

# BOOKISH MAGAZINE



Author confessions:

The scene in my  
book that made me  
laugh out loud  
when I wrote it.

**JUNE 2022**



Sponsored by GBBPub, a small publisher and assistance provider to self-published authors. We offer editing, book formatting, cover design, marketing tools, and much more.

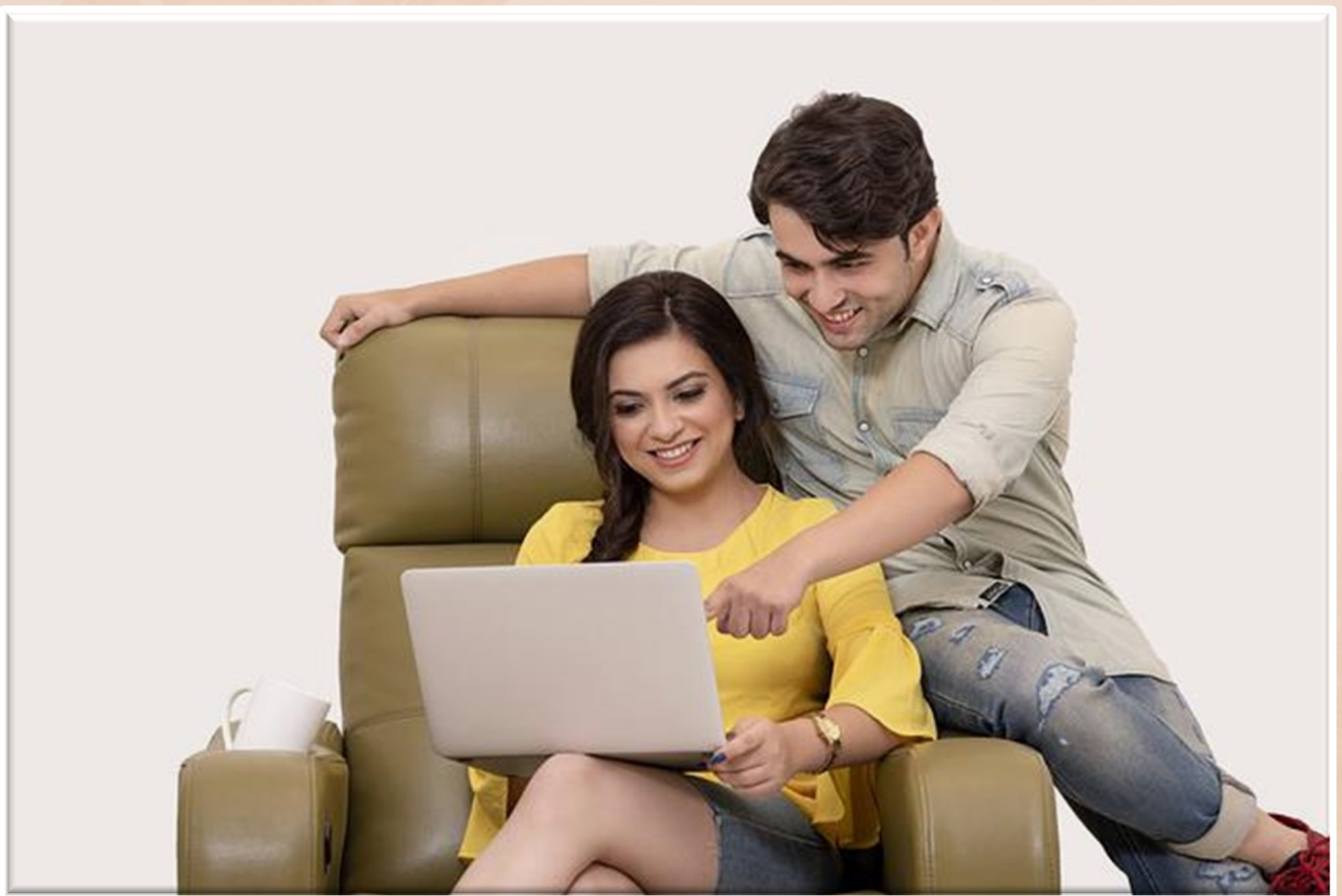
<https://www.goldenboxbooks.com>

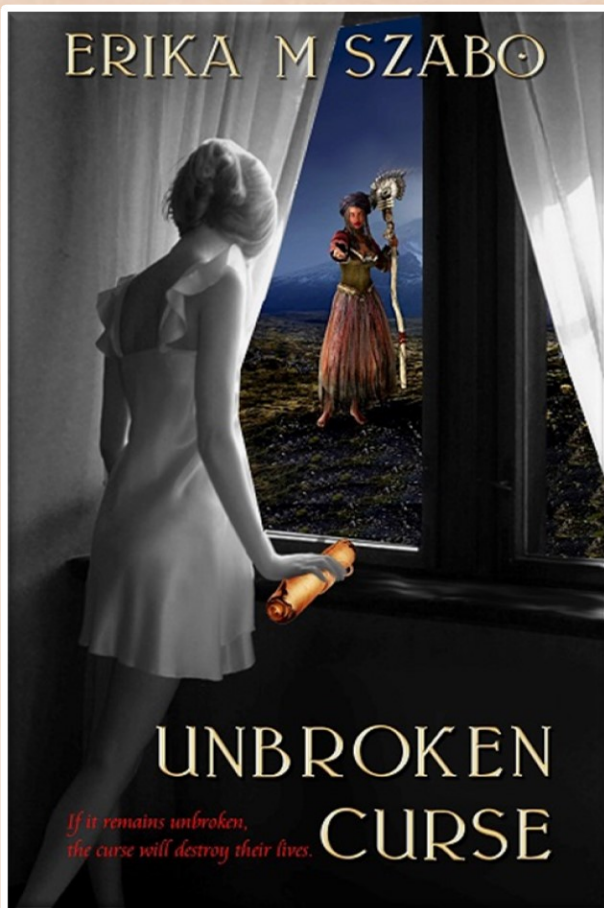
SUMMER SALE  
99 cents EBOOKS [HERE](#)





Enjoy the short excerpts from books that made the authors laugh when they wrote the stories.





### **Alternative history suspense novella.**

A powerful curse cast sixteen hundred years ago destroyed the lives of their ancestors for centuries. If it remains unbroken, the curse will ruin the lives of future generations as well.

Jayden's life is in danger. When he finds a crude leather book in his grandmother's secret room that was written in 426 by a Shaman, his sister, Sofia, deciphers the ancient runes. They learn about their family curse and dark memories of their childhood start to surface.

**[EBOOK PRINT](#)**

Sofia threw the covers off, swinging her feet over the side of the bed attempting to get up. She almost lost her balance forgetting that being only five feet four, her feet didn't reach the floor from her aunt's old-style high bed. She slid closer to the edge of the bed and jumped off. Stretching her slender body, she reached for the hairclip on the nightstand and pulled her long auburn hair into a ponytail.

On her way to the kitchen, she heard the neighbor's dog from across the street barking furiously at the garbage man. I could never get used to living here—ever. As she made her way to the sink in the small, outdated kitchen that was half-lit by the streetlight, she kicked the metal garbage can. Feeling the sudden pain, she moaned, took a sharp, deep breath, and started jumping on one foot holding her injured toes. She tried to be quiet, afraid to wake up her aunt, but she couldn't hold back a loud yell from escaping her lips.

She held her throbbing toes trying to numb the pain when she heard running footsteps. She turned toward the door and screamed in fright.



She screamed again and turned the light on over the sink. The pink figure came into focus in the fluorescent light, and she sighed in relief when she recognized her aunt.

Claire stood there, frozen. In her long, bright pink nightgown, mouth gaping, and pink rollers in her auburn hair, she looked like a madwoman. She held a marble rolling pin in her shaky hands, huffing, "Are you okay?" She asked and looked around frantically waving the heavy rolling pin, ready to strike.

