

2024 MEDIA/PRESS KIT



THE “*UNHOLY*” LITERARY TRINITY

The members of “The Trinity” are as follows:

- ❖ Glaister Ormsby (*The Man*)
- ❖ SILVERBACK (*The Ape*)
- ❖ Deacon Blood (*The Entity*)

-CONTACT INFORMATION-

If you're interested in booking for interview (Live/Online) or public appearance please refer to any of the following contact and social media options.

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AUTHOR BIOGRAPHY

❖ -Glaister Ormsby II-

A child of immigrant parents, Glaister grew up in the city that never slept, New York City. From an early age Glaister quickly realized that he didn't quite fit in. As the other kids were running around during recess Glaister sat quietly in the hallway sketching. Being different lead to being bullied but he found solace and sanctuary in the writings of William Shakespeare & the macabre world of Edgar Allan Poe. Glaister struggled to find his place in the world as an artist. But through an unexpected epiphany and the embracement and motivation from an unlikely mentor he was able to cultivate his creative side. He soon moved from just being an artist to also becoming an author. He has now evolved into what he likes to call the "Unholy Literary Trinity" The Man, The Ape & The Entity Writing under 3 names driven and determined to have a title in every major genre!

❖ "SILVERBACK"

Born Glaister G. Ormsby in Brooklyn, with a deep love for traditional animation, Japanese anime and Classic Literature including the works of Shakespeare & Poe. Glaister turned his love of art and literature into a thriving and substantial literary and design career. Glaister soon took up the mantle of his favorite animal the gorilla making it his powerful penname. "*SILVERBACK*" and parlayed his passions into making his childhood dreams a reality as both the C.E.O and Owner of Tattooed Ape Publishing LLC. (a self-sustaining independent Publishing House. "*SILVERBACK*" now wears many hats: Mentor, Teacher, Illustrator, Business Owner and Visionary becoming a 19+ - time Published Author.

In 2019 he refocused his energy to achieve an unrivaled mission as he created and cultivated what he proudly calls the "*Unholy Literary Trinity*": The Man, The Ape & The Dark Entity. 3 personas, 2 sides of the coin and 1 unique and unheard-of goal: to have a published title in "**EVERY**" major literary genre!

❖ "*The Dark Entity*"

Very little is known about the persona simply known as "*The Dark Entity*" except that he is the one that the 3 fear most! His thoughts are the darkest, twisted & most sinister of them all.

For more information on the literary enigmas check the various social media links provided above.



CAREER HIGHLIGHTS

➤ **Artist-**

- Digital/Graphic Designer
- Illustrator (45+ years)
- *Creator of Sunrise Comic Con's (4) Mascots Capt. Sunrise, Lt. Daybreak, Shyne and Raye*

➤ **Author-**

- 25x Published Author
- 3x Published Co-Author
- Books sold in: US, UK, DE, FR, ES, IT, NL, JPN

➤ **Entrepreneur-**

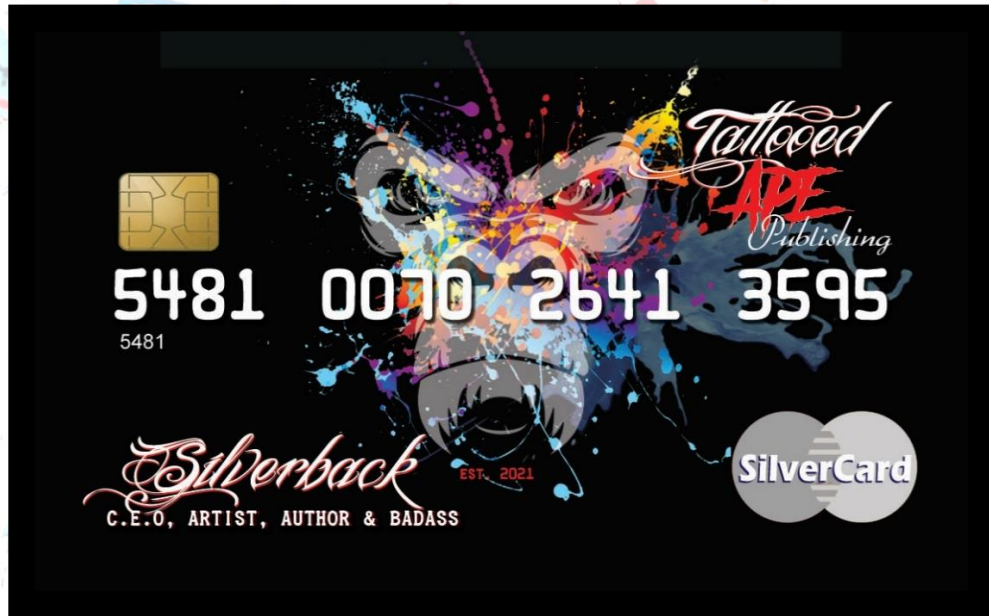
- C.E.O/Owner of Tattooed Ape Publishing *LLC*.
- C.E.O/Owner of Tattooed Ape Designs *LLC*.
- C.E.O/Owner of Tattooed Ape Apparel *LLC*.
- Founding member of the Sunrise Comic Con Event

➤ **Motivator-**

- Teacher/Mentor
- Public Speaker

❖ **Recipient of the 2022 Allen Bellman Award of Excellence**

BUSINESS CARD



-ENDORSEMENTS OR TESTIMONIALS-

I can account the exact time or how I met J.R as he is called, it was at Free Comics Book Day 2013. He told me that he was a fan and dreamed of one day being in the industry. I can tell there was something in this man's voice that told me that he was on a path and needed to express himself.

What I learned was that J.R wanted a career in art, a man long past his childhood, but an ambition that roared inside of him. A feeling that would not go away.

Now age has not stopped him and his appearances in many comic cons, tells me he is on his way. So my hat is off to J.R the one known as "SILVERBACK" and my best wishes.

As my mother would say, "Only in America!"

Cheers for Mr. Ormsby!

(Allen Bellman, Captain America Comic book artist from the Golden Age of Timely/Marvel Comics.)

I've known Glaister for 23 years when I moved back to the state of Florida in 92. I found it quite odd that even though he lived right next to me I rarely saw him. He barely came outside only to find out him and my cousin Travis at the time was really close. Later on I found out about Glaister's love for drawing. I found him to be quite the shy type but if you got him to talking about drawing you could get Glaister to talk for hours. I remember seeing him glow while showing my cousin Travis and I a picture he was drawing when we were in the 10th grade it was amazing to see a young man with such passion about a hobby. However, to this day he still lights up the same way when discussing his love for drawing.

I lost Glaister for a couple of years and when he came back into my life much to my surprise he was a family man. He had the pleasure and I had the honor of meeting his wonderful son Devante who he adores just as much as he loves drawing. Glaister is one of my oldest and dearest friends and to prove it to him I had him draw my name just so I could have it tattooed on me. It turned out to be an amazing piece for me and if he ever wanders off again and I not see or hear from him again for a brief moment in time I will always have him close to me forever. Now I am watching Glaister combine his love for drawing with his passion for comics to become "SILVERBACK" and along with this transformation he has become an awesome writer as well.

Not sure what else this man can possibly think to accomplish in our upcoming years but I'm quite sure I will be completely enamored with it. Glaister never ceases to amaze me with his endeavors and I know the skies the limits for him and his dreams.

I love him to the moon and back!

(Conquella Solomon, Avid Reader and fan)

Glaister Silverback is a big fun guy. He is a passionate illustrator and author. He is a father and friend of everyone. I have known him for over 10 years on the comic books circuit. He is a reliable artist and very sensible. Artistically he has a simple style that is very imaginative. His stories are very different. He takes common ideas and takes them to an extreme level that you wouldn't think the story would go. He is not going anywhere. He's battled through health challenges and came out smiling. Glaister has proven that he is not going anywhere and is focused to make his mark on the world.

(Jeff Carroll, Author and Pioneer of Hip-Hop Sci-Fi)

A super hero in disguise!

Glaister Ormsby is not only an artist and writer; he is a super hero in disguise. He believes in fighting for those who can't speak for themselves. I work with adults with developmental disabilities. A few years ago my clients and I attended an event at a local museum. There were vendors present and he was one of them. Another vendor present was disrespectful to my clients and turned them away. Glaister saw this and immediately took action by consoling the clients and then went to the event organizer and expressed his dislike for how they were treated by the vendor. The event organizer and Glaister approached me and explained the situation and apologized for their behavior. As Glaister and I continued to talk, I thanked him for being an advocate and standing up for them. Our encounter turned into him coming to teach the clients art and later helping them collectively write 3 books and a "who done it" dinner play they performed in front of over 100 people. He still continues to teach them art and writing but also he teaches them to believe in themselves. He instills in them that they can do anything they set their minds to. Through his teaching, mentorship and friendship, many of them have discovered they have a voice and they can share it with the world. Glaister's involvement with the clients has helped in raising their self-esteem and sparked many of them to pursue writing. He is more than a mentor, friend and big brother. He's our superhero!

Constonsa Alexander,

Activities Coordinator

Jewish Association for Residential Care, FL

Silverback is both an Artist and Writer who is pushing the boundaries of genre based creativity. He works bring new life to familiar genres and take readers on exciting journeys. Great things are brewing with this great creative force.

~Cathalson

Creator of Grace Flynn Chronicles

JR A Cartoonist With Heart

"I have been extremely blessed to have the opportunity to spend the last 5 years with these amazing guys and gals. My life has and will be forever changed by them. Not a day goes by where they haven't said or done something that has left a smile on my face. A heartless and callous comment led to a blessing that enriched me greatly. I love my guys and wouldn't trade them for any amount of money in the world. I can't wait to see what the next chapter for them will reveal."

~ Glaister "JR" Ormsby

As a result of a chance encounter and heroic act of kindness and compassion Glaister Ormsby, now otherwise known as "JR" to the apartment clients, has been a part of the JARC family for the past 5+ years.

JR was a guest artist at the Coral Springs Comic Con where the JARC apartment clients had chosen to attend. As they explored the venue two of the clients Michelle and Debbie asked another vendor to take their digital photo to impose it into a custom background that he was providing to other guests. When he was asked he simply replied "No, I don't deal with retards sorry!"

That vile comment caused Michelle, one of the clients, to break into tears. Seeing what had happened JR decided to act, and called the 2 individuals over to his booth where they explained what was said. She divulged they were a part of a larger group called JARC and that their chaperone was in the other room. Realizing that Debbie was still shaken up he left them at his booth with son Devante who assured them that everything would be ok and that they would be safe! JR then went to inform the event's promoter who quickly removed the



verbally abusive vendor from the event. They then located the group's chaperone and let her know that the 2 were at JR's booth and were fine.

They spent the rest of the day with us. At the closing of the Comic Con JR gifted them with 1 of his pieces of artwork that he signed and took a group photo with all of them. The chaperone and JR exchanged contact information and shortly thereafter he was invited to come hang out with them. He informed them

that he was a graphic designer and 17x published author with a deep love for traditional animation and classic literature including the works of: William Shakespeare & Edgar Allan Poe. Now as a full time employee of JARC, he shares his love of art and literature with the various clients every weekend through numerous classes and programs such as: Creative Writing, Graphic Design and Art Essentials, Sundays With "Silverback" (that

being his pen name.) Turnbuckle Club and Toon Club. Through these wonderful programs the apartment residents have written and published 3 books: "The City of JARC", "JARC After Dark" and "JARC After Dark Part: 2" (What's Done in the Dark) with the clients having 4 more titles awaiting their release.

-EXCERPTS-

(Here are a few snippets from some of our 16 various titles.)

