

# LELITA BALDOCK

AUTHOR

## Writing Newsletter

**February 18 2021**

Well, we are entering the second half of February already. I don't know about you, but so far 2021 feels simultaneously super speedy and frustratingly slow. I think it might be a reaction to lockdown.

I hope wherever you are that you are finding ways to stay positive and take care of you in these unsettled times.

The fantastic interviews in this week's edition of the Writing Newsletter will certainly inspire you. I talk with traditionally published author Benny Sims about creating his political thriller *Code Gray*. Indie-author Syntell Smith features as well, as we chat about following your dreams and passions and making them work for you. And author and reviewer Lisa Jones talks her love of all things novels and writing!

I hope you enjoy!

Cheers,

Lelita



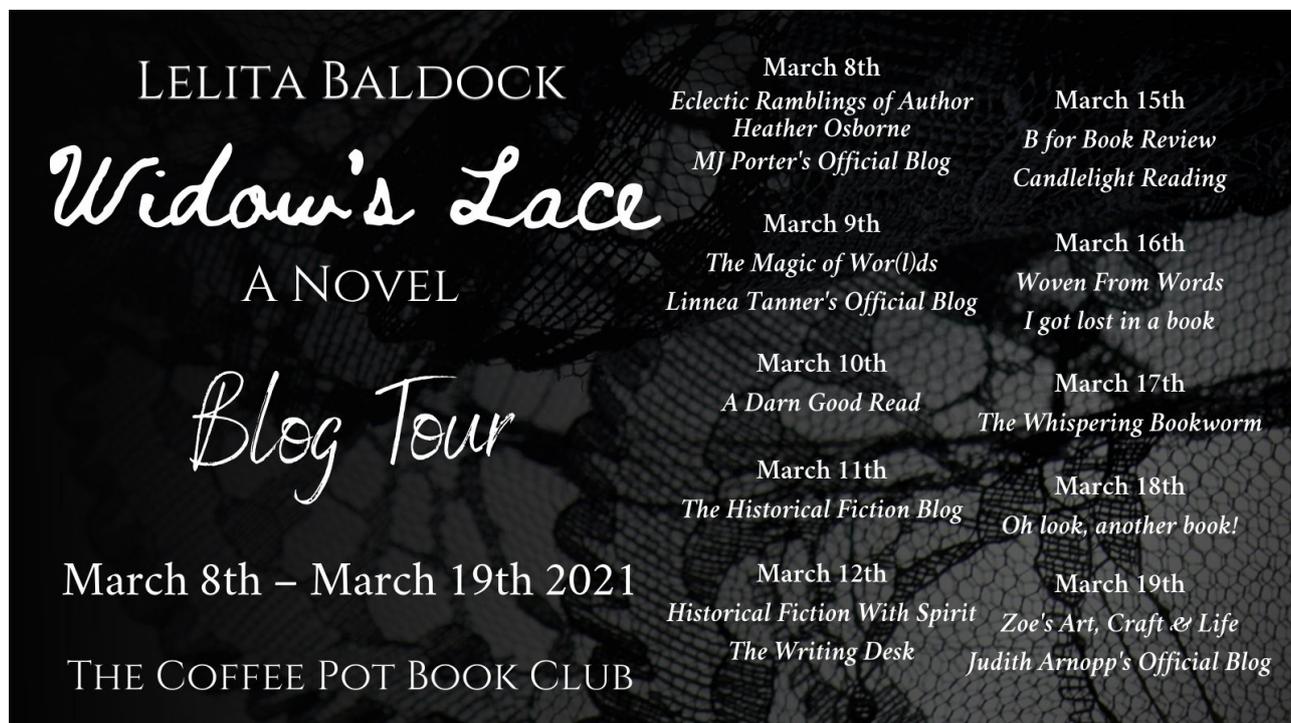
**Lelita Baldock**

Author – Writer - Editor

## What I'm excited for!

### Widow's Lace is going on blog tour!

I've been incredibly busy this past week preparing my guest blogs, interviews and excerpts for the *Widow's Lace* blog tour. We kick off on March 8<sup>th</sup>. Can't wait to share this with you all!



