

WWW.TRINITYGATEWAYS.NET

September-October 2011 Edition

**Come on to our side of the gate.
You'll like it here.**

TrinityGateways.net was launched in February 2008 by three authors looking to promote their writing and help others with their own. Who are we? Doris Ross, LJ Gastineau (formerly Lisa Marcado) and Tricia Sparks. Writing fantasy, horror, and alternate reality fiction, we post some of our stories on the site for free reading and download. In addition to that there are articles on writing, the conventions we attend, book reviews, and the Writer's Desk for writing tips, tricks, and advice we've been given.

So step through the gate and check us out

Trinity News

What's Happening in Our World

Doris Ross has published the first of her *Descent Into Darkness* novella series as an e-book. *Descent Into Darkness: His Own* is now available for most major e-readers. Currently, she is editing/revising the second installment, *Her Lord*, and writing the third, *His Beast*. *Her Lord* will be out in January 2012 as an e-book.

Doris has also launched her own website and blog: www.dorissross.com.

LJ Gastineau is currently in the middle of working on several different writing projects including finishing the short story, *A Chance in Time* for the website. She is looking forward to seeing the completion of the novels in the near future

Tricia Sparks has published a piece entitled *Paying the Piper* in the horror anthology *66 twisted Tales*. Edited by Kimberly Raiser it is being released on Lulu and Kindle printed copies will also be available.

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Shadow Street

By Doris Ross

The moon shone on me as I walked down the gray-black street. The street lamps cast shadows around me. A greyhound bus drove by, someone threw their empty beer bottle out the window. It broke at my feet, shattering into a thousand twinkling brown shards. I side-stepped the mess and walked on. Horns honked in the distance, an angry shout echoed in the busy streets. Tall, dark buildings bedecked with pinpoints of light stood all around me like trees in a forest. The streets smelled of car exhaust, gasoline, and garbage. I wrinkled my nose at the stench of it.

I passed an alleyway cloaked in gloom, out of the range of the lamps. A gruff voice addressed me. I kept walking, not saying a word or pausing a moment. My own hand rested casually on my belt, feeling the shape of a pommel. A heavy hand clamped on my shoulder. My shoulder was jerked back, spinning me around. Something silvery flashed in my face, cold steel touched my neck. Another shadow on a street of shadows, the man was just an outline to

me.

“Unless you want another mouth, give me your money,” he rasped. The blade shook in his hand. The scent of whiskey filled the air. His hand loosened its hold on my shoulder, it shook so bad.

I stepped back, my own hand whipping to the right then up. The dagger sliced through the ribcage to the heart. He had been in no condition to see it coming, let alone react to it. Blood seeped from the wound as he fell back into the darkness of the alley. From my pocket came a cloth and I cleaned my blade, making sure to stay within the shroud of gloom. I slipped back from the realm of shadows to a world of noisy streets and glaring lights. As I left, I checked my watch.

I quickened my step. I didn't want to be late. ♦



Take a walk on the dark side with the stories of *Dark Things II*...

An anthology of horror, featuring the short story *Doll's House* by the Trinity's very own Lisa J. Marcado (before she became LJ Gastineau).

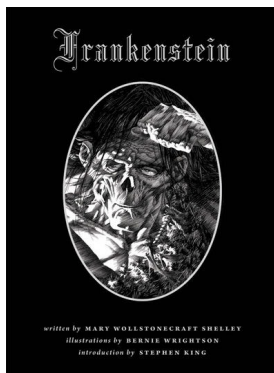
Dark Things II, edited by Ty

Schwamberger, ISBN-13: 978-1617060441, now available from Pill Hill Press at www.pillhillpress.com.

