

IMPOSTOR ASSASSIN

BY WARREN BROWN

GOLDCOPY INDEPENDENT PUBLISHING  
LONDON

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Impostor Assassin  
by Warren Brown

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## **Chapter 1**

### **PART 1: Blood Rain**

The elderly man switched on his night lamp and got out of bed. His wife was still sound asleep sleeping beside him.

It was a wet wintry night and the moon was hidden behind the dark clouds.

It was cold and damp as the rains continued for the sixth consecutive day.

The weather was now more unpredictable, since the levels of pollution had increased over the last few decades.

Joseph Foxxen had heard a noise in the night, it came from the ground floor of his home.

It sounded like someone was prowling around in the darkness.

He had checked every door and window before he went to bed. He always checked to make sure that the house was secure after a fox had invaded their home years ago, when the children were young.

There were several reports in the news about thieves in the city.

Crime was on the rise in a city that used to be safe at one time and where people could leave their front doors open.

Joseph was well aware of the reports and the statistics of the rise in crimes. This was common in all modern cities.

He had wanted to keep a gun at home to protect himself and his wife Doris.

But, Doris his peace loving wife was against keeping a gun or any type of fire-arm at home.

Joseph picked up the long metal rod he kept just behind the bedroom door. The rod was used as a curtain rod a few years ago, it was now his weapon of choice. Joseph was a tall man who was an athlete in his youth. He was now in his eighties and not as young and fit as he used to be.

He was not afraid of what or who he was going to confront in the night.

This was his house, his castle and no one had the right to invade his home.

He opened the door of their bedroom and crept downstairs, hoping that the person or persons would not hear him coming down the stairs.

The wooden floorboards seemed to sink under his feet, so he tried to walk on the carpeted areas of his home, so as to muffle the sound of his footsteps.

As he came downstairs he saw the lights in his study were on.

There was definitely a burglar on the premises.

As he moved as soundlessly as he could into his study-room, he saw a man going through his large bound investigative journal on the crime empire which he kept on his desk.

The room was a disaster zone and everything was thrown on the floor. Grandfather's books, manuscripts and papers were all thrown around in the room. It looked as if a cyclone had hit the room. All he needed to do was to hit the intruder on the back of his head, which was turned to him.

Joseph was not prepared for what happened next, it was too quick for him to react.

The man turned around in a swift movement.

The intruder was wearing a mask and he had a gun in his hand.

At that instant Joseph wished he had a gun to defend himself. This was not a burglar, this man was an assassin and he was the target.

It was too late for Joseph as the man raised his gun and Joseph saw the bullet come straight towards him.

There could be a body lying hidden somewhere in this place, I thought to myself.

The room was overcrowded. There were books and papers everywhere. The floor could not be seen.

There was not enough space to walk through the room to get to the window.

Somehow, Grandma managed to open that window every morning since Grandfather passed away tragically a year ago, when he surprised a burglar at home.

There were books everywhere you looked. The room resembled a study, a library or a publishing house in disarray.

It must have been a year since my Grandfather passed away. I was very close to my Grandfather and I can still clearly remember all the stories he would tell us about his years in the war, when we were growing up as children. Grandpa Joe was always hammering away on his old Remington typewriter. Grandma always complained about the stacks of scrapbooks, manuscripts, notes and piles of papers which he would stack in all corners of the bedroom, the living room and there were even a few mounds of books climbing their way up to the ceiling.

Grandpa Joe had so many stories to tell us as we were growing up, some were fairy tales, some were science fiction, and some were great thrillers. The ideas and the way he would tell the stories were really interesting and very inspiring. Grandpa, was also a regular storyteller at the local Junior School, where he would conduct his Creative Expressions English Classes. The children loved Grandpa Joe "The Storyteller".

I was now visiting my Grandma at home. I looked around the house and noticed that nothing was removed in the house, all the books, papers and stacks of manuscripts were still lying around in every corner of the home. I felt a great sadness well up inside me, as I wondered to myself what would happen to all Grandpa's writings, no one would ever see them or even know they existed.

Grandma came with a warm cup of tea and a tray of homemade muffins for me.

"Richard, how is the family?", asked Grandma Doris, "your sister Mary visited me a week ago, she's working in a publishing house."

"They're okay. I haven't spoken to Mary in a while," I said

"Yes, I know you both had a falling out, but it's time to make up. How is David doing now?" asked Grandma, "was he older than you or is he the younger brother?"

"David's younger than me and he's working in Canada as a Construction Manager. He's very successful and loves his job."