❖ 10: A Decade of Creativity, Dominance Heartbreak and Redemption

Chapter I

AN UNEXPECTED INTRODUCTION TO THIS LIFE I LOVE

I'm not going to bore you with the typical insipid and platitudinous beginnings of the memoir genre when I discuss my turbulent childhood. If you want to read about that pick up "SILVERBACK": My Life and Journey or "TATTOOED APE" From Point A to B. For today we are going to start right from where this amazing journey truly began. A little man with a big legacy behind him stopped to take some time to speak with me. I met Allen Bellman at PPF (Past Present Future Comics) Allen worked for Timely Comics and for those of you who have resided under a rock Timely Comics eventually became the global juggernaut that we now know today as Marvel Comics. In a brief 15- minute interaction Allen sent me on a path that I sure as hell didn't foresee myself traveling. "You need to be at Supercon!" he exclaimed. It was as simple as that 1...2...3...but there was one slight problem: I HAS NO IDEA WHAT A SUPERCON WAS! Or even where to find it so when in doubt go to Google!

Query: What is Supercon?

Answer: Florida Supercon is an annual comic book convention held in the Miami and Fort Lauderdale metro areas of Florida. The event usually takes place in early July.

Ok so with that bit of information in hand I made plans to go to Supercon. Not knowing what to expect I began getting my portfolio in order. If this professional saw something in me I owed it to myself to take a proverbial leap of faith. But before Supercon Allen had one more courtesy to extend to me. The store I had met him at was having an event where artists were showing their artwork and he had arranged for yours truly to be one of those esteemed artists. I was shocked, humbled and more importantly grateful. I drew more in that short period of time than any other time in my life. If this was going to be my first public and professional event I was going to with both guns blazing!

The day of the PPF event I was a bundle of nervous energy with a shit load of questions:

1. What if they ask me how much for one of my pieces?
2. How much do I charge?
3. What if they don't like my artwork?
4. What if they really like it? (Did I bring enough with me?)
5. Bro, are you sure you belong?

I was in some pretty big company: Marvel's Allen Bellman of Captain America fame. (Oh, did I forget to mention that part?) Also, in attendance was DC Comics and Inkspot Award recipient Jose Delbo. Delbo worked on The Spectre, Wonder Woman, The Superman Family, The Batman Family and Superman/Batman World's Finest. The event even had a Hollywood component to it with The Walking Dead's "Big Tiny" Theodus Crane. There was no turning back for me. I was already set up and it wouldn't behoove me to turn tail and run, not when I've done so much to prepare myself for this day. I can't say that it was everything I thought it would be because I really didn't know what to expect but what I can say is that this event had both its highs and lows. There were some people who just loved my work and that was the boost of confidence that truth be told I really needed. Then I encountered "HIM!"

After meeting Jose Delbo and getting a hand drawn sketch of Batman I met an individual who came to my table and just absolutely shredded my work saying that it was crap, crap and bigger CRAP! I felt like Peter Parker standing before J. Jonah Jameson in the offices of The Dairy Bugle. I WAS CRUSHED! DEVASTATED BEYOND WORDS! In the blink of an eye he took a lifetime of dreams, and aspirations and gathered them all up into a crumpled-up bundle of trash poured lighter fluid on it and set the whole thing ablaze. He wasn't remotely subtle; he

criticized every and I mean EVERY piece in my portfolio. He would've criticized the plastic sleeves that the pieces were in if he had the chance. He was heartless, brutal, absolutely sanguineous in his approach.

I was ready to pack up my things and silently slink out the back door, then I realized that there was no back door. So, I had 2 choices before me:

1. Gather my things and walk past everyone on my way to the front door.

OR

2. Stand my ground, be proud of my work and not allow him to run me off.

You got 1 guess to what I decided to do. Well clearly you already know what I chose because if I had chosen anything other than option number 2 you would not be here reading this book right now and I will not be celebrating 10 years. So needless to say, I stayed and it's a good thing I stayed, for experiencing that asshole prepared me for the one crucial lesson that would serve me well the rest of my career *"not everybody is going to like your work!"* That little lesson is something that I not only apply to everything I do now but I try to instill that into the core consciousness of every young creator that approaches my booth whether they're a writer or artist. So here goes my public service announcement for today.

The opinions expressed in this public service announcement do not reflect those of the literary community as a whole. But solely the thoughts of the artist "SILVERBACK" and his Unholy Literary Trinity

Not everybody is going to like your work! If you were to draw or write for the masses to please everybody you will drive yourself FUCKING CRAZY! Create what you love and love what you create. If you put your whole heart into your work it will show and will attract those likeminded individuals and from there your true fanbase is cultivated. And now back to our regularly scheduled show.

So, where were we?

I stayed for the whole event. I sold a few pieces that were in my portfolio, Even got a few new commission opportunities. But the one thing I didn't see coming was that I met an individual who was another show promoter of a much smaller convention who gave me an opportunity to fine tune my craft before stepping foot into Supercon. He complimented my work and even purchased a few pieces. He extended the opportunity I accepted and we shook on it. Before you knew it, I was on my way to Ultra-Con.

Hey, do you know the problem with handshakes? They're exactly 5.9 inches away from a knife between the shoulder blades!

❖ (ATLEA) And They Lived Ever After Book:1

Chapter 1

Once upon an ever after in the Golden Kingdom there lived 4 princesses, 2 princes, 6 dwarfs in show biz, 1 dwarf in politics and a whole lot more you just have to see with your own eyes to believe. Oh, did I mention that Jack is in jail for can you believe it breaking and entering. Anyway, our story begins in the Golden Kingdom where all is well and...

Oh, how rude of me! Allow me to introduce myself I'm Maxwell Lunar but I'm more commonly known as the Man in the Moon and I'll be your narrator for this tale.

Ok now that we got that out of the way, where were we? Ah yes, the Golden Kingdom where all is well...what do we have here? Heh, Heh, heh well if it isn't the boy that cried wolf running down the street I wonder what has got him so excited let's take a look.

"WOLF! WOLF! WOLF! Everybody a wolf is coming! The wolf is coming! Ahh forget it they'd never believe me."

Boy I tell ya' that boy's always good for a little excitement early in the morning; however, on this rare occasion, for the first time in three years the boy was actually telling the truth. The young man did spy a wolf approaching the village; but this was the worst kind of wolf a lawyer and he was heading straight for the home and offices of 3 Pigs Construction.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK!

"Little pigs... little pigs let me in! The wolf exclaimed.

"Not by the hair the on our...ah you know the rest." replied the pigs.

"Oh, for crying out loud I'm not here to eat you...I'm a vegetarian now! I'm here to serve you."

"You're a waiter? Did you bring the pizza we ordered? It's been more than 30 minutes, Bub it's free now."

"No, you stupid pigs I'm here to serve you this!"

Now what do we have here? It seems that wolf in his finely tailored suit I might add just slipped a large manila envelope under the pigs' front door.

"Have a nice day...pigs!" Snickered the crafty wolf.

Curious the pigs got up and headed to the front door to see what the wolf had left them.

"Hey Mortimer, what is it?"

"Yeah, Mortimer, open it, the suspense is killing me!"

Now Mortimer who was the know-it-all of the three brothers walked over to the front door and picked up the envelope on the floor and opened it. Pulling out the contents he begins to glance over it moaning and humming to himself.

"Well brothers, it seems that our hairy visitor just left us what can only be described as a legal document which will require us to defend ourselves to a higher authority and to a jury of our equal peers." He explained leaving his two siblings baffled.

"HUH?"

"In simpler terms...we're being sued." Mortimer stated.

"Oh, ok that makes sense we're being sued...SUED!!!" the other two brothers replied.

"Sued for what?" demanded Kevin.

Mortimer just putting on his reading glasses walks over to his recliner and has a seat giving the document a thorough looking over.

"Who'd have thunk it?"

"Thunk what? Thunk what? Come on Mort Thunk What? Asked a very anxious Scott who wanted to know.

"Believe it or not brothers we are being sued for aggravated assault."

Kevin who was the oldest and a bit of a hot head walked into the kitchen and headed to the fridge to grab himself a cold one. Walking back into the living room swallows a mouthful tosses a bottle to Scott and then one to Mortimer.

"Are you for real?"

"Yes, Kevin unfortunately I am. Do you guys both remember when we left that fire on when the wolf tried to come down the chimney? Well the wolf suffered injuries as a result of that and is now suing us to the tune of 3.5 million dollars."

"NO WAY!" Scott bellowed

"You've got to be shitting me!"

While the shock of the news hit the pigs, they were not the only ones to be visited by the Wolf's lawyer for you see in the middle of the woods the hunter who saved Little Red Riding Hood a few months back was also being served with papers of a similar nature.

"Mr. Hunter, it was a pleasure serving you."

Reading the papers given to him he begins to realize he too was being sued by the widow of the victim after his encounter in the woods that one faithful afternoon.

"You can't be serious! This has to be a joke! I don't believe this I'm actually being sued for first degree murder!"

The hunter who was one of the strongest and bravest men in the kingdom walked turned around, picked up his axe then walked back up to the lawyer glaring into his eyes with his axe raised.

"Keep one thing in mind you hairy son of a bitch...your wolf buddy tried to eat Lil' Red!"

With great strength and a mighty blow, he struck a log and shattered it completely in one motion. He spit on the ground then stared back at the now cowering lawyer who could not speak or move even if he wanted to.

"I will see you in court!" stated the irate hunter.

You know guys and gals this is going to be a very interesting to see how these two events turn out. Oh, my look at the time it's getting late I need to get the moon up over the castle just give me a minute and I'll right with you.

(Minutes Later)

Sorry it took me so long I was moving the moon and I caught a flat and it took forever for ye old AAA to get there. Ok so, where were we? What in the world? Why is? Folks it's 1:46 am and there is a young lady aimlessly wandering the halls yawning. Ladies and gentlemen allow me to introduce to you the one and the only Sleeping Beauty!"

"Sleeping Beauty my ass! What kind of beauty can I be if I can't get my god damn beauty sleep?"

Sleeping Beauty weary, worn and desperate for a good night's sleep approaches a mirror she purchased at the village ye Olde Yard Sale. She stands in front of it yawning and asks:

*Mirror, Mirror in a tower steep;
Will I ever get some sleep?
As I stand here asking why?
Bags are forming beneath my eyes.
I've even counted Bo Peep's sheep.
What must I do to get some sleep?*

Ok now I've seen everything folks she's talking to a mirror. If that mirror talks back to her I'll eat a piece of this here moon.

Now no sooner than that was said the enchanted mirror started to glow and a face appeared in the center. A face as ominous and as pale as that of death itself with flames emerging from its eyes stared at her and replied:

*The cure you seek.
Can only be found in.
The mind of Dr. Rump L. Stiltskin.
So, seek him out.
In the forest deep.
For he can give you the gift of sleep.*

I don't believe it...I just don't believe it the mirror spoke! Well I am a man of my word I will eat a piece of the moon.

CHOMP! CHEW! CHEW! GULP!

Well I'll be, it's really made of cheese folks! Anyway, after hearing the advice given to her by yup I have to admit it a talking mirror Sleeping Beauty ran down the stairs and mounted her horse. Yawning but still not asleep she rode into the darkness of the night and into the woods in search of Dr. Rump L. Stiltskin.

While Sleeping Beauty headed out into the woods she overhears someone still awake in the prison tower. As the sounds of a harmonica leave the tower and fill the night air she rides off to seek her antidote.

Do you hear that? Someone's still awake over there at the Giant's prison tower in the clouds let's see who it is.



"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen...nobody knows my sorrow."



"Shut Up! The guard bellowed. You're so right nobody cares! To be honest nobody gives a damn! You should have thought about that before you broke into the Mayor's house...AGAIN!!! How stupid could you possibly be? You stole his gold, his harp and even his goose that lays the golden eggs and you got away. Why the hell did you come back? My God are you stupid!" the guard laughs as he walks away.

