

PRESS KIT
The Victory Perspective



AUTHOR BIO

BIO

E.J. Kellett is a Dystopian Fantasy Author on a mission to challenge perceptions. Kellett's novel "The Victory Perspective", is a compelling story that sheds a new light on the traditional creation story. The first installment in the epic tale of creation, "The Victory Perspective", showcases a mind-bending plot with ominous overtones. A prime example of E.J. Kellett's dark-tinged storytelling.

MICRO BIO

Dystopian Fantasy Author with a mission to create stories that don't merely entertain, but shift the way people see the world.

CONTACT

ejkellett.com
eljakellett@gmail.com
+61 434 866 482

Publishing Company – Gondor Kellett Independent Publishing

BLURB

A story you know, just not as you know it.

Five individuals find themselves in a wondrous paradise with the perfect climate and boundless resources. But when one develops remarkable powers, he hatches a plan to take control of his comrades and create his perfect world by any means necessary.

Beneath the veneer of life lies the darkest truth of all. Perspective is blinding.

In *The Victory Perspective*, author E.J. Kellett will change the way you view the world. Turning the classic creation story on its head, this thrilling and thought-provoking dystopian novel pushes the boundaries of our preconceived notions.

“I lived in that place with Alpha, there were five of us. When I gained the courage to stand up to him, he banished me to a place that is worse than anything in your world. I am there now, stuck for eternity to suffer at the hands of a self-proclaimed God.”

Contact: E.J. Kellett
Gondor Kellett Independent
Publishing
ejkellett@gmail.com
+61 434 866 482

**Gondor Kellett
Independent Publishing**

Press Release

Dystopian Fantasy Author, E.J. Kellett, to Release Controversial New Novel “The Victory Perspective” January 27, 2018

January 20, 2018: E.J. Kellett, a dystopian fantasy author that explores the uncharted and taboo topics of our world today determined to challenge perceptions and preconceived notions, this week announced through Gondor Kellett Independent Publishing, the release of *The Victory Perspective*, on January 27, 2018.

A compelling story that tackles the traditional Creation story, *The Victory Perspective* will be the first installment in what will be an epic tale of Creation and life, showcasing a mind-bending plot with ominous overtones that are a true testament to Kellett’s dark-tinged storytelling.

“Creationism isn’t exactly a topic that many authors would like to go near. As for me, I find it to be an inviting subject that makes for a dark, twisted, and enticing storyline, one that will whisk readers right out of their daily perceptions,” said Kellett. “No one likes to touch religion and the controversy surrounding it. I’m challenging readers to consider picking up a new kind of book in 2018. This book will confront people and tempt them to view things differently.”

The Victory Perspective is an alternative telling of the Creation story, where Lucifer is actually the unlikely hero. The storyline is gruesome in nature, following the “other side” of the Creation story that so many accept without questioning the different perspectives. Beginning in paradise, where a strict hierarchy forms the basis for a system of servitude. The story is kicked into motion when Alpha develops extraordinary powers and creates a race to serve him.

“Lucifer’s eternal struggle against Alpha, on a mission to save mankind, is the basis for this tale,” said Kellett. “Totally going against the grain, I’m asking readers to enjoy this book with an open mind. Spread the word, and look for the availability of *The Victory Perspective* this January 27th.”

The Victory Perspective is classified as religious dystopian fiction. Expected to be a 2018 best-selling novel selection, *The Victory Perspective* complements the questioning of society as we know it today.

For more information, visit: www.ejkellett.com. Review copies and interviews available upon request.

For Release

ARE YOU READY?

The truth around the downfall of your race should be told. It may serve as a lesson for those who still cling to the desolate remnants of civilization or as a warning for those who may, in time, reclaim this land. Telling this story affords a sliver of hope that those of you who remain, will know the true meaning of your existence.

