

A LIFE SPECTACULAR

A
LIGHTSIDE
NOVEL BY
EATON
KRONE

MEDIA KIT

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



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AUTHOR BIOS

LONG BIO

Eaton Krone is a revolutionary inventor with a full head of hair, impeccable handwriting and only one wish in life: that at least one of these things could be true in some alternate reality. In this reality, Eaton is a sci-fi satire author, which will have to do.

Nearly three decades ago, Eaton hit pause on his planned writing career to slave away in the fields of journalism, PR/communications and advertising – the latter devouring more than three quarters of his career-history pie chart along with a sizeable chunk of his sanity. He’s done nearly everything copy- and language-related, from writing and editing to translation and proofreading across a wide spectrum of media. His journalism and copywriting qualifications are in a box somewhere.

In 2017, after being retrenched for the fourth time, Eaton loosened his stuck pause button to write his debut LightSide novel, ***A Life Spectacular***, which was first released in 2018, followed by ***Happy Meals***, the first book in the LightSide series of The Euwel.

Although he’s pleased to continue his journey as an author, Eaton denies being the author of his own life, as it’s riddled with way too many errors and scenes that cannot be edited or (preferably) deleted. As a cancer survivor with the superhuman ability to wiggle his ears (without touching them, mind you), Eaton spends his free time reading, gaming and kayaking with his unofficial other half, with whom he lives in Cape Town, South Africa. His mind lives somewhere else.

MEDIUM BIO

Eaton Krone is a sci-fi satire author who hit pause on his planned writing career nearly three decades ago to slave away in the fields of journalism, PR/communications and advertising – the latter devouring more than three quarters of his career-history pie chart along with a sizeable chunk of his sanity.

He’s done nearly everything copy- and language-related, from writing and editing to translation and proofreading across a wide spectrum of media. His journalism and copywriting qualifications are in a box somewhere. His first two *LightSide* novels, ***A Life Spectacular*** and ***Happy Meals***, are globally available through leading online retailers and services.

Although he’s pleased to continue his journey as an author, Eaton denies being the author of his own life, as it’s riddled with way too many errors and scenes that cannot be edited or (preferably) deleted. He lives with his unofficial other half in Cape Town, South Africa. His mind lives somewhere else.

SHORT BIO

Eaton Krone is a sci-fi satire author who denies being the author of his own life, as it’s riddled with way too many errors and scenes that cannot be edited or (preferably) deleted. He lives with his unofficial other half in Cape Town, South Africa. His mind lives somewhere else.

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Instagram:	@Eaton_Krone https://www.instagram.com/eaton_krone
Goodreads:	https://www.goodreads.com/Eaton_Krone

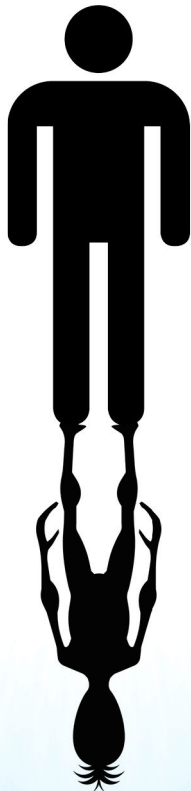
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BOOK COVER

A LIFE SPECTACULAR

A LIGHTSIDE NOVEL



HE WANTED A CHANGE... UNTIL HE GOT ONE

EATON KRONE

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BOOK INFO & SELL SHEET

BOOK TITLE

A Life Spectacular

SUBTITLE

A LightSide Novel

SERIES NAME & NUMBER

None (standalone novel)

SYNOPSIS

WISHING YOUR PROBLEMS AWAY IS REMARKABLY EASY. SURVIVING THE NEW ONES IS SLIGHTLY MORE COMPLICATED...

In a perfect world, Guy Leatherman would be a first-class journalist with a greater passion for life, a bigger circle of friends (i.e. more than one), a loving family and a goldfish that lived longer than the last one.

In a perfect world, Guy would be blissfully unaware that life out there exists, and he certainly wouldn't be stupid enough to step into his closet to be teleported from Earth to an alien planet in an alien body. Nor would he allow himself to get caught up in the biggest conspiracy the Charted Universe has ever seen.

In a perfect world, Guy's alien body wouldn't be nearing its degeneration date, and he wouldn't have to pin his hopes of survival on a street-sweeping doppelgänger, a trash-hating side table, a spy who can't remember much and an elusive Grey with a milk problem.

In a perfect world, Guy would have the courage to do what needs to be done and, more importantly, he'd *know* what needs to be done.

Unfortunately for Guy, the universe is *not* a perfect world...

