

BOOKISH MAGAZINE



In this Issue:

Poem of June by Cindy J. Smith

Stories from the Author Gang authors:

Black Dog Myths: Part 1 – Shuck by A.L. Butcher

The Sword of God: Hun Legends by Erika M Szabo

When One Door Closes, Another One Opens

The Vigilante Witch: A short fiction by Erika M Szabo

My Favorite Poets #1 by Cindy J. Smith

The Gang of Seven: authors who blog together

Writers' Bearings: A short story by Eric J. Gates

New cover reveal

Coming soon

Book reviews

JUNE 2021



Read the magazine:

<https://online.fliphtml5.com/cmeww/ioza/>



Read free online magazines:

<https://fliphtml5.com/bookcase/uuhfw>

In this Issue:

Poem of June by Cindy J. Smith

Stories from the Author Gang authors:

Black Dog Myths: Part 1 – Shuck by A.L. Butcher

The Sword of God: Hun Legends by Erika M Szabo

When One Door Closes, Another One Opens

The Vigilante Witch: A short fiction by Erika M Szabo

My Favorite Poets #1 by Cindy J. Smith

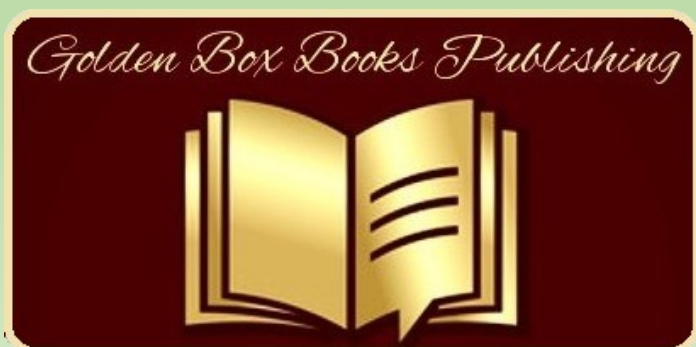
The Gang of Seven: authors who blog together

Writers' Bearings: A short story by Eric J. Gates

Book reviews

New releases

Coming soon



GBBPub, is a small publisher and assistance provider

for self-published authors.

We will resume our services in

January 2021

<https://www.goldenboxbooks.com>



JUNE

The first day of Summer
Coming soon
Happily awaiting
Month of June

Visions of vacations
We will take
To an amusement park
Or a lake

Sitting around campfires
Burning bright
Telling scary stories
Through the night

Fathers and Graduates
We honor
Love and accomplishments
We ponder

Long hot days filled with fun
Pure delight
Magically ended with
A firefly night

© Cindy J. Smith, 2021

The Author Gang has a new home

We're a group of authors writing interesting posts weekly and interacting with readers. Enjoy our posts.



P.J. Mann

Paula J. Mann lives a double life. She is a geologist by day and a novelist by night. She's best known for writing psychological thrillers and dramas, like 'A Tale of a Rough Diamond.' She also writes historical fiction, like the Amazon.co.uk best selling *Aquila et Noctua*, and paranormal suspense.



Erika M Szabo

Erika became an avid reader at a very early age, thanks to her dad who introduced her to many great books. Erika writes epic fantasy, alternate history, sweet romance, romantic suspense, dystopian and cozy mystery novels, short stories, as well as fun, educational and bilingual books for children ages 2-14 about acceptance, friendship, family, and moral values such as accepting people with disabilities, dealing with bullies, and not judging others before getting to know them.



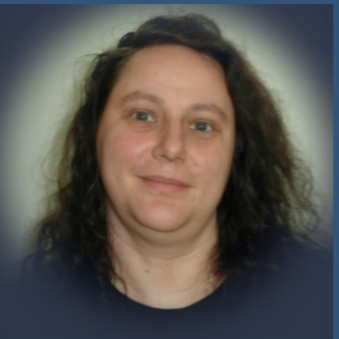
Eric J. Gates

Award-winning author Eric J. Gates has lived a life filled with the stuff of thriller novels. Supercomputers, cracking cryptographic codes under extreme pressure using only paper and pen, and teaching Cyberwarfare to spies are a few of the moments he's willing to recall. He is an ex-International Consultant whose specialty, IT Security, brought him into contact with the Military and Intelligence communities on numerous occasions. He is also an expert martial artist. He now writes thriller novels, drawing on his experiences with the confidential and secret worlds that surround us.



Cindy J. Smith

I've written poetry as long as I can remember. If you ask anyone who knows me, I am kinda partial to coffee, purple and jasmine. I love dragons, jokers, fairies and big cats! I want people to see and hear and taste my words. My goal for writing is to touch people's hearts and give them a view of life they may have never tried or have simply forgotten.



A.L. Butcher

British-born A. L. Butcher is an avid reader and creator of worlds, a poet, and a dreamer, a lover of science, natural history, history, and monkeys. Her prose has been described as 'dark and gritty' and her poetry as 'evocative'. She writes with a sure and sometimes erotic sensibility of things that might have been, never were, but could be.



A.J. Park

A.J. Park has embraced a lifelong passion for writing and reading. There is nothing better than a really good story, and she feels compelled to keep creating. Fantasy has always been her favorite genre, because it represents the world of imagination in fiction.