You were a race created and urged to flourish for one selfish and malicious purpose. So heavily manipulated to satisfy the whim of a single individual, you can hardly be blamed for your own shortcomings. You cannot be held liable for failing to see through your highly manufactured existence or for following the altered perspective of truth blindly. It was how you were made. The creation and ultimate destruction of your world made possible through one inherent and undeniable need: your need to believe.

Human belief was God's master stroke. It overcame your greatest fear; that your hard and painful lives might be pointless. In order to survive, you needed belief that you meant something, that you had a purpose. And at the end,

when you left your mortal flesh, you would be taken to a place of eternal happiness.

The great human delusion you all suffered allowed God's greatest victory. By creating blind belief, God commanded ultimate control.

Your inherent desire for significance blinded you to reality. How do you know what you think is true? Is it truth at all? Your purpose must be told.

As with all stories, the best place to start is the beginning. This is the truth.

PART I

HOME

In this treacherous world, nothing is the truth nor a lie.
Everything depends of the color of the crystal through
which one sees it.

—Pedro Calderón de la Barca

THE BEGINNING

He felt like he was dying, even though he didn't know what that meant. No one should remember the moment their life began. But this memory would stay with Gabriel forever. His body slowly worked to dissolve the panic, each painful breath chipped away at the fear blocking his chest. He sat, blinded by brightness. His watering eyes moved slowly across the calm landscape. An involuntary sharp breath whistled through his teeth. Lying on the sand, was another body.

It coughed. Gabriel watched as the other came to life. "Hello," Gabriel said, his speech coming naturally.

"Hello," the other responded with a cocked, bushy eyebrow. "Who are you?"

"I am Gabriel, I think," he said, losing confidence as he spoke.

"I am Michael." The response came quickly. "I think." He finished with a smile.

"Where are we?" Gabriel asked, natural trust calmed the frayed edges of his nerves. Michael gave a heavy shrug.

"That's a fire," Michael said, nodding his head toward

the crackling flames a short way down the beach. It was a conical blaze, the sparks licked toward the blue expanse above.

“I know,” replied Gabriel, pushing the question of *how* he knew out of his thoughts. By unspoken agreement, they rose to their feet, unused limbs wobbling as they found their first footfalls on the sand.

Gabriel poked around the fire, waves of heat assaulted their faces. His first lesson was quickly learned. Flames should not be touched. He jerked his hand from the heat and shook it to stop the burning sensation. To distract himself from the pain, he turned in slow circles looking at the surroundings. The wide stretch of beach sloped upward to a dense forest of brilliant greens and downward to a mass of water moving gently against the sand. Michael, too, was staring. One arm was folded across his middle. His hand cupped the opposite elbow, stubby fingers drummed against his cheek. Gabriel flitted his tongue across his dry lips, he felt a need to quench his thirst.

“What are we meant to do now?” asked Michael, not meeting Gabriel’s eyes.

“I don’t know. Wait for something?” Gabriel said.



THE UNFRUITFUL ENDEAVOR of waiting weathered the two companions. Aware their needs were not being met but unsure of what they required to sustain themselves, they grew weak. Their energy levels dipped, their hearts raced.

“We need to look for something,” croaked Gabriel. Michael nodded, no longer attempting to speak, his dry tongue stuck to the roof of his mouth. They drew strength from each other and shuffled up the beach, legs crumpling

just beyond the line of trees, the cool washed over their burning skin.

Collapsed on his back, Gabriel stared at the canopy. Green fronds obscured the sun. He felt at peace. Content with the world. If his life slipped from his body, he would be calm. Fear had left him, senses dulled to block out the pain. Through the haze, he heard a trickle. Unknowingly, he reacted to the sound, his body let out a burst of energy. Slithering through the leaves that coated the forest floor, he peered over a lip of rocks. Clear water sparkled below. Gasp- ing, he cupped his hand, dipped it into the inviting cool, and raised it to his lips. Liquid life ran through his body, all pain forgotten. He dragged Michael to the edge of the brook, so he, too, could claw back from death.



