

# 1000 Words

Preview Edition



Alex Boxall



# Pests

I don't invite people to my house anymore.

See, I've got a bit of a problem with pests.

They've over run my house.

And they get into everything.

They get in the pantry, and somehow even the fridge.

I can't tell you how many times I've gone to get myself a biscuit, or some cereal, only to find it's been devoured, only the cardboard box or packet left in place.

I know it's them - they leave crumbs and mess everywhere.

The problem's so bad even pest control can't help.



I can hear one of them in the kitchen now:



“Daaaaadddd!!!”

## Cutting


He lowered his head. He'd had enough of it all.

He'd awoken early, inspired and resolute.

He'd need help.

He couldn't do it himself, but he was used to feeling that way.

He fixed his eyes straight ahead, silent, determined not to flinch.



He watched as the blade was sharpened.

She'd clearly done this before.


He was nervous though.

What if it went wrong?


What if it wasn't a clean cut?

What if this was the wrong decision?

He felt hands on the side of his head, moving him into position:



“How would you like your  
hair cut today, sir?”



# Airport Goodbyes

He never thought this day would come.

His parents had always seemed so stayed.

So permanent.

So present.

And yet here they were, suitcases in hand, passports in pockets, standing at the gates, bound for far off foreign lands.

His father's voice falters:

"You will come see us, won't you?"

He knows he won't.

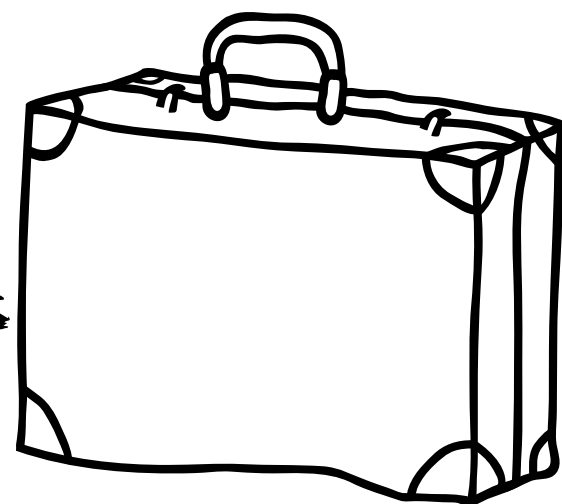
He's always been too afraid to fly.

In fact, the airport was the furthest he had ever been outside his home town.

Driving them here had put him far outside his comfort zone.

A sacrifice he had felt compelled to make.

He never saw them again.



# The Wedding

"If anyone knows of any reason why these two should not be wed, speak now or forever hold your peace."

Should I say something?

The bride looks around the room, resplendent in her beautiful white wedding dress.

Her bright green eyes catch mine and she smiles.

Can I really let this go through?

Should I object?

