

Author: Alanah Andrews
Category: Speculative Fiction
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Author Bio

Alanah Andrews grew up with a steaming mudpool in her back yard – so it's no wonder that she writes dystopian fiction!

She has won several awards for short stories, including the Avid Reader's Flash Fiction Prize, Birdcatcher Books Short Story Award and Sweek Short Story Competition.

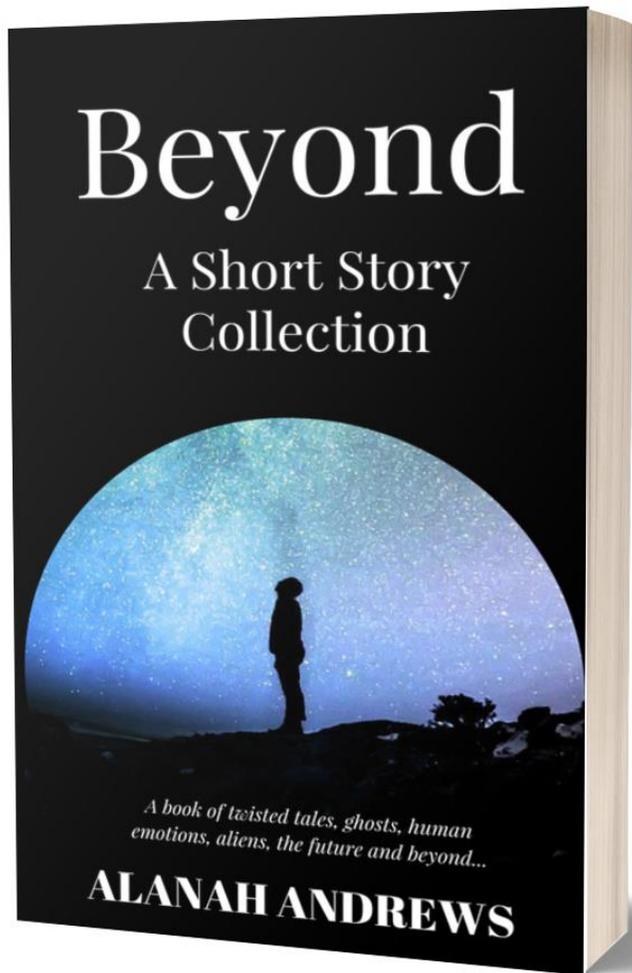
Her work has been published in anthologies such as Hammond House's 'Eternal,' Lane Cove Literary Awards Anthology and Birdcatcher Books' 'Mosaic.' Her writing has been recognised internationally, including being read aloud at LitFest Pasadena, California, as a finalist for the Roswell Award.

Alanah specialised in creative writing at Monash University where she studied a BA in Professional Communication. She also has a Master of Teaching and loves being able to foster a love of reading in her students. She currently teaches English in Traralgon, Victoria.

Alanah has published a book of short stories 'Beyond,' and has a YA dystopian novel coming out in August.



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Book Bio

The future, ghosts, aliens, surprising twists, murder, love and beyond...

A nightly visitor isn't all that she seems.

A woman's life draws strange parallels with a space probe.

A man wakes up in a black void, with no recollection of how he got there.

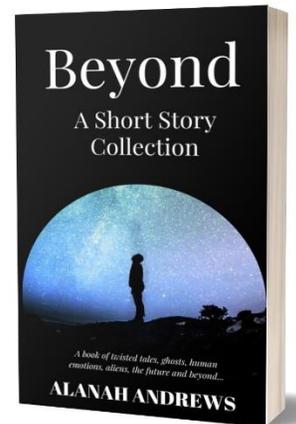
These are just a few of the 30 stories in Beyond.

Some explore life beyond death. Others were inspired by questions of existence beyond earth. Some just centre on human emotions and experiences which are 'beyond' normal.