"Are you still working at the local post office?"

"Yes, I'm still working there grandma."

“You had better find another job son. There is no job security working at the post office nowadays, at the rate at which the government keeps closing them down.”

“Grandma, what do you plan to do with Grandpa’s papers, books and manuscripts?”

“I really don’t know what to do with all his papers and books. Do you have any ideas Richard,” she asked me expectantly.

“I can take them all and store them away in the corner of the study, so that I can look through the manuscripts, when I’m on leave from work.”

“Will you be getting any leave this Easter and Christmas?” asked Grandma

“I’ll take a few days off for my annual leave in August.”

“Richard, you can come and stay here with me for a few days, if you like. I’ll prepare your favorite dishes for you.”

“That’s a great idea, Gran,” I said giving her a hug.

“Is there anything special you’d like me to cook for you during your holidays?”

“Maybe a meatball curry and vegetable rice,” I said just dreaming about the delicious food. Grandma was a great Chef and everyone in the family loved her cooking. We had relatives and friends, from Canada, New Zealand and Australia, who would visit my grandparents at home, just to taste Grandma’s excellent dishes. Grandma was always giving out her recipes to people. But, they would all come back to inform Grandma that the food did not taste the same. My Mother Liz was a great cook as well, and I guess it was all the training in cooking she got from her mother-in-law.

I decided to have a look in the old shed at the back of the house. The shed was quite old. Grandpa had all his tools stacked in one corner of the shed. In the center of the shed, was a huge pile of plastic boxes, in it were all the handwritten and typed notes as well as manuscripts of my Grandfather’s.

I went to the far end of the shed and saw large lots of books. There were so many fiction and non-fiction books including ones on numismatics, birds, philately and astronomy. I started to work on this pile of books, trying to sort them out into subject categories to donate to the local library and Charity shops. Grandma came to see me working at the shed, which was quite dimly lit, with one light bulb.

“Richard, rest a bit, here, have a nice warm cup of tea, with these cookies I baked on Sunday,” said grandma, handing me a plate of delicious looking chocolate cookies.

I started my work in the shed after Grandma went to rest. I was surprised at the number of typewriters, books, old VHS cassettes I found in the back of the shed. There were also a large number of comics and other literature which I found in storage.

A large number of the materials were spoiled in the dampness of the shed. While there were about two large bundles of books which were attacked by rodents. It was shocking to see that so many old articles in scrapbooks were soiled due to the poor damp conditions in the shed.

It was while I was going through the papers and books, that I heard a rustle behind the wooden book racks. I moved behind the book-racks to investigate. Two mice leaped out at me. I was startled though I was prepared for it, lost my balance and fell to the floor, I was lucky to land on more old magazines. The mice scampered away into the darkness of the shed and let me get on with my work of sorting out all the mess. I was feeling very tired and went back home. I returned at the weekend, when I had Saturday off from my work at the post-office.

Grandmother was happy to see me again and served me a hearty lunch. It started to rain and the sound of the rain could be heard hammering on the roof.

“Richard, why don’t you stay and watch something on TV till the rain stops and then you can go to the shed to sort out more of the books,” said Grandma, as she offered me another cup of tea.

“Thanks, Grandma, that’s a good idea. I will go and watch one of Grand Dad’s DVDs in the living room, till the rain stops.”

Grandma left me in the living room as she went to prepare some cakes for tea. I went to the living room and sat on Grandfather’s big arm-chair. It was soft and comfortable. I picked up a few of the DVDs from the cabinet. I decided to watch, “Silverado,” one of my favourites. I looked at the small stand beside the cabinet and noticed a small note book, with a list of all the stories and manuscripts written by Grandfather. It was all neatly written and would be perfect for when I needed to get all the manuscripts together and prepare them for publication.

By the time the movie ended, the rains had stopped as well. I walked down to the shed, there was red water everywhere. A can of red paint which Grandfather had last used to paint a part of a kitchen wall had toppled over in the flood waters. There was also a fresh hole in the roof of the shed, from where the water was seeping. The boxes of documents and books needed to be moved. I phoned my friend Gus, who lived close by and who had grown up with me.

“Hi Richard,” said Gus, as he walked in, he left his wet shoes at the door and wiped his feet, before walking into the house. Gus knew how strict Grandmother was with keeping the house clean.

“Here Gus, take this cloth to dry your feet,” said Grandmother.

“Grandma, Gus and I will be working down at the shed.”

“Okay Richard, take a few bottles of coke from the fridge,” said Grandma.

