

# The Dragon's Pool



3

Edward C. Patterson

*Sample Chapter*

*The Jade Owl Legacy Book III*

***The Dragon's Pool:  
The Way of the Knife***

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**The Dragon's Pool**

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## Chapter One

### *Silky*

#### 1

The gay kid watched over his shoulder on this dark Castro night, knowing that the men followed him. Anxious, his panic increased along with his pace. No guessing. They *were* following him. His heart beat double time. His eyes scanned ahead for a safe haven. He hastened. An alleyway was coming up on his right. He could find shelter there, but it could also spell — dead-end. Still, something had to be done. No time for dumb indecision. In the dark alley, he could blend with the trashcans. Perhaps he could discover an unlocked door. Or a fence to leap. His pursuers were hulks — two of them. He, however, was sinewy and young — fifteen in his Nikes. He could outrun them . . . possibly. They were gaining on him, matching his pace. They would bash him . . . no doubt. So he pressed his Nikes to the grayment, and then sprinted into the alley, speed and chance his only hope now.

Darkness could be his friend, except it wasn't as dark as he supposed. Light threads filtered through the iron slats of the escapement above. Clotheslines hung silhouettes like Spanish moss. Still, he hadn't shaken the men — thugs grunting threats, probably pissed that their prey had bolted. *Why didn't he leave the club earlier? Too late to wonder now.* He always had taken care to avoid the night shadows. This was the Castro, after all. Gay kids were supposed to be safe here, or so he imagined. But when he emerged from the club, he had sensed something amiss. He spied the men across from *The Painted Lips* . . . and they were waiting. Waiting for something — for someone. But this was the Castro, after all. A gay haven. So he shrugged them off as night revelers tagged up for a tryst. How stupid had he been? These were the night goblins, mongers seeking a gay punching bag. A kid was a perfect mark — young, alone, silky blonde, with a face as smooth as his black leather jacket. The bashers fished — two against one. Coward's odds. The kid didn't have a chance. So it was the alley and the filtered light and the cottony Spanish moss.

The kid strained for his night eyes. He assessed the short stretch between this spot and a chain-link fence. That fence would either be a ladder or fly paper. Beyond it was more darkness. However, his pursuers were close behind him. Audible grunts.

"He's down here."

Now or never. The Nikes pushed toward the fence. Lurch, but then . . . snap. His pants caught on a metallic mass in the shadows — a bicycle. Under different circumstances, this contraption would have served him well, but it twisted his legs with pedals and wheels, spilling him headlong into broken glass and street screed. Dazed. Dizzy. He scarcely heard the grunts now, or the shuffle.

"There. There he is."

The kid inhaled the alley's urine aroma just as the first blow fell. He couldn't see his assailants. Blur. Dazed. Dizzy. A sharp knuckle across his cheek. The pain was reminiscent of other pain. He was not a stranger to the pain or to the hatred. However, the last time he had been assaulted, the knuckles were from familiars. Suddenly, boots replaced fists. Kick. Crack. His wind went. His gorge arose, spewing his last beer over his lips. Retch.

"Die, faggot!"

The kid rolled onto his back, meeting another kick.

*I must get up*, he thought. If he remained a wounded cub, he'd be a headline in the morning. He would beg for his life, but the words wouldn't form. So he continued to roll, dodging the next kick. He scrambled, crawling like a tadpole. Somewhere in his young spleen, he found his crust, firing his legs out like springs. *Pay dirt*. The thug tunes changed from mere hatred to unadulterated anger. One of the night goblins doubled-over. *Pay dirt*.

*Good shot*, the kid thought. *Haul ass, now*. He bucked hard, aiming for the chain links. He touched the steel, his fingers laced through the cold strands. He scrambled up, but a clenched claw interrupted his flight. It pressed him into the links.

"That's the last fucking time you'll get a chance to shit free," growled the basher.

"Hold him Benny," said the other. "I think this'll do it."

