."

"You dropped two clues tonight. Your grandmother is not Italian, and your father is well mannered."

"Was. He passed away."

"I'm sorry. But another clue. Your mother?"

"Passed away also."

"Any siblings?"

"No brothers or sisters."

"All alone. No family?"

"I have my close friends. My past has some painful parts. We all do, I guess, if you live long enough. Escaping the country of my birth allows me to escape the memories for a time. I do not see you that often, but I enjoy being with you. I can just be."

Julian sipped his wine. "When I go back home, there are expectations and formalities and reminders. Even with Tom, he expects me to show up with thousands of words written. And he knows my story. You know nothing about my life, and that comforts me. You are outgoing, fun, smart. I can enjoy your presence. And our beauty. With you, I can just be." Julian raised his glass of wine. "To you."

Julian finished his wine. Melissa emptied her glass. She then signaled the server for another round.

"That's the best story I've ever heard for telling me absolutely nothing. Maybe with more wine, you will at least tell me where you are from. Just telling you, I'm not sleeping with you without knowing where you are from."

"See! You can make that joke because you know it will not happen. No expectations or pressure with us. We can simply enjoy good wine and good food and good company. And watching penguins. Now, pick your meal so we can order and enjoy another glass of wine."

"OK, for now. But only because I don't want you to feel uncomfortable around me."

The waitress delivered the two glasses of Chianti and took their order.

"It translates to Forestton."

"What does?"

"The village I go back to. Forestton. Town from the forest. Forest-ton."

Christopher lolaire

Christopherlolaire.com

Chrislolaire@gmail.com

You received this email because you signed up on our website or made a purchase from us.

[Unsubscribe](#)

