

# Previews

## My Books

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By A Nation

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Books by A. Nation included here

**Similar But Not the Same**

Saga One - 2422

**Deflection A Race Against Time**

Saga Two - 2407 A.D.

**CrossRoads A Moment of Decision**

Saga Two - 2424 A.D.

**Found-The Lost Ones**

Saga Three - 2426 A.D.

**Where Did They Go?**

Present Time A Fantasy

Other Books

**Return-There's No Easy Way**

Saga Five - 2429

**Desert Shock - Secrets Never Stay Hidden**

Saga Six

**Fatal Error – Death by Innocence**

Saga Seven

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**The Pottery Sale - What Lies Beneath**

Urban Fantasy 2

**The Cruise-The Sea of No Return**

Urban Fantasy 3

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## **Mars 2422 A.D.**

## Saga 1

### Similar

Three hundred years in the future, we begin to settle our Moon and Mars. Another world of alien people are beginning to save theirs. They hope to befriend us as they had with two other hominin species they had discovered on other worlds. Would they be able to communicate with us?

Alice Morgan decides to leave her work on the Moon after her love affair turns sour. Packing up her cat, she heads for a new job on Mars trying to avoid another relationship, but love and nature has rules of its own.

Secrets unfold about the aliens during interviews set up between both species that reveal they are similar but not the same as us.

Like a falling domino effect, one event leads to another exploring what we as humans may socially become due to our actions of the past. Prejudices can still exist in the twenty fourth century and murder and accidents can happen.

### **Ebook Links:**

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00RNM62YQ>

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/568558>

<https://books2read.com/ap/nmX0ER/A-Nation>

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### **From the Author:**

I began writing my books when I joined a writing book club in Yuma, Arizona. I chose to write about how we may be living in the near future, so my story location takes place on Mars and our Moon. I love reading mysteries and science fiction especially ones by Isaac Asimov, Arthur C. Clark, Agatha Christie, Georgette Heyer, and Rita Mae Brown. Why did I choose science fiction? You can let your imagination flow without hindrance. Some of the new technology, which I researched and wrote about, is being developed today. Watching a lot of movies, besides reading, can help you imagine how characters would behave in a given circumstance.

Of course I did not publish my books alone. Many thanks to my book club friends and my volunteer readers. Without them I would have never began.

How did I come up with my alien characters? I wanted them to look like us but be different from us. They are taller and they live longer. I looked at strange animals on our planet and how they give birth. For example, the Garibaldi fish and the kangaroos to imagine how my aliens could continue their species. My

aliens are neither men nor women, but the book explains how they procreate.

Then I needed the avenue to drive the humans and the aliens together. I decided they would discover us. This is a broadcast over the alien's current news program.

*The video blinked revealing a smiling face of a perops who proceeded in an excited voice.*

*"Yes, we have just heard from our scout ship, now six years out, that hominin life has been found again. Information via their videos and communiques are streaming in now to our scientists and leaders.*

*"They look similar to us." The newscaster continued as two pictures appeared on the screen.*

*"-but they are not like us. There are two species that interact to create little ones.*

*"Volunteers will be notified for further instructions when diplomatic protocols are established. We will have more news later on the evening Current News!"*

Location, location, places my human characters on the Moon and on Mars three hundred years from now, because we will explore and try to settle in those locals.

I describe the alien's adventure in the beginning for understanding and then introduce the heroine's story

to create the parallel of both societies coming together at a certain time.

The aliens and humans find a common ground and began working together to create a tunnel to a pre-arranged interview building. That is when accidents and murder can happen. I use this platform to show that we will always have prejudices and fears of something new or different than ourselves in the future.

*Since they had a few minutes to reach the ground, Jay started a conversation with his co-worker, Jim, by touching the mike on his helmet.*

*"Well, this job certainly pays well, but..."*

*"What is it, Jay?" asked Jim watching the approaching ground.*

*"How do all of you feel about these people? I mean, doesn't it make you a little nervous?"*

*Tom jumped in, "Look, we are currently in service to our planet, so don't verbalize any talk like that. Yeah, we are nervous, but our job is to get this tunnel finished and on to the next job. If you are having problems go talk to the lady counselor in the reverend's office."*

*"Yeah, Jay, I might go see her myself," Jim snickered.*

*"Knock it off," Tom quipped, turning toward Jim, "she's our boss's girl. Don't get any ideas*

*about her unless you want to be out of jobs like this for a long time."*

Humor has to be the one of the important ingredients in a story to give the reader a sense of realism. I introduced a fine male tuxedoed cat by the name of Frederick. He is black except for the white under his chin and white paws. How does an animal function in the weightlessness of the Moon and on Mars? My character, Alice, wanted to find out as she hauls him with her. But cats are curious and this one is no exception.