They pressed the kid's cheeks against the fence, choking him. *So this is how it shall end*, he thought. He heard glass break. If he had been the Sunday school going kind, he would have muttered a prayer. If he could have better assessed his situation, he would have known that he was now beyond such things as prayer. The night goblin wielded a broken bottle — a Southern Comfort remnant, long shorn of efficacy.

Hateful slogans. Demonic laughter. The kid heard it and felt a swoon rising. Gasp. They denied him even the urine-bitter air. Suddenly, other sounds. Trembling. Panicky cursing. Hellish screams. Metal pounding — trashcans clashing. Startled, the kid felt air rushing back into his lungs. Dizzy, he slid from the fence, and then tried to whirl about, but his legs surrendered. He fell, wondering what had happened to quell the attack.

The kid scanned down the alley.

"Holy shit," he muttered, the words painfully squeezed from his throat.

His pursuers no longer pursued. They had been pelted with a tornado of garbage cans and glass. Benny and his accomplice were sprawled against the graffiti laden wall like the *cuss* words scrawled illegibly across the bricks. Debris swirled unabated. Still, the kid was mesmerized. The thugs were entwined in bicycle wheels and handlebars. However, what stunned him was a silhouette that loomed over this human trash.

*What was this thing? What had wiped the alley clean? What phantom?*

The phantom turned, and then moved into the filtered light. It was just a bit taller than the kid, but it appeared to loom to greater heights. It wore a green flowing cape and ruby red tights; and upon its chest emblazoned the silver letter *O*. The kid knew. He sighed. He trembled.

"The Jade Owl," he whispered.

He had heard the rumors about the crusader of the Castro. Like every gay youngster, he had followed the Jade Owl's adventures in *The Chronicle's* comic section, but . . . here it was in the flesh. The kid raised his eyes to the escapement. *Had it come from the fire escape? From the roof?* Did it matter? Safety now. Haven true and keen.

The kid took a step toward this green, shadowy phantom, but a silk clad hand stayed him.

"No closer, please."

The kid saw that his hero (for he was his *hero* now) wore a feathered hood with two tufted ears. And goggles; no, not goggles. Brass spectacles that shimmered blue.

"Who are you?"

"It doesn't matter." The voice was sweet. The voice was young. "Are you okay?"

The kid glanced at the pile of hate at the base of the wall. He was *okay*; better than *okay*.

"I guess so."

"You're too young to be out this late."

*This must be a dream*, the kid thought. He shuddered. His savior stretched his hands aloft like a man about to swan dive. He pulled himself through the night air, his blue eyes forming a firefly shower. The kid observed this, his own eyes blinking timed to his heartbeat. He detected an emerald glow at the cape's edge. Then it, and its owner, disappeared over the roof. The Jade Owl was gone.

"No, don't go," the kid cried.

He tripped over the bicycle, landing near Benny's buckled head. He pushed away from the sight, regaining his feet and his momentum. *No, don't leave me*. He was saved. He was free, but he had

nowhere to go. He wandered in the dark now until he clutched the chain links, and then climbed. At the crest, he tottered, almost losing his balance. He thought he could still see the emerald glow. *No, don't go.* He felt the growing bruises on his ribs. They'd be purple by morning. His throat still pained or he would have shouted after the retreating cape. Dizzy. Sharp pain. It hitched him from the top, the ground coming up fast. He thumped over the fence onto the other side. Now his palms and knees would join his ribs competing for the worst color award. He was in another alley, one that opened onto Hartford Street. The kid pushed himself up, the fence a lifeline now. Glancing through it, two crushed thuggish forms confirmed that he had not been dreaming. *It did happen.* He gazed skyward again.

The kid ran along the thoroughfare, pain chasing him like a fox. He had hope now, but *nowhere* to go. Time held no consequences for him — or so he thought; the myopic blessing of youth. On Hartford Street, he hobbled, thinking he could still see the glowing cape. Whether it was his imagination or the side effects of the beating, he had convinced himself that he had met his *hero*. Now, the kid was the pursuer.

