



ALT PUBLISH...

April 2017

BOOKS 'N' PIECES



Writing, Stories, Samples, Reviews,
Art, Essays, Contests, and more....

FEATURED BOOK**INSIDE THIS ISSUE:****ALL THAT REMAINS**

by Robin Melhuish

A dead American buried in an SS war grave, a mystery in the discrepancies of official reports, the plot to commit an unbelievable robbery!

Author, Robin Melhuish offers up a remarkable historical adventure that will keep you hooked until the very last page.

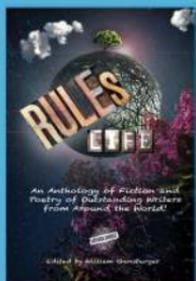
Read an excerpt and a book review, then download Chapter 1 to read on your mobile device. You'll be hooked!

**ALL THAT REMAINS**

Based on a True Story

ROBIN MELHUISSH

RULES OF LIFE: Anthology



Over 400 entries
from around
the world!

Our recent **CONTEST** attracted worldwide interest with entries from major countries. Meet the winners and read one of the stories from our anthology, available April 15 in print and digital formats! This is a **MUST READ!**

THE UNFINISHED MAN and other stories by William Gensburger



From the man who must clean up after the superheroes, to robots discussing an undisclosed and highly secretive Fourth Law of Robotics, William Gensburger brings imaginative settings and characters in this anthology of short stories, available through Alt Publish, April 20 in print and digital formats. Read a story for a taste of what's in the book.

AND MORE... We've included poetry, artwork, essays, article, interview, links to many other things, all provided **FREE** to you. Be sure to sign up for our ongoing **FREE** subscription to Bits 'N Pieces E-zine.

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See page 16 for more info.

Welcome New Readers

"Either write something worth reading or do something worth writing."

~ Benjamin Franklin

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New Year Writing Contest

WINNERS LIST

Congratulations to our contest winners.

We received over 425 submissions from across the globe, many excellent stories and poems, and we would like to thank everyone who entered the contest.

Meet the winners on page 4

On Writing...

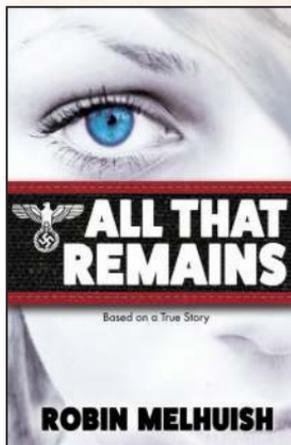
with Robin Melhuish
Author of *All That Remains*

I get asked a lot about my motivation to write.

There's no real answer, the dreams of riches and kudos, celebrity interviews and all that, are simply dreams. The saying that, 'if you want to get rich writing, get a job, and if you want to get even richer, get a second job,' have never been truer. There are a lot of great musicians out there but very few rock stars. So what's the secret? Is there

even a secret?

In retrospect, I think the answer is time, practice and patience (something which I lack completely,) plus having a good story to tell. Many of my friends who write say that keeping a notebook is handy, so that you can write things down. My opinion of this is the opposite, because if you cannot remember the point of interest even years later, then it can't have been very interesting.



Continues next page...



On Writing, continued from page 3

All That Remains began as a rambling first draft back in the early nineties and once completed and read through, got the reward it deserved; it got dumped in the bottom of a drawer.

It was only when I moved to Northern Cyprus and had to pack and dispose of stuff that wasn't coming with me, that the draft resurfaced and I couldn't bring myself to throw it away.

Whilst unpacking in my new home a neighbour picked it up and asked what it was? Dismissively, I told him it was an attempt at wring a novel, but it was horrible.

At the time it was over 400 hundred pages (A4) and so full of typos as to be practically unintelligible.

Undaunted the neighbour asked to

read it. After several days he came back with a printout and said that inside all the mess was an incredible story.

That was back in 2007, I was still working and



Himmler's ring

commuting between Cyprus and Germany at the time.

Things settled down, my trips to Germany grew less frequent and the story began to grow in my mind, albeit a different one to my first draft.

The passing years since penning the initial draft had left me with several bonuses, a creative

writing course at the University of Kassel, contact with a lot of Germans, to whom I talked about the story, and who came up with anecdotes from the war years that enriched my understanding, and last but not least, allowed me to develop a fascination for the period of German history between 1945 and 1950.

My first draft came out of hiding. It had been written in Word, a version that came with Windows for Workgroups, and 'safely' stored on a 5 ¼" floppy disc, (remember those?).

Then the revision and the research really started. My family (I am half German by the way) was extremely helpful and also characteristic of the times, seemingly

fairly split between opposition to the National Socialist Regime and its policies and the other side fanatically for it.

A photo of my great grandparents golden wedding party, taken in 1928 surfaced and made the topic more intriguing. Many of the men dressed in uniforms (amongst them the earlier versions of the SS).

The golden wedding party was in Wewelsburg, which I had visited before, but now went back to with new eyes. This wasn't just history anymore, this was family history. I talked to many of the older inhabitants of the village who were helpful, if initially



reticent in telling the stories of meeting the likes of Bormann, Himmler, Speer and other high ranking Nazi officials. I spoke to a woman who was part of the breeding program, and then had the benefit of my father's experiences during his time with the Allied Control Commission. My story began to take shape in a way I hadn't envisaged, I lost myself in my study for three weeks in high summer, my keyboard full of sweat as the temperatures soared

to over 30°C even with air conditioning. Eventually I had a version I thought was the next Nobel Literature dead cert.

