

Spokane Authors & Self-Publishers Member Web-Page



Wayne Kyle Spitzer

...(born July 15, 1966) is an American author and low-budget horror filmmaker from Spokane, Washington. He is the writer/director of the short horror film, *Shadows in the Garden*, as well as the author of *Flashback*, an SF/horror novel published in 1993. Spitzer's non-genre writing has appeared in *subTerrain Magazine: Strong Words for a Polite Nation* and *Columbia: The Magazine of Northwest History*. His recent fiction includes *The Ferryman Pentalogy*, consisting of *Comes a Ferryman*, *The Tempter and the Taker*, *The Pierced Veil*, *Black Hole*, *White Fountain*, and *To the End of Ursathrax*, as well as *The X-Ray Rider Trilogy* and a screen adaptation of Algernon Blackwood's *The Willows*.

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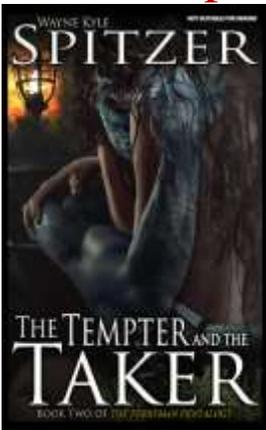
Continue below for information about Wayne's books.
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Comes a Ferryman **B074SJF1TJ**

The ferryman turned to face her and she quickly looked away-as if an owl had suddenly focused on her in the dark. Now that they'd reached the trunk of the river, he had relaxed the intensity of his rowing to a more casual pace, and was allowing the current to do most the work. (She didn't dare risk activating the ring now!) Instead she looked at the floorboards, and after a few moments, remembered the book lying next to her. She reached toward it habitually-but froze when the raven cawed loudly and its red beam fell upon the back of her hand. A tense moment followed in which she looked from the ferryman to the raven then back again as her fingertips wavered over the golden cover. Then the ferryman motioned with his head, and the raven's light swung away and switched off. She picked up the book slowly and placed it on her lap.

The Tempter and the Taker **B074SV557F**



Shekalane looked at him with something akin to pity. 'You speak as if Ursathrax were a person. A lover, perhaps.' Jamais laughed. 'I suppose that's true. It is the hallmark of lonely people, to anthropomorphize. They do it to their pets quite frequently. But that is just one of her secrets ... for while not a person same as you or I, she is, I believe, sentient. She is self-aware. Surely you have felt it, on those days when the leaves of the trees rustle even though there is no wind? She is alive ... she has her moods and her trespasses, like every living thing. And also like every living thing, she is mortal. By which I mean she has a beginning, a middle, and an end, as do all things ... and that, after five-hundred years, she is nearing her end.'

The Pierced Veil **B074STJMGW**



"He picked up one of the fur coats and helped her into it, then stroked the hair next to her temple, laying his head slowly back against the pillows. He gazed up at the gondola's steel ferro (which loomed above them for the ship was right behind him and the flat-bottomed boat's prow rested well above the waterline), and said, 'Take hold of my ship's ferro, Shekalane. And hold on tightly.'

Black Hole, White Fountain **B074SY83RW**



"The hologram faded away and a silence fell over the glade as Dravidian reseated himself upon the rock. Sthulhu remained respectfully silent. In his mind's eye Dravidian saw Pepperlung on the deck of their great dragger, The Vorpall Gladio, saw him glance over his shoulder at the prefect as his tone became grave: 'Beware, Dravidian. The bride is just sightseeing but Asmodeus is here for you. You are the only ferryman up for elevation this year. Watch yourself. There will be a test, surely.' The ground trembled suddenly and the remnants of the cage rattled as a minor Ursaquake shook the glade, and the sun orb went from gold to orange. A horse whinnied in the distance and Dravidian looked out across Parvus' homestead to see a great steed leap up in its corral. The slightest push against the dilapidated

boards would have freed it—but the creature either did not know or did not care. The horse, however mighty, knew its place. It knew in its primitive yet tamed wiring what Dravidian, in his advanced and now liberated own, did not: that nothing lay beyond its cage that did not already exist in abundance within."