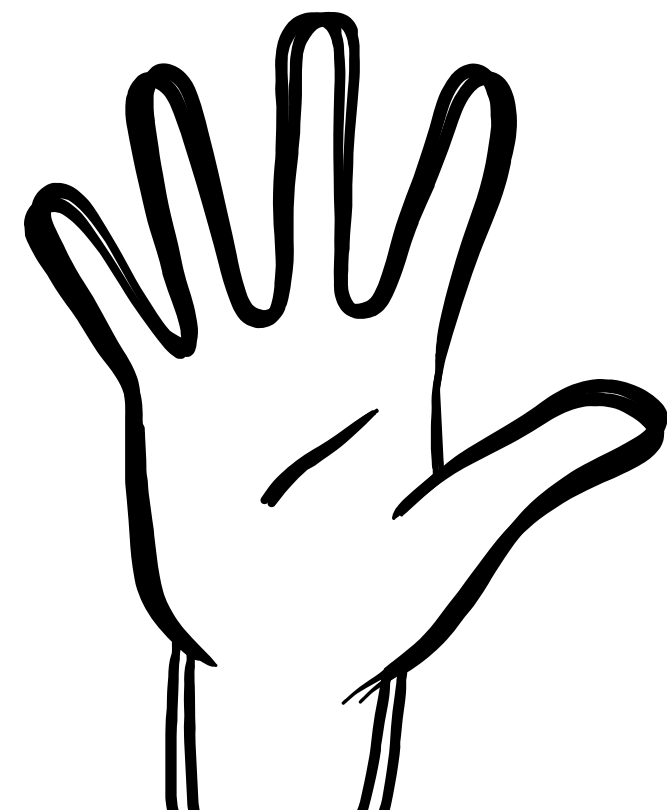
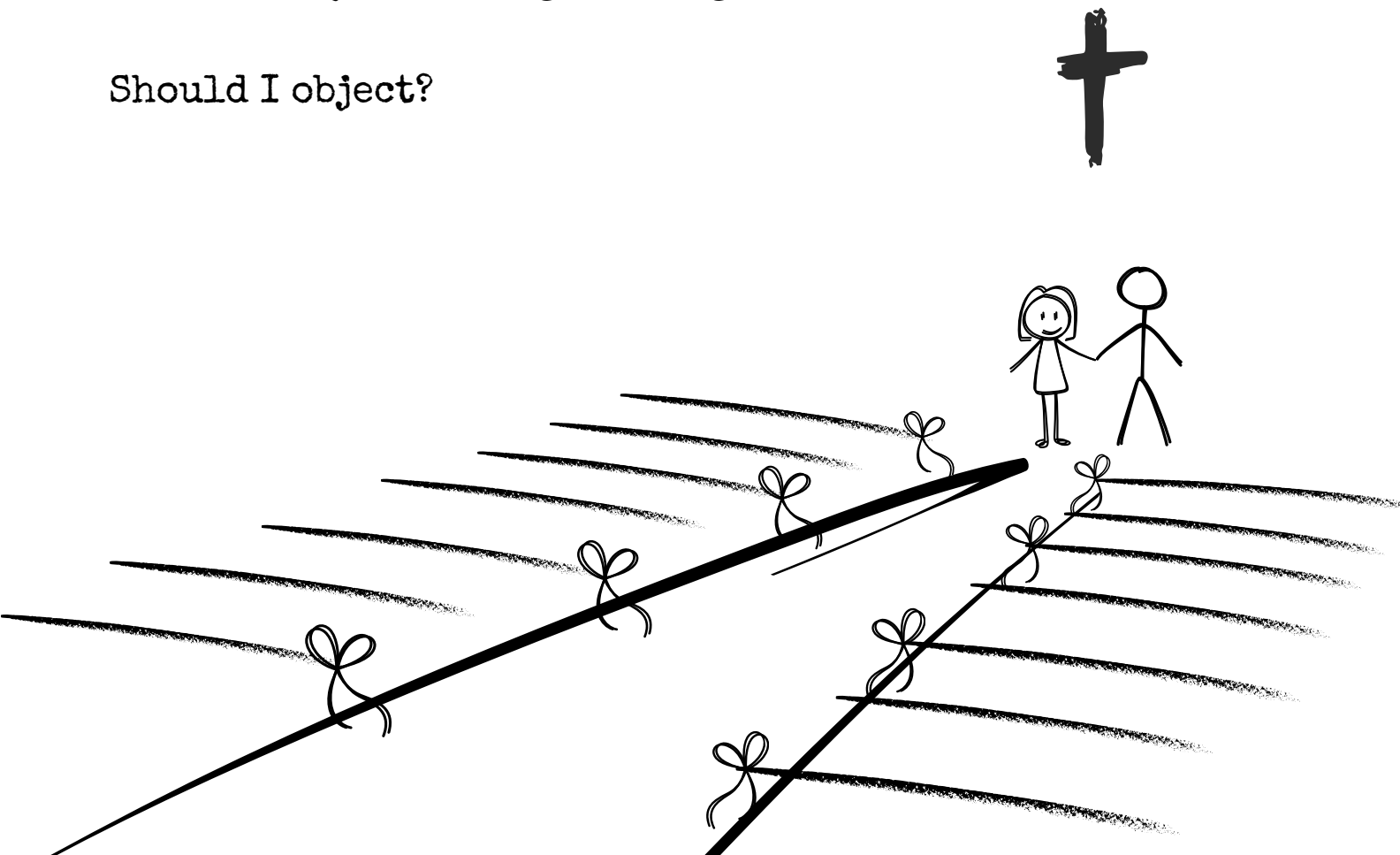
I'll ruin everyone's day, but will I be able to live with myself if I don't?

