

WIELDERS OF POWER – MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

1 Year Anniversary – Wielders of Power Newsletters - July 2018

“I REMEMBER MY PAST NOW. BUT HOW WILL THAT CHANGE EVENTS TO COME?”

- Isabel Gosten

Wielders of Power – 1 Year of Newsletters

A year ago, in July, the Wielders of Power website went live. The monthly newsletters began and hope for the future of my series began to grow alongside my increasing number of readers. Doing these newsletters has been a great reflective process – analyzing readers questions, describing my own writing style, and explaining where I intend to take the series over the course of the next year.

This anniversary newsletter will also set up the foundation of all future newsletters. While creating one of these each month has been an enjoyable process, I will be slowing down the pace a little. Newsletters will release on an irregular basis as new questions or series updates come in—no longer will there be one per month. The newsletters were a good break from all the ‘side’ work of the series, but now it is time to shift focus back to the story.

From the hand-drawn concept of the Wielders of Power logo (left),

to the current designs (middle, right) created by Alan Rugh



The Wielders of Powers series is still very young, being just 3 years old now. The online presence only began just a year ago, and I cannot wait to see what the future holds for my audience. I’ve learned a lot of things about publishing and writing over this time, and I still have more to share with all of you. I just want to thank everyone for their support of my series. It would not be where it is today without your encouragement and inspiration.

To give a small look into the growth of my writing, I’ll be including the first few draft chapters of A Night’s Passage below. Read along in your copy of A Night’s Passage and see how the story grew and evolved from such a humble beginning. From the handwritten portions in my notebook, chapters were much shorter. In its printed form, these 5 handwritten chapters were turned into one.

“IT IS ALL COMING BACK NOW, AS IF A FOG HAS BEEN LIFTED FROM MY THOUGHTS”

- *Samuel Miles*

I awoke in a dark, cold room. The silence was unforgiving. Stumbling around, I kicked a small object on the cabin floor. I searched with my hands on the floor trying to find it. I found it. It was a small metal object. In the darkness, my hands were my only eyes. I felt over the object trying to discover what it was, to no avail. It was cold, just like the room. Dull, smooth, in an oval-like shape. Frustrated, I put it in my pack, hoping to distinguish it later.

Fumbling around blindly still, it was clear that I was in a hopeless situation. I couldn't tell if this room was a small house, or maybe even a field. I felt a breeze, but there was no grass, no moon, just dirt. But how did I even get here? The questions that came to mind had no answers, only more questions. I know who I was, what I have done in my past and where I was from. But how I got here, into this room, is a blur. I was just about to rest when...

'CRASH' a loud bang startled me. It was a door being slammed. Hazy moonlight filled the corner of the room where it resided. "Who's there?" I called out anxiously. There was no answer, only the cold silence that the room still held onto. I walked towards the door. In the little light I had, I examined the metal artifact I found. The strange object arose more questions in my mind. It looked like it was part of a necklace, or jewelry of some kind. But it had little color, and was as cold as the night around me. Shivering, I slowly walked outside and into the moonlight.

The taste of fresh air felt welcoming in my lungs. But all was not welcome in this new place. I was obviously outside, but the air out here was much more chilling. I turned back towards the door surprised that I had been in a cabin. "Where am I?" I asked aloud.

I was near a wooded area; no, actually I was completely surrounded completely by trees as I looked around. The lone cabin stood in the center of the clearing. It looked old, but it was clear whoever made it had tools and the know-how to construct it. I hoped I was near people, maybe they could explain where I was. But I decided that venturing anymore in the dark would not be a wise choice, so I went back into my dark cabin for the night.