Slate R. Raven

Born and raised primarily in Illinois, Slate R. Raven started his writing career after attempting several other means of artistic expression. However, after a debilitating injury to his spine, Slate was left with the option of watching daytime television or finding something that proved to be more productive. So with that, Slate chose writing as a means of purging the turbulent emotions that coursed through his veins over being a prisoner of one's own body. The first of many novels emerged while sitting under a Laptop computer, a generous gift from his father. To pass the time during the long months of surgery and physical therapy. His recovery has been remarkable!

Are you an author?
Join The Author Gang
HERE



[Black Dog Myths: Part 1 - Shuck](#)

By A.L. Butcher

Britain is a land of myths and legends, from giants and dragons to St George and Headless Horsemen.

Black Dog spectres are nocturnal apparitions, often foretelling deaths and sometimes linked with Satan, although some are protectors. From Grim, Padfoot, Barguest, and Shuck, these nocturnal hounds walk the byways and lanes of Britain. Appearances differ – although they are always large, some have no head, a human-looking head, fiery eyes, chains, or blooded fang; they walk in silence and howl with spine-chilling cries.

Various known as Black Shuck, Old Shuck, Old Shock, or Shuck, a ghostly hound is believed to haunt the coastline and countryside parts of Britain. Documents from the 16th-century record ‘sightings’ of this horrible hound, but records are believed to go back as far as the 12th Century.

The most notorious reports of Shuck come from Bungay and Blythburn in the county of Suffolk, in England (1577). The great devilish hound is said to have burst through the church doors during a storm, killed a man and child, and causing the steeple to collapse. There are, apparently scorch marks still remaining on the door to this day. He then appeared in a separate church in the village of Bungay, killed some more congregants before disappearing.

[Continue reading...](#)



The Sword of God Hun Legends by Erika M Szabo

According to the legend, the Sword of God was created by Hadúr the blacksmith god. It was forged from a meteorite and given to the Scythian people to conquer the world and won by the Magyars and Huns when together they defeated the Scythians.

The legend says that the Huns wanted to go one way, and the Magyars another, so they gave the sword to a blind man to spin. Where it landed, they would go. But a gust of wind took the sword out of sight towards the west, and it was lost.

The sword is also known as the Sword of Attila, so clearly the legend doesn't end there. Much later, a shepherd found it buried in the ground, after the tip nicked the leg of one of his sheep, causing it to bleed. He could see it was powerful, and presented it to Atilla, insisting that he was the only one worthy.

Atilla used the sword in battle, despite that Huns preferred bows and axes. And while he died before the sword's magic could help him conquer the entire world, he certainly conquered a decent portion of it.

Attila was the ruler of the Huns from 434 until his death in March 453. He was also the leader of a tribal empire consisting of Huns, Ostrogoths, and Alans among others, on the territory of Central and Eastern Europe. He was the only king from 434 AD to 453 AD and became one of the most feared rulers, especially among eastern and western European empires.

[Continue reading...](#)



When One Door Closes, Another One Opens

It has been a long run with many authors participating in the [OAG](#) blog with 792 interesting blog posts since 2017. The blog had 379,998 visitors who left 1248 comments.

However, three of our blog posts had been reported as malicious content and removed by Blogger without warning the admins of the blog and without explanation. There is nothing wrong with censoring and flagging dangerous or malicious content, God knows there are plenty on blogs and social sites.

But, when the authors don't even have a chance to find out why their posts about fluffy bunnies, mythical creatures, and dangerous herb-medication interactions had been removed without warning and what could have been offensive about the posts, it goes a step beyond censorship. It also really takes the fun out of writing new blog posts.

Although the posts had been reinstated, our enthusiasm to connect with readers on this blog is gone.

Therefore, The Author Gang said goodbye to Blogger, and we will continue to bring interesting weekly posts to readers on this website.

<https://www.goldenboxbooks.com/the-author-gang>



The Vigilante Witch

A short fiction by Erika M Szabo

“Grandma is here!” Sara, a cute eight-year-old girl in fairy costume shouted when she heard a car pulling into the driveway.

“Grandma you came!” Sara hugged her grandmother as soon as she stepped through the door.

“I wouldn’t miss trick or treat with you for the whole world.”

Sara pulled back and examined the old lady’s outfit. “Grandma, you always dress as a witch every Halloween. Why don’t you put on a different costume?”

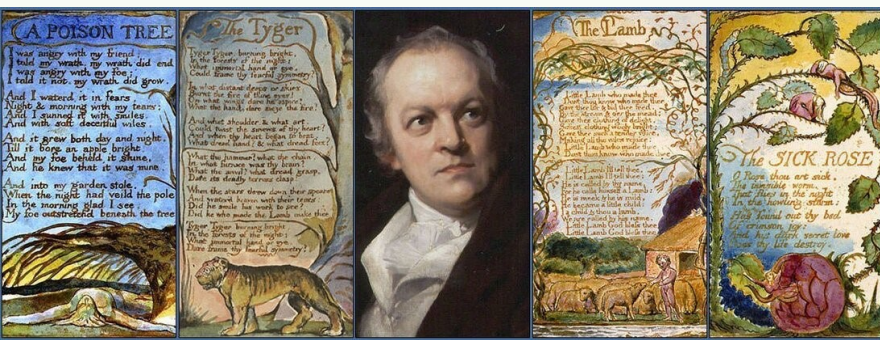
“Because I’m a witch,” her grandma replied with a wink and shot a mischievous smile at her daughter who stood by the stove.

