

MEDIA KIT

EATON KRONE
SCI-FI COMEDY AUTHOR

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



LONG BIO

Eaton Krone is a revolutionary inventor with a full head of hair, impeccable handwriting and only one wish in life: that at least one of these things could be true in some alternate reality. In the current reality, Eaton is a sci-fi comedy author, which will have to do for now.

Two decades ago, Eaton hit pause on his planned writing career to slave away in the fields of journalism, PR/communications and advertising – the latter devouring almost three quarters of his career-history pie chart along with a big chunk of his sanity. He’s done nearly everything copy- and language-related, from writing and editing to translation and proofreading across a wide spectrum of media. His journalism and copywriting qualifications are in a box somewhere. His debut novel, ***A Life Spectacular***, is now available at a click, tap or thought.*

Although he’s elated to resume his journey as an author, Eaton strongly denies being the author of his own life, as it’s riddled with way too many errors and scenes that cannot be edited or (more preferably) deleted. As a cancer survivor with the superhuman ability to wiggle his ears (without touching them, mind you), Eaton spends his free time reading, gaming and dreaming of getting a kayak for him and his girlfriend, with whom he lives in Johannesburg, South Africa. He likes horses, although he’s still not convinced he can trust them...

* The latter method probably won’t be available any time soon but, for the time being, clicking and tapping remain perfectly viable options.

MEDIUM BIO

Eaton Krone is a sci-fi comedy author who hit pause on his planned writing career two decades ago to slave away in the fields of journalism, PR/communications and advertising – the latter devouring almost three quarters of his career-history pie chart along with a big chunk of his sanity.

He's done nearly everything copy- and language-related, from writing and editing to translation and proofreading across a wide spectrum of media. His journalism and copywriting qualifications are in a box somewhere. His debut novel, *A Life Spectacular*, is now available across the globe through leading online retailers and services.

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SHORT BIO

Eaton Krone is a sci-fi comedy author who strongly denies being the author of his own life, as it's riddled with way too many errors and scenes that cannot be edited or (more preferably) deleted. He lives in Johannesburg, South Africa. His mind lives somewhere else.

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NOTE TO REVIEWERS & BLOGGERS: Should you require a copy of *A Life Spectacular* for review, please send me an email for consideration, including your website/credentials and the format (mobi/epub/PDF) in which you'd prefer to receive your copy. Only a limited number of paperbacks will be made available, so should you prefer one, please also indicate your preferred electronic format in case a requested hardcopy cannot be provided.

INTERVIEW AVAILABILITY & PREFERENCES

I'm generally available for interviews between 06h00 and 20h00 SAST (GMT + 2 hours). However, like most other people, I tend to be a bit distracted while driving, sleeping, or being stuck with a mouthful of cereal when someone calls. So, booking an interview in advance will most likely result in a more productive chat.

If you're afraid of falling into a coma while talking to me and need some answers prior to an interview, you're also welcome to email me a list of questions beforehand. (Please also see Q&A and Interview Topics sections.)

Q&A

What inspired you to write, and where do you get story ideas from?

Primarily, reading; especially after my cousin introduced me to science-fiction and fantasy novels while I was in high school – *The Lord of the Rings* by JRR Tolkien cemented my resolve to become a writer. After my cousin died, I decided to dedicate my first book to him, as his life touched so many others around him despite the limited time allotted to him.

The ideas for my stories come from life in general – the people, places, events, situations and emotions most of us face every day, both the serious and the ridiculous, although the line between the two is often somewhat blurred. No matter the genre you're writing in, a story needs to touch on things the reader can relate to, at least to a certain degree.

Why did it take 17 years for you to complete *A Life Spectacular*?

This I can also attribute to life. I became a journalist to experience life and the stories behind the stories while honing my writing skills. However, life soon turned into a career that, as many people can attest to, can easily consume your goals and dreams and spit you out along with that mediocre ATM slip you chuck into the bin with a dejected shake of the head.

