



Dark Lotus Books

A plot worthy of the movies...a roller coaster.

—Michael Fox

FIRENET

The hurricane party went well—until someone locked the doors...

A terrifically fun read!
DON'T GO IN ALONE!

—Sirius Reviews



**Glenn
Lazar
Roberts**



The hurricane party went well—until shattered windows forced the party-goers into the Cancer Research Center's basement. Their only escape is through pedestrian tunnels, a labyrinth of neglected spark-lit corridors that are rapidly flooding. Leading others to safety through the maze, pretty biologist Carmen Niles falls into a deadly scheme involving a biker drug gang, psychics, stock fraud, and one-minute piranhas made by experimental computer 'genechips'. A roller-coaster plot that leaves the reader guessing the next twist through the very last page.

REVIEWS of Frenzy

“A terrifically fun read! Glenn Lazar Roberts squeezes a lot of horror, mystery and plain old fun into his new novel, *Frenzy*. Its pages are filled with a host of quirky characters with monikers such as “Wild Bill,” “Carm,” and “Cracker,” and the brisk dialogue and tight plot will keep the reader guessing until the final page. My suggestion? Grab a copy as fast as you can, turn down the lights and read this fast-paced novel. —Jerry Mohrlang, author of *Sarawak* and *Mujahidin*.”

“This is a superb novella to pop in on and be thrilled with. Lots of twists and turns, lots of pop back-and-forth banter, and plenty of surprises. It’s written as a thriller with a subtle supernatural element mixed in. The author’s style makes it an easy read, with a quick paced flow. Several fully developed characters, each with their own unique story thread, lead to a well orchestrated avalanche of pandemonium. For those looking for entertainment, especially some thriller / horror, this is a good choice. Will help the day at the pool or trip on the plane fly right by. Definitely recommended.” —Troy F. Tinsman

“A plot worthy of the movies! *FRENZY* by Glenn Lazar Roberts is a perfect example of building tension... Just when you think you have it all figured out, the plot twists again and sends you giddily in a different direction.” —Michael Fox, author of *Theater Boy*

“Glenn Lazar Roberts’ fabulist thriller [has] skillfully woven topical issues—cancer research, technology, fraud—through a hair-raising plot. *Frenzy* is a super story. The reader turns pages eagerly right up to the astounding resolution. A must-read.” —Carolyn Thorman, author of *Holy Orders*.

In *FRENZY*, Glenn Lazar Roberts takes the ideas of the physicist Stephen Wolfram on cellular automata and pushes them to the limit, weaving a tightly plotted thriller that is perfect for hard-core science fiction buffs.” —*Sirius Reviews*

DON'T GO IN ALONE!

“Jesus of all creation! What the *fuck* was that?”

They stared through the glass in the door at the maelstrom that consumed the other chamber.

Ed trembled. “It's what I said. It's our fate, our karma. You can't change it. Nobody can.” He shook his head. “We'll never get out of here alive.”

“They're some kind of fish. But where the hell did they come from?” said Cliff. “And how come we didn't see them before? Man, that was close!”

Carm shook her head, turned and fell back against the door. “*Serrasalsus Hollandi*.”

“Piranhas! But how—”

A sudden thump sounded on the other side of the door. Carm jumped and Melanie peered through the aperture—she shrieked and jerked back. George's face slammed onto the glass, more skull than flesh. Bloody hands scraped the glass, the eyes glaring drunkenly at them. “My world,” the jaws mouthed...

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Frenzy

by

Glenn Lazar Roberts



Dark Lotus Books

home of the

JUST PLAIN WEIRD

www.equuspublishing.com

Frenzy

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Chapter 1

The video glowed. Drawing her covers down, Carm rolled to view the computer screen beside her bed. With the sound turned off, it worked as well as an alarm clock, the light alone serving to rescue her from her dreams. She opened one eye to view the Weather Channel.

The Big One was closer.

She stretched one arm to see the voicemail in print. Clicked. Several messages materialized. 'Carmy, we need all employees to report to work as usual, and for extended hours, even though we'll be shutting down the Project early...'

