



EATON KRUNE

SCI-FI SATIRE AUTHOR

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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LATEST BOOK COVER



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BOOK INFO & SELL-SHEET

BOOK TITLE

Happy Meals

SUBTITLE

A LightSide Novel

SERIES NAME & NUMBER

The Euwel: Book 1

SYNOPSIS

SOME THINGS ARE BETTER LEFT ALONE, BUT SOME PEOPLE NEVER LISTEN.

As a Militor Scout, Lieutenant Reginald Kleft is expected to follow the rules, but with a grandfather to impress and a score to settle, rules are more like... guidelines for the unambitious. On the opposite side of the law, Captain Phealix is a firm believer in rules because, without them, her crew of Vahltnan pirates *won't* remain her crew for long.

But when a chance encounter leaves them stranded on the Dumb Planet of Wahyoo VIII, Reg and Phealix face only one simple rule: stay alive – a tough ask when you're caught between party-starved cannibals and a rival tribe of headhunters looking for new décor.

In a stupid move, fate allows Reg and Phealix to escape into the bowels of a volcano where they inadvertently awaken an ancient enemy. An enemy whose veiled plans may not only spell disaster for the locals but also the very soul of the universe. With no way to call in the cavalry, Reg and Phealix must work together to stem the tide themselves. That's *if* they don't kill each other first.

After all, the enemy of your enemy isn't always your friend...

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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 John Scalzi, 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 + Hardback + Ebook		
ISBNs:	Paperback	978-1-990951-64-0	
	Hardback	978-1-990951-65-7	
	Ebook	978-1-990951-66-4	
Page count (print):	384		
Language:	English		
Date of release:	1 October 2020		
Sales/retail channels:	Ebook: Updated sales/distribution channels for the ebook can be viewed at https://books2read.com/Happy-Meals		
	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		

BOOK EXCERPT

CHAPTER 10

“Chicken God?!”

The villagers jumped at the outburst. Like Issy, they were short and round, and not necessarily in the obese way, apart from a few exceptions. The women, some cradling roundish babies in their arms, wore the same grass skirts as the men, but also wrapped leather around their chests. This had nothing to do with modesty, but more with a growing sense of fashion among tribal women in general. They wanted something to call their own; something special. Of course the men didn't get it, which suited the women just fine.

The Village Priestess was no ordinary woman, though. She didn't follow the new fashion, because the Village Priestess had to wear the Cloak of Bones, as dictated by tradition. While Ongswele was the daughter of the retired Village Chief, it wasn't the only reason for her appointment as Village Priestess. She was one of the few hopefuls who'd figured out how to handle the Great Serpent, and one of even fewer who had survived its Bite of Wisdom.

Ongswele was not a person Issy wanted to rile up, yet riled up she was.

“You no serious, Isilimo!” the Priestess continued, shaking the Staff of Truth, causing the Cloak of Bones to rattle. “You no think *I know* if Chicken God exist?”

“Well, they came from the sky ... in an egg,” Issy said hesitantly, glancing towards the other members of his patrol for backup. The men shifted uncomfortably as Ongswele walked up to them. She jabbed the Staff of Truth into the ribs of the man nearest her.

“It true, Sheba?” she demanded. “They come from egg?”

Wincing, the man spoke quickly before the Priestess could have another go, “Yes, Ongswele. It true. It egg. Big egg, but egg.”

The other two nodded reluctantly. Ongswele sniffed, turning her attention back to the two strange beings on their knees before her. “Chicken no fly, Isilimo,” she said, her smooth, bronze head glistening with sweat. “How egg fall from sky if chicken no fly?”

Perspiration also coated Issy's skin, not only because he was the centre of attention, but also because the fire had again been stacked with too much wood. Of course, the wood-stackers didn't care, as they weren't the ones who had to gather the wood, much to the frustration of the wood-gatherers.*

“Maybe the Chicken God has feathers ... you know, like birds,” Issy said.

The Priestess forced out a laugh. “Ha! Chicken no bird, Isilimo. If chicken *bird*, it have feathers.”

“Maybe only the Chicken God has feathers,” Issy ventured. “I mean, it *would* make sense for a god to be better than her subjects, wouldn't it?”

* Office cleaners feel the same about tea junkies using a fresh mug every time they make a cuppa. If you're one of those people, please spare a thought for the people working so tirelessly to clean up after you every day. And, while you're at it, please remove that overripe banana from your desk. You *know* you're not going to eat it.

