



Creating Art with Words

Kim

LANGLEY

Author & Artist
www.kimlangley.com

About the Author

Stories have been in Kim Langley's mind forever! From an early age, she would take herself off to central London. Here she would spend their time in the Natural History, Science, and Victoria and Albert museums exploring the magnificent halls, fascinated by amazing curiosities on display in grand wooden cabinets. Those musty corridors allowed her to dream of long-gone days and a future yet to arrive. Art was also a huge part of her life and during these adventures, she would visit The Tate and National galleries, each picture was a magical story, and what wonderful stories were imagined! Kim is passionate about the environment and joined Greenpeace as soon as she was old enough. After training as a medical scientist and then as a chemistry teacher, in 2009 she decided to concentrate on her art and writing. She moved from London to the dreamy Cotswold's and lives here with her husband and their two dogs, River and Darcie. Here she dedicated her time to ceramics, art, and writing. It is during her long walks and doing art she dreams of magical fantasy adventures and plots for her books.

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Author Bio

Name: Kim Langley

email: kim@kimlangley.com

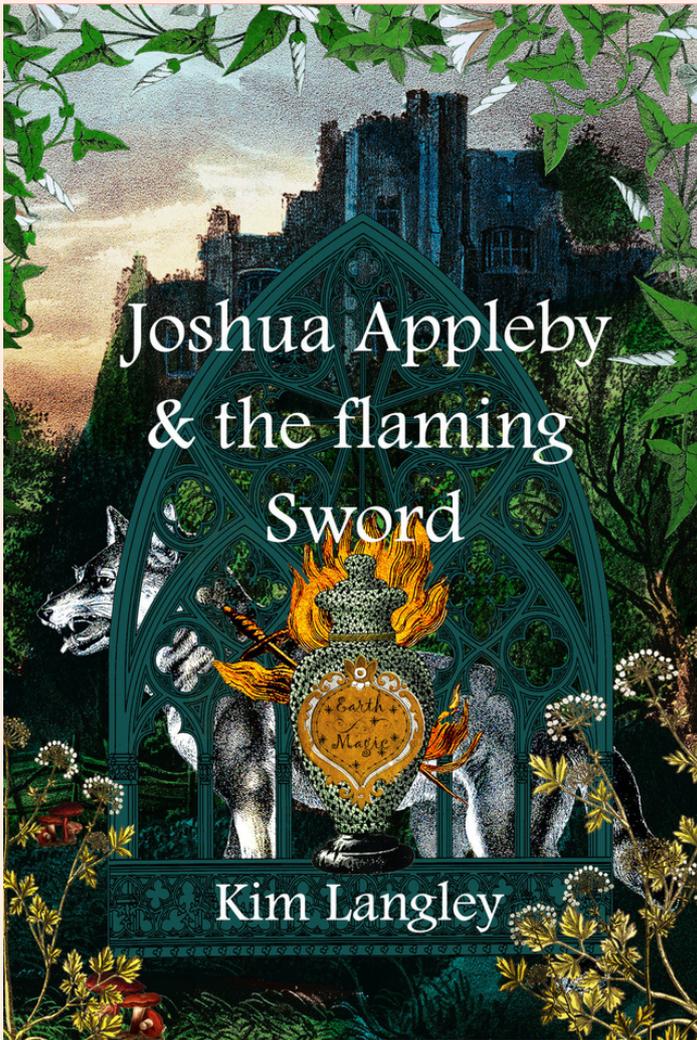
Website: www.kimlangley.com

Phone number: 07580128130

 /kimlangleyauthor

 @kimlangleyauthor

Joshua Appleby Series



Joshua looked into the deep amber eyes of the white wolf and knew his life would change forever.

Earth Magic is real. And its power can be frightening. Joshua Appleby has always felt ordinary, but everything is about to change. He is tormented by nightmares and is seeing animals that no one else seems to notice. He soon discovers the reason - he has Earth Magic. Joshua enters a secret world that he does not understand. He is watched over by Elders who guided him in the ways of Earth Magic by magical creature, in the hope that he will stay on the right path. The Elders warn Joshua he must understand magic before confronting evil. When a Dark Magic practitioner steals a sacred magical sword; Joshua enlists the help of his twin sister and friends to track it down. Little do they realize; the worst kind of evil awaits them.