Damn.

'Hello, parent. This is your school district. We are closing all schools for the next three days...'

Damn again.

'Hey, baby, I'm back in town, but stuck on the other side of the Interstate. The traffic's murder. You're on your own with your kids. See you at your office tonight.'

Damn three and I'm out. She rolled back and drew the covers over her eyes.

The covers slid down of their own accord.

"Hi Cheyenne."

The pretty ten-year-old tow-headed girl hugged Carm and kissed her on the cheek. "Early bird, Mom. You know how my teacher hates for me to be late."

"No school today, dear. But I have to go to work."

Her mouth dropped open. "That's not fair." She stamped a foot.

"Tell your brother—"

"Mom..." Burke, a brown-haired, sleepy-eyed boy of about eight schlepped into the room. "I want... I want..." He rubbed his eyes. "... you." He slid into bed with her.

"We have to hurry, kids," she said between kisses. "I'm taking you to Miss Mary's today."

They had convulsions. "Not that place! Miss Mary is mean. And the kids are all ignorant."

"No choice, gang. Now throw on some clothes. You know the routine." Carm slipped on a

robe. "And Carl won't be here."

"Who?" said Burke.

"That's not funny. Your new father, that's who."

"So he won't be here. Like that's a surprise," added Cheyenne. "We've seen him how many times since you got married—three?"

Carm paused, glanced at them, but said nothing. No need to state the obvious.

In a few minutes they dressed, wolfed down breakfast, and headed for the car. The sky was clear. The kind of clear that locals knew and distrusted, with small wisps of cirrus moving quickly as if propelled by some remote disturbance. Carm recalled the weather report. The Big One had finally come. No more smug complacency; no more wishful thinking. This was the real thing, the kind of hurricane that could crush a city in hours and rip corpses from graveyards to mingle with the newly drowned. It was due tonight, and the freeways were jammed with snowbirds, for once fleeing with good reason. Only a few 'lucky' employees remained behind at the command of their sovereigns.

Carm inserted the key. For a moment, she wished the engine would stall. She could then unload the kids and go back inside. But the Project called. Besides, the Institute and the daycare were much safer than her home today, both inside buildings. She glanced about the street. Most of the neighbors had evacuated. Only a few stragglers were still loading up.

Cheyenne climbed into the front seat. A book dropped and she looked at Carm.

"Not Russian again. You said you would stick with French."

"But I like the funny letters."

"Your teacher hates it when you talk Russian. She knows French."

"All right, Mom," She opened her French book. Inside was hidden Russian, belying the picture of Victor Hugo on the cover.

"That's better."

A shadow passed overhead to a loud buzz.

"We don't have time, Burke."

From the back seat, Burke aimed a radio transmitter. A moment later a drone Robocopter nose-dived through the open car window and was snared by a net.

"One day you'll miss. And then you'll owe me a paint job."

"Yeah, when I'm old and tired, like—"

“Say it and die.”

Burke exchanged a silent smile with Cheyenne while Carm backed out.

She stole a few minutes of calm listening to the tires hum, thankful that the children were quiet. For once. Twenty minutes later a gust of moist wind whipped up as they stepped out of the car at Miss Mary's. Through her office window, Carm could see Mary scowl. All right so her kids were different. That did not make them bad. And yes, she did not come regularly because she did not approve of daycares unless they were absolutely necessary. But she paid the bill as if they did. And yes, she was often late, both to drop them off and to pick them up. After all, she's a single Mom. Or was she? She sighed. She no longer knew the answer to that.

She got out to walk the children in. The thought recurred—why can't Mary meet us at the car? She's just standing there, watching. A little customer relations wouldn't kill her and it would save me a lot of time and energy. Carm hurried the children forward, colliding with several others entering with kids, or coming back out. A quick apology, and she took Cheyenne and Burke inside.

“I've got to work late tonight, Mary. You're holding special hours like you said, aren't you?”

