



OF NIGHTMARES & JEWELS

by
Robert Greenberger

PIRACY, MYSTERY, & ADVENTURE

awaits a pair of...brothers?



Sundra is a prince running for his life.
Ruhi is a young woman disguised
in order to seek her freedom.
When they are captured by pirates,
they claim to be brothers.
Now the pair has to navigate cruel masters,
mysterious murders, missing mages,
vicious feuds, and violent storms.
But at least they have each other.

A swashbuckling series of pirate mysteries set in the epic fantasy world of Eldros Legacy, from the bestselling author of the Bellacorn Chronicles, The Adventures of Cannon Belle, Rise of the Phoenix, and the Twin Cities Cryptids urban fantasy series!

Of Nightmares & Jewels

Copyright © 2025 by Robert Greenberger

All rights reserved.

Layout and cover by Aaron Rosenberg.

This was created as part of the Chain Story Project.

You can find more about the Chain Story Project at <https://www.chainstorycore.com/>

Visit www.crazy8press.com for more information about Crazy 8 Press

and more about Robert's other work.

You may freely distribute the entire pdf of this story as long as you credit not only Robert Greenberger as author but also The Chain Link Project, with URL attached.

No AI was used in the creation of this book.

of Nightmares & Jewels

by
Robert Greenberger

THE salty tang of the sea was a fading memory, replaced by the dust of anonymous roads, but Jareth found the jingle of coin at Talin's hip a far more comforting sound. The swordswoman had earned her price and even received a bonus after King Basson of Chiconth heard of the sea storm that had nearly seen his prize, young Prince Caval, sent to the watery deep where the boy could do him little good. There was enough to buy them both quality ale and dry beds. To young Jareth, a recently emancipated mage, this was a bracing experience; he was finally free to choose his own path, allied with someone with vastly more experience, someone who could introduce him to the world's wonders.

Talin had wanted to continue north, beyond what the mapmakers had recorded, where only an X represented the unknown. That was two weeks ago, and they continued to meander from village to town to vast, arid lands. Thankfully, it was clear most spoke the common tongue, although customs and clothing differed. Still, for Jareth it was all new and fascinating, and he soaked it up. He

loved the days as they rode in silence, listening to bards and storytellers each evening at a different inn. The world was so much more than he had ever imagined from his cloistered training within a castle, under the tutelage of a wizened master.

Kokmen had taught him much, enough for him to help rescue Prince Caval and aid Talin as their encounters demanded. But with each use, each experience, Jareth realized how much of the world had been kept from him. With every passing mile, his thirst for knowledge seemed to grow.

"Why isn't any of this charted?" he inquired one afternoon, trying to ignore the warm sun even as the autumnal season was settling over the land.

"Maybe it was so much the same as the charted lands, no one could be bothered," Talin replied. She had been so far and seen so much; he yearned to match that experience. The older warrior rarely spoke of her travels, but it was clear there were countless stories to tell, if only she wished to share them.

It was the nights Jareth dreaded. The first three nights on their

journey from Chiconth had been peaceful, but on the fourth, the nightmares began. Each was vivid, forcing him awake with his heart hammering in his chest and cold perspiration dripping down his spine. There were flashes of light, something long and glistening swinging through the air, and deep black eyes. Talin slept through the first few nights, unaware of his troubles, which he kept to himself. Then his shrieking stirred her and she rose from her bed to see what was wrong. He couldn't say for certain. But there was a dread, a terror that haunted his dreams, formless and without reason.

At breakfast the next morning, she dipped bread into hot soup and casually inquired, "Who is Tarusin?"

The young mage blinked in surprise and shook his head.

"You screamed his name last night."

He blinked, revealing bloodshot eyes. "It means nothing to me."

It went on like that for the next week. Sometimes Talin slept through it, other times his scream woke her, and the unfamiliar name was repeated twice more. When he could center himself with some degree of concentration, Jar-eth stretched his senses, tapping into the mystical energies as he'd been taught. Nothing. When they reached a town large enough to have scrolls and books to loan, he sought histories to search for the name. Nothing. Although he was

surprised to find a copy of *Nameless Cults*, a tome he'd only heard of. He lacked the coin for it, which disappointed him.