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BOOK GENRES & TARGET MARKET

Main genres:	Sci-fi & Humour
Sub-genres:	Adventure & Alien Contact
Target audience:	Male and female readers aged 16+ who prefer to balance their reading list with a light, fun read. While a love for sci-fi is a bonus, a sense of humour is mandatory.
Similar authors/works:	Readers who enjoy reading Douglas Adams and Terry Pratchett and watching Guardians of the Galaxy, The Fifth Element and Dr Who should feel right at home.

BOOK DETAILS

Available formats:	Paperback, Hardcover & Ebook		
ISBNs:	Paperback	978-0-620-81283-2	
	Hardcover	978-1-920701-73-4	
	Ebook (epub)	9781386329695	
	Ebook (mobi)	Amazon ASIN number: B07HVRX2VB	
Page count (print):	384		
Language:	English		
Date of release:	First edition: November 2018 Revised edition: 2021		
Sales/retail channels:	Ebook: Updated sales/distribution channels for the ebook can be viewed at https://www.books2read.com/aLifeSpectacular		
	Print (main): Amazon, Barnes & Noble, Foyles, Abe Books, Alibris, Book Depository, Group 7 (RSA only), and many more		
Recommended retail price:	Ebook (USD):	\$9.99	
	Paperback (USD):	\$16.99 (online retailers)	
	Hardcover (USD):	\$25.99 (online retailers)	
	(Prices may vary by country/region/retailer/date/etc.)		
Promotional info:	Main international promotions through:		
	▪ Twitter/X, Instagram, Threads & Bluesky (author accounts) ▪ Media, bloggers/reviewers & author network ▪ Author website		

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BOOK EXCERPT

CHAPTER 9

The thing about a *quick beer* after work is that, according to the Law of Social Physics, it usually isn't limited to one. Guy knew it, Cortex knew it, and their two stalkers (whom Guy and Cortex admittedly didn't know about) knew it.*

Guy and Cortex had already gone through most of the main evening-out rituals and phases as they sat at the bar counter. They occasionally tested the empty peanut bowls with peckish fingers for the small, roundish, salty contents that were supposed to give these bowls their full name. And, for the umpteenth time, they debated the reason behind their existence.

"I shink," Guy philosophised with a slightly swaying body, "we're here ... to have a few beersh ... and ... and to dishcush the reashon why we're here. Thash why we've been plaished on Earth ... shorry, on the universh ... shorry, *in* the universh. Ish it *in*? I can't sheem to recall. In any caish, I shink we're here to discush thingsh, like ... like the reashon we're here ... wait, I shaid that already, didn't I?"

He chuckled at his own stupidity and glanced at Cortex to see if his friend shared his amusement. He didn't. In fact, Cortex wasn't sharing anything with anyone. Sure, he was still sitting up straight, but his snoring head slumped forward and his four arms hung limply from his body as if they'd been sewn on by a four-year-old.

Guy leaned over to give the bug a shake, and after several – aka two – attempts, he gave up and took a little nap himself. A while later, he raised his head from the counter, which boasted an impressive puddle of saliva. The sticky stuff clung to his face and to the bar counter, refusing to let go of either and giving String Theory a whole new meaning. Again he looked over at Cortex, who was sitting in exactly the same position as before. Although he thought it was funny, Guy didn't laugh, because something other than laughter threatened to exit his mouth.

He looked around slowly and saw that all the bar's patrons had already left. The barman was still there, however, wiping a dirty glass with a dirty cloth. He stared at them with an expression that said it would have been better if *everyone* had indeed been gone, so that he could go home instead of having to babysit two drunkards into the early hours of the morning. Although not exactly clearheaded, Guy caught the *hint*.

"I shink we'll be leaving now," he said, getting up unsteadily. "But I might need shome help with my friend here." After a killer-glare from the barman, he quickly added, "At leasht to the outshide, if thash not too mush to ashk?"

With an *it-is-too-much-to-ask-but-if-that's-what-it'll-take-to-get-you-out-of-here* expression, the barman slammed down the glass and ambled around the counter, grumbling. Despite being a big, blue block of a man – Guy assumed it was a man through all those birdlike features – he and Guy couldn't lift Cortex's enormous body. So they pushed him off his stool with a thud and dragged the bug out the

* In fact, everyone in the Charted Universe knows it, and when factoring in the Law of Social Relativity, it's a good bet that everyone in the rest of the universe knows it too. Everyone in the universe also knows that this predominantly male exercise – although countless experiments conducted among female specimens have actually proved this wrong – leads to evenings of friendly banter, aggressive debate and/or depressing conversations about the same old problems, as well as the eventual swaying of participants' bodies as they focus hard on showing the world that they haven't lost control of their mental and mechanical functions. Usually without success – although they wouldn't believe you if you told them otherwise, which you probably have, quite a few times.

door with a fair amount of effort. Of course, most of Guy's effort went into not tripping over his own feet, which paid off pretty well, except for two occasions that saw him taking tables and chairs with him on his way to the floor. Outside, the big, sweating barman dropped Cortex's feet, and turned to walk back in. But when Guy tapped him on the shoulder, the man turned around with murder in his eyes.