“Sara, go put on your sparkly shoes while I talk to your grandma,” Mandy shooed her little fairy out of the kitchen and turned to her mother. “Mom, there are three this year. The first one is a savage man who lives at 21 Mayberry Street. He’s been beating his wife and children in his drunken rages for years and the poor woman is afraid to leave him because he threatened to kill her and the children if she ever leaves him.”

“Got it,” the old lady nodded with a serious expression on her wrinkled face. Mandy continued, “The next one is the shifty lawyer at 13 Viola Street. She twists and turns the law and uses dirty tricks to defend her clients. A rich child molester is free because of her. They both deserve punishment. My heart goes out to that little girl. She’s Sarah’s age and...” Mandy shivered. “I can’t even... He must be stopped, mom! He lives at 52 Madison Street in the big mansion.”

“Indeed, they do deserve what's coming to them,” her mother exclaimed and put on a bright smile as she heard Sara running down the stairs. Are you ready, pumpkin?”

[Continue reading...](#)



My Favorite Poets #1

William Blake
by Cindy J. Smith

I am a poet, I have been writing as long as I can remember (and, according to my sisters even before that). In my early years, I was treated to the rhymes of Mother Goose and Dr. Seuss and I was enthralled. I love them both and have been influenced by them in my writing.

You would think I would always have wanted to read poetry since I wrote it. Well, that is not the case at all. In grade school, we were exposed to poets like Robert Frost and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. I was not impressed, and when the teachers told us what the poems supposedly were saying...I was totally lost. I did not like the style they wrote in and what I thought they said was not even close to what I was supposed to be seeing. By the time I had to read the poems about "How do I love thee" and "Lovely as a Tree" I had learned to memorize what the teacher said was happening. Subsequently, I began avoiding any poetry that I was not ordered to read.

Luckily for me, when I entered high school, I had a wonderful English teacher. Mr. Hagberg was different than any of my previous teachers. He taught us what a poem meant was what it made you feel or think. He said it did not really matter what the poet was thinking at the time it was written. We were encouraged to read and explain how a poem affected us and why we felt that way. There were NO WRONG ANSWERS! The door to enjoying other poets was swung open for me!

My first love in high school was the writings of William Blake. Being a big fan of all the large cats, "The Tyger" was the lure that captured me. I could visualize the creator as he blended so much beauty and grace with enormous strength and unbridled viciousness.

[Continue reading...](#)

Writers' Bearings

A short story by Eric J. Gates

The cabins invited solitude, introspection, thoughtfulness, creativity. More than a writing workshop, this was a temporary retreat, somewhere to hide, somewhere to cut themselves off from the all-consuming demands of society and family. Yes, somewhere to retreat...

...from distraction,

...from pressure,

...from Life.

The location was sandwiched between the Shenandoah and George Washington National Parks. Idyllic quiet for meditation and creation. Trees, birds, weekend cabins... and the occasional bear.

The twenty-five apprentice writers had been warned of the bear's presence in the area by the workshop's hosts. Over the years, many from the Richmond area, and from further afar, had built weekend cabins in the area. The combination of human presence, albeit occasional, and dense forestation had stimulated the interest of the local wildlife. The latter was not really a problem, as long as the visitors followed the common-sense rules. First and foremost was food. Leftovers they were to humans; an easy treat to *Ursus americanus*. A calorific catch compared with what was available in nature. No hunting involved. No expensive energy expended. With the long winter on the horizon, it was never too late to start hoarding fat reserves, after all practice makes perfect, and human throwaways always tasted sweet.

One wag from the workshop had even christened it Yoga Bear, given the inclusion of right-brain meditation techniques into the retreat's program. Fear, respect, for one of nature's most persistent predators had not been a consideration for most. This was Disneyland with real animals, after all. A chance to commune with successful authors and learn their secrets. The potential encounter of the *Ursus* kind, mental images of a porkpie hat-wearing cartoon bear, muzzle streaked with honey and cake crumbs, only served to stimulate 'little gray cells'.

[Continue reading...](#)

The Gang of Seven: authors who blog together

Click to visit the author pages



"I write novels so you can leave your world, without having to leave the room."

~Slate R. Raven



"I never take a vacation. I consider my wanderings around the world a sort of 'business trip' to get ideas for my next novel."

~P.J. Mann



"To form the verses, I let my soul bleed."

~Cindy J. Smith



"Easiest way to write a novel: figure out the end, then the beginning, then fill in the middle."

~Eric J. Gates



"Storytelling is that heart of our culture, of every culture. It's how an imaginative species understands the world, and makes it more fantastic."

~A.L. Butcher



"There is nothing better than a great story."