The priest looks at us all, smiling.

He's probably done hundreds of these with no objections.

I let go of my bride's hand and raise mine:

"I object."



# First Day

It all feels so strange.

Walking into an office that looks like every other office I've worked in.

And yet...

I don't recognise anyone.

The inspirational management posters are the same as they always are.

But I don't recognise anyone.

Here desktop computers on individual desks have been replaced by laptops on long benches, but it's otherwise the same as usual.

I try to get their attention.

No one gets up to greet me.

They're all busy.

I just feel awkward.

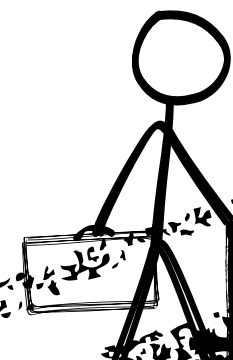
And I can't remember anyone's name.

So, after thirty-five years, I walk out;

alone,

and unnoticed...

Into the unknown.



# impostor syndrome

There wasn't much time left and there was still so much to do.

He'd completed it months ago.

The artwork was ready.

He'd ironed out the glitches at the printers, and the cover was now looking incredible.

(Even if he did say so himself...)

But now came the hard part.

Actually selling the thing.

And this is when it kicked in:

The dreaded impostor syndrome.

Was it good enough?

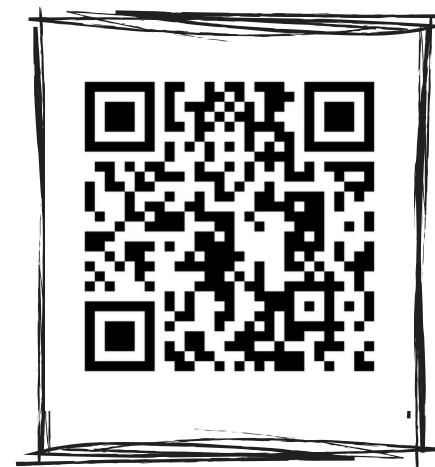
Would anyone like it?

Would there be bad reviews?

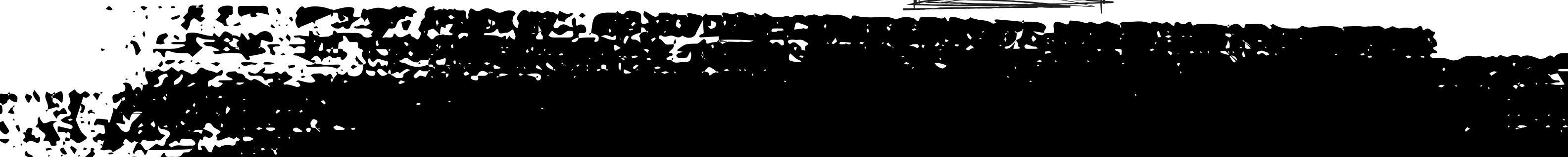
Would there be any reviews?

And right now there's only really one question he wants to ask:

Will you buy his book?

