

MEDIA KIT

Thank you so much for your interest in helping to spread the word about my upcoming book, *TubeLight*. It will be available worldwide in both print and eBook formats on April 4, 2017. We'd be delighted if you would review the book on your blog or in your publication. If you'd like an electronic ARC, email me at janetrendall@att.net. I can send you an epub, mobi, or PDF upon request.

I've collected everything I think you'll need to help promote the book. I want to make your job easier, so if there's something I missed or you want to do something outside the box, let me know what you need.

This media kit document contains:

- Press Release
- Book Descriptions
- Author Bios
- Five Things You Didn't Know About Me
- Talking Points
- Sample Broadcast Interview Questions
- Testimonials
- Book Excerpt
- Book Fact Sheet

Thank you for your interest! If there is anything you need, don't hesitate to contact me:

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Book Descriptions

TubeLight (Sequel to *Route 66 to the Milky Way*)

153 words

Nineteen-year-old Neon Ryder suspects she has a superhuman ability to heal people. An attempt to cure her old friend, Jimmy Trent, an angry and depressed quadriplegic, whose spinal cord was severed by a Viet Cong sniper's bullet, unleashes a torrent of ever-escalating problems on everyone she loves.

Her parents, Frank and May, living under the radar for twenty years, are in danger of discovery. May is a plant-based alien with healing powers hiding in a human body. Frank is the FBI agent who captured her in 1949. If recaptured, May will be studied and dissected and Frank subjected to a congressional-military investigation.

Further complications arise when paraplegic Bob Evans, son of a billionaire with powerful connections, witnesses Neon's attempt to heal Jimmy. Jimmy's recovery makes Bob think Neon gave Jimmy an experimental drug and he wants whatever she's got. How the story plays out will have readers excitedly turning pages to discover the outcome.

266 words

Nineteen-year-old Neon Ryder suspects she has a superhuman ability to heal people. When she visits the Long Beach VA hospital to see her old friend and girlhood crush, Jimmy Trent, she isn't prepared for what she finds. Jimmy, a Vietnam Vet, is an angry, depressed, and suicidal quadriplegic, whose spinal cord was severed by a Viet Cong sniper's bullet. Neon's attempt to cure him leaves Jimmy astonished and perplexed, while she nearly dies.

As Jimmy slowly recovers, Neon's selfless act of compassion unleashes a torrent of ever-escalating problems on everyone she loves. Her parents, Frank and May, living under the radar for twenty years, are in danger of discovery. May is a plant-based alien with healing powers hiding in a human body. Frank is the FBI agent who captured her in 1949. If recaptured, May will be studied and dissected and Frank subjected to a congressional-military investigation and undoubtedly sent to Leavenworth for aiding and abetting an alien's escape.

If that's not enough, Neon learns that Frank is not her biological father. Further complications arise because a paraplegic, Bob Evans, son of a billionaire with powerful connections, witnessed Neon's attempt to heal Jimmy. He suspects Neon gave Jimmy an experimental drug, and he wants a dose of whatever it is. When she denies doing anything for Jimmy, Bob informs his father.

Soon afterwards, Jimmy is kidnapped, and a shadowy pharmaceutical group biopsies his spinal cord. Astounded by what is discovered, the attention turns to Neon, who is alone and searching for Jimmy. Her parents are under house arrest and waiting to be questioned by the FBI.

Author Bios

85 words

Establishing herself as a writer has been a lifelong pursuit for Janet Rendall. She began writing short stories at age seven on her mother's old Remington. During her many years as an occupational therapist and Certified Hand Therapist, she wrote extensively on these subjects in various texts and professional publications.

She has received several writing awards from the Santa Barbara Writer's Conference and many practice awards from the American Society of Hand Therapists and the Occupational Therapy Association of California. *TubeLight* is her second novel.

317 words

Janet Rendall has had a love for writing and Route 66 since she was a child. She began writing short stories at age seven on her mother's old Remington typewriter and traveled with her parents and younger brother on the "Mother Road" when she was nine. Vivid memories of that adventure include spotting the red and white Burma Shave signs along the roadside, the huge jackrabbit display for a trading post, and the garish billboard advertising the Meteor Crater.