A History in Horror: Part 1

By Tricia L Sparks

Horror. It has often been referred to as the orphan of the literary world. [2] Say the word and certain images immediately spring to mind: Frankenstein's monster, Dracula, Freddy Krueger, Jason Voorhees or maybe that creepy looking puppet on the tricycle from the Saw series. For others the first thing that comes to mind may be names like Stephen King, Dean Koontz, Ted Decker, Mary Shelly or Edgar Alan

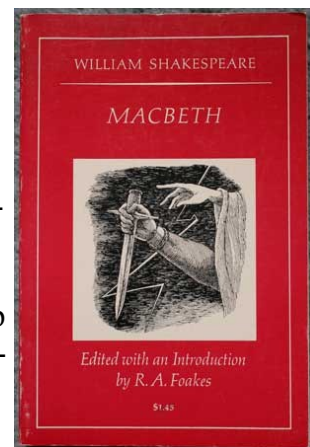


Poe. Written or filmed fans of horror love being scared. It reminds us that we are human. Horror in film and in the written word has become a staple of our lives.

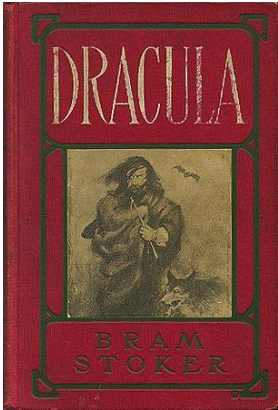
Like all genres of fiction it began with writing and branched into film where it has translated well. Being the biggest industry

in film today, there were 366 movies made in 2010 of them 75 were horror that's about a quarter of all the movies made last year devoted to one genre. It may surprise you to learn that in truth the big screen is not as far from where the genre began to take shape as you might think. That said let's take a walk through the corridors of time and see just how horror got its start.

Horror has its roots in folklore and religious traditions, the horror story probably began before the genre was born in literature, with sinister tales of dragons and malevolent gods focusing on death, the afterlife, evil, the demonic and the principle of evil embodied in The Devil. These were manifested in stories of witches, vampires, werewolves, ghosts, and demonic pacts told around camp fires. That said, however, horror as noted by history is much more recent. True, Sophocles and others offered stark, horrific visions in ancient Greece, and Beowulf from 10th century Europe has echoes of the horrific, but we had to wait for Shakespeare and his contemporaries with plays such as Macbeth and Hamlet before we received stories that were specifically horrific for the sake of the story. These were both performed on stage before a grand audience in the Globe Theatre. [1]



Yet horror was to become more subtle. Born out of the Gothic visions of the Romantics it became a merging of the psychological with the environment, or, in the ghost story, the supernatural. Gothic Horror

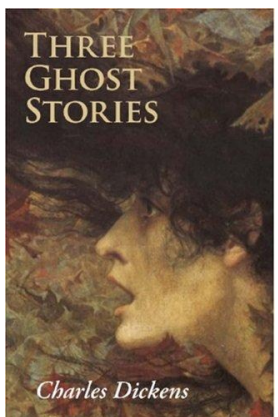


was a type of romantic fiction that predominated in English literature from the late eighteenth century to the pre-twentieth century. The setting was usually in ruined Gothic castles or in other secluded places, which could be built upon to create gothic horror. It was during this time when such classics as Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* and Bram Stoker's *Dracula* were born.

The first noted horror tale of this age was Horace Walpole's *Castle of Otranto*, written in 1764. The next noted piece is Mary Shelley's novel *Frankenstein* in 1818. Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein* is often thought of as the first horror novel, but really this is more science fiction than horror. Robert Louis Stevenson's *Strange Case of Dr Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* 1886, Oscar Wilde's *The Picture of Dorian Gray* 1890, and Bram Stoker's *Dracula* 1897.^[4]

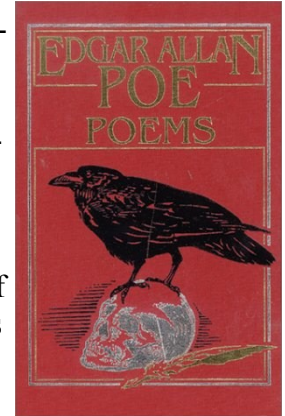
From these tales came several enduring icons of horror they include Victor Frankenstein and Frankenstein's Monster, Count Dracula, and Dr. Jekyll/Mr. Hyde. All of which have been translated many time to film and no one seems to get tired of revisiting. Other legendary figures of horror from the nineteenth century are the murderers like Burke and Hare, Sweeney Todd, and Jack the Ripper.