Journalism subsequently led to PR/communications, and I eventually ended up in advertising, which didn't leave me with much time or energy to continue writing outside my (ab)normal working hours. But when I got retrenched for the fourth time in 2017, I knew it was time to continue my writing journey. And after an (understated) rollercoaster ride, *A Life Spectacular* is now finally available in paperback and ebook formats.

Did cancer affect your writing career?

At the age of 20, I was diagnosed with a lymphatic cancer called Hodgkin's disease. One would think it would have pushed me harder to achieve my writing goals, but it actually pushed me to study harder in my final year of Journalism. Not to pass with distinctions or anything – I was way too lazy and scatterbrained to manage that – but to actually pass and become the best journalist I could be.

This has been the way I've approached every job I had since then, except for two that I just couldn't see myself doing long-term, and therefore didn't remain in for very long.

Don't get me wrong, cancer sucks, and I wish we could be rid of it once and for all! But I believe the disease, as with so many of life's trials and tribulations, has made me more goal-oriented in spite of the fact that I'm still lazy and scatterbrained.

Why did you choose to self-publish?

Frankly, I tried to go the traditional route first, but like many other debut authors, I'd made the mistake of sending my work out too soon. It was like trying to push an untested, unpainted concept car into the market – a rookie mistake, to put it mildly. Due to time constraints, I was forced into self-publishing, which turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

Self-publishing forced me to take a more critical look at my work, to make the necessary adjustments, to cut away the wordy fat, and to give my story a much-needed facelift. It also taught me things about the publishing industry I'd probably never have known otherwise. And, above all, it introduced me to a remarkable community of independent authors.

Who are your favourite authors?

While there are many exceptional writers out there and my list of read-authors has grown over the years, my favourites will always remain the ones who played the biggest role in nudging me towards writing. Aside from Tolkien, my primary role models include Dean Koontz, Robert Jordan and (last but certainly not least) the comical masters, Douglas Adams and Sir Terry Pratchett. And although most of them aren't with us any longer, they live on in their work, which is probably the greatest thing about writing.

What is "A LightSide Novel", as displayed on the cover?

My LightSide novels will touch on the humoristic side of sci-fi, albeit in a darker manner at times. Although some characters will appear in several novels and some stories may lead to or influence others, each book will be a standalone novel. So while some readers might prefer to follow characters and events from first introduction, every novel will have its own story. All the stories will however unfold in the Unyun Federation and, sometimes, beyond.

What are you currently working on?

The basic premise of my next LightSide novel is in place. If all goes well, I'll have it ready for release before 2019 is blown to bits by 2020's New Year's fireworks displays. If not, I'd like to get it out as soon as possible after the smoke has cleared.