In 2008, she and her husband drove Route 66 in their cherry red PT cruiser, staying mostly in lodgings from the era, including the famed Wigwam in Holbrook, and meeting visitors from around the world who had their own observations of the iconic highway. So it's no wonder her two passions collided with her first novel *Route 66 to the Milky Way*.

A science fiction fan, Janet gained insight into the genre with the novels of Jules Verne, Ray Bradbury, and Isaac Asimov. She can't wait to read *Neon Green* by Margaret Wappler, who blends humor, science fiction, and fantasy with underlying commentary of our life in the 1990s. She's attracted to science fiction because of the worlds she can create and the unique ideas and messages she imparts through the characters she invents.

Establishing herself as a writer has been a lifelong pursuit. During her many years as an occupational therapist and Certified Hand Therapist, she wrote extensively on these subjects in various trade and professional publications.

She has received several writing awards from the Santa Barbara Writer's Conference and many others from the American Society of Hand Therapists and the Occupational Therapy Association of California.

Rendall is at work on a sequel to *Route 66 to the Milky Way*. Titled *TubeLight*, it answers many of the questions she's gotten from readers about what's become of May and Frank, the two main characters in her first novel.

When not writing and honing her craft, Janet enjoys cooking many of the recipes her mother taught her at a young age and collecting vintage cookbooks, one of America's number one hobbies.

A Grey from the Roswell Museum that sits in her desk drawer serves as her muse and a reminder that we're not alone on this planet, and the aliens may not be just a powerful paranormal myth.

5 Things You Didn't Know About Me

1. I created a “film” about a moon colony when I was nine by drawing the “frames” onto a continuous roll of white shelf paper. The “movie” was shown through a window cutout in a refrigerator packing box, backlit by a 25-watt bulb. With no TV in our neighborhood, it was a big hit with all the kids.
2. Before I was into science fiction, westerns were my favorite genre. As a kid, encouraged by my grandfather and his endless supply of *Texas Ranger* magazines, I wore cowgirl boots and holsters with six-shooter cap guns.
3. At age seven I used to dress my two-year-old brother in girl's clothes because I wanted a sister. He got even when I was in high school and asked my dates if they'd take him along—one of them actually did—we went bowling!
4. My one and only award for biking happened at age fifty. I won first place in the “geezer” category on a mountain bike.
5. I learned to drive on a 1949 Oldsmobile Rocket 88 (just like the one in *Route 66 to the Milky Way*) but had to take the road test twice because I couldn't pass parallel parking—the hulking beast had no power-steering.

Talking Points

Things You May Not Know about Plant Medicine

In *TubeLight*, the main protagonist, Neon Ryder, employs biomedical elements in healing, as does her mother May (she was originally a plant). Many of the powerful drugs used in modern medicines originated in plants. Today's plant-based drugs treat a range of diseases, from headaches to cancer. Here are a few awesome facts about plant medicine.

1. Approximately 7,000 medical compounds prescribed by Western doctors are derived from plants.
2. Quinine, an aid in the cure of malaria, is an alkaloid extracted from the bark of the cinchona tree found in Latin America and Africa.
3. Only one percent of rainforest plants have been studied for medicinal potential.
4. The use of plants as medicines pre-dates written human history.
5. The Madagascar periwinkle is the source of drugs used to treat diabetes and certain cancers, such as Hodgkin's disease and acute leukemia. The drug for treating Hodgkin's disease has increased patients' chances of survival from one-in-five to nine-in-ten.
6. Meadow saffron contains a chemical called colchicine, which has been used to treat rheumatism and gout. As it tends to prevent cells from dividing too quickly, colchicine has also been used to suppress some types of cancer.
7. Ecuador is known to have over 500 different species of medicinal plants. About 228 of the most common plants are endangered.
8. Herbalism (also herbology or herbal medicine) is the use of plants for medicinal purposes, and the study of botany for such use.
9. Native Americans medicinally used about 2,500 of the approximately 20,000 plant species that are native to North America.
10. Almost all societies, with the exception of cultures influenced by Western-style industrialization, recognize shamanic use of plants as medicine. The practitioner is regarded as endowed with gifts or powers that allow him/her to use herbs in a way that is hidden from the average person, and the herbs are said to affect the spirit or soul of the person.