The poster features a dark background with a lace pattern. On the left, the text reads: LELITA BALDOCK, *Widow's Lace*, A NOVEL, *Blog Tour*, March 8th – March 19th 2021, and THE COFFEE POT BOOK CLUB. On the right, a list of dates and guest blogs is provided:

Date	Guest Blog
March 8th	<i>Eclectic Ramblings of Author Heather Osborne</i> <i>MJ Porter's Official Blog</i>
March 9th	<i>The Magic of Wor(l)ds</i> <i>Linnea Tanner's Official Blog</i>
March 10th	<i>A Darn Good Read</i>
March 11th	<i>The Historical Fiction Blog</i>
March 12th	<i>Historical Fiction With Spirit</i> <i>The Writing Desk</i>
March 15th	<i>B for Book Review</i> <i>Candlelight Reading</i>
March 16th	<i>Woven From Words</i> <i>I got lost in a book</i>
March 17th	<i>The Whispering Bookworm</i>
March 18th	<i>Oh look, another book!</i>
March 19th	<i>Zoe's Art, Craft &amp; Life</i> <i>Judith Arnopp's Official Blog</i>

### Interview with Kick Ass Author's Club

I have an interview coming with with the Kick Ass Author's Club. Excited! Will share on Socials.

If you are an author and would like to do an interview with this great group, follow them on Instagram and get in touch with KC!

@kickassauthorsclub



## Featured Creative – Benny Sims, Author



### **Benny Sims in summary**

I was born and raised in Tennessee, and I've lived in Alabama since 1987. I worked in Huntsville, Alabama for nearly 34 years before I took an early retirement in 2019 and my wife and I moved to south Alabama. We live in what's call "LA," which stands for Lower Alabama (not Los Angeles, despite what most people might think).

In my backyard I built a writing shed, complete with an adjustable-height desk, where I can focus on my manuscripts without distractions. I took a page out of Ernest Hemingway's method and write while I'm standing up. It tends to help me focus better, and I can read some of my past works and actually be able to tell you whether I was standing or sitting at the time.

My hobbies are reading and fishing, and I like to travel as long as it doesn't involve traffic jams or long security lines at airports.

### **Writing has always been a passion**

I studied journalism in college, and for a couple of years I was a newspaper staff writer and editor. That didn't pay the bills very well (it was a small, weekly newspaper), even though I was writing and getting my articles published, so I switched to a better-paying job in the aerospace industry. I wrote a novel 30 years ago that I self-published, but I didn't know anything about marketing, and it didn't sell many copies.

### **The hard work paid off**

The Huffington Post sponsored a page on their site in 2013 for writers over fifty years old. Each week, they would publish a short story submitted by a wannabe author, and I was lucky enough to have my short story "The Deal" chosen as one of the winners. That was the first time my writing was accepted by someone who didn't know me, after nothing but rejections for years.

I finished my novel "Code Gray" in 2014 and began querying agents and publishers. After 146 rejections and nearly five years of frustration, I finally

landed a contract with Pandamoon Publishing, a small publisher based in Austin, Texas. “Code Gray” launched in February of 2020. My second novel, which is a story told from the point of view of a serial killer, will be published this summer. I’m currently writing the sequel to “Code Gray” and hope to have it finished soon.

### **“Writing took up me”**

I’m not quite sure that I took up writing. I think it’s more like writing took up me. I’ve always enjoyed a good story, and from a young age I would come up with all kinds of adventures in my head. After I wrote a few of the ideas down, I realized I enjoyed it. In short, I started doing something I liked to do, and I never stopped.

### **Finding inspiration**

An idea can hit me literally anywhere. I’ve gotten story ideas while I’m sleeping, working in my yard, talking to people, watching the news on TV, driving, you name it. Another thing that inspires me is reading a great novel. When I read another author’s writing that generates an emotion in me, I get determined to write something just as good. I haven’t gotten as good as the great ones, and I’ll probably never be, but I’m still trying.

### **Writing is a Superpower**

I have a coffee cup that has “I write. What’s your superpower?” on it. That’s basically what writing fiction is, a superpower. We can create entire people, societies, and worlds. We can punish the people we don’t like and make heroes out of we do. That’s what I like best about writing. It’s a superpower.



## **But even Super Heroes face challenges – what Sims dislikes about writing.**

A few things, actually. I hate hitting a creative wall in the middle of writing a story. The process of getting the attention of an agent or publisher is extremely frustrating and depressing. With my novel “Code Gray,” it’s been difficult to convince people to post a review on Amazon or Goodreads. But perhaps the most maddening thing for me has been the total reluctance of the big-box bookstores to put my book on their shelves.

## **Never give up – a reason to be proud**

The fact that I didn’t give up after 30 years of rejections. I could have called it quits, and to be honest, I almost did. The old adage “You’ll miss 100 percent of the shots you don’t take” rings true for me.

## **Sims is an indie and traditionally published**

I’m a bit of both, actually. I have a self-published book that I’d rather forget about, and I also have two books under contract with Pandamoon Publishing. Like anything in life, there are good and not-so-good aspects of both kinds of publishing. I prefer the traditional route because it validates my novel as worthy of publication. Literally anyone can self-publish a novel. Going the traditional route means the book has been vetted to some degree. Don’t get me wrong, I have read some incredible self-published books, but I’ve also read some that contained some of the worst writing I’ve ever seen. The same is true for traditionally-published books, too. I’ve read some that made me scratch my head and wonder how they ever saw the light of day, including a few by well-known authors.