I never realised how much work was involved in getting it in sequence, correcting the grammar and formatting in order to make it readable. Even though I had trimmed the initial story of 400 plus pages to a slim 305, I was still unhappy, not only with the length, but also the composition.

Continues next page...

On Writing, continued from page 5



The many points of view, when I reread it, confused even me, so I knew deep down it wasn't going to float. I put it back in the drawer. A further year went by, but the story wouldn't leave me alone; it was the subject of many after-dinner conversations.

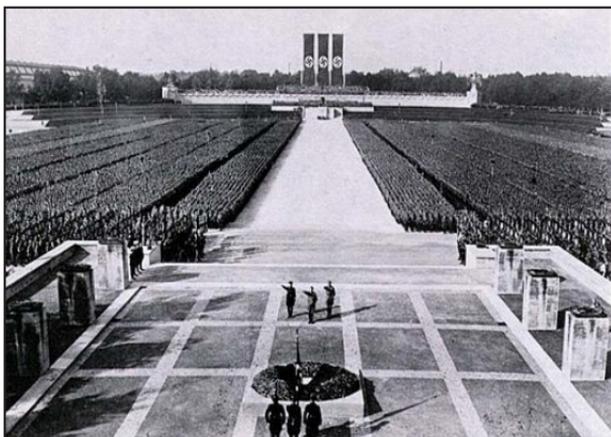
A retired German army general pointed out that some of my history was askew, chronologically out of kilter, a stamp collector corrected my knowledge of philately and pointed me to the 'Bund Deutsche Filatelisten' (Association of

German Philatelists), which sent me googling all the events in my story. Once that was clear in my head I went back and re-wrote it completely.

So now you have it: *All That Remains*. All that remains of an initial visit to a war cemetery and a restored castle in the middle of Germany and all that remains of my first manuscript and memories of the past.

[Editor note: Robin's novel, *All That Remains*, will be available May 15, 2017.

More information can be found on the Alt Publish website, www.AltPublish.com including pre-ordering information.]

**WRITERS**

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EDITORIAL:

COUNTING BY NUMBERS

*"For in that sleep of death what
dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this
mortal coil,
Must give us pause."
~ Shakespeare, Hamlet.*

It has been estimated that since humans first appeared, there have 108 billion of us that have walked the Earth. That said, life is often short and often cruel, given value only by the potential of loss, and often magnified in loss by the use of numbers. However, special interest groups and politicians will always distort our priorities to suit their own agendas.

So let's count the dead, instead.

In 2016, 2.7 million animals (dogs and cats) were euthanized. Through the start of July there had been 568,367 abortions performed (168,907 performed by Planned Parenthood). 319,335 deaths have been attributed to heart disease, 307,563 due to cancer, and 181,929 due to smoking.

2016 offered 22,233 suicides that had been reported, 17,573 deaths by drunk driving (an

added 3,113 from texting). Drug abuse deaths list 12,998 while death by prescription drugs sat at 7,797.

Homicides in 2016 claimed 8,732 lives, while gun related deaths reached 5974. There have been 22 military deaths (last year), and 49 deaths due to Radical Islamists. 43 people died from lightning strikes, 186 from air crashes (2015) and 3 deaths from vaccines, although 108 injuries had been reported.

7.7 million people die globally from hunger each year. That comes to 21,000 people every day. And yet 40 percent of food in the US is thrown out, enough to feed 25 million people. So why aren't we?

In 2016, 512 people died as a result of a police shootings, cited the Washington Post. 238 were white, 123 blacks and 79 Hispanics. FBI Statistics show that 90 percent of blacks murdered are at the hands of other black people, and 83 percent of white people are murdered by other whites.

Counting by numbers

shows us that our priorities are skewed. We learn that despite the fact that more whites are shot by police each year, the focus of groups like Black Lives Matters fails to assert a more judicial All Lives Matters approach. Sure, there are exceptions and there are unjustified shootings, but when layered with the stats from other deaths in our society, these numbers pale.

Isn't the volume of global hunger deaths, something that could be offset by the sheer volume of waste in the US alone, more disturbing? Or, that over half-million abortions are performed in the US, in the name of choice? And perhaps we should cry for the animals who ask for nothing, but for a bit of love.

After tumultuous election year of 2016, it is easy to forget that the numbers offer us far more truth than the many fictions we hear.

Stat Sources: poverty.com | do something.org | WashingtonPost.com | Breitbart.com | Romans322.com | wfp.org | icasualties.org | numberofabortions.com | aspca.org | dailywire.com

INTERVIEW:

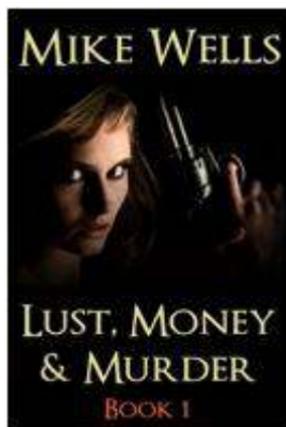
Five Questions

WITH AUTHOR, MIKE WELLS

Question 1:

“Lust, Money and Murder,” Book 1, which you offer as a free download from your site, is an outstanding example of how to set up a novel, grab the reader from the first line, and swiftly move them through an action sequence, hooked all the way through the (literal) cliffhanger. How do you develop your story sequences to make them so tightly written and how long do you spend getting it set up?

