

# WIELDERS OF POWER – MONTHLY NEWSLETTER

Newest updates on the Wielders of Power Series

May 2018 Newsletter

“THE PASSING OF NIGHT LEADS TO THE  
DAWNING OF DAY, BUT BEFORE THE  
NIGHT, THERE IS ONLY TWILIGHT”

Now that the dust is settling after the release of *A Morning's Arrival* and the publishing of *Hometown Magazine's* article on my series, I'm almost ready to continue writing my third book. Stay tuned for newsletters throughout the summer, I may be including quotes or descriptions of parts I write in the new story.

Any feedback on the newsletters is welcome! In this newsletter, I want to take a break from the scene development and move into something else. 'Behind the Words' series will give you a behind the scenes look to part of my writing process. They will be a short description or story on external factors that affected the novel, not the characters and events in the story. Please let me know your thoughts on a newsletter like this! I won't do these all the time, as they will be longer. I hope that some of my readers will enjoy another perspective of the writing process.

## BEHIND THE WORDS – THE LOST CHAPTERS

The Lost Chapters. They were my biggest set-back I'd ever encountered while writing. Back to 2015, I was still writing away on the first draft of *A Night's Passage*. I was about halfway through the novel at this point, and I finally felt comfortable typing the story on my computer, and I was settling into my early writing styles. Things were going smoothly, and I was really enjoying the process. At the end of every week, I would always save backups of all my school files. Any projects, homework, and updates to the manuscript were saved onto my flash drive. I thought I was being cautious enough, the weekly saves always gave me peace of mind. I soon learned a hard lesson that I take very seriously now with my studies in Computer Science.

It was toward the end of the week, and I had completed a few chapters that I was happy with. It was an important part of the story, and it would alter the rest of the book's plot based on its events. I took great care into doing just the rough draft, going over sentences several times and trying to perfect my dialogue of each character. I was really enveloped in the writing, and before I knew it, the last bell of the day was ringing. I still sat there for a few more minutes, trying to finish the last few paragraphs of the chapter before the scene left my mind. I quickly saved and shut off my computer, stuffing it into

my back pack. I was already running late, so I knew I would do the flash drive backup first thing tomorrow. Everything was fine every other day that school year with my laptop. What's the worst that can happen?

"THE WORST ALWAYS HAPPENS AT  
THE WORST OF TIMES."

The next day as I turned on my laptop, the screen was flickering and unresponsive. I was worried, but I figured that the school could fix it. They gave me a loaner while they looked it over, and they said it could be months before I get it back. If it wasn't fixed by the end of the year, the drive would be wiped. I at least had the majority of my manuscript, but an entire week's worth of story was locked into a writer's limbo. It made me sick, knowing that those chapters may or may not ever be seen again. Now I had two choices - I could pick up where I left off from the lost chapters, hoping that I could get them back; or, I could rewrite them, so the flow of the story would transition better between the new work. I knew that if I never got them back, I'd have to return to that part of the story later to patch the hole. Rewriting it however, I knew that I wouldn't be the same as it was.

I couldn't let this disrupt the flow of my story. So I rewrote it. Fast forward to the end of the year, and the school notified me that my laptop was fixed. It was just a week or two more until we turned in our laptops for good, and at this time, the novel was nearing completion. I opened up my previous manuscript file, dated a few months back. I read the last few lines I wrote, leaving off right at the end of the forgotten chapters. The inspiration for this new newsletter comes from that experience of comparing my two chapters together. The Lost Chapters are very similar to what is currently published in print, but there are differences that give it a 'time capsule' feel to it. I'll be including a few snippets, showing this comparison of chapters. Some of my old sentences were very...weak-to say the least. See the side by side comparison for the parts that I had almost memorized. After just a few short months, I saw improvements in my writing style and structure.

\* For anyone interested in the exact 'lost chapters' in question they are:

Book III : Knowledge

to

Book IV : Betrayal (About 50 pages worth)

\*\* Certain references, words or names are omitted with [he, it, they]

## Lost Chapters

## Final Print Version

"Those idiotic fools. How do they misplace one of the most important things known to man? I'll never understand them. Tell me boy, do you know how to [use] it?"

"What are you talking about?" I asked, blatantly confused. "Oh, just that little, shiny metal world destroyer you've been toting around like a toy. How you have been keeping that hidden from [Him] is beyond me." He rolled his eyes. "He's grown careless and sloppy in his old age. Obviously, he overestimates his own power."

"Very good." He managed to stifle. "But what happens when you can't see what you are trying to kill?" He disappeared in a burst of black smoke. The wispy black fog returned, and I couldn't see him. I didn't know what to do.

"Nonsense!" [He] shouted in anger. "Blind me! Unleash the power of your Stone! Attack with all you have!" "I don't want to hurt you [...]. I don't know what I'm capable of," I replied. "Then I'll make you attack me." His voice darkened and changed. Shadows swirled around his body, encasing him in a black mist.

"Those...[things]? Do you control them?" He looked up at me. "No. But I can influence them. They are children of the night. Beware, not all of them will be docile."

"Yes, some of those were emissaries of mine," [He] replied. "Some?" [She] asked. [He] looked at her. "Yes, some. The others are malicious spirits that [they] created to try and kill outsiders—and me. The true, most violent of them were here long before we were. [They] can be quite vile entities."

"Whatever the lady says..." [He] raised his stone and it glowed a magnificent silver light. "Good luck" His raspy voice echoed in my ear. [She] fell over, unconscious. Before I could do anything, I blacked out with her.

"One day...you'll learn the truth," he whispered. It was barely audible over the spinning shadows. I felt my body become lighter, and my head buzzed oddly. The whole world seemed to swirl around us. My vision started to dim, and I felt dizzy. [She] and I passed out in the revolving vortex of shadows.

This was my hardest writing experience so far, and I have many more stories about my beginnings in writing to share. You'll be sure to see another newsletter like this before the end of the summer. Please give me any feedback you can on my newsletter topics, or new ideas that I could use in future newsletters! Thank you.

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