GABRIEL LEARNED that existence was hard. His constant need for water to stave off the throbbing in his head, and foraging for food to satisfy his hunger led to continuous chores. Gabriel eyed the green plant waving gently in the breeze. Below was a moist and tender root, ready to eat. He licked his lips and readied himself to heave. The constant battle between effort and sustenance plagued him constantly. With a sharp tug, the root emerged from the dirt.

“Good, you got one,” said Michael as he held out a plump-fingered hand. Reluctantly, Gabriel handed it over.

“There must be something easier,” Gabriel said, hands on hips, turning his head toward the layers of shrubs that stretched into the forest. “I’m just going to take a look a bit farther in.” Michael shrugged, his attention already turned to cleaning the dirt off their next meal. Once Michael had food, he could not be distracted.

Gabriel pushed his way through the delicate fronds, deeper into the forest. The mottled shards of light puncturing the trees contracted, the forest more unknown with every step. "Yes!" Gabriel cried, quickening his pace. He ran toward the glint in the green. Pushing aside a frond large enough to cover his body, he gasped. A squat plant with bulbous fruits sat behind the natural screen. He touched it, the fuzzy skin tickled his fingers. The weight of the fruit was apparent as soon as he cupped it in his hand. It seemed to glow the same color as the sky when the sun dipped past the sea. His mouth watered.

Gabriel's body jumped before he registered the noise, a large crack, a scrape through the leaves that littered the forest floor. A strange sound filled his ears, a growl. Something was coming.

His breath came fast, wild eyes drank in his surroundings. He moved without thought, crashing through the trees back to the beach. He did not want to know what he had found.

The trees lightened, he burst out of the forest. Michael's head snapped as Gabriel collapsed in the sand, trying to slow his breathing.

"What?" said Michael. Gabriel shook his head.

"Nothing, I just thought I saw something," Gabriel panted, unsure how much to say.

"Well." Michael paused. Gabriel saw a thought churning through his mind. "I found something too." Raising an eyebrow in question, Gabriel's gaze followed Michael's pointed finger. Lying on the sand, just out of the tree line, was a body. Gabriel almost mistook it for a lump in the sand. The sun glinted off the curly blond hair, just as it did off the pale ripples on the beach.

Gabriel approached with caution, his experience in the

forest fresh on his senses. It was curled on its side, knees tucked in, face peaceful. Gabriel lifted his foot and pushed on the drooping shoulder. The body gave no resistance, turning slightly with the shove. Gabriel stooped to his haunches and placed both palms on the body, shaking hard, hoping for a response. It came in a labored gasp. Eyes scrunched at the pain. Waiting for the newcomer's pain to subside, Gabriel spoke when its squinted gaze found his face.

"Hello," Gabriel said. "Who are you?"

"Alpha," the body replied.

"Does your tummy hurt?" asked Gabriel, pointing to his middle. The memory of an empty stomach pushed to the front of his mind.

Alpha nodded.

"Come with me. I'll show you where to dig."

Alpha rose and silently followed Gabriel to the nearest section of plants.

"Here," Gabriel said, beckoning to the long green stems that shot from the ground. "Pull this, hard."

Alpha did as he was told, grasping the stalks with bold hands; the small muscles on his arms engaged as he heaved.

"There," said Gabriel as the orange root lifted from the ground. "Brush the dirt off and eat it. It is crunchy and hard to chew, but it will make you feel strong."

Alpha shrugged and took a bite, dirt crunching in his teeth.

Alpha bent and heaved up two more roots. Straightening, he offered one to Gabriel. Gabriel took the offered meal and eyed Alpha, thoughts forming. "Why don't you stay here and eat as many of these as you like? You will need to eat lots of food to feel better. Then when you are done, pull up as many as you can carry in your arms, and come and

find me near the fire. Down there.” Gabriel pointed down the beach. Alpha nodded.

Gabriel set off down the beach, keeping a quick pace. “Michael,” he hissed as he approached the fire. “Michael!”

