

BRYN AND FRIENDS



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Bryn Petersen

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

| | |
|---|----|
| FOREWORD..... | 3 |
| INTRODUCING - INDEPENDENT AUTHOR DAVE PITT..... | 4 |
| THE AMBULANCE | 6 |
| THE FINAL WORD | 11 |

FOREWORD

Welcome to the new edition of ‘Bryn and Friends’.

For this issue, I want to bring you up to date on some of the projects my wonderful creative writing/artist friends are working on right now.

You may recall the extremely talented Hunter Boydell of Breaking Jar? His current project (Sparks May Fly) is due for release in September – so watch out for it or check the Breaking Jar website www.breakingjar.com.

Two new Indie author friends, Stuart Miller and Kyle Owens are busy with their latest WIP, and I am hopeful at some stage in the future to be able to include an article or story from both these two brilliant writers.

Another writer friend, Rebekah Buller is working very hard on her story ‘The Sweet Scent of Honeysuckle’. I’m so lucky to have had a sneak preview, and I am sure it will be a brilliant read.

Over the coming months, I hope I will be able to bring even more talented emerging writers and artists’ work to Bryn and Friends, so you can experience just a small taster of their work.

Till next time, take care.

BP

INTRODUCING - INDEPENDENT AUTHOR DAVE

PITT

My name is Dave Pitt and I am the author of the trilogy Alex and the Angel, a psychological thriller with supernatural elements set in modern day Edinburgh.

The first book is The Life Machine in which we meet Alex Webb, a suicidal man who chooses to jump from a building, but he fails in his attempt and ends up face to face with an Angel in a vast white world. This is the trigger for the story and opens up living nightmares within the city for many and varied characters.

Part two is called The Snakes Tale, where a small group of believers try to work out and defeat what is happening in their lives, and facing the threat of pure evil from both Demons and Humans.

The series climaxes with The Red Frame and an approaching apocalypse, mostly set in an abandoned asylum, from where there seems no way of escape.

My books are available on Amazon in all formats and on Kindle Unlimited. I also have a cool website where you can purchase the series and other merchandise, its davepittauthor.co.uk.

Being a self-published author is a tough game that if you're serious about can take over your life. It's all about building an online following, a community of likeminded readers and writers, and making sure your work is advertised and promoted in as many ways as you can.

Personally I really enjoy author events and fairs where I can meet people and talk face to face about my books, finding this interaction to be the most successful, and I would suggest I've made equally as many sales at those events as I have online.

If I have any advice to give other writers in my position then it will be to never give up, if the writing is good enough you will find your audience, one step at a time is the only way to move forward.

Dave Pitt

THE AMBULANCE

As I ran, it was as though my own shadow was standing behind me. Observing. Which way would I go today? Would my shadow.. my soul, stay by me?

I felt it. Like a spirit watcher, ready to choose a path. A crossroads must be approaching. One of those decisions you don't think about, but could have implications later: Left or right? Backwards or forwards? Walk or run? Go out? Stay in?

The result of those choices could be amazing, catastrophic or just plain old mundane.

Every day we make a million decisions. Most, we are unconscious of and it is left to the neural super-computer that is the human brain. Fate decides what happens, after our initial shortlist of choices. That is where our control ends. Destiny is never just in our hands and its best if I come to peace with that and live life on lifes terms.

I had decided to go for my run, this one particular evening, having completed a gruelling, countryside half-marathon, on the weekend just gone. Thirteen and a half miles of hard and very gratifying exercise, among thousands of other determined souls.

My legs felt weary and stiff, but I knew I had to get out there again, or my fitness and stamina levels would simply go backwards and the hard work would be wasted. Resting on ones laurels at a certain age could breed habit. I liked my energy levels to be up.

Time to blow off those cobwebs then. I put on my foul-weather clothing and grabbed some water.

So, despite the rain coming down and the feeling of lethargy coursing through me, I stepped outside and began to run gently along a familiar path. Sometimes, the motivation was not there. Those are the times I knew I needed to go. You soon lose the edge if you don't.

After around fifteen minutes on the winding lanes, my legs felt better. My blood was warming and the feelings of tiredness had subsided to be replaced by revving endorphins.

I had come to a set of traffic lights and then had turned left, on a much travelled route that I enjoyed. It passed the airport and I enjoyed watching the aircraft from all over the world, coming in to land or take off. The flying buses, taking us to pastures exciting and fresh. More brain food.

I wondered where the passengers where the incoming folk were from, why they came here and why we went there. Daydreaming took my mind off the roadwork.

In the distance, I heard a siren, quite faint at first, then growing nearer and louder; a police car, perhaps, or an ambulance. Nearer still, yes, definitely an ambulance.