“Her?”

“I don’t think a rooster Chicken God can lay eggs.”

As Issy had intended, the Priestess carefully digested the possibility of having another female god to balance things out a bit. “Maybe,” she said at length, “but why they *no look* like chicken?”

Issy tried his personally approved theory. “Maybe the Chicken God didn’t want to frighten us with giant chickens, so she sent chickens that look more like us.”

“She no do good job,” the Priestess muttered, staring at the captives while trying to figure out what to do. When this failed, she turned back to Issy and said, “We ask Great Serpent, no? *He* tell us what we must do.”

She held up her left palm, which was riddled with tiny, dotty scars.

Issy wasn’t sure what the Great Serpent knew about chickens or their god, but there was no use arguing against holy matters. Especially when Ongswele was in charge of those matters, because for some reason the Great Serpent *always* sided with her.

Ongswele nodded to one of her assistants, who stepped forward, proffering a metal container. To the natives, the box looked like a holy chest filled with power and mystery. To anyone not from Wahyoo VIII, it would’ve looked like a lunchbox.

The Priestess cast a warning glare at the crowd, who quickly remembered that they’d forgotten to avert their eyes, and then did just that to avoid the Punishment for Peeking. The opening of the Great Serpent’s Lair was a closely guarded secret, and anyone caught sneaking a look would be bitten by the Great Serpent, after which they’d die a slow, agonising death. Everyone had seen this happen before with their own eyes, so it wasn’t just a myth.[†] Only The Worthy were immune.

However, Issy knew the truth, and he’d been keeping it his own little secret, reckoning it might come in handy one day. Like usual, peeking through his semi-closed eyelids, he watched Ongswele opening the two latches. Reaching in, she dipped her finger in some ointment, which she rubbed on her scarred palm before carefully retrieving the Great Serpent’s metallic head. The Great Serpent’s body wasn’t inside, because it didn’t have one.

“You open eyes, now,” the Priestess commanded, “and gaze upon Great Serpent!”

Everybody gazed, and despite having seen it several times, they all gasped at the sight of the Great Serpent, as required by the Holy Moment.

“Is that a stapler?” asked Spence from behind Issy.

“Silence!” the Priestess exclaimed.

Issy spun around at the dull thud and groan, just in time to see the guard pulling back the butt of the spear with which he’d punished the prisoner for his unholy interruption. The man called Reg rose with a growl, but received his own blow to the stomach, and doubled over to join his compatriot in the dust.

The Priestess stepped forward to loom over Spence. “How dare you speak in presence of Great Serpent!” she hissed.

“They just wanted to ... share news, Priestess Ongswele,” Issy said before things could escalate. He shook his head at Reg, who looked on the verge of escalating things.

The Priestess straightened. “What news?”

Issy addressed the captives. “What did you call the Great Serpent again?”

“A stapler,” Spence wheezed with a wary glance at the guard who’d knocked his wind out. “It’s a stapler.”

Issy turned to the Priestess. “The child of the Chicken God says the Great Serpent is called ... a stapler.”

[†] Unlike former Priestess Leshano, who’d warned that any Ja’naman eating the fruit from the Tree of ... er, Fruitfulness, would turn to stone. Of course, the apple tree had stood in her backyard, and after getting the distinct feeling she was just being stingy, some kids tested the curse by stealing an apple from the tree. When nothing happened, the rest of the villagers subsequently made sure that there were never any ripe apples left for Leshano to pick herself. Needless to say, she didn’t remain Village Priestess for long. Ja’namans might be gullible at times, but they’re *not* idiots.

The Priestess rubbed her chin, looking intrigued – again, just as Issy had hoped. Naming things was a great honour in general, but naming a holy object ... well, that was a divine privilege the gods *only* bestowed on The Worthy.

“Hmm,” she mused. “Stapler, you say? It sound very ... holy. If they *are* children of a god, they know true name of Great Serpent.”

She held up the stapler. “I now know name of Great Serpent. He called ... *Great Stapler!*”

“Great Stapler!” the crowd echoed, followed by a deep, collective bow.

“Now,” the Priestess continued, “I ask Great Ser— *Great Stapler* about gifts from sky.”

Sitting down with her legs crossed, she kept her eyes on the captives. Placing the stapler on the ground, she inserted her left hand palm-up between its head and base.

“Oh, Great Stapler, what you command? We eat?” she said, followed by a dramatic pause, because you cannot be a Priestess without mastering the art of a well-timed dramatic pause. “Or we sacrifice?”

