

The Book Rack Newsletter

It just makes sense to buy your books at The Book Rack!

Vol 10, #7

July 2017

4764 Elmore Ave, Davenport

563-355-2310

Store Hours: 10:00 - 6:00 Daily

(except New Years Day, Easter, July 4, Thanksgiving and Christmas)

<http://www.thebookrackqc.com/>

BookRackQC@Gmail.com

Trivia for July

What was the name of the broken-down, partially blind horse Ichabod Crane rode in Washington Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"?

See below for the answer.

July Holidays and Events at The Book Rack:

July 1 – Sean Leary **Book Signing 12-2:00**

2 – World UFO Day

4 – Independence Day – The Book Rack will be **CLOSED**

7 – **Chocolate Day** – You can't have too much **Chocolate!**

8 – Sean Leary **Book Signing 12-2:00**

10 – Susan Sharp **Book Signing 11-2:00**

17 – **Yellow Pig Day** - The Yellow Pig was the brainstorm of mathematicians Michael Spivak and David C. Kelly in the early 1960's. They were students at

Princeton University, studying mathematics. History was made as they were listing interesting properties of the number 17. During this thought wave, the yellow pig was born. Most likely, it had 17 toes, 17 teeth, 17 eyelashes, etc. The yellow pig and the number 17 have been linked ever since.

30 – International Day of Friendship

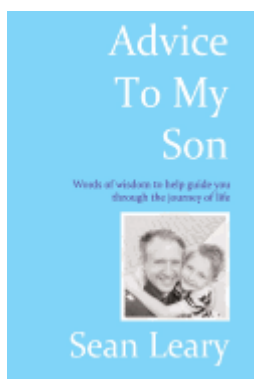
WE NEED Stephen King BOOKS!!! Please??

Thank you to those who responded to my plea for help on the future of this newsletter. I will continue it and take into account your suggestions. Please let me know any ideas, suggestions, critiques, etc you can share.

Featured Authors:

Coming to The Book Rack

Sean Leary – on July 1 and July 8 for book signings, 12-2:00.



All of the advice I wish my parents had given me, written in a fun, inspiring, engaging book for my son, Jackson, on the eve of his ninth birthday. A warm, funny, life-affirming tome for parents and children.

Susan Sharp will be at The Book Rack July 15 for a book signing, 11-1:00.



Susan Sharp is a Camanche, Iowa native (Class of 1986) and Assistant Professor of Theatre at Carl Sandburg College in Galesburg, has co-authored a book with Tony Robbins' first mentor Jim Britt, and International Speaker Jim Lutes. Entitled *The Change*, the book is about self-empowerment and features 20 co-authors that each approach the subject with a unique perspective.

Free Verse

Sean Leary began his professional writing career scribbling sci-fi columns for the Comics Buyers Guide at age 11. Since then, he's sung in punk bands, had his artwork displayed in various galleries and directed and acted in a few indie films, but he's always remained a writer first and foremost, as evidenced by almost three dozen books published.

His latest imagination explosions are the novels *The Blood of Destiny* and *The Arimathean*, which are about, respectively, the 12 disciples as ninjas battling Satan to prevent him from turning Jesus' body into a zombie antichrist, and, the three Magi as ninja wizards battling demons to protect Joseph and Mary on the road to Bethlehem. Both are available in bookstores worldwide. The third novel in the Arimathean saga, *DisIntegration*, promises to be equally strange and entertaining.

You can get more info on Sean, his books and his other projects, at www.seanleary.com.



REPTILIA

By Sean Leary

Into the midst of the candlelit enclave, a battle room wide and fortified in marble, the sliver of a man dropped, clad in a white so brilliant it seemed to glow against the indefinite light with armor of moss green leather and gold strapped about him. He held in his hand a wooden scabbard, carved with various sigils of silver and gold, and with a quick move it leapt to his hand and erupted into a blade of sacred flame, emerald green.

The black-swathed figures about the room were shocked, disquieted for just a half-second at his arrival, but quickly recovered and began circling him, closing in on their quarry.