I made to cross the road, as always trusting my judgement of the traffic and using my experience of road running. As I ran, I glanced at the ambulance. Sometimes when out running, I would drift away with my racing thoughts, perhaps as a way of distracting myself from the thudding on concrete, reverberating up my legs.

I glanced again. I imagined the inside of the ambulance, I don't know why. Myself running along, drivers playing their radios on the way home from work, cyclists pedalling to wherever it was they needed to go. Mothers, driving children home from school.

I was very drawn to this ambulance; it felt familiar, like a *déjà vu*. I ran right in front of it, trusting my instinct to get across the road. It had been going fast, weaving through the traffic, probably rushing a poor, stricken soul to the hospital.

My mind seemed to go completely blank for a few seconds, like a time lapse. Then, I was on the other side of the road. How I got there, I do not recall. I wiped the rain from my face.

The ambulance sped through the traffic lights and away up the motorway. I still couldn't get the image out of my head though, as I ran along. My cast shadow, now projected in front of me, framed by yellow sunlight going ahead, as though trying to leave me.

There was a team of paramedics inside the ambulance, tending to a man, around my age. The man was lay still and breathing rapidly. He was so scared. He seemed to be flickering in and out of consciousness. I empathized: I imagined that he was in a lot of pain.

He was trying to block it out by listening to the rain pattering on the roof of the vehicle. It made him sleepy. One of the medics, a lady with a concerned, but caring look on her face, placed her hand on the man's cheek.

"Come on now my love, you're in good hands, nothing bad is going to happen, try and keep your eyes open for me." she said.

The man opened his eyes slightly and whispered, "What is happening to me? I can't see properly; please help me." His eyes rolled back into his head.

"We will be able to get you to a nice bed soon; your mum and dad are on their way. You've just had an accident. It's a bit of a shock is all, my love, hold on. Everything will be fine, I promise." She turned to her colleague, a younger male, and gave him a look..

'Its out of our hands.'

The male colleague:

"Come on mate, nearly there. There's a television at the hospital, we'll be able to get you the football game on, if you stay awake for us."

The injured man said, "Thank you, I'm going to sleep first, I think." His eyes rolled again and then closed.

"Put your foot down Winston. I'm losing this one!" (the lady medic to the driver).

She rummaged through a bag of medications and needles. The ambulance swung around the corner and into the grounds of the hospital. 'Accident and Emergency' read a huge blue and white sign.

'Bloody hell!', I thought to myself as I ran along the roadside.

'All of that from just seeing an ambulance go by, I'm daydreaming again!'

It was normal for me to slip into this state on long distance runs. It kept the mind occupied, stopped me thinking about quitting running.

I got to the end of the next stretch and came to a second set of traffic lights. I needed to cross again, so I could get on the road back home. The rain was still coming down sideways and getting in my eyes, blurring my vision. As I approached the crossing, I looked up the road, about one hundred metres away. I saw another ambulance.

'I don't believe it; I hope these people are going to be alright.'

I was tired. I was ready for home and sleep.

I made to run across the road, trusting my safety nous again. As I stepped out, a car came speeding round the corner, I couldn't turn back. I saw the drivers wide eyes, through his windscreen. He looked terrified and he slammed on his brakes. They screamed. Rubber burned on tarmac: futile.

I saw my whole life go by before my eyes - all the highs and lows, the love, the laughter and the tears. I felt the breath driven from my chest, my mind shut down, I saw brilliant whiteness, as I fell.

I knew nothing more after that.

My eyes opened slightly. I felt as though I was being driven along, I could hear the raindrops pattering above a tin roof. It was pacifying.

I felt rested and peaceful. I looked up and saw a woman's face smiling down at me, she put her soft, warm hand on my cheek and told me "It's ok my love, you are fine now. You are with us. You are free."

The driver put his foot down but my shadow had already gone before me.

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THE FINAL WORD

I just want to conclude by mentioning my blog, which you can find on my author website. It's a random collection of my thoughts and opinions on diverse subjects, designed to provoke thought, discussion and debate.

Every blog I do is my own thoughts and opinion, backed up by research and (sometimes) facts and/or evidence. Occasionally, if I have referenced another source, I will mention the origin and cite it in the event anyone wants to check it.

I do not present my blog as the only view or opinion; readers can choose not to agree, or to hold a different view. There is a facility to log comments if you so wish, but I would ask anyone wishing to comment to be aware others may feel differently, to keep comments clean and respectful and to be sensitive to the thoughts and feelings of others.

Thank you as always for reading. I hope you enjoy this issue of Bryn and Friends. Until next time, take care, keep yourselves safe and always remember to be kind.

BP

THE END