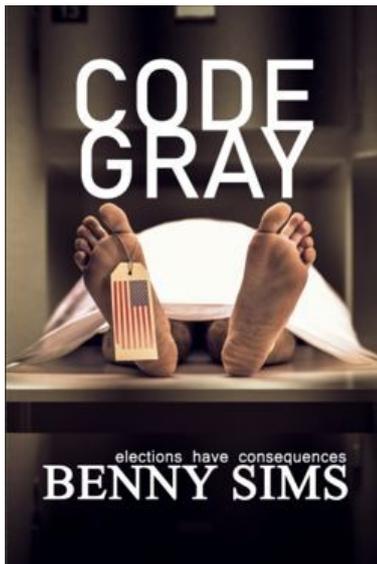
## **Advice for aspiring writers?**

Read a lot and write a lot.  
Just because your family and friends love your book doesn’t mean it’s good.  
Grow a thick skin before you ask for reviews.  
Don’t give up. Ever.

## **Sims’ Super Hero writer?**

Mark Twain, because he had a great sense of humor and wasn’t afraid of speaking his mind, and Lee Child, because I’m a huge fan of the Jack Reacher series.

Sims' novel Code Gray is available now through Amazon



<https://www.amazon.com/Code-Gray-Bodie-Anderson-Thrillers/dp/195062725X/>

Just one of the great reviews of Sims' work!



Tony rated it ★★★★★

Feb 14, 2020

Loved the book. The characters of a tough "mature" detective and the new wet-behind-the-years recruit has been done before of course, but the I loved the interaction and the pain endured by someone that lives for the job and is driven for justice.

The overall plot of manipulation of public opinion used to be just fantasy but now seems to close to the current political situation! ([less](#))

You can keep up with Benny Sims and his writing through the below:

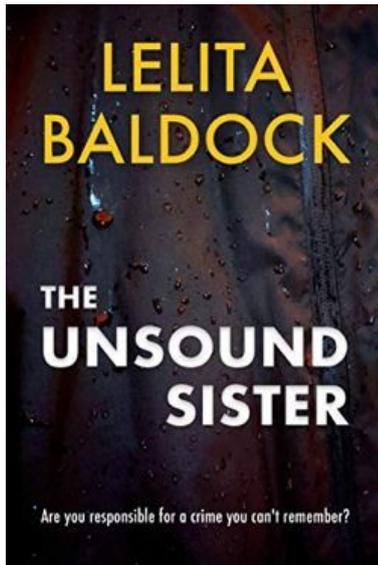
[Facebook.com/benny.sims.77](https://www.facebook.com/benny.sims.77)

[Instagram.com/btsims17](https://www.instagram.com/btsims17)

[Twitter.com/BennySims](https://twitter.com/BennySims)

[Goodreads.com/author/show/8098976.Benny\\_Simsage](https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/8098976.Benny_Simsage)

# Sneak peek at Chapter one of my crime fiction *The Unsound Sister*



## Chapter one: Beesands Hotel

How do you prepare yourself to meet a killer?

Damning headlines had been splashed across the morning papers for weeks: 'The Devil of Devon'; 'Spouse Slayer'; 'Husband Slasher - the baby was next!' Then, as further facts emerged: 'Time to talk: the death penalty in Britain'; 'Mental health in England: a new crisis or age old problem?'; 'The mind of a killer: fact and fiction in the Lane-Huxley case.'

She'd have to clamp down on that. Damn the media in this country. How could you get a fair trial when the jury already agreed with some article from the tabloids?

Harriet adjusted her rearview mirror, checked the mascara framing her hazel eyes, re-applied her lipstick and smacked her lips. Stepping from her Mazda, the spectre of St Bernard's Psychiatric ward loomed above her, its brown walls blending into the gloom of the overcast November skies. Nervously, she ran a hand through her long dark hair, then swept her hands down the front of her dark grey suit jacket and squared her shoulders.

'Chin up Harrie,' she whispered to herself and began the walk to reception.

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Mason Simons raced into the dining room of the Beesands Hotel, menus in hand. She was late again, and Janet was on the war path. Didn't she understand it was hard to make it through traffic from art school? There was no compromise with Janet.

'Stupid,' she grumbled to herself.

Mason knew few guests would venture out on an out-of-season Thursday, especially one as grey and threatening as this. The guests upstairs would, of course, need feeding, but there were only three of them.