They were lithe and lanky, clad in ebon battle garb that allowed for the wisp of movement while snaking tight at the curve of muscles twitching in anticipation of battle. Their swords were drawn and ready, ebonblades, with worn ruby quartz handles grasped tight, emitting violet black columns of flame in a distinct fang, unholy swords with the power to disrupt and dismiss supernatural flesh and inflict blinding pain and death to humans in direct proportion to their level of fear.

The colorless blade of a man in the midst of them stood stoic.

He scanned the room, clad in the same fitted garb as his attackers, watched passively as they advanced upon him.

Until, at the last moment, as they were mere feet away, he assumed a defensive stance, girding himself for battle.

The first rushed him, quickly and deftly avoided with an economy of motion that allowed him to just as easily slip from the attacks of two others, whose flailing blades jolted two other advancing attackers into death with a swing of his emerald blade.

The ivory figure leapt high into the air, spinning and hovering, as four more sent their swords whirring in the direction of the space he had been in, only to find their companions, sending more to the ground, limp and unmoving.

Scampering across the wall, defying gravity, the glowing wraith hit the floor with the grace of a panther before slicing through the ranks of the demon throng, their swords just missing him, finding only each other, until only two ebon-clad fighters remained, cautiously advancing on the white figure standing calmly between them, measuring their paths of attack.

Avoiding the pitfalls of their companions, the two attacked not in unison, but as individuals, the first rapidly slicing an irregular pattern in the air before his target, attempting to distract and disorient him, before making a swift jab inward at his heart.

But in one lightning fast movement, the ivory shadow slipped aside from the blade, forcing the attacker off balance, allowing the man in white to grasp his wrist, and in one deft, expert twist, enabled him to wrest the ebonblade from his grasp.

Now armed with two blades, the ghost spun in a furious arc, striking down both of his remaining predators, and standing alone, amidst the fallen.

With a thought, he dispatched the ebonblade into its ruby quartz sheath, and flung it across the room.

At that moment, a crow cried and a gong sounded, and a stone portal opened at the far end of the room.

Emerging from behind the ancient gateway was another warrior, larger than the rest, yet still with the same thin, wiry gait.

He was swathed in warriors' robes of the same cut, but colored a deep crimson, with the same cowl hiding his face, only the crimson glimmer of his eyes visible in a sliver of shadow. His hand held a sinister ebonblade, wrapped in snakeskin.

In his hand was a handle of onyx and silver runes, far more ancient than any ebonblade, a sword of legend, of demonic power, a sentient weapon only able to be wielded by a warrior of the most diabolical order. In an instant, it was ablaze, a majestic plume, a massive deadly claw of crimson flame.

The warrior in red leapt towards the man in white, sword raised to strike. At the last moment, the ivory figure darted through the air, out of his grasp, as the red warrior dropped to the ground, his blood-colored blade swung in a mighty swath.

The white figure leapt to a bejeweled chest at the fore of the room, and with a swipe of sacred flame from his hand, it opened, revealing an ancient crystal that glowed an eerie neon green, securing the chain between their two dimensions.

In an instant, the red warrior attacked and the two swords met in a brilliant burst of light that crackled and burst like thunder.

With an echo of strikes and parries that left fading halos of light about the two warriors, the blades slashed and crashed into one another with increasing fury, the pair of fighters captured in a dance of deliberate destruction, each attempting to get the better of the other in an increasing frenzy.

Until with one Herculean swing, the red warrior's blade dislodged his opponent's emerald blade from his grasp, sending it sailing across the temple floor.

Seizing upon his opening against his unarmed opponent, the crimson-clad demon swung downward without a second's thought.

And within that moment, his prey eluded him, slicing away from the fiery blade as the white warrior scissored a leg across the shins of the red warrior pitched forward, sending him stumbling to the ground.

Quickly gaining command from his opponent's fall, the white warrior outstretched a long-fingered hand and with a magnetic force the warrior's lost wooden scabbard was once more in his hand and it erupted with emerald holy flame. The crimson warrior's sword rang down but it was blocked and parried as the white warrior leapt to his feet. The crimson demon struck again, but was once more thwarted and he was knocked to the floor.

