

# MIRAGE WEEKLY NEWSLETTER



Issue #6 | 28 July, 2017

## WRITING PROGRESS

*The Voice of the Wild* is done! For over a year it has unfortunately sat on the back-burner, gathering dust. I don't really know why I left it alone for so long, because there's some really powerful stuff going on in this short story that I'm sure a lot of people are going to love.

I'd like to say little word about the content before anyone gets too excited. This is not—I repeat, **this is not**—a direct sequel to *Strife*. Instead, we follow a troupe of musicians travelling across the borderlands some thirteen years after the events in *Othilia*. While none of the characters from *Strife* make an appearance, there are many similar themes and familiar threads that weave into *The Voice of the Wild*.

Remember: There's a whole world out there full of countless people. If you can appreciate that, I think you'll have a good time.

## SLICE OF LIFE

This year hasn't been a very good year for my friends and family. I'm only coming off the back-end of my Uncle Greg's funeral to find out that my Great-Grandmother took a fall last week, fracturing her cheek and pulverising her face with unspeakable bruises. Last I heard, the doctors are keeping a close watch on her, as she purportedly has blood on the brain. Not good. Not good at all. Alas, she is 92, and at such an advanced age, there's not a lot of positive energy to share.

When I was young, I used to be told that my 20s and 30s would be an exciting time,

filled with births, marriages, and smiles all around. Deaths, of course, would be in abundance once I reach 70, yet not a day before. As it turns out, this was yet another lie conjured by the great cloak of untruths we wrap around our children.

I'm sick of going to funerals. I really am. I'm so grateful that Crystal and I finally decided to put a ring on each others' finger this year, because it offered us a little respite in this otherwise dark time. I hope I don't sound too melancholic. I'm really in very good spirits. I wake up everyday with a smile every day and I know I've still got so much to live for. I just want to put the goodbyes on hold for a little while.

## LINKS

Mirage Stories:  
<http://miragestories.com>  
Kevin's Blog & Website:  
<http://kevinjjcarpenter.com>

Facebook:  
[miragestories](https://www.facebook.com/miragestories)  
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In this newsletter, I've included a brief excerpt from the finished story, which is due out next Thursday, 3rd August, 2017. As with every story released under the Mirage label, *The Voice of the Wild* will be absolutely free and available to download on all popular devices.

I'm absolutely thrilled to finally bring another chapter of Mirage forward. With it, the second tile of the mosaic has been fixed firmly in place, and the picture is a little more clear.

### EXCERPT

Tim fingered the strings of his lute as the wagon-train trundled down the brittle snakeskin of a road.

He sat on the roof, under the mercy of a stark sun that would sear his flesh if he loitered too long, but when one listened to the voice of the wild, time could be lost very easily. He surrendered himself, just as his father had taught him, and his fingers moved with a transient grace. They whispered the secrets of a thousand untold

stories, revealed what trees older than man had seen during their quiet conquest toward heaven, and it was beautiful. Even once his skin started to redden, he continued to listen and he continued to play. Tim had found no greater joy in his short life, and it was well-worth a couple of blisters.

Tim's troupe had rolled out of Graystone three days ago, bound for Bel. According to his father, there wasn't anything waiting for them in Bel. They'd probably pass through without even sharing a song.