At the end of a fortnight, Talin was studying a local map, matching it to the scroll she'd brought from her homeland. He'd never asked her about her past, nor had she offered more than a comment here or there, but Jar-eth knew she'd been a sellsword for over twenty years, rarely returning to her people, traveling wherever the work took her. Perhaps that was why she wanted unknown lands, seeking something fresh. Or to escape something. He figured she would tell him when it mattered.

The sun was hot that day, a rarity as the climes cooled with each passing stop further north. There was a bite to the night air, and trees had blossomed into a riot of color. The harvest season was nearly done, and soon the first frosts would be upon them. Jar-eth knew they'd need work soon, because Basson's payment was not limitless.

"You've had us moving northwest for days now," Talin said suddenly, her eyes gazing over the depleted farmland.

"I have?"

She held up the map scroll and a gloved hand traced their path, which confirmed her comment. He noted she'd been adding to it, scribbling town names in a slanted style. "I've been content to let you choose the direction, since I had

no conviction. But it's become clear, my dear mage, that we're going somewhere. I just hope it's somewhere with quality meat and maybe some work."

"Precious little need for your blade so far, that's true," he agreed, still studying the map, trying to fathom the meaning.

"I could always rent you out to perform for children," she idly said, reaching into her saddlebag for two apples. One went to her horse, the other she bit into. Jareth opened his mouth, saw the glint in her eye, and closed it.

THEY rode on in companionable silence for several hours, but just as the hazy sun threatened to reach the horizon they spotted the gray smoke from several chimneys over the subsequent rise. As they entered the small town, they saw that it was old and neglected, suggesting poor conditions, which also meant there was likely no work to be had. The one tavern was at the end of the main road, adjacent to a stable that lacked a solid roof. Still, people were coming out of the tavern, and they seemed to be in good humor. This was their lot, and they were welcome to it, Jareth thought.

"It'll do," Talin muttered, although it was clear she'd prefer anywhere else. There just wasn't another option in sight.

They rode down the street, attracting subtle and obvious stares through windows, but the

pair ignored it all. To Jareth, it meant thankfully getting off the horse in favor of a hot meal. Having been practically raised in a castle, he'd realized how unaccustomed he was to riding, and his thighs ached each day. The idea of sleep no longer had much appeal. A wind whispered as if trying to speak as they stopped before the stable. The wizard strained his ears to make out the words, but none formed. It was his weary mind, he concluded, playing tricks on him.

A young teen emerged from the shadowy interior, silently reaching for the reins. She was maybe fourteen, her hair piled under a shapeless hat, her faded shirt and mud-splattered vest well-worn but whole. Her blue eyes took them in, and Talin nodded at her. There would be no haggling with her over fees; that was for the tavern owner, but no doubt she would groom and feed the horses and hope for a tip of some sort.

Jareth smiled at the girl, who was close to his own age. "Where are we, lass?"

She paused her movement and turned to glance over her shoulder. "Do you often stop in towns without knowing where you are?"

"We do when we're new to the area," he replied, giving her a broad smile.

"The village is called Henor in the land of Pelantor, and the tavern is Clandry's," she recited. "Heard of us? Best ale and goat in the province."

"I'll take your word for it, lass," he said.

"It's Zorari," she shot back. "I'm no one's lass."

"Is Glandon still magistrate?" Jareth suddenly asked.

"Sure, been in charge since I was born."

"And does Clandry's mother, Bethon, still make those cheese tarts?"

"Wait, how'd you know their names but not where you are?"

A cold prickle of unease snaked up Jareth's spine. How did he know that? She was right and now eyed him suspiciously. He felt Talin take a step closer, looming over him, and they exchanged concerned looks.

With a gesture, he conjured a bright light that danced from his fingertips, leapt into the muggy air, and skittered into the barn, drawing the horses' attention. They tugged, and the girl followed, still looking over her shoulder.

Talin was frowning. "*We haven't* been here, how could you know that?"