The white warrior stood above the red warrior and with an invisible, magnetic pull of unstoppable force, the blade handle was yanked from the hand of the stunned, fallen demon and spun fast and sure into the grasp of the white warrior, where its flamed blade was extinguished, the handle flung to the far end of the temple.

The red warrior, dazed and fallen, sat up slightly, reached up, and removed his cowl, revealing a sharp, dark face, reptilian, half-human, half-lizard. He tried to attack the white warrior, tried to claw at him with his razor sharp talons, but the warrior was too quick, and with a mighty swing of his emerald holy sword, he sliced back the demon's attack. With another herculean blow into the demon's chest, he sent him skittering back to the nether realms with his reptilian brethren.

Back to the forbidden dimension bearing the same name they had dared to call the white warrior's land, when they had taken it over so many years ago.

Reptilia.

The throne room cleared of the demonic entities, the white warrior focused his attention upon the crystal, which began to growl and moan as reptilian ebony figures whirled about inside it, trying to gain entry into the earthen dimension.

But with a hurricane strike downward, the ivory warrior's holy blade shattered it, destroying it, and the link between the dimensions, and sending the ashen souls of the reptilians back to their nether world.

With the demons dispatched, the white warrior found his brethren and freed them from their invisible shackles locking them in the glowing cauldron next to the throne. Freed from the prison dimension they joined him as he walked to a massive tapestry upon the wall and tore it from its space.

Touching his holy sword's flame to it, it ignited, and the fire burned fast about its woven map, marked with the word, "Reptilia."

"And so they shall be banished from this land evermore," the white figure said.

"And so they shall, Padraic," one of his fellow warriors said, putting a hand upon his shoulder.

Padraic strode confidently to the palace wall where the tapestry had hung, and, pulling an ancient scroll from his belt, he strapped it to the wall.

Worn and faded, bloodied and stained, it was a map.

Of his country.

The country he had reclaimed.

"And so shall our land be forever more named," said Padraic, "Ireland."

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Book Reviews

Snowblind by Ragnar Jonasson (2010)



A quiet fishing village in northern Iceland, where no one locks their doors. It is accessible only via a small mountain tunnel.

Ari Thor is a rookie policeman on his first posting, far from his girlfriend in

Reykjavik. He has a past that he's unable to leave behind.

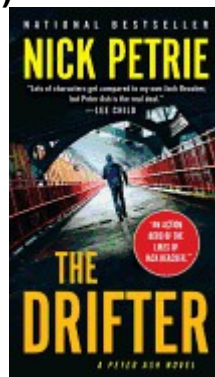
A young woman is found lying half-naked in the snow, bleeding and unconscious, and a highly esteemed elderly writer falls to his death. Ari is dragged straight into the heart of a community where he can trust no one, and secrets and lies are a way of life.

Past plays tag with the present and the claustrophobic tension mounts, while Ari is thrust ever deeper into his own darkness--blinded by snow and with a killer on the loose.

Taut and terrifying, *Snowblind* is a startling debut from an extraordinary new talent. (Publisher's Marketing) Lee Child calls *Snowblind* "A classic crime story...First-rate and highly recommended."

Personally, I wouldn't call it "First-rate". I found it to be a step below. The police were amateurish. When they met with witnesses, suspects or experts, their questions were few and unimaginative. Interviews seemed to last a few minutes when so much more needed to be addressed. Ari Thor is a rookie, fresh out of training, but even the police chief, when interviewing, left many obvious questions unasked. Jonasson's introduction of clues came mostly as oblique references to Ari's getting answers, insights and important clues, but leaving unsaid just what they actually were, so the reader had no chance to piece together what actually happened, until the final chapters where they were revealed in a burst. The fact that it all took place in a small northern Icelandic town snow bound with endless snow during the darkest part of the year made it less interesting, since the picture you got of the area was pretty bleak and uninteresting. I give it a C. Hopefully Jonasson's future titles will be better.