"I'm not okay! You scared the crap out of me!" Sofia snapped, letting out a nervous laugh, standing on one leg holding her throbbing big toes. "I just wanted a glass of water and kicked the garbage can, and then you attacked me! I'm not okay." She mumbled, wanting to cry and laugh at the same time.

"Okay, then." Claire lowered her arms and put the rolling pin on the table. "I thought you were a burglar. Sorry about your foot. Let me look at it." Sofia put her foot up on the chair. "It doesn't hurt much anymore," she protested.

Claire examined her foot and turned to get a pack of frozen peas from the freezer. "There," she said placing the ice-cold pack on Sofia's toes. "It's not broken, and this will take care of the pain in no time."

Sofia winced keeping her foot with the frozen peas on the chair and sat down on the other chair. "Do you... do you keep that thing in your room?" she touched the rolling pin. "It's heavy."

"Of course, I keep it in my room! I live alone, so I need something to protect myself. It's ridiculous how many people are getting burglarized and hurt nowadays." Clare huffed and sat on the chair by the table, opposite Sofia.

"Uhm... I'm glad you don't keep a gun in your room." Sofia shivered at the thought of her aunt shooting her.

"Nah, I would shoot myself in the foot," the plump woman laughed. "But if I whack the burglar on the head with this marble pin, they'd wish I had a gun."



## Urban fantasy

Charlie Stillwaters is a Haida Shaman. Can travel across the earth via portal trees. Has several spirit animals to guide and protect him. Watches baseball and loves playing poker with the squirrels and raccoons in his backyard. As you will see in this scene, modern technology is not a strong suite. Here he has to use a computer to get some facts on a case his is working on.

## [EBOOK PRINT](#)

“Okay I’ll start this one up. Ah, ever use one?” the librarian stared at Charlie.

“Nope. I was told to try Oogling the information. Does that mean I stare really hard and the answer magically appears?” He opened his eyes wide. The man stared blankly at him, before smirking and readjusting his geeky glasses. “Okay. It’s called Google. Everything you ever need to know can be searched and found via Google.”

Charlie sat down opened his eyes wide and banged his cane on the side of the screen. “Nope, blank. Didn’t seem to understand what I was asking it.” The clerk scratched his head. “You need to type it into the keyboard. You do know how to type don’t you?”

Charlie held up his fingers. “Do these look like typing fingers?” He held them up, all crooked.

“No, I suppose not. You’ll just have to use two-fingered typing. Now move over and let me get you started. As I said, the main search engine these days is Google. It’s taken over from Bing and Yahoo as your main internet search engine.”

“Internet? Is this some kind of new fishing gear? I didn’t think Mr. Crosby was very good at ‘puters, thought that was a might before his time in the fifties.



So if Google is a little like oogling things then must you holler Yahoo when you find the thing you're after and scream out Bing-o? I reckon Google took over because it was a lot quieter to use in libraries."

The librarian shook his head. "It's not named after Bing Crosby. Okay Charlie, now I've pulled up Google. Type in what you're searching for." Charlie did, slowly hitting singular key after singular key. After a couple of minutes they both stared at the screen. "Doesn't look very intelligent to me."

The librarian leaned over and punched enter. "This is like telling it to seek and find, which someday I wished I was doing. Finding a better job." About half a second later a list appeared.

"Ten thousand results in less than a second. Ho, that was quick, this is a smart bugger." He stared at the little cord coming out of the screen. "All that through that little cord?"

"Yup, modern technology. Although we haven't gone wireless yet, which is even better."

"Some new kind of Ouija board that is. Now what?"

"Now take that mouse."

Charlie glanced down at the floor. "What mouse? Don't you guys clean around here?"