I spend huge amounts of time on the beginning of



my books trying to make them hook the reader in as quickly and deeply as possible. I have literally rewritten and changed the beginnings on some books 25-30 times. This is probably a habit that grew out of the need to hook literary agents back when I was involved in traditional



publishing (I only self-publish now).

With most agents, you have about 60 seconds to get them interested or they chuck it. But many readers are the same, and I'm one of them. If I'm not firmly hooked within a couple of pages, it's my opinion that the author is not doing a very good job, his/her

story needs honing.

That's not to say every book needs to start with an action scene or anything like that, but there must be something strongly compelling in the writing to hook you and make you want to read more.

Despite what I've just said, I don't believe I work any harder on the opening of a book than I do on any other part.

In today's market, your ENTIRE book had better achieve a super-high level of reader engagement, or you're in trouble. The moment engagement drops, even a tiny bit--the moment the narrative tension grows a little slack--you run the risk of losing your reader to some other form of entertainment. TV, movies, games,

chatting, social networking--the list is endless and always growing, not to mention the massive number of OTHER books that the reader can turn to.

I believe the "unputdownable" quality of my books (something readers say about them, not my words) is the reason I have been as successful as I am, and I will always stay focused on that aspect of my storytelling.4

Question 2:

Do you plot out all aspects of your storyline ahead of time or do you have a general idea that you allow to develop as you write?

The latter, and that's a very clear and succinct way to describe it. I start

with a premise that I find intriguing.

A young woman begins to receive mysterious emails that accurately predict future events, and she places bets on them and starts making tons of money (*Passion, Power & Sin*). A five month old baby starts talking, or so the father thinks, and he soon believes the baby is out to get him (*Baby Talk*). A 14 year old boy's older, reckless friend begins to push him to take life-threatening risks to prove his manhood (*The Wrong Side of the Tracks*).

Once I have the premise, I often dive right in and start writing the opening scene, or various opening scenes, and go from there. I might write 1/3 of the book before

I actually zoom back out to the big picture and ask myself "Where is this story going? What will happen in the middle, and how will it all end?" I will spend a day or two up at the outline

very much the same process artists use when painting a picture. First they make a rough pencil or charcoal sketch, then they dive into the details, and every now and then they step far back from

particular way? For example, some writers have a title and build the story from there.

I think the answer to this question is evident in the last one. For me, writing



level, working on the overall story structure, and then dive back into the details.

Most of my writing process consists of exactly this - spending the majority of my time down at the detail level (writing or daydreaming actual scenes, dialogue, etc.) and then occasionally "climbing" back up to the outline. This is what I think of as development. It's

the canvas to see how it all fits together.

Question 3:

Wild Child, which has a whimsical, fantasy style about it, also pulls in the reader to want to know more. The search for answers appears prevalent in this story, as well as the relationship between characters. How do you decide a story is worthy of being written and do you start in any

a successful novel is all about the premise of the story. Period. That's the kernel around which everything else is built. If the premise is not intriguing enough for me, then I will never finish writing the book. The telltale sign that I don't have an interesting enough premise (for me) is that I get a feeling of having to push myself too much to write the book, and it becomes heavy, like

work. It is no longer fun. When I've got that great premise, I, as the author, want to know what happens next each and every step of the way--I want to see how it all plays out. This inner desire to see how it all unfolds is what gets me through the arduous process of writing an entire book--it pulls me along, all the way through to the end. I suppose this is what some people call inspiration. Anyway, I have learned that if I am being steadily pulled forward by this magical force as I write the book, so will other people as they read it.

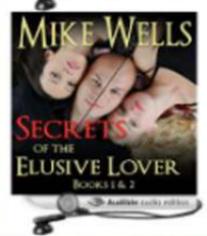
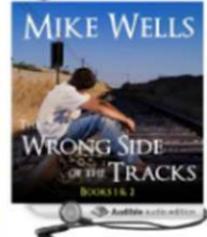
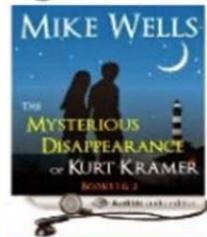
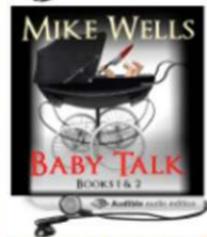
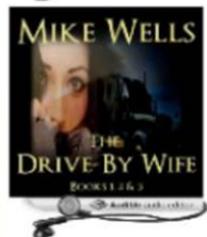
Question 4:

You post on your site at <http://mikewellsblog.blogspot.com> how 3000 printed copies

of "Wild Child" went from the trash can to the #1 Amazon spot.