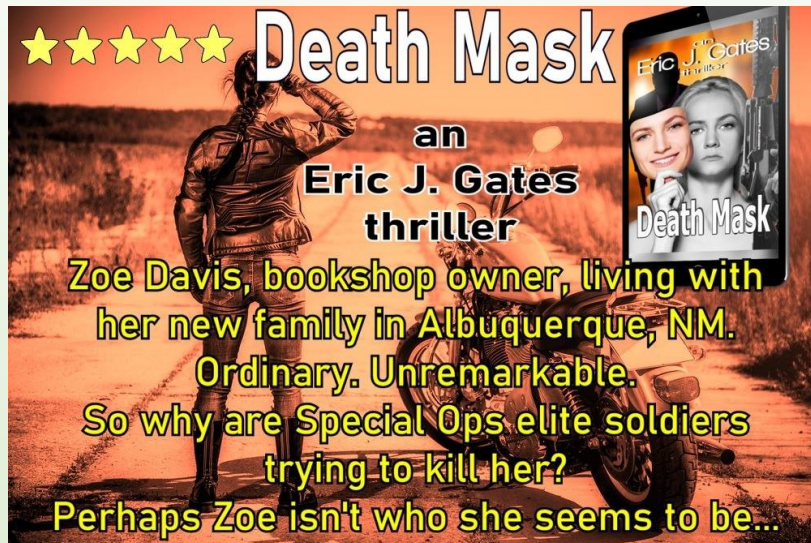
~A.J. Park



"As an artist, I paint pretty pictures with my brushes. As a writer, I paint vivid pictures with my words."

~Erika M Szabo

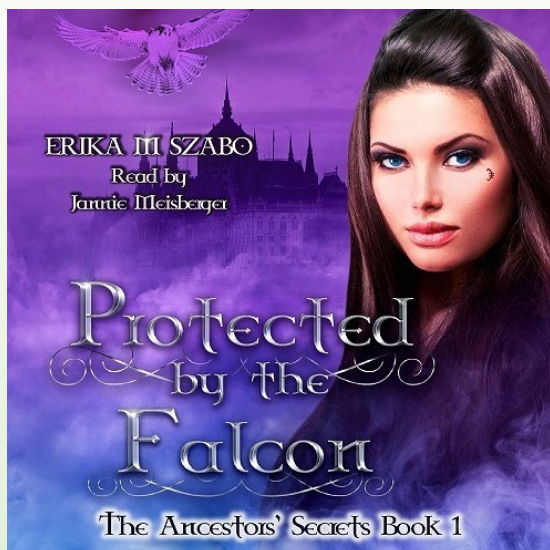




5 Star review from Readers' Favorite, Here is the review:
Reviewed by Peggy Jo Wipf for Readers' Favorite

[ON AMAZON](#)

“Death Mask by Eric J. Gates is an espionage thriller that makes you doubt your neighbor. Zoe Davis (or Sheran) is a bookstore owner living with the man she loves, which is normal enough. After he proposes, her past collides with her present and she puts him and his sons in danger. One freak mistake saves her life, giving her enough time to put distance between herself and Liam. Transforming back to her ghost agent days, she must decide if she will try hiding again or take the fight to them. It has taken them six years to find her, but now she doesn't even know who is leading this renegade team of killers. I found Eric J. Gates' writing similar to Robert Ludlum's. Death Mask is a military thriller that will have you hanging onto every step Sheran takes. The Egyptian process of mummifying a person is behind the meaning of Death Mask. The Egyptians constructed a similar face on the outside of the coffin so that the soul would recognize and join its body in the afterlife. Sheran had to find her death mask when she left the special ops so she could distinguish her soul after she left it behind. This novel is a fast-paced journey from near-death to impossible odds. With an edgy precision for details and danger, Gates creates a web of espionage and deceit at the highest levels. I loved how the characters come alive, with strong personalities that connect readers to the terror that awaits them.”



Epic fantasy series audiobook, book 1

[ON AMAZON](#)

[ON AUDIBLE](#)

[ON APPLE](#)

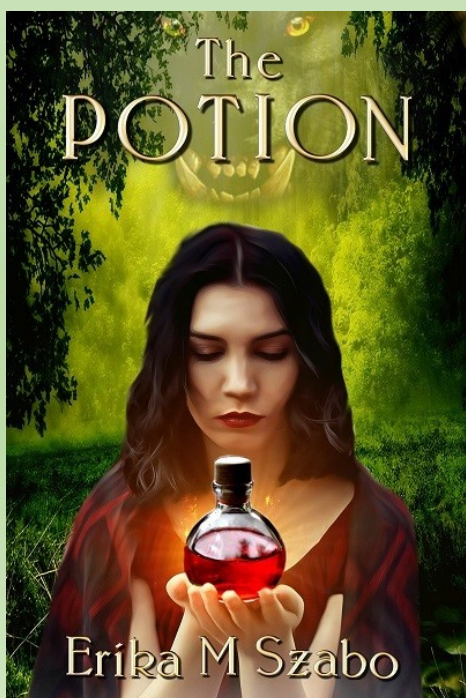
*****A book of hidden secrets and an epic quest

“In the flower language of my ancestors, this is a book of hidden secrets.

‘Write your journal everyday.... Make sure you don’t ignore our customs’.

Throw some time travel, superpowers, a love triangle and some epic romance into the mix and you have one hell of a story.