Gus and I spent four hours, clearing out all the boxes of manuscripts and documents from the shed to the spare room in Grandmother’s house.

I spent the weekend with Grandma. She kept herself busy around the home. I would visit her whenever I could almost twice a week. I would do some shopping for her. But, Grandma was not helpless, she loved to do her own cleaning, washing and cooking. The local Church group would visit my grandmother once a week and do some cleaning and cooking for her, especially when she was not well. When grandfather passed away she was in shock for a

full week. They were very close and they doted on one another. It was a chance meeting at a country fair, when they met. Grandfather would tell us the long story about how he first spotted his one true love and he rescued her when she was sitting on a large Ferris wheel which suddenly came to an abrupt halt. He was a young man of twenty, tall and strong and he was a hero as he carried the pretty girl down in his arms. Three hours later the Ferris wheel was fixed. Grandmother did not remember much of what happened that day and always said that the whole episode was very fuzzy. But, then again Grandfather was a great storyteller and everyone would be entranced hearing his enthralling stories, every evening and on cold wintry nights.

I was treated to a lot of tasty food. I used this time to go through all Grandfather's papers, books and manuscripts. I tallied them with the small book I had found with the list, which Grandfather had made.

Grandpa's writings were on a variety of topics, from notes of his days in the army, to genealogical research notes, to short stories and about ten fully completed manuscripts.

In his lifetime Grandpa received a lot of rejection letters from publishers. Most of the book publishers and literary agents worked for either directly or indirectly with SWAMP the largest publishers in the world. SWAMP was an acronym for **S**erving the **W**orld in **A**ll **M**arket **P**laces. When SWAMP was created over half a century ago by the President of the World Council of Commerce it had a positive vision. The largest marketplace in the world SWAMP was now changed into a controlling force which manipulated all sectors of world markets and even controlled over ninety per cent of the professions of the world. The SWAMP Academies and Vocational training Centres were thriving institutions which trained the professionals of the future. SWAMP also received a ten percent of all salaries earned by every person employed in companies owned and controlled by the company.

It was always very difficult to know who worked for SWAMP because almost everyone did directly or indirectly. SWAMP was present everywhere and when someone would do something good in the world, they were always on the look-out for the Harbingers of evil.

The Post Office where I worked was owned and managed by SWAMP. Grandfather Joe was a carpenter and made the most beautiful cabinets. He was not a part of the SWAMP workforce and preferred to stay that way during his life. All his writings and his literary endeavors were rejected repeatedly because independent publishing was not encouraged. When there were writers making loads of money on the SWAMP marketplace, it was because it was made possible by the clever market machinations, metrics and manipulations of SWAMP.

I needed to focus on why I was here sorting papers. I was now more than motivated to continue my work, as Grandma brought me a cup of tea. I loved drinking tea, I had a cup almost every hour a day. I know it is a bit too much, but then I guess it is an addiction, which helped me with my writing and relaxation.

Grandma had a collection of herbal teas which she liked me to taste. Some of the aromas were simply out of this world and some were horrendous.

I had developed an interest in writing and publishing. I worked as a Proof-Reader and Literary Agent part-time for a publishing firm.

The main focus in the world of publishing is on getting more readers for books and ebooks. However, it now needs to shift to encouraging more authors to publish their work, while giving them the support of established publishers. It was my wish to make authors rock stars. It is about time that the work of authors is recognized and that they get rewarded for their writings.

Newsletters and e-newsletters with Book news is filled with articles on the latest bestsellers, book deals, book fairs and appointments at publishing houses. There are a few which also report new publishing trends. What is missing from all these publishing newsletters is the opening of avenues to independent authors.

Independent authors and publishing news is absent from Publishing Newsletters. Will this change in future? Can we only hope that there will be a meeting of minds to make a unified approach to publishing possible?

Most Independent Authors struggle to solve the puzzle of first time authors getting unbelievable book deals with publishing houses. If the world has never heard of an author, who has no readers and no proof of having a marketable book, how is it possible for the author to secure a million dollar book deal?

Does the answer lie with the Literary agents who have a powerful influence with Publishers in order to get the best deals for debut authors?

The manuscript that stood out for me was titled “Captive Heiress” and had to be the one I would publish first. It was the story of a young woman who was kidnapped while on her way to work as a fashion designer. The lady was divorced and she had two young children. After she was kidnapped her captor gave her a drug which erased her memory. The young lady’s captor was shocked to discover that the woman he had abducted was a wealthy heiress. He had married the lady and he kept trying to get the lady’s memory back but it was too late. She never saw her children grow up. Her memory never returned. Her husband cum captor kept trying different ways to get her to remember who she was but it was too late. An impostor had claimed the fortune and her husband and captor had lost the claim to all the wealth he could have had.