To the End of Ursathrax **B074SWXM61**



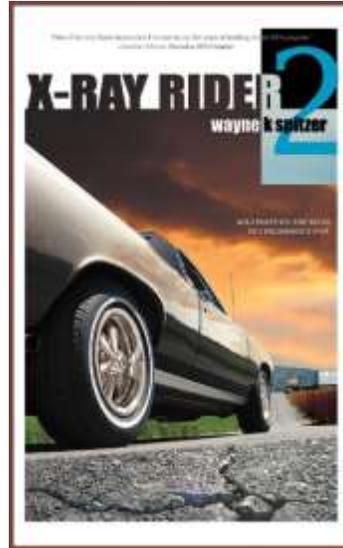
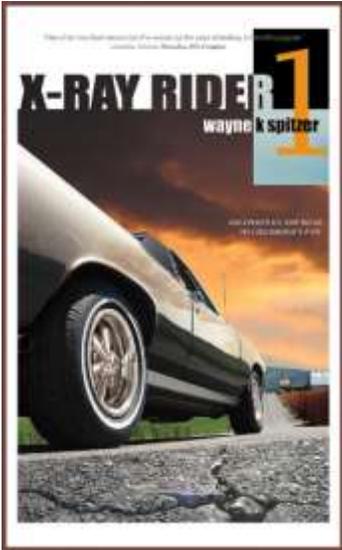
"He refocused on Blotto just as the smile faded from the man's lips and his mouth drew tightly closed, as if he were desperately trying to stifle a belch. His eyes shown suddenly wide and intense, yet their expression had not changed so much as become frozen in stasis. His shapeless body jerked once, his flesh seemed to roll as does water in a boat's wake, and then his fat lips were parted by what first seemed his tongue, but was revealed to be a budding red rose, which emerged into the fire-light and blossomed its pedals, spilling blood onto the gangplank and filling the air with scent. Glancing to the hand with which the man gripped Rosethorn, Dravidian saw that she'd sprouted thorn-studded rose stems, which had penetrated Blotto's beefy wrist and chewed their way through his body.

His heel lifted off the wood and his ankle seemed to lock with paralysis, and then his body listed to the right and he began to fall. The rose imploded as if growing in reverse, retracting into his mouth which fell shut with the clacking of teeth, and an instant later Rosethorn fell to the plank and Dravidian stooped to snatch her up. Blotto's body fell into the void."

X-Ray Rider 1 B0755QN1N6

X-Ray Rider 2 B0755PY9NB

X-Ray Rider 3 B0755QPM67



Jonesing for a drive-in theater and a hotrod El Camino? It's the dawn of the 1970s and everything is changing. The war in Vietnam is winding down. So is the Apollo Space Program. The tiny northwestern city of Spokane is about to host a World's Fair. But the Watergate Hearings and the re-entry of Skylab and the eruption of Mount Saint Helens are coming...as are killer bees and Ronald Reagan. Enter 'The Kid,' a panic-prone, hyper-imaginative boy whose life changes drastically when his father brings home an astronaut-white El Camino. As the car's deep-seated rumbling becomes a catalyst for the Kid's curiosity, his ailing, over-protective mother finds herself fending off questions she doesn't want to answer. But her attempt to redirect him on his birthday only arms him with the tool he needs to penetrate deeper—a pair of novelty X-Ray Specs—and as the Camino muscles them through a decade of economic and cultural turmoil, the Kid comes to believe he can see through metal, clothing, skin—to the center of the universe itself, where he imagines something monstrous growing, spreading, reaching across time and space to threaten his very world. Using the iconography of 20th century trash Americana—drive-in monster movies, cancelled TV shows, vintage comic books—Spitzer has written an unconventional memoir which recalls J.M. Coetzee's *Boyhood and Youth*. More than a literal character, 'The Kid' is both the child and the adult. By eschewing the technique of traditional autobiography, Spitzer creates a spherical narrative in which the past lives on in an eternal present while retrospection penetrates the edges. *X-Ray Rider* is not so much a memoir as it is a retro prequel to a postmodern life—a cinematized “reboot” of what Stephen King calls the “fogged out landscape” of youth. Want to go for a ride?

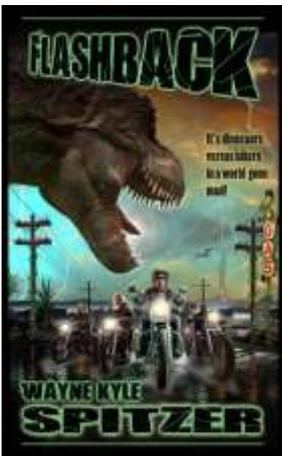


Algernon Blackwood's "The Willows," a Scriptment

B07575JDFS

"We've stepped out of a safe line somewhere ..."

