

# WHO IS A. JARRELL HAYES?

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A. Jarrell Hayes is a poet, author, editor, and blogger from Maryland. He currently resides in Baltimore, where he spends his time perfecting his craft following his motto of *words = life*.

His epic fantasy fiction can best be described as “*Lord of the Rings* with black people!” His first series, *The Good King Trilogy*, is an immense undertaking chronicling the rise, reign, and fall of king in ways that have yet to have been done in literature. The story focuses more on what the hero, Edgar Winefellow, does as king than his battle for the crown, allowing for deep insight into the psyche of one charged with the duty of overseeing a world. The characters move the story along, not merely used as plot devices.

His poetry encompasses the wide range of human thought and emotion. One of his main heroes in the realm of poetry is Paul Laurence Dunbar, because he didn’t box himself in using one style and was able to articulate the experience of his people using more traditional language and form, such as sonnets, as well as the dialect native to his culture and people. A. Jarrell Hayes attempts to continue this legacy of versatility.

In addition to writing and publishing his own work, A. Jarrell Hayes is the founder and editor of the *Dead Poets? Review*, a free daily online journal featuring a poem from either A. Jarrell Hayes or a guest poet. His services are now being offered as a poet creating custom poems to celebrate special occasions for others. He works for Examiner.com covering literature events in the Baltimore area, while also showcasing area authors and poets. If writing happens to be your passion, he has an online store where he designs and sells fun hats, shirts, buttons and more for the writer in you or the writer in your life.

A. Jarrell Hayes has his hands in many things – so many that they are becoming full. But he cannot stop until he has completed his task. Join him on the following websites to show your support:

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Give a poet a pen,

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# NOVEL EXCERPTS

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## Excerpt from *The Laroarian Conflict*

“Logan!” cried the young woman. “We have to get going. Mom and Dad should be waiting for us at Clock Haven. We have to tell them what happened.”

Logan, who was a pudgy tan young man, crossed his arms across his chest defiantly. “There isn’t any way I’m telling Mom and Dad what I did.” He began to pout. “They’re going to whip my butt for sure.”

“Stop it, brother,” the young woman sighed. “They’re not going to whip you. You always take things out of porpor—”

“Mary!” interrupted Logan. He pointed to a raft that was floating up to the bank of the River. “There’s a lady on that raft! She looks hurt.”

His sister turned to see a blond haired Target Thief lying on her back bleeding. Before she could tell him not to go, Logan was already rushing over to the woman.

“Logan, come back!” called Mary after her brother. “You don’t know who she is. She could try to kill you!” She began chasing Logan.

“She looks too pretty to be a killer,” said Logan as he reached the raft.

His sister soon joined him and they loomed over the young Thief like angels of death. The lady slowly began to open her eyes. The first thing she saw were two unfamiliar faces gawking at her from above.

The Thief gasped in fear. She didn’t know who the two kids were. They didn’t look like they were affiliated with any of the warring parties, but they might be Nomads. Slowly, she began to rise to her feet.

The lady almost fell as she attempted to move. Logan caught her and dragged her to her feet. He placed one of her arms over the back of his neck, and Mary did the same.

“We’re going to take you to Mistrust Road,” said Logan to the Thief. “My name is Logan Wallace, and this is my sister, Mary Wallace.”

“Nice to meet you, Miss,” spoke Mary politely. She gave her brother an evil look. She didn’t want to help the Thief, whom could be dangerous.

“So, Miss Thief,” smiled Logan, “what might your name be?”

“Jenny,” whispered the lady. “My name is Jenny McMillian. Can you two take me to Cross Tower? I have to meet someone there. It’s very important that I make it to Cross Tower.”

“Sure,” beamed Logan, “we’ll take you to Cross Tower. But, first we’re going to have to get you healed up at Mistrust Road.”

“We’re not taking her to Cross Tower,” frowned Mary. “What would Mom and Dad say?”

Jenny coughed. “If you guys have better things to do than save my life, just take me to Mistrust Road and I’ll find my own way to Cross Tower.”