It is a very revealing look at how the publishing market has shifted toward e-books, I believe in a 70/30 ratio. When you write, do you do so with it planned as only being an e-book as your marketing focus, and is this a different frame of mind than you might have expecting it to be a print book?

I only publish ebooks (and audiobooks) now. As far as I'm concerned, printed books are dead, except for certain kinds of books (not most novels) and as collector's items. As a professional writer, I can't work on inspiration alone--I



make my living from my writing. Which means that like it or not, I have to think about the practical side, too. I don't want to get into a discussion about the future of ebooks vs. paper books--I have my opinion on that and I'm pretty sure I'm right. But for me, it really wouldn't matter if the paper book market were holding steady or even growing relative to ebooks. For me, paper books and ebooks are two different worlds.

Paper books represent the traditional publishing industry, a place that was not

particularly friendly to me and one in which I was not very successful.

Ebooks are the reason I'm a successful novelist, and the reason I'm sitting here giving this interview right now. Despite all the hype that's out there, the paper book market is still controlled by the Big 5. If you don't believe me, self-publish your book on paper and see how many copies you can get onto the physical shelves of a Barnes & Noble. I'm not saying it's impossible, but with the massive effort it would require on

my part to even get a few copies in a few physical bookstores, I could sell thousands and thousands more ebooks. So what's the point? I have to focus my energy on what works for me, not what doesn't work or feels like an uphill battle.

That's a long explanation of why I only publish ebooks and perhaps I deviated a bit from the question.

To answer the rest, as I only publish ebooks, yes there are some things I do to take advantage, and which would not work with paper books. Your citing of *Wild Child* is a



perfect example. It's just too short for big publishers to make money on as a paperback book unless it takes off and becomes a worldwide bestseller, which rarely happens, a matter of luck in many ways.

Ebooks don't care how long they are, so to speak. An ebook is just a digital file, has no tangible form. There are other things I do to take advantage, but the flexible length aspect is the main one. And this works on both ends of the length spectrum. For example, the full Passion, Power & Sin set (1-5) would be over 800 pages in printed form (according to Apple), which would be very hard to publish on paper in a single volume. I certainly wouldn't want to

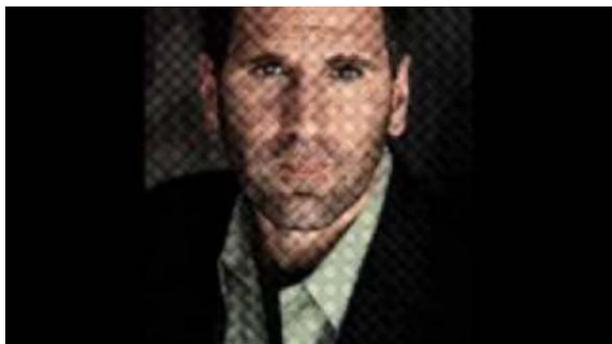
drag it around!

Question 5:

You are a prolific writer with many books (many of which are a series.) You have also managed to pick up 155,000 Twitter followers (a huge number),

media follower base in order to expose more of their work, and how long did it take you to reach that number of followers?

Every fiction writer I know who is successful does it a little differently-- there is no one size



Click to watch the book trailer for LMM 1

essential to getting the word out about your writings. Your followers are such that whatever you write, you are guaranteed a buying audience. What advice can you give to writers trying to build on their social

fits all formula that works for selling books (or anything else, for that matter).

Depends a lot on what you're good at, your personality.

Some writers use Twitter, others Facebook, still others Goodreads, and

others use no social networks at all and sell thousands of copies just based on the genre, cover, title and synopsis.

Yes I do have a lot of followers on Twitter (took me almost 6 years to build that up, mostly by following other people first and offering them a free book). But only a fraction of my readers are on Twitter (maybe 15%)--most find out about my books from a number other of different angles--my blog posts, browsing on Amazon, Be&N, iBooks, Goodreads, recommendations from friends, reviews on book blogs, LinkedIn connections, interviews like this one, reviews in large publications (The Evening Standard),

an article in The Daily Mail (about Wild Child)...they're pulled in from a very wide variety of sources. So I would advise new authors to use a multi-pronged approach and try as many avenues as possible.

I know one author who is very successful who uses nothing but Pinterest. I find that very strange but it works well for her because she's learned how to use it effectively.

In closing, I'd like to say you've asked some very good questions in this interview, and I've enjoyed answering them. Thank you so much for the opportunity!

Our thanks to Mike Wells for taking the time to answer these

questions. I hope that they serve as an inspiration to other writers.

Be sure to visit Mike on his many social media platforms listed:

Website: <http://mikewellsblog.blogspot.com>.

Twitter: <https://twitter.com/MikeWellsAuthor>

Facebook: <https://www.facebook.com/lmm1free>

Goodreads: <https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/130859>.

Amazon author page: <https://www.amazon.com/Mike-Wells/e/B004MCEC1U>



MEET THE WINNERS

The Alt Publish Writing Contest

On February 15, three prize winners were selected out of over 400 entries in the Alt Publish "New Year" Writing Contest. The theme was RULES OF LIFE, the title for the anthology that contains these, and many other short stories, poems and artwork.

