



HAPPY EASTER



March 2008

Easter comes in March this year. I have always found it amusing how this same holiday floats through the months of March and April.

I know that Thanksgiving changes date every year, but its always the same month. It just seems funny that Easter alternates between two.

This year is my little love Alyx will have her first Easter. Already I am looking at little dresses, stuffed bunnies etc.

My nephews are pretty much covered—giant bunnies, crayola color wonder crayons and paint, and a small bit of candy.

My kids are far too grown up for Easter bunny visits so it's so nice to have little ones to celebrate Easter with. Almost as great as Christmas, in my opinion.

Who they are

This month I thought I'd introduce a segment spotlighting different characters from my novels. Since his story is told in **Egyptian Nights**, (available now) I'd like to introduce Neremhotep. Rem is ruggedly handsome with large obsidian eyes, copper skin from the Egyptian sun. His black hair falls in silky waves to his shoulders. He stands six feet one inch tall. His accent caresses you like a lovers hand.

Hieroglyphic spelling:



Neremhotep was pharaoh in the ninth dynastic period, 1986 BC. He raised an army of his people in revolt against the tyrannical rule of Merikare. Merikare enjoyed his title, abusing servants, enslaving people for even the imagined slights or crimes.

When Rem was but twenty the suffering in the kingdom ripped at his heart. The way people were berated, kicked and stripped of their lives enraged him. He went from town to town whipping the residents into a frenzy, bolstering their courage and encouraging their hopes. A hard battle ensued and finally Rem and his army were victorious. Unfortunately, there were heavy losses on both sides but still his people now knew freedom from persecution and they cheered him as he ascended his place on the throne.

Rem ruled his land with a fair hand and treated all, slave to merchant to his advisors, with kindness and even temper.

Unlike any of his predecessors, Rem was a Pharaoh for the people. He travelled extensively through his kingdom, meeting with his people hearing their grievances and giving the time to hear arguments and assign judgments.

During one such journey, he stopped to stay with his closest friend. During the course of the dinner celebration Rem first saw Sabola. His heart raced at the sight of this beautiful woman with copper hair, eyes a smoky green color, so unlike any woman in his kingdom, and he was drawn to her.

She serviced his every need and Rem longed for her. Tal Madid gave her as a gift to Rem. He took her back to his palace and soon she was elevated to his only concubine, then she became his wife.

Rem shunned most customs of his time. He took only one wife, and she had been a slave. This caused great dissention among his staff. Still he made her his queen but it caused a rift among his advisors. When she announced her pregnancy Rem was elated. He would soon have a son that would be the living embodiment of the love he and Sabola shared.

One day Sabola vanished. He ordered a search for her to be conducted but no sign was found. During the search, the agony of the days that followed her disappearance, the Hyksos gathered their army and stormed Egypt.

Rem was so lost and broken over Sabola's unknown fate that when the warriors of his enemies broke into the throne room, Rem didn't even raise a sword. He sat and waited while the soldier killed him.

Because of his failure to defend his people, Ra cursed him to be punished for all eternity in the razor sharp jaws of Ammut. He spent the millennia praying for her comfort and peace. It touched the gods that Rem never complained of his torture, only worried that Sabola was in the heavens with every comfort.

Thoth, the god of knowledge, was so impressed by Rem's devotion to Sabola and her memory that he took compassion on Rem and petitioned the god Ra to commute Rem's torment and give him a second chance at life with Sabola.

Book News

I received word that ***Egyptian Nights*** will be released in print format in the next 90 days. I'm in shock. It will be part of an anthology coming soon. I'm just so excited! My first real print run and I'm just floating on the ceiling.

I haven't received full details at this point in time—the title of the anthology, when it will be released exactly or even which stories will be included in the print. It still is an awesome feeling!



What's Next

My next release is my first romantic horror ***Beyond Death*** releasing sometime later this summer. The blurb:

When his wife Marinska killed herself Vlad Ţepeş' heart shattered. Upon his death, he vowed to remain until they were reunited. Now, centuries later, he's found her and he will never let her go.

Allana Simpson is cursed. Love only brings death to everyone around her. She longs for a normal life with one man that she can give her heart to without killing him. Tom Haugan never believed in curses until he met Allana. She opens up a world for him that he never knew existed. A world he never wished to learn about.

Tom wants to protect Allana, to heal her heart and take away her pain. The closer he gets, the more “accidents” occur. He’s not willing to give up on what they could have. Allana’s longing for Tom and the dream of a future filled with happiness weakens her resolve to remain alone. She trusts him and decides to let him in. Now death stalks them both...

I had a great time writing this one. I love the chill factor and researching Vlad was a real treat. The real Vlad was truly an evil human being. Much like a more contemporary sadistic sociopath, whose initial actions did bring some good to his country but after 20 minutes of rule the world pitched and was soon disgusted by the evil running rampant across the world. Atrocities of Adolf Hitler are so similar to those of Vlad Dracula’s its not much stretch of the imagination to consider Adolf the evil reincarnation of Vlad.

Works in Progress

As mentioned in last month’s edition I am working on two projects...well I’ve added a third to the list. I had been playing with a few stories from folklore and fairy tales. These have been in my simmering pot or the “back burner” files for quite some time.

My publisher, Resplendence has a line called “Wicked” and these definitely are NOT your mother’s fairy tales. Hot and spicy they’re modernized versions of the classics. I have a couple I was messing with and it hit me that these tales I’d been working on would fit in there pretty well so I’ve pulled out the files, dusted it off and am scouring it to see if I can find the one I really, REALLY want out next.

Once the clean up on that is done I’ll hop back into my other stories. I just felt like I was drifting mindlessly, unable to focus my complete attention on any one story. While this has worked for me in the past, aiding my prolific submissions, it’s now a burden.

My ***Heaven’s Torment*** is slowly coming along but each line is like wringing blood from a turnip. Huh...considering the gore level on this book the analogy is pretty spot on...LOL

The Soldier and the Valkyrie is giving me fits. Hilde has definite opinions, and Adam is a great character but for some reason it just won’t flow.



Where to find me

I can be found on my Blog <http://jingersnaps.blogspot.com> or at my publishers website <http://www.resplendencepublishing.com>. You can also drop me a line at jingerjackson@gmail.com any time! I love to hear from readers just like you!

In Closing

Several years ago Easter was gray, rainy and just miserable but my grandmother, not wanting to disappoint the kidlets, decided to hide the eggs insides. Every kid was sequestered while Nanny hid the colored gems all over the place. Then the kids were given baskets and allowed to commence the hunt. Eggs were gathered and brought in. The kids were cheering and getting their prizes.

Then we all enjoyed Easter dinner and before we knew it, time had arrived to gather our treasures, children, left overs and kisses then head out for our own home. A few weeks later, my grandmother began complaining about this horrible smell that began to develop shortly after the family gathering and it grew continually worse. She was sure some creature had crawled up under the house and died.

Determined to help her we returned to her home to search out the illusive dead animal only to find a single forgotten Easter egg. The offending object was promptly removed. I remember how we laughed and teased my grandmother for this. Jokingly asking how she could have miscounted. All our jests done with a lighthearted attitude but I do remember wondering how she could have forgotten the one egg.

Now that I've gotten older, I have suffered through the forgetfulness and I am now one of the many who can, in fact, hide their own Easter eggs. It's not a pleasant point in my life and it does leave me open to much friendly teasing, but that's okay—I won't remember their pokes and jabs come tomorrow! ☺

Happy Easter!

JJ