"Thash for your trouble," Guy said innocently, dropping a one-cred coin into the big man's hand. The man looked at the coin, looked back up at Guy, and showed his appreciation by slamming the door in his face. Well, had it been a good old-fashioned wooden door that didn't close electronically, Guy was sure it would have slammed in his face.

"How'sh that for rude?" he said to his unmoving friend. He stared at Cortex as if he would suddenly wake up to give him an answer. After about a minute, he hazily determined that this wasn't likely to happen. He however remained there, staring, while trying to give himself some time to work out how to get Cortex back to the circus.

"Well, I shure can't carry you," he said eventually, trying to focus his blurry vision. It was quite tricky, as his swaying body kept shifting the focal point.

"I shure can't drag you."

Cortex didn't respond.

"I shink I need shome help."

Cortex still didn't respond. So, not wanting to feel stupid, Guy took over the task.

"Yesh, thash a good idea. I'll get shome help."

That was indeed a good idea, he thought proudly, and then got another good idea, proving that he wasn't as drunk as he thought, because drunk people never had good ideas.

"I know! I'll go to ... I'll go to the shircush and I'll ... and I'll get the Shterkarm twins to help. Wishout Rimmy or Kola knowing, of coursh. Don't worry, Cortesh, our shecret'sh shafe wish me."

He held a skew finger on his lips for a few seconds to make sure the point was made.

"We'll be back before you can shay ... before you can shay ... anyshing. Sho don't go anywhere, okay?"

Cortex didn't say anything, but Guy was sure his friend would comply with his wishes, because that's what a good friend would do. And seeing as Cortex was a good friend, he'd stay put.

"Okay," Guy said before stumbling in the general direction of the circus while focusing on his feet, which seemed to think that the general direction lay in whichever direction they chose to go.

Apart from bumping into a lamppost and stumbling over his left foot twice with what seemed to be his other left foot, he made great progress. He started to feel more confident about his amazing navigational abilities after managing a good ten metres. The dark alley in front of him, which in more-sober circumstances would have seemed like a bad idea to enter, suddenly looked quite inviting, especially with the confidence of his newfound footing spurring him on. He was sure the alley, despite its dark and dingy appearance, would make an excellent shortcut.

"No problem," he said with an assurance that nothing could go wrong as long as one foot could occasionally be placed in front of the other. "Piesh of cake."

As he staggered into the alley, he noticed something shiny on the ground; just before the border where the light from the street got swallowed by the darkness beyond. He shuffled forward and carefully squatted next to the object.

"How shtrange," he said to himself as he picked up the cred coin to examine it in the weak light. "I jusht gave shomeone shome money, and ... and now I got shome money back."

Getting back up unsteadily, Guy leaned against the wall with one hand while keeping his not-so-sharp focus trained on the cred coin in the other. He held the coin as close as possible to his eyes to double-check if it was indeed what he thought it was. He wasn't disappointed.

"Thish musht be my lucky day!" he said, which were the last words to leave his lips before something knocked him over the head. Fortunately, the world had already gone dark by the time he hit the ground like a pudding-filled sock. **[END OF EXCERPT]**

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REVIEWS FOR A LIFE SPECTACULAR

"A little Douglas Adams and a lot of originality."

Teresa Grabs, Author: Reflected Echo

"Fabulously ridiculous and entertaining."

Jennifer LeBlanc, Author: The Tribulations of August Barton

"It's got a killer concept, it's pure science fiction, and it's absolutely hilarious."

Jon Ford, Author: The Ballad of the Songbird Series

"I can't say enough good things about this book."

KL Hagaman, Narrator, and Author of The Awakening Series

"Almost worthy of the great Sir Terry Pratchett himself!"

Steve Vimes, Author and Huge Terry Pratchett Fan

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What inspired you to start writing?

Primarily, reading; especially after my late cousin introduced me to science-fiction and fantasy novels while I was in high school. *The Lord of the Rings* by JRR Tolkien cemented my resolve to become an author.

Where do you get your story ideas from?

No matter which genre you're writing, a story (or at least elements of it) needs to touch on things the reader can relate to. Thus, the ideas for my stories come from life in general – the people, places, events, situations and emotions most of us deal with every day, both the serious and the ridiculous... although the line between the two is often blurred.

What exactly is a *LightSide* novel?

LightSide novels play on the humorous side of the sci-fi fence, albeit with a darker twist at times. All my *LightSide* novels, whether standalone or series, are anchored in the Unyun Federation and the Charted Universe.

Did your own cancer affect your writing career?