Looking out of his barred window the young lad looks out into the night and sighs.

"Now I wish...God, how stupid could I have been? I wish I hadn't been so greedy and come back here."

Well everybody let that be a lesson to you all there's an equal consequence for every action. Now while Jack considers his moronic decision to return to the Giant's Kingdom his wife, Little Red Riding Hood, is home worrying about if she will give birth to a fatherless child.

"What if he doesn't come back, what do I tell my child?" she thought as she rubbed her belly.

"Well sweetie...daddy was an idiot, he stole twice from the mayor of the Giant Kingdom. He got away with it, but he pushed his luck, and now daddy is sitting in a jail cell doing time."

Sitting by her window crying and rubbing her stomach she wonders what to do.

"Woe is me...what ever will I do?"

Poor Red...poor kid afraid, wondering and hoping that all will be well. Praying she won't end up alone. I tell ya folks it just breaks my heart.

❖ (ATLEA) And They Lived Ever After Book:2

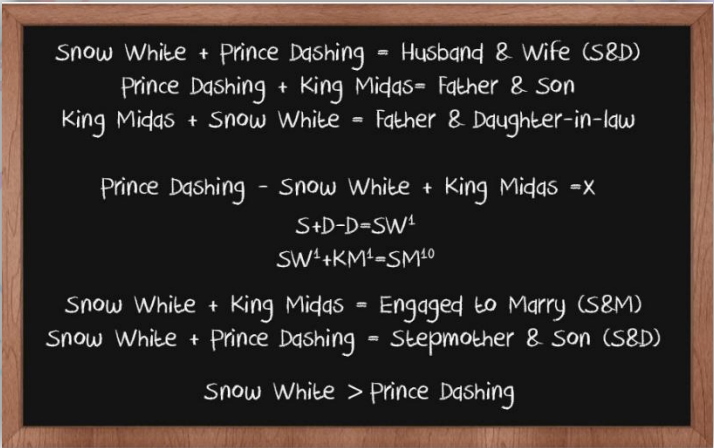
-Chapter 1-

And once again upon another ever after in the Golden Kingdom there still lives 4 princesses, 2 princes

(1 happily married and one going through a nasty divorce of his own doing), 6 dwarfs killing it in show biz, 1 dwarf in politics and a whole lot more that really shouldn't surprise you especially if you read the 1st twisted book that this guy wrote. Oh, and in case you were wondering Jack has kept his nose clean although we still have no answers to the sex of Red's quote unquote baby.

As always allow me to introduce myself I am the amazingly talented, multi-faceted Maxwell P. Lunar Esq. Oh yeah, your guy got an image makeover and tell me does the Esq. title make me sound dignified or what? But don't get twisted I'm still the Man in the Moon and your esteemed narrator for this sequel. So now that we have all of the formalities out of the way let's begin shall we.

As I had mentioned earlier some things here in the Golden Kingdom are as perfect as can be for example Snow White has found true love with an old acquaintance the good King himself Midas Goldtouch. And if there were ever two people who not only deserved each other but deserves a happily ever after it would be these two. The King's oldest son Prince Charming is not only a loyal husband but a devoted family man who with his wife Cinderella are expecting their third child a little girl as a matter of fact. Sadly, not every marriage turned out so blissful. Charming's younger brother Dashing is going through a very nasty divorce with the now happy Snow-white talk about an unusual twist of fate. Now everyone follow at home with me if you will, hell I'll even include a chart just in case you get lost along the way or you're as simple as Simon over there who we'll address later on.



Snow White + Prince Dashing = Husband & Wife (S&D)
Prince Dashing + King Midas = Father & Son
King Midas + Snow White = Father & Daughter-in-law

Prince Dashing - Snow White + King Midas = x
 $S+D-D=SW^1$
 $SW^1+KM^1=SM^{10}$

Snow White + King Midas = Engaged to Marry (S&M)
Snow White + Prince Dashing = Stepmother & Son (S&D)

Snow White > Prince Dashing

Ok folks if you followed all of that, the long and short of it is his former wife is about to become his step-mother and truth be told if she were a wicked step-mother she would be completely justified. You got to admit though that is supreme irony at its best kind of like our buddy Jack who recently spent a stint in prison.

Now again for those who have short term memory Jack was in jail for breaking and entering into the Giant's home yet again. Now many of you may have been wondering why he foolishly went back up there after stealing the Goose that lays golden eggs the first time. By common logic he should have been set for life but if you wanna know the real reason I can tell you since it's just you and I and no one else is around. Red Riding Hood used to be a stripper at

Granny's Cabaret and from what I was told because I've never stepped foot into an establishment like that before wink, wink performed under the stage name "Red Velvet". Now Jack was a very loyal patron of this establishment and at some point, broke the strip club's #1 cardinal rule **DON'T CATCH FEELINGS FOR THESE HOES!**

Sadly, that's exactly what he did! Yep he fell in love with a stripper. Problem was he couldn't foresee exactly how much it would cost to keep her living that lavish stripper lifestyle that she was accustomed to. So much that it killed the goose that laid the golden eggs and he knew of no other way to come up with that kind of cash short of breaking into the Giant's home once again. And that decision landed him right where he you found him last book in jail awaiting the Judge's decision. Now we find him waiting again this time for an explanation.

However, there are somethings that really need no explanation like the fact that the 3 Pigs are on trial for what was it again oh yes aggravated assault to the tune of 3.5 million gold coins or the fact that The Hunter too is facing legal woes for his actions again. Out of everyone going through some sought of drama here in the kingdom the only one with a true legit chip on her shoulder would be Sleeping Beauty who did everything asked of her only to find out the good Doctor was a quack and the quest was a farce. So, there you go! Is everybody all caught up? EXCELLENT!!!

-Chapter 2 -

Life has been up and down for most of us hell that's what life really is, a serious of unexpected highs and lows on that roller coaster we all find ourselves on but it's what you do after you get off that truly determines who you are. Take this young lady for example who has taken the lowest low she has ever experienced and turned it into a skyrocket right to the peak of happiness and bliss.

"Good morning my dear, I hope you slept well in my?" asked the King looking at her naked frame.

"I did your highness. I hope I didn't snore too loudly to keep you awake." replied the young lady as she gets out of bed and puts on the satin robe left at the foot of the bed for her.

"Snore? No, I didn't hear a peep out of you but truth be told you knocked me right out so I wouldn't have known anything. I didn't think you had it in you..." snickered Midas.

"Really? Just because my name is Snow, doesn't mean I'm completely pure and innocent but I think you figured that out from last night. So, what do we have here?"

Snow White walked over to a table with 14kt gold plates, knives, forks, spoons, crystal goblets filled with Orange Juice and Champagne. A Golden platter with fresh picked Strawberries, Eggs scrambled perfectly with slices of succulent bacon adorned the table.

"Did you make all of this for me?" asked the blushing princess.

"Indeed, I did, or more like my servants did but the point is..." chuckled the King as he pulls Snow unto his lap and kisses her passionately. "I want you to be happy and not want for a thing as long as you are in my life. Now before you join me for breakfast you may kiss the King again if you wish."

Now that's just beautiful folks. Don't let anyone tell you that love is dead or that there's no such thing as true love for I think Snow White has finally found it and what I mean by that is that she has finally found someone who appreciates her. Everyone thinks they now the true story of Snow White you know the whole mirror, mirror, the poisoned apple and all that jazz but that's only one half of the story. Snow White was an orphan who was placed in foster home after foster home and the reason for that was she was so beautiful that it was sadly her undoing.

Meaning it caused great strife in the homes she was placed in. Between mothers and daughters feeling jealous of her to boys that should have been her brothers trying to stretch the boundaries of their relations. Snow never found a place that she felt loved, safe or at home. With everything she had gone through she soon found herself now placed in the home of the evil witch Grizelda. What no one knew was the only reason the evil witch opened her home to

orphans was for the dowry that each child came with but out of fear no one bothered to inquire where the children had disappeared to after periods of time.

Due to her immeasurable beauty Snow White was tortured, beaten and abused both emotionally and psychologically to the point that the only thing she could do was to run away and that's exactly what she did. Now the huntsman that you guys read about was not there to kill her but in fact to retrieve her because Snow's dowry was immense the Queen could not afford to lose it because she herself was in financial woes and in the process of losing her castle to foreclosure. Needless to say, the Huntsman did not find Snow White who hid in the 55 and over community Willow-Glenn where the Dwarfs had lived. She stayed with them as their live-in aide for many years until she was swept off of her feet one day by Prince Dashing and as they said the rest is history. Don't worry we will be revisiting this topic later on I guarantee it. For right now though she's happy and it does my heart good to see that young lady smile again.

"Now as much as I would love to spend the whole day in bed with you my dear holding you in my arms my regretfully I do need to leave you. The Wolf has filed for another trial against both the Pigs and the Hunter collectively in a class action suit that I must preside over."

"Please return promptly and help me warm this bed."

"I will return as soon as I can, you have my word. Now I must leave you sweetheart."

Both Snow and the good King deserve a bout of happiness and I got a good feeling about those two crazy kids.

❖ (ATLEA) And They Lived Ever After Book:2.5

-Chapter 1-

Meanwhile in the rest of the Golden Kingdom again there's still 4 princesses, 2 princes Ok you know what we are not going through all of this rigmarole. If you don't know by now what's going on then you clearly have not been paying attention. If you haven't been reading the previous installments and you just decided on a whim to jump into the deep end of the drama pool by starting here because you "like the cover" you might want to put this down. Now grab your tablet or your smartphone and go directly to www.tattoodeapepublishing.com and order both parts I and II you'll thank me for it later.

So, if you haven't already realized by my extremely intensive tone I am not Maxwell, your usual narrator so allow me to introduce myself. I am the man behind the scenes, the one who keeps everyone else in line. The true ruler of the Golden Kingdom, the tattooed gorilla himself, the author of this tale... "SILVERBACK!" and I will be your esteemed tour guide this evening. Now in case you are wondering to yourself "why the hell is this titled 2.5?" Moreover, "where the hell is Book: 3?" Allow me to explain...

I could've had you guys and gals wait for a year or so but there were a few things that were left unaddressed from the first 2 books and I felt that I was doing all my loyal readers a huge disservice by not tying up those annoying loose ends. So, I guess you can say I have a heart but don't let that secret get out ok?

Ok so there are 2 questions that I've been asked more than anything else and those are:

1. How did Witless end up in Candy-Land?
2. What happened to the 6 singing Dwarfs?

Well wonder no more!

-Chapter 2-

Well after Snow White had met Prince Dashing, she eventually had to sit down with the 7 Dwarfs and let them know the heartbreaking truth that she was going to be leaving them to start a new life with her true love Prince Dashing.

"You know how much I love you guys and truth be told I wouldn't be alive today if you hadn't kept me safe from my evil stepmother. You guys are my only family and I don't want to leave you all but..."

Snow White began to cry and wiped the tears from her eyes when Medic walks up to her and takes her hand.

"You love him my dear, don't you?"

"Yes, very much," replied Snow.

"And he returns that love back to you?" asked Timid who walked up to his weeping friend along with four of the other Dwarfs.

"He does and that's what makes it so hard for me, I don't want to leave you guys. You all have been so good to me. How can I just up and leave you all like that?" she asked.

"Quit your confounded blubbering and come here girl!" bellowed Surly.

Snow White got up off her knees and walked to Surly who was sitting in the corner smoking his pipe.

“Sit down child, we want you to be happy above all else and if this Prince who clearly has your heart loves you as much as you love him then I say go! You deserve to be happy and I wouldn’t feel right knowing that I stood in the way of that. I love you, young lady, like you were my own don’t you ever forget that! You will always be my daughter and you will always have a place here and in my heart. Go to him and tell him that if he ever does wrong by you he will find out exactly how I earned my name!”