Mary nodded. She lifted a finger. “But only to eight o'clock. I'm telling you like I'm telling everyone else. You must pick them up by eight, because I may be leaving town. I haven't decided yet whether we are evacuating. Depends on the storm. And late means a dollar a minute.”

“I'll be here, don't worry. No later than eight.”

Within moments she was inside her car pulling into the street. Her car turned a corner and vanished.

“Did you touch them?” Fingering something in his pocket, a short man with round eyes like an owl ceased staring at the spot where Carm's car had last been visible, and turned to look at his companion. A taller, older woman whose hair was stealthily turning gray continued to stare up and beyond the horizon. Slowly she nodded. They turned and walked toward an old car parked across the road.

The first sheets of rain fell as Carm's cell phone rang.

“Lo.”

“Carm, gal. This is your gorgeous new husband.”

“Hi, Carl. Did you finish your deliveries?”

“And how! Listen, beautiful. The traffic here is starting to break up, so I'm heading to Sweats-

R-Us. They've got an extra room where I can get some shut-eye. Then I've got to visit a friend. I called to ask if you remember that party you said you wanted.”

The rain blinding her, she juggled wipers, phone, and steering wheel. A red light saved her from disaster. She stopped the car and focused. “I never said I wanted a party, Carl. I'm busy at work. But if you want to have one, I guess we can plan it.”

“No need baby. It's on for tonight. I talked to some friends and they'll be on the top floor of the Institute by eight o'clock. We're having a hurricane party! An all-nighter!”

“At my office? Wait a minute—”

“Ciao, gorgeous. Don't thank me now, thank me later. I'll see ya before it starts.”

“Carl, I'm not sure that's a good idea. Carl? Carl—”

Silence.

She started forward again. “I thought strikes only came in threes,” she mumbled, shutting off the phone.

The road led through a tunnel. For a moment the downpour halted, but the underpass lights were out and she was unable to see anything but the red brake lights of the car in front as traffic slowed to a crawl. Something within her chilled and she was relieved when she exited. Even the violence of the incoming storm was preferable to the darkness of her dreams.

Another ten minutes and she pulled into the parking garage of the Institute. Another twenty, and she was calculating aquaculture nutrients on a computer in her office on the twelfth floor. Although her body remained seated before the computer screen, clothed in the usual white lab coat, her mind traveled far away, oblivious of the sterile hospital clock that circled round and round like a force of nature.

Seven o'clock chimed and a familiar knock sounded on her door bringing her back to reality. With a shock she noticed the time. Carl sauntered in.

“Baby, look at you!” He landed a wet kiss on her lips. “I don't have to tell you what a catch you are.” He spread her arms. “Oh, baby! What a shame I can't spend every minute in town. But if I did, neither of us would ever leave home.”

“Nice to see you too.” She kissed him back. “About the party, Carl—”

“Not to worry. I'll be back in time. Just have to run across town to take care of some more business.”

“Again?”

“The bills won't pay themselves, dear. Got to make the moolah somehow.”

“But you said you were off today.”

“But still tending to business, as always.”

She turned, flicked the computer to the Weather Channel. “You do know that this is no ordinary hurricane.”

Leaning over her, he looked at the screen. He whistled. “So how long do I have?”

“One hour—tops.” She gathered her black hair into a tail and flipped it smartly through a band. Rising, she abandoned the dense swirls of white on the computer screen to view the real thing through the window. The rain now came in torrents.

“Hell, that's plenty of time. I'll be back in half an hour.” Carl beamed the pretty boy smile that had so entranced her in a former life. He tugged at one sleeve of his leather jacket, inspected his teeth in its shiny newness, and made for the door.

“Better hurry. The rain is just beginning. It will get worse once the first spiral comes over.”

“Well what's your problem? You wanted a party didn't you? You can't have a hurricane party without a hurricane. Besides, a little water never hurt anyone.” He jerked the door-knob.

“*You* wanted the hurricane party, Carl. And those will be *your* friends out there whooping it up—except for the wage slaves like me who are stuck here for the night.”