“Nonsense,” laughed Logan. “My sister here is just jealous that you look ten times better than she does. So, when you’re done with what you got to do in Cross Tower, how about me and you going out to dinner sometime?”

Jenny gave out a weak chuckle. “Sorry, kid, but I’m married.”

“Think of it as a way to repay me for saving your life, since that husband of yours is nowhere to be found,” replied Logan.

“You’re pathetic,” Mary said with a sigh.

Jenny only wordless shook her head.

The trio was advancing to a pair of horses. A cart was attached to the two horses. As the group made it to the horses and cart, the Wallace siblings helped Jenny into the cart. They laid her down on the straw that blanketed the wooden planks of the cart. Logan opted to stay back there with her, and Mary was forced to take the reins. It would be a fifteen minute ride to make it to Mistrust Road.

Darius McMillian was worried about his wife. She had been gone for so long. He wondered if it was wise to have his wife go on the most top-secret mission in the history of the Target Thieves.

If his sources were correct, then she should’ve been able to breach the security of God’s Watchtower without very much difficulty. Since that couldn’t be the problem, then her escaping from the Church’s citadel must’ve hindered her progress. He hoped that she was safe. Making it through the Forest Strip was probably the most dangerous aspect of the task. If that was so, she was most likely dead by now.

He physically slapped himself in the face for his morbid thoughts about his wife. She couldn’t be dead; she was the finest Target Thief that had ever lived.

McMillian finished looking over the official Target Thief papers that littered his office desk in Cross Tower. He signed what needed to be signed, and tossed into his fireplace what needed to be tossed into his fireplace. With the work of the evening completed, Darius slouched in his seat and forced himself to dream of the wife he missed so much.

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Available later this year!

## Excerpt of *Crowing of the Good King: Book I of the Good King Trilogy*

Date: June 19, 155 R.E.

Place: Forest Maze, Rogard

The Forest Maze was a tropical region in the midst of the usually chilly Rogard. Even so, most souls that had ventured into it did not consider it a tropical paradise.

Monsters and vial creatures of all sorts patrolled the Maze, making it their territory, which they protected against any intruders. The Maze was home to a large array of different wildlife, some friendly, but most were not. The sun beat heavily on the Forest Maze year around, and it rained frequently in bursts of a few days straight.

The Maze smelt of the sweet aroma of the honeytree, which produced its own honey without the aid of bees. The honeytree dominated the foliage of the Maze, with the huge housetree as a close second. The huge trunks of both trees warded off the wind, sending it away from the protection of their domain.

“That’s the fifth time I saw that tree,” exclaimed Pryant to his friends as he pointed towards an oddly bent housetree. “We’re going in circles!”

It was true; for a week Agon, Edgar, Pryant, Sarah, and Samantha walked nowhere in the Forest Maze. Agon had chosen to take the shortcut through the forest to reach Port City, instead of going down the Plain Plains. Now, they wish they took the longer way, not the shortcut.

Samantha and Pryant both whined and complained the whole time they were there; Edgar and Sarah tried to keep everybody’s spirits up; while the stoic Agon hadn’t said a word since they entered the forest.

The forest provided them with the food and shelter they needed to survive for the whole week. They ate small game and wild berries; at nighttime they slept in the trunk of a hollow tree; when it rained for two straight days, they used the large spade-shaped leaves of the housetree to ward off the rain.

“If you hadn’t lost the map,” Samantha yelled at Pryant, “we would be out by now!”

Agon could not take any more of their childish bickering; for a week they had been shouting at each other. “Will you two please be silent!” These were the first words that he had spoken since they entered the forest.

The whole party stopped walking and stared at their guide in disbelief. They had never seen him lose his temper before. They were all shocked. Shortly after, though, they once again began to walk. It was getting dark and the group was exhausted.

This time, Laragen led them down a different trail, which no one but he could see. They trekked wearily for hours, the high humidity prohibiting their sweat to evaporate into the atmosphere. Their clothes became sticky with their perspiration, and their travel cloaks had been abandoned days ago. The small band continued in pensive silence.

“I see light,” Agon spoke calmly and quietly. “They are the lights of Port City.”