The Drifter by Nick Petrie (2016)

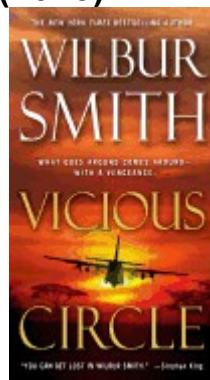


Peter Ash came home from the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan with only one souvenir: what he calls his "white static," the buzzing claustrophobia due to post-traumatic stress that has driven him to spend a year roaming in nature, sleeping under the stars. But when a friend from the Marines commits suicide, Ash returns to civilization to help the man's widow with some home repairs. Under her dilapidated porch, he finds more than he bargained for: the largest, ugliest, meanest dog he's ever encountered...and a Samsonite suitcase stuffed with

cash and explosives. As Ash begins to investigate this unexpected discovery, he finds himself at the center of a plot that is far larger than he could have imagined...and it may lead straight back to the world he thought he'd left for good. Suspenseful and thrilling, and featuring a compelling new hero, *The Drifter* is an exciting debut from a fresh voice in crime fiction.

The Drifter is a very good first book and bodes well for a long string of thrillers to come. As with most serial authors certain writing quirks can get a bit over done, but Peter's character more than makes up for them. He's compassionate, tough, smart and wins for the "good guys." I give it a B+ and recommend you give Petrie a try, if you like thrillers. I'm confident you'll be back for his next book, "Burning Bright."

Vicious Circle by Wilbur Smith (2013)



Vicious Circle- is a heart-racing story of family secrets, greed, and revenge. Hector Cross left behind a career of high risks and warfare when he married his beloved Hazel Bannock. But after his new life is tragically upended, he recognizes the ruthless hand of an old enemy behind the attack.

Determined to fight back, Hector draws together a team of his most loyal friends and fellow warriors to hunt down those who pursue him and his loved ones. For he and Hazel have a child, a precious daughter, whom he will go to the ends of the earth to protect.

Soon, however, Hector learns that the threat comes not just from his old enemies, but also Hazel's. Brutal figures from her family's past--thought long gone--are returning, with an agenda so sinister that Hector realizes he is facing a new type of adversary. One whose deadly methods and dark secrets will lead Hector to a series of crimes so shocking that he has no choice but to settle the score.

Review Quotes:

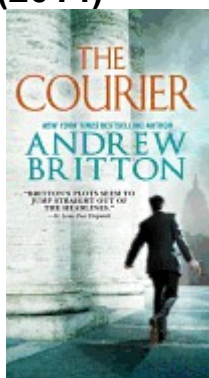
"One thrilling package that will be eagerly devoured by fans." --*Publishers Weekly on ASSEGA*

"There is a reason Smith is a hugely popular writer of historical novels: his remarkable talent for re-creating historical periods and crafting characters we care about is virtually unmatched in the genre. Smith [has] been entertaining

readers for nearly five decades, and if this novel is any indication, he is showing no signs of slowing down." --*Booklist on ASSEGA*

A very good, thrilling tale. Things don't go as you might expect, which makes it better. I give it a B+ and highly recommend this title and Wilbur Smith in general. If you like Frederick Forsyth, Jeffrey Archer or Neville Schute you'll likely enjoy Smith.

The Courier by Andrew Britton (2014)



Ryan Kealey now knows he'll never really put the game behind him. He's seen too much, and the instinct is too deeply hardwired. But the game itself has changed. Between tense inter-agency "cooperation" that gums the works, and an over reliance on data-crunching and wiz-kid tech, today's US intelligence service has lost a step to its ever-bolder, viciously adaptable global enemies. And thanks to an incredible discovery in the Arctic, those enemies now have a nuke--capable of unleashing unthinkable terror.

To hunt down the devastating package before it can be used, Kealey forms an unlikely partnership with the young Farsi-speaking nuclear physicist Rayhan Jafari. But once on the ground, with technology and their by-the-numbers command failing them, they're on their own--trusting only their guts and each other--to conduct the dirty business of combating horrific destruction.