He grinned again. “Life's a bitch, ain't it?” Carl sucked in the moisture that penetrated the top floor of the medical research building, despite the sealed windows. He let it out in satisfaction.

“And this bitch is mine!” He blew her a kiss and strutted down the hall.

“And remember what you promised last week—you're supposed to pick up Cheyenne and Burke! By eight o'clock. Sharp!”

“Don't worry about your little darlings. I'll bring em back alive. We can't have them making someone else's life miserable, now can we?” The lift rang and he was gone.

Carm stood a moment contemplating the wet expanse of sky. The Big One had finally hit. And Carl wanted to party! She returned to the aquaculture nutrients and shook her head. How did he always manage to get the day off when she had to work?



If you enjoyed reading

FRENZY

Please post a REVIEW

On your favorite websites:

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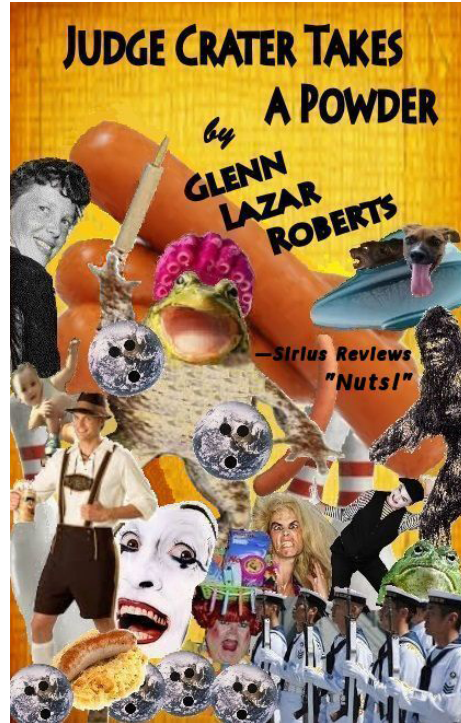
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!! Don't miss BOOK 1 of Adventures of Maggie, the Radiated Lesbian Nun !!

“JUDGE CRATER TAKES A POWDER”



In this hilarious satire, J. Edgar Hoover, head of the FBI, recruits Judge Crater and Amelia Earhart to help uncover a conspiracy of aliens planning to flood the Earth to prepare it for colonization, with cowardly Mafia, recipe-obsessed nuns, space-folding transvestites, incompetent Nazi spies, cow-mutilating aliens, evil mimes, and dueling bible-quoters. Orson Welles tries to warn the public with his Martian broadcast, and future Social Justice Warrior Maggie is born on the planet Bogland. Will snowflakes, marshmallows, and the easily offended find Safe Spaces inside? *Heyll NO!* Will the reader find lots of laughs? *Heyll YES!* Political Correctness may never recover from this inspired work of eccentric mania.

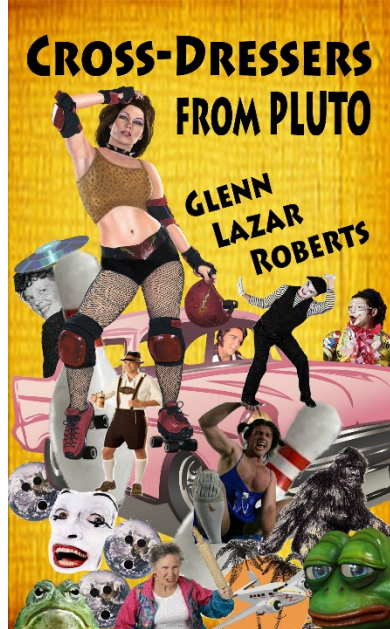
REVIEWS OF JUDGE CRATER TAKES A POWDER

“Roberts interweaves historical fact with castles in the air, dubiousness and irony to create a fast-paced narrative filled with the almost plausible as well as out-and-out incredible in this sardonic romp... For those who like a bit of sarcasm swathed in quirkiness and screwball circumstance, Judge Crater should prove to be a worthwhile read. Happy to recommend for those not easily dismayed, repulsed or dazed.” —M.M.