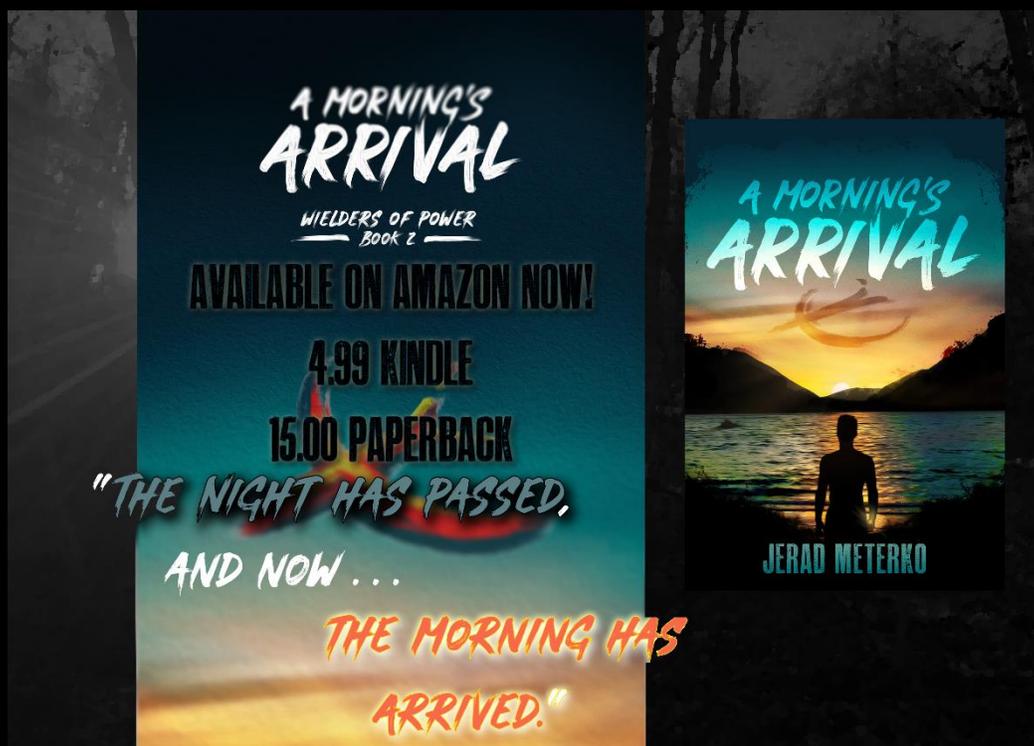
I awoke in a cool, dark room. I stretched and opened the door. Light flooded into my eyes, and I had to shield myself for a moment for my eyes to adjust. It wasn't as sunny as I had hoped to find. It was a dreary overcast, but having no way to tell the time, it could have been early. No windows were on the cabin, so I did what I could to see in my home. I wanted to search around in hopes that I could find something useful for my trip. I found nothing else other than that pendant. I was about to give up, but I noticed something carved into the timber on the wall. Squinting in the dark, I tried to decipher what it said. Carved quickly into the wall was one word: hide. Confused, I continued to look for more words. To my surprise, I found a staircase towards the back of the cabin. But, having no light and barely being able to see down the stairs, I gave up on exploring further.

Pangs of hunger and thirst encouraged me to start my search for others. I didn't know when the last time I ate was, I just knew I wasn't going to sit in the dark cabin and do nothing about it. Although I knew I had little chance of finding anyone out there, I still had to try. The only supplies I had were the clothes on my back, my pack, and that odd metal thing.

I set out into the forest leaving my only shelter behind. The stillness and silence in the forest was unsettling. I had that feeling of being watched; it made the hairs on my arms stay on end. There were no birds, no wind, not a sound. No life. Absolute silence. Only the sound of my breathing and my footsteps. The silence was killing me. How could a place with so much vegetation hold no animal life? Unfortunately, I would discover why no animals stayed near the Cabin.

A small breeze started to pick up. Temperature was falling. I looked towards the sky, only to see the canopy of trees. I didn't need to see the sky to know a storm was coming. I regretted leaving my only shelter so unprepared for anything. That's when I heard the crashing trees behind me. The rest was just a blur. The bear-like beast leapt out of the brush and slashed my side with razor sharp claws. I winced from the pain, but took off in an all-out sprint. I turned around to see the beast charging after me. I didn't know what to call it, it wasn't like anything I've ever seen. It had tusks and snout like a boar, but fur and claws like a bear. Its eyes were stark white, and its claws were shaped like a crescent moon, stained red with blood; my blood. My side was burning hot from the attack, but I ran as fast as I could. The tree branches and thorns cut and whipped me as I ran through them blindly. I stole a quick glance over my shoulder; terrified to see it had almost caught up to me. It reared up and pounced.

At that moment, I dove to the side of the trail, and began to fall. I had just leapt off of a cliff. The water of a stream broke most of my fall, but I felt a sharp pain in my leg. The current was strong. It battered me against rocks and logs as I was pulled downstream. My skull rammed into a large boulder and I slowly felt consciousness slip away.



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