*"All right...What was that?" Poppi exclaimed, jumping up upon hearing a strange throaty howl that seemed to echo throughout the room.*

*With a full mouth and eyes wide open, Dobi whispered, "I don't know." The ahman gulped down the last bit of the chewed food.*

*Again came forth the sound, but this time, it sounded much louder as if it was in this same room. First there was a scratching noise, then with a crash a black and white animal burst through into their quarters, almost scaring both ahmans to death.*

*Poppi and Dobi both jumped upon their sitting divan hoping the thing would not get to them, only to find out it too, could jump up into a small nearby chair.*



*With Poppi's long arms, the ahman rang the emergency call button by their door. An ahdoolian burst into the room scaring the cat.*

*Frederick, only hungry, hissed and spread his fur outward, as if he had been brushed many times. This caused a static a static electrical appearance that made him appear even larger. Seeing the uneaten sandwich on the floor, he calmed down and proceeded to take a few big bites.*

*The ahdoolian, regaining composure, inquired, "It's hungry, maybe a Martian?"*



## Saga 2

### Deflection

A piece of metal, found by a small boy in Arizona, guides him into adulthood as Tucson's finest detective on the trail of murder and political twists in the twenty-fourth century. Three murders occurring during the same night, becomes suspicious when Detective Blackhawk meets a distraught rich girl. After placing her in a safe house with friends, he follows his suspect to the Moon and Mars where he meets one of the aliens for the first time.

#### **Ebook Links:**

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00PD8LW56>

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/568714>

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/deflection-a-race-against-time-a-nation/1120722578>

<https://www.books2read.com/u/mern94>

#### **From the Author:**

Where do I get my stories? Ideas from events can be a source such as news stories, and a desire to make things right in my world. The three murders I chose for my book, two actually happened, the lady on the table and the church/school shooting. One of the three was a news media and/or government cover-up. I'll let you guess which one.

Many of the names are allegories to describe their character. For example, I used the name Douglas which means the 'dark one,' or Gregory is the 'Watchful one.' I also wanted to give our Native Americans a spotlight by making my main protagonist a Navajo. Political intrigue and a surprise ending will keep you turning the pages for more.

I wasn't planning on creating a series after my first book, but when I discovered I was hooked on writing, I felt my story wasn't completed. As in real life, the world and the universe march on. My Domino books are a part of a series as I use the same characters to drive the events from one story to the next. Time setting of *Deflection* begins before my first book, *Similar But Not the Same*, and in Chapter four of *Deflection*, when a younger Alex meets Alice Morgan for the first time before she leaves to work on the Moon. Later he will meet her again on Mars when he is involved in following his suspect, whom he believes to be the killer. Just before he gets on the shuttle to Mars, he meets an alien for the first time.

*"Tell me, what's your name and where do you work?"*

*Alex noticed a look of fear cross the kid's face.*

*"I can't tell you that, I could be contained, I could be hurt. I could be—," Penda rising voice exclaimed forgetting to use the name of Pete.*

*Alex could tell something was wrong. "Why would this child get so hysterical? Didn't I just hear the word 'contained?" He raised his forefinger to his lips, "Are you in any danger?" He asked.*

*"I could be, but as long as my friend gets me back to Mars, I will be all right."*

*Studying the child beside him, he then whispered, "Are you an ahman?"*

*A quick intake of air was all Penda could do. Then relief flooded somewhat over when the truth became known.*

*"Are you going to contain me?" A small voice squeaked out of the domee's mouth.*

*"Contain? You mean jail don't you?"*

*Penda nodded.*

*"No, if your friend doesn't make it, I will see that you get back to Mars, Okay? I'm not interested in wayward children right now"*

Two converging events will clash together with the help of this young alien.

My main antagonist is portrayed as shrewd and smart, but his selfish desires fail him on Mars. The background story involves the presidency of the United States in power which is manipulated by those whom we have not elected. One such rich man uses his power for selfish gain in the business world. The others soon prove they are just evil from the time they are born.