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!! Don't miss BOOK 2 of Adventures of Maggie, the Radiated Lesbian Nun !!

“CROSS-DRESSERS FROM PLUTO”



Pop the Thunderbird wine and break open the nopalitos, because Maggie the Radiated Lesbian Nun is igniting fires and breaking hearts across the galaxy. Raised in a secret convent in Area 51, young Maggie is caught up in alien plans for global warming in this hilarious satire of political correctness featuring Amelia Earhart, J. Edgar Hoover, Elvis Presley, Jimmy Hoffa, D.B. Cooper, Howard Hughes, and more Evil Mimes than you can shake a stick at—which is highly recommended.

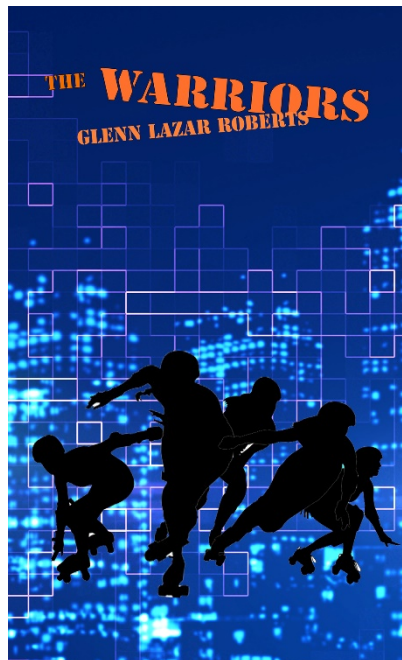
REVIEWS of Cross-Dressers From Pluto

"Nuts!" —*Sirius Reviews*

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!! Don't miss BOOK 3 of Adventures of Maggie, the Radiated Lesbian Nun !!

“THE WARRIORS”



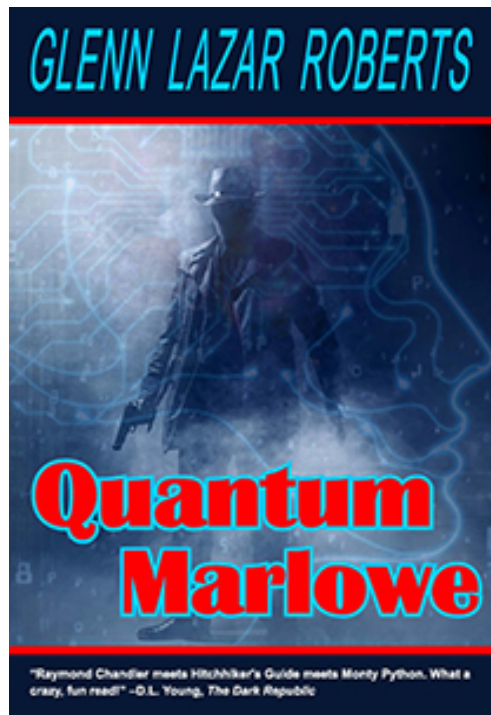
Maggie and her all-girl roller derby gang are framed for murder and pursued by every roller derby gang in Las Angeles in this sci-fi parody of the 1979 cult movie The Warriors. Will the Evil Mimes succeed in their plans for global warming? Can Maggie and her little band of Social Justice Warriors stop them?

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AND MORE SCI-FI / FANTASY NOVELS

By
Glenn Lazar Roberts

“QUANTUM MARLOWE”



Pete Marlowe, a tiny but tough private detective, is having a bad day. Two mad scientists abducted him, lopped off his pinky finger, and installed a red button that enables him to walk through walls. Now they are blackmailing him to do their bidding. Can “Pinky’s” street smarts survive the scientists’ border-jumping between dimensions? Or is Pete destined to be marooned in a parallel universe? Quantum mechanics meets hard-boiled detective in this classic film noir take-off of the famous novels by Raymond Chandler and Dashiell Hammett.