## Chapter 2

### The New Age of Publishing

*“In matters of truth the fact that you don't want to publish something is, nine times out of ten, a proof that you ought to publish it.”*

*G. K. Chesterton*

A year ago things started to change for the better.

There was a new publishing company in the city which encouraged everyone to be a publisher.

Gold Leaf Publishing was the new company which seemed to offer all writers the golden opportunity for publishing and selling their own books while maintaining full control over distribution and marketing.

Gold Leaf Publishing owned by Wayne Morrow was taking the literary world by storm.

SWAMP seemed to stay away from the new publishing company. There was an article which stated that Gold Leaf Publishing was only allowed to operate in the city and in the world by giving “Swamp” a four percent from every sale made.

This is definitely the Golden New Age of Publishing, where anyone and everyone can publish a book online, with the new Print on Demand publishing model. I was meeting Carol and Henry, who were a husband and wife writing team who needed to get their work reviewed. The Gregorian Publishing firm I worked for was interested in their work and assigned me to their case.

They had been writing for the last two years and had now completed a fantasy series, which they felt would be just what the fantasy and science fiction genres needed in the marketplace.

I was at the Waldorf Hotel for the appointment at seven in the evening on a Friday night. The dining room at the hotel is full with young and old couples, who are spending an evening out at the Theater followed by dinner at the Waldorf.

I have been sitting at the table for the last ten minutes and then the couple walk in. They are a young couple in their early thirties dressed smartly. They smile as they spot me and come over to my table. We had a productive meeting and I got them to sign on the dotted line. The Gregorian Publishing firm had got the new authors.

After that evening meeting I got to thinking that I could set up my own publishing firm, with the five years of experience I had as a literary agent. It would definitely be more rewarding than the job I had at the post-office. I needed capital and that was something I did not have. Authors put in a lot of

effort into writing their novels from start to finish or any other fiction and non-fiction book. Authors deserve to receive a lot more fame and recognition, especially independent authors. Authors need to be treated like rock stars by their readers. An author tends to view the world from a unique perspective and sheds light on topics of interest, which many of us think about casually, but do not stop to go any deeper. The authors of today are the visionaries of the future. I needed to take the world to the future of publishing. I started working on the manuscript of my book, "Renaissance Publishing". The book was going to be my experiences in publishing and the gradual evolution of the writing and publishing industry.

I received an invitation to attend the *Young Writers and Publishers Conference* at the Atlas Convention Centre in Los Angeles. My friend Simon was a writer and he had gone into Indie Publishing a few months ago.

There were so many young writers attending the Conference that I was amazed. The young people were from all corners of the world. There were writers from Canada, Australia, America, New Zealand, Africa, India, Britain and even from Finland and Iceland.

Outside the Convention hall there was a demonstration of Publishers who were protesting on this new form of Indie Publishing, where anyone who was a writer could publish their work online, to be read and distributed globally with the new Print-on-Demand system. This meant that no one needed to publish several copies of a book and wait for them to sell. If the copies did not sell, they were eventually discarded for recycling.

"We support Traditional Publishing", the group of Protesters shouted. There was a large yellow banner, which read, "WE LOVE READING REAL PRINTED BOOKS".

The disturbance outside the Conference Centre was unsettling, as the participants and the guests had to pass through all these middle-aged publishers, who were so obsessed with their old and archaic form of book publishing.

"They need to move with the times," said Cindy a young teenage indie author, who wrote and published her novels online. Her writings were creating a sensation in the literary world and some people were of the opinion that she was a millionaire now.

"I know, I guess they will learn after a few years, that Indie publishing is the way to go," I said with a smile.

The Speakers were all young people, who were now masters in the craft of writing as well as publishing their own works as well as the writings of their friends. There seemed to be a great sense of community among all these Indie Authors and self-publishers. They all had been through the mill of the rejection letters and yet now they were on an equal footing with any traditionally published author.

The Twelve year old Writer and Publisher Naresh Varghese, who was from Canada, spoke about his writing and publishing projects. Naresh enjoyed writing novels for children. He had been writing for the last four years. He had

millions of readers worldwide and two of his books were even translated into ten languages.

“The people demonstrating outside, do not realize that their children and grand-children can and will be writers someday, who can print and publish their books like I do, without the need for traditional publishers,” said Naresh. This statement which rings true was well received by the audience.