She leaned in to hug him and whispered in his ear “I love you too...dad” Surly, was the meanest out of the bunch, the one that took the longest to win over but the one who shed the most tears when she left.

I guess that goes to show you that even the hardest of hearts can feel something every now and then. Now as the royal carriage left I, the 7 saddened dwarfs now found themselves in a very strange place not only alone but now with a very nagging question.

“Ok geniuses now that we’ve let our little birdie leave the nest, what the hell are we going to do with ourselves?” asked Surly.

They all looked at Surly and then at each other with looks of confusion and uncertainty.

“I...I don’t know we never thought of that before.” replied Drowsy as he stroked his beard.

“Well maybe we should take a page from Snow and step out into the great wide world and try something new...**SOMETHING BOLD!** I got it, what is the one thing that we always said we wanted to do?” asked Timid.

“Dig a new mine?”

“Dye out beards to look younger?”

“No, perform! We always said that one day we would leave here and travel the kingdoms performing. We’re always singing on our way to the mines and leaving the mines so why not sing on stage?” asked Timid.

“Oh yeah that was our dream to leave the godforsaken mines for the glitz and glamor of show business.” shouted Gesundheit from across the room.

“Then now is the time to take that leap of faith and see what happens. From this moment forward, we drop our axes and pick up microphones. We are no longer the 7 Dwarfs, we are now the 7 Tenors!” declared Medic.

“6!”

“Huh? What do mean 6?”

“I’m not coming with you guys.” stated Witless.

“Really, and what the hell are you gonna do oh, let me guess you’re going to run for public office? Don’t be stupid Witless, we’re all going together.” shouted Surly.

“No, we’re not.”

“What are you saying Wit?” asked the other dwarf.

“I’m sick and tired of being stereotyped as the quote unquote stupid one! I have a goddamn degree in political science and it’s about time I use it!”

“You do?” asked Medic.

“Well I’ll be damned, I had no clue.” stated Timid.

“And that’s the thing you guys were so used to calling me stupid that you forgot that I was the smartest one out of the group but I just sat back and let it ride out, but no more! I love you guys and wish you all the best but it will be without me, goodbye my friends”

Wow, so that answers part of the first question but you guys don't know the other half, the part that explains how he got to the land of Sugar, Spice and Everything Nice. However, we'll come back to that part shortly for everything in the world did not turn out as rosy as their post mine digging careers. Yes, Witless became Mayor and truth be told he had the better of the two lives. The other six let's just say that yes, fame is fleeting but apparently so is friendship.

As the 6 Dwarfs embarked on their showbiz careers everything went perfect the group performed all over the world for different Kings, Queens and royalty of all sought in all different lands and venues great and small. They were the most popular thing since ole Green Eyes himself Max Lunar.

That's right your original narrator used to be a singer in a past life and he was good too. He could sing the corsets off any young maiden but that's a tale he'll have to tell so you didn't hear it from me.

After their sold-out "Back in the Woods" performance in their hometown, the Golden Kingdom, the men went to the local tavern to celebrate the success of the tour and this night's show when Merry was approached by a lovely young lady in a robe made of the finest oriental silk.

"Excuse me I didn't mean to interrupt you all but I just wanted to say that I was at the show and it was amazing! I loved it, I'm a huge fan!"

"Well thank you very much we really appreciate it. Was this your first time seeing us perform?"

"Oh no, I have seen your show 6 other times." she replied

STALKER ALERT! I'm just saying.

"As a matter of fact, you performed for my father's 65th birthday."

"We did? If you don't mind me asking, who is your father?" inquired Merry.

"Emperor Ky-shito of the Silken Kingdom to the East."

"Oh, yeah I remember that show, that was the time that Surly got into a drinking contest with the royal guard and lost." Drowsy pointed out.

"Hell, how was I supposed to know that she could drink that much?" exclaimed Surly as he defended himself before pouring another drink.

"Anyway, I didn't mean to interrupt, I just wanted to let you know that I really enjoyed the show. Goodnight"

As the young woman walked off Merry couldn't help but be captivated by her beauty as his eyes followed her as she walked out of the tavern.

"Fellas, I need to take care of a few things, don't wait up!" said Merry as he excused himself from the table.

❖ (ATLEA) And They Lived Ever After Book:3

Chapter 1 GOBED-19

Welcome everyone to the much anticipated and long overdue conclusion to And They Lived Ever After, Book: 3! So, we left off with everyone in the Golden Kingdom fast asleep due to the spell of the wicked Witch Sisters. Governor Witless is now not only dealing with the blow back from winning the election and his private business dealings, he is now facing IMPEACHMENT! This Poor guy can't catch a break! That's right our esteemed newly elected official is about to be ousted on his political hind part by one of the highest-ranking female elected officials in our kingdom's history. She's also one of the most callous and might I say treacherous bih... women to ever dwell in all the realms, Gretelosi.

It was said that it was Gretelosi who had her twin brother Hanselosi investigated and incarcerated for his involvement in the Candy Cane Real Estate Affair that resulted in the swindling of millions of Gold pieces and the killing of a crone. Now Gretelosi is smack dab in the center of removing Witless from office citing unbecoming and unethical practices and behavior. Everything from his stance on banning illegal Gummies from entering Candyland to his supposed involvement with the dreaded and unscrupulous Boogeyman the Baba-Yaga.

But aside from all the drama coming from Gretelosi, Witless is dealing with a far worse situation a dreaded scourge that has cast a dark cloud over all the realms, a terror that has enveloped the entire kingdom to the North and West, the horrible sleeping curse now being called the "Nocturna Virus" GOBED-19.

Who am I? How rude of me, I'm just rambling on and on and I didn't even have the common courtesy to introduce myself. Hello everyone my name is Cricket, James E. Cricket and due to the aforementioned supernatural treachery, I will be taking over the duties of narrator.

...

Wait, no fanfare? No trumpets? My contract clearly states: Fanfare at every initial introduction! Well I guess with everything going on I can let it slide this time. So, the author, the talented "SILVERBACK", asked me to take up the narrative duties for the foreseeable future. So, I guess you guys are stuck with me. Now let's get you all caught up on everything, we'll just call it a refresher course ok?

So, the 3 Pigs and the Hunter were both being sued by Wolves, Jack was in Jail for breaking and entering, Rapunzel was caught in the middle of a romantic triangle that got her snatched bald. Sleeping Beauty came down with a nasty case of insomnia and through some bad advice from a face in the mirror sought help from a quack. The 6 Dwarfs tore the house down, and the lonely, good King Midas found love. The Muffin Man croaked, The Tooth Fairy lied and Witless was the people's choice, oh and Red had her baby! Well kind of...she had a baby. Now we're all on the same page, if not please take a moment to visit www.tattooedapepublishing.com and purchase ATLEA Books: 1&2 I'll wait.

...

Oh, don't forget to grab 2.5 as well, it fills in some of those major key points.

Now that everyone's purchased their copies, let's address the current matter at hand the: Global Occurrence Bringing Eventual Dormancy more commonly known as: GOBED-19.

As you all probably remember while everyone gathered at the Gubernatorial celebration in the Great Peppermint Hall the Wicked Witch Sisters met in secret to cast a most heinous plot releasing a sleeping spell. The spell was

only to affect those in the Great Hall but because of a slight mistake by Morena who happens to not only have cataracts and glaucoma she's also both nearsighted and farsighted with a hint of astigmatism. The spell as I heard was only supposed to call for 2 pinches of powdered Bat Wing and because of her poor vision she poured 2 pouches of powdered Bat Wing into the bubbling cauldron. Now I got a few questions about this:

1. Where does one procure said powdered Bat-Wings?
2. Who just keeps that kind of stuff just lying around? and...

If the other 3 Sisters Grizellda, Elga and Alyza knew this chick Morena was damn near blind why on earth would they let her read the damn spell book?

I guess that's a question that needs to be addressed later on in the future. Anyways because of her major slip up when they entered into the Great Peppermint Hall undetected, uncorking the vial holding the sleeping curse it not only took out everyone in attendance the dark and powerful mist continued to grow in size! Here's the kicker in all this, the 4 witches all succumbed to the spell. In an attempt to rush out before it was too late Morena who is also bad at walking in heels slips, stumbles and falls causing her 3 sisters to trip over her and get caught in the Purple sleeping mist and were all knocked out instantly. If that wasn't bad enough the Governor got away! That's right the Witches prime target was able to escape thanks to his security detail and since nobody was awake to stop the spell the Purple mist just continued to grow and grow making its way out of the Great Hall and proceeded to sweep throughout the village and eventually the entire kingdom.

Eventually the toxic Purple cloud dissipated but the effects were long lasting indeed. That one botched spell has now become a kingdomwide pandemic! Witless has been in close chamber sessions with the oldest and wisest of the kingdom trying to come up with a solution.

In front of his home a crowd began to gather demanding answers. As time passed the crowd continued to grow more anxious and restless calling out to the Governor. While inside a solution or possible solution was suggested and considered. As a matter of fact, as we speak Governor Witless about to address his fellow Aaliyans in regards to the toxic cloud that terrorized the Kingdom steps out on to his balcony.

Let's talk after, shall we?

“Good evening my fellow Aaliyans 1st things 1st I want to say that the egregious claims made by Ms. Gretelosi are baseless and unfounded and her attempt to impeach me will not succeed but there is a more pressing issue that must be addressed now! Apparently, what was supposed to be a simple curse and attempt on my life placed by the Tooth Fairy and her treacherous Wicked Witch Sisters has now become a scourge that has not only spread here in Aaliy but across all of the Golden Kingdom and beyond her pristine borders. My wisest council comprised of wizards, alchemists and soothsayers have informed me that this is no mere curse but a pandemic which is being called "GOBED-19" or the "Nocturna Virus". This is a situation the likes that we have never seen before. Those that fell asleep are still asleep and the curse has now shown signs of becoming extremely contagious. Someone who may be infected with the "GOBED-19" virus can simply yawn in the vicinity of someone and cause them too to fall into a deep uninterrupted slumber.”

“We ask that from this moment forward that you all stay indoors, if you feel sleepier than normal we implore that you self-quarantine yourself for a minimum of 72 hours. If someone in your home falls into the "GOBED-19" slumber do not remain in contact with them for you too will fall asleep. Now it is rumored that there is an Alchemist in a neighboring Kingdom to the East with a possible cure. I will be dispatching a medical team to travel to the Kingdom of E'vante to investigate and attempt to retrieve said cure and bring it back here to Aaliy. Once the cure is procured it will be disbursed to all of you and then shared with the rest of the Golden Kingdom. So please everyone I implore you to STAY HOME and STAY SAFE! If you need to leave your homes, wear a mask, wash your hands at all times and please be careful!”

The Governor waves to the villagers below and returns inside his home as the villagers heed his warning and frantically race to their homes.

Well there you have it ladies and gentlemen we are smack dab in the middle of an all-out pandemic. I have to be honest with you, I'm a little freaked out by this. But I'll tell you one thing if anyone thinks of coming near me they better keep their distance! That's right folks 6 feet 6 inches away from me at ALL TIMES! NO EXCEPTIONS! As a matter of fact, I'm putting a 2nd mask on just to make sure that I remain safe, not saying that I don't trust any of you but better safe than sorry. Hell, I suggest you all do the same as well and protect yourselves.

The Governor's medical team consisting of: Geppetto, Alice, Mama Bear and The Shoemaker head out on horseback that very night to the Kingdom of E'vante in search of the rumored cure.