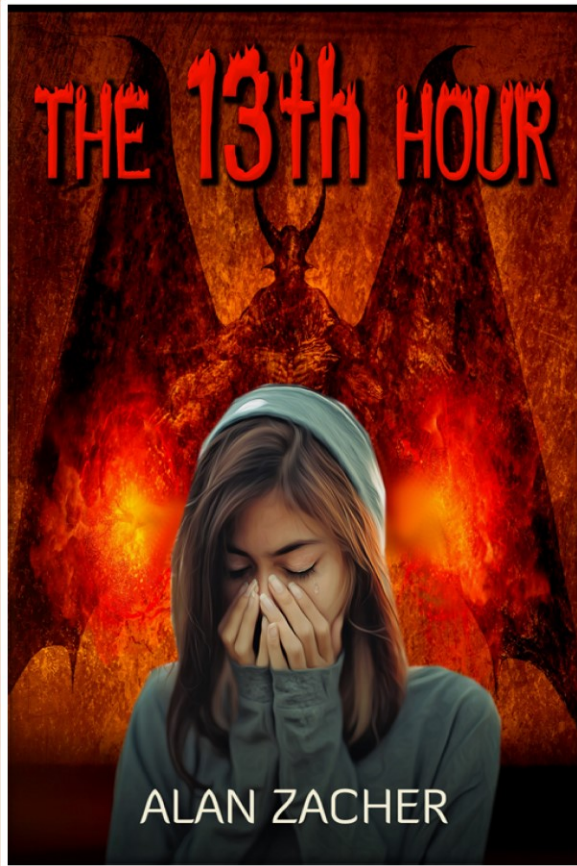
The man laughed again. "Okay I can see a quick crash ten minute course in computer use is needed."

"Does this require a helmet?"

"I think the ball cap will suffice. Although I can see a baseball bat could be useful right about now as well." His ten minutes turned into two nerve-racking hours as he showed Charlie how to search, browse and in general look for information on the computer.

Charlie stood up and armed himself with several pages of print outs as he left. "Thanks. I've rewarded your computer with its favourite cheese. Should make it very happy, but I don't think didn't it did the keyboard any good. The mouse looked rather happier."

The librarian put his head in his hands. "And I gave up drinking and smoking for this job."



## **Murder mystery**

At the stroke of the thirteenth hour, Satan plans to impregnate a girl who turns thirteen on the day of Halloween to start Armageddon. There are three girls who were born that day, but nobody knows who the Chosen One is. The senior elder of a secret organization, The Community, begs private detective Hurts to help him stop Satan. They must find out which of the three girls is the Chosen One. They must prevent Satan from kidnapping her. They must stop the Armageddon.

**[EBOOK PRINT](#)**

After looking inside the case at the gold coins, the leprechaun who did all the talking became fuming angry and shouted, “This isn’t all me gold! — Where’s the rest of it?!”

Picking up the two grocery bags and holding them in both hands, Tom replied, “This is all the gold we have. Cindy and Todd have the rest.”

“Not good enough!” he screamed. “Get them!”

A donnybrook then ensued. Leprechauns were all over Tom, and he heard Hurts screaming and cussing the leprechauns. Tom was knocked to the ground. The leprechauns were all over him, scratching him and biting him. Through it all, though, Tom held firmly onto the paper grocery bags. He raised the bags over his head, and using his body as a human steamroller, he began rolling to his left. It worked. He rolled the leprechauns off of him. He jumped to his feet, and before any other leprechauns could attack him again, he lowered the bags to his sides and gave a hard jerk with his wrists. The bottoms of both bags ripped open and shoes came cascading from them. Tom had collected every shoe in the house—his Dad’s, his Mom’s, and his.



“Shoes!” Tom cried. “Shoes in need of repair!”

The fighting stopped. “Shoes in need of repair!” said the leprechaun who had done all the talking. “Shoes in need of repair ... Damn you! ... Apron! ... Shoes in need of repair ... Tools! ... Damn you! ... One at a time ...”

As the leprechauns saw to the repair of the shoes, Tom worked his way over to Hurts. He quickly helped him up off the ground. Hurts was in a daze. He quickly recovered, though—somewhat—and they worked their way over to Lill. Being exhausted and having gone through the ordeal of being kidnapped and all, and what with her hands being bound at the wrists with duct tape, and what with the bottom of her pajamas encircling her ankles and prohibiting any free movement, Tom and Hurts were forced to drag her to the car—which they did, fast! Tom drove while Hurts and Tom’s mother lay in the back seat “licking-their-wounds” and cussing those leprechauns.