Questions for Broadcast Media

1. What books are you reading, and where is your favorite place to read? I just finished *The Water Knife* and *The Humans*. I'm currently reading *The Passage* by Justin Cronin. I read outdoors when on vacation, and when at home in the living room, looking out through our picture window at the arroyo.

2. Who are some of your favorite sci-fi writers and what attracts you to the genre? I started out as a teen with the old masters of the genre: Jules Verne, Asimov, Heinlein, and Ray Bradbury. Then I moved on to Philip K Dick, William Gibson, and now Paolo Bacigalupi and Justin Cronin. One novel that's stayed with me, *The Humans*, is science fiction but the author, Matt Haig, is not an author of that genre. I loved the novel because it's so funny, touching, human and sad. It revealed so well the fragile human condition as seen by an otherworldly visitor.

I'm attracted to science fiction because of the civilizations you can create and the unique ideas and messages you can impart to the readers through the characters' point of view. I prefer stories with a strong social/human component, and sympathetic characters that stay with you. I'm not a big fan of hardware wars or hardcore cyber punk.

3. So it sounds like you're more a fan of soft sci-fi. What is the primary difference between soft sci-fi and hard? And are you a fan of Ursula Le Guin? My favorite Ursula Le Guin's novel is *The Left Hand of Darkness*. Again, that's because of the unexpected nature of the characters and their dilemma. To me, 'soft sci fi' is more character driven, with less emphasis on technology and ideology.

4. Give us a sense of how you spend your writing time. Please describe your day and the environment where you write. I like to write in the morning and early afternoon, from nine to about three. Then I'm off to the gym or on a walk with the dogs. Sometimes I'll resume writing about five for an hour or two, but I tend to do more editing during this time.

5. Tell us about your first sci-fi novel *Route 66 to the Milky Way*. What inspired you to write it? In a nutshell, circa 1949, FBI agents are in hot pursuit of a suspected alien. The chase crisscrosses the USA on the historic Route 66 (AKA the Mother Road). Along the way the agent falls in love with the alien. Fans have described it as, 'Sci-fi light,' a fantasy without the dragons but with romance, and humor. It seems to ignite a wide range of feelings in readers. My husband, our Boston terrier puppy, and I traveled Route 66 and found the mystique, the romance and the heyday of the iconic highway hard to ignore during our trip. Along the way we met Europeans enjoying the post WWII sites and discussing them from their slightly different perspective. That combined with the Southwest's fascination with aliens and flying saucers combined to become the impetus for the novel.

6. What prompted you to write *TubeLight*, the sequel? Fellow writers in retreats, writer's groups, and writing classes wanted to know if I'd do a series of books on the two fascinating

main characters. I decided I could do a sequel that answered some of their questions about what's become of May and Frank. Some even wanted Homer to return in one form or another and I think he does, in the character of Neon.

7. Give us the elevator pitch for *TubeLight*. No spoilers, please! Nineteen-year-old Neon Ryder suspects she is able to heal people, like her mother, and tries to do that for Jimmy, a boy she's always had a crush on. Neon's not prepared for the consequences of this self-less act that endangers her parents and brother, Jimmy and herself.

8. What kind of research did you do for *TubeLight*? Did your former career as an occupational therapist and Certified Hand Therapist come in handy? No pun intended, of course! I lived in the 1960s (there's the famous quote that comes to mind—"if you can remember the '60s you weren't there"), so I researched 1968 because the novel primarily takes place the summer of '68. My career as an occupational therapist and hand therapist made the therapy and hospital settings as well as the equipment a non-brainer. The brief flashback to 1957 offered me a chance to relive the days of the tank respirator (Iron Lung) used during the polio epidemic until the advent of the modern ventilator. Wikipedia has a great photo taken in 1953 at Rancho Los Amigos Hospital, where I worked during the late 1960s, which shows a ward filled with tank respirators.