It was the Victorians actually who created both the horror and ghost story in its modern sense. Prior to this period, if a ghost appeared in a tale, it was most likely to be prophetic rather than disturbing. It was Charles Dickens who changed this, with his fine ghost stories. A missing component in early horror was an element of normalcy in the tale it was M R James, who perfected this craft vital to the success of the genre. These were also the times of Edgar Allan Poe, and H. P. Lovecraft classic masters of horror, without whom the genre would not be the same.

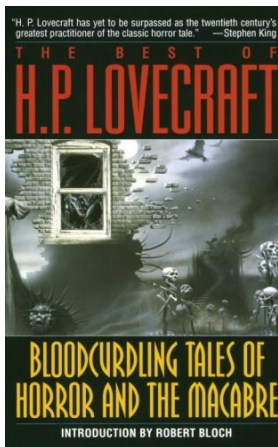


Edgar Allan Poe was an Ameri-

can author, poet, editor and literary critic, considered part of the American Romantic Movement. Best known for his tales of mystery and the macabre, Poe was one of the earliest American practitioners of the short story and is considered the inventor of the detective fiction genre. He is further credited with contributing to the emerging genre of science fiction. He was the first well-known American writer to try to earn a living through writing alone, resulting in a financially difficult life and career.



H.P. Lovecraft whose name is synonymous with horror fiction; his writing, particularly the "Cthulhu Mythos", has influenced fiction authors worldwide, and Lovecraftian elements may be found in novels, movies, music, video games, comic books, and cartoons. Many modern horror writers, including Stephen King, Bentley Little, Joe R. Lansdale, Alan Moore, Junji Ito, F. Paul Wilson, Brian Lumley, and Neil Gaiman, have cited Lovecraft as one of their primary influences. ♦



Want to read more about the History of Horror? The Part 2 of this article is continued at www.TrinityGateways.net.

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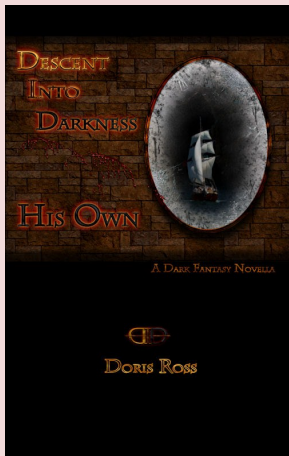


One act will change his life forever.

A young man that came from nothing, Ba'tvian Delthanurk will do anything to prevent being nothing again. Having pushed his ambitions too far, he is stripped of what he values most and exiled. Now, bent on vengeance, on gaining all that he has lost and more, he delves deeper in the forbidden arts – deeper into the darkness.

His path will be strewn with betrayal, violence, and blood. He will find followers who believe in him, and others who have nowhere else to go. Together, they will seed the fall of their world.

This is their story.



Against all odds, Ba'tvian Delthanurk managed to leave his serf family behind, along with their derision for his gifts, his ambitions. Now a sponsored student at the Trinity College of Magery, the most prestigious school of magey in the world, he is determined not to fall back into the dirt of his inferior origins.

Yet his aspirations have led him down a darker path than his teachers had intended. Once begun, he cannot stop, and so he will descend into darkness...

Descent Into Darkness: His Own by Doris Ross, the first installment in this novella series, is now for sale as an e-book! It's now available from Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Smashwords.com, and retailers for all major e-readers.

Siren's Song

By LJ Gastineau

“Where is that music coming from?” Amber Peters scowled at the window of the coffee shop.