Categories: Fantasy YA, Adventure

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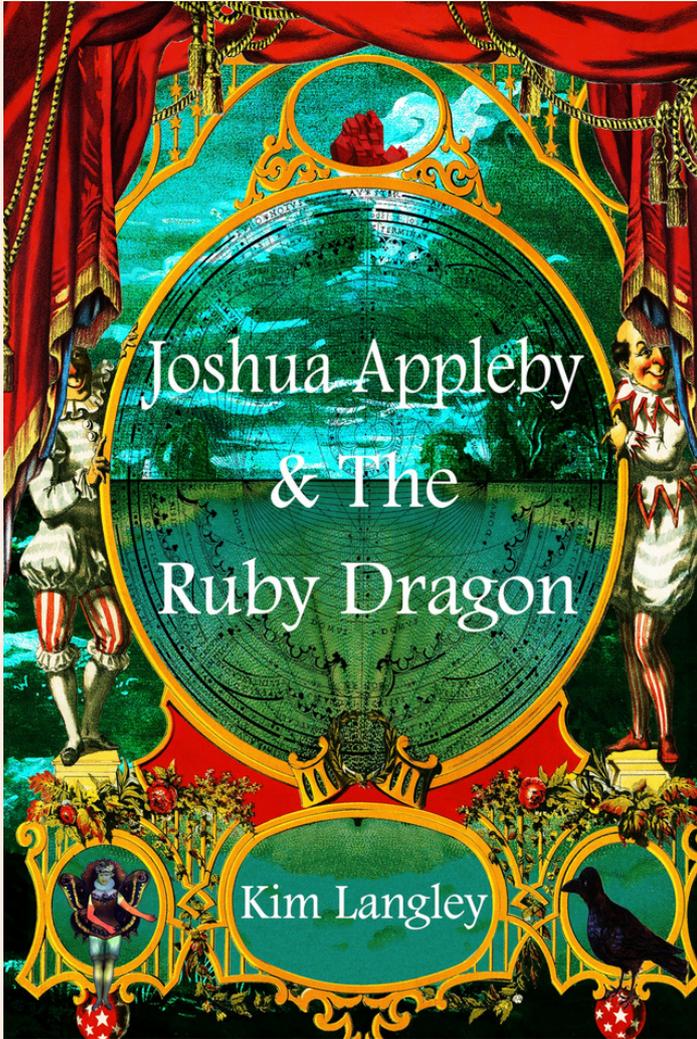
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Joshua Appleby Series



In 1960's England Earth Magic is hidden.

When a circus led by an eccentric ringmaster arrives in town, a new dark magic emerges, resulting in a terrible culmination of betrayal of family and friends.

Joshua & Milly Appleby have the power of Earth Magic but Milly hides a secret; will she fall into darkness? Her magic would be bound and lost forever.

Delvera Mooremarsh has returned; a thief and murderer. She has two things on her mind; Steal the Ruby Dragon and find eternal life. Manipulating events with unimaginable consequences. Will Mooremarsh be thwarted again doing battle with Joshua and Milly, or will they fail against Mooremarsh's newfound dark power?

Joshua Appleby and the Ruby Dragon will enchant teens, adults, and anyone who enjoys magic and adventure.

Categories: Fantasy YA, Adventure

Released: February, 2022

Size: 6 x .9 inches

Pages: 348

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Extract from Joshua Appleby and the ruby dragon

A tattered fragment of a newspaper quivered in the wrinkled hand of Delvera Mooremarsh. A black and white image of a man, with a large grin, leaped out from the page she was holding. The only thing that interested her was the small object that was neatly balanced in the palm of his hand. The title above the picture quoted:

Ruby Dragon is back at Overhill Hall and will be exhibited soon!

Mooremarsh gazed at the picture, her hand trembled uncontrollably. She recognized the statue.