9. What would your superpower be and why? Definitely healing. I spent my entire adult life treating injured and disabled children and adults. I would love to be able to make all their pain and misery disappear with a touch.

10. What is the best piece of advice you give to would-be writers of science fiction today? Read the most highly regarded works of the old masters of the genre as well as the newer authors. Read history and non-fiction books that take place in or around your novel's setting. This provides a springboard for multi-layering your novel. I think reading not only in your genre but also books on history can provide a rich laboratory of successful and unsuccessful civilizations to use as models in your stories

Testimonials

Route 66 and the Milky Way

“Takes you on an adventuresome trip down the Mother Road, circa 1949, with truly unique aliens. This imaginative novel fuses soft science fiction with FBI suspense. A real page turner.” --Judy A. Bernstein, author of *They Poured Fire On Us From the Sky: A True Story*

“Adventure, love and intrigue. Well-drawn characters come alive on the page and you live their exciting trip right along with them. If you like sci-fi and crime don't miss this gem of a novel. For creativity, imagination and unique characters it's hard to beat.”

--David Putnam, author of *The Disposables, The Replacements, The Squandered. And Bruno Johnson*

“I enjoyed this book and its wonderful verve and imagination. Science fiction and suspense blended with a wry sense of humor. What could be more fun?”

--William Bernhardt Author of the Ben Kincaid series and *Primary Justice*

“A humorous and simmering read with a surprisingly unique sci-fi twist. You'll be captivated till the very last page!”

Paul Bernstein MD, author of *Courage to Heal, Flashblind, Rock Bottom, and Rerun*

“Rendall blends language and geography to evoke and revisit that moment in post-war America, just before everything shifted. Her captivating alien has learned a whole lot about humans during her eight years on earth, and she has nearly mastered dictionary English. But that leaves gaps. And through them—through May's drop-dead serious observations and her hilariously off-base utterances—Rendall draws a deft portrait of Cold War America: the paranoia, the blind faith, the growth of bureaucracy. The question that lingers, as May searches Route 66 for her way home, is not so much whether she will get back safely in her altered state – but will we.” – Mary Ames, author of *Outcome Uncertain: Science and the Political Process*

Book Excerpt

TubeLight

1968

June

“Hey, hey LBJ, how many kids did you kill today?”

CHAPTER 1

I'd do it. Whatever the cost.

Smells of injury. Urine, excrement, dying tissue. I wanted to bolt. Finding Jimmy in a huge VA hospital without the required front desk check-in, the supreme challenge. “Spinal Cord Injury Service” was all I had to go on. Another “T” intersection. Left or right? “You lost?”

A young man in a wheelchair looked me over from head to cleavage. Flattering? Not if you don't want to be remembered. “I'm looking for a friend.”

“You're in luck. I know pretty much every guy on this unit. What's his name?”

Giving him Jimmy Trent's name would connect me to him, put me on the Veteran Administration's radar. That could be dangerous. The man evidently decided I needed a prod because he suddenly reared his wheelchair onto its back wheels, stallion-like, and balanced by shifting his hands back and forth on the rims.

Amazing.

“So who's your friend?”

From the waist up this guy looked great, muscled like a weightlifter. Clean cut and about Jimmy's age. Maybe Jimmy wasn't as bad off as Donna, our old classmate, reported. Hopefully he'd gotten better, didn't need my help. Tension in my shoulders eased.

“First visits are always rough,” the man coached, hands relaxing their grip, allowing the chair's front wheels to reconnect with terra firma. “Is your friend a para or a quad?”

“A what?”

“Sorry. Excuse the lingo. Is he paraplegic, like me? You know, paralyzed from the waist down? Or a quadriplegic—paralyzed from the shoulders down?”

