

The Hovan Narratives Newsletter

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Christopher Iolaire



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Welcome to the first edition of The Hovan Narratives Newsletter!

*A man, suffering from 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.*

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

Welcome!

Welcome to the first edition of The Hovan Narratives Newsletter. This is the newsletter for my novel 'Forestton The Hovan Narratives'.

So, where are we?

I finished writing the story last year, but soon realized it was too big for one book. No problem. Now I have two! And room to run for a third and a fourth. For the past year, I have focused on the first book, which is about 100,000 words. If things go well, it should be published in 6 months or so.

I qualify that with "or so" because as I journey down the road to becoming a published author, I am learning that there is so much more to this process than I thought. My path is the self published route, unless anyone knows a literary agent looking for clients. What that translates to is that I have to learn how to do a lot of different things.

It also means that I have plenty to write about in upcoming editions of this newsletter.

The biggest steps that I took recently were locating a beta reader and an editor. A beta reader is someone who enjoys this genre and will read the book in order to provide feedback. I like it. I don't like it. This character seems weak. This part was tough to follow.

As opposed to an editor who will give a more in depth, literary breakdown such as plot analysis, character development, grammar, etc.

I have spent the spring and early summer working through their suggestions. Recently, I sent them some updated work for their opinions. I am waiting to hear from them, though the initial reports are positive.

It is incredibly difficult to analyze your own work. I know what all the characters are thinking, what has happened and will happen even when the reader does not. Also, I have read the story so many times that I often pass over mistakes because I know what it should say, not what I wrote.

Getting feedback is also a challenge. Writing this is such a labor of love that any criticism is almost too difficult to read. My editor began her report with two pages that basically said 'Don't take it personal'. I thought that was humorous. Once I could actually read it, that is.

It is time consuming to go through it all again to fix the mistakes. But I love it. And I want the feedback because it makes me a better writer and story teller. Always feel free to send feedback and suggestions. Just be nice.

You can always check in on instagram at [@christopher\\_iolaire](#) or on facebook at Christopher Iolaire.

Next is a little reward for reading the whole newsletter. Hope you enjoy it.

Thanks,

Chris Iolaire



## Boston

Julian watched the beautiful young woman with a smile on her face walk toward him across Boston's South Station. That she was his friend's younger sister did not detract from the serenity of the moment; from seeing the happy young woman with a backpack slung over one shoulder, her long dark brown hair partly obscuring the backpack. Neither did the thought that she not would believe a word of his life story beyond 'he was born'. The contentment he felt played tag with other feelings, sadness and lonely pain, as it spurred the memory of another smile, one that he would never see again, which floated uncontrolled through his consciousness.

"Welcome to Boston, Melissa. How was the trip?"

"Easy enough. I got some schoolwork done on the train. Now, I'm ready to see penguins!"

"Want some food first?"

"Nope. Penguins!"

Her smile and laugh nearly triggered a smile in Julian. The enjoyment of being in the friendly company of Melissa was something he looked forward to, but it always stirred the memory of what he had lost. He chose not to dwell on the similarities between Melissa and Suzhanee. Her beauty made her desirable in other ways, but Julian did not feel comfortable going there. At least not yet.

He reached for the backpack. "Penguins it is."

"Penguins sound so eloquent when you say it with your accent."

They got out of the taxi near the aquarium. As they walked towards the entrance, the wind off Boston Harbor played with Melissa's long hair before she caught it and secured it to her neck with her scarf.

Julian opened the mobile ticket app on his phone. "I bought the tickets online. It is cheaper and easier."

"How much do I owe you?"

Julian squinted his deep blue eyes as he looked at Melissa. "Nothing! Consider this and dinner an early college graduation present."

Her brown eyes met his gaze as she continued to smile. "Hmmm, my brother may not like you taking his pretty sister out for a romantic dinner in the North End."

"Who said you were pretty?"

Melissa laughed. "Every boy I've ever talked to."

"Probably true! Do they mention your intelligence and charm as well?"

"Ahh, penguins, dinner, and flattery! Tom will not like this."

"Your mother likes me. She would like that I am feeding you."

"Feeding me, yes. A romantic dinner in the North End? Maybe not so much. And it's not my mother you have to worry about."

"I think your dad would appreciate a great Italian meal. Who said anything about a romantic dinner?"

"Table for two. Glass of chianti. Call it what you will."

"I call it an excuse for me to get another wonderful dinner in the North End of Boston."

"So, I'm just a means to an end?"

"At least I am not just trying to get you into bed."

Melissa slipped her arm around Julian's arm. "That's why I like you. That, and you take me to see penguins!"

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