
MEDIA KIT

AN ANCIENT GIFT AND OTHER STORIES

Personal Note from Jeanne Grunert

Welcome to my media kit! I'm happy you've found this information.

And welcome to my recently published collection of light horror or "campfire tales", *An Ancient Gift and Other Stories*. This collection features three very different short stories, each offering a glimpse into the lives of everyday people tinkering with the occult.

I'm available for interviews for your radio or television show, or for an article in your magazine or newspaper, or website or blog.

This little book isn't your typical horror fare. Oh yes, there are evil things lurking in the basement shadows; a pair of possessed gardening gloves, for instance, brought to life by the hatred of an old man and the naiveté of his granddaughter. There's a sassy waitress in love with an idiot named Bob who has to win his soul back from a very strange being visiting a bar on a Friday night. And there are sister wrestling with an ancient gift...or an ancient curse, depending on how you look at it.

I hope you enjoy curling up by the campfire this summer with *An Ancient Gift and Other Stories!* Savor the tales...read them aloud...and keep the lights on....

Warmly,

Jeanne Grunert

Biographical Information

Jeanne Grunert is an award-winning writer and marketing consultant. In 2007, she did what her family and friends thought impossible. She quit her marketing executive position in New York City and moved to a 17-acre farm in rural Virginia to begin freelancing full time. Today, she grows a life instead of merely making a living. She provides marketing and writing services through her company, Seven Oaks Consulting, and writes for a variety of print and digital publications. She is the author of *Pricing Your Services: 21 Tips for More Profit*, a business book, and *An Ancient Gift and Other Stories*, her first published work of fiction.

About the Book

An Ancient Gift and Other Stories is a collection of three “light” horror stories. These tales of the paranormal are akin to old-fashioned campfire stories - stories that offer a sense of the uncanny without the gore.

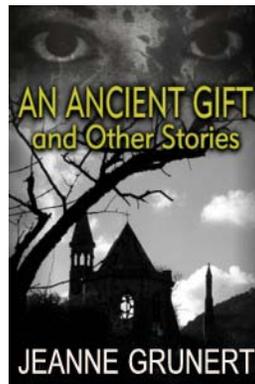
“The Glove” offers the chilling tale of a woman recounting how her grandfather’s prejudices - and gift for sorcery - terrorized a neighborhood boy. Is her son at risk, too?

“Friday Night Visitor” features the old trope of a deal with the devil. But unlike fiddle contests of old, Rita, our heroine, must guess a riddle to unveil the identity of the visitor and save the guy she loves.

“An Ancient Gift”, the title tale, offers glimpse at a reluctant psychic. Anna and her sister Amy are charged with clearing out her grandmother’s house for the real estate agents when they uncover an unusually wrapped package in her father’s childhood closet, a deck of antique tarot cards. Did their father have the ancient gift of divination, and does one of the sisters have it, too?

Images

Cover images may be downloaded from the author’s website at www.jeannegrunert.com on the Media Kit page.



Book Information

Print Edition: Amazon Create Space

ISBN-10: 1500101125

Price: \$7.99

Link: http://www.amazon.com/Ancient-Gift-Other-Stories/dp/1500101125/ref=sr_1_1_title_1_pap?s=books&ie=UTF8&qid=1403032835&sr=1-1&keywords=An+Ancient+Gift+and+Other+Stories

Kindle Edition: Amazon Kindle

ASIN: B00KSNEO4W

Price: \$2.99

Link: http://www.amazon.com/Ancient-Gift-Other-Stories-ebook/dp/B00KSNEO4W/ref=sr_1_1?ie=UTF8&qid=1403032643&sr=8-1&keywords=An+Ancient+Gift+and+Other+Stories

Other eBook Versions: Smashwords

ISBN: 9781310762444

Price: \$2.99

Link: <https://www.smashwords.com/books/view/445301>

Review Copies

Electronic (eBook) review copies are available. Please contact the author if you are a blogger or journalist who would like to review the book.

Reviews

“Give YOURSELF A GIFT!

A compilation of three eerie short stories sure to provoke the imagination and make the hairs on the back of your neck stand up. Where an **Edgar Allan Poe meets Flannery O'Connor**, a highly recommended read!” - Regina, Amazon review (verified purchaser).

“A collection of three short horror stories. The stories feel like they were written in the spirit of a "campfire" ghost story. They are quite entertaining. I highly recommend for horror fans looking for something light to read on a dark and stormy night.” - Amazon review (verified purchaser).

“In the likes of Stephen King, Ms. Grunet has created unique worlds where ordinary objects and events become the source of mystery and fear. I liked that her stories contained no gore but were spine tingling spooky. The characters were well developed and made me wonder about them after their tales were told. I would recommend this book to anyone who enjoys ghost and supernatural stories.” - Debra Holmes, Amazon review (verified purchaser).

Excerpts

From The Glove -

Outside of our house, a chill grey mist falls, soaking both my husband Roger and my son Bryan as they load Bryan's suitcase into the car. Roger runs back into the house for his windbreaker while Bryan waves frantically to me through the windows of the car. Roger gives me quick kiss and murmurs, "Don't worry. I'll be back before the old man can start in on me," and then he is in the car, and the Buick roars off in a cloud of bluish-gray smoke towards Grandpa's house. Grandpa is expecting me to bring Bryan for the week, but here I am, stuck in bed with pneumonia, and the doctor has suggested that Bryan should stay clear of me for a while. Roger is driving Bryan through the fog and rain back to Grandpa's house. Grandpa, with his irrational likes and dislikes, definitely dislikes my husband. But there's no one else to take Bryan for a few days until I get back on my feet.