'Idiots, its full title is The Ruby Dragon of Craig Isle.'

Mooremarsh angrily crushed the fragment and pushed it deep into her pocket. She picked up her self-fashioned walking staff off the park bench. It had been her home for the past week.

'Nobody takes notice of a down and out,' she snorted, 'in fact, they always look the other way.'

She shuffled out of the small park, wincing with pain each step she took.

'The library will have what I need to research where to find the Ruby Dragon.'

Excited she tried to pick up the pace, leaning heavily on her self-fashioned staff, ignoring the ripping pain in her legs, she marched as fast as she could towards the library. Soon she got to the bottom of Park Street, her breathing came in gurgling rasps. After some time, she stood before the gothic looking entrance of Bristol Central Library. Mooremarsh stood for a moment to catch her breath, it had taken a lot of energy to make the short walk.

'I will have to be careful and conserve the little life force I have left,' she leaned heavily with sweaty hands on the thick staff. Glancing at the shriveled hand, her upper lip curled.

'You made a miscalculation dealing with the Appleby's' she murmured to herself, remembering the fight. A face hovered in her thoughts. 'Never thought the child would be so powerful, thought it would be the boy or even the mother,' Rubbing the frail hand with her slightly healthier one she thought about her appearance, she was disheveled, and her skin was sallow, wrinkled, and thin like parchment. Mooremarsh had been on the road for months, sleeping in doorways and vacant buildings to avoid the police.

Delvera Mooremarsh was a murderer... and practiced Dark Magic!

Her hand straightened out her dress as best she could, and she stumbled into the warmth of the library from the cold of the winter afternoon sun. Standing for a while, she let her eyes acclimatize to the darkness of the foyer, soon enough, everything was clear again. She looked around and found what she was looking for, a sign which pointed the way to the Reference Library.

'That's where newspapers would be kept.'

In the quiet of the library, the tap-tap of her staff, ruptured the silence. She let out a heavy sigh when she saw the flight of stairs. She clambered up each stair, breathing heavily as she went. Tightly clutching the smooth wooden rail to steady her on each tread, she growled at the effort it was taking her to reach the top of the stairs.

'Eventually!' she moaned when she had climbed the last stair.

She stood a while and caught her breath. Taking a deep breath, she shuffled her way through a large glass door and went from the gloominess of the hall into the bright reference library. The brightness from the large windows blinded her, for a moment she was disorientated, she covered her eyes. She could feel the heat of the sun through her lids, it made her nauseous. Her hand slipped away from her eyes, and she opened them.

A young Librarian sat on a high stool behind a desk stamping books. The librarian stopped for a moment and Mooremarsh felt her stare at her bedraggled state. Mooremarsh watched the librarian's eyebrows make a furrow in a smooth forehead, her disapproval oozed throughout the room. Glaring back at Mooremarsh, she heard her give a loud sigh, making it obvious, that she thought her quiet sanctity had been disturbed.

Mooremarsh stood taller, turned away from the librarian's waspish face and spied stacks of neatly laid out newspapers, upon a heavy oak table. Behind the table stood tall mahogany drawers, which held months of past newspapers. The smell of wood and paper filled her nostrils and lingered, reminding her of a time when she had been a teacher. Not any teacher, Joshua Appleby's teacher.

How could she not have detected their magic? Earth Magic smelt so sweet. She pushed the thought to one side and focused on the task at hand. Find all the information she could about Overhill Hall, so she could steal the Ruby Dragon of Craig Isle and use its power for herself.

Ignoring the unwelcome stare of the librarian she made her way to the table with the newspapers. She pulled out a chair, it made a teeth-jarring sound as it scraped along the wooden floor. Satisfied she had pulled away far enough, she sat down heavily with a thud and gave out a loud sigh.

'Tut, tut!' the librarian's lips puckered as she issued the rebuke.

Mooremarsh ignored her and smiled, she knew the librarian would be watching her irritated. It gave her some pleasure in her miserable state that she had annoyed her. Reaching out a wrinkled hand, she grabbed the first newspaper. Turning the pages, a noisy grunt issued from her lips when she had found the last page.