He shook his head. Then he thought of the whispering winds and wondered if there was a connection.

They entered the tavern and, as had happened everywhere since Chiconth, were suspiciously eyed. Apparently, few traveled to these lands, which certainly helped explain the lack of a proper map. Strangers were rarities, and poor people tended to expect trouble

when they entered an establishment. Five men gathered around one table playing a game using painted stone markers. Two more leaned over a well-worn, pitted wooden bar, swapping gossip with a young man behind it. The odor of cooking wafted to Jareth's nostrils, and his mouth watered in reply.

Talin studied the interior, no doubt looking for concealed weapons and eyeing exit options. Then she chose a table and heavily settled into a small, rickety chair that groaned under her weight. Her back was to the wall, and her beloved sword dangled from her hip, scraping the hard-packed dirt floor, muddy in spots from foamy beer. Jareth slouched into a chair beside her, stretching one leg out, getting a subtle nod from his companion that things looked safe enough.

A balding, middle-aged man, presumably Clandry, filled two tankards and brought them to the table. Talin nodded in acknowledgement, then ordered two bowls of whatever was freshest and secured rooms for the night.

When it was clear that the newcomers posed no danger, the others resumed their game and conversation. Talin eyed Jareth, adding to his feeling of unease. Knowing those names had just come to him, yet he knew no one here.

"There's devilry at work, isn't there?" she asked quietly. "I hate devilry."

“I know,” Jareth replied, drinking deeply to avoid further questioning. Instead, he tilted his head back and listened to the conversations. It was a bad harvest, meaning a harsh winter, and the locals were speculating on the reasons.

“Never saw beasties like those before,” a gruff man said. “Huge they were, ate half the field in an afternoon.”

“Then came to me for dessert,” the man next to him said, laying down two tiles. “Had to torch the field to get their larvae.”

“Someone’s pissed off some god or another,” a third man, younger than the others, added. “Those’ll be back, mark me.”

The rest of the evening passed peaceably enough. They never saw Zorari again. Instead, they focused on the goat stew, and as Talin drank two more tankards of ale she deemed “passable enough” she added the new town name to the map and scrawled the province name in the general vicinity, uncertain where the borders might be. The locals never engaged them and slowly drifted to their homes as Clandry wiped the place down before finally showing them upstairs to two spartan rooms. He gestured to the washing space and then bade them good night.

JARETH dreaded sleeping but to his surprise, and perhaps to his worry, no nightmares came. Instead, his thoughts turned to the sudden knowledge of the names

he possessed. That didn’t bode well, but he couldn’t reason why or what it all meant. He tossed, turned, and dozed only lightly as the first rays of the sun streaked through the threadbare gauzy curtain.

After washing, he went downstairs where Talin was at the bar, drinking something steaming and speaking with the young man from last night. Both stopped as the mage approached, and he shot his companion a questioning look.

“We have a job. Well, you have one,” she began. The man reached behind him, filled a chopped mug with the same steaming concoction, and placed it before Jareth before leaving for the kitchen area.

“Their boss, Glandon, heard about your magic light and wants you to investigate the fields, study the new bugs that ruined their crop. They want it eradicated.”

“So, I’m an exterminator? What happened to party magician?”

“This world has little call for dancing lights but plenty for ridding it of creeping evils. Take the coin, mage. It’s more than you’ll earn juggling plums,” she said, looking straight ahead. “They’re convinced it’s some magical punishment and want to be relieved of it. The least you can do is wave your hands around and see what you can learn. It’s a few coins, but it will help.”

Jareth added juggling to the lengthening list of things he needed to learn.

The barman returned with a plate heaped high with the renowned tarts, warmed from the oven. To Jareth's delight, they were as good as he had heard—wherever that came from.

Once done, Talin said she intended to check on the horses while he walked the fields, and sent him off to do his new work.

SINCE the town itself was small, it wasn't long before Jareth found himself in the remains of a farm. The sun hid behind clouds, and the first chill breeze of Fall was cool on his skin. A handful of farmers kept their distance but watched his every move. None returned his wave.