“I stepped through the wall and the molecules that formed the gypsum and paint on the building that was the pride of Ciudad Juarez again became impenetrable. Outside, I re-attached my finger. Pinky. I smiled at the nickname. Pinky this, moronista! I told you no jail could hold me. Who the hell fucks over his worst enemy, gives him the keys to the Universe, then fucks him over again? Well, that’s their hard luck. *When Pinky gives them the finger, they stay fingered. I’m just that kinda guy.*”

REVIEWS of Quantum Marlowe

“Raymond Chandler meets Hitchhiker’s Guide meets Monty Python. What a crazy, fun read!” — D.L. Young, author *The Dark Republic* series.

“Just wow. Quantum Marlowe is a fun romp that mixes the detective genre with science fiction. It brought to mind authors like Terry Pratchett and Douglas Adams. Funny, vivid, and often strange, this book is its own adventure and worth the journey.” —jddehart

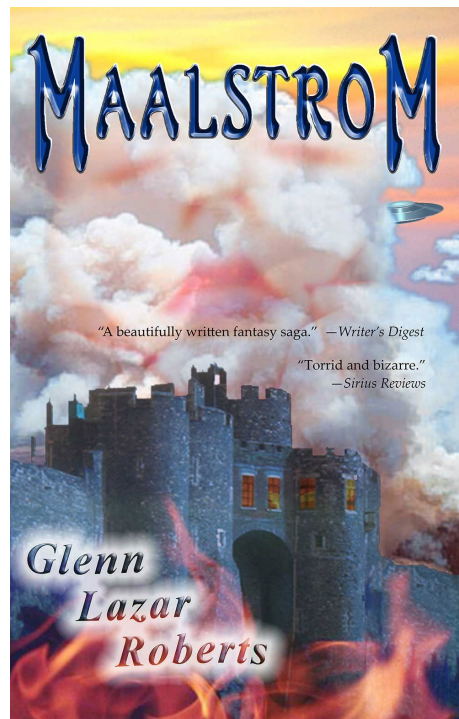
“Marlowe is fearless, funny, savvy, and brave. Cracking good action mystery...funny, sardonic and fast-paced. Loved every minute!!” —Kelly Watley (5 of 5 stars)

“Quantum Marlowe is a quirky tech noir which features a gritty, fast talking detective, traveling through parallel universes and dimensions to track down a powerful relic. Once he obtains it, Marlowe must outmaneuver a drug-pushing mafia queen, mad-hatter scientists, and a gang of hardened killers, in order to keep it and return it to its rightful place. The clever narrative takes us through a high stakes, high energy quest while introducing intriguing ideas of quantum dynamics... An entertaining joyride that challenged the reader with its complexity and layered nuances.” —Felicia Mack Little, author of *Scions of Darkness*

“Glenn Lazar Roberts is one of the finest writers of unconventional prose in contemporary fiction. His wonderfully inventive plots and mastery of the language place him in the company of Calvino, Burges, Gass...” —C. Thorman, author *Holy Orders*

**More of the *JUST PLAIN WEIRD*
From Dark Lotus Books**

“*MAALSTROM*”



Glenn's first novel, written at the age of 20. Under twin suns on the planet Maalstrom, Flores of the Turlicum struggles to recover his Assembly seat in the ancient city of Ven and is trapped in the dark Temple of Vensa where he falls under the spell of the priestess Amina—the most beautiful gila of the Three Valleys. As the siege of the Vok-tail clans tightens, Flores learns the secret of the mysterious winged malkops that disappear with every corpse, and must decide which to save: Ven or Amina? Bloody heroic fantasy that untangles an interdependence of alien species.