At 17<sup>th</sup> Street, he paused. He squinted at the rooftops. Yes. It was not his imagination. He saw the glow, bouncing like Tinkerbelle. By the time he crossed Noe Street, he knew. The cape had come to rest either on Pond Street or on Prosper. He thought, *Prosper*. The kid pursued . . . having *nowhere* to go.

## 2

Three shows had drained the vigor from Simone DeFleurry. Now he drag-queened his ass up 17<sup>th</sup> Street drawn by the promise of a hot bubble bath. He hadn't even bothered to defrock, lacing an orange twill button-down sweater over his sleek, black evening gown. His falsies slipped as he trundled. Like a night raven, Simone humped uphill from the cotillion, but he felt like a tired old bag lady cleaving to her shopping cart under a fairy-domed overpass.

Simone halted, catching his breath, listening to a susurrant over the bramble-lined street frontage. He gazed toward Pond Street knowing his haul had neared its end. Feet swelling. Feedbag heavy. He snorted the night air through his beak and dreamed of that hot, steamy tub.

*I've got to get Chatty to lighten my load,* he thought. *Three shows are too much for my aging bones.* The public demanded the talents of La DeFleurry, and three times might even be a shortfall. Still . . . he adjusted his falsies, straightened his raven wig beneath his floppy hat, and then recommenced his trundle.

*Dooney the Looney could certainly pick up the slack.* The thought of this rival puckered Simone's crimson gob. Miss Claire de Lune replaced him when he had strutted across China two years ago. *The Looney* was hell bent on the Queen of the Castro's gig — lock, stock and D cup. *That would never do now, would it?* Trundle. Pond Street. One block to go now. Uphill from here.

Prosper Street challenged everyone. A veritable ski slope. Still, Simone DeFleurry muscled it up.

*Bubble bath. Bubble bath. Foot soak.* A mantra now.

He sniffed the aroma of the pines that cradled his house. He spied his pink and green door *hacienda* — the little Perch on the Hill. The breeze lifted his spirits. He gazed toward heaven's starbrace.

*Home, bubble bath, and my Nicky.*

He spotted a lamp lit in the front parlor. Encouraging. His husband had waited up, perhaps with a nice jug of cosmopolitans . . . *to slurp in the bathtub.* Perhaps the tub would be a *two-seater* tonight. *Sigh.* Nothing for it. Simone sloshed around the feedbag for his keys, but . . . he sensed

something else — something hidden in the dwarfed pines.

*Oh my God.*

Alarm. There had been a rash of muggings. They were covered daily on page five of *The Chronicle* and he suddenly was aware of each.

“Not here,” he gasped. *Please, not on my own doorstep.* He mustered mock courage, and then clutched his bag at the ready. Just let a mugger try his hand dodging the mace-like swag of Miss DeFleurry’s feedbag.

“Go away!” he shouted. “I’m not alone.” He darted his eyes up the parlor. “My husband’ll come down and kick your ass.”

Someone was there. Short. Non-threatening, and, revealed in the dim light, dressed in leather. He had soft blonde, shoulder length hair — and dimples. Simone relaxed his clutch. This dimpled threat gave him pause.

“I’m sorry,” said the kid. “I just want to see him again.”

“Again?” Simone shrugged, but then gazed aloft. “Again, you say. And just who did you want see?”

The kid scratched his nose. He drifted closer. Simone thought he recognized him, but when you perform three times nightly, faces blend into masks. Still, one usually remembers the blue eyed, blonde cuties in leather.

“He’s here. I know it,” the kid said.

“Who?”

The kid balled his fists. Simone re-clutched.

“The Jade Owl.”

*That damned Owl.* “The Jade Owl? That’s a fairy tale. A funny paper drawing.”

“No. He saved me tonight.” The kid relaxed. “I know what I know. He’s here, and I want to see him again.”

*Oh, Nicky, Nicky. You’ve been out on the prowl again.* Simone approached the lad. It was an easy approach, still perhaps with some care aforethought. One pets a puppy with an eye on the muzzle. *Oh, but those blue eyes. So young.* He gently cuffed the lad’s shoulder.

“Come sit and listen.”

“I know here’s here. I followed him.”