“What?” growled Michael, his head barely lifting from his reclined position in the sand.

“He is gathering some food. I just asked him to do it,” Gabriel said, thoughts racing.

“You asked him to gather food? For us?” Michael asked, receiving a curt nod in reply. “This could be good.”

Gabriel’s face broke into a grin that betrayed his inner thoughts. They had themselves another. He would be pliable they could mold him however they wished.



“I FOUND THEM FARTHER IN. Quite amazing, don’t you think? Definitely juicier than the ones in the ground. I think they taste better. I think we should try to pick more food from the trees than from the ground. They shine like the sun,” Alpha prattled as he sorted the fruits.

“Are you ever quiet?” Gabriel groaned from his nest in the sand. “Nothing but talk, talk, talk. If you spent less time talking and more time working, you could find whatever you wanted, I’m sure.”

Alpha’s shoulders slumped. His eyes dropped to his feet. He pressed his lips firmly together to stop any retort. The punishment was not worth it.

“I agree with Gabriel,” Michael said through his current mouthful. “I want more food; every new taste makes my tongue tingle. Be good, Alpha, go and find me something else.”

Alpha did not move, continuing to sort his fruit.

“Did you hear that?” Gabriel said, picking up a handful of sand. He threw it at the side of Alpha’s face. Alpha shook his head, careful to keep his eyes averted. “When we tell you to do something, you do it,” Gabriel shouted, pelting twigs and stones at Alpha until he ran out of range.

Head hanging in defeat, Alpha trudged toward the forest, destined to work another day for his masters. His feet instinctively stopped as he heard a rustle. His small eyes scanning the forest edge, he attempted to locate the noise. Alpha’s mouth dropped open, two figures emerged from the edge of the greenery. Their eyes were wild, and their heads turned in every direction, taking in the visions of home. Alpha stood still, at once afraid and overjoyed at what this meant for him. The figures stopped.

“Hello,” they said in unison. “Where are we?”



LUCIFER’S fragile nerves were immediately tested when he met the others. Gabriel and Michael’s feelings toward the new arrivals were obvious from the outset, as they made their superiority clear. Long silences thickened the air. Alpha filled the gaps with his story until Lucifer gathered the courage to speak.

“So,” Lucifer said, allowing the information Alpha had told him to sink in. “You all just woke up too?”

Alpha nodded.

“But what are we doing here? What are we here for? I don’t understand,” Lucifer muttered, casting his eyes to his new companion. He received nothing but a shrug from Raphael, whose face was still contorted with shock. His thoughts were building, words came more easily with every moment. His mind constructed a picture of his home,

layering his innate knowledge with insight gathered from those who came before him.

“None of that matters,” grumbled Gabriel. “All that matters is that we eat and drink, so we do not get thirsty or hungry. I don’t like being asked too many questions.” He finished with a sneer. “You ask Alpha how that worked out for him.”

“He is right,” Alpha hissed. “If you do anything to annoy them, they will punish you.”

“Punish? Why? Why is he allowed to punish us...” Lucifer’s questioning was cut off as Gabriel rose from his depression in the sand.

“I am in charge here. I was here first, you do as I say. Now get us more fruit. You better find something different. We are getting bored,” Gabriel said, turning his back.

“Come on,” said Alpha. Grabbing Lucifer and Raphael by the arms, he dragged them to the forest. “We should go.”

Reluctantly, Lucifer allowed himself to be led, peering back toward Gabriel and Michael, nestled into the sand. “We will need to find some food, or they will be angry. I think there is something new over this way, it isn’t too far. We have to make sure we are back before it gets dark, or we will not hear the end of it.”

The edge of the forest loomed, the dark sucking them farther in with every step. Alpha bent to pluck roots from the ground as he walked.

“This is incredible,” said Raphael, his mouth hanging open more with every step he took into the forest. “It feels alive, like it wants us to explore.”