Tattooed
APZ

❖ D.E.C.K

-Chapter 1-

For the past couple of years there has been unrest in the world as headlines like these grace the cover and front pages of the world's newspapers

- White house evacuated due to bomb found in Lincoln's bedroom!
- Terrorist strike America on 4th of July destroy statue of liberty!
- World Series game seven cancelled after plane crashes in Yankee stadium in 5th inning!
- Bomb explodes at the base of San Francisco's golden gate bridge! Who is responsible?
- London landmark Big Ben destroyed on clock's anniversary
- Terrorist promise: "worse is yet to come for Americans!"
- Jonathan hardy elected president of United States in largest landslide ever!
- Jonathan hardy to terrorist "we will not be afraid and we will not live in fear!"
- Will terrorist strike on inauguration day? The world waits!

But today is a bright and beautiful day as the world watches on, the nation swears in a new president and a new era in the history of the United States. In a time of turmoil and great distress the country has chosen a leader; one who will hopefully save the country from the terror and harm of hateful countries and adversaries. With all the pomp and circumstance of the day Jonathan Hardy steps up to the greatest challenge of his life as he places his hand atop the bible held before him.

"I do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the Office of President of the United States, and will to the best of my ability, preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States."

As the crowd applauds the judge walks away as the President walks up to the podium and turns his attention to supporters and on lookers.

"Vice President Perez, Mr. Chief Justice, President Bush Sr., President Clinton, President Bush, and Madam President, members of the United States Congress, reverend clergy, distinguished guests, and fellow citizens... On this day, preordained by law and marked by this ceremony, we celebrate the unwavering wisdom of our Constitution, and recall the deep commitments that unite this great country. I am grateful for the honor of this hour, and aware of the consequential times in which we all live, and determined to fulfill the oath that I have sworn and you have just witnessed."

As a country we have thrived on our zeal and zest for life and witnessed even fallen victim to severe acts of terrorism in the last 10 years as the rest of the world has waits and watches to see if we as a people will ever bounce back. I am here today to... In the middle of heart wrenching and passionate speech the head of the secret service receives some information in his earpiece about an unidentified box found with the capital building. Unsure of what it could be but not going to take any unnecessary chances the secret service agent calmly walks up to the President and leans in.

"Mr. President there has been a security breech and a possible threat to your safety I need for you the Vice President and your families to please come with me immediately!"

Without delay and any sign of excitement to worry the crowd the President and his family as well as those of the Vice President follow the instructions of the agent and follow him and his people out to the awaiting limousines and black SUVs surrounded by security as they all get in and drive off heading to safety. With silence between them all of they quickly arrive at the White House, as The President is escorted one direction and his wife in another. Before leaving her, he looks at her into her eyes and nods reassuring her that everything will be ok then follows his security to the Oval Office where his presence is awaited as he sits at his desk.

"What the hell happened out there?" Questioned President Hardy as secret service agent Helms gets up from his seat and walks towards Hardy. "Mr. President a bomb was detected inside the capital building."

"Excuse me? COME AGAIN!!!"

Secretary of State Jim Warner one of Jonathan Hardy's longest and dearest friends walks into the Oval Office and into the conversation

"Yes sir, an explosive unit was found hidden in the northwest corner of the building and was detected by one of the K9 units."

"How the hell did it get there in the first place? I thought that area was completely secured." Exclaimed Vice President Perez. "That's the problem Amanda; this new threat is very, very cunning and apparently has connections everywhere." Explained Jim.

Concerned and worried at the possibility of another terrorist attack so soon after the last one and with the country still reeling and trying to heal President Hardy gets up and walks over to the window folds his arms and looks out onto the grounds takes a deep breath and exhales.

❖ Find Your Smile

CHAPTER ONE:

-Tennessee-

They say: "*Home is Where the Heart Is*" if that is the case then my home apparently is somewhere in Knoxville. For the longest time I've said that at some point in my life I would love to retire to Montana. That was my endgame, to have a quiet ranch with my nearest neighbor 3-5 miles away and live in total seclusion. Total removal from society just me, my horse Ebony in her stable, a rocking chair on the porch seated beside a pitcher of lemonade on the table with the sunset before me. Beautiful image isn't it? And just imagine if that scene were to be blessed by a little bit of snowfall in the Winter and the lemonade be replaced with a cup of Hot Chocolate with some Whipped Cream nestled on top of it. Now my dream is still there, nothing has changed Montana is still in play, but we have another location that has made itself known.

As I sit in my hotel room looking out of the window I can't help but notice how absolutely beautiful the changing leaves on the trees are. Truth be told for as long as I've been on this celestial orb known as Earth I have never really paid much attention to the changing colors of the foliage around me. For as hectic as certain stages of my life have been I never just stopped, not to smell the Roses which is something everyone should partake in or stop to admire the beauty of a tree changing shades as one season dies and another emerges. I admit after seeing this for the past few days I now realize that for the last 45 years I HAD BEEN MISSING OUT!

There's something very tranquil about going down the highway in a Hemi powered Charger window down, clean crisp air in your lungs and the sight of rows and rows of trees with their colorful hues and shades of Fall cascading. If there is a more perfect moment in time I'd like to know what it is! This was what I truly needed, this was the missing piece of the puzzle. It was then that I realized a few undeniable truths about myself:

1. The city is a wonderful place to be born and my city was the best in the world. But there is something heartwarming about the country.
2. There's something emotionally fulfilling about the slowness and steadiness of the country. No hustle, no bustle, no great hurry to get here, there or anywhere. Just a peaceful sense of: *here is where I am*. The people are incredibly friendly, the weather is gorgeous and the food is the BEST I'VE HAD IN A VERY LONG TIME!
3. I have learned that there is no better meal on the planet than a home cooked Southern meal like the one I had the last time I was here: Smothered Pork Chops, Rice, Black-eyed Peas, Collard Green, Cornbread, homemade Lemonade with the little wedge on the rim and Apple Pie for dessert. If you want a direct line to my heart ladies that's how you get there.

So, to you, Smoky Mountain State I say:

Dear: Tennessee;

I would be remiss if I didn't take a moment while here for the 4th time to say that you have stolen my heart! Every time I land here I find 2 or 3 more reasons to want to come back again and leave my reality in my rear-view. There are so many things that I wish and desire to do in your great state from visiting Dollywood to taking a picture in front of "The King's" home, Graceland. From visiting the Johnny Cash Museum to standing in the hallowed halls of The Grand Ole Opry where the Man in Black sang: I Walk the Line on July 7th, 1956. I long to visit Gatlinburg and experience the true beauty of your Smoky Mountains. Although I'm a Dallas Cowboys fan I want to experience the rush and pride of a Tennessee Titans game (your fans are some of the most passionate I've seen in a while and Derrick Henry is an absolute BEAST!) I want to visit some of the restaurants featured on my favorite food show Diners Drive-ins and Dives. I have to try Nashville's legendary Hot Chicken at 55 South, in Franklin and swing by Martin's Bar-B-Que Joint, just outside Nashville, for their pulled pork sliders and I can't forget the meat and three at Arnold's Country Kitchen (Country Fried Steak here I come).

Being from New York I am not unfamiliar to those cold and snowy Winters. Now residing in the sweltering state of Florida, snowy Winters aren't even on the Doppler. I would sacrifice the warmth of the Florida Sun in a heartbeat for your Snowy mornings and cold crisp air that emerges from my lungs in the form of smoke as I exhale in serenity. To sit on the steps of a rental cabin with someone special and look out at the snowcapped mountains is all I would want to encapsulate the joys of the latter part of my life.

Aside from the food, the sports, the musical history and scenery there is one thing that stands above all the rest when it comes to my love for you. I thank you for protecting my son! In August, I left my son here with you as he prepared to start his athletic and academic collegiate life at Carson-Newman University which was the hardest thing I ever had to do. When my flight began to take off I asked you with tears in my eyes to please take care of my most treasured possession and you did just that. As he learned to navigate a new state and a new life on his own you made sure he would grow, learn, adapt and thrive, for that I am eternally grateful.

Tennessee, there are not enough words in the English language to complete my love letter to you. I will have to try and show you a little more every time I return and trust and believe I will be back. You will forever occupy a special place and "puzzle piece" in this heart of mine!

Silver

"SILVERBACK"

❖ *Hell & Holy Water*

-Chapter 1-

Hells Gate, Arizona: 2:13AM

On the corner of Wayne and Summons a shiny classic, black 1969 Camaro sits in an alley with its lights off as two men sit; patiently waiting for one of the most slippery individuals they have come across in their short stint as bounty hunters to show his head. He was a rat but he was a knowledgeable rat and for that reason, alone they'll wait.

"Open the window X. I have no desire to die from second hand smoke."

"The smoke ain't that bad."

"My fist in your face is a lot worse. Now crack the GOD DAMN window!"

"Ritchie had better show up soon. I'm starting to get impatient here."

"Xavier, we agreed not to rush in. We have no idea what they're packing in there. Just hang loose and listen to some Cash"

Xavier tossed the cig out the window and took a swig of his coffee. They had been sitting there for hours all to get their hands-on Ritchie. Ritchie was snitch and a snitch of the highest order, if there was anything going down in the city he knew about it and he wasn't afraid to tell anyone who would listen if they had the right number of zeros in their pocket

"We know that Ritchie is in there. His bounty is currently \$20,000. That pays the 3 months of back rent on the office, and gives us enough to be paid and then some. I know keeping cool isn't your thing but, it's worth being patient for."

As the two of them sit in the Camaro waiting on their target to emerge a nun walked by the front of the alley passing the car and peaking the attention of the hyperactive Xavier.

"Check out the ass. Sweet!"

"That's a nun. You perv! That's got to be a guaranteed way to end up in Hell."

"J, I fail to see your point right now?"

"And on top of that a black cat just ran by in front of us an even greater sign that you undressing a nun with your eyes will land you in the lake of fire."

With lustful intentions, Xavier takes another swig of his energy drink and licks his lips as he leers at the woman in the black cloth.

"Bro, how much do you want to bet that she's naked under there? Not a stitch of clothing binding those lovely tits! If I could keep them, I would name them Pleasure and Ecstasy"

"I don't care bro! I kind of like my afterlife filled with clouds and harps thank you very much."

"Jayson, there is clearly an unbelievable body under that Godly uniform"

"God just stop."

"Hell, God was the one that made them. You're just in a funk about Jessica?"

Just that quickly his demeanor changed. Jessica was Jayson's high school sweetheart. It was a love story as cliché as old as the hands of time. He was the High school jock and she was the head cheerleader. They had been together for years growing up side by side from kindergarten. They took baths together as tikes, to be technical about they were both the first to see the other naked and there was not a truer love than those two. Until he lost her, a stray bullet in the middle of a firefight in a public area took her life and his joy in the blink of an eye and thanks to Xavier, he was just reminded of the pain that still lingers.

"Jess..."

"I was going to marry her."

As he wipes the tears from his eyes, the light goes out in the apartment across the street and Xavier jumps up.

"Hold up J, looks like the wait is over. Our boy's on the move! I hope he runs, I really hope he runs."

"Good. I ready to kick some ass."

Jayson slowly pulls the Camaro out from the alley and pulls up in front of the brownstone. Xavier gets out and lights a cigarette standing in front of car waiting on the unsuspecting Ritchie.

"I shall try not to fuck some up shit."

"Shakespeare has nothing on you."

The front door to the brownstone opens and a small man with brown hair exits the building. He's scrawny and jittery looking around as if to expect everything and anything at anytime from anywhere. In one-hundred-degree weather, he's wearing a winter coat and a scarf, and looks worried. Even more so once, he sees Xavier walking up towards him and Xavier looks pissed.

"Ritchie old pal. We have spent quite a bit of time tracking your sniveling ass."

"Trust me now is not the time."

Jayson slowly gets out of the car and as imposing as a jet-Black Camaro can be the sight of a six-foot six-inch tattooed behemoth getting out is just as intimidating. Ritchie looks at Xavier and continuously keeps looking behind him as if he expects someone to pop up behind him.