Hopefully Mr Huxley would dine in the restaurant, Mason smiled secretly to herself. The dark-haired businessman from London was really rather charming. 'Have you done the menus yet Mason?' Janet called from the bar.

Pulled from her dreaming, Mason sighed. 'Almost done,' she called and began to place the menus on the window tables. Light from the pale sun slanted into the dining room, the golden ball already almost dipping into the sea before her.

Movement caught her eye. Striding purposefully from the neighbouring pasture came a small figure dressed in jeans and a black jacket, golden buttons on the cuffs catching the sun. Mason raised a hand to wave to Eloise Lane-Huxley, Mr Huxley's wife, but she didn't turn towards the hotel, instead continuing on, at pace, eyes focused on the path before her. Even in the half light of impending sunset it was impossible to miss her beauty, she really was a ridiculously attractive woman. Jealousy speared through Mason. She shook it off, placed her last menu on a table and went to collect the candles.

Later, after Mason had settled the sole couple who had ventured in for a meal in a seat by the window, Janet placed a tray of soup and crusty bread before her. 'For Mrs Dalesford, in number 24.' Mason nodded taking up the tray and carefully mounting the creaky stairs. She traversed the dim hallway cautiously, the soup bowl was filled to the brim, potato and leek sliding thickly up the bowl's rim. Mrs Dalesford had sent Mason back for spilled soup before. Light shone from a doorway ahead. Not Mrs Dalesford's room, but Mr Huxley's. Mason eyed the shaft of light that spilled from the open door. She hadn't seen him leave, he must be inside, thinking himself concealed. Perhaps the door had bounced when he pushed it shut? The doors, like almost everything in this old building, were sinking into the carpets. Mason paused by the crack in the door.

'Mr Huxley?' she called, hoping to catch his attention. No reply, perhaps he was out after all.

'Mr Huxley?' she pushed the door with her elbow taking a step across the threshold. The soup, bread and bowl crashed to the floor. Mason screamed.

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'Jesus. Fuck!' Detective Superintendent Robert Fields swore. Robert ran a hand through his salt and pepper hair, dark eyes assessing, tanned skin paling. He'd seen his fair share of murder scenes in his time, but this...

'Get the cordon up Jessie. No one in or out until we've cleared them.'

'Yes boss,' Jessie rushed away.

'Hotel staffer found him just after 6 p.m.,' Detective Inspector Anita Shan was speaking, pen poised purposefully over her notepad, 'She was taking room service to the old lady in room 24, just down the hall. Saw the door was ajar...'

'And walked into this.' Robert grimaced.

He stepped through the doorway, entering the room. The blood was everywhere, splashed up the walls, across the light carpeted floor.

That'll need redoing, Robert thought to himself from some disconnected part of his brain.

The body: male, caucasian, dark hair, was splayed out in the centre of the room, blood pooled beside his head. Kneeling a careful distance from the victim, Robert began his assessment.

'Cuts on his hands.' He indicated deep gouges along the victims palms.

'Defence wounds?' Anita supplied.

'I would guess so. Hard to tell right now, but looks like multiple stab wounds across his chest and stomach. But the neck...' Robert motioned to a jagged gaping wound across the throat, 'that probably finished him off.'

Anita blew out a breath. 'He's not a small man,' she observed.

Robert nodded absently, standing back up. Experienced eyes scanned the walls, the splatter over the dresser and cream bed duvet.

'Frenzied. Enraged. This wasn't some calculated killing. This was impassioned. Impulsive.'

'DS Fields,' a timid voice sounded from the doorway. The bobbie, David Hall, first on the scene hung back in the hallway. 'I just spoke with the hotel worker who found him, Miss Simons. Says his name is Grant Huxley. He is here most weekends, or at least has been since September.'

'Just the weekends?' Robert enquired.

'Yes, sir. He comes to visit his wife and kid. They live just up the coast in Torcross.'

'Do you have an address?'

'Yes, they live on Hiddley Drive.'

Robert and Anita's eyes met across the room. 'David, get a squad car to that house in Torcross. Now!'

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Margaret Ives put down her home phone with a click. It was always so good to talk to her sister. Ellen may be in a home already, but her mind was still sharp. She'd have to make the time to visit in the next few weeks. Take a taxi this time, her hips really couldn't abide the bus anymore.

Margaret groaned as she stood, her arthritis was playing up again. It was the wet weather, it always got into her joints. 'Better than any weather forecast,' Harold always said. Margaret allowed herself a moment of emotional indulgence, feeling the hurt at the memory of her late husband pulse sharply, if briefly. A good man. Enough now. She shook her head and waddled to her kitchen. Time for a cup of tea.

Margaret ate early these days, especially when the sun set so quickly. The gathering dark always readied her stomach for food. But a good cup of tea, that was for anytime. She filled the kettle, placed it on the hob and moved to the fridge for milk.

