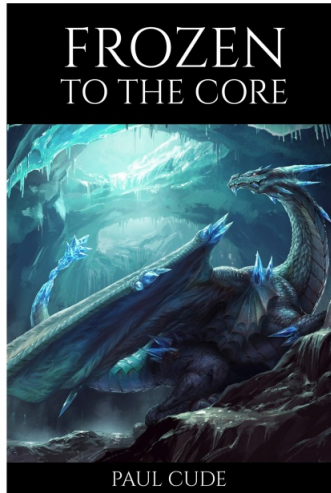
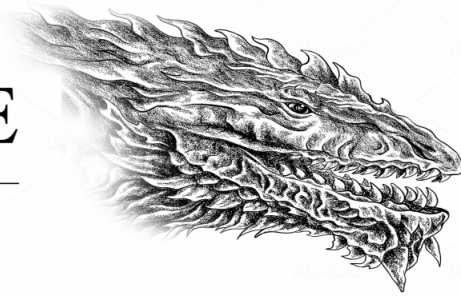


# PAUL CUDE

— Fantasy Author —



## Welcome To My Newsletter

Good morning/afternoon/evening one and all, from a particularly summery Salisbury, UK., with the cathedral and all its surroundings looking especially stunning.

A big thank you to those of you who have signed up to my newsletter in the last month - it's great to meet you, so to speak. I hope you're enjoying your free copy of 'Frozen To The Core'. Feel free to drop me a line and let me know what you think.

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## The Ups and Downs of Being a Writer

June has been a big month for me, namely because I've finished writing the fifth book in my Young Adult fantasy series. It's only the writing done, there's still the editing to go, something I absolutely detest, but writing those final words... wow, what a rush! And that's the best way to describe it.

For me, it mirrors some of the most dramatic and adrenaline filled moments from my hockey playing days... goal line saves, scoring, making a dramatic tackle, winning man of the match, and any of the numerous perfect moments that I've felt. You know the type of things, a spot in time that you can remember in perfect detail... how you felt, the smell, sense, taste, sound. I've had a few of those, namely the birth of both my children which I was at... stunning and something never to be forgotten. My wedding day, which will live long into my memory, but because my chosen sport was and still is so important to me, there have also been one or two perfect moments on the hockey pitch. Running along the wing dribbling the ball, the sun beating down on me at the biggest mixed hockey festival in the world on a bumpy old grass pitch when I was twenty years old, seems to be one that'll stick with me forever. A goal line save where I had to dive behind our goalkeeper and put the ball around the post with just one hand on my stick, something I would have thought impossible had I not actually done it, and a reverse stick save that would have been a certain goal had I not got to the ball, moving as fast as I could, reaching out to the maximum, all bright and brilliant memories, all at the time provoking that feeling of euphoria, pumping a huge amount of adrenaline through my body. And that's how finishing a book has felt on the last three occasions. 211,000 words... think of that for a moment. Okay, it still needs polishing, and I can't let it go out to any of you lovely people yet, but just to get to the end... what a feeling.

The last time this happened, last year, on finishing *Earth's Custodians*, the fourth book in the series, I felt exactly the same way, with but one exception. Same rush, same feeling of accomplishment, but with that one there was an added little bonus you see, because the last paragraph in that book, (please don't go and look it up, because without reading the rest of the book, you won't know if what I say is true, plus... I HATE SPOILERS!) I regard as being the best paragraph that I've ever written. That combined with finishing that book was just ecstasy for a few brief minutes, because, as I'm about to explain, it doesn't last.

This time I was expecting it, knowing for days beforehand that I was creeping up on the end, ready to once again experience the bliss, this time knowing that I would attempt to see just how long it lasted.