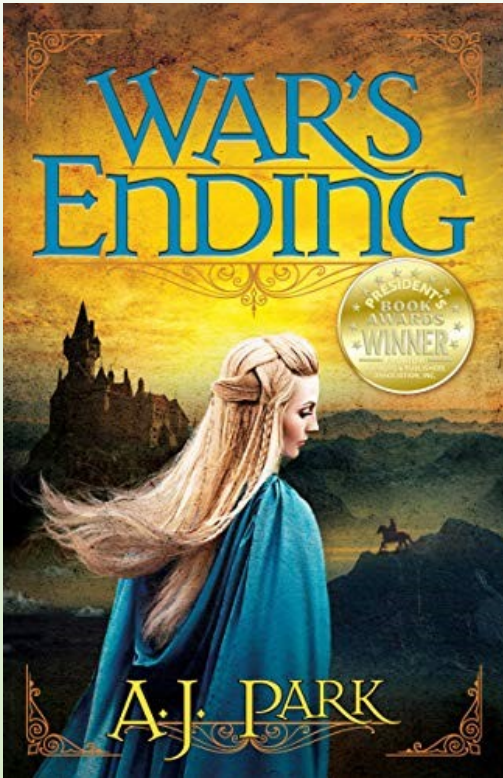
Add vivid instances where one sentence creates an entire vivid scene, the mastery of storytelling. The author is clearly an artist and architect in forming a structure with strong plot points, subplots, theme, character, foreshadowing, pinch points and building tension until the climax. I listened to it in two sittings. This book delivers. Listen to it.”



*****stars

“I read this book during a night when sleep was not coming to release my daily stress. I grabbed my kindle and chose this book from the long TBR list. Boy, I was glad about my insomnia because the story I was reading was intriguing, well written and a real page-turner. It's not easy to have well-developed characters, an intriguing story, and enough twists in such a short read. The author did a great job, squeezing all the necessary elements in a novella, and for this reason, I wholeheartedly recommend this book. You won't be disappointed, believe me!”

[ON AMAZON](#)



******* review**

"Action-packed with unexpected twists and turns, this is an enjoyable read that leaves you wanting more! Shalyrie is a relatable heroine who finds herself wrapped in a conflict between two peoples, and she is the only person who can help it come to an end. A.J. Park weaves an intricate tale of war and peace, love and betrayal, endings and beginnings. If you enjoy fantasy fiction books in a medieval setting that are full of action with a dusting of romance, then this is the book for you!"

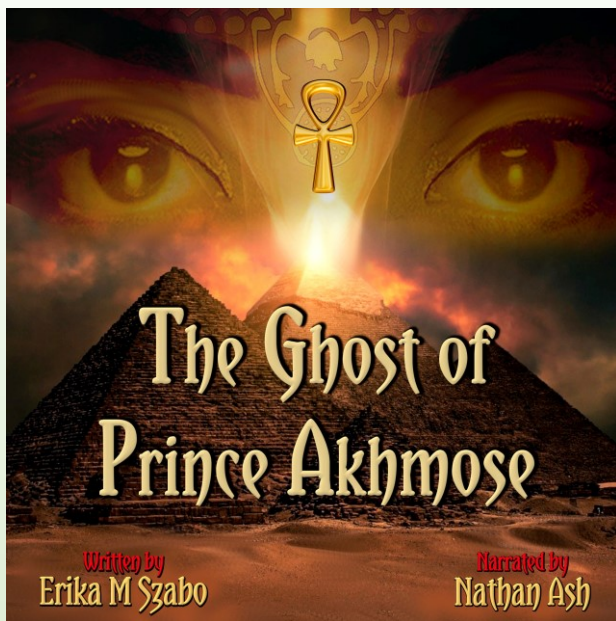
[ON AMAZON](#)



******* review**

"Emanating from her soul, first and foremost, one of her recurring themes is that of a vision for a world filled with humanity and friendship to promote peace and love."

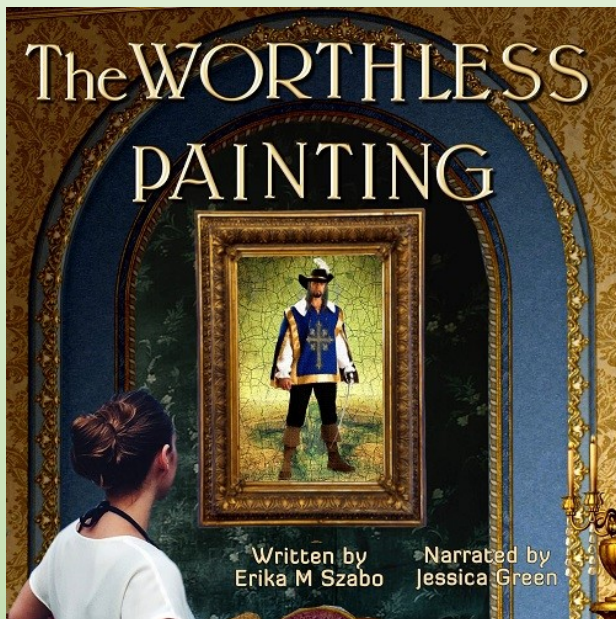
[ON AMAZON](#)



“The Author has a great knack for twisting a story through historical times. This was, yet another one of her interesting books. I liked the Egyptian twist. Thanks for the fun listen!”

“Enjoyed listening to this story. Don’t be fooled by the title- it’s not purely set in ancient Egypt. A story of love and hate that spans the millennia.”