Lucifer smiled at Raphael, “I feel it too,” he said, craning his neck to take in every layer of the forest: the crunchy leaves below his feet, the dark, soft fronds that tickled his fingertips, and the soaring trees that sprouted into a dense

green canopy high above their heads. Dazzling flowers punctuated the foliage, pops of color grabbed Lucifer's attention everywhere he looked. "We need to explore," Lucifer said, a wide grin splitting his face, excitement coursing through his body, emitting a faint buzz. His eyes alight, Lucifer turned to Alpha, his forehead creased with deep lines.

"No," he said forcefully. "We can't, you don't know what will happen if we don't do as they say."

"I am not afraid of them," Lucifer replied, puffing his chest. Alpha's worried expression deepened before it relaxed with a shrug.

"Don't say I didn't warn you. I am going back." Alpha turned, slinking through the trees.

Lucifer spun back to Raphael. "What do you think, Raphael? Are you ready to explore?"

"It is what we are meant to do," Raphael said, eyes wide. "I know it."

They chose a direction and walked. Ducking through small gaps in trees, pushing aside soft green fronds, they navigated trickling streams and rested to fill their stomachs when they found new fruits.

Lucifer pushed aside a thick-stemmed branch, gasping at what he saw. A nearly sheer cliff soared above, covered with tufts of moss and grasses. Disjointed vines hung from jutting black rocks, making way for a wall of water falling from the high edge, which collected in a sparking pool. Mesmerized, Lucifer let go of the frond, which snapped back in place.

"Ouch," came a muffled voice. Lucifer spun around to see Raphael grasping his nose, eyes watering.

"Are you all right?" Lucifer said, spinning toward Raphael, half emerged from the thicket.

“I think so,” he said, tenderly prodding his nose with a finger. “That hurt.”

Lucifer chuckled at Raphael’s expression. Raphael let a smile touch his lips and shook his head in a gesture for them to continue.

“Do you think we can get up there?” Raphael said, thinking aloud.

“I think we can,” replied Lucifer. “Let’s see if we can climb up using the vines.”

Scrabbling for handholds, they made slow progress, the roar of rushing water was deafening. With a final heave, they reached the top and collapsed on the plateau, staring at the bright-blue sky above, breathing heavily.

“We did it,” said Raphael, sitting up.

“We did,” Lucifer replied, giving Raphael a firm clap on the shoulder. Fumbling to his feet, he turned slowly. Beauty overtook Lucifer’s every thought, he could do nothing but stare. Below him, the forest canopy stretched into the distance, inviting, as if urging him to dive onto it and walk across the tops of the trees. He lifted his eyes and saw a jagged mountain dark against the sky, circled with cloud.

“I wonder what is up there,” said Raphael absently, as if he knew what Lucifer were thinking. “This is so wonderful,” he continued, raising his face and arms to the sky. Lucifer watched his nostrils flare as he took in a deep breath, twirling in a circle.

Lucifer smiled, Raphael looked happy.

Standing still, Lucifer watched Raphael skip across the plateau. He picked small plants, smelling and tasting. His energy drew Lucifer’s gaze, excitement uncontainable.

“I can’t describe how I feel,” beamed Raphael, looking back over his shoulder. “I think something inside of me

might burst.” Lucifer grinned again, ambling to join Raphael near the edge of the plateau.

“I know what you mean,” Lucifer said, searching Raphael’s eyes.

“I just want to run around until the sun goes down. Then lie up here all night, looking at the lights in the sky.” Raphael took a step and met a crumbly piece of rock. He took in a sharp breath, fear overtaking the eyes that, a moment earlier, had been alive with intrigue and joy. He reached out a hand, madly grabbing for something to hold. Lucifer lunged, just touching Raphael’s fingertips before he slid over the edge. Heart beating through his skin, Lucifer ran the few steps to the edge, instincts warning him of what he might find. Raphael was in sight, clinging to a vine. He stared up at Lucifer, pleading.

“Don’t move,” Lucifer shouted. “I’m coming.”