Flashback B07689XLTX



Roadkill ... A funny thing happened to Roger and Savanna Aldiss on the Interstate--they hit a dinosaur. But that's nothing compared to what awaits them down the road. For something is at work to reverse time itself, something which makes the clouds boil, glowing with strange lights, and ancient trees to appear out of nowhere. Something against which Roger, Savanna, a motorcycle gang, and others will make their final stand. Prehistory lives as ferocious dinosaurs run amok! Science-fiction and horror fans (and especially B-movie lovers) will enjoy this gory, action-packed thriller in the tradition of Roger Corman and George Romero.

Flashback Dawn: "Naaygi" B07836PYT5



"Jesus, Corbin, your window!" shrieked Charlotte—too late—as one of the beasts' heads darted deep into the cab and began thrashing about violently. The Jeep careened against the shelves as Red lost control, first to the left, then to the right, causing groceries to cascade down the windshield and to roll off the hood, as Charlotte slid the pistol from her holster and opened fire on the velociraptor, which bucked and leapt, banging its head against the ceiling, before reversing itself back through the window and falling away.

Corbin cranked up his window and looked at her over his shoulder as Red regained control, and said, albeit begrudgingly, "Thank you."

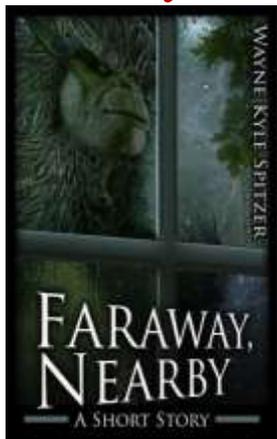
Flashback Dawn: The Devil's Snambnala **B078NHDKZN**



Corbin snatched the rifle off his shoulder in a flash and everyone ducked—but he was pointing it at the ceiling, not the Chairman. “Shhh,” he said, and cocked his head. “Just listen.”

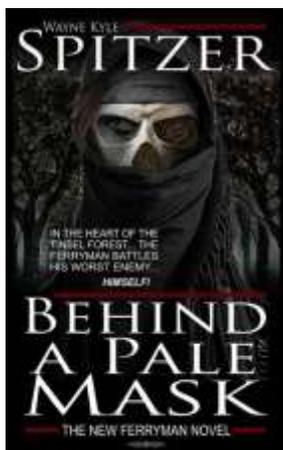
Charlotte did so, her ears still ringing. Slowly it became manifest: the sound of cavern raptors barking amidst the catacombs, barking and seeming to answer themselves, and something else, which answered them all. The Cat. The smilodon. The saber-toothed tiger which bore little in common with any of its modern-day ancestors nor any of its prehistoric ones, for it was the size of a small bus. And beyond that ... another. Something closer in tone to the raptors and yet altogether different. Something bigger, more robust. Something none of them had ever heard before.

Faraway, Nearby **B076PNH7V8**



Now that the smoke had cleared, she saw that the bulge had burst open, and was hollow. Reams of tree sap dribbled from its fracture. She stared at it as piano music tiptoed up the hall—Maggie's radio, no doubt—resonating eerily amidst the sterile walls. Thinking she heard the ghost-voice of Karen Carpenter—what were recordings if not the voices of ghosts?—she noticed something different about the willow tree. Something other than the weird bulge, now split open.

Behind a Pale Mask **1973289415**



"You know me to be a ferryman," I said, pushing the circlet up and over my forehead. "How?" "Why, by taking one look at you, that's how! You've no mask, that much is true, nor have you a scythe, as I've said ... you've the cloak, all right, but that can be purchased at even the lowliest of costume shops; I've one just like it in my wagon here, in fact. No, this is something in the face itself. It's an aura." He paused, appraising me coldly. "You've the heart of a ferryman." After a moment I replied, "I knew a woman once who said the very opposite." "A woman, eh? She must have feared you very much."

Wet Bark B077RJ463S



A vignette of dream shimmers briefly in my mind. I remember I was crouched in a dark yard, this yard—staring at that same clothesline. I was cold, so cold, and frightened, and I didn't know why. It was far too dark to see anything clearly. I could tell only that there was something hung from the line. Approaching it, I saw how it swung back and forth in the night-wind heavily. It wasn't until I was close enough almost to touch it that I realized what it was.