Ignoring them, Jareth knelt and surveyed the field. What was left of the plantings were desiccated, browned leaves and some gray stalks, with deep divots in the land and hundreds of large insect carcasses. The insects were huge as advertised, maybe the length of his middle finger and wide as any two fingers. They were no species he had ever seen or heard of. He held a few in his hands, their brittle nature meaning they crumbled as he touched them. Opening his senses, he tried to feel something, anything, of what they had been. But whatever animated them was long gone, and he only felt emptiness.

He had studied botany and insect life, but it was all in service to spellcasting or understanding the castle's specific ecosystem. None of

this meant anything to him, a glaring gap in his knowledge he would need to fill.

Crunching footsteps broke his reverie, and Jareth whirled about to see Talin coming toward him at a dead run. Even from a distance, he could tell something was wrong. She normally exuded confidence, but here he saw... fear?

"What's wrong?"

"Could be nothing," she said, huffing the last few feet.

"You never run, so it's not nothing," Jareth challenged.

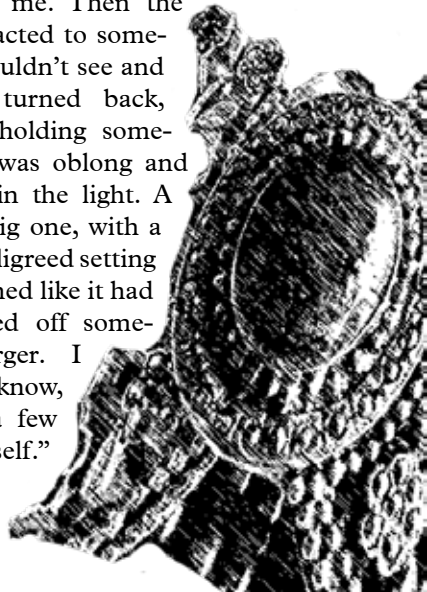
"I went to the stables to check the horses. They were fine, rested, and brushed. But that girl—"

"Zorari," he filled in.

"Her. She was standing by, doing nothing, but her hand was rubbing something inside her vest. Slowly."

"So?"

"Well, at first I thought she was with child, but she's too lean for that. I kept watching, and she just stared at me. Then the horses reacted to something I couldn't see and when I turned back, she was holding something. It was oblong and glittered in the light. A jewel, a big one, with a piece of filigreed setting still attached like it had been pried off something larger. I should know, done it a few times myself."



“And?” He didn’t think a piece of jewelry was likely to scare his companion so.

“She looked up, directly at me, held that thing higher and said, ‘Tarru-syn’. Sound familiar?”

He began to shake his head when he stopped, his eyes going wide. “Tarusin! Tarru. Syn.” Sweat broke on his brow. His heart began to beat faster, and his breath caught.

“What’s it mean?”

“I still don’t recognize it. It sounds like a name, and when I said it, my stomach dropped. And now... now I sense something in the air. Nothing good.”

Talin’s sword was out, and she slowly turned in a circle, but neither saw anything. Then she stopped to stare directly at Jar-eth. He tried to open his mouth to ask why, but he couldn’t move a muscle. He was breathing, thankfully, and it grew loud in his ears as panic flooded his mind. She snapped her fingers and he didn’t blink in response. She poked him and he remained transfixed. Her scowl told him she was perplexed, which didn’t do his panic any good. It grew worse when his world went black.

When light returned, he couldn’t blink in reaction but everything looked the same, so he couldn’t tell how long he’d been out. The one difference was the arrival of Zorari, still lovingly caressing the object Talin had described. It was mesmerizing, a large jewel that reflected the dull sunlight,

sparkling in a rainbow of colors. Jar-eth wished to study the damaged setting to try identifying any markings, but he remained immobile. At least his panic subsided, allowing his mind to process the proceedings. Of all the things Kokmen had taught him, observation was among the most important, as was attention to detail. But the gaps in his training were going to be his downfall.