Samantha ran a few hundred yards ahead of the group and shouted: “Yes, we’re out of here!”

As she ran, a gigantic snake appeared before her. The black snake manifested from behind a housetree, and loomed over the teenager. Its scales were all black and shiny in the moonlight.

Samantha stopped running when she caught sight of the serpent, but it was too late. The snake coiled around Samantha and squeezed her body.

“Help!” She struggled to get free, but could not break the snake’s grasp.

Edgar was the first to reach her. “A Spring Snake!” he exclaimed.

Pryant came after Edgar. “What the . . . ?” he mumbled.

Next to arrive was Sarah. “Sister! Edgar, you have to save her,” she yelled in terror.

Bringing up the rear was Agon. “Oh no! Edgar, Factalon! Use it on the snake,” he instructed.

Before Edgar could get the sword out, Pryant was beating the one hundred foot creature with a tree stump. The snake almost grinned at Pryant, and with its head smacked the boy back up against a tree. Pryant slid down the tree, out for the count. Sarah rushed to him to tend to his injuries. Edgar freed Factalon and charged the snake. To blind the serpent, Agon threw green balls of flame at its eyes. The snake snapped its head back in pain. With Factalon, Edgar sliced the giant Spring Snake in half with one swipe. Samantha fell from the snake’s grasp, coughing after being choked for so long.

When she was done with recovering Pryant, Sarah rushed to her sister and placed her hands on the panting Samantha’s chest. Sarah’s hands began to glow yellow, which flowed from her fingertips to her sister. With that, Samantha started to glow yellow, also. After a few minutes of this, Samantha stood up fully healed.

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## ***Excerpt for Reign of the Good King: Book II of the Good King Trilogy***

Date: September 28, 164 R.E.

Place: Trade City, Chinchata

When dawn rose over the horizon, the sun found the Knights of the Count and the King’s Men camped near the walls of Trade City. They were on the outskirts of the Hills of Land, where only a few of the smaller mounds remained. They waited there for their siege machines to roll up behind them.

Included in the siege machines were two five-spear ballistae, a catapult specially designed to launch flaming items, and a single siege tower. Oxen, which were kept by the citizens of Trade City disposed in the Hills of Land, dragged them.

Sir Gaines watched them approach through the misty haze of the early morning.

The crisp air and orange sunrise made him realize that this might be the last time he would see such a sight. He had never thought about it before, but going into battle against Wizen would do that to a man. Wizen had killed his cousin. Gaines wanted Wizen for himself. He would kill the son of a motherless jackal for murdering Leigh. Wizen would pay for that dearly.

The Lame Warrior spat onto the ground. He still wore the Robe of Destiny, the white light perpetually illuminating around his body. Count Payton strolled up to him, and Gaines could see the ice magic in his companion's eyes flicker with anticipation. He, too, was ready for battle.

"The siege weapons are here," said Isaac. "That means we should mount and ride now. Trade City is less than half an hour away."

Gaines nodded. "Get the archers on foot and onto a hill. The archers only, mind you, and not the crossbowmen. We need them for when we bust through the gates.

"A line of lancemen should be our first troops to assault the gates. Only a line of them, not all of them." The Lame Warrior expelled a cloud of smoke from his nostrils. The morning was cold. "Next," he continued, "we go in, the mounted soldiers. Behind us shall be the swordsmen."

"Why are we not the last to go?" said the Count. "We are the ranked officers, and if we are fell in battle what will the other soldiers do?"

"Hopefully they'll keep fighting," said Gaines with a rueful smile. "But, I hear your complaint. This order of fighting men is to open the way quickly.

"After the siege weapons do their thing, along with the archers, the perimeter should be utterly destroyed. That is when the soldiers from within the gates would come pouring out to do battle. The lancemen have a longer reach, and they shall fell half of them before they come even close to us.

"With all the smoke and confusion, our mounted dragoons can sweep right in and end the lives of the foe before they even begin to regroup. By the time they regroup, our horses would've been killed, and we would be nothing but swordsmen. That is why the swordsmen and the rest of the lancemen are last."

Payton nodded in agreement. "That is a good plan. Let's just hope it works."