Bang! A loud crash echoed through the house. Margaret started, hand on her heart. She worked to slow her breathing, pausing a moment to allow her heart beat to settle and made her way into the front room. Her front louvre window was thrown open, curtains billowing in the strong storm winds.

'Silly girl,' she chided herself crossing the room, 'should have shut the window, the wind is fierce out there.'

She pulled back the yellowed curtain and reached out into the cold, wet night for the louvre handle. Just then she spied a figure walking through the rain. Dark jacket, hood up. For a moment Margaret felt fear, who was this strange person out in the storm? But the face turned towards the light of her window and Margaret caught a flash of Eloise Lane-Huxley's pretty face. Her neighbour. 'Another silly girl,' Margaret whispered as she waved to her neighbour, 'out in this storm. At least she didn't take the baby.'

Eloise's face turned away. She didn't return Margaret's wave. 'Probably couldn't see me through the rain,' Margaret mused to herself as she pressed the lock down on the louvre, securing it in place.

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The rain was coming down hard now, filling the windscreen faster than the wipers could clear it, but PC Tracy Berry didn't slow her pace. She'd been on her way home for the evening when the call came through. Incident in Beesands, all respond. So she'd responded. Then, just as she was pulling into the coast, her radio fired again, Hiddley Drive Torcross. Wife of victim. She'd flung the car around.

The sat nav had her following a strip of land between the sea and the Slapton Ley, an inland lake. Wild waves whipped against the coast, pale in the light of her headlights. 'Turn right in 5 metres,' the calm voice of the sat nav instructed.

'You're the boss,' Tracy murmured as she veered away from the wild tide. Her heart was pumping, adrenaline coursing preemptively through her veins. Not enough facts to be properly prepared; enough facts to be concerned. Murdered man in Beesands. A husband. Estranged from his wife in some way. It was the wife's house Tracy was bearing down on at speed through the storm.

What would Tracy find at the house? A murdered woman? God forbid! An enraged killer? Or a mother enjoying microwave dinner and watching the evening news?

Tracy pulled into an empty driveway. Lights on inside indicated someone was home. She stepped from her car and made her way to the front door. The screaming of a child filled the silence of the evening. A sensor light flicked on, illuminating the front porch and the open front door. A red smear shaped like a hand print shone from the door jam.

Tracy tensed, taking out her baton, holding it ready. 'Hello? Mrs Huxley? I'm PC Tracy Berry of the Devon and Cornwall Police. Is anyone home?'

No reply. Just the screaming child. Tracy entered the home.

A hallway, red spots dotted sporadically down its centre. Tracy advanced down the hall, keeping clear of the blood. It led to an open kitchen and lounge area, several rooms connecting to the central space. A bloodied jacket lay flung over a central dining table. Tracy brought her shoulder to her mouth and radioed despatch, 'This is PC Tracy Berry on Hiddley Drive, Torcross. I have blood on the scene. Investigating now. Request back up.'

'Copy that, PC Berry. Back up dispatched.'

Tracy advanced into the open room. The screams of the child came from behind a door labelled 'Jacob' in wooden letters painted in bold primary colours. She paced carefully but quickly towards the cries, moving her solid northern frame with the agility of a much younger woman. She may be nearing retirement age, but she kept up her fitness routine. She entered what was clearly a nursery, calming baby blues and creams filling the room, brightly coloured mobiles dangling from the ceiling, plastic toys gathered into a box by the door. In a cot against the wall, red faced from screeching, stood a small child, covered in blood.

'No,' Tracy gasped, rushing to the child. He lifted two fat arms up to her, beseeching. Tracy gathered him in her arms, running her hands over his small, pudgy body, searching for wounds. Nothing. 'Thank fuck,' she whispered as she jiggled the child on her practiced ample hip, his screaming calmed.

'Ok pet, I gotta put you down now, ok? I gotta go find your mum.'

What was going on here? A double homicide? Murder suicide?

Gently Tracy placed the boy back in the crib, and made her way back into the lounge. Behind her, his sobbing started again. She blocked out his distressed cries, softer now, exhausted, and continued across the house.

In the new silence she could hear voices. Baton in hand she paced towards them.

'No, no, stop it, stop it.'

'Lou, calm down. Listen... listen to me!'

'Get off me. Get off me!'

'Lou, please, just stop.'

Tracy approached the doorway. Taking a deep breath she shoved the door open.

A bathroom, tiled in green, met her eyes. Two women, light haired, one tall, one average height stood before her. Their clothes were drenched in blood.