INTERVIEW TOPICS

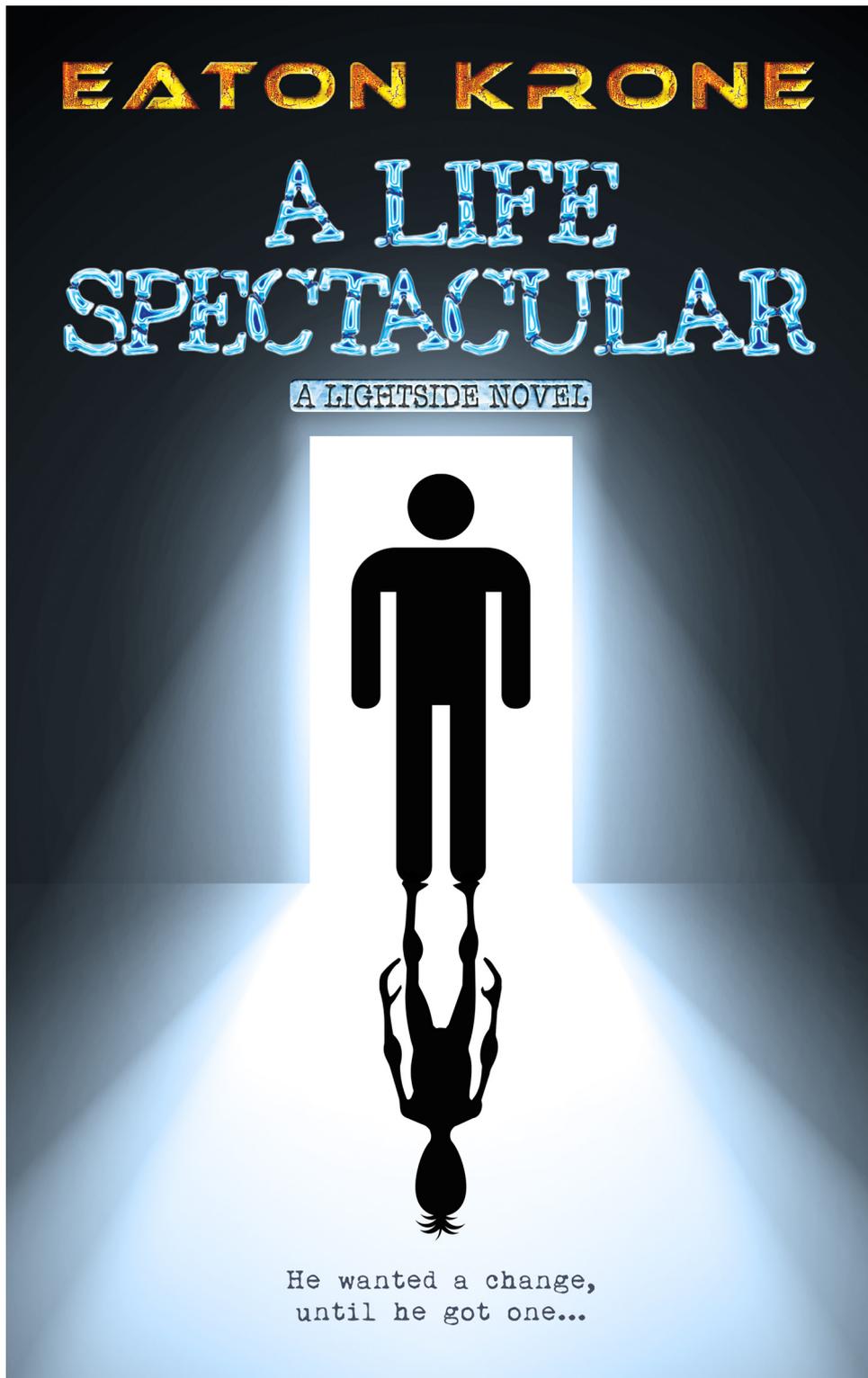
I might also be able to shed some light on the following:

- If someone can write, should they write a book?
- Is it easier to self-publish a book than going the traditional publishing route?
- What are the main lessons you've learnt as an author?
- Where has all your hair gone?*

*Okay, that last one might be a bit tricky for me, but if I ever find out, I'll let you know.

If you have any other questions not covered here, I'll try my best to answer them... unless they get awkward, then I probably won't try my best.

BOOK COVER



PLEASE NOTE: IF REQUIRED, HIGHER-RESOLUTION IMAGES CAN BE SUPPLIED UPON REQUEST.

BOOK INFO / SELL-SHEET

Book title

A Life Spectacular

Subtitle

A LightSide Novel

Blurb

WISHING YOUR PROBLEMS AWAY IS REMARKABLY EASY. SURVIVING THE NEW ONES IS SLIGHTLY MORE COMPLICATED...

In a perfect world, Guy Leatherman would be a first-class journalist with a greater passion for life, a bigger circle of friends (i.e. more than one), a loving family and a goldfish that lived longer than the last one.

In a perfect world, Guy would be blissfully unaware that life out there exists, and he certainly wouldn't be stupid enough to step into his closet to be teleported from Earth to an alien planet in an alien body. Nor would he allow himself to get caught up in the biggest conspiracy the Charted Universe has ever seen.

In a perfect world, Guy's alien body wouldn't be nearing its degeneration date, and he wouldn't have to pin his hopes of survival on a street-sweeping doppelgänger, a trash-hating side table, a spy who can't remember much and an elusive Grey with a milk problem.