I'm coughing again. I can't stop coughing. I wish Roger would come home, but they've only just left. I toss and turn, fret and cough.

Grandpa's house...I can remember it vividly, as if I were nine years old again. What did we do that summer, the summer I was nine? This damn fever keeps me up half the night and makes me confused during the day. I can't remember why I felt so frightened when Grandpa insisted that Bryan come and stay with him while I rest at home. Why do I still have nightmares about the cellar, and the Lentini boy, the one who refused to talk ever again after that summer?

But I suppose it's all right. After all, Roger wouldn't let Bryan stay if he sensed danger. And yet I sense danger, and Roger, my practical, pragmatic Roger, insists it's because I'm ill. But he know my nightmares are real enough.

An image flows through my mind. Tools. Soil. Gardening? Something from that summer when I was nine, the same something that still gives me nightmares. It's there, pushing at the edge of my consciousness, on the tip of my tongue, just out of reach.

Will Bryan have nightmares, too?

I fall into a heavy sleep....and remember in my dreams what I am afraid of.

* * *

We were just a bunch of bored nine-year olds that hot July morning. Grandpa had gone fishing with Mr. Svenson, leaving us in the care of Miss Nita, the maid, who didn't care what we did as long as she got her work done and could watch her game shows at noon. But this took all the fun out of fiddling with the controls on the television set so that the people turned green, or letting Doug's dog into the bathroom to drink from the toilet. Without an audience, it just wasn't fun anymore.

We sat on the back steps, me, Doug, Paul and the little Lentini kid, the one whose family grandpa hated. I didn't know why Grandpa hated the Lentinis so much. He just did, I guess. Sometimes at the dinner table he made fun of Mrs. Lentini and the way she always went down to the little Catholic church every day to say her rosary, or he told us how Mr. Lentini was just a garbage man and not like the other engineers, lawyers and accountants who lived on our block. Dominic was kind of a nervous, fidgety kid, but we didn't mind him hanging out with us once in a while. It beat having Lenny who lived around the corner hang out with us. He picked his nose.

"We could steal Mrs. Cook's laundry and dress up Ginger," Paul suggested, scuffing the toe of an already filthy sneaker into the dirt at the side of the driveway.

"Laura would tell on us again," Doug said gloomily.

"Let's go to the pool," I suggested.

"We were just there yesterday," Paul said.

"I know!" Doug said. He jumped up. "Let's play spook house!"

"Spook house?" Dominic Lentini asked nervously. "Whose house is haunted?"

Paul looked at him as if to say, "Can you believe this kid?" He turned to Dominic and said, "Kathy's house is haunted. The ghost of a dead pirate lives there."

"Captain John," I said solemnly.

Dominic's eyes had grown huge, and he looked at our solidly built brick colonial like it was a falling-down wreck at the end of an abandoned road instead of a normal house on a rather busy side street.

"Yes, it's haunted," Doug said, "and we'll show you the ghosts, Dominic."

From Friday Night Visitor -

"Rita! Table five!"

That's my boss, Johnny. He owns Winter's. He thinks he's the big shot around here, but I can tell you, he was as nervous about that guy at table five as I was. I mean, how many guys in three-piece suits come to a dive bar like this on a Friday night?

I hurried over just as my friend Bob and his band kicked into their set with some vintage Black Sabbath. Bob gave me a wink as I passed by the foot of the stage. Me and Bob started working around here about the same time, six years ago, when he started the band. I know him inside and out. When he came home from prison back then, he told me everything that went on, even about the strange dude who'd promised him early release in return for some kind of favor later on. He wouldn't tell me much about the deal, but he had gotten out a couple of years earlier than planned. A clerical error, Johnny thought. Me, I thought he'd gotten into something way over his head, but that's Bob. Trouble and Bob are like Siamese twins. Another reason why I think I love him, and then I regain my senses.

Being in love with Bob is sort of like getting knocked on the head a lot.

From An Ancient Gift-

Now Anna was gliding in her slow, careful way towards the stairs. She paused, one hand on the banister rail, and looked up into the gloom. The dim light from the dusty crystal chandelier created pools and whorls of darkness that seemed to breathe. When we were small and stayed overnight at Grandma's, we were always too scared to climb the stairs to the second floor. Neither of us could say why, but the shadows were darker, the air, thicker up there, particularly in my father's old bedroom. When we asked him about it, he just shrugged. Neither of my grandparents questioned why we insisted holding their hands we mounted the stairs, and why we preferred the guest bedroom rather than my father's old room on the left.

"I feel a presence," Anna said.

"Oh no, here it comes no," I muttered.

"Amy, come up with me. It wants you, not me."

"It?" I stepped aside to let her pass and lead the way. "Who wants me?"

Anna merely repeated, "It wants you. There's a gift for you here."

She walked up three steps, slowly, carefully, as if feeling that the treads were solid before stepping onto them. Her golden hair glittered under the dusky light.

"Come on Anna, knock it off," I snapped, following her upstairs. "We've been through this place, top to bottom. Let's lock up and go home, take a shower, and get ready for our dates. Brad and Pete await. Tomorrow's the closing and those nice Greek people get the keys and we walk away with big, fat checks." Not the most tactful thing to say, but it had taken us more than a year to sell our grandparent's house.

"Wait, Amy! There's something we've forgotten—" All caution forgotten, Anna dashed up the stairs, her footsteps clattering against the oak floor.

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