“The speakers.” Her best friend Staci Vince snorted flipping her blonde ponytail off her shoulder. “They always play stuff here. Kind of sounds like Mozart or Beethoven... who ever did the Nutcracker Suite.”

“That would be Tchaikovsky. I’m talking about something else. I’ve never heard it before.”

Staci rolled her eyes. “Hey, you’re the music major. It’s not my fault I can’t remember some dead guy’s name that I can’t even spell.”

“It’s not that hard.” Amber muttered, barely paying attention to her friend, she was more focused on the strange tune she could barely hear. It was an almost haunting yet mesmerizing melody. She rose from her seat trying to figure out what direction it was coming from. “It seems to be getting louder.”

“I don’t know what you’re talking about. All I hear is the Sugar Plum Fairy thing.”

“Waltz of the Flowers.”

“Whatever.” Staci tossed her hair, then made a face. “It’s probably someone’s ringtone.”

Amber frowned shaking her head. “I don’t think so. It seems to be building.”

“I think finals have made you go insane. It’s getting late and since you’re more interested in phantom music I’m going to head out.”

Almost as though in a trance Amber left the coffee shop, her creamy vanilla latte and her best friend long forgotten at the table.

She didn’t even feel the bite of winter’s chill as she stepped outside of the warm café. The song seemed to call out to her, drawing her towards it. With each step Amber took, the song seemed to increase its intensity. What was previously a soft murmur was now a thundering cry.

Amber continued to wander down the street, she had walked several blocks, the siren’s song lured her further from her familiar surroundings towards a vacant pier.

As the song faded she blinked in confusion at the dark water before her. How had she gotten there?

She could hear emergency vehicles in the distance. As though awaking from a deep sleep, she reached her hand towards her face then jolted as the lamp light shone upon the crimson stains.

“What? How?”

She lifted her other hand and stilled. In it was a small knife gored to the hilt. She screamed, dropping it in the murky water.

What was going on? The last thing Amber remembered was drinking a latte at her favorite coffee shop with her best friend. How did she get there and why was she covered in blood? It just didn’t make sense! She pulled out her cell phone to call Staci then froze at the sight of a text message.

Why did you do it? Staci was your best friend!

She nearly dropped her phone. Did she kill her best friend? She couldn’t have. It had to be some cruel prank. She could never kill anyone.


The shrieks of the sirens seemed to get closer, making Amber even more nervous. As she panicked, a strange melody seemed to play in thin air. “It’s calling me,” she mumbled before stepping off the pier into the freezing river below.

* * *

Dr. James Craig shook his head at the newest patient of his mental ward. Amber Peters had barely escaped dying of hyperthermia after attempting to kill her best friend in the coffee shop. No one knew where she had gotten the knife from or if she had agreed to join Staci Vince with the intention of killing her. Witnesses reported that the 18 year old college student had been screaming about some sort of music as she stabbed her best friend in the chest. Even now, the girl would mumble about hearing some strange music one minute, become violent as she screamed about it pounding in her head then act completely clueless as

to having ever mentioned it nearly twenty minutes later. Despite his various studies of her, he could not determine a trigger. As far as he was concerned the girl was completely out of her mind. He frowned at her through the glass, tapping his pen to an unfamiliar beat that seemed to grow louder. ♦

Meet Grimmie.



He's the kind of guy everyone will encounter once in their lives. He does his job faithfully, usually with terminal results, until one day he decides to make a change – for himself, and for all of those he meets.

Death will never be the same.

From author Linda S. Cowden, hostess of *Fiend Radio* and owner/editor of the e-zine *Arrhythmic Souls*, comes a tale of the famed Grim Reaper. He takes his work seriously, plays the sax, and shows that not all primal forces are without compassion – or a sense of justice.