❖ IV

-Prologue-

[1] In the true beginning, the Earth was without form, void, and darkness was upon it. [2] Darkness was all that existed until the voice of a woman from within spoke and said, "You shall not be alone for I shall bless you with a brother to be thy balance. [3] And the voice cried out "Let there be light!" [4] And after the voice spoke there was light and the darkness named Lucifer had a brother which he called God. [5] And he was good for he instilled balance to the darkness and the world was now whole. [6] For God was called the light of Day and his brother Lucifer the darkness of Night. [7] From the first of days all were created from the Earth and the Seas, the grass and fruit trees to the beasts of the earth and fowl of the air. [8] And God saw everything that he had made, behold it was good.

Now that all was made on the seventh day God laid his head down and rested from all the work that he had done. The seventh day was blessed and sanctified. Time had passed...shortly thereafter man...was created!

God and his brother Lucifer sat upon their celestial thrones and watched below as Adam slowly became acclimated to his new home in the Garden of Eden.

"Brother, how long before this poor creature does something foolish?" asked Lucifer as he watches Adam aimlessly through the garden.

"Lucifer, my kin, this creature as you call him is above doing anything foolish as you put it for it is not of his knowing to do so." God replied.

"He will disappoint you dear brother. He can be easily led astray and Adam will let you down. Man can be corrupted!"

"Nonsense!" God exclaimed as he stepped down from his throne. "Man will honor my bidding for he was created in my own image."

"That may be true brother, that he was made in your image but you fail to acknowledge one truth. That you were forged in mine! So, as I am in you shall I be in him as well!"

Lucifer stepped down from his seat on high to join his brother with chalice in hand and a smirk upon his rigid face. Leaning over the shimmering gold railing he looked below upon the garden.

"How much faith do you put in man? Would you care to wager on the fidelity of your new toy?" inquired the older sibling.

"So be it! Speak the terms." God ordered.

"In three days, Adam will fail you. Your child will disappoint you breaking your heart." Lucifer snickered taking a drink for him chalice.

"THE TERMS...SPEAK THEM NOW!"

"If I prove the he can be turned against your will I can claim any part of this world as my dominion for all eternity."

God stood there for a moment looking down at Adam stroking his beard with contemplation upon his brow. Chuckling to himself, he nods then turns his attention to his brother and smiles.

“Very well, and if you lose you shall be man’s protector till the end.” God declared.

Just as God placed Adam in the Garden to tend it he also commanded “You are free to eat of any tree in the garden; but you must not eat from the Tree of Knowledge of good and evil, for when you eat of it you will certainly die.”

Feeling for Adam’s loneliness in the garden he made it that Adam slept deeply removing one of his ribs allowing him to consequently make Eve.

“Brother, two days have passed and your time is slowly drawing to an end.” God pointed out to his brother who was sitting on his throne with a look of confidence upon his face.

“By today’s end the wager shall be won and a portion of this realm, this world that you have created will be forfeit to me!” he replied confidently.

Lucifer left from on high and emerged in the garden as a serpent. He craftier than others approached Eve asking, “Did God really say, “You must not eat of the Tree of Knowledge?”

Eve replied, “We must not eat from the tree in the middle of the garden or touch it for we will surely die.”

“My child, you will not die.” The serpent explained. “For God knows that when you eat of it your eyes will be opened and you will know good and evil like your Father above, and he does not want you to know that which he knows an abundance of. So, eat my child, partake from the tree and consume the fruit.”

As the serpent slithered away, Eve saw how pleasing to the eyes the fruit was and she ate of it giving a piece to Adam as well. The serpent slinked past the foot of his brother and took his form standing behind him.

“Brother, as I promised Man corrupted and now I shall claim what is owed to me.” Gloated Lucifer. “For since you have made yourself comfortable here in the realm above, I shall claim the realm below them.”

And God watched as both Adam and Eve hid their nakedness, knowing shame for the first time, he wept as he exiled them from his beloved garden.

“Remember my dear brother your faith in man is misplaced for they will continue to disappoint you for one day ultimately costing you your begotten son.” Lucifer stated.

As Lucifer leaves his brother gazing down on Eden, looking upon his failure weeping he states...

“The tears that man causes you to now shed will one-day scorch their flesh I promise!” Lucifer declared as the skies darkened around him. “For I see the fate of man and it is tainted by blood. Blood caused by trusted leaders, foolish prophets and greedy idols. They will give just cause for whatever you deem necessary when their time of judgment arrives.” he continues as he walks away.

“I have faith brother that man will one day come to their senses and see the light of my glory and righteousness. They will redeem themselves in my eyes.” God said.

“You will be their downfall and they shall be yours! Trust me brother I have seen it woven in the tapestry of time and no good comes at the end of this.” Lucifer prophesizes as he vanishes.

Sadly, Lucifer was right and his brother did indeed continue to shed more tears for what he created. Man did more than just disappoint their maker. They spat upon him, turned away from his teachings and his commandments. They worshiped false idols and put them on pedestals above him. As they abused their faith, they cheated and robbed all in his so-called name and he watched it all from on high. Upon their final act of disrespect God both frustrated and heartbroken wept flooding the Earth with his tears for 40 days and 40 nights washing away the wicked. As the years passed into themselves man continued their sinful ways without fear of the Father striking back at them. Over time

the old words ceased to have any meaning for man forgot about their God and no longer feared the idea of his swift and vengeful justice.

Despite the prophesized return of the Father man remained unchecked!



Tattooed
APL

❖ SILVERBACK: My Life & Journey

-Chapter 1-

I was born September 2nd 1975 in Brooklyn New York to Hortense and Glaister Ormsby. My mother was a nurse and my father was a cook in the hospital. They had met a few years earlier being that they both worked in the same hospital. My dad was born in Kingston Jamaica and she was born in Belmopan Belize. Both very small cities in the islands, modest and simple living followed them both to the states. I really hadn't known much about their upbringing except for the fact that they both worked at a very early age either in the fields or in the factories.

My early childhood was simple for as long as I could remember there was my mom and my dad and I and that was it. They both worked and I was sent off to daycare Monday through Friday until turning 6 and attended private school for the 1st grade. Excelsior Elementary was a completely different world from daycare no more naps, no more running around playing freeze tag. Goodbye freedom hello structure and hello real world. Private school was something that was a new experience in so many ways now I know only being on this earth for a few years don't make me an expert but there are some things that I knew. You wore a suit either to church or a funeral, everyone only dressed the same if you were on the same team or in the Army together. I had to forget everything I knew correction everything I thought I knew up to this point.

Note to self: in private school everyone is required to wear a school uniform. Suits are not just for funerals, and in private school all the boys dressed exactly the same (navy blue jacket, white shirt and grey slacks).

So, with that being established I was thrust into a world of structure at an early age and I didn't like it! I felt like I was stuck in a rut and I know you're probably saying to yourself this kid is still wet behind the ears what the hell does he know about being in a rut? Trust me I do every morning walking from my home to the school all you could see was a sea of navy blue and grey walking into the building in a straight procession. One long ass procession, the only thing missing was the fat guy standing there beating his kettledrum to a very slow and deliberate pace as we marched in. Did I mention that I hated structure; but it was here where I found out that I have a love for art and it was here that I learned you can't trust everyone that snakes come in all shapes sizes and ages.

It was time for the school's annual bake sale and I was excited I didn't know what to expect but I had heard from some of the older kids that you could find some of the best cupcakes at their bake sale and I had a MONSTER SIZED SWEET TOOTH! There was an older girl that had a platter of golden yellow cupcakes with chocolate frosting for sale for \$1.00 and I bought one and nibbled on it as I walked around the gym and took a look at all the other wares for sale.

It was there; right there where I saw the coolest thing it was a drawing of a guy with pointy ears wearing a cape. I asked how much and she told me \$10.00 so I without any hesitation I gave this

complete stranger \$10.00 without a second thought. I got it and it was the most awesome thing I had ever bought it my life and so happy that I had it until I got home.

The thing about island parents is that they are not as flexible and lenient as you would think. Running home at full speed to show off my purchase was like a slave running home to master after doing something they had no business doing. The results were the same much like the slave I got a whipping for it. Spending \$10.00 for a drawing was not allowed nor was it going to be tolerated so you guessed it the very next day my father marched right down to the school and demanded to find out who took my money for such foolishness.

Now to be honest I wasn't looking forward to my dad stomping down to the school to make a giant scene but I was looking forward to going home and analyzing the drawing I purchased to study it so I guess I had to take the good with the bad.

-Chapter 2-

It didn't take long for me to be hooked on comic book art not too long after the fiasco at the school's bake sale. I loved the lines, the details and the colors the captivating powers of a character's intricate design. I wanted to not only look at them I wanted to draw them, I wanted to create my own and that was exactly what I did. I picked up a pencil and never looked back. I had my stumbling blocks along the way but I kept moving forward.

It was hard to get that overwhelming support at home because as far as they could tell I was just drawing "robots" (truth be told that's exactly what they called everything I drew) and truth be told it hurt. So, to parents I say this: *Your kids seeking your approval is the foundation to their creative development. They draw what they feel and what they love and they want to share that with the world starting with you. Your approval or disapproval can shape not only their confidence but it can also structure how they see their art from that point forward. Will it be their finest moment at that time or will it be the design that they second guess and hide from the world?*

I chose not to let their condescending opinions stop me. I found approval first from myself and then from others. Students in the same grade as myself and older started to notice my ability. Before I knew it, I was able parlay my talent into a lucrative little side business designing artwork for students' book report covers. Soon after word of my business made it to the ears of the teacher's lounge and next thing I knew I was not only drawing for the students I was now designing for the faculty. I was respected and demanded for my art and I LOVED IT!

I charged both the teachers and the students a specific fee based on what they wanted the next thing I know I was on top of the world even though it put a lot of pressure on me to now complete my homework, study for test and make deadlines but it allowed me pick up some extra cash to pay for my toys but more importantly it gave me an opportunity to do what I love...DRAW!

❖ SYN Book: 1 “You Will Repent!”

-Chapter 1-

The night is cold and so will the heart of the one whose truth leads him to revelations of his past, keys to the pieces that fill the puzzles of the soul. This is the tale of a reckoning of a damned soul.

A young man sleeps in his bed peacefully until his dreams which were once about women and occasional fantasy torment him.

“You **BITCH!** You **WHORE!**”

“I have had my fill of your bullshit!”

“I’m leaving!”

“Like hell you are!”

The woman walks away only to be violently grabbed by her husband.

“Don’t you ever walk away from me when I’m talking to you! **EVER!**”

“You were ordered to get a fucking abortion. What the fuck were you thinking? I have enough to deal with. I don’t need another damn mouth to feed you stupid whore!”

Just then in a violent rage he begins to beat his wife into a coma and eventually death. The young man simultaneously wakes up in a cold sweat just when the woman gasps for her last breath before dying.

“What the hell was that?”

As the actions in the dream disturb him, he gets up from his king size bed and heads to the bathroom to douse his face in cold water. He turns on the cold water and wets his face as he looks up into the mirror he sees the face of an old woman.

“Dreams are the answers to the questions of the soul. Dreams are a reflection of the soul within. Your dreams will lead you to the man in the mirror you have not yet encountered.”

The face in the mirror vanishes only to leave him staring at his own reflection.

“I’ve got to quit eating Black Rice and Roasted Pork this late...and those 4 Pina Coladas didn’t help either.”

For the rest of the night he stayed up trying to analyze what took place and what the old woman meant by the man he had not yet encountered.

“Wait a minute.”

He chuckles.

“Old women don’t just pop up in peoples’ mirror all willy nilly. I just need to get a grip that’s all.”

Chapter 2

That morning on his way to work he sits at a red light looking up at the red hue reminds him of the horrific bloody scene he envisioned that night as he relives glimpses of it. So, caught up in the events he doesn’t hear the horns blowing behind him, the drivers screaming, or realize that the light has turned green.