She threw the newspapers to one side and repeated the action with each one she read. She had rummaged through several issues before she found what she wanted. 'Yes!' Mooremarsh shouted hoarsely.

Her finger stabbed at a picture of a large ruby dragon.

'I thought it was you.' She sat back in the chair a long bony finger tapped her tooth.

'Another family heirloom!' her loud hiss caught the attention of the librarian.

Mooremarsh started to tear the page out of the newspaper, an irritated voice spoke over her shoulder.

'What are you doing, newspapers belong to the library!' came the reproachful voice of the librarian.

Mooremarsh turned and looked directly at her. Behind her stood a young woman, her lips were pursed, her eyes accusingly glinted back at her.

'Yes, and now it belongs to me,' her slow quiet menacing reply should have warned the librarian of the oncoming danger.

Mooremarsh's eyes flickered in the sunlight like a reptile.

'You are oblivious to your situation,' Mooremarsh's tongue darted out and licked her dry lips.

'You need to go and leave the newspapers on the table.' The librarian's foot tapped impatiently.

Mooremarsh sat still, her eyes darted around the room. They were the only two in the room. A thin smile stretched across cracked lips. She pushed against the table with fragile hands and stood up and faced her accuser.

'Come on hurry up,' the clipped voice caught in her throat as she looked at the old lady. She knew something was wrong, cold fear seeped down her neck.

Danger!

'It is unfortunate you have approached me and have been quite rude if I don't mind saying so,' Mooremarsh looked at her name badge which was clipped onto her shirt and read it out to the vastness of the Reference Library, 'Miss Moss,' her voice clipped sarcastically.

It is forbidden. A voice tapped at Mooremarsh's mind.

I don't care, I want it. Mooremarsh screamed back into the darkness recess of her mind.

You won't like the consequences.

When have I ever cared about consequences? Leave me alone. Mooremarsh screamed in her head.

She looked at the young woman, her freshness, her youth. She could smell her light perfume.

Stop me if you think it's wrong!

Mooremarsh feigned fainting and fell forward and collapsed onto the librarian.

'Come on, I will help you out of the library -' the librarians voice caught in her throat.

She felt Mooremarsh's fingers painfully digging into her arm, she was mumbling something under her breath. The librarian could not make out the words, but she felt weak, the room was getting darker. As quickly as the nauseating pain began it was over.

Miss Moss, the librarian, was dead.

Speaker Introduction

Kim Langley does speaking at events, functions and lunches.

She writes page-turning fiction for teens and adults in multiple genres including young adult, urban fantasy, steam punk, and science fiction.

She organizes the yearly Flying Monk Arts Trail and a book festival. She is also passionate about helping develop other artists and writers by organizing workshops.

Coming from a humble background she achieved academic success and achieved a BSc & MSc along side other qualifications.

Having started her career in medical science, she left that career during personal tragic circumstances and trained to be a Chemistry & Biology teacher.

She lives in the peaceful countryside in the County of Wiltshire, England, with her husband and two dogs. Next door is a dairy farm where Kim says hello to the herd of cows each day and evening.

Passions include travel, contemporary art, music, science, reading, and cooking for friends and family. She is addicted to teas of all kinds and is in her element when trying new brews.

She would love to have magic when she grows up!

Questions for the Author

Author Q&A

Where did you get the idea for this book?

What traits and other tidbits do you share with your main character?

Did any of your inspiration for this book originate in your real life experiences?

What made you decide to self-publish?

Are there any specific authors whose writing styles or subject matter inspired your book?

Do you have another project in the works? If so, what is it?

When you self publish, do you do it all yourself?

Questions about the Book

What's your book about?

Who will like your book?

Where can a person find a copy of your book?

Where can a reader find more information about you, the author?

Books relevance:

Does your book take place in a specific region that would make people take an interest?

Is there a certain aspect of your author experience that makes the book interesting?

Do you, the author, have a unique background different from most authors?