In a perfect world, Guy would have the courage to do what needs to be done and, more importantly, he'd know what needs to be done.

Unfortunately for Guy, the universe is not a perfect world...

Genres

Main genres: Sci-fi & Humour

Sub-genres: Adventure & Alien Contact

Target audience

Recommended for: Male and female readers aged 16 and above who prefer to balance their reading list with something light and refreshing. While a love for sci-fi is a bonus, a sense of humour is mandatory.

Similar authors: Readers who enjoy Douglas Adams and Terry Pratchett should feel right at home.

Book details

ISBN (paperback): 978-0-620-81283-2

Page count (paperback): 384

Language: English

Date of release: November 2018

Available formats: Paperback & ebook

Sales/retail channels: **Ebook:** Updated sales channels for the ebook can be viewed at <https://www.books2read.com/aLifeSpectacular>

Paperback (main): Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Foyles, Abe Books, Alibris, Book Depository

Recommended retail price: **Ebook:** \$4.99

Paperback: \$12.99 (online retailers)

(Prices may vary by region/retailer)

Promotional info: International promotion through:

- BooksGoSocial (NetGalley, Twitter, Facebook and emailers)
- Indie Book Butler (Twitter, Facebook and emailers)
- Twitter
- Media, bloggers & personal network
- Author website – free 35% excerpt for download

The thing about a *quick beer* after work is that, according to the Law of Social Physics, it usually isn't limited to one. Guy knew it, Cortex knew it, and their two stalkers (whom Guy and Cortex admittedly didn't know about) knew it.*

Guy and Cortex had already gone through most of the main evening-out rituals and phases as they sat at the bar counter. They occasionally tested the empty peanut bowls with peckish fingers for the small, roundish, salty contents that were supposed to give these bowls their full name. And, for the umpteenth time, they debated the reason behind their existence.

"I shink," Guy philosophised with a slightly swaying body, "we're here ... to have a few beersh ... and ... and to dishush the reashon why we're here. Thash why we've been plashed on Earth ... shorry, on the universh ... shorry, *in* the universh. Ish it *in*? I can't sheem to recall. In any caish, I shink we're here to dishush thingsh, like ... like the reashon we're here ... wait, I shaid that already, didn't I?"

He chuckled at his own stupidity and glanced at Cortex to see if his friend shared his amusement. He didn't. In fact, Cortex wasn't sharing anything with anyone. Sure, he was still sitting up straight, but his snoring head slumped forward and his four arms hung limply from his body as if they'd been sewn on by a four-year-old.

Guy leaned over to give the bug a shake, and after several – aka two – attempts, he gave up and took a little nap himself. A while later, he raised his head from the counter, which boasted an impressive puddle of saliva. The sticky stuff clung to his face and to the bar counter, refusing to let go of either and giving String Theory a whole new meaning. Again he looked over at Cortex, who was sitting in exactly the same position as before. Although he thought it was funny, Guy didn't laugh, because something other than laughter threatened to exit his mouth.

He looked around slowly and saw that all the bar's patrons had already left. The barman was still there, however, wiping a dirty glass with a dirty cloth. He stared at them with an expression that said it would have been better if *everyone* had indeed been gone, so that he could go home instead of having to babysit two drunkards into the early hours of the morning. Although not exactly clearheaded, Guy caught the *hint*.

"I shink we'll be leaving now," he said, getting up unsteadily. "But I might need shome help with my friend here." After a killer-glare from the barman, he quickly added, "At leasht to the outshide, if thash not too mush to ashk?"

With an *it-is-too-much-to-ask-but-if-that's-what-it'll-take-to-get-you-out-of-here* expression, the barman slammed down the glass and ambled around the counter, grumbling. Despite being a big, blue block of a man – Guy assumed it was a man through all those birdlike features – he and Guy couldn't lift Cortex's enormous body. So they pushed him off his stool with a thud and dragged the bug out the door with a fair amount of effort. Of course, most of Guy's effort went into not tripping over his own feet, which paid off pretty well, except for two occasions that saw him taking tables and chairs with him on his way to the floor. Outside, the big, sweating barman dropped Cortex's feet, and turned to walk back in. But when Guy tapped him on the shoulder, the man turned around with murder in his eyes.