Similar to *Damage Control* (Jonathan Grave #4) by John Gilstrap, *White Fire* by Douglas Preston and [Exit Plan](#) (Jerry Mitchell, #3) by Larry Bond. A chase theme starting in the Arctic, across North Africa and over the Atlantic to Washington, DC. Well done with a contemporary context it will make you wonder if a situation like this is plausible. I give it a B+.

The Kinsman Saga by Ben Bova (2013)



Hero or Killer? In a startling future that's coming closer every year, Chet Kinsman is an astronaut ace who has done everything in space—including committing the first murder. It's a secret he can never escape, not even on the Moon, where he's head of the first U.S. lunar colony. But suddenly, a series of shocking yet strangely inevitable circumstances forces Kinsman to confront his hidden past and decide Earth's destiny. In a desperate countdown to nuclear annihilation, Kinsman struggles against a deadly paradox: if he rescues the world, he may end up destroying himself.

Are you an avid Science Fiction reader? Then you've probably read one or more of Ben Bova's nearly 125 futuristic novels and nonfiction books about science and high technology. In his various writings, Dr. Bova has predicted the Space Race of the 1960s, solar power satellites, the discovery of organic chemicals in interstellar space, virtual reality, human cloning, the Strategic Defense Initiative (Star Wars), the advent of international peacekeeping forces, the discovery of ice on the Moon, electronic book publishing and zero-gravity sex. He's won nearly every SF writing award.

Not a SF reader, yet? If you enjoy a good thriller, you'll really enjoy The Kinsman Saga, even though it's setting is mostly in near-Earth space. It will prompt you to think about the future of mankind on Earth and the prospects of migrating into space. Mostly it will grab you and hold you with a really good story and compelling characters – most notably, Chet Kinsman. I give it an A and a high recommendation.

Trivia for July

What was the name of the broken-down, partially blind horse Ichabod Crane rode in Washington Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow?

Answer: Gunpowder

Upcoming New Releases:

Check out the prices following the title of the book. Those prices are the publisher's prices. The **The Book Rack** price is normally 20% lower. When you pick it up at the store there is no shipping cost, though we can also ship it to you. Order now by calling the store or stopping in. We do ask for prepayment on all special orders.

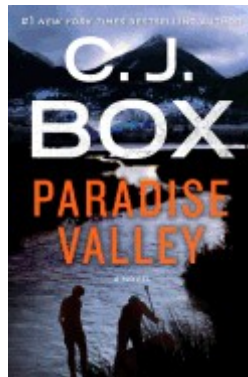
You can also add any of these titles to your request list. Some will come in soon and others may take a while, but most will get to you eventually.

Hardcover and Trade Paperback

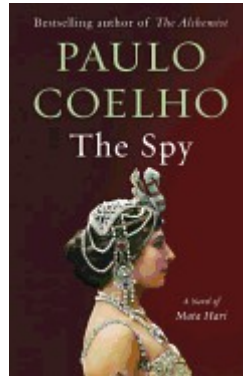
Ace Atkins – The Fallen – 27.00



CJ Box – Paradise Valley – 27.99



Paulo Coelho – The Spy – 15.00



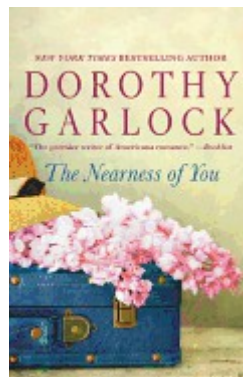
Michael Connelly – The Late Show – 28.00