Zorari smiled his way, and Jar-eth’s skin began to prickle. She then raised the jewel, which caught the sunlight, coruscating energies flowing from it, around it, and crackling in the air. At least his hearing worked. The light grew, the crackle accompanying it, reaching a crescendo that hurt his ears.

Beyond Talin, the collection of farmers that had kept their distance were now advancing, each brandishing their tools as weapons. A spade, a hoe, and a shovel were visible and he could hear them shouting, although the words were unintelligible. Then Talin placed herself between him and the would-be attackers, blocking his view. He strained to look beyond her to see Zorari, but she was in and out of sight, Talin’s body effectively shielding him.

Jareth had no doubt his companion was more than a match for the unskilled attackers, nor did she have a reason to kill them. He prayed she would merely disarm them, but no, they rushed her and her blade whistled through the air.

A hand clutching the shovel went flying across his limited field of vision. He watched her whirl, not a thing of beauty but closer to a force of nature. She swung, pivoted, and ducked, clearly hoping to scare the men off. Instead, they continued to mouth gibberish and press their attack.

He saw her face register this, and a mask of determination slid into place. Her pace quickened, and soon one man went flying backward, another crying familiar curses as she hamstrung him. In less than two minutes, the men were subdued, and he noted with a tinge of pride how his friend was barely breathing hard. This was less work than her sparring matches. Had it been him, Jareth would have treated the clearly possessed men more kindly, but that wasn't Talin's style.

As she moved, Jareth had darted his eyes from her to the men to the teen. Once Talin had finished and was wiping dirt and blood from the blade on one man's pant leg, the frozen mage focused entirely on the girl and the jewel still clutched in her left hand. Had she grown? The jewel seemed smaller in her palm and was practically swallowed up as the change began in grisly earnest. Her arms elongated, the hands practically dragging the dirt. Her shoulders broadened, her chest widened, and there was the sickening sound of sockets popping, tendons straining, and bones grinding together, then snapping completely as the girl changed. She burst through her

worn clothing, her back broadening. A forked tongue, twice the size of any human's, tasted the air. A hideous hiss came from her throat, and then her darkening skin split, revealing something gelatinous with visibly pulsing red veins. Her blue eyes had grown black. The long arms now ended in writhing tentacles where there had been fingers.

Jareth wished his nostrils had been frozen because the stench emanating from her transformation was horrible. His gorge started to rise, but was held in place like the rest of him.

Then he spotted the jewel, now embedded where there had been a wrist and hand. It continued to gleam, pulsing regularly like a heartbeat. He knew, without needing his mystic senses, that separating or shattering the jewel was the most likely way to stop this creature. He hoped that breaking it would also free him, something he wanted to share with Talin but couldn't.

"I've seen a lot of beasts, but nothing like this," Talin muttered. "This would even give me nightmares."

True to her nature, she rushed past him, sword raised, and confronted the girl-thing. Its tentacles rose to meet the attack, and the sharp blade couldn't penetrate the viscous coating, sliding off the surface, resulting in a loud oath. The thing stood its ground, its intentions unknown. It had possessed the girl, then come to the field where he was, as if it didn't want him probing the remains of the insect attack. That

confirmed to Jareth that there *was* a connection.

Talin, for her part, continued to swing and stab at the motionless creature, which, if anything, seemed to swell in size. It was the most hideous thing he had ever seen, and that included his barely recalled nightmares. This would give him new things to keep him from sleeping.

“What do you want?” she shouted at the creature. There was no mouth, so no reply. Instead, the jewel brightened in time with the pulse, building up its energies. Moments later, a bright burst of brilliant light emerged from the tentacle, aimed straight at the swordswoman. Her blade was swift, raised in defense, and

perfectly placed to deflect the blast, which came at Talin with enough force to move her several feet backward, her heels digging furrows in the ground.