“MOVE DAMN IT!”

“THE LIGHT’S GREEN ASSHOLE; THAT MEANS DRIVE!”

The siren of an ambulance, blaring in the near vicinity, jolts him back to reality.

“Shit! What is wrong with me? Maybe some music will snap me out of it.”

He flips on the voice activated sound system in his 2010 jet Black Lincoln MKX.

“Evanescence track no. 3 volume level 52”

As the Lincoln fills up with the sounds of Evanescence’s “Whisper” a calming feeling overcomes him as he pulls in the garage. With the windows open the earth-shattering vibrations of Amy Lee’s voice engulf the silence heading up to his rooftop parking space atop the Marthos building which reads “Kayne Marthos C.E.O.” Kayne Marthos the 28-year-old billionaire, business tycoon and the city’s leading philanthropists who recently snatched the number one spot on Forbes Top 10 Billionaires Worldwide List. As he heads down to his office via his private elevator, this man commands the respect of all his employees. Standing 6 feet 3 inches tall in a finely custom-tailored Armani 3-piece suit, even his enemies have no choice but to respect him.

“Sir your 10:30 has not arrived as of yet. Their jet has just landed at the air strip.”

“Thank you, Victoria. Notify me the moment they arrive.”

“I will sir...would you like anything else?”

“Just a cup of coffee sweetie.”

“Ok sir...oh by the way a courier dropped a package for you. I left it on your desk”

“Thank you!”

As Kayne heads to his office, he does not notice the doe eyed look he is given by his secretary Victoria, who has concealed her love for him since the day she was hired. Entering his office, he notices the black envelope sitting on his desk. He picks it up and reads: FOR YOUR EYES ONLY! written on the face of the envelope. He thinks to himself.

“That’s strange no return address no nothing...I wonder who sent it.”

He opens the envelope and a stream of smoke arises from the flap as the envelope bursts into flames dispersing into thin air as a black CD-ROM lands on his desk.

“This is too fucking weird and it’s only the beginning of the day. Well, there’s only one way to find out what’s on this thing.”

He sits down in his leather chair and inserts the mysterious CD-ROM into his computer...upon insertion the monitor flashes and fades to black and a crystal ball icon appears in the top left corner. He clicks on it and a face appears the same face he saw last night in his bathroom mirror that of the old woman.

“Holy Sh...!”

“There’s nothing holy about me and there is definitely nothing holy about the answers I can give to you...Mr. Marthos!” ...nothing holy at all!”

No sooner than she said that the screen emitted a blinding light and an E-Mail message icon was flashed on the screen.

“An E-Mail?”

He clicks on the E-Mail icon and found an awaiting message:

FROM: ??????????

TO: Kayne Marthos

MESSAGE: You are about to embark on a journey of the soul a revelation if you will. For as many people know you as Kayne Marthos do you know who you really are. I know about your dreams and why you have them and only I can give you the answers you seek. For you see what you have seen in your night sleeps are not mere dreams from the sub-conscious but answers into your past, into the main question that has haunted you from day one... **WHO ARE YOUR REAL PARENTS?** I have the answers you have searched for. If you truly desire to know the truth at the next full moon I will seek you out.

“What the hell is going on here?”

“Here’s your coffee sir...sir ...sir are you ok?”

“Huh? Um... um yes, I’m fine. My mind was somewhere else. What were you saying Victoria?”

“Your coffee sir it’s ready...here.”

“Oh, thank you.”

“Are you sure you’re ok? You look as if you have seen a ghost.”

“Yeah I’m sure that’ll be all.”

“Ok sir.”

“Victoria, wait there is one more thing. Do you know who sent me that package you left on my desk?”

“Uh no sir I don’t...when I arrived this morning there was a man dressed all in black who said “make sure your boss gets this!” Before I could even ask him what it was or who it was from he vanished.”

“Vanished?”

“Yes, Mr. Marthos vanished into thin air...the strange thing was when he disappeared the room reeked of brimstone. Why is something the matter? Did I do something wrong?”

“No, I was just curious about who sent it...make me no never mind though.”

That evening Victoria walks into Kayne’s office to see if he needed anything before she decides to leave for the night.

“Mr. Marthos do you need anything else from me or is ok for me to go?”

“As a matter of fact, I was just about to leave now myself; give me a minute and I’ll drive you down to your car.”

“Ok”

As Kayne was about to turn his computer off, the phone rings.

“Hello?”

“Time is now at hand...now look directly into your monitor for only you will be able to see what it will display.”

Kayne stares at the monitor as a blinding flash emits from it and a message is displayed:

“You will be led the way but you must open your mind to see the truth I have to reveal to you.”

Just then the light goes away

“Mr. Marthos what was that light?”

“I have no idea. Victoria, call the techs in the morning and have them replace the monitor.”

“Okay.”

“Come on Victoria; let’s go before any other strange things happen.”

Kayne drives Victoria down to her car then watches her leave the parking lot safely. As he leaves the garage his hummer’s Neo star global positioning system screen flashes with a map and a red star that reads: HERE IS WHERE THE ANSWERS YOU SEEK LIE.

❖ *SYN Book: 2 “The Progeny Returns”*

-Chapter 1-

Angel City four years later, four years after the death of Jericho Shaw III, four years after his criminal grip on the throat of this fair city was finally released, a black jet approaches a private airstrip at Archangel International Airport.

On the four-year anniversary of Victoria Malone’s death Kayne Marthos kneels on the ground and places roses at her gravesite

“It’s been 4 years babe...4 long years and my heart has still not yet begun to heal. I can’t help but feel responsible for your death. If I hadn’t let my thirst for revenge consume me none of this would ever have happened. And who knows maybe we’d be still together to this very day maybe even raising a family, but alas we will never know. I want you to know that I miss you very much and I still think about you. Every time I step into that office I keep hoping that this is all a nightmare and you’ll be there waiting for me to come in...I Love You Vic!

Kayne gets up and heads to his car and leaves the cemetery and heads home to be alone; alone from the world, alone from the reminders, and alone to confront the hurt that consumes his heart. As he pulls into estate he enters and heads to the study and pours himself a drink and just stares out of the window looking at his White Bengal Tiger roaming his area as the tears stream down his face.

Mysteriously a calming wind blows throughout the room emerging from the fireplace as a roaring fire erupts from the dormant pieces of wood a familiar voice rings out

“Kayne, once again I have returned from the ether ness of time and space to give notice that an act of vengeance has now opened the doors to retribution.

Agatha emerges from the flames and approaches the teary-eyed billionaire

The devil slain has a seed, a seed that has every intention to plant himself in the grounds of Angel City and strangle it like a weed. This seed of evil will seek you out as your alter persona but has no knowledge of you being his kin. Kayne... BEWARE! THE PROGENY RETURNS!

“So, it seems I have a brother?”

“Yes, Kayne you do.”

“My brother comes seeking revenge, looking for the one responsible for his father’s murder no doubt.”

“Be forewarned Kayne both love and hatred will divide the two of you before he even realizes the common blood line between you.”

“Let him come and if he’s not careful he will suffer the same fate as our...his father!”

As the old lady walks back to the fireplace she stops and acknowledges Kayne

“One cannot grieve forever...the heart will always hurt but you need to allow yourself to move on or the spirit of that young lady will be weighed down with unhappiness forever. She is with you as we speak and desires nothing more than for you to be happy as do I.”

She steps into the fire and disappears as quickly as she arrived.

{Thinking to himself}

"I have a brother...who seeks revenge it seems that I am not yet finished with the Shaws... Angel City you may fall victim to the second coming of the flames of Hell... so be it!"



Tattooed
APL

❖ *Tattooed Ape: Point A to B*

CHAPTER: I

-Enter: Ms. Karma-

Anyone who knows me or has been close to me knows that I love to draw and I love to write and create, those are the three things that bring me the most joy outside of my kids Devante and Nashaly. For years my artwork was my primary source of peace. Art got me through the toughest times of my life both as a child and as an adult. The pencil has allowed me to further my journey than I ever could have imagined. It put me in a position to be a guest at "Comics Cons", spoke on panels, met A-list celebrities and even given inspiration to young boys and girls that stopped by my booth.

The pencil allowed me to shake the hands of my idols like Greg Capullo and Neal Adams. This simple stick of wood and lead placed a wonderful little man in my life who I considered not only a "Father Figure" but also my friend the late Allen Bellman. My life felt like a dream when I had a pencil in my hand. That simple tool led me down an unexpected road that stopped with me sitting in front of my desk not with a pad before me but a laptop with a keyboard waiting to be utilized. Within the blink of an eye, I went from artist to author, sitting at my desk not creating character sketches but character profiles, scenarios, adventures, full length stories one after the other. My creative journey quickly took a completely different path. I wasn't just an artist now I was officially an author with a new dream and goal to reach for. The brass ring in front of me was a daunting one but one I was determined to snag! The ultimate achievement: to pen a title in every major literary genre.

"Your work is going to fill a large part of your life, and the only way to be truly satisfied is to do what you believe is great work. And the only way to do great work is to love what you do. If you haven't found it yet, keep looking. Don't settle. As with all matters of the heart, you'll know when you find it." — Steve Jobs

And I loved what I did! Key word is "did". For at the apex of my burgeoning literary career everything came to a screeching halt. So, let me paint the picture for you, I was hitting my creative stride and honestly the world couldn't tell me shit! In 3 years, I had penned 8 count em 8 titles: ATLEA Book: 1, ATLEA Book: 2, ATLEA Book: 2.5, D.E.C.K, SYN: 1&2, "SILVERBACK" My Life & Journey and Hell & Holy Water. If You want to purchase any of the aforementioned titles head over to my website: www.tattooedapepublishing.com after you finish here. Now that we got that shameless plug out of the way, where were we? Ah yes, I was on top of the world when I decided to spit in the face of a global religion. So, as I sat at my laptop with wine glass in hand I thought to myself in regards to my next title: "I wonder what would happen if God had a brother? And what if that brother was Lucifer himself? Better yet what would happen if Jesus Christ was the 4th Horseman? You know, as in the 4 Horsemen of the Apocalypse" And with that simple set of questions I penned probably my most unique title to date "IV", but that was just the beginning. Remember how before I said that the world couldn't tell me shit? Well I took that step of the proverbial cliff with the following thought: "What if the book of Revelation that we know was actually incomplete, what if there was a hidden chapter?"

So, you guessed it, I proceeded to rewrite the Book of Revelation's by creating that hidden chapter and I called it "The Cimmerian". That's right if I was gonna go down in history I was gonna go down infamously and in a blaze of FUCKING GLORY!

"Blaze" was a very ironic choice of words for you see, in my book "IV" the Cathedral of Notre Dame catches fire. Now I was so excited to release my new book that I did an early pre-promotion to drum up interest. And wouldn't you know it on the exact day I released my book April 15th 2019 at precisely 12:20 pm (20 minutes after I announced my book) Notre Dame in Paris, France went up in a fiery inferno. So, what do I do? I laugh and think to myself again SHIT, THIS IS GREAT! Automatic marketing at its finest laid right at my feet. Former WCW Executive Producer and later Senior Vice President Eric Bischoff once said that "Controversy Creates Cash" and I literally took that advice as gospel. I needed a marketing pitch and fate gave it to me wrapped up in charred angelic wrapping paper with a singed Red bow. I took the initial images of the inferno and photoshopped my book in front of it and pitched the hell out of it! I lost friends, family and colleagues over that stunt and I could have cared less. Was it insensitive? Yes! Could I have chosen a better way to promote my book? Most definitely! Did I care about how the burning of Notre Dame would affect a whole religion? Nah, not at all.