Back at the office, Tom and Hurts sat on the old, long, tattered black leather couch, drinking whiskey. Hurts, physically hurting, and now drunk, fell asleep quickly. Tom, also hurting, and drunk, rose heavily from the couch, lumbered over to his desk, popped himself down in his chair, lowered his head on the top of his desk, and wanted much-needed sleep. Then, he heard a pounding at the glass of the upper section of the front door to the office. He slowly raised his sleepy head and looked: It was Cindy and Todd. They both looked pretty beaten up—bruises to the face, and scratches and bite marks on their arms. As soon as Tom opened the door, Cindy cried angrily, just fit-to-be-tied mad, “Those little creeps jumped us and took our gold. They—” Tom interrupted her and raised his left hand to prevent them from entering. He stated firmly and flatly, “They took our gold, too. We can’t help you anymore. Goodbye!”

Having said that, Tom slammed the door shut. Tom lumbered back to his desk, mumbling, “Vampires! Leprechauns!—Who’s coming next, the Invisible Man?!”



### **Alternate history fantasy**

Long ago, on a faraway land, the ancestors shaped her destiny. The secretive world of the ancient clan she was born into is filled with mysteries and obscure traditions. Their beliefs are unbeknown to her, and Ilona resigns to live the simple life of a small-town doctor. But her life goes into a tailspin on her twenty-ninth birthday. She starts to develop unusual powers which she finds exciting as well as frightening. She struggles to find answers, but those who try to reveal the clan secrets are severely punished.

[\*\*EBOOK PRINT AUDIOBOOK\*\*](#)

Gypsy, my bear-sized St. Bernard, snapped me out of the sad mood as he stormed through the custom-made doggy door. He plowed into my legs with such force that it made me lose my footing, “Whoa!” I managed to yelp before plopping onto the floor, on my backside. “Ouch... Gypsy, you’re like a bulldozer.”

He wagged his tail happily, pinned me down and licked me all over my face. I could not escape his overwhelming display of love, as he was too strong.

Mirci Catchmousky, our Maine Coon cat, puffed her long hair and hissed at Gypsy from her perch on a low windowsill. Gypsy trotted over to the cat - giving me time to stand up - and gave her a sloppy lick too. It almost knocked the silver-haired cat off the windowsill. Mirci swatted at Gypsy’s head, which made him jump back. He gave out a low, throaty growl. Although I didn’t see any blood, the cat’s sharp claws must have slashed him a little. Gypsy turned, and with a powerful swish of his tail, sent Mirci flying. She knocked over the garbage can and ran from the kitchen, hissing.



“Yes!” I heard Elza’s muted yell and caught her doing a victory dance from the corner of my eye. I looked at her indignantly, and she quickly wiped the grin off her face. Elza had never been fond of my free-spirited cat. She fed her well and adequately cared for her, but Gypsy had always been her favorite.

Gypsy tried to knock me off my feet again, but Elza rescued me by pushing the pail-sized bowl close to him, with her foot. The sound of the metal bowl sliding on the ceramic tile got his attention as Elza poured his breakfast into the bowl, and he started wolfing it down. I cleaned up at the sink, wiping the slobber off my face.

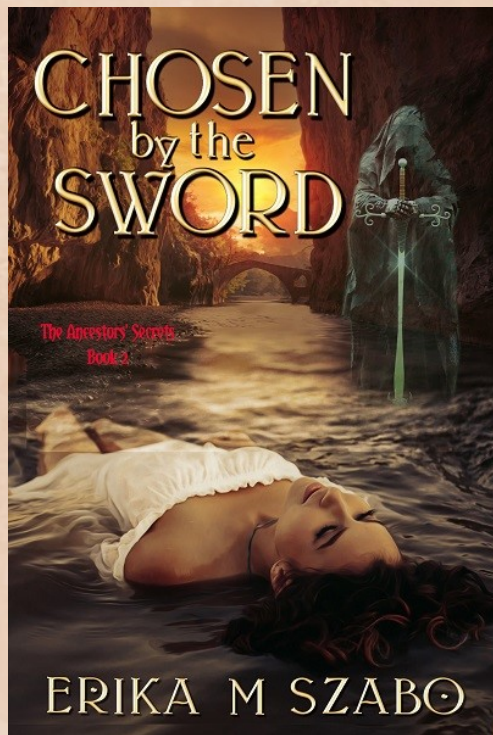
I heard the familiar sound of Bela’s sports car pulling up to my driveway and I went out to the porch to greet him. He got out of his car, holding Tui, his chocolate Chihuahua. She was yapping excitedly and squirmed in his hands.