How long, I hear you ask? Twenty two minutes, or just a few seconds under if you wanted to be that exact. A humungous high, that just makes you feel on top of the world and something I wanted to share with my Facebook group, making a spelling mistake during the course of my typing, something one of them happily pointed out, but I wasn't even thinking of checking the details or even what I was writing, that's how carried away I'd got, so high was I on completing the all compelling task that I'd had to be so focused on and driven since the start of the year. And then like a hammer blow to the head, or falling face first off of a cliff, BOOM! The ultimate low as the ecstasy of the moment disappears instantly, only to be replaced by the knowledge that you haven't really completed anything at all, and there's still at least a couple of months of editing to do, as well as things like the blurb and sorting out a professional cover. What a low and what an odd few minutes. Happy as Larry briefly, then as miserable as sin the next. I do wonder what other authors feel like. Perhaps they don't feel anything when they finish the writing, only feeling that moment of extraordinary accomplishment when the editing is finished and their work is ready to go out to the public. I wish it were that way with me, I really do, but after months of editing, the sheen is most certainly taken off of the final result. Don't get me wrong, of course I'm pleased with the finished article, proud to call it my own, and absolutely delighted when people who buy it tell me how much they've enjoyed reading it, but that steady build up when you're writing, culminating in a crescendo on finishing that last sentence, it's hard find anything like it. And it wouldn't be so bad if it were every 50,000 words or so, which would be four or five times a year, but to have to wait all of that time... I suppose that's the point and the high just wouldn't be so prevalent. Oh well... it's gone for some time now, but hopefully I'll find it again. Onwards and upwards to the editing.

I wonder if there are any people out there that get the same sort of joy from editing that I do from writing? I'm not sure whether to hope that's the case or not, because just the concept for me is just totally and utterly alien. Perhaps I've just described you, or maybe like me the joy comes from finishing off a piece of writing that you've been working on for a very long time. Either way, drop me a line and let me know.

### Other Books You Might Like



# THIS CURSED FLAME

THIS CURSE BOOK 1



SELINA J. ECKERT



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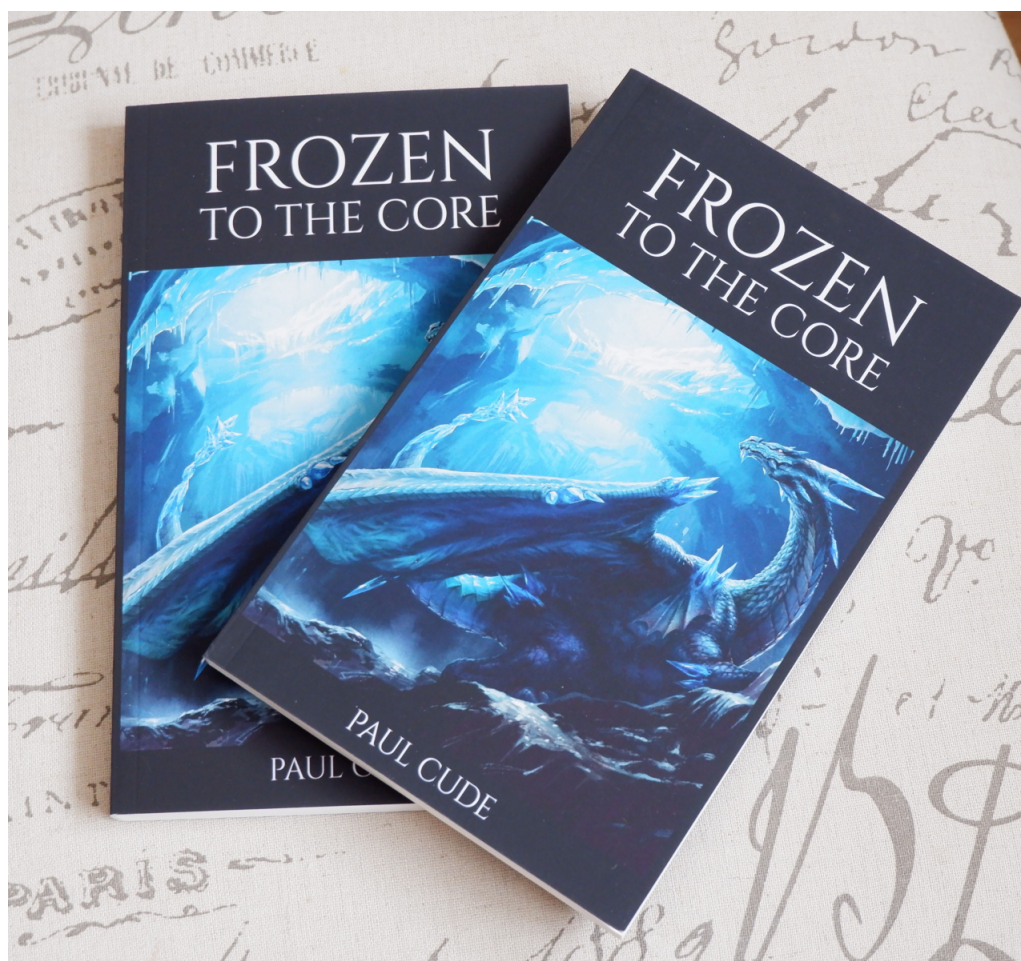
You'll be pleased to know, but not as pleased as I was, that book 5 in my series, 'A Fiery Farewell' is completed, well.....the writing anyway. Just a touch over 211,000 words, it feels like a mammoth task completed. Now just the editing to go, something that I'm sure you know by now that I absolutely hate with a passion. I found going out and selling my books to the public at first, very daunting, the same with school visits, both of which I love doing now, but editing, as far as I'm concerned I will always continue to hate.....aaarrggghhhh! Oh well, here goes.....not looking forward to the next couple of months at all.