Tracy went into automatic, 'Stop what you're doing!' she stated firmly, 'I'm PC Tracy Berry of the South Devon Police. Hands where I can see them.' She held her baton aloft, legs wide, instinctively lowering her centre of gravity.

The women turned to her, eyes wide, startled. The one on the right held out her hands quickly, blood slick over them, 'No, no,' she said, breathless, 'this is not what it looks like.'

'Stay still!' Tracy said. 'Are you hurt?'

'No, we aren't hurt,' the woman replied.

'It's not our blood,' said the second. Her hands were moving before her, as though conducting an orchestra, two white birds in the harsh bathroom light, 'It's Grant's blood.'

She turned two big blue eyes to Tracy and smiled warmly. Tracy's stomach dropped. 'Don't move,' she repeated, before radioing in a status report.

'You can use the house phone,' the second woman began, moving forward.

'Lou stop,' the first woman went to grab the second. Tracy stepped back, 'I said stay still!' she cried, voice shrill.

'I'm just trying to help...'

Something clattered to the tiles between the women with metallic ring. Tracy glanced down. There between their feet lay a pair of long, sharp crafting scissors. The red of blood clinging to the blades.

'There you are,' the second woman exclaimed with glee. 'I've been looking for you.'

Her hands reached down for the scissors.

Tracy swung her baton.

***If you enjoyed this first chapter, you can purchase *The Unsound Sister* on Amazon now: <https://www.amazon.co.uk/dp/B08ML8QS7H>***

## Featured Creative – Syntell Smith, Author



### Meet Indie-author Syntell Smith

My name is Syntell Smith, I'm the author of the *Call Numbers* series. I grew up in New York City, but now I live Detroit, Michigan. I like to write Contemporary Literary Fiction. My self-published works are available online as ebooks on Amazon Kindle Direct Publishing, in Paperback and Hardcover distributed through IngramSpark, and soon to be audiobooks on Audible.

### How it all began

I started off as a blogger, posting about my life living in New York City in my 20's. My stories and writing style attracted a dedicate fan base that appreciated my writing. I also got into internet journalism, doing reviews for pop culture in music, films, and television shows. In 2004, on the advice of my blog followers, I studied the process of developing a television series. I did a treatment and wrote a pilot script, then submitted it in several screenwriting contests online. I eventually set the idea aside for 10 years and then in 2014 I played with the idea of turning the pilot script into an ebook novella. The project grew as I wrote, next thing I knew, I had two books written back-to-back. In 2019, I self-published my debut novel *Call Numbers: The Not So Quiet Life Of Librarians*. The first of the series. A year later, I released the follow-up, *Book Endings: Pain, Loss, and Revelations*. I'm currently writing the third book of the ongoing series with a scheduled release for 2022.

### How the journey started

I always liked creative writing when I was younger. While in college I studied screenwriting in hopes of getting into television and films. One of my first ideas was based on the work experience from my part-time job for the New York Public Library.

### Smith's inspiration and what he loves about writing

I love writing about real life experiences. Works with social commentary and my personal observations on society, with hopes of giving the reader a new, thought-provoking outlook on life.

I like going at my own pace and answering to no one, being my own boss.

## Biggest challenge?

Getting noticed, getting my book in the hands of readers, marketing yourself to others is the biggest challenge.

## The best part about overcoming the difficulties and going for it

Just holding the very first proof printed, the journey was very long. There were times I had to put the project on hold and concentrate on other priorities, but I never gave up, and after 15 years, I'm proud to have finally made it.

## Indie books and diversity

I attempted to publish traditionally, querying agents for representation. I found them to be gatekeepers, saturating the market, putting out the same generic works known to have mass market appeal and not invest in unique, diverse, and unconventional stories that have potential.

## Advice for others who are passionate about writing

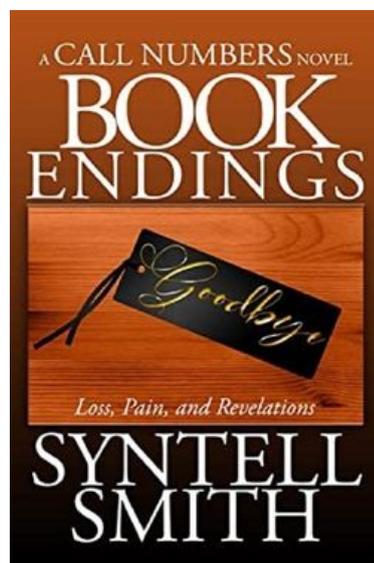
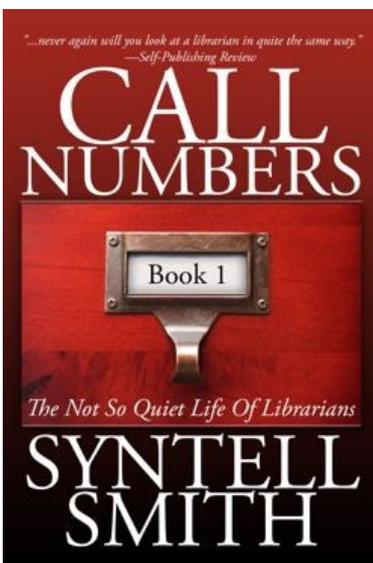
Be sure of yourself, be true to your work, conform for no one, stick to your guns, trust your gut, and network. You're only as good as your support system, help others and let them help you.