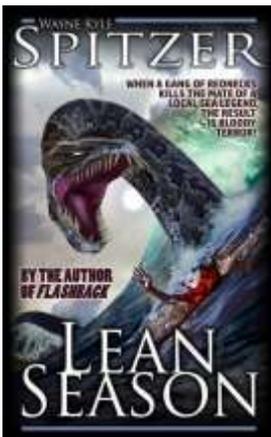
It was the pale woman's head.

Killer in the Looking Glass B0779DM1QH



I stare at her through the rain. Somewhere a siren is wailing. From the streets below, angry words rendered unintelligible by distance are being exchanged. Gunshots follow. Then screaming. Car horns are being honked impatiently. Somewhere a baby is crying. The Hard Mask seems to fit much looser than before. In fact, it doesn't seem to want to stay on at all.

Lean Season B074VD53SF



Lonny hesitated, trembling. "Y-you mean it's just trying to scare us?" Handlebar tweaked his nose. "That's right."

The fire returned to the young man's eyes—almost. He looked around the shattered dock, at the riddled corpse and the oily, bloody water, at the spitting power lines and the dead lights, the peeling boardwalk on the shore.

He shook his head. "No, it's not. It—it doesn't pretend, like you. It's gonna kill us, that's all." He stepped closer. "Can't you see that? You posing hillbilly? The spill's given it a—a lean season. It's sick, and it's hungry, and ..."

He glanced at the corpse. "And we probably just killed its mate."

How About a Coke and Some Fries? **B077TPR77D**



I had a dream. In the dream I was running, I and a thousand others, through the Nevada desert. It's open range out there: no fences impeded us, but the cows scattering before us slowed our passage, tripping us up. They moored in terror even as we cried out, but they weren't afraid of us so much as the Shadow behind us all.

That shadow was an army, led by Ronald McDonald. He was grinning, leering even, blood-red lips frozen in a rictus. At his side was Jack, fell head bouncing. Little Wendy squeezed between them, screaming like a Valkyrie, braided red locks flying. They were a Calvary; they were riding Rainbeer. Their hooves churned up the dust through which burst a million antenna

balls, cackling, bouncing, leaping ...

Flying the Fog Roads of Cascadia **B077WTSXZN**



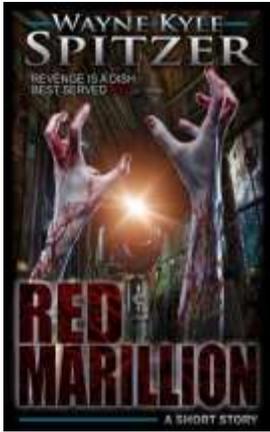
Dr. Krantz served as a full professor of anthropology at Washington State University from 1968 until 1998. Though he was a popular teacher with an almost cult-like following and highly regarded for his work on Homo Erectus, it was his pioneering exploration of the Sasquatch phenomenon which won him praise as well as condemnation from the scientific community.

That Thing We Killed **B076QF8XZY**



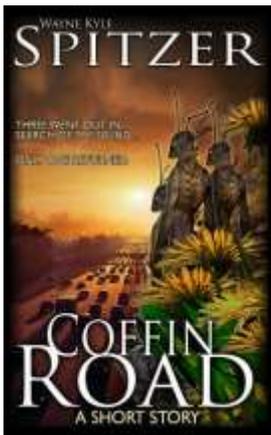
A young man's "bleeding" can haunt him for the rest of his life. Especially when he's not even sure what he killed.

Red Marillion **B077M3ZHWP**



"You're gonna smoke it with me, aren't you, Vic?" he asked, following me. I stopped in the living room and kicked off my hiking boots. "Huh, Vic? How about it?" He walked around me and plopped himself down on the couch, which was even greasier than the carpet, if that was possible. "It'll be just like old times."

Coffin Road **B076XQY5FK**



Three went out in search of the Sound—Seeker, Teller, and Winder (though they weren't called that then). Only Teller returned, living long enough, just, to tell the Tale.



Napoleon **B076FBPRYV**

She was in the habitat—actually in it, not seated at her workstation on the other side of the glass. She was standing before Napoleon in her white lab coat, which, inexplicably, she unzipped and shirked from her shoulders, allowing it to slide to the marshy floor. She didn't know how she had gotten there or how time had rewound so that the habitat and its great glass window were still intact ... she only knew she was there to take the experiment to the next level. And as Napoleon looked down at her with eyes that had become strangely human, she knew that he knew why she was there as well ...



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