Donna mentioned something about a cervical injury, C5-C6 injury level.

“Hey, pretty lady, I'm still here.”

I looked down and saw the man spinning his wheelchair in a tight circle. “A neck injury. His hands are partially paralyzed.”

“He's a quad. Turn right here. Halfway down the hall you'll find the nursing station. They'll know where he is. Good luck and for his sake—stay positive. We all need that, especially quads.” Snapping an informal salute, he sped off.

No nurses. No one but Jimmy could know I'd been here. If I'd inherited my mother's strange power, everything was about to change for all of us.

Tires squeaked. I whirled around. A thin, unshaved man with long, unkempt hair inched toward me in a high-backed wheelchair. The heels of his hands strained against knobs on the

wheel rims as he labored to propel the chair over the green linoleum. “Neon? Neon Ryder.” A weak but familiar voice floated up to me.

Oh no. This shell of a man can't be Jimmy Trent.

Sunken eyes stared out from his sallow face. They widened. “What are you doing here?”

Hollowed cheeks. Atrophied arms and legs. Was it really him? “I came to see you and . . .” My fantasies of our future disintegrated. The lump in my throat swelled, choking off explanation.

Jimmy’s stunned face contorted in anguish. “You shouldn’t be here. I wanted you to remember me the way I was.” He looked away, dabbing at his eyes with the backs of his hands, the curled fingers apparently useless. “You never returned my phone calls, never wrote back.” How could he with those paralyzed hands? “It’s summer break—I haven’t even been home yet because I wanted to see you so bad I drove straight here.”

He blinked and chewed his lower lip. “When I was in ‘Nam I thought about you day and night. Dreamed of what we’d do when I came home. But now? There’s nothing left of me. I’m a twenty-two year old man without a body. That’s why I never contacted you. You should’ve taken the hint.”

He thought about me day and night? I was over the moon. Like me, he must have fantasized of our life together. “I’m here to help you, Jimmy.” I tried to project a confidence suddenly missing-in-action.

“You can’t.” He looked away. “No one can. I’m a quad. Four useless extremities. I’ll be like this the rest of my life.”

My God, my poor Jimmy. We should have made love before I left for Stanford. Only four months from legal and concerned about me being underage—insignificant now. About to nosedive into depression, I changed the subject. “Donna said you had surgery. Didn’t it . . . ?”

At last he looked me in the eyes—finally a spark of our old connection. “They fused bones in my neck. To keep it stable, that’s all the experts did. You wouldn’t understand. You were always so naïve and optimistic, about everything. No problems in Neon Ryder’s happy little family. Nothing to fear or hide.”

Of course he’d think that. The school gossip about his mother’s death, his father’s drinking, the family’s financial problems. Perhaps he was right about me being naïve. There was good chance I couldn’t do a thing for him.

Jimmy’s leg spasms jerked both of us into the present. Elbows extended and locked, he pressed down on his thighs with flattened hands. The tremors stilled and the distressed expression melted from his face.

“That looked painful. Does it hurt?”

“No and yes. Hard to explain to the un-initiated,” he offered a wry, sad smile. “Definitely embarrassing.”

“Talk to me. Tell me everything. What happened? Exactly what’s injured?” I tilted my head back a little and tried to deflect the tears running down my cheeks. “You don’t know how much I missed you.”

Jimmy took a shallow breath, obviously the only kind he could. “During the TET Offensive it got crazy. A sniper shot me in the neck—bullet severed my spinal cord. The

medic must have injected me with morphine. ‘Cause I can’t remember the chopper ride or the flight home.”

Struggling to find the right words, I gave up and settled on, “I’m so glad you weren’t killed.”

“Yeah, well I’m not. From the chest down my body is an immovable block of ice. No feeling below the nipples.” He extended his elbows again and leaned forward in his chair, the heels of his hands against the seat cushion. “This relieves pressure on my ass, otherwise I’ll get skin sores from not moving. They get large enough and you need a skin graft to close them.”

I swallowed. The magnitude of his injury was overwhelming—nothing I’d prepared for, despite Donna’s warnings and my own research.