Simone bobbed his head, and then sat on the stoop with the lad. “Perhaps you had a bit more to drink than you should?” There was a whiskey whiff. *Who served him . . . and where?* “You’re too young to drink. You’re too young to . . . well, how old are you?”

“Seventeen.”

“You can’t fool me. You’re not a day over . . . fourteen.”

“Fifteen.”

Simone beat his lips with his fingers. *Very young for the hustle.*

“So, you’re underage, out after two, whiskey-pewed and sitting on my stoop, pining for a comic strip character. What *will* your mother say?” The kid turned away.

*Oh, motherless. Well, aren’t we all?*

Simone played with the silver epaulet on the lad’s jacket.

“Why don’t you go home? Call it a night — a sweet dreams night that never happened.”

“It *did* happen.” The kid’s lips trembled. Was this anger or a wellspring for tears? Simone sighed. *Leather on the outside, but marshmallow to the core.* “I followed him here. He glowed.”

“Glowed?” *Nicky, Nicky. Sloppy, sloppy.* “Where do you live?”

“Here and there.”

“On the street?” This was not an uncommon state for a gay teen, especially one dressed for the

*hustle*. The kid would not confirm it. Simone lifted the smooth young chin with his chiseled, bejeweled fingernails. "I know you have a story to tell your Aunt Simone."

"I know who you are. From the club. You sing beautifully."

"Why, thank you. I bet you sing like a sparrow for your supper." *Yes, it was not uncommon, but this little one was too precious.* "What's your name?"

"Silky."

*Yes, Silky.*

"Pretty name, but that's for your clients. I'm not a client. I'm your Auntie, found you on my doorstep, following . . . some green glow in the dark." *Oh Nicky, Nicky. Sloppy, sloppy.* "I'll tell you what. I'll give you a place to sleep tonight, and perhaps a bowl of milk."

"You'd let me in to meet him?"

"Him? You mean The Jade Owl? There's no such thing. You're delusional." *Delusional. Who's delusional here? Sloppy, SLOPPY.* "But I do have a husband, and I believe he's home, and . . . if you promise not to hit on him, you shall have your bowl of milk."

Silky smiled the sweetest smile Simone had seen in ages. *Purring. This one's clever; and with dimples.* Simone adjusted his falsies and the slipping sweater on his shoulder. He applied his key. "Welcome to the Perch."

"The Perch?"

*Regret. Owls sit on perches and all that.* Therefore, Simone just grinned, tugging Silky through the door and into the foyer. He pointed up the staircase.

"You'll see when you get up there — in the morning, when the sun fires up the Castro." Silky shrugged. "You'll see."

### 3

"Nicky. I'm home, thank goodness. And we've got company."

Nick wasn't in the parlor — that ornate Victorian sampler from a different tribe. Its hung velvet was insufferable on this late spring night. Silky perhaps thought he had been thrust through a time portal. He became all *touch*. Touched the couch, the walls, the tables, the sideboard . . . stared at pictures and cocked his head upon hearing the clock collection's mismatched ticks and offbeat tocks. Silky fit well into this limoges and tiffany den, like a knick-knack in Simone's collection.

"Sit there," Simone commanded, "and . . . just sit there until I tell you. I'll make you a sandwich. I think I have a jar of gefilte fish, which makes a dandy late night snack." Oblivious, Silky sat on the centerpiece couch's homespun fabric. Hopeful that his guest was riveted, Simone cracked the door to Nick's study. A musty aroma nipped Simone's nose. He dreamed of attacking the place with *Febreze*, but Nick thrived in this air. It was *his* retreat, after all, just as the parlor was Simone's. On the roll-top desk, a wee desk lamp shone, scattering its scant light over papers, photos and books. No sign of Nick Battle. However, Simone knew better.

Across the desk chair draped the emerald cape. The hood, tights and jersey were flung on the day couch. Most evident, beneath the wee lamp lay John Battle's brass spectacles. Simone scanned the study's corners for Nick. He found him, sprawled behind the desk, naked and cramped in the fetal position.