Gaines chuckled in spite of himself. "Believe me, Count, it will work. Let's get these siege machines over these hills. We have a lot of work to do before the fun starts."

The siege machines could be heard from Trade City before they were seen. It was disheartening for the Cult of Wizen to view such monstrosities. They had no weapons of that magnitude. It seemed like King Edgar Winefellow spared no cost when recapturing one of his cities.

The sentries trembled while holding their spears. They were going to die that day, and they knew it. Wizen had said nothing to them about the impending battle. Their Master stayed locked in his chamber all day with his maidens and did not venture outside. This disheartened the Cult even more.

One of the sentries pointed out over the horizon. "They have two ballistae!" he cried.

"And a catapult!" cried another.

"Surely this is madness," cried a third. "We can't possibly win this battle."

"We must give it our all," said the first. "We must warn our Master of the situation; he will know what to do."

Miraculously, Wizen appeared before them instantly. He was wearing battle armor a full knight's panoply something he had never done before. Wizen had no use for armor; he had his magic to protect him. This made his Cult think that maybe their Master's magic was fading him.

"What are you doing, standing about lazily?" snapped Wizen. "Sound the alarm!

Ready the boiling oil! Deploy the caltrops! Do you fools not know we are at war?" Hastily the three sentries scrambled to do their Master's bidding.

"This is it," said Gaines to the Count. They were standing on a hill not far from where the catapult and archers were positioned. "Order the catapult to be launched, and the archers to fire."

"Shouldn't we say something to encourage them first?" spoke Payton softly.

Sir Gaines nodded. He positioned himself so that all could hear his voice, and he raised his tone so that the distance attackers could hear him also. "Men," he bellowed, and all side conversations ceased, "here we are about to enter into battle. I'm not promising you that all of you will come out alive I could never lie to soldiers but I do promise you that none of this is in vain. We fight for a reason, whatever that reason may be to you. Some fight for pride, some for love, some for vengeance, some out of honor, and some for the Good King. Chose what you fight for, hold that reason in your heart as you do battle, and you shall never die in vain. Arm yourselves and let us prepare to dance!" Gaines hefted Titan into the sky, and the armed warriors roared in response. They had found their reason to fight, and they were willing to die for that reason that reason was Sir Gaines.

The Lame Warrior turned to Payton and nodded. The Count then addressed the distance attackers. "Archers," ordered the Count, "light your arrows! The first wave shall commence in one minute."

It has begun, thought Wizen as the first ablaze arrow flew over the wall of Trade City, striking one of his sentries dead. The end has begun.

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# SAMPLE POEMS

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## *Poetry from Heart and Soul of a Thinker*

### SUMMONER'S TEARS

Here sits the conjuror  
Of worlds  
On faded lawn chairs,  
Bereft of his galaxy.

Drops of liquor and coffee  
Blend and form a cascade  
Which fall from the wizard's eyes;  
These are the Summoner's tears.

They taste of talent  
And potential  
Washed away  
By addiction's course.

They reek of the rotting  
Genius, ironically consumed  
By the same powerful entity  
He summoned from the outworlds.

But they also glisten with divine  
Shinning, reflecting the supreme  
God that resides within  
The imagination of all Summoners.

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## *Poetry from Just Another Angry Black Man*

### DREAM CHILDREN

They sit at the front  
Of the bus,  
Bright-eyed,  
Ready for school.

Ready to learn language  
And arithmetic,  
To greet friends  
And confront enemies.

Hopefully these children dream --  
Dream of the sore feet,  
Drenched clothes,  
Bruised skin,  
And torched remains

That dreamed of them,  
These children,  
Sitting at the front of the bus.

But did the dreamers dream  
That these children  
Would one day mock  
Their courageous protests  
By obstinately refusing  
To give up their seats  
To the elderly and disabled?

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## CUSTOM POEM FORM

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Name and address where poem is to be sent, U.S. only (if different from above):

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Send check or money order for \$10 per poem, plus \$3 shipping and handling, payable to A. Jarrell Hayes to 1309 Bolton Street, Baltimore, MD 21217

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