At the age of 20, I was diagnosed with Hodgkin's disease, a cancer of the lymphatic system. One would think it would have pushed me harder to achieve my writing goals, but it actually pushed me to study harder in my final year of Journalism. Not to pass with distinctions or anything – I was way too lazy and absent-minded to manage that – but just to pass and become the best journalist I could be. This also became the way I've approached every job I had since then... except for two that I just couldn't see myself doing long-term, and therefore didn't stay in for long.

Don't get me wrong, cancer sucks, and I wish we could be rid of its curse once and for all. But I do believe the disease, as with so many of life's other trials and tribulations, has made me more focused and goal-oriented in my professional life... despite the fact that I'm still lazy and absent-minded in my private life. Now I want to write as many novels as I can in case the Big C decides to return or that proverbial bus makes a surprise visit.

Why did you choose to self-publish this book?

My *LightSide* novels are a bit... different, and agents and publishers are a bit hesitant to pick up work dedicated to a niche market. But that market is still there and its readers are hungry, so if I have to feed them myself, I'm more than happy to do so.

Hence self-publishing, which has taught me things about the publishing industry I'd probably never have known otherwise, and introduced me to a remarkable community of independent authors. More importantly, it also forced me to take a more critical look at my own work, to fine-tune my editing process and streamline my writing in general. And *that* has been worth gold.

Who are your favourite authors?

While there are many exceptional authors out there, both traditionally published and independent, my favourites will always remain the ones who played the biggest role in nudging me towards writing. Aside from JRR Tolkien, some of my most influential role models include Dean Koontz, Robert Jordan (with Brandon Sanderson), and (last but certainly not least) the masters of humour, Douglas Adams and Sir Terry Pratchett, who lay the bricks for the path I'm walking. And although most of them aren't with us any longer, they live on in their work, which is one of the greatest things about this industry.

INTERVIEW AVAILABILITY & PREFERENCES

I'm generally available for interviews between 06h00 and 12h00 SAST (GMT + 2 hours). However, like most other people, I tend to be somewhat distracted while driving, sleeping, or being caught with a mouthful of cereal when someone calls. So, booking an interview in advance will most likely result in a more productive chat.

If you're afraid of falling into a coma while talking to me and need some answers prior to an interview, you're also welcome to email me a list of questions beforehand. (Please also see **Q&A** and **Interview Topics** sections).

INTERVIEW TOPICS

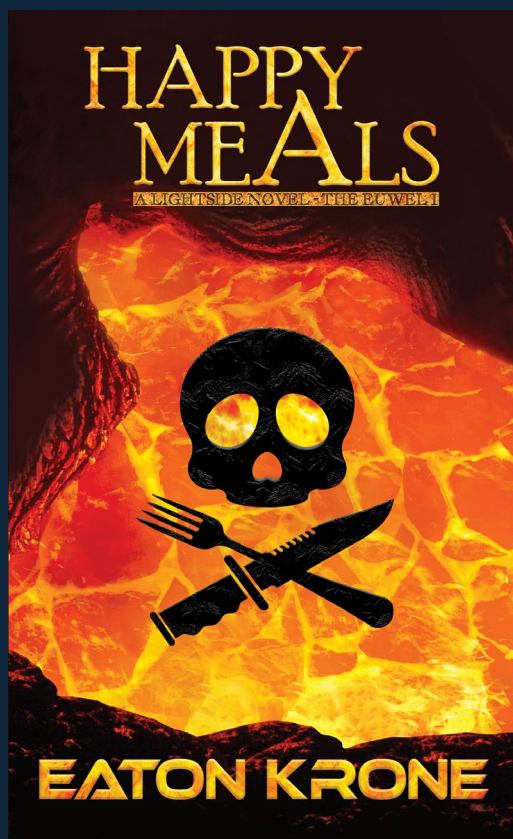
I might also be able to shed some light on the following:

- Just because someone can write, should they write a book?
- Is it easier to self-publish a book than going the traditional publishing route?
- What are the main lessons you've learnt as an author?
- Where has all your hair gone?*

* That one's a bit tricky, but if I ever find out, I'll let you know.

Again, if you have any other questions not covered here, please feel free to email them to me. However, you're also welcome to watch me squirm during an interview.

OTHER BOOKS



Released: 2020

Format: A LightSide Series of The Euwel (Book 1)

GOODREADS REVIEWS

"I'm still not completely sure what I read but whatever it was I really liked it. The author is a complete smartass and it shows throughout this book."

"Impossible to classify. I simply stopped trying and went along for the ride."

"Smartly structured, wisely entrenched in its sub-genre."

"This had me rolling in laughter at all the right moments."

CLICK [HERE](#) FOR MORE INFO



Released: 2023

Format: Anthology (contributing author)

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**THANK
YOU**

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