[AMAZON](#) [AUDIBLE](#) [APPLE](#)



“A very compelling short listen. I loved how the author added so many details that I could visualize with this book. The story pulled me in from the very beginning and I loved the twists that were in the book. I was really happy with the direction this book went and had not expected the ending. Kudos to the author for that great surprise!”

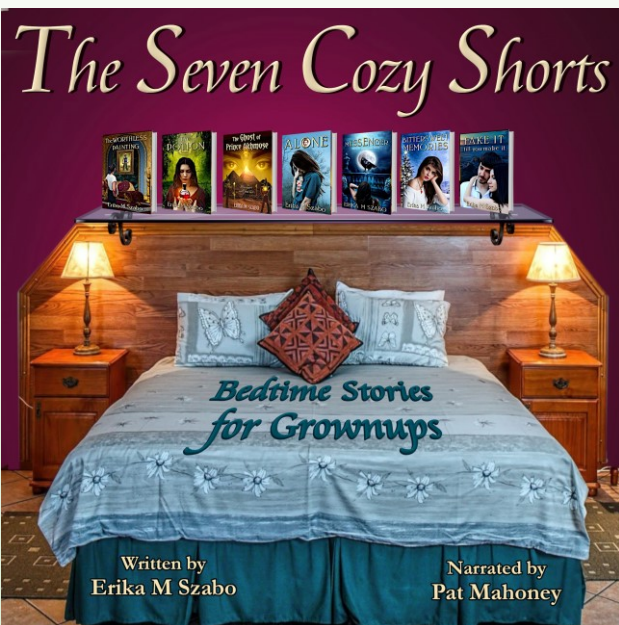
[AMAZON](#) [AUDIBLE](#) [APPLE](#)



“This is a good book. Glad that it ended in a good way. Love witch books. I highly recommend Erika M Szabo books she is a great author.”

“Really good story of overcoming deception and betrayal. I look forward to checking out more works by the author and narrator.”

[AMAZON](#) [AUDIBLE](#) [APPLE](#)



New release audiobooks

[READ MORE...](#)

“We all remember cozying up in our warm comfortable beds and settling while a bedtime story was read to us. The fun of the stories centered on the variety - not even a single book was the same, but they all represented a vivid imagination and a memorable tale. Erika M Szabo refers to her imagination as her 'superpower' - I can't think of a better description of her creation of stories that span many different genres, yet they all have that touch of magic that resonates with us from those old-time fairy tales. These however are adult tales with adult themes such as rising to find your dreams following loss and suffering and rising up despite hardship and fear.” ~Sandy C



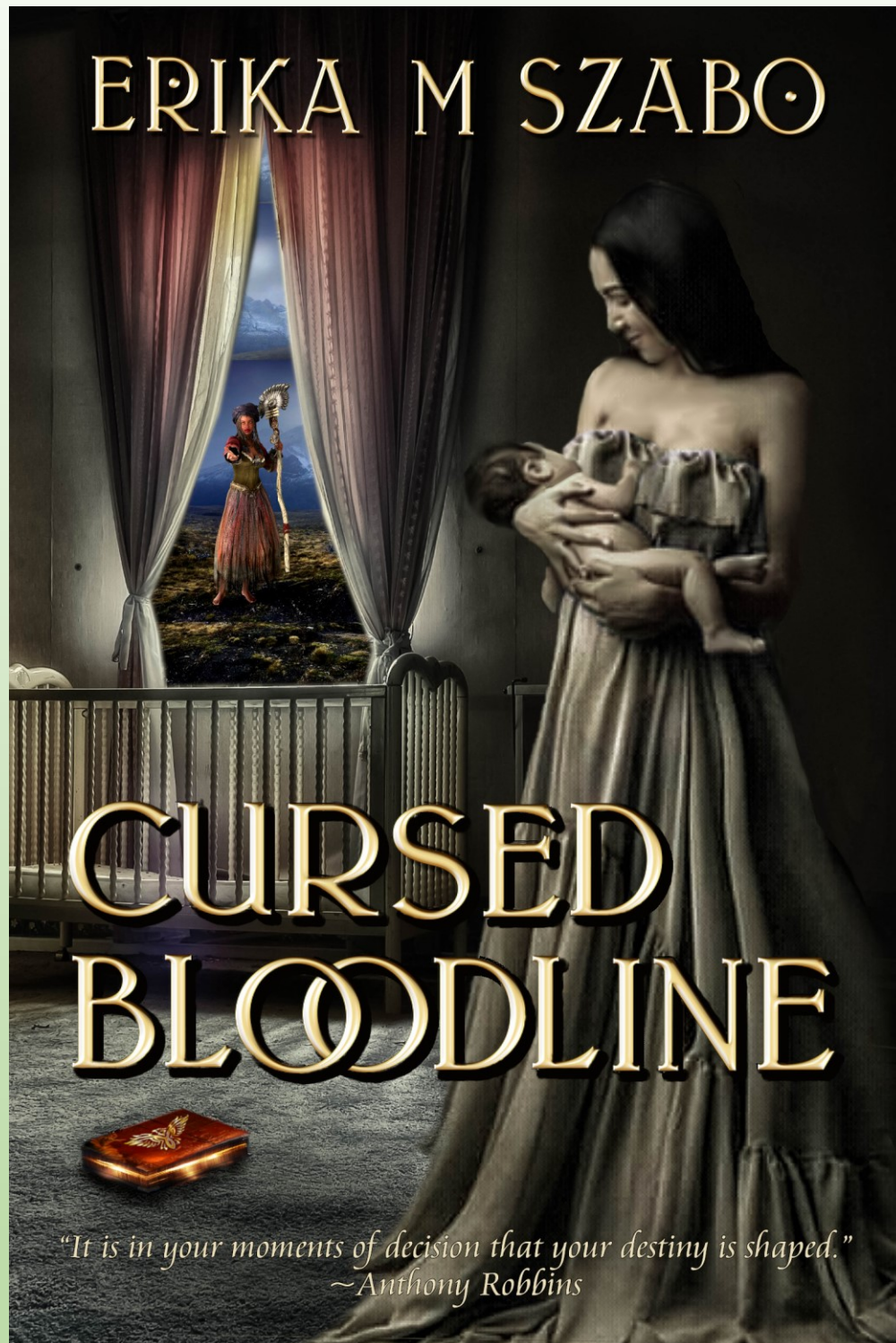
Una acogedora novela de suspenso sobrenatural