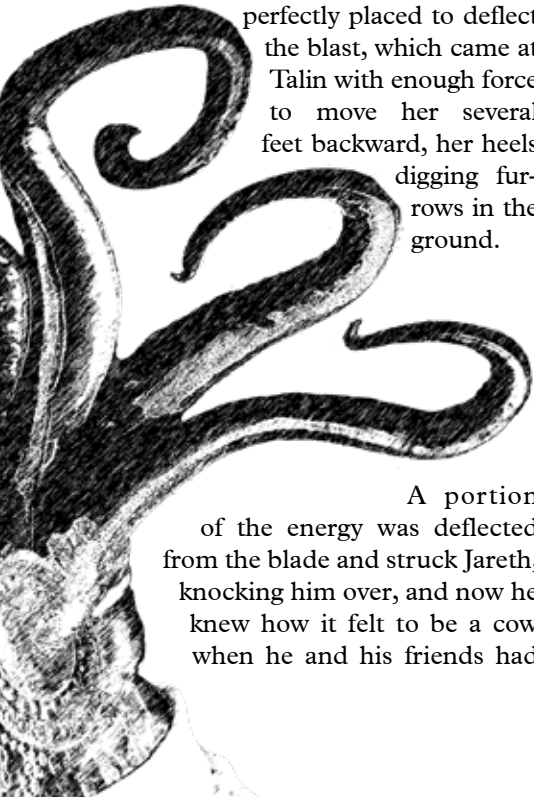
A portion of the energy was deflected from the blade and struck Jareth, knocking him over, and now he knew how it felt to be a cow when he and his friends had

gone tipping them in the dark so many years in the past.

He struck the ground, and whatever had turned him to a statue broke. Jareth could move once more. After taking one deep lungful of breath and flexing his fingers for reassurance, he rose to his feet. The creature had not moved, nor had the jewel built up another energy blast. His magical gear was back at the tavern, and he dared not leave the field to retrieve any of it, uncertain if anything would help. All he had was his training, his wits, and the surrounding area. While he had been schooled in geomancy, it was not something practiced often, given its toll on the wielder as well as the unintended consequences to the land, which tended to dislike being manipulated. But really, was there a choice?

He thought back to the lessons, to the spells, and the warnings that came with disturbing the natural order of things. Still, that creature was anything but normal, so he would have to try. As he considered, he noted the stunned farmers were rousing themselves, still in its thrall, so he'd have to be quick about this. The increased glow of the jewel suggested another blast was being readied, adding to his problems. He didn't notice how long the first blast took to manifest, so he would have to act quickly.

His breath was fast and shallow, but Jareth wiped the sweat away from his forehead, and found the magic in his core. It was there, an



ephemeral extra organ, one that gave him access to power that just needed shaping. Geomancy, he recalled, required a conduit; it could not just fly free in the air. His eyes scanned for something that would work, settling on Talin's bloody sword. She was busy using it to scare off the farmers while trying to slice into the creature, without effect. He placed his hands into the dry earth, fingers splayed, and willed the energy to flow through them.

Talin twisted and grabbed one farmer into the air, using him as a shield as a second, brighter blast emerged from the bejeweled tentacle. A look in her eyes told him she was tiring, and he had to hurry. The spell formed on his lips, and he whispered to the dead dirt, reaching below to where life still existed.

The magic responded to the summons and welled up in his chest. It just needed direction.

"Talin, plunge the sword into the ground," he called.

"I won't be defenseless!" she shouted, kicking at another farmer.

"It's the only way to stop it," Jar-eth yelled.

They exchanged a look and she did as he bade her. The sword went deep into the field, crushing dead insects as it plunged through them.

The creature's third burst was growing, ready to emerge. A different tentacle wrapped around Talin's legs, trapping her.

Jareth's energies welled up, and he withdrew his hands from the ground

and aimed them at the sword.

His voice rose as he completed the spell, surprised to add the name Nurjin, one he didn't recognize, to the other beings he beseeched for aid.

The spell completed, the ground vibrated, then shook. The sword quivered and the blade radiated dull green energy, an unexpected color for this sort of spell, that suffused the girl-creature. A sharp, burnt stench filled the air.

The creature shrieked without a mouth. It shivered—and began to melt.

Then came silence. Jareth breathed deeply, looking to see Talin rubbing her legs where residue had stuck to her breeches. Around them, the remaining farmers shook their heads, clearing away whatever spell held them. The one who'd lost a hand just stared at the stump in stupefaction.