The Fiction Writers Award was awarded to Edwin Fitzgerald, who had also written and self-published his Magnum Opus about the Future of Man in a mechanized society fifty years into the future. Edwin had taken five years to complete his manuscript in which he had filled it with facts about the latest developments in science and technology in the world and the gradual social-physical and psychological evolution of man, to meet the new future of mankind.

The Virtual Book Tours presentation was mind-blowing. There were wall projections of all the new and exciting books coming out by so many new authors over the next few months. The virtual book tours were now managed under the umbrella of the Billion Book Tour project, which would simultaneously conduct the tour of all the new releases on Book blogs, social media platforms, to short film trailer and movie communities online.

Arnold Fenwick a celebrated Book blogger next came onstage and spoke about “Book Bloggers the New Literati”. Arnold was a blogger for the last twenty years and had published a number of books on the art and science of blogging and the power of the blogosphere in defining the book publishing revolution.

Arnold also spoke about the new threats being faced by book bloggers from those in society, who felt threatened by the power of social book bloggers. Veronica Haas, was a book blogger, who was murdered a few months ago, for the reviews she had posted on to social sites, about the Autobiography of the Military tyrant Arnel Shammel.

There was a two minutes silence as a mark of respect for the late Veronica Haas, while a short film was displayed on the screen, as a tribute to her memory.

Martin Horan next spoke about the importance of Author Interviews, Podcasts and Radio Shows and how it made a difference in sales, a readers fan base that readers found it more appealing. The primary goal of putting the author in the spot-light, was to make it more appealing to the readers who had hundreds of questions related directly or indirectly to the books written and published by the author.

Next on Stage were the “Novel Killers” a music band of five members. They performed their two popular songs at the *Young Writers and Publishers Conference*.

***A Serious Kinda Author***  
***By Novel Killers***

***An Original Song***

*I get on with life as an author,  
I'm a serious kinda person.  
I like singing and swimming.  
I like to contemplate writing.  
But when I start to daydream,  
My mind turns straight to publishing.*

*Five six seven eight...*

*Sometimes I look at myself and I look into my eyes,  
I notice the way I think about publishing with a smile,  
Curved lips I just can't disguise.  
But I think it's writing making my life worthwhile.  
Why is it so hard for me to decide which I love more?  
Writing or...  
Publishing?*

*I like to use words like 'awesome' and 'marvelous.'  
I like to use words about writing.  
But when I stop my talking,  
My mind turns straight to publishing.*

*Five six seven eight...*

*Sometimes I look at myself and I look into my eyes,  
I notice the way I think about publishing with a smile,  
Curved lips I just can't disguise.  
But I think it's writing making my life worthwhile.  
Why is it so hard for me to decide which I love more?  
Writing or...  
Publishing?*

*I like to hang out with Mike and Katy.  
But when left alone,  
My mind turns straight to publishing.*

*Five six seven eight...*

*Sometimes I look at myself and I look into my eyes,  
I notice the way I think about publishing with a smile,  
Curved lips I just can't disguise.*

*But I think it's writing making my life worthwhile.  
Why is it so hard for me to decide which I love more?  
Writing or...  
Publishing?*

*I hate rejection letters and disappointment.  
But I just think back to publishing,  
And I'm happy once again.*

*Five six seven eight...*

The audience loved the song and there was clapping and cheering as the band continued.

They were ready to perform the second song that evening.

***How much do you love publishing?  
By Novel Killers  
An Original Song***

*You get on with life as an author,  
You're a serious kinda person.  
You like reading comics on Sundays,  
You like watching football in the week.  
You like to contemplate writing.  
But when you start to daydream,  
Your mind turns straight to publishing.*

*Boom boom shake da boom-boom-boom!*

*Do you love publishing more than writing?  
Do you love publishing more than writing?*

*You like to use words like 'juicy,'  
You like to use words like 'typo.'  
You like to use words about writing.  
But when you stop your talking,  
Your mind turns straight to publishing.*

*Boom boom shake da boom-boom-boom!*

*Do you love publishing more than writing?  
Do you love publishing more than writing?*

*You like to hang out with Alice,  
You like to kick back with Emily,*

*But when left alone,  
Your mind turns straight to publishing.*

*Boom boom shake da boom-boom-boom!*

*Do you love publishing more than writing?  
Do you love publishing more than writing?*

*You're not too fond of rejection letters,  
You really hate disappointment,  
But you just think back to publishing,  
And you're happy once again.*

*Boom boom shake da boom-boom-boom!*

The “Novel Killers” got a standing ovation.  
There was even louder cheering and applause as the music band left the conference hall.