REVIEWS of Maalstrom

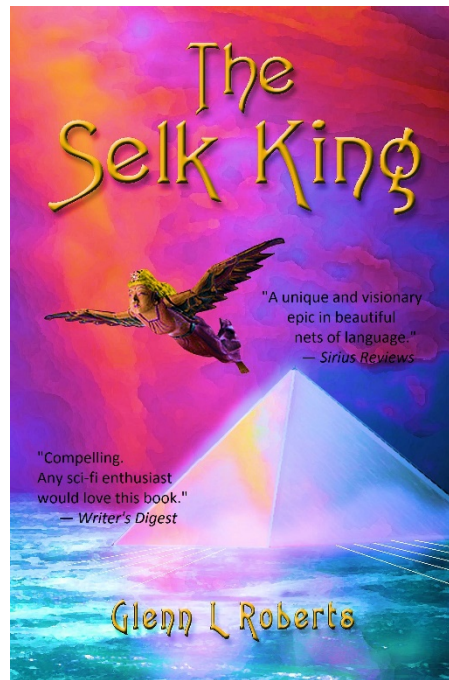
“Maalstrom is packed with intrigue, backdoor deals, betrayal, and one heck-of-a fantasy adventure finale. Flores [is] a thinking-man's-barbarian [in] a classic hero adventure story...a meticulously crafted tale with...an interesting exploration of religion's impact on culture. If you enjoy...“Game of Thrones”, “John Carter Warlord of Mars”, “Joseph Campbell”, or “Prince of Persia” you'll enjoy visiting Maalstrom... You may notice that women are strangely out of the picture, but just wait...”—J. Picha

“The suspense and the action never let up. There is always a new twist and a mystery that entices the reader to keep going. Even without all of the intrigue and action, the exotic civilization of Maalstrom is in itself enough to warrant reading just to explore it. This is the kind of book that will keep you up all night reading it.” —Mike Kilgore

“In the tradition of Burroughs and Howard, Roberts give us an exciting story that takes place in the city of Ven as Flores, warlord of the Turlicum clan struggles to assume his rightful place. Inventive, absorbs the reader and takes him or her to places never dreamed of.” —Roger Paulding, author of *Solomon's Journey*

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“THE SELK KING”



Sequel to *Maalstrom*. Flores of the Turlicum pursues the beautiful priestess Amina to the Island of the Sun-God, fighting his way across an alien world, further unfolding the mysterious biological relationships that link humanoids, hornets, and the ever silent winged selks who retrieve the bodies of the dead on the planet *Maalstrom*. At world's end Flores traverses the many levels of See-Face-of-God and confronts the Author of Chaos at the pinnacle of Ra'Allah, the city in the clouds. Robert E Howard's Conan meets Plato in this unique thinking man's vision of heroic and bloody fantasy. An epic bloody fantasy in the tradition of Edgar Rice Burroughs' John Carter of Mars & Robert E. Howard's Conan.

REVIEWS of The Selk King

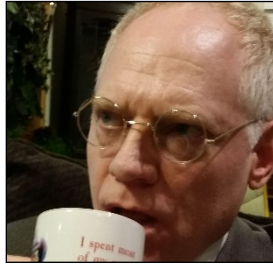
“Compelling. Any sci-fi enthusiast would love this book.” —*Writer's Digest*

A great sci-fi fantasy story. If you like a sci-fi fantasy story then this is the one for you. The story line was fantastic and intriguing and the characters were developed and interesting. A good read!” —Marilyn Vine, *Vine Voice*

“A complex feat of world-building postulating a bizarre yet philosophically intriguing and enterprising alternative to Evolution...” —Mallory A. Haws, *The Haunted Reading Room Reviews*

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Glenn Lazar Roberts is an attorney and writer of sci-fi, horror, satire, and adventure fantasy novels. Glenn has taught college, professionally translated Arabic and Russian, hosts a writing critique circle, and has edited the work of many aspiring writers. He credits an eclectic group of famous authors for inspiring him to write, including Jack Vance, Robert E. Howard, Edgar Rice Burroughs, Mervyn Peake, H.P. Lovecraft, Arthur C. Clarke, and H.G. Wells, among many other Masters of the Art. "I love language. I am perpetually afloat on a sea of script."

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