1ST PLACE:

HENRY OHAEBULAM

Short Story: *PEARLS*



Henry Adolphus is an 18 year old story teller, writer, Blogger and entrepreneur. He holds a certificate in fashion marketing from the university of Leeds, UK. His work has been published in several anthologies and journals across the globe. Henry has also established himself as a creative essayist; in 2016, he was honored with an award by the

Commonwealth Essay Competition in London and the Goi Peace Foundation, in conjunction with the Unesco Global Action Program in Education for Sustainable Development in Tokyo, Japan. He currently lives in Nigeria where he is working hard on a Bachelor's Degree in Communication and Language Arts.

2ND PLACE:

SHAMESE MASCALL

Short Story: *JUST BE*



Shamese Mascall is a writer with a knack for crafting realistic fiction. From romance to drama and suspense, she is not your typical urban author. Seasoned with experiences from local network television to an Online series, she has a flare for keeping readers on the edge of their seats, wanting more. Her stories cater to many age groups and lifestyles. Hailing from New York, she has cutting edge east coast style inspired by her environment, encounters, and experiences.

3RD PLACE:

RACHEL PEPIN

Poem: *A TANGIBLE PERSPECTIVE*



Rachel Pepin is from Londonderry, New Hampshire. She is currently a freshman at the University of Vermont, studying Biochemistry. In her free time, she enjoys acting with her theater troupe, be it a show or improv, reading, and writing poetry. She loves sharks, her dog, her family, and long

nights spent watching the sky. *A Tangible Perspective* is her first published piece.

Excerpt:

Pearls

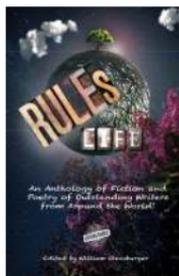
by Henry Ohaebulam

The weather began to change shortly after my mother and I left the busy Ikotun market where we had gone to buy clothing materials for Sister's wedding coming up late next month. She had insisted that I came along because she thought I was good at modern fashion; she was equally good, she ought to be after all the years she spent studying fashion in Enugu town where she said her life began as a teenage apprentice, where she had met my father who came to buy a black linen fabric for his mother who was also a seamstress—unfortunately, there were no black linens left and he opted for a navy blue one that he thought might work as an alternative. He was sent back by his mother to get either the black fabric or her money. That caused a big chaos in the shop because mother's boss wasn't ready to give either, she said she didn't refund money for goods sold in good conditions. At the end, father went away shamefully, mother didn't tell me what happened next.

The wind had began to blow violently towards our direction, it brought dust and sand into our eyes, an ashawo from the notorious brothel nearby was trying to keep her skirt down, but the wind kept raising it up. Soon, every one began to run to shelter including the disabled beggars that filled up the frontage of the nearby Conoil filling station. We managed to find a tricycle that took us home. As soon as we got into our small sitting room, mother reminded me that we were short of water in the house. I hurried to the bathroom and brought out all the buckets I could find. Carefully, I placed them under the

Continues next page...

Pearls continued...



pipes that stuck out of the balconies upstairs. That would save us money and time. The last time our water taps ran was almost three months ago. The power supply

had been shut down since and only a few could afford the new price of the petrol that Nigerians simply referred to as 'fuel'. A typical example was when I had gone to buy petrol at Mobil filling station "I want four liters of petrol," I had told the attendant before presenting my white Jerry can, "Fuel is finished, we only have kerosene now," The male attendant replied. He didn't look much like an illiterate to me.

I was the only one left with my parents, Susan, my sister, was heavily pregnant and preparing for her traditional marriage. She was getting married to Jude Makinde, the Yoruba bursar who got her pregnant. My elder brother Chima, was working at Cash n' Carry in Badagry; he sent home money monthly even though father had disowned him the night the police came to interrogate him—they suspected he was an online fraudster, a Yahoo-Yahoo boy, a 419'er like many of his friends were at that time.

Father was a retired military man known in the neighbourhood as Mr. Chukwu. He was sixty-six years old yet he had the aura of a ninety-nine year old. He was strict and loved alcohol just like a priest was expected to love Jesus; he spent most of the little he got from his pension in the bar and most times he came home drunk and vomited in the bathroom. He often slept in the mess until day break.

Watch for Henry's story *Pearls* in the upcoming *Rules of Life* anthology, available April 20 from Alt Publish, available in print and digital formats. Visit www.AltPublish.com for more updates.

SHORT STORY

Calhoun's Patrol

BY ROBIN MELHUISE

Calhoun was soaked through. Not surprising really, they'd been outside now for two days, in which time it hadn't stopped raining once

The drumming of the rain on his helmet was lulling him to a kind of semi consciousness, but the bumpiness of the track was keeping him awake. He was like the rest of his platoon looking forward to getting into some warm dry things. They had cursed their luck, when they had been saddled with the nurse maiding of a sick Sherman tank back to base. The tank crew may have been cramped, but they at least had the benefit of being in the dry.

The jeep hit another pot hole and jolted alarmingly. Calhoun nearly lost his helmet. Behind him the misfiring tank engine was making a noise loud enough to be heard back home. The combination of fatigue, discomfort and noise were probably paramount in nobody noticing the fresh tire and tank tracks in the wet soil of the track in front of them.