## Favourite author?

I would love to meet Walter Mosley one day, he's someone I really look up to and has been a huge influence to my writing career.

## Syntell Smith's novels are out now through Amazon

[https://www.amazon.co.uk/Call-Numbers-Syntell-Smith/dp/0578440520/ref=sr\\_1\\_2?dchild=1&keywords=syntell+smith&qid=1613422711&sr=8-2](https://www.amazon.co.uk/Call-Numbers-Syntell-Smith/dp/0578440520/ref=sr_1_2?dchild=1&keywords=syntell+smith&qid=1613422711&sr=8-2)



## Praise for Syntell's Works



Judy Ferrell rated it ★★★★★

Oct 13, 2020

Once again Syntell Smith takes us to the library in Book Endings. Robin Walker, the main character, is a young man I feel I know. The character development is that well done. I really enjoy the drama and angst I found in this book. It seems that Robin begins to struggle to find his true self after the death of his grandfather. Syntell brings all the issues of the library out for us to look at. I look forward to the next installment.

## Connect with Syntell Smith and follow his writing journey:

**Facebook** - <https://www.facebook.com/syntell.smith/>

**Instagram** - <https://www.instagram.com/jetblack927/>

**Twitter** - <https://twitter.com/SyntellSmith>

**Personal website** – <https://www.syntellsmithpublishing.com>

## Featured Creative – Lisa Jones, Author and Reviewer



### A bit about Lisa Jones

I live in Scotland with other half and our dog, Lola. I'm from Chester in the UK and met and fell in love with a Scotsman after a bad divorce, he was the biggest plot twist of my life! I started writing very young, mainly to deal with the fact I was different and didn't quite fit into any stereotypical groups. My first series had just been re-edited and is due to be re-released on Valentine's day, I originally wrote this in 2015. I was in multiple organ failure at the time and had secretly begun ticking little things off my bucket list- the book series was the main one. I honestly didn't think anyone would read it so I didn't have it edited, a lot of people loved it though. I was approached by an editor, at Christmas just after the release of the first book in my second series. He works for a few of the big publishing houses and asked if he could edit my first series, I agreed. I grew my Instagram account by interacting with authors and found that they became my tribe, they got me through the tough days and celebrated the little wins with me. I am currently writing book 2 in my second series and getting ready to start my video reviews for indie authors.

## **A blogging newcomer**

I have never blogged and I'm a complete novice to the review/blog thing but I'm going to let my weirdness carry me through!

I started my video reviews because I feel like indie authors are hidden behind all the big names. I may have grown my social media account pretty big but it doesn't always help with getting exposure for my work. I wanted to use the platform I have obtained for a good reason, I wanted to shout about all of the indie authors that I've been lucky enough to meet.

## **Jones' main goals for her blog**

I'm hoping to share books that would otherwise be hidden, indie authors are some of the most talented and creative people I know.

## **What she loves about blogging**

I am going to love meeting new indie authors and being completely authentic, this will allow people to connect with me. I am weird and awkward, this is one of the things I love about myself. Being myself has given me a really good tribe, I'm hoping this continues.

## **But there will be challenges to overcome**

My confidence is a big issue but I will never watch myself back so I will avoid this! I will also find negativity hard, I do not allow negativity around me because my mental health can't take it. I will be very aware of this.

## **Helping indies makes her proud**

I have never blogged but I have helped my indie author friends to spread their books around, this always makes me proud.

## **Advice to others**

Be authentic, be yourself and let people connect with the real you.