Jareth approached the puddle of foul-smelling goo that had once been a creature and, before that, an innocent teen. He risked touching it, his fingers covered in the remains, searching for the jewel fragment. He withdrew an empty hand and audibly sighed. So many questions and nothing to answer them.

BACK at the tavern, the mood was somber as they mourned the well-liked girl. Clandry was freely pouring drinks without asking for payment as everyone took stock of the jarring events. Jareth learned that the tavern and its

attendant stable had been in the same family for countless generations, but no one had seen anything like that jewel before. Or knew how the girl had found it.

At one point, Jareth inquired about the location of the town records. He was directed to the local church, a low, wide building at the other end of town. The priest sullenly took him to a rear room and allowed him to study their tomes and scrolls. Despite the exhaustion he felt, he read deep into the night, curious and unwilling to sleep. He found no mention of Tarru-Syn or Nurjin, but he suspected they meant something, as did his sudden knowledge of other names. He scribbled the names on a scrap, only to watch with horror and fascination as it burst into flame.

HE returned to the tavern and slept soundly without dream or nightmare. The following morning, Talin had already saddled the horses and was ready to quit the town. Clandry met Jareth on the stairs and begged the wizard to purify the space. Talin tersely nodded, although her eyes told him to hurry.

Jareth readied himself, adding purification to the list of things he didn't know and needed to learn. Only the promise of some gold and the pleading look in the owner's eyes convinced him even to try. He summoned his magic and used old incantations, as well as some he had made up; he found himself mentioning Tarru-syn, causing him to shudder, while a distant crack of thunder rolled in the air.

The moment he completed the spell, Talin hauled him onto his horse, her hand outstretched for Clandry's coins. Stuffing them into a pouch, they galloped from town with Talin in the lead and Jareth feeling confused and worried.

They had ridden for an hour before she turned and asked, "What was all that?"

"I wish I could tell you, Talin, but as the gods are my witness, this showed me how little I know."

She smiled at that and cracked, "*That* I knew."

"I need to study more, get better, be prepared."

"For what?"

"For whatever else we find."

The End

For this and more great pulp tales, don't miss

**THRILLING
ADVENTURE**
Yarns
2026

Coming to Kickstarter soon!

About the Author

ROBERT GREENBERGER, as its Managing Editor and helped a lifelong pop culture fan, revitalize *Famous Monsters of Film-land*, and served as News Editor worked for Starlog Press and created *Comics Scene*, the first at ComicMix.com. With others, nationally distributed magazine, he co-founded Crazy 8 Press. His to focus on comic books, comic dozens of books, short stories, strips, and animation. In 1984, he and essays cover the gamut from joined DC Comics as an editor young adult nonfiction to original and coordinator. He joined Gist fiction. Bob teaches High School Communications as a Producer English in Maryland and is an before moving to Marvel Comics adjunct professor at Maryland as its Director-Publishing Operations. College Institute of Art. He and Greenberger rejoined DC his wife Deborah reside in Howard in May 2002 as a Senior Editor-County, Maryland. Find him Collected Editions. He subse- at www.bobgreenberger.com or quently joined *Weekly World News* @[bobgreenberger](https://twitter.com/bobgreenberger).



About the Chain Story Project

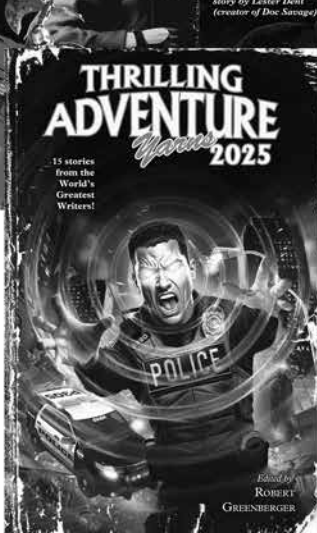
THE Chain Story is a cooperative effort between authors to share new work with their audiences. Each author provides a story for free (for a limited time, we do have to eat eventually) which everyone else shares with their readers, sharing new and exciting work by authors they may have missed. Each story becomes part of the chain by using bits and pieces of a central plot, which will expand as the project continues. The more you read, the more you will come to understand what's going on between the world.