Calhoun's attention was

drawn to a small glow in the darkness ahead of them, it looked like the glimmer of a cigarette end in the gloom. Before he had a chance to curse the fact that all his cigarettes were all too wet to smoke, the jeep in front of him exploded in a ball of flame. There one second, gone the next.

"Cover!" he yelled at the top of his voice, as his driver swung the jeep off the track. Nobody heard him over the noise of the Sherman and the shockwave of the exploding jeep. Calhoun jumped out of the jeep and ran to the wreckage. There was nothing he could do for what was left his comrades. He felt rather than heard the next shell pass by him. It exploded in the bushes about 20 yards behind him, the blast flattened him into the soft forest floor. Screams of some unfortunate hit by the

→ shrapnel bought him out of his daze. He jumped up still not sure what was shooting at them. Bowman and Marker had run up to him.

“What in hell’s name is going on?” Bowman shouted dragging Calhoun down into the dirt again, as a burst of machine gun fire cut through the trees.

“Hell if I know.” the winded Calhoun managed to get out. “Jesus, if we ain’t the lucky ones to find a Kraut unit with some fight left in it.”

Calhoun looked behind him, the smoke from the shell crater was making his eyes stream. The screaming had stopped, there was an eerie silence. The Sherman’s engine had packed up again. As he watched, the Sherman’s turret began to traverse and the gun spat flame into the night. The noise came afterwards, Calhoun could not see what they were shooting at, but the detonating shell lit up the scene in front of him. A German lorry disintegrated in to a fireball. The crew jumping from it, the men, in flames, tried to run into the forest. A burst of small arms fire from his left dropped both of the burning figures.

The Sherman fired again. Calhoun could see another group of his men sheltering behind it. Bullets were flying randomly in both directions now. Standing up would be distinctly unhealthy. The Sherman’s second shell illuminated the scene before them some more. It had blown a second lorry on its side, the escaping occupants



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were immediately gunned down, silhouetted as they were against the light of the flames, they were easy targets. Another shell came from the other side. He saw only the muzzle flash but could not see what was shooting at them. The jeep he had just left, spun off like a discarded toy into the air and landed on top of two of his men hiding in a small hollow. If they survived the impact, then they certainly didn’t survive the flames that engulfed the wreckage. Calhoun felt sick and helpless. He couldn’t fathom out what they were

up against and couldn’t understand why they were putting up such opposition, especially when the war was a forgone conclusion.

“Fucking idiots, surrender!” he shouted at the top of his lungs, his voice still drowned out by the Sherman firing again. The shell this time landing between two more lorries the cab of the latter was almost destroyed.

The front lorry brutally upended. Then he saw it. The beast behind the muzzle flash. A Tiger tank. “Shit if the Sherman cops one from that then we’re really in the shit,” he thought.

Their antitank gear had gone up with their two jeeps, Calhoun tried doing a head count of the men he had left. There were three sheltering behind the Sherman. Marker and Bowman were with him. The first shell had taken out Dettler and the burning Jeep had landed on Tylie and Morrissey. Shit, they were down to less than half-strength, then he remembered the first Jeep and the four men in that as well.

Two of the German lorries were trying to make a break for it, soldiers in the rear firing over the



→ tailgates. The Sherman had spotted them and fired another round in their direction. The first rolled over on its side, almost in slow motion. The second, it's cab shattered by the shrapnel from the burst, ran pilotless into the wreckage of the first and stopped. The Tiger was now nearer, Bowman lobbed a grenade ineffectually in its direction. The blast caused their ears to pop again and served only to make the tanks occupants aware of their presence. The act was rewarded by a return of machine gun fire. The Tiger fired again, the shell screaming over their heads, Calhoun and Marker ran

forward towards the Tiger, trying desperately to keep out of the way of its machine gun. The Tiger's shell exploded behind them. Calhoun turned anxiously to see if the Sherman was OK. The shell had landed some yards behind it, the Sherman was still firing. The next shot zinged off the turret armour of the Tiger as Bowman caught up with them.

"See if we can get on top of it," shouted Calhoun above the noise. The Tiger was about thirty yards in

front of them now, looking more menacing than ever, its machine gun scything a path through the woods as it approached. The range between the two tanks was now down to about sixty yards. There were no targets for them to shoot at, other than at each other and at this range it seemed hardly possible that either could miss. The Sherman's next shot hit gold. The



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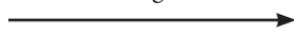
Tiger's left track came unglued and wrapped itself around the drive wheels. The tank slewed awkwardly to one side affecting the gunner's aim. The Tiger's shot passed harmlessly into the woods. The turning of the Tiger gave Calhoun the chance he'd been hoping for, the machine gun momentarily directed away from him allowed him to take position to the side of it. He ran for all he was worth, lungs bursting with effort as he jumped up onto the side of the giant tank. The turret swung

ominously round in the direction of the Sherman again and fired without stopping. Calhoun hoped the Sherman would not let loose a round while he was on the Tiger. That could get nasty.