“Have to lock my elbows ‘cause there’s no nerve supply to the triceps muscles that straighten them. No biceps either.” He touched one toneless upper arm. “I can only pick things up by extending my wrists, letting the fingers curl into my palm. That’s ‘cause the finger tendons are shortened in this position.” He demonstrated. “This grip is so weak it’s pathetic.”

I suppressed rising doubt and focused on his hands, “I’m sure I can help.” I was sure of nothing and I might make him worse.

“You can’t help. No one can. Don’t you see, tube light?” He spat the hated old name at me, mouth twisting in anger, muscle cords knotting in his neck.

I reeled, struck by the verbal blow, eyes stinging with unshed tears. Kids flung that childhood label at me in grade school and I’d cringe. But he’d never hurt me with it. A nurse walked by, gawking at us. “Let’s go outside, somewhere private.” He shook his head and turned his chair to leave when his shoulders suddenly lifted in a shrug. Determined to act before I lost my nerve, I grasped his wheelchair handles and pushed.

“What are you doing?”

The high pitch of alarm in his voice grated on my ears. I ignored it and rolled him toward the ward’s exit sign. No matter if I made him better or worse there’d be hell to pay either way but I had to try.

Shirtless men in wheelchairs played basketball on the out-door court.

Their muscular torsos and arms glinted with sweat under the afternoon sun. The one who’d given me directions waved. I turned away, hoping he wouldn’t remember me.

I chose a secluded spot with a huge tree shading a stone bench. The shrubs surrounding the area would be waist high on a standing person. Perfect. I sank on to the bench, eye level with Jimmy. We were well screened except for the narrow entry way adjacent to the sidewalk. I’d do it quick and disappear.

“You’ve been through so much it breaks my heart.” The desire to rush and get away conflicted with a need to take time, re-establish our relationship. “When we last talked, you were going to transfer from UCLA to Stanford. Nothing about joining the army. What happened?”

“Finances. Picked up more hours on the *Tribune’s* night shift as a pressman. Carried a full academic load until my grades slipped. Dropped two classes to bring everything up to the required 3.5 for my scholarship. My units fell below some bullshit deferment number. Next thing I know, I’m drafted and on my way to Vietnam.”

At least he didn't come back in a body bag like two of his classmates. "You can go back to school. Is your scholarship still available?"

"No. Besides, it only paid for tuition and books. Living expenses piled up."

I tried to cheer up both of us. "You've got the G.I. Bill."

"Yeah. Pay back from my Uncle Sam for ruining my life."

I leaned forward and smiled into his wounded eyes. "May I touch your neck, where you were injured?"

His face paled and he placed the heels of his hands against the knobs on his wheel rims. Preparing to escape. "No. I don't want you to touch me, anywhere."

"I promise not to hurt you. I'd never cause you pain."

"You're being here is pain to me." His eyes explored my face, must have picked up on something. "You need to leave. Now."

"If that's what you want." I rose from the bench as if to comply.

"I'm sorry." He swiped at escaping tears. "Thanks for coming. It's just—"

This might be the only chance. My hands shot out and grasped his neck.

His head flailed back and forth. "Leave me alone. What are you doing? You're choking me."

If only he'd quit moving.

"Stop it." Paralyzed hands batted at me.

The firm, unyielding texture of the scar on his neck bulged under my fingers. My grip tightened. Electrical tingle, then a surge that arched between us. I was deep inside his tissues.

Power pulsed from me and streaked into him. I was pure energy, coursing along nerves, repairing, healing.

Rush of air. Impact. Pungent odor of soil, grass against my cheek. A pinpoint of light grew steadily smaller until it winked out.

TubeLight

By Janet Rendall

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Category: Fiction/Science Fiction/General

BISAC Code: FIC028000

Title: TubeLight

Author: Janet Rendall

Formats: Print & eBook

978-0-9861745-2-0 (eBook)

978-0-9861745-3-7 (print)

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TubeLight available April 4, 2017