Gypsy trotted over, and when Bela put Tui down, he licked her from head to tail with one sweep of his huge tongue. Tui growled at him halfheartedly, not appreciating the unexpected bath, but forgave him quickly and reached up to touch her tiny nose to Gypsy’s, that was almost as large as her whole head. She yapped hello to Gypsy, and he gave her a low, throaty rumble. The pair vanished into the backyard, Tui in the lead.

\*\*\*

Elza was waiting for us with lunch on the patio. She decorated the thick glass table with flowers and beautiful blue China for my birthday. As usual, she hadn’t forgotten the party hats she made everyone wear, every time we celebrated birthdays. I truly hated those stupid hats, but always wore one just to please Elza.

They all sang “Happy Birthday,” with Ema’s silver soprano leading Elza’s velvety alto, joined by Rua’s baritone. Bela was singing so poorly that Gypsy and Tui both joined the chorus as if trying to correct his flat notes.



## Book 2 of The Ancestors' Secrets Series

The Hunor legend lives on in book two as Ilona continues to seek out ways to develop her unusual powers while practicing as a small-town doctor. The spirits of the clan come to Ilona's aid with answers to the clan's secrets and the key to helping her maintain her sanity amidst the fear of danger lurking everywhere as she tries to succeed. She must ensure the birth of the Chosen Child in the 4th century in order to save the future of the Hunor Clan.

[\*\*EBOOK PRINT AUDIOBOOK\*\*](#)

Elza's biggest joy in life was to feed people and animals. She always had some special treat for the dogs, fist-size meatballs for Gypsy and peanut-sized ones for Tui. The two buddies munched happily... well, at least Tui did. Gypsy's wolfing down ten meatballs in five seconds couldn't be considered "munching."

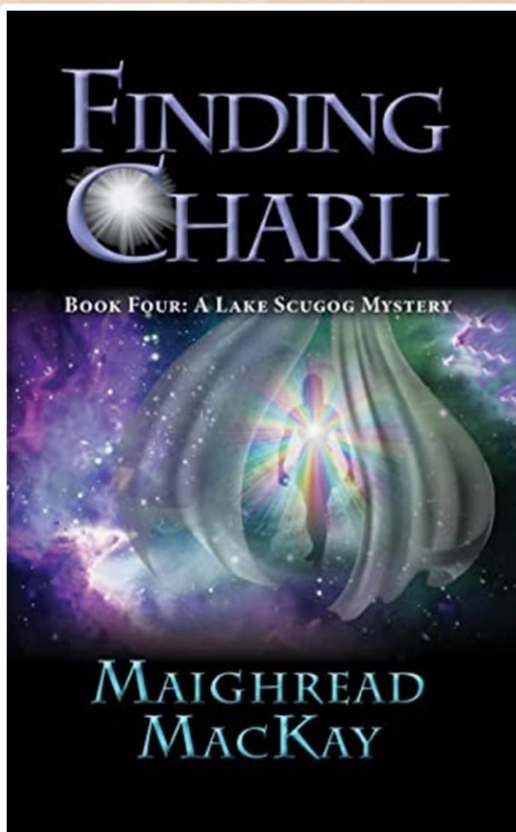
"Where is Patrick?" Ilona asked Bela.

"He's on his way. I spoke to him three hours ago, and he said he was at Exit Sixteen. Now that you mention it, he should have been here by now, at least an hour and a half ago as a matter of fact."

"Did you give him good directions? You know how dopey he gets," Ilona asked, concerned.