*Mathew left the room to head for the departing shuttle when another man entered the VIP room from a back door just as Rosorio stood up to leave himself. This was one of the men traveling in his party.*

*"Well, how are things shaping up?" Geoffrey Tilden asked.*

*"Just fine, you shouldn't have come along. We shouldn't be seen together," Rosorio replied.*

*"Nonsense, I'm here officially protecting the President's interest," Tilden drawled.*

*"And our interests as well."*

*"Yes, don't I know it. I hear the last call to board the Mars shuttle." The two men left the room and picked up their pace toward the boarding ramp.*

Spirituality enters the story by the amulet Alex found as a boy. Is he just tired, oxygen deprived, or is there something more profound in the visions emanating from the talisman.

*The same glittering specks arose before him and whirled upward toward the ceiling.*

*The glitter turned to a wispy haze and formed a cloudy circle. "This is different," he thought, never having had it open this long. The apparition developed first into Jan's face. "Be careful," her lovely features implied. As he was admiring her, it twisted and then he saw his unsmiling grandmother's face appear. "I worry about you so much." She had repeated that phrase to him a thousand times. The face soon faded and morphed into White Eagle, the old Navajo priest that had given him his ancestral training. The face turned into a human form that scowled walking toward Alex. Smoke emitted from his mouth as the old one spoke just above a whisper.*

*"On the sands of the desert, you will find your answers. Someone will die. Strangers will help. Fire has come. One man is no man as it was long ago."*

*"Who will die?" Alex asked believing the priest had been referring to the burn case.*

*"Fire roared through the heavens from the West exploding upon the Earth. Holy ones emerged. Mystic words were spoken," the apparition spoke ignoring Alex's question.*

*As if Alex was watching an old video before him, the voice continued.*

*"Your amulet calls. A holy spirit is laid into the ground and fire consumes."*

While my protagonist is trying to solve his case, what's happening on Earth? Time is running out when a time bomb is scheduled for destruction. Find out how a dog named Ralph saves Alex's star witness from being kidnapped.



## Saga 3

### CrossRoads

Who doesn't have a family mystery? One of the ways humans avoid long exposure to radiation on Mars is to return to Earth. Old friends meet and soon Alice finds out that someone is stealing her cousin's heirlooms. Why would anyone want these remnants from the past? Is there a surprise in store for Mike and Alice? Greed and retribution still occur in the twenty fifth century.

#### **Ebook Links:**

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00XLZ3IW8>

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/568722>

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/crossroads-a-moment-of-decision-a-nation/1122035957>

<https://www.books2read.com/u/m0xXoP>

#### **From the Author**

This was a tough story for me to get my Martian characters back down to Earth. In *Similar But Not the Same* I had alluded to a previous economic recession in the character's history on Earth. An event such as this also occurred in the 1930's to several women that



couldn't afford to keep their children. A little bit of truth and a lot of imagination brought me to tell this tale.

It would seem reasonable that people living on Mars would have to have a break from the constant radiation that could be dangerous over time. Coming back to Earth seems more complicated than the daily tasks on Mars, as Alice soon finds out.

In this dialogue, my characters from the previous two novels are intertwined to help Alice's cousin solve a family mystery. Let's see what her cousin has to say:

*"James?"*

*"What is it dear?" he asked as he scrolled his epad for the daily news reports at the breakfast table.*

*"I got a message from Alice last night," she said, filling her coffee cup for the second time.*

*"Alice? Oh, your cousin Alice Morgan. That's nice dear."*

*"Yes, she's coming for a visit, I'll have to make up the spare room," she said, sitting at the table.*

*"Hmm, do you know when?" He asked looking up at her.*

*"No, she didn't say," Andrea remarked, picking up the used breakfast dishes.*

*"Andrea, why would Alice stay here?" James said, remembering her last statement. "Doesn't she have a boyfriend, that fellow on the Moon?"*

*"Oh, honestly, you don't keep up James, she has a new one from Mars."*

*"Mars? What's his name?"*

*"Michael or Mike, I believe. Say, I know what I was going to ask you yesterday, have you been in the old shed by the road lately?"*

*"No, dear, why on Earth would I enter that rat trap?" James responded, gulping down the last swallow of his coffee.*

*"That is Ol' Leroy's old auto shop, and has a lot of memories for this family. What I am trying to say is I've noticed that something is missing again." Her relation was two hundred years ago and using the endearment of Ol' Leroy was easier than several 'great's.*