If you like this idea, please let the authors know and support them in their work. The easiest way to do that, aside from buying stories, is to share news about The Chain Story on social media. To learn more, click below.

<https://www.chainstorycore.com/>



WANT PULP?



We've got it!

Miss the exciting adventure stories of yesteryear?

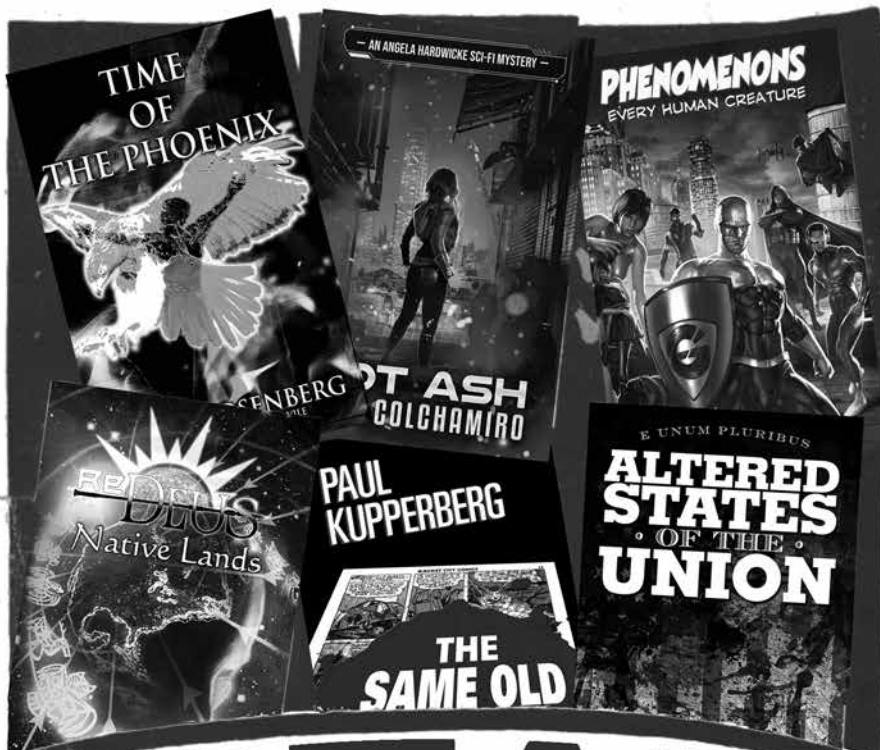
Well, now with our series of Thrilling Adventure Yarns anthologies you don't have to! That's right, you can once again delight in an array of stories in the classic pulp style, replete with action and adventure, chills and thrills, mystery and romance, and much more! So don't you dare miss out!

Order your copies today!

Crazy 8 Press

www.crazy8press.com





READ

CRAZY GOOD BOOKS

By Crazy Good Authors

WE all love books. But we each have our own particular tastes. And sometimes we can't find the books we want to read, or can't find them fast enough. Then we wonder why our favorite authors don't just write the books we want to read, all the time, as quick as we'd like.

Now the Wait Is Over!

Here at Crazy 8 Press, we write the books YOU want to read—the books WE want to write. We're not a big publisher. We don't have to answer to shareholders or marketing departments. We concentrate on writing fun and exciting and unique books because we know that those are the things you really want, too.

And because we produce the books ourselves, you don't have to wait two years between when we start a book and when you get to read it. When we have an idea for a cool new book, we sit down and write it, and get it out to you nice and quick, so you don't have to wait forever.

Check Us Out!

We have over 80 titles now, ranging from SF comedy to epic fantasy to superheroes to alternate history to mystery and more. Find us at one of the many conventions we attend, take a look at our website—or both! We're always happy to show off our books, and we hope you'll find something you like.

www.crazy8press.com



CRAZY 8 PRESS