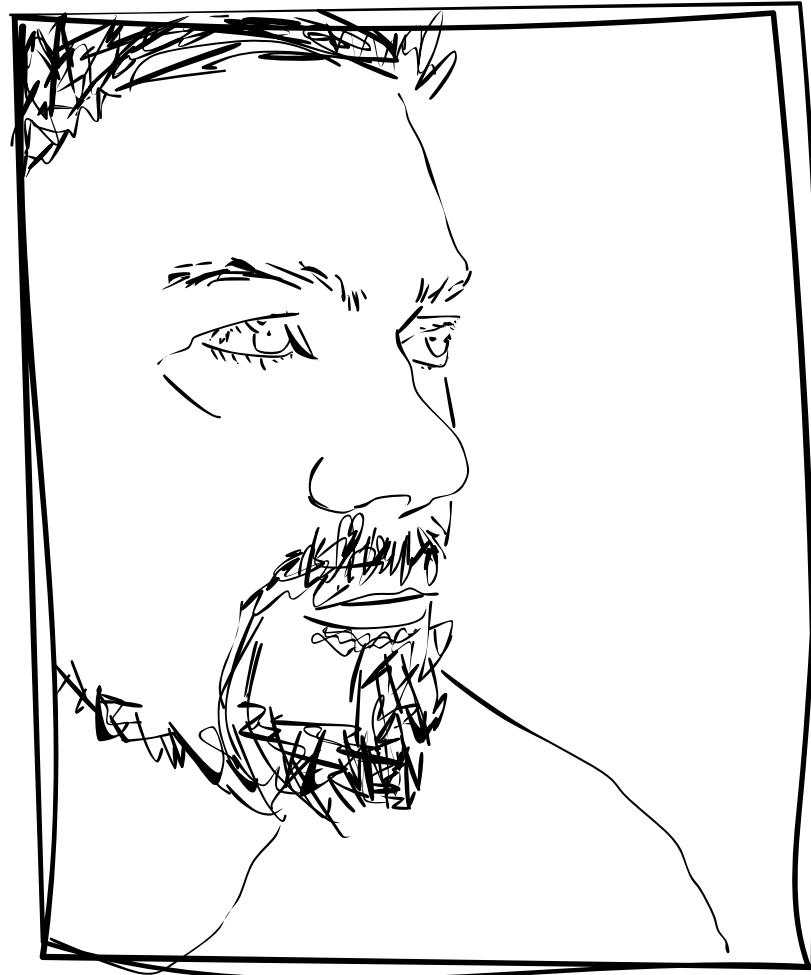


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# About The Author



Alex Boxall wrote this book.

He's written other books too.

Not many, but a few.

They're probably listed on the next pages.

I guess that makes him an author.

He's written songs too.

And on occasion he likes to draw.  
Most of the time, however, he spends his days doing  
marvellously mundane things.

He goes to work, drives a car, struggles with his weight,  
and scrolls on his phone.

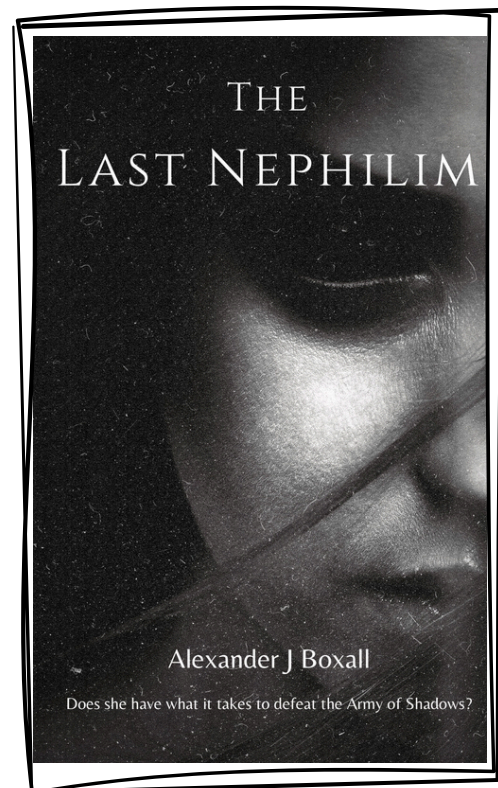
He avoids DIY as much as possible, and clears up cat poo  
when the cat stands in the litter tray and somehow  
completely misses the target.

He also has a family.

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# Other Books by Alex Boxall



## The Last Nephilim

“An excellent read, I struggled to put it down and found myself putting aside other tasks just to read a bit more...”

– Tracy Earle, Author of Darkness Rising



Other than the nightmares, and the expensive boarding school, Gabi was just like any other British teenager... that is until an ancient demon attacks her family, kidnaps her cousin, and turns the local police against her...

With nowhere safe to go she has no choice but to team up with an unlikely stranger who seems to be the only person she can trust... but the things he tells her don't seem to make any sense...

As she races around the UK, from the rural villages of Surrey to the great Cathedral Cities of Guildford, Winchester, and London, will she find that ancient legendary weapon, the only one capable of destroying the demon's Army of Shadows?

And, more importantly, will she find it in time to save her friends and family?

For fans of Harry Potter, Hunger Games, and Percy Jackson this real world fantasy novel will keep you on the edge of your seat from the first page to the last word!

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