TESTIMONIALS

This is a little well-written book of exceptional variety. A book you can dip into again and again, just for a few moments at a time! A good buy for your bedside or coffee table! – [Voice of Literature](#)

There were some ending twists which pleasantly surprised me, made me gasp and rethink what I'd just read. Alanah has an aptitude for imagining near-future technology, times and cultures with a backwards glance to our present time. - [Monnath Books](#)



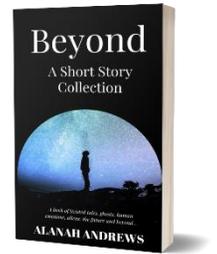
“Loved this book! Each story left you wanting more.” – [5 Star Goodreads Review](#)

“Let me start by saying, Wow. Every story in this collection was a roller coaster of one kind or another. Even the shortest of these stories made me think, or wonder, or to be honest, scared me a little bit in the best way possible.” - [5 Star Amazon Review](#)

“Great variety of short stories that follow themes like possible dystopian futures, supernatural events, deathbed experiences, possible political changes, and others.” – [5 Star Amazon Review](#)

“Great job, Ms. King!” - [5 Star Amazon Review](#)

Book Excerpt



Story 3: Nightly Visit

Each night she comes to our bedroom, crying. My husband doesn't wake. Beside me, his chest rises and falls in blissful ignorance of the little sniffling sounds.

It reminds me of when Anabelle was just a baby and she would wake two or three times in the night for her bottle. Dereck didn't wake then, either. He would yawn and stretch in the morning and comment on what a good baby she was, sleeping through. I would hide a smile and agree that yes, she was perfect. They had such a good bond when Annie was little.

She is still crying - little whimpering noises coming from beside the bed.

'Mummy?' Her voice is thin and pleading, and I fight the pull of sleep.

'What's wrong, Annie?' My voice is muffled against the pillow and I resist the urge to send her back to her room.

'I had a bad dream.'

Without opening my eyes, I lift the covers and feel her scramble awkwardly across the bed to slip in between me and Dereck.

'I love you, Mummy.' Her breath slows as her little body relaxes against me. I think briefly that I wish she had the same relationship with Dereck as she did with me. I could see how hurt he was every time she wanted to spend time with me and not with him. He always said I cared more about Annie than I did about him.

To be honest, it was probably true.

'Do you want to talk about your dream?' I murmur quietly.

She begins to cry again, and I immediately regret asking.

'I dreamed I died.' Her breath comes in panicked sobs and I reach out to comfort her.

My hands grasp empty air.

I scream and sit bolt upright in the bed. This time, Dereck wakes immediately.

'Hun, what's wrong?'

Scalding tears course down my cheeks as I rock back and forth. Dereck slips an arm around me, clearly hoping to comfort me but it just makes me feel trapped. I leap out of bed and stumble along the corridor to the kitchen.

Dereck follows. 'Honey, it was just a dream.' I shake my head, splashing cool water from the sink onto my face.

'It was Anabelle. Dereck, she visited me again.'

My husband reaches out to hold my hand, pity and concern lining his face.

'Honey... Like the counsellor said...'

I snatch my hand away, my eyes burning with anger. I'm not upset anymore. I'm furious. I know she isn't simply a figment of my imagination.

Q & A

Q

What was the first story you had published?

A

Well, when I was at intermediate school I had a poem about my mum published in an anthology. Oh, you mean more recently? My reverse story '22nd Century Jury' which won the Avid Readers' Flash Fiction Prize was published on their website. My first story I saw in print was 'Transference' which was published in Hammond House's anthology 'Eternal.'

Q

Where do you get your story ideas from?

A

I've always had an overactive imagination! Some of my stories came to me in dreams. Others were inspired by something I read in the news or heard while going about my day. For instance, driving to work in the thick fog one morning inspired me to write about a world where pollution had grown so bad that huge sections of the earth were covered in smog.

Q

So, you work full time, have two kids, and write books – how do you find the time?

A

I am of the opinion that if you want something badly enough then you will do whatever it takes to get it. I wake up at 4am every day so I have time to write before the sun (and my sons) wake up. At this time of the day there is no-one to disturb you, and you can't get distracted by doing menial tasks like the housework. I love writing, and if I don't find time in the week to put pen to paper then I feel tired and drained.

Connect with Alanah



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