"Yeah, I did. His GPS is broken, but I made him write down everything. I'd better call him." He pulled his cell out of his pocket. "Hey Patriko, where are you?" Ilona heard him saying. "What? Seriously! Yeah, I see. What town? How the devil did you get there? Ma-a-an! You're not only in the wrong town; you're in the wrong state for Pete's sake! Okay, okay, just don't freak on me now. This is how you get here..." He went on, giving directions and then turned to Ilona, "That big oaf ended up in Connecticut!"





### **Magical realism**

Grief stricken at Martha's death Charlotte searches for answers to her upended life. Where is her life going now her grandma is gone? What would her life look like if she had made different choices? When a fierce Canadian winter storm causes Charli's Jeep to crash close to the ranch, she leaves her car and sets out to get home. With the blizzard raging, she loses direction and stumbles upon shelter in the form of a mysterious inn with a quirky hotelier and even stranger residents.

[\*\*EBOOK\*\*](#)

Benjy, Bobby, Max, and Scooby raced to the barn and stopped outside of the stall of their favourite horse. The boys pulled a hay bale over to the door. Max climbed on top of it and reached up to get a carrot from a pail on the post.

“Here, Knight. Look what I’ve got for you.”

He held out his hand and the gelding took the carrot. Rubbing Knight's nose, he leaned forward and kissed him, all the while murmuring what a good horsie he was.

An odd smell drifted through the barn. Concentrating on the horse, the boys weren't aware of it, but gradually the odour permeated their nostrils. Each sniffed the air and Bobby said “Pee-ew. What's that?”

They turned and saw Scooby prancing down the aisle towards them, pawing his nose.

“Oh, no,” shouted Benjy. “Scooby's got into something. Mom'll kill us. Help me clean him up before she finds out.”

The boys retrieved an old washtub from just outside the barn door and dragged it to the faucet. Hooking up the hose, Benjy started to fill it while Bobby and Max tried to catch Scooby.

The dog ran around the tub barking with delight as he thought this was a great game. Benjy was laughing so hard he wasn't watching where the water was going and soon there was a lovely mud puddle on the ground surrounding the tub. Max intent on catching Scooby didn't see the root that had been revealed by the water. He tripped and fell flat on his face in the mud. Benjy and Bobby laughed while Max howled.

"We'd better wash him off too," giggled Benjy while turning the hose on his little brother.

Max got up from the mud, screamed in rage and launched himself at his older brothers. The hose fell out of Benjy's hand as he tried to fend off Max's punches and kicks. It did a snake dance, soaking all three boys and dog with water. Benjy lost his balance and slipped in the mud. Bobby joined in the melee. Soon all three were joyfully wrestling and covered in mud. The dog was nowhere to be seen. When things calmed down, Benjy looked at the three of them.

"Uh-oh," he said shaking his head. "We're in deep do-do."

"Ya think?" said Bobby. "Mom's gonna skin us alive."

"Okay, here's the plan," said Benjy. "We'll go in the back. I'll sneak upstairs and get us clean clothes from our room while you get washed up in the downstairs bathroom. She'll never have to see us."

With that intention, they snuck up to the house and carefully opened the back door. Unfortunately, just as they got it opened, Scooby slid past them and with a great woof, streaked down the hall and into the living room where the whole family was gathered.

"Shit," said Benjy.

"You're not supposed to swear," said Max.

"Shut up, doofus," retorted Benjy. "Just be quiet and maybe they won't know we're here."

"Fat chance," said Bobby.

Rushing to the centre of the room, Scooby stopped and shook his mud laden fur for all he was worth. Mud went everywhere. After a moment's silence, everyone exploded at once.





## Contemporary fiction

On Etta's fishing ground in Foster, Rhode Island—deviant twists of fate with deaths resulting, arise from wild speculations and unwarranted suspicions. Blaze a trail to the point of no return where love and friendship shift ground to withstand the vagaries of life.

[EBOOK PRINT](#)

What Sister Mary Catharine had yet to cover during their American history lesson that day, got waylaid when Alison raised her hand and Sister called on her.