*"What do you mean again? Do you go out there often?"*

*"No, last week I just wanted a small hammer that I knew was out there and I couldn't find it. Yesterday I was looking again for it when I noticed an old oil can missing from the shelf where Ol'Leroy has the collection. You didn't move anything out there did you?"*

*"For the last time Andrea, I haven't been out there and besides, what do you need a hammer for?" James questioned, placing his epad inside of his brief case of insurance client forms.*

I also bring one of the antagonist characters from Deflection. The rich man's daughter and a stranger from their family's past play a pivotal role in exposing Alice's past relation.

Alice rounds up the probable suspects that could be stealing from her cousin and the antique store together and proceeds to get the truth out of each one.

*"You were seen, now why?"*

*"Maybe, who saw me?"*

*"Did you enter the building or did you give the door a little help? Talk to me now or I will call the police so Mr. Carri can press charges."*

*He squirmed for a few seconds, "I guess I got inside. I was just lookin' around."*

*"You took something didn't you?"*

*First he looked at James, who was ignoring him, then Alice, and finally at Mrs. Ingram wondering who she was.*

*"Yeah, but none of that stuff was his."*

*"You have a lot to learn Conroy. I know you worked a bit for Jonathon. You got the layout of his store and storage room didn't you?" She was bluffing but felt this may make him talk.*

*"Yeah, he wanted me to help him move some big boxes for him," he replied, holding his head down and sticking his thumbs into his side pockets.*

To begin the back story, I have two characters enter an unusual antique store.

*Turning the old brass knob was like opening a door to the past as Andrea and Mary entered the quaint antique store.*

*Andrea looked around as she slowed her steps and before her amazed eyes were lovely old items from days long gone. There were vintage vanities and carved chest of drawers to delicate tea cups in their saucers. Lovely scarves that appeared to be handmade were hanging from a cotton covered wire hanger. Further on were old porcelain pots and crystal vases set on a large decorated wooden dining table.*

*Andrea moved her hand down to an old weathered wagon wheel which leaned up against a grey metal milk can. Gaudy jewelry hung on small hooks with tiny price tags revealing high prices. Something caught Mary's eye as she decided to go ahead and look.*

*As they made their way through the store's generous inventory, a young blond haired man about thirty-five approached them.*

*"Ladies is there anything I can help you find?" His smooth low voice mimicked his slicked back hair style as he stared wide eyed at the two women.*

*Mary, who had been admiring an old cotton pioneer dress, answered first, "Oh no, not right now. Your store has so much to look at."*

*"Well, I will leave you and be over by the check station if you have any further questions."*

One thing I loved to do is to bring the animal characters to life. What are they thinking? Here, a mongrel dog discovers a cat in the mist.

*The cat tore around the barn, "I'm free!" Then he saw the dog.*

*Ralph had now perked up and scrambled down the porch only to be jerked backward by the rope attached to his collar.*

*"Freddy!" Alice called running after her cat.*

*By now Ralph was barking and whining but his rope jerked him just beyond the last step. Frederick had stopped two feet from him and stretched a foot closer.*

*"What are you yapping about, you, you hairy animal?"*

*"Chase, chase, I gotta chase you (gag)."*

*"I can slice and dice you in seconds you flea bit mongel. Hissssss"*

*"I'll get you cat," he barked.*

*Frederick stretched as much as he dared toward the dog, "Yeah, you and who else?"*

*"If I wasn't tied up..."*

*"And do what? I'll tell you dog, first I'll scratch your eyes out, and then I'll rip off your silly nose. Back off!"*

*Ralph proceeded to bark many more times, "Let me get my teeth around you cat."*

*"That's Frederick to you, mutt," he responded arching his back and displaying a full spread of fur standing out in all directions to make himself look even larger.*

How can a simple family mystery become so dangerous?

*"My God, there's someone in the attic." Fear raced through her as she ran to the closet and retrieved her hand gun from out of a white box on the top shelf. She never imagined that she would have to use it for self-defense as she opened the china cabinet drawer which held a box of ammunition. She opened the barrel up and filled the five bullet chambers closing it with a twist to make sure it was secure.*

*Another thump was heard. She prayed that two of her three kids would not come home right now. Alvin, her youngest, was left sleeping in his bed. 'and Andrea and Alice,'" the thought escaped her as she ascended the stairs with care toward the second landing where the attic door was. She avoided the third from the top step*

*that gave off a loud squeak from the weak support below it. She always knew when her children snuck downstairs during the night by its sound.*

*Her nerves were on edge, but with her practiced skills she forced herself to calm down as she opened the attic door. She heard something fall.*

A few more surprises lay in wait as you read more of this story.



