



From the author of *Living Things and Elemental*.....

She looked down at him with a startled expression, “Haven’t you heard it? That voice?”

“What voice?” asked Tom.

The girl seemed quite wild eyed about it.

“Ghosts in the brickwork, Voices in the walls, in the floor. Voices everywhere.”

Week after week of low temperatures, blizzards and harsh winds had left the area covered in shiny ice and deep snow. Frost seemed to hang in the air all day biting at exposed skin, causing eyes to water and ensuring most people remained indoors as much as they could.

Kyle was pointing at Kieran Blackshaw, a thin boy with longish ginger hair who was jaywalking across the corridor looking bewildered and confused.

“Kier, mate, are you alright?” asked Tom as the other boy slumped against the wall.

“Too much,” he said in a breathy voice, “Too much.”

“Too much what? What are you on about?”

“Can’t you feel it?” asked Kieran,

“Er, no,” said Kyle

Kieran suddenly grabbed Tom by the shoulders and stared at him wild eyed, “Voices in my head. Voices all the time. Too much! *Too much!!*”

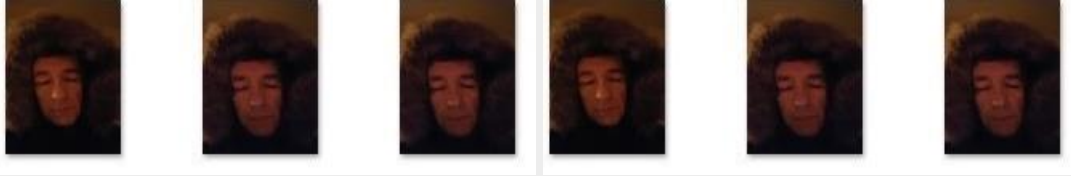
“The cold...the winter cold...”

“Cold? It’s quite warm in here...”

“I can’t remember...” said Jess quietly, leaning back against the chair, dropping her pen, “I can’t remember...”

“What can’t you remember?”

“Anything!”



Tom Allenby's most exciting adventure yet....

A large hole had appeared in the ground from which piles of snow and hard soil had been excavated to sit in mounds on either side. A number of figures were clambering out on all fours yet these did not seem like animals. For one thing they were wearing dark khaki or grey coloured clothes resembling Army fatigues except that is for a slight glow that emanated from the material. Their faces were wholly obscured by scarfs, balaclavas and very large goggles similar to those an old fashioned aircraft pilot would have worn.

Jake idly opened a drawer.

“Ok this *is* weird!”

“What is it?” asked Amber as she rushed over to join him.

Slowly, Jake lifted something out of the drawer, cupped in his hands. It was a perfectly formed spherical snowball.

“It's cold, like it's outside,” he said.

“But it's quite warm in here. How can it even be here without melting?”

“It's not melting; no drips or anything. This is so random.”

Marlow was always immaculately dressed in a dark blue or black pressed pinstripe suit with a neat tie and plain white shirt. His hair was not long but was slicked back as if to make him look more severe. His face reminded Tom of a bird of prey; a long nose and bony cheeks seemed to accentuate his strangeness. His strong blue eyes would scan the pupils as he read from notes he never seemed to look at in a calm, measured voice. It was almost as if he were not human; in fact one of the first things Tom had been told was that the Headmaster was an alien!

As Tom edged forward, Kieran started to climb over the red brick ramparts.

“NO!”

Before they could do anything Kieran had tumbled over the other side.



The third novel in the Heart of the World Series....

Moving from the opposite direction was a phalanx of twelve pupils. However this was no unruly group of friends headed for home or trudging towards a detention. Instead the pupils – all from different years- were walking two by two in unison and staring straight ahead.

“Is it Zombie club tonight?” whispered Kyle. Tom’s heart leapt when he saw Melissa amongst their number.

“Melissa’s there- look. And Kieran...”

“That tall girl is Jess, the one Amber told us about.”

Nearby something was rising out of the snow. Long strands of ice began to wrap themselves into the shape of something vaguely human and it did not take too long to happen.

As it moved in a crescent shape towards him the cloud seemed to morph into a missile like shape and Tom could not keep his eyes open as it rushed towards impact. As the other three watched in horror the full force of the whirlwind slammed into Tom who vanished in a fury of white dust.

The big cat padded about the area, occasionally sniffing at the snow covered ground as if looking for a scent to follow. Then it raised its head upwards and roared at the grey sky revealing a huge pair of fangs jutting from the side of its mouth. Now Tom knew what it was and he also knew that it was quite impossible.

This was a sabre toothed tiger! A real sabre toothed tiger here and now!!



The Spectres of Winter

As soon as he hit the ground ice began to creep over him holding him in place tightly. He started to panic, pulling at every part of his body but the more he stretched the more he seemed to hold fast. He was about to cry out when he realised a film of thin ice had covered his mouth and was creeping towards his nose.

As Amber, Jake and Izzy made increasingly frantic efforts to pull open the door, the ice creatures forming around them were almost complete and began stretching like new born animals eager to feed. In the dimming light, the glow from their eyes seemed particularly strong. Ice fingers around which static danced reached forward to touch their victims.

“Turn around very slowly.”

Tom and Kyle did as instructed to face Marlow who was pointing a gold plated weapon of considerable size in their direction.

“Mr. Marlow!” gasped Kyle.

“Indeed,” came the satisfied reply, “I have been waiting for you two for some time.”

They ran back towards the double doors, throwing themselves through only to come face to face with an ice skeleton. Its translucent body was the approximation of a person albeit with exaggerated limbs. Its eyes glowed, it had teeth of sharply pointed icicles and long icy fingers which stretched forward, static buzzing around them.

“War is in our nature, you and I and all on this planet.”

“I believe ultimately people want peace, given the choice.”

“I believe our race’s destiny is to own this planet.”

He came face to face with what seemed to be a frozen owl. It was perched on the end of the branch and appeared to have been petrified by the cold and despite his own predicament Tom momentarily felt sorry for it. Then the owl’s eyes snapped open.



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