"Nicky, Nicky," Simone said. He hunkered down, chancing a split in the ebony gown; raven locks filtering over his husband's face. "Nicky, Nicky."

Eyes opened — wide blue eyes, the award-winning kind that only a charmer could inherit from a long line of charmers. Dim smile and a slight lift toward the raven hair. Simone crowned him with a kiss.

"Nicky, Nicky. Sloppy, sloppy."

“Sloppy?” Nick croaked. He appeared exhausted — tough work that, saving the Castro. Expending much *ch’i*. Draining. “I was working, dear. And I succeeded . . . again. How’s that sloppy?”

Simone’s ass plunked on the parquet.

“You don’t need to do these things. You’ve solved the mysteries. You’ve done all the good you can. Why can’t you retire, already?” Simone wiggled the wig. “It freaks me out having my husband gallivanting around, saving the Castro. Bogeyman hours and dressed like a Disney version of Spiderman.”

Nick kissed Simone’s cheek.

“Then, why don’t you redesign my fucking threads — a DeFleurry special. Only I won’t wear a wig.”

“Don’t be fresh.” He sniffed. “And speaking of that, you need a good scrub and some lavender.” *Two in the tub thoughts, only now . . . now there were three.*

“I’ve been into the garbage cans tonight. Nasty business.”

“Nasty?” Simone said. “Not so nasty.” Nick raised an eyebrow. “He followed you here, you know.”

“Who followed me?”

“Your last rescue.”

Nick was on his feet, his ass showing bright in the windowpane. He gave Simone a hand up, and then opened the shutters and poked his head through.

“Put something on,” Simone said. “The neighborhood fairies wait with their binoculars.” Nick just squinted out, looking for his own telltale trail across the rooftops. “He’s not out there. He’s . . .”

Nick twisted to the desk.

“He’s where?”

Simone pointed with his eyes.

“Put something on. Anything but that green funk.”

“No,” Nick declared. “Why did you bring him up here, Simon? I can’t blow my cover.”

“Blown, dear. No more night prowls masquerading as that *damned Owl!*”

Nick turned in an expected fury. Eyes furrowed. Lips snarled.

“I am the Jade Owl,” he croaked.

Simone wouldn’t hear it. He snapped his hands over his ears. He had watched Nick slip further and further into an ocean of delusional prophesies. Ever since that mysterious return from Wu Tze-t’ien’s tomb through the Museum’s basement, his fantasy had grown. Nick had scary powers — undeniable. Simone knew that all the *ch’i-t’ang* possessed extra-sensory gifts, but he didn’t see Professor Gray prowling the rooftops at night giving demonstrations with his magnetic fingers. Nor did Sydney Firestone mend the world through his hands. In fact, Sydney wore a skullcap to prevent his fingers from *charging up*. The monk — Meng Ka-bao, with all his psychic powers, was not doing stunts on Oprah Winfrey. And Rose Whitaker was now Rosa Tosti-Tostacaroni and lived in the Tuscan hills like any normal *prod and poke* Sinologist — prenuptial be damned. However, Nick . . . Nick had changed. Simone still loved him like his best set of luggage, but Nick fought depression . . . long, lonely hours of staring and wondering and, Simone suspected, weeping. Only his collaboration with Griffen Jones on their comic strip for *The Chronicle* seemed to assuage the fleeting hours. But even this drew from the *ever-more-frequent* crusades through the Castro as the original source.

Simone raised his fists.

“The Jade Owl? Knock me over then. I know you can do it, but not as the Jade Owl. Do it as Nicky, the Magneto Boy, straight from the Hall of Fire.” Simone was a fright. Nick melted at the challenge, especially when Simone converted fists into outstretched hands, and then a full-blown hug

that cradled his husband's shallow chest. "The Jade Owl is gone, my love. It's gone from us forever. *Whoosh!* If I could bring it back to give you peace, I would, even though it irks me. I would do it 'though, in a cock's flash. *Whoosh!*"

"*Whoosh!*" Nick disengaged. He cracked the door open and peered at the cargo in the parlor. "He's asleep."