Linda Fairstein – Deadfall – 28.00



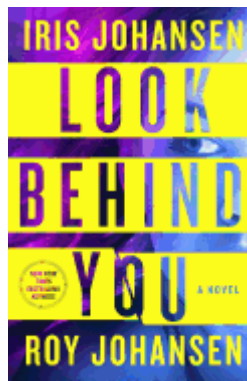
Nicci French – Dark Saturday – 15.99

Dorothy Garlock – The Nearness of You – 26.00

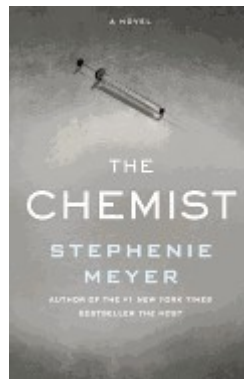


Lisa Jackson – Double Exposure – 28.99

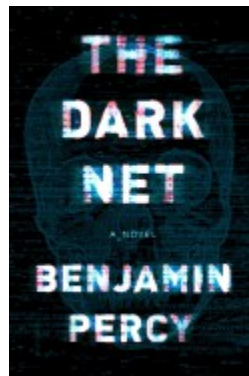
Iris Johansen – Look Behind You – 27.99



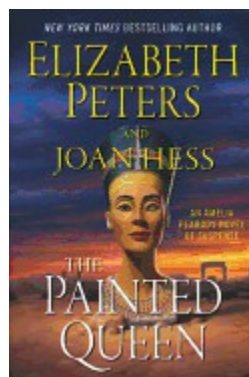
Stephanie Meyer – The Chemist – 15.99



Benjamin Percy – The Dark Net – 26.00



Elizabeth Peters – The Painted Queen – 27.99

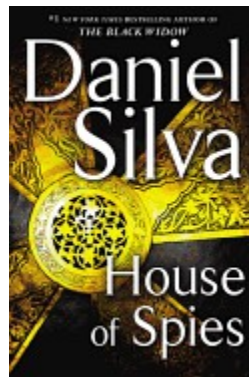


Kathy Reichs – Two Nights – 28.00



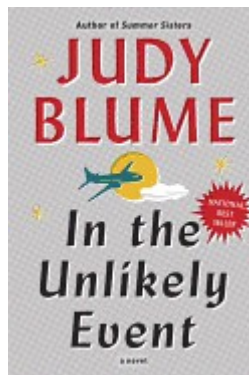
Roslund & Hellstrom – Three Minutes – 26.99

Daniel Silva – House of Spies – 28.99



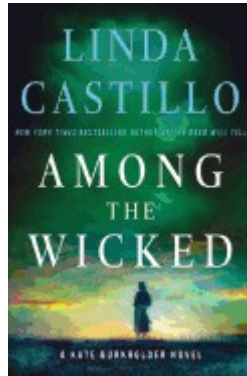
Paperback

Judy Blume – In the Unlikely Event – 8.99



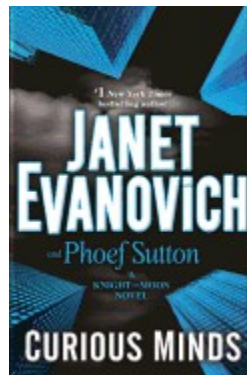
Matt Braun – The Highlanders – 7.99

Linda Castillo – Among the Wicked – 7.99

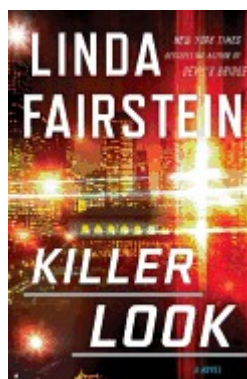


Patricia Cornwell – Chaos – 9.99

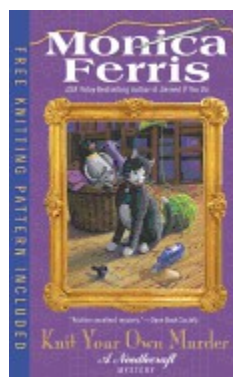
Janet Evanovich – Curious Minds – 8.99



Linda Fairstein – Killer Look – 9.99



Monica Farris – Knit Your Own Murder – 7.99

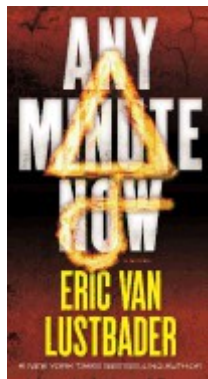


Christine Feehan – Power Game – 7.99



Laurell K Hamilton – Crimson Death – 7.99

Eric Van Lustbader – Any Minute Now – 9.99



Fern Michaels – High Stakes – 7.99



James Patterson – Missing, A Private Novel – 9.99

Ridley Pearson – White Bone – 9.99