Susie Hughes next came on stage and delivered her speech on the “Publishing Powers of the Literati.”

“The Golden Age of the Literati”, was an article written by Susie Hughes in the Literary Snowstorm Chronicles. She had interviewed a large number of Indie Authors and self-publishers and noticed the freedom and sense of achievement almost all of them had. Most of them did not worry about a book deal. It was just a matter of getting their materials published and out in the world to be read. There was more freedom in the way a person could write on a topic and then release it out into the world, like any other author.

The day marked the death of conventional writing and publishing.

The corpses of author rejection letters, faded, yellow and brittle lined the gutters at the end of the five day conference of Indie publishing.

But, is this freedom of writing and publishing a boon or a curse?

## Chapter 3

### An Elusive Book Deal

*“As repressed sadists are supposed to become policemen or butchers so those with an irrational fear of life become publishers.”*

*Cyril Connolly*

There were upheavals in the world. There were dictators and tyrants all around the world coming into power each trying to outdo the other, with their displays of nuclear arsenal. Countries were now openly declaring war on one another. New alliances were being formed. The future of humanity was looking bleak.

In the natural world there seemed to be an increase in the rate of natural disasters as well.

There were floods in India, America, Tokyo and Japan. Human lives were being lost in thousands as the raging waters submerged towns and villages.

Volcanic eruptions in Greece, Japan and Italy killed thousands of residents. It seemed that the core of the earth was so hot it wanted to burst out of its core.

Earthquakes which rocked the Richter scale were now occurring on a frequent basis in the United Kingdom, Scotland, Ireland, Russia, New Zealand and Canada. The earthquakes which destroyed and killed so many lives and destroyed homes seemed to be like a beast flexing its muscles and destroying humanity as it awoke from its long slumber.

My grandfather Joseph had tried to get his books published twenty years ago, but failed to get a book deal from a publisher, not that he trusted them with his work.

I had made a big collection of my Grandfather's writings. I had stored them all in a large cabinet. I now needed someone to go through all the writings and to catalogue the work into distinct categories.

I phoned my Grandmother, a few days ago and she told me that a number of Grandfather's students, whom he had taught in Schools as an English teacher, visited her at home. It was then I had got an idea, which would save me time and which would bring the collected writings of Joseph Foxxen into the world as a series of books on various subjects.

The dream of starting a Book Publishing Company was definitely on the horizon. I finally decided to start an Indie book publishing company, as I needed to get my writings published. I could also publish the works of other aspiring authors, who wanted to have their writings reach the hands of readers, but who needed that guidance in getting their work published. As a book

consultant I now had the opportunity of letting more writers know just how simple it was to get their books published as e-books online and to sell them for a profit. I kept my regular job, as the publishing company was still in its early stages.

I phoned my Grandmother Doris and asked her for a list of the students who had visited her home a week ago. Grandma gave me the names she remembered. Grandma told me that a girl called Regina, a college student from the Elderly Out-Reach Program would be visiting her again. She left a copy of the book she had recently published online for Grandmother to read, it was about her Great-grandmother who escaped her marriage in Africa to a cruel husband to work as a nanny for a couple in England. While in England she met and later married Regina's Grandfather who worked as a Chauffeur for the couple.

I told Grandma to give Regina my contact details if she was interested in working with Grandfathers papers and only if she had the time. A week later I got a phone call from Regina, she was interested. I made an appointment with Regina and we met at Grandma's place the following Saturday, when I was off from my work at the Post office.

Regina and I collected the stories and various writings of my Grandfather for publication. Regina started work on putting everything together and recording the details of the works. It was an immense task, but one that Regina enjoyed doing.

The Indie Editing and publishing services were now advertised in the local newspapers and got a good response. There were so many writers who just wanted to write and were willing to get someone else to do the advertising, book promotion and publishing for them.

I now needed to get another person to assist me with all the latest Social media book promotions, tour events, which could include Twitter chats, organizing Facebook discussions and video chats on Google Plus. I asked Regina, who was now working as a freelance journalist and author if she would be interested in the job and she said that she was willing to join my new firm.

"The Freedom Publishing Book Company", which I established from my desk at home was also launching "The Write and publish a Novel in a week campaign." In these campaigns, people who buy a book during a certain time-frame receive bonus gifts from the author or from Joint Venture partners who contribute bonuses and help promote the event.

The popularity of the Freedom Publishing Book Company was on the rise. A large database was being created of Indie authors who were now publishing online.