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Dragon Domainers

All Things Paul Cude



If you'd like to get to know more about me, my books, my writing, what's going on in my life, with cover reveals and competitions, I'd be delighted if you joined my relatively new Facebook group, Dragon Domainers. Click on the image to ask for an invite - I'd love to get to know you better. This month's competition has two signed copies of my prequel 'Frozen To The Core' on offer.

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Over the last couple of months I've added the option for people in the UK to purchase signed copies of my books directly from me. You can find out more at my website: [www.paulcude.com](http://www.paulcude.com)

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Watched Bosch right through to the current end on Amazon Prime. Every episode didn't thrill me, I have to say, but I like the characters and the way things get tied up. A good watch, but not utterly compelling if you want my opinion. Still going strong with one of my favourites... The Blacklist. I absolutely love Raymond Reddington and would be more than happy to be his sidekick, something that, given what he gets up to, really shouldn't be a thing. (SPOILERS!) Not looking forward to the end of this series though, because it had to be wrapped up in a hurry, missing a few episodes because of Coronavirus, with the last one partly animated. How the heck is that going to work out? Who knows... not me. Should be different though. Started watching Jack Whitehall Travels With My Father, which is just hilarious. I thought it would be, as I'm a big fan of most of his stuff, particularly Bad Education, which I could just watch over and over. Anyhow, never come across this one before, just found it while randomly searching Netflix. About four episodes in and I can definitely recommend it. Will keep you updated.

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Still locked down to a lesser degree even though the rules here seem to be constantly changing. We're still just going for a run every few days, walks in between and the odd trip to the local nature reserve which is about 10 minutes away by car. On our last excursion there we saw something that I wasn't expecting... a deer, and I even managed to get a picture (not a great one, but in my defence we were



an awfully long way away. That's the pic below the one of the colourful grasses. In a few weeks all the wonderful wild flowers will come out and hopefully I'll have some stunning pics. Check out my photo of a bee on some flowers near to the city centre,



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Here are a few of the promotions I'm involved with at the moment. By the time you read this, they'll all nearly be coming to an end, so jump in quick and check out all the great free ebooks available.





Finally, here are a few things that have caught my eye on the internet and made me laugh.





8:00 AM: Too tired to think

...

Noon: Too tired to think

...

5:00 PM: Too tired to think

...

Midnight: How do dragons  
blow out candles?

My wife sent me a text that said,  
"Your great"

So, naturally, I wrote back, "No,  
you're great"

She's been walking around all  
happy and smiling.

Should I tell her I was just  
correcting her grammar or leave  
it?

Until next time, stay safe and free from this rubbish virus and have a good month.

Paul

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**Paul Cude Publishing**

Salisbury  
United Kingdom

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