She raised her right hand and, after a slight hesitation, slammed it down on the stapler’s head.

“Argh!” she screamed.

The rest of the villagers grimaced. They had never gotten used to the Bite of Wisdom and, judging by her expression, neither had Ongswele.

Whimpering in pain, the Priestess took a deep breath and rose with as much grace as she could muster.

“Great Stapler say ... *we eat!*” she announced with tear-filled eyes.

“We eat!” the crowd echoed cheerfully, as this was the outcome they’d hoped for. Each produced from their carry pouch the obligatory offering of vegetables for the Holy Feast.

However, as per any other feast held by people with mixed tastes and opinions, it didn’t take long for the merriment to turn sour.

“No, Seno, you barbeque last time!” a woman protested at the suggestion from the man next to her.

“Yes,” another woman backed her, “you men always overcook everything. Always drink and talk too much while meat burn. You no look me like that, Seno. You know it true. Today, women make stew!”

Glancing at the horrified Reg and Spence – aka the main ingredients – Issy ignored the heated discussions flaring up around him as he approached the Priestess. “We cannot do this,” he said. “Remember my great-grandfather’s warning?”

“Yes,” Ongswele said, her eyes still glistening, “and we no more eat our people.”

She pointed at the prisoners. “But *they*; they *no* our people.” And before Issy could say anything, she added, “*If* Chicken God send them, she send them in egg. We eat egg, so we eat them.”

Ongswele’s face stated she wasn’t going to budge, so Issy had no choice but to change his approach, and leaned in to whisper something in her ear.

The Priestess was speechless for a while, but eventually nodded unhappily and shook the Staff of Truth once again. The crowd gradually quieted down with a mixture of confusion and barely hidden annoyance at the interruption of their dinner plans.

Ongswele held the stapler to her ear for a few seconds before lowering it again. “Great Stapler now say he no more decide fate of Chicken God children,” she said, glancing nervously at Issy. “With first light of sun, we go to Fire Mountain. *Tuma* decide what to do.”

The villagers didn’t look happy. Neither did the two prisoners. However, Issy had at least bought them some time, but having just spent his only currency, he knew he wouldn’t be able to buy any more.

[END OF EXCERPT]

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REVIEWS

GOODREADS REVIEWS FOR HAPPY MEALS

"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."

"This could well be the offspring of mixing Dr Who, Thundercats, and the campest early Star Trek episodes. It is quick-paced, smartly structured, wisely entrenched in its sub-genre."

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

Q&A

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

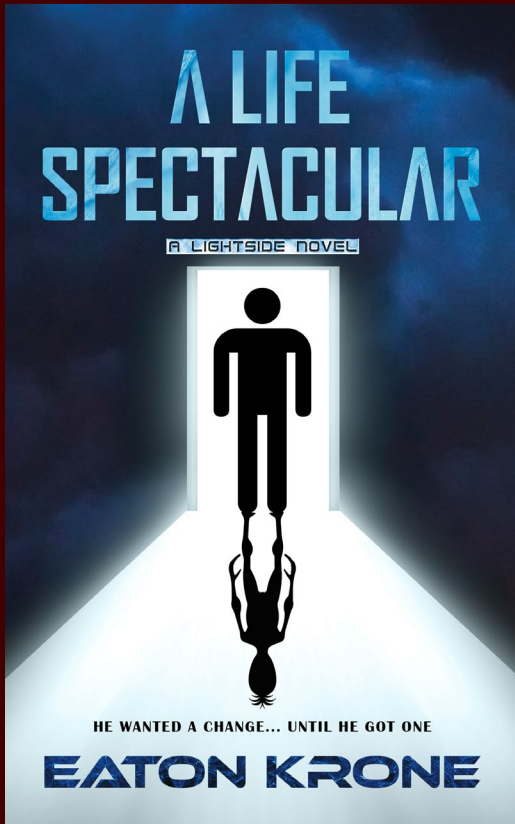
I might also be able to shed some light on the following:

- 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?*

*Okay, that last 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: First edition 2018 | Revised edition 2021

Format: A LightSide standalone novel

REVIEWS

“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: Hunters – The Ballad of the Songbird Series

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

KL Hagaman, Author: The Awakening Series

CLICK [HERE](#) FOR MORE INFO



Released: 2023

Format: Anthology (contributing author)

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THANK YOU

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