Schools and Colleges across the globe were now teaching students all the facets of independent publishing as a subject. It was gradually becoming very



popular as more young people and even the elderly were taking to writing and publishing.

The authors were happy to be published, but they were not yet getting readers and reviews.

Established publishing houses were not afraid about this glut of self-publishing by new authors, until things started to change.

The League of Novel Killers is an organization of special operatives and assassins, who were former disgruntled members of the book and publishing industry.

At the beginning of every month the Head of the League would issue the Desiderata list of names of people who needed to pay for their crimes. The Hit List was then circulated to all members of the group. The person with the most kills would have a million dollar novel deal presented to him or her. The Novel Kills was a series of books listing all the hapless victims of the Novel Killers. This was a popular series worldwide, as readers were curious to know the lives of the victims, their crimes and the method in which the victims were killed which were always novel methods.

The Novel Killer Librarian fixed a copper Bookplate onto the forehead of his victims stating the crime the person had committed.

The Novel Killer Literary Agent would put on cloth shaped Dog-Ears onto his victims and then throw them into a pit to be attacked and killed by rabid dogs.

The Publisher Novel Killer would encase his victims in parchment laced with cyanide and then cover them with buckets of bookworms, cockroaches and leeches.

## Chapter 4

### The Instant Million Dollar Book Deal Generator

*“When you publish a book, it's the world's book. The world edits it.”*  
*Philip Roth*

In my spare time I continued my research and writing on my book, “Renaissance Publishing,” which I had stopped working on for a while.

I was thinking one evening about the predicament faced by so many young writers and Indie publishers, that although they had published their works, they could not get a book contract. Every Author could only dream about a big book deal coming their way.

I spoke to my friend Shelly who was a computer programmer and was a genius at writing programs and designing apps. Shelly and I had been friends for a number of years, since college. We were just friends and we enjoyed being together, so we went to the movies and weekend outings. However, we were not romantically involved.

I visited Shelly at her home, we had lunch and then we started to discuss plans for the new concept I had made a sketch to use.

“A Million Dollar Book deal Generator” said Shelly.

“Yes, that is what I was thinking of, it would be fantastic if such a generator could be available online, for authors who join the course,” I said.

“What components would you need to add to this generator,” asked Shelly, with her laptop on the desk as she was ready to key in all the features for the configuration of this particular project.

“The author’s manuscript, the requirements of a book worthy of a book deal, which I will give to you later, content and presentation being very important and of course a database of those publishers who are willing to offer a million dollar book deal for such a book,” I said thinking about the details.

“Do you have a database for literary agents and publishers,” asked Shelly.

“No, I’m still working on the database and there are a large number of publishers I still need to contact. That is definitely a work in progress.”

“That’s fine, I’ll work on designing the application of the book deal generator for now,” said Shelly sipping a glass of orange juice.

Later that evening after I returned home, I started to draw up a blueprint of the proper publishing company I was going to establish. There was a lot of research that had to be done. I knew that it was just an idea that I had and it was not guaranteed to work. I wish that I had luck at my side as well. I started by finding the details of literary agents and book publishers.

I created form letters to send out to different publishers worldwide. This was going to be a large project and I would need all the information and the

expertise which I could find. I was now beginning to think to myself that it was great to get the feeling of being a Publishing Magnate at home.

There were now some bestselling authors who had started their own publishing companies, after resounding success in the field of e-book publishing. The world of publishing had gone through a big change since the nineties and it was not going to stop. There was a surge in the number of people writing and self-publishing. The newly coined phrase “Indiepreneurs” heralded the rise of indie authors, who could self-publish their works, without all the stringent rules placed by large publishing house, agents and publishers.

The rejection letters started to come in from literary agents and publishing houses, who did not want to join the Instant million dollar book deal generator program.

The phone rang and I recognized the number, it from Gary Bernstein from the Phoenix Flame Publishing House.

“Hi Richard,” said Gary in his familiar high pitched voice.

“Hi Gary, how are you doing?”

“I’m good. I was just looking at this letter from you. The whole idea sounds good, but quite risky. I wouldn’t want to publish an author who writes garbage.”

“I know, but the program will eliminate, evaluate and approve authors who are up to standard.”

“But, up to whose standards?”

“It would be up to the standards of a bestseller book...”

“Sounds good, I’ll need to think about it though.”

“Phone me Gary, if you change your mind.”

“I don’t think I will, speak to you later.”

“Thanks,” said Richard as he hung up the phone.