Alison stood up beside her desk, stretching her willowy figure into a statuesque supposition of superiority. She tossed her straight, brown locks over her shoulder and brushed the Marianne-Faithfull bangs away from her hidden peepers. The adjustment enabled her to peer into the whites of her classmates' eyes. "I'll have you know that during the war against Britain, my distant cousin Oliver supervised the building of a fleet in Erie, Pennsylvania."

Sucking in a deep breath, she exhaled the rest. "For leading the American forces to victory in battle, he earned the title, 'Hero of Lake Erie,' and won a Congressional Gold Medal."

Self-assured of victory in having captured everyone's attention, Alison failed to notice stifled yawns from the peanut gallery. Blinded by the glaring headlight of pride, she buggered on. "Guess where the medal is now?"

Expecting an onrush of raised hands vying for the privilege of hazarding a guess, she canvassed the room. Not one volunteer. Realizing she'd created her own lake fog without any prospect for adjusting her sails, a quiver tugged at her bottom lip. The shade of red enveloping her face deepened in proportion to the humiliation oozing from her pores in each prolonged second.

Squirming in Alison's misery, Etta contemplated raising her hand to surrender a guess as to where, oh where, Cousin Ollie's fakata medal hung out. Offhand, the Smithsonian.

Too little, too late.

Before Etta had a chance to thrust her hand into the air at full mast, Alison talked herself out of the red through the heroic action of answering the question she posed. "Well, I'll tell you. The medal hangs from a hook on a wall shelf in our den, next to all of my dad's trophies."

Judging by the stone faces around the room, no one gave a shit. The next wave of embarrassment stiffened Alison in place at the center of attention, stirring Etta to action once and for all. For lack of anything better to come up with, she applauded. Clapping awakened the girls from their passive resistance. Everyone joined in the hootenanny, including Sister Mary Catharine.



New release

## EVIL WILL OUT

Kidnapping, sins of the past, love, jealousy, entrapment, tragedy, revenge, betrayal, secrets of a serial killer.

The icy fingers of the unsettled past seem to follow bitter rivals from childhood.

An accomplished pianist disappears from her home in the middle of the night, wearing only her nightgown as her children and husband sleep soundly. As with several young women before her, it seems as if she had vanished into thin air, leaving no trace behind.

There are no clues as to what happened, and no evidence has been found during the thorough police investigation. Her distraught family is ready to do whatever it takes to bring the loving wife and mother home, alive.

Will the secrets of the past ever be revealed... or stay hidden forever? Are private investigators capable of accomplishing what the police cannot? Only time will tell.



EVIL WILL OUT

Erika M Szabo & Lorraine Carey

# EVIL WILL OUT

Erika M Szabo  
Lorraine Carey

**Kidnapping, sins of the past, love, jealousy, entrapment, tragedy, revenge, betrayal, secrets of a serial killer.**

The icy fingers of the unsettled past seem to follow bitter rivals from childhood. An accomplished pianist disappears from her home in the middle of the night, wearing only her nightgown as her children and husband sleep soundly. As with several young women before her, it seems as if she had vanished into thin air, leaving no trace behind.

**EBOOK PRINT**

There are no clues as to what happened, and no evidence has been found during the thorough police investigation. Her distraught family is ready to do whatever it takes to bring the loving wife and mother home, alive.

Will the secrets of the past ever be revealed... or stay hidden forever? Are private investigators capable of accomplishing what the police cannot?

**Only time will tell.**

### **From the beta readers:**

“The best mystery novels make you guess who the killer is, and then bam, surprise you at the end. This is one of those stories!”

“Engrossing plot with vivid scenes and relatable characters.”

“Love the backstories into the lives of these characters making the story so come to life and leaving a long-lasting impression!”

“The vivid details of the setting made me feel as though I was right there in every room of this magnificent mansion.”

“As they say, ‘The past always catches up with you, and the author is a master at proving this to be true!’”

Watch the video <https://youtu.be/znqeoXPl9OM>





Don't forget to check out the great books in the  
GBBPub's 2022 Catalog

<https://online.fliphtml5.com/cmewb/vojj/>