Unsure what to do, he looked around the plateau. He grabbed a vine hanging from the edge and tied it around his waist, leaning as far over as he could without tumbling himself. “Use your feet,” he called. “Try to swing up and take my hand.”

Raphael didn’t move. He was frozen, clinging to the vine.

“You have to try!” Lucifer called again, desperation mounted. Raphael’s fingers were white with effort, he could not hold on much longer.

“I am here. I will help you,” Lucifer continued, attempting to rid his voice of panic. “I will not let anything happen to you.”

Raphael took a deep breath and kicked his feet against the sheer wall of the cliff. He swung in an arc. Their fingers touched. Not enough. Raphael swung away with the momentum of the vine.

“You have to trust me!” yelled Lucifer.

Arcing back, Raphael closed his eyes and launched himself upward, losing his grip on the vine in the lunge toward his savior. Everything slowed. Lucifer did not breathe. Raphael's pale hand moved closer. Lucifer dove and grabbed the soft flesh of his forearm. A spark passed through Lucifer's body at the touch. Lucifer locked onto Raphael's wild eyes, the jolt was a mutual unknown feeling. They hung together, teetering on the edge of the cliff. With no words of encouragement left, Lucifer heaved Raphael back to the safety of the plateau.

Breathing heavily, Lucifer made his way to a crouching position. "Are you all right?" he asked Raphael, although he already felt the answer. Raphael nodded, words not yet returned. Something flickered. Lucifer snapped his head toward the movement. There was nothing there. Lucifer rose to his feet, searching. Something darted from his field of vision just before he saw it.

"What's wrong?" asked Raphael, his senses returning.

"I don't know. I thought I saw something moving," Lucifer said warily.

"We should go back." said Raphael. Lucifer nodded, still alert to the movement.

"We should tell the others," Lucifer said.



"I SAW SOMETHING OUT THERE. I'm telling you, I know there is something more!" Lucifer's frustration continued to rise as he tried to get through to his cohort back at the beach. "How can we just sit here when we know there is something to discover out there?"

"No," Gabriel said with a practiced resolve that would end any conversation. "We are happy, we have good food, we

have everything we need here. I will not risk this to find what you *think* you saw. By the sounds of it, Raphael barely survived.” Gabriel waved a hand at Raphael, who stood still, skin as pale as the clouds surrounding the mountains. “Your job is to get food for Michael to cook. He is getting quite good at it, and that is what we should work on, making things better for ourselves here. Not risking all we have done out there.”

“But—” Lucifer started. Gabriel came close, his head craned down close to Lucifer’s face. Through clenched teeth he said, “I am in charge here, I say no. I will not let your ideas ruin what I have built for myself.”

Lucifer let his eyes fall to the ground. Alpha’s warning about Gabriel played over in his head. With a final glare, Gabriel stomped across camp.

Lucifer sat heavily in the sand. “It is no use. I can’t change his mind,” he muttered.

“Perhaps that is not such a bad thing,” said Raphael, sitting delicately next to Lucifer. “He is right, what happened out there scared me. I don’t want to go far into the forest again. Who knows what might be in there?”

Lucifer gave a small smile. Despite his disappointment, he understood. Strong protective feelings toward Raphael rose to the surface in continuous waves.

“I suppose we have been told our place,” said Lucifer. “If there is one good thing to come out of this, we can help Alpha. He does seem to be doing all the work.”

“He is a little different though, don’t you think?” asked Raphael.

“Different? Yes. But just because someone is different doesn’t mean they should be treated this way,” Lucifer continued.

“But I will say,” said Raphael, “he can be a little difficult

to be around. Always talking about things that don't matter. Perhaps that is why the others send him to do all the chores."

Lucifer heard a crack. He twisted, eyes darting. There was nothing there.



ALPHA KNELT at the forest edge, ripping up vegetables with all his force, muttering through clenched teeth as he threw them to a wayward pile. "I annoy them, do I? Well, I will make them see."