## Saga 4

### Found

When the aliens almost destroyed their world two thousand years ago, they had to escape to their moons and nearby planet for survival. Some missed their trajectory and flew out of their solar system to parts unknown.

Space travel had advanced to allow the ahmans to search for their lost brethren. In the process they discover another species called humans.

In this fourth book of the Domino Series, two humans from Mars decide to be the first people from Earth to travel in deep space by choosing to come with the aliens in their quest of discovery.

#### **Ebook Links:**

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B015Y00S1M>

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/582547>

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What happens when societies are split in different directions? Will they remember their past? Acceptance has to be earned. These new aliens are not the calm controlled ones that changed their society over two thousand years.

### From the Author

This story is pure science fiction. In my first book, *Similar But Not the Same*, two humans want to travel into space with the aliens. They get to see Pluto and other dwarf planets in the Kuiper Belt, wondrous displays of systems forming and dying, until their ship is hit by a large piece of metal debris. Following its ionized trail, the aliens discover another planet with people like themselves. Could these people be the lost ones' descendants from 2000 years ago? How could they have survived from 180 people?

Jennifer bears a baby on board one of the ships, and worries about Robert being gone on the surface of an old planet shrouded in yellowish clouds. Robert and his crew are captured by a tyrant and the crew plans their escape.

*The piathian was blinking as if something was in the ahman's eyes. When you are as short as a human, you miss things that would catch your attention under normal circumstances.*

*"What's that?"*

*"What's what?" A sparkle of light was causing the ahman to shade its eyes.*

*"Where is that sunlight coming from?"*

*The others hearing this came over to see what was so extraordinary.*

*"A sensing device perhaps?"*

*"No look at the angle, it's much higher up," Robert exclaimed looking toward the ceiling.*

*"What is it you see?" ChaDel asked.*

*"Look. A vent," Robert replied pointing toward a small grate the same color as the wall toward the outside.*

*"It's too high and small, we can't fit into it," LiDel lamented.*

*"Not for me," Robert said looking for something to stand on. Then they heard the door being unbolted.*

*"What are we to do?" Patay, worried, looked at Son-Fi then at Robert.*

This is a story about slavery and control and how it can seep into a society where a higher educated group has better resources than the other. The healthier people used their knowledge of science to save their species, causing trouble for the ahmans that refused to change. Greed rears its ugly head once again when the Emperor is murdered. Who did it? The adjutant, the Consort, or the spiritual leader? At the same time the brother of the emperor has his own agenda.

*Verdock closed the double doors. The guest sat down in one of the divans near the fireplace.*

*The principate pulled out three small silver ingots and handed them to the visitor, who showed no emotion in return.*

*"This is your last payment."*

*"What? What do you mean? You need my help."*

*"No I don't. Our scientists have invented a new device to locate our labor," Verdock explained.*

*"And what about me? Will your machine avoid my presence?" The guest fretted.*

*"Only if you run fast enough. Now don't look so worried. There are other lands you can escape to."*

*"You ingrate! All that I have done for you and your kind."*

*"Good-bye Xenfer."*

Love conquers all with new discoveries about the creatures on the planet.



## **Where Did They Go?**

Present Time

Susan was devastated when her husband dies in a car accident. Friends and family cannot fill the void left in her heart from his passing. Missing items, one after another, keeps disappearing around her home until she steps into another world. The characters she encounters help her with lost memories until she realizes who killed her husband.

Have you ever put something down and later returned to find it gone? Then as mysterious as the item had disappeared, it returns where you had left it. Could it be a strange force in the universe or is someone real taking and bringing back your possessions?

Is it occurring to Susan Edwards because her husband died in a tragic accident or was it murder?

Missing items and murder come together in this strange tale of things lost, gained, and found again.

### **Ebook Links**

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B019S493BU>

<https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/602770>

<http://www.barnesandnoble.com/w/where-did-they-go-the-world-of-vesda-a-nation/1123131744>

<https://www.books2read.com/u/b6VYxb>

## From the Author

Every November thousands of people across the world participate in the annual event of National Writing Month. This means you have to write 50,000 words in 30 days.