Lauren tiene todo lo que siempre había deseado. Gran carrera, seguridad financiera, esposo amoroso y amigos devotos.

Cuando su guía espiritual Raven le advierte del peligro inminente, ella toma el presagio en serio. Alguien irrumpe en su oficina y después del brutal ataque y las repetidas advertencias del Cuervo, ella sabe que su vida está en peligro. ¿Quién la quiere muerta y por qué?

[ON AUDIBLE](#)

Coming soon



I wrote this book back in 2016 and because I grew a lot as a writer the past five years, it's about time to revise the story and look at it from a different perspective.

The book is still available in [eBook and audiobook](#), but the new version is coming soon.

A short snippet from the book

Sofia fingered the soft leather, “It’s old and still so pliable,” she mused. “Look, the Sacred Turul is burned into the cover.”

“May the sacred Turul protect you on your journey,” they chanted the ancient line that every Hun whispered when they saw a falcon, alive or in a picture. The spirit of the falcon called Turul in ancient Hun mythology is believed to be the protector of the Huns.

Sofia got into the passenger seat, opened the book, and scanned the pages. Jayden started the engine and pulled out of the parking space. The traffic was heavy, but soon they were driving northeast on the smooth highway.

“So, what do you think?” Jayden asked, pointing at the book laying open on Sofia’s lap with his chin.

“This is incredible!” Sofia exclaimed. “Every page is clear as if it was written yesterday. The runes are written from right to left, which will take some getting used to reading, and there are words I don’t know, but it seems like a story of a girl named Elana, written by a shaman.”

“Awesome!” Jayden called out, nodding. “I can’t wait to hear it. I wish I had learned the ancient writing from grandma like you did.”

“You were busy playing soccer,” Elana laughed as she turned to the first page and started translating.

I am Zoan, the humble Shaman of the Roaring Falcon tribe. I’m going to write Elana’s story in detail with the hope that the descendants of Elana could read this and break the powerful curse. The events that led to Tuana’s curse happened on the third moon of the 426th year, the day Elana was forced to leave her happy childhood behind and learn the reality and responsibilities of adulthood.

Sofia lowered the book to her lap and turned to her brother, “Jay, could this be written so long ago?”

“I think so, or rather hope so. Please read on.”

Sofia lifted the book. “I’m winging it here because I’m not familiar with this word *átokja*, but I think it is the old version of *átok*, which means curse.

“Also, there’s another phrase—*akarata erösségje*. I think it means powerful.”

“Just do your best and you can do a more detailed translation later.”

“Okay, here it goes.” Sofia lowered her eyes to the pages she ran her finger over the ancient runes. After she translated the sentences in her mind, she told the meaning in English to her eagerly waiting brother.

Elana, unaware of her fate gave her horse a gentle squeeze with her knees to run faster. Willow zigzagged between the jurtas that were lined up in a semicircle, leaving a broad plaza in the middle. Elana glanced up at the tall wooden pole that stood in the center of the square. It had intricate designs carved into it and was painted with brilliant colors. On top of the pole stood a giant carved falcon, standing with wings open wide, as if it were getting ready to take flight. *Oh, I’m so late; my mother is going to kill me*, she thought and prompted her horse to run faster. An old woman carrying firewood stopped and shook her head in disapproval. “These youngsters are riding like demons,” she mumbled, looking after her.

Elana finally reached her home. Sliding off the mare’s back in a hurry, she fastened the horse’s rein to a wooden pole. Her breaths came in short puffs, and her rosy cheeks glistened with perspiration. She patted the horse’s neck, gave her an armful of hay and poured fresh water into a clay bowl from a leather bag that hung on the pole. “I have to hurry, but I’ll be back soon to rub you down, Willow. I promise,” she whispered.

She hurried up to the entrance of the tent-like building, called Jurta, with a few long strides. Parting her kaftan-like dark blue overcoat, she pulled up her baggy trousers and smoothed her tunic that her mother had adorned with delicate flower designs. Pulling the leather entrance cover aside with a heavy sigh, she braced herself mentally for the long lecture of her mother that she knew she must endure.