## **Favourite genre? Favourite Author?**

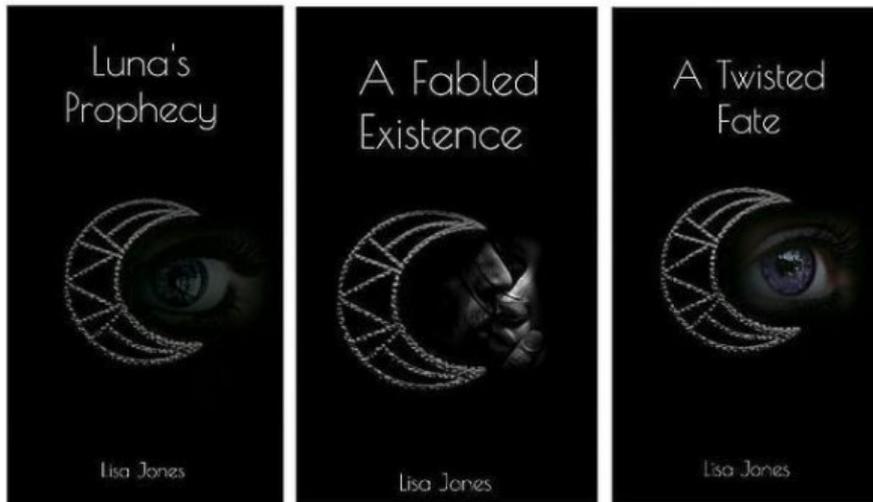
I love paranormal romance, that's what I write. I wrote this genre because I had read everything out there, I wrote what I wanted to read.

Terry Pratchett, his stories were wonderfully magical.

## Lisa is also an author!

Her Celestial Princess Trilogy is available through Amazon:

[https://www.amazon.co.uk/Lunas-Prophecy-Lisa-Barker-ebook/dp/B0136ZF4JW/ref=sr\\_1\\_1?dchild=1&keywords=lisa+jones+Luna%27s+Prophecy&qid=1613422503&sr=8-1](https://www.amazon.co.uk/Lunas-Prophecy-Lisa-Barker-ebook/dp/B0136ZF4JW/ref=sr_1_1?dchild=1&keywords=lisa+jones+Luna%27s+Prophecy&qid=1613422503&sr=8-1)



## What readers have to say about Lisa Jones



CJS

★★★★★ Verified Purchase

**I am so glad that this is a series ... I've just become addicted.**

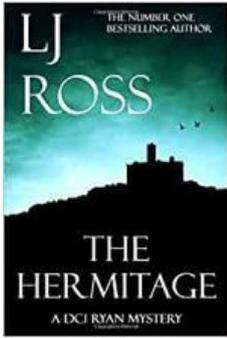
Reviewed in the United Kingdom on 10 December 2020

This is the first book I have read by this author, and it won't be the last. While I may not have read many dark fantasy tales, I found this one a compelling read right from the start. The two main characters, Melody and Roman, are brilliantly portrayed, both with exceptional magical powers and both fighting their inner conflicts between light and dark. Both are burdened by the legacy of past evils, which also led their respective people to regard each other as enemies. In Forbidden, Melody and Roman and their two groups are thrown together by the need to survive against the common enemy that is Morag Blackwell, Melody's grandmother. Morag is the all-powerful, cruel and ruthless leader of the magical council and, amongst her evil deeds, ordered the death of her own child, Melody's mother, on account of her marrying a human (Melody's father, who she also killed). This is a tale of romance, with a wonderfully constructed background and engaging plotline to absorb you, together with a concoction of love and lust to leave you wanting more. I am so glad that this is a series ... I've just become addicted.

## Connect with Lisa

Instagram: [https://www.instagram.com/lisaajones\\_89/](https://www.instagram.com/lisaajones_89/)

## What I'm currently reading



### ***The Hermitage* – LJ Ross**

I'm currently deep in the editing process for my third novel, *White Cove*. When I am editing the only thing I can read is crime fiction. Lucky for me LJ Ross has 17 books in the DCI Ryan Mystery series!

## Writing Quotes / Inspiration

**“If you write one story, it may be bad; if you write a hundred, you have the odds in your favor.”**

- *Edgar Rice Burroughs*

Stack those odds – keep it up!

**“There is no greater threat to the critics and cynics and fearmongers than those of us who are willing to fall because we have learned how to rise.”**

- *Brené Brown*

You will fail, make mistakes and struggle. And that is how you learn and grow!

**“If you wait for inspiration to write you're not a writer, you're a waiter.”**

- *Dan Poynter*

Don't wait – get writing. Inspiration is helpful, but it won't keep you going. Make the time, plan and do it!

**Are you an author, blogger, reviewer, editor, podcaster, or other writing content creator?**

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AUTHORS**

**I want to feature you!**

This year I want to open up my newsletter to feature people from all aspects of the writing process – creatives, promoters, enthusiasts and more.

If you would like to feature in an upcoming edition of my newsletter, please email me: [lelita.baldock@gmail.com](mailto:lelita.baldock@gmail.com) and we can get started!

In the next edition of the Writing Newsletter (March 4) I chat with author of *We Men of Ash and Shadow*, Holly Tinsley. I look forward to connecting with you all again soon!

**Coming Up Next**

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