And how was I rewarded for my callousness and huberance? My eyesight slowly started to diminish. Karma was a bitch! Karma was a rosary carrying Hail Mary praying, communion taking bitch and she had me in her crosshairs. I was about to pay the ultimate price for my disrespect. Now in reality some may say karma but the truth of the matter is I CAUSED MY OWN GODDAMN DOWNFALL! so this is the part of the show where there would be a fuzzy smoky cloud of mist leading up to that inevitable flashback to an earlier time and a younger, stupider me.

Cue the cloud.

❖ The Book of Cimmerian

-Chapter 1-

1 I saw him as he paced from room to room with a look of fear upon his face. ²I continued my studies as my teacher transcribed his visions of both prophetic apocalyptic. ³His words of the *Father* echoed in his writings giving comfort and woe to his spirit. ⁴Man, he says shall hear the accounts of these visions and will find comfort in it. ⁵The teacher writes of seals and beasts speaking of what will come upon this Earth showing no sign of fear. ⁶Peace and all understanding followed John for as far as I can see.

⁷Therefore, did it continue that my teacher John would write the words given to him by the *Lord Jesus Christ* every day from sunrise to sunset. ⁸The peace of his writings soon started to cease once he'd lay his head down. ⁹A change of his temperament was clear when he would talk about his encounters with *Jesus*. ¹⁰As night fell his expression changed both on his face and in his actions. ¹¹It came to be second nature to see him smile in the day and cry out in terror and uncertainty at night.

¹²Unclear were the words mumbled by the teacher until one night. ¹³When I sat by his door and remained only to hear a conversation between two men, John the man and John the Apostle. ¹⁴For the first few nights upon my watch, I couldn't differentiate between the two. ¹⁵For the man John and the Apostle John were to my ears one in the same. ¹⁶It was on the third night that the separation became clear and I could tell one from the other. ¹⁷He laid his head down upon a pillow of straw for what sounded like a peaceful rest until the midnight hour had arisen.

¹⁸It was then for the first time I clearly heard the mumblings of a man I had not known. ¹⁹*You promised to return but not like this* he said and at that time I was unsure of who he spoke. ²⁰It became clearer as the night went on that his mumblings were indeed conversations with the *Lord Jesus Christ*. ²¹He begged him not to return for man was not ready and his pleas seemed to increase as their conversations continued. ²²He said *that four would be concealed and behind three of those seals would be his soldiers awaiting his return*. ²³I knew not what he meant but I saw the cold air circle around him when he spoke of them and I knew that all was not well in the spirits of John the Apostle.

❖ *The House of Silence*

Chapter I

The Black and Ivory casket sat on its pedestal surrounded by flowers and tokens of respect sent from fans and other individuals who were touched by the words he crafted and by his generosity. As the polished Silver handles capture the glimmering light from the Sun above the preacher gave his final words before the staff began laying the casket into the cold dark ground. For as loud as he was he passed away quietly in his sleep alone, but on this day when laid to rest he had a funeral fit for a King! Despite the fact of being an asshole to many both professionally and personally he was a man well respected by all. For some the term "ASSHOLE" was an insult but for him it was a badge of honor! He marched to the beat of his own drum and dictated the cadence that he forced to World to march to. His books reached millions and his words both shocked, entertained and inspired the masses. A New York Times book critic once called him the "Necessary Evil" that the literary world needed. And another author when asked about him said:

"Above all else he was an enigmatic entity, a force of nature that the world will never see again."

Clients and fans of all kinds came from across the globe to pay their final respects to a man who loved a few, trusted no one but took the respect of all who crossed his path. At the conclusion of the gravesite portion of the funeral service the preacher gave some private words of comfort to the family while the guests and dignitaries began leaving the cemetery.

"May your memories of him and the love of family surround you all and give you strength in the days ahead." the preacher declared to the mourning family.

"I can't believe he's gone Joe! My baby is really gone. My son is dead; our son is DEAD!" Marie cried out.

"I know." her husband replied.

"Grandma, I miss him already! I know that he's looking down on us but I wish he was here still with us. Does that make me selfish?" Kevon asked the rest of his family who had gathered around Marie.

"No nephew it doesn't! I would give anything to have my brother back with us for one more moment, one more barbeque, one more anything!" his younger brother tearfully replied.

"Kevon, come to Grandma. Baby, there is nothing selfish about wishing to have your Pops back here a little while longer. I know how much you loved him and how much he loved you. The only other person I think he loved as much was probably his little girl. And it warmed my heart to know that he left this Earth loving another person after she passed." Marie confessed as she wrapped her arms around her youngest grandchild.

"Hell, he had two of them!" Theresa barked out as she put her hand on the shoulder of her oldest son while everyone glared back at her and her family.

"Theresa, that wasn't what I meant! I was just saying that I'm glad that he had his boys. After she passed he had a void in his heart and as a mother I didn't think anything would fill it. But then the two of them came into his life and everything changed. And I am so grateful for the both of them." She confessed as she reached out for the hand of her oldest grandson Rashad.

"What moves through us is a silence, a quiet sadness, a longing for one more day, one more word, one more touch. We may not understand why he left this earth so soon, or why he left before we were ready to say goodbye, but little by little, you will begin to remember not just that he died, but that he lived. And that his life gave us memories too beautiful to forget." the preacher softly and eloquently expressed when a gentleman in a finely tailored suit approached the grieving family sitting by at his grave having a personal moment together.

"Good morning, my name is Alexander Crowne and I am the attorney and executor of the recently deceased's estate. First off on behalf of our firm we would like to extend our condolences to you all on your tragic and unexpected loss. He was an extraordinary individual and he will be truly and profoundly missed. I was both a fan of the person in front of and behind the pen" confessed the gentleman.

"Thank you, Mr. Crowne was it?" Marie asked.

"Yes, that was correct. I know that this is probably not the best time to do this but it may be the only opportunity for us to have all of you here together." he cryptically stated.

"Together for what?" his brother asked.

"Per his preset instructions you all are requested and expected to attend the reading of my client's will in exactly one week's time." Mr. Crowne explained.

He took a seat on one of the chairs besides the puzzled family and laid his briefcase on his lap, opened it and removed a set of seven black envelopes from within. He gave each individual one of the black envelopes with their names written upon them in Silver ink and informed them that all the pertinent information they would need can be found within. After giving out the final envelope to his ex-wife he got up from his seat tilted his hat and bided them all farewell. As he slowly walked away leaving the group bewildered they watched as he headed to an awaiting chauffeured driven Escalade. Now having to process their loss they also now find themselves wondering what to make of all that just occurred. Theresa ripped open her black envelope while murmuring and complaining to herself

"This is bullshit! I don't see why I have to wait a whole week to find out what this son of a bitch left me. I can guarantee you one thing, and that's no matter what it is it's not even close to what I think I should be getting!" she barked with righteous indignation.

Upon opening it she read the documents inside that indeed stated that the reading of his will would be held in Helena, Montana over 2,700 miles away one week from today.

"What kind of bullshit is this? I'm not paying for flight to fly way out to God know where. Everyone knows that they ain't no niggers in Montana! What the hell do I look like going out there for what to get lynched? No thank you, I'll keep my happy ass right in North Carolina where it's safe."

"Theresa, sweetheart, there's a plane ticket inside the envelope!" her husband George revealed. "The flight is covered."

"Oh, there is? So, I don't have to pay? Well hell then, let me go back home and pack my bag! I'm heading to Montana. I heard it's a lovely state this time of year you know?" she declared as his mom shook her head in disgust.

"The one bright spot is that he's now free of that wretched woman." she whispered to herself.

As they left the gravesite they all returned to their homes and their normal everyday lives. Theresa and George returned to Charlotte, North Carolina, Rashad to Portland and Kevon went back to Dallas, Texas. For some they had already started to not only assume what was going to be left to them but they almost instinctively started making plans on how to spend or use whatever they felt they were entitled to. They weren't worried about if there might be stipulations but just how quickly they could utilize it and monopolize it milking his remains for everything they can get out of it.

They were a pack of Hyenas in life and they were just as ravenous in death!

❖ *The Masterpiece*

-Prologue-

She was everything that he wanted and in the beginning she didn't realize it. Now she finds herself sitting before him in his studio preparing to be immortalized. Now there will be no questions or doubts where his once jaded heart now lies.

His canvas was bare and sat there empty upon his easel for years without any purpose but to sorely remind him of what he once loved and once broke his heart. His art was his passion and anyone who truly knew him knew that a pad and pencil were never too far from his talented hands. He would sketch at the drop of a dime and enjoyed the sheer bliss of it. Every line, curve and angle he cherished it all and more importantly he respected it. He respected the craft and the lineage from Van Gogh to Rembrandt, Disney to Chuck Jones, Da Vinci's Mona Lisa was iconic in his embryonic stages

"Simplicity is the ultimate sophistication".

-Leonardo Di Vinci-

Those words resonated with him from the first time he heard them and he strived to keep that principle visible in every piece he did. Today his hands quivered as he laid down the soft graphite lines of a piece that no one in his inner circle knew or could foresee being his finest piece of art ever.

She sat there on the stool with her hair elegantly pinned up with a few strands softly draped across the back of her neck. Whether he knew or not she was just a nervous but for other reasons. It had been several years since she sat in front of a man covered in next to nothing. He grabbed the remote of the light table and turned up the volume filling the studio with Andrea Bocelli's *"Con Te Partiro"*. The sound of the strings soothed her soul and calmed her nerves as she closed her eyes and lost herself in the moment reminiscing on how she got here and everything that led her here.

-Sell Sheet-



- **Title:** "10" A Decade of Domination, Heartbreak and Redemption.
- **Author:** SILVERBACK
- **Genre / Price / # of pages:** Reflective Memoir/ \$40.99/ Pages
- **ISBN:** 9798354977932
- **Publication date:** 2023
- **Synopsis:** A decade, 3,650 days of highs and lows, trials and tribulations, light and darkness. A decade is a long time to be on top and stay on top and that's exactly what "SILVERBACK" has done with fear, hesitation or reservation.
- **Formats available:** Print, PDF
- **Available on:** Amazon, Website: (www.tattooedapepublishing.com)
- **Territories sold:** US, UK, DE, FR, ES, IT, NL
- **Excerpt:**

Chapter 1

AN UNEXPECTED INTRODUCTION TO THIS LIFE I LOVE

I'm not going to bore you with the typical insipid and platitudinous beginnings of the memoir genre when I discuss my turbulent childhood. If you want to read about that pick up "SILVERBACK": My Life and Journey or "TATTOOED APE" From Point A to B. For today we are going to start right from where this amazing journey truly began. A little man with a big legacy behind him stopped to take some time to speak with me. I met Allen Bellman at PPF (Past Present Future Comics) Allen worked for Timely Comics and for those of you who have resided under a rock Timely Comics eventually became the global juggernaut that we now know today as Marvel Comics. In a brief 15-minute interaction Allen sent me on a path that I sure as hell didn't foresee myself traveling. "You need to be at Supercon!" he exclaimed. It was as simple as that 1...2...3...but there was one slight problem: I HAS NO IDEA WHAT A SUPERCON WAS! Or even where to find it so when in doubt go to Google!

Query: What is Supercon?

Answer: Florida Supercon is an annual comic book convention held in the Miami and Fort Lauderdale metro areas of Florida. The event usually takes place in early July.

Ok so with that bit of information in hand I made plans to go to Supercon. Not knowing what to expect I began getting my portfolio in order. If this professional saw something in me I owed it to myself to take a proverbial leap of faith. But before Supercon Allen had one more courtesy to extend to me. The store I had met h8m at was having an event where artists were showing their artwork and he had arranged for yours truly to be one of those esteemed artists. I was shocked, humbled and more importantly grateful. I drew more in that short period of time than any other time in my life. If this was going to be my first public and professional event I was going to with both guns blazing!

Sell sheet available for the other 15 titles upon request!