As usual, she was late for her herbal lessons with her mother, a beautiful, statuesque, dark-haired woman who slowly rose from a curved sofa-like piece of furniture. Soft light coming from the opening at the ceiling shone on her green, delicately decorated calf-length tunic that she wore with loose black trousers. Her hair was braided with thin leather thongs and hugged her shoulders.

Elana took off her boots and placed them by the entrance. She winced when Mara's high-pitched, angry voice hit her like a whip. "You are late, again, young lady! Didn't I tell you to be home by the time the sun reaches the head of the Falcon? Look!" she pointed at the pole through the door.

Elana quickly let the leather curtain slide back to cover the door, dutifully bowed, and whispered, "Yes, Mother. Sorry, Mother."

She always wanted to please her mother, she really did, but she could rarely live up to her expectations. Luckily, Mara's anger and lectures were as brief as summer storms, so Elana obediently stood by the entrance and lowered her eyelids to hide the playful twinkle in her eyes. Her long, black hair, which was braided in thin rows, slid off her shoulders as she bowed her head, and she adjusted her delicately woven horsetail headband that kept the stray hairs out of her face. Elana took a hesitant step forward on the thick, wool carpet that covered the dirt floor of the Jurta.

"Where were you?"

"We were... *I was... I was* collecting herbs. Look!" Elana hoped that her mother didn't notice the slip of her tongue and she could divert her mother's attention. She quickly opened the leather pouch that contained some flowers that she had collected. Lying wasn't in her nature but concealing the truth a little by trailing the conversation away from the sensitive subject was widely used in her tribe, especially by teenagers.

Sofia lowered the book to her lap and asked her brother, "Jay, where did you get this book? Did you find it at the dig site?"

"No, I found it in a secret room in grandma's house. It was wrapped up and hidden in a wooden trunk with a bunch of other books and stuff. When I opened it, I saw it was Hun writing and it made me angry that I couldn't read it."

"A secret room?" Sofia mused. "I thought I knew every nook and cranny of grandma's house. How did you find it?"

Jayden gave her an excited look and said, "I noticed that above that corner of the living room the guest bedroom seemed too small. So, after I fixed the shingles on the roof, I looked around carefully in the room. And then I remembered what Grandma told me when she gave me the family signet ring."

Coming soon

Another beautiful poetry collection by Cindy J. Smith



As far back as she can remember, Cindy J. Smith has written poetry wherever life experience provided inspiration. Wife, mother and grandmother, she has a myriad of beautiful memories to draw from. Never having been good at playing the part of "starving artist", she has had many careers. After a one-year hiatus, she returned to being an over-the-road truck driver with her husband, Dave, which provides different perspectives of the world in which we live. Cindy has published several poetry books and a children's book. More of her poems appear in various anthologies as well as several books by fellow authors.

All her books can be found on:

<https://www.cindysvoices.blogspot.com/>



Find me on social sites:

<https://plu.us/erikamszabo>

Read my portfolio:

<https://online.fliphtml5.com/cmebw/yrgf/>

I write speculative alternate history fiction, romantic urban fantasy, historical suspense, cozy mystery, supernatural, and sweet romance novels as well as fun, educational, and bilingual books for children ages 2-14 about acceptance, friendship, family, and moral values such as accepting people with disabilities, dealing with bullies, and not judging others before getting to know them. I also like to encourage children to use their imagination and daydream about fantasy worlds.

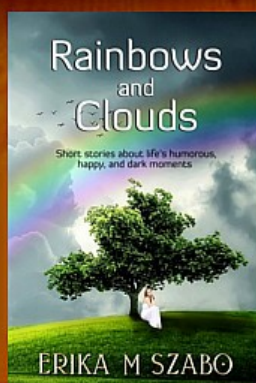
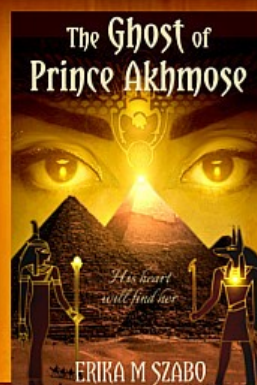
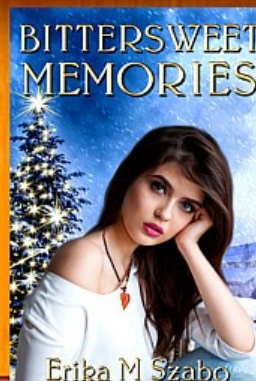
If you'd like to read about my books, visit my website and click on the book pages:

www.authorerikamszabo.com

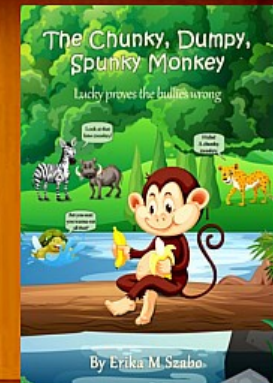
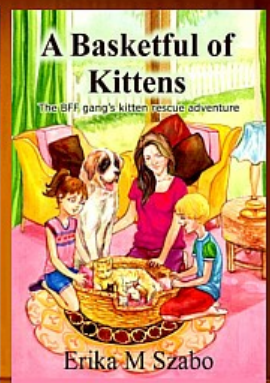
Paperbacks in the [GBBPub](#) store



Fiction novels & novellas by Erika M Szabo



Children's books & audiobooks by Erika M Szabo



www.authorerikamszabo.com