"Thash for your trouble," Guy said innocently, dropping a one-cred coin into the big man's hand. The man looked at the coin, looked back up at Guy, and showed his appreciation by slamming the door in his face. Well, had it been a good old-fashioned wooden door that didn't close electronically, Guy was sure it would have slammed in his face.

"How'sh that for rude?" he said to his unmoving friend. He stared at Cortex as if he would suddenly wake up to give him an answer. After about a minute, he hazily determined that this wasn't likely to happen. He however remained there, staring, while trying to give himself some time to work out how to get Cortex back to the circus.

"Well, I shure can't carry you," he said eventually, trying to focus his blurry vision. It was quite tricky, as his swaying body kept shifting the focal point.

"I shure can't drag you."

Cortex didn't respond.

"I shink I need shome help."

Cortex still didn't respond. So, not wanting to feel stupid, Guy took over the task.

* In fact, everyone in the Charted Universe knows it, and when factoring in the Law of Social Relativity, it's a good bet that everyone in the rest of the universe knows it too. Everyone in the universe also knows that this predominantly male exercise – although countless experiments conducted among female specimens have actually proved this wrong – leads to evenings of friendly banter, aggressive debate and/or depressing conversations about the same old problems, as well as the eventual swaying of participants' bodies as they focus hard on showing the world that they haven't lost control of their mental and mechanical functions. Usually without success – although they wouldn't believe you if you told them otherwise, which you probably have, quite a few times.

“Yesh, thash a good idea. I’ll get shome help.”

That was indeed a good idea, he thought proudly, and then got another good idea, proving that he wasn’t as drunk as he thought, because drunk people never had good ideas.

“I know! I’ll go to ... I’ll go to the shircush and I’ll ... and I’ll get the Shterkarm twins to help. Wishout Rimmy or Kola knowing, of coursh. Don’t worry, Cortesh, our shecret’sh shafe wish me.”

He held a skew finger on his lips for a few seconds to make sure the point was made.

“We’ll be back before you can shay ... before you can shay ... anyshing. Sho don’t go anywhere, okay?”

Cortex didn’t say anything, but Guy was sure his friend would comply with his wishes, because that’s what a good friend would do. And seeing as Cortex was a good friend, he’d stay put.

“Okay,” Guy said before stumbling in the general direction of the circus while focusing on his feet, which seemed to think that the general direction lay in whichever direction they chose to go.

Apart from bumping into a lamppost and stumbling over his left foot twice with what seemed to be his other left foot, he made great progress. He started to feel more confident about his amazing navigational abilities after managing a good ten metres. The dark alley in front of him, which in more-sober circumstances would have seemed like a bad idea to enter, suddenly looked quite inviting, especially with the confidence of his newfound footing spurring him on. He was sure the alley, despite its dark and dingy appearance, would make an excellent shortcut.

“No problem,” he said with an assurance that nothing could go wrong as long as one foot could occasionally be placed in front of the other. “Piesh of cake.”

As he staggered into the alley, he noticed something shiny on the ground; just before the border where the light from the street got swallowed by the darkness beyond. He shuffled forward and carefully squatted next to the object.

“How shtrange,” he said to himself as he picked up the cred coin to examine it in the weak light. “I jusht gave shomeone shome money, and ... and now I got shome money back.”

Getting back up unsteadily, Guy leaned against the wall with one hand while keeping his not-so-sharp focus trained on the cred coin in the other. He held the coin as close as possible to his eyes to double-check if it was indeed what he thought it was. He wasn’t disappointed.

“Thish musht be my lucky day!” he said, which were the last words to leave his lips before something knocked him over the head. Fortunately, the world had already gone dark by the time he hit the ground like a pudding-filled sock.

REVIEWS

“A little Douglas Adams and a lot of originality!”

– Teresa Grabs, NetGalley Reviewer, on Twitter