As Richard turns around he sees Shelly who has come back home after visiting her parents. Her twin brother James was with her. They went shopping and he reached her back home. Although James was Shelly’s twin, he did not resemble her at all. He was six feet tall with brown hair, brown eyes and looked like an athlete. Shelly is five feet four in height, blond and with a slim figure.

James lived in his T-shirt and jeans. He carried a notepad with him and kept making notes about his electrical designs.

“Was that Gary, what did he say?” said Shelly.

“Not interested,” said Richard.

“I need some beer,” said Jim as he walked over to the fridge and pulled out some cans. He threw one to Richard, handed one to Shelly.

He took a can opened it and poured the contents into his mouth, as he walked over to the television and switched the channels to watch one of the nature programs. He let out a burp as he kept drinking from the beer can.

Richard and Shelly were in the kitchen looking at Jim lounging now in the living room, with his feet on the glass table.

“You brought him back with you,” said Richard

“He wanted to reach me home,” said Shelly with a smile. She loved her twin but sometimes it would become too much for her. He was not working and although he was brilliant with computers and electronics, he preferred to live at home.

“Has he got a job?”, said Richard, quite upset at seeing Shelly’s useless brother.

“He says that he does some part-time work at the garage and trading on some web auctions.”

“Jim needs to get a proper job and stop sponging off your parents,” said Richard.

“Mum told me that he gives them money and he always has his wallet full of cash.”

“He’s not as useless as I thought he was, but he seems to have too much time on his hands.”

“Dad’s not happy that he’s still staying with them, but Mum doesn’t mind.”

“Anyway, I don’t want him to get too comfortable here. The last time he was here, he blew one of our fuses doing some of his computer work in the basement.”

“He’s off tomorrow morning and he’s got some friends to meet. I’ll serve dinner now.”

“I may as well go and sit and watch some television with Jim,” said Richard as he walks into the living room and sits on the sofa.

Shelly starts to prepare dinner for the three of them. She looks at Richard and Jim speaking and smiles.

Richard watched as the mobile Library van pulled into his street. A young man got out of the blue and yellow van. This was the regular door-to-door service provided by the local library and was used by most of the libraries in the country.

Over the last twenty years eighty-percent of the libraries had disappeared. There were funding cuts and more people were left unemployed. The mobile library network was catching on and there were still people who wanted to read printed books.

The young man who may have been in his early twenties walked with a slight limp. He was tall and lanky with brown hair. He wore a blue shirt, black trousers and a blue cap with the library emblem “Wayfarer Library” emblazoned on it with the design of a golden eagle with its wings outstretched.

The young man walked to the back of his van with his clip-board. He had a list of names which he was going through. He next picked up a pack of books and walked towards a building on the street. He pressed the bell and waited for the door to open.

The door opened and the young courier walked into the building.

Richard looked towards the top of the building and he sees a young girl standing on the ledge of a window about to leap to her death from the tenth floor of the building.

There is a big crowd collected on the street now looking at the young teenage girl about to jump.

The girl is shaking on the ledge as she stands with her light pink night-suit.

The sounds of sirens can be heard. An ambulance has arrived, followed by three police cars and two fire-engines.

At that moment, Richard sees the young man from the library walk out of the building.

As he looks around, he sees the confusion, he looks up next and calmly re-enters the building.

A few minutes later, Richard is surprised to see that the young librarian is peeping out of the window, speaking to the girl.

A few seconds later, it would seem, in the blink of an eye, the young man is standing on the ledge beside the girl.

He speaks to the girl, but she keeps moving away. The winds are growing stronger, as the girl appears to be losing her balance on the ledge. He keeps on talking to the girl who first appeared to resist his help. He places his finger on her forehead and then almost as if she was in a trance, the young girl stretches out her hand to him. The lips of the young man keep moving. That boy can surely talk, Richard thinks to himself. It is as if he has hypnotized the young lady.

The young librarian holds her hand and then helps the girl back into her room.

The crowds are cheering, as the young hero rescues the teenager who would have fallen to her death from the tall building.

Richard keeps watching the whole event taking place and he is impressed with the actions of the young man.

The crowds keep cheering as the young man walks out of the building.

The police and special emergency services rush into the building to take assist the traumatized girl.

The young man walks back to his van and drives away amid all the confusion.

The next morning, the newspapers are all plastered with the news of the mysterious young man who rescued the young girl from certain death. In the article the reporter mentions that the library was contacted but they have no record of any young librarian being in that area at the time. A van was reported missing by the library that morning along with a uniform, but it turned up in their garage the next morning, with no trace of the good Samaritan.