He needn't have worried, the Sherman exploded in a ball of searing heat which he felt even on the side of the Tiger. For an instant everything went very quiet, then the patter of bits of tank started to rain down into the forest like big hard raindrops. Calhoun leaped to the top of the turret, grenade primed and opened the hatch. He pitched the grenade into the opening and ducked down,

priming another as he did so. He could hear the consternation caused by the arrival of the falling grenade before it detonated. The flash of flame and the whoosh of the blast drowned out the last cries of the crew. He popped up again and dropped the second grenade in the smoking orifice for good measure. He could've saved it; the Tiger was finished. Marker sprung up next to him. Calhoun was shaking.

"Shit, that was a bloody close run thing," said



→ Marker.

Putting his arm across Calhoun's shoulders. The ricochet of a bullet, off the turret behind them, told them it wasn't over yet.

"I see him!" Shouted Bowman from below them, returning fire at the same time. A stifled cry came from the direction of one of the lorries.

"I think you hit him." Marker cried, I'll move round the other side. He sprang off the tank and ran forward. Calhoun was still dazed by the events of the last few minutes, he too jumped from the tank and crouching fired his gun in the direction of the lorries. It was, he noticed, the first time in this skirmish that he'd used it. Two more shots rang out from the direction of the lorries and Calhoun ducked instinctively. Marker was now up behind the first of the transports and let go with a burst of fire into the back of it.

"Halt! Halt!" came a terrified voice from the rear of the truck."Hilfe. Help!"

Calhoun shouted "Be careful we don't need any more fuck-ups."

"Hände hoch!" shouted Marker at the back of the truck.

Two white faces appeared at the tailgate, a split second later there was the clatter of two rifles being tossed from the truck. Two wounded, black uniformed, soldiers tried, with as much dignity as their condition would allow, to get down from the tailgate. Marker sprang forward a pulled at the jacket of one of the figures hard, causing him to fall with a grunt of pain to the ground. The second turned to Marker pleadingly and got a blow in the back from Marker's gun for his trouble. He too sagged to the ground. Bowman and Calhoun joined the trio by the back of the lorry. Calhoun was undecided

what to do, or where to take them. All the transport, from both sides was either destroyed or unusable. The only thing that looked reasonably intact was the Tiger, even though there were flames coming up out of the open hatch. For want of a better place to take their prisoners, he ushered them towards the shelter of smoking Tiger. They were all in a tight group, the Germans in the middle when Calhoun felt an incredible, furnace like heat as the Tiger exploded.

*Robin Melhuish is the author of the upcoming historical novel **All That Remains**, available May 2017 from Alt Publish. See Robin's article **On Writing** on page 3.*



The loss of youth is not a matter of aging; rather, it comes from watching the cycle of those living going away, heroes falling to ruin, icons dying, and all the markers of style and grace we held as truths fading away. It is the youth who stand before us, still living in a dream-state, who do not remember or need our symbols or markers and who do not need us to crowd their world, that push us away from our own youth. - William Gensburger

"The most effective and efficient conquest is the one that does not require weapons or force; just procreation to outnumber your enemy from within, who must then surely bend to your will."

~William Gensburger

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A HANDY GUIDE FOR AUTHORS

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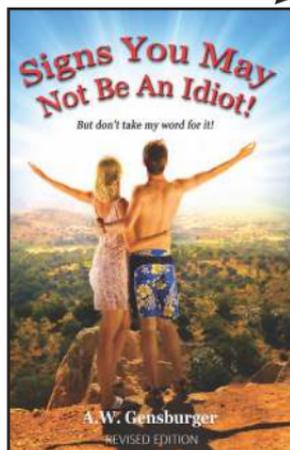
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EXCERPT:

Bathrooms of Men

There are strange things that men examine in the privacy of their bathrooms.

Men look at their teeth, and their profile. Men examine the top of their head to be sure that baldness has not crept in unannounced; and their lower extremities to be sure that old age has not stripped away any of the vigor of youth.

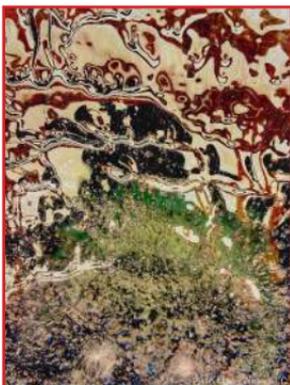
There is a ritual of muscle motions, a flexing of biceps, and a puffed-up chest. And men inhale then deflate, their spare tire repeatedly, an attempt to be something larger than life.

There are no truths to be found in the bathrooms of men; only platitudes, for here all men are perfect.



PICTURE THIS

Strange worlds from a barrel of frozen water. Taken with iPhone 6 Plus.

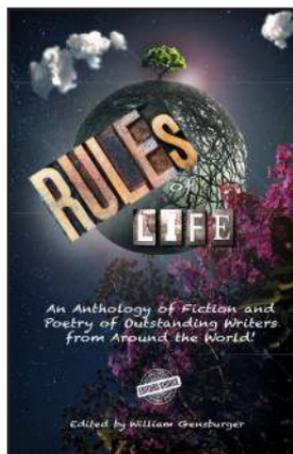


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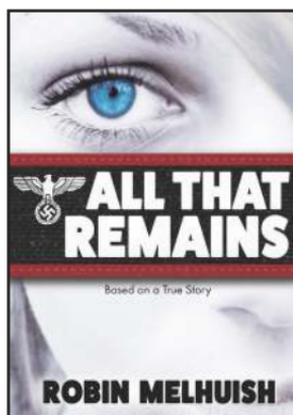


RULES OF LIFE

An anthology of short stories and poems from around the world. These stories have been gathered from the recent writing contest sponsored by Alt Publish. With over 400 entries from everywhere around the world, the best have been selected for this anthology.