In the past I hadn't involved myself in Nano, as those of us who write call the event, because I was just a novice about writing, I had too many other things to do, and in 2014 I was writing my third book, *Crossroads A Moment of Decision*, trying to get it completed in 2014. I had lots of good excuses. This year, 2015, I had finished my fourth book of my Domino series, *Found The Lost Ones*.

Now I found myself with time on my hands to plot, create a story line, and develop some characters for my next book. This book, *Where Did They Go?* I decided I could do for November. I began thinking about this book since August and had three chapters written in my head waiting for November 1 to get my story out into my computer. Within eleven days I reach the goal of 50,072 words and I still hadn't finished my story.

This was to be just a fantasy, but soon my characters took over with my guidance that soon led to the theme of greed. My heroine was a troubled mess. You can see why by this except in the beginning:

*Then, in horror I watched a car break through the side railing and fly out over the rushing waters. It hovered in the air for the*

*longest time until it hit the churning liquid with a tremendous splash. For a few moments the auto floated, and I could see someone inside pounding against the inside of the driver's window, trying to escape. Like a hungry monster, the river swallows the car with the occupant until the man inside could no longer be seen.*

*I jump into the river, hoping I could reach the drowning person, but the waters were too swift—.*

*It was then that I sat up in my bed drenched with sweat.*

As my protagonist comes to grip with the reality that her husband has died, small items begin to disappear around the house.

*I was going to make a note of that when I discovered my pen had turned up missing.*

*"What the—?" I said aloud searching under the various papers lying on the table. I looked at Mickie who cocked his head, "You didn't eat my pen did you?" I joked, but was still frustrated about it being missing.*

*"Why does everything disappear in this house?" I moaned.*

From there Susan falls into a world far different from her own. Here she meets a store keeper:

*A large man with a dark head of hair and a beard stood at the end of the room. A prominent counter, running the distance of the building, separated the man from the public.*

*"Well hullo, little lady. You must be new."*

*"That's funny sir, since I feel old right now. I was told to give this pot to you from Hobnobby."*

*"Oh thank you. I make a lot stew, and my customers have been grumbling that there hasn't been any stew." I wondered who else was here, as I noticed that there weren't any people in the store.*

*"What else do you make?"*

*"Just stew and some biscuits. Eating biscuits all the time can make some people grumpy." Now I knew I had to be in Hell.*



Purchase these novels and more at  
<http://www.amazon.com/A-Nation/e/B00SUHXM6E>

## The Animals

Frederick: - Alice's cat

Huxley and Fatina - clones of Frederick

Ralph: Jan's dog

Hector: Andrea's dachshund

Mushi: ViTel's taci (cat like animal)

Mickie - Susan Edward's dog





## Humans

Alice Morgan: arrives to work on Mars

Robert Carone: Chief Civil Engineer

Alex Blackhawk: Tucson police detective

Samatha Egroeg: daughter of Rosorio

Rosorio Egroeg: Rich man

Douglas Jackman: the killer

Captain Holbrook: in charge

Robert Bender: Astrophysist

Jennifer Bender: wife of Robert

Reverend Phillips: counselor

Bosloe - Susan's friend in Vesda

JackOput - Susan's friend in Vesda

Fin and Cal - Inventors in Vesda

Trisha Paiger - Susan's friend/neighbor



## Aliens



Poppi: a perops specie, oldest

Dobi: a piathian specie

Penda: Nommi's child

Nommi: joined with Dobi

Son-Fi: Second Officer of Ri-Meeia

LiDel: Historian

Ki-Tam: local on Arret

DiLane: Consort to Emperor

Litha: Second Consort to Emperor

Verdock: sibling to Emperor

Amado: Emperor of Arret

Colin - Mole man in Vesda

Thyla - Cat woman in Vesda

It isn't hard to make up alien names. I just looked at something and chopped up the syllables.

## About the Author

A. Nation travels the west with her husband. I decided to write in a futuristic fashion creating an interesting adventure stories that have a moral realization. Whether from prejudice, political crime, retribution, or enslavement, the sagas shall continue.



For more insights to how this story progressed, see my blog at: <http://bloggingwrites.weebly.com>.

To participate in National Writing month go to: <https://nanowrimo.org>

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