Now available at Amazon.com. Visit the author at www.auntiemaim.com

A Writer’s Glimpse Into the Ocean of Social Media

By Doris Ross

It’s everywhere online these days. The like boxes, the plus ones, the little blue birds, and all the other assorted icons that are associated with social media platforms. Some have the numbers listed by them, others do without the numbers altogether. We see them on most websites, from retailers to blogs. These days, we’re expected to not only know what they mean, but we are expected to use them, to have them.

For a writer, whether already established or just starting out, they're virtually a requirement.

It's all about interest, really. You want to know if people like what they see, if they're excited about your book or blog. More, you want them to share it with other people they know. How do you do it? By using the social media buttons.

You may have heard of social experiments where a person is staring up at the roof of a building. He doesn't say thing, doesn't do anything else. People see his interest, wonder at it, then take a look themselves to see what has him riveted. The more people who stop to see what's going on increases the curiosity of others. Even when they don't see anything on the roof and leave, they might mention it to a friend or family member. Knowledge of the man staring blindly at a rooftop spreads.

That's what social networks, and their buttons, do.

Cultivating that little garden of social icons for your website or page, however, entails joining the networks they represent. Facebook, Twitter, LinkedIn,

StumbleUpon, Google (+ or Buzz) – if you want the icons and what they can do for you, you have to create an account for each one. That might be a hassle, yet what it does is give you more platforms from which to plug yourself and your book.

It allows you to keep in touch with your readers, see what they like about your work, learn a little of who or what they are. More, it's a method of advertising that goes beyond ads in the newspaper or magazines.

People talk to each other on social networks. They read whatever is in their newsfeeds, will chat, will post comments, will share links. After doing all of that online, they'll turn to their real world friends and family to share it again. They will, in essence, spread your ads for you. It's a wonderful way to spread the word on what you're doing.

What does this cost you? Nothing but time.

It doesn't just take time to create the accounts, to place the icons on your site. You have to maintain it. You have to put out fresh content periodically so that people stay interested: new comments, blogs, writing, links to other interests that might appeal to your readers or fellow writers. Without that, your audience gets bored.

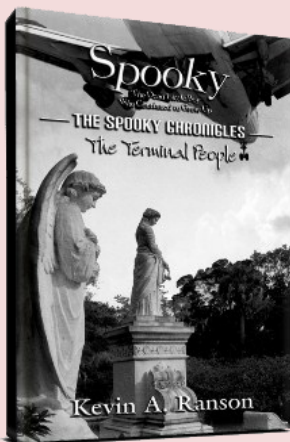
We, the audience, don't share what bores us, nor do we stick around for very long in hopes that something will make that boring thing more interesting.

As a person, I'm not that fond of the social media scene. As a writer and business woman, I can't afford to ignore it. So I don't. I have those accounts, those icons. Many of the networks can be linked together so that an entry posted on one will post to the others automatically, which simplifies the process and can save a great deal of time. A Facebook Page, for instance, can be linked to Twitter, which in turn can be linked to LinkedIn. For those who use WordPress as their website builder, there's a plugin that will link to, and make posts on, just about any social media account that can provide you with a numerical API key.

This means that there is little to no excuse for not utilizing the free advertising tools collectively called social media. So if you're looking to grow your audience, get out there and drum up that interest. ♦

The Terminal People

By Kevin A. Ranson



Still growing up as a dead boy, "Spooky" Spencer Lawson is learning about the strange world he never asked to be a part of (which is a lot more interesting than math). When a mysterious stranger he meets in an alley appears to die after touching Spooky's hand, Spooky begins to wonder

how dangerous he really is, especially to the people he cares about.

The Terminal People is the second e-book in the *Spooky Chronicles* young adult horror series by Kevin A. Ranson, now available from Smashwords.com.



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Award winning authors....

Stories to break your mind.

Within these pages you will find the things that not only go bump in the night, but bring fear to the things that do the bumping.

Discover your new favorite authors and let your mind wander and wonder how 66 simple words put together in the optimum use of fright can have such an impact on your slumber.

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