Publication date: April 20, 2017

Publisher: Alt Publish



ALL THAT REMAINS

by Robin Melhuish

It's 1976, the Second World War has been over for more than 30 years, but still there are rumours of hidden Nazi treasures. Alastair Wainwright, an Englishman and passionate German stamp collector, finds a letter from 1945 that leads him to uncover a trail of love, deceit and corruption that spanned the war years. Finding a letter may not be unusual in itself, but the chances of finding the reply to that letter on Houses of Parliament notepaper is. These two letters may be the clue to possibly solving the last big secret of the Third Reich; the German War Chest, which all but disappeared in 1945.

Publication date: May 15, 2017

Publisher: Alt Publish



THE UNFINISHED MAN and other stories

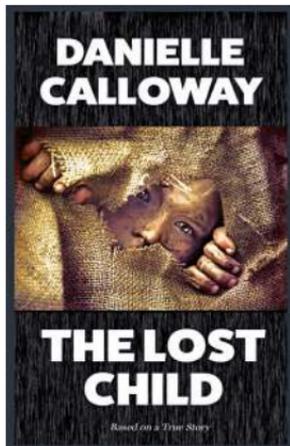
by William Gensburger

This collection of short stories covers a wide range of themes from a dystopic future tinged in Japanese culture, a view of a marriage through the eyes of a dying cat, to the fantasy of the man who must clean up after the superheroes, and many more.

Publication date: May 20, 2017

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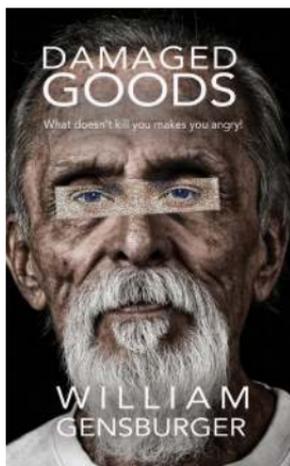
THE LOST CHILD

by Danielle Calloway

He was just a small, deaf child, unseen to the world. Escaping from an abusive home, he wanders the streets of a small town in Ecuador, aimless until he is befriended by a police detective and a young social worker who has come to teach the deaf. Based on a true story, discover the journey of his life in a world that has no use for him, and the heart wrenching choice that he must make.

Publication date: June 20, 2017

Publisher: Alt Publish



DAMAGED GOODS

by William Gensburger

Harry got a second chance by stealing money from his employer, a ruthless crime boss. And with the money he had the chance to live again, free of the shackles of age. The only problem is he must make it safely to the airport and out of the country before they can find him. And they are already onto him before he even begins. Incorporating science fiction technology into a dubious future, this fast-paced novel will keep you guessing to the end.

Publication date: July 25, 2017

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Clean, Yet Compelling Romantic Novels?

JUST ASK AUTHOR JAN HILL

It might appear to be something of a contradiction to write a clean, yet compelling, romance novel, and yet author Jan Hill has managed just that, completing a seven book journey of her lead character, Brylee Hawkins.



Brylee, a young woman from the Australian outback, is engaged to Ben, back in the US. Ben pushes her to return to Australia and make amends with her father from whom she had been estranged following the death of her mother.

With great reluctance, Brylee returns home to discover an ailing father, a step-mother, and a younger brother. And to make matters even worse, a ruggedly handsome ranch foreman, Jake, who also happens to be the brother of her step-mom, causes her much distress as circumstances push them together, only to be stopped by her LDS faith and commitment to remain celibate until marriage.

As the story unfolds, readers find that they are rapidly turning the pages, such is the strength of the characters and the intense chemistry they feel toward one another. It is only when you realize that you are reading a clean, yet

"hot" romance novel of your own choosing, and annoyed as each book ends and the next begins, that you know you are staying the course until the last page of the final book.

Jan Hill began her lifelong love affair with the written word when she was in the second grade and wrote her first play. She is now the author of the seven-volume Brylee Hawkins Saga with a new series in progress. Through her writing, she hopes to help others discover the strength, hope, charity and courage to move forward in even the most difficult times.

Ms Hill has a master's degree in Human Resource Training and Development and taught in Idaho public high schools for 20 years. She has two children, three grandchildren, and now resides in Clearfield, Utah. She is working on a new series of books.



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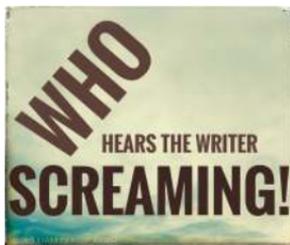
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And it was quaint, a population under a thousand souls who had, through various deeds, wound up here over the hundred and fifty years of its existence. There was an old brick church, spired with a toll bell that was never used, cobblestone roads although no one used horses anymore, relegating them instead to the meadows and fields where they roamed more as scenery than purpose. And while there were apple trees and pear trees, there were no strawberries which remained a puzzle when you entered the town along the main road, past the sign that welcomed you to the "Historic" town of