"What?"

Simone pushed passed him. Silky, dead to the world, snored. His legs crunched into the velvet like Peasebottom snug in a dewdrop. Simone shook him. No revival. He peeled the leather jacket off. Heaven help us if the metal epaulets snagged on the *brocade*.

Nick gazed at the exhausted form.

"He was an easy one to save."

Simone stroked the kid's hair.

"Sorry pup. He has no one. Nowhere to go."

"He has someone." Nick's squinted, plunging as he could with a *glimmer*. This kid, who had seen the acrobatic Jade Owl, would now hear its soft mental whispering.

"His name's Silky," Simone said. "Sweet name, even if it's street hustle marketing."

"It's Marsh Elliot," Nick said, his eyes rolling as he probed. Nick's body twitched and his skin rose to gooseflesh. Simone surveyed him and wondered what gave Nick a rock-hard, stud-horse erection. *Nicky*. "He's been out and about for a year. Mother's in jail. Father beats him. Has one brother, who burned him with lit cigarettes. This kid lives under the highway . . . sometimes . . . and sometimes under the Bay Bridge. They're a pack of wolves, selling their wares in the pick-up trade. He has a scar on his back . . . from a bastard, who tied him up and . . . well, he was hospitalized for . . ."

"No more, Nicky." Simone snapped at Nick's cheeks. "He's used goods, but I know a sweet soul when I see one. He just needs some rest and . . . a meal. A hearty breakfast in the morning."

Nick sat on the couch's end, his elfin nakedness translucent on the velveteen brocade.

"He'll wake early, Simon. He'll do a number on your limoges. He doesn't want food. He wants trade and . . ."

"What else does he want, dear?"

Nick rolled his eyes again. The kid awoke. He sat bolt upright, starring at the man who sat at his feet — the man without green cape, furry hood, emerald jersey and crimson tights. Just the man. Only the man.

"Marsh?" Nick asked.

"How did you know my name?" Silky reached for Nick. "You *are* him, aren't you?"

"In the flesh."

*There we go now, Nicky. You're Jade Owl days are over.*

*No dear. If you feed this stray, I think he will come often.*

Simone sighed.

"Are you hungry, Silky?"

"Not for gayfilter fish, or whatever he fuck you called it."

"Language, language." Silky's eyes never veered from Nick. "Well, I'll whip you up a nice omelet. And then maybe you'll be up for a hot scrub."

Finally — goal achieved. The bubble bath . . . and yes, it would be for three.

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*A Reader's Guide to Author's Jargon and Other Ravings from the Blogosphere*

*Oh Dainty Triolet*  
*The Twinning of Vincent Cassidy*  
*Mother Asphodel*  
*Little Vin at Dreamland*  
*Master Wu's Bride*  
*Willa Goodheart*  
*The Six Bells of Madame Lin*  
*Crickets in the Sun*

*Nick Firestone Mysteries*  
*The Sapphire Astonishment*  
*Old Friend Cane*  
*Green Folly*

*Farn Trilogy*  
*Belmundus – The Farn Trilogy – Book I*  
*Boots of Montjoy – The Farn Trilogy – Book II*  
*The Adumbration of Zin – The Farn Trilogy – Book III*

*Southern Swallow Series*  
*The Academician - Southern Swallow Book I*  
*The Nan Tu - Southern Swallow Book II*  
*Swan Cloud – Southern Swallow Book III*  
*The House of Green Waters - Southern Swallow Book IV*  
*Vagrants Hollow - Southern Swallow Book V*

*The Jade Owl Legacy Series*  
*The Jade Owl*  
*The Third Peregrination*  
*The Dragon's Pool*  
*The People's Treasure*  
*In the Shadow of Her Hem*

*Poetry*  
*The Closet Clandestine: a queer steps out*  
*Come, Wewoka & Diary of Medicine Flower*

*Pacific Crimson — Forget Me Not*  
*The Awakening*  
*Catherine and Other Poems*  
*The Festival of Thebes*  
*Ties and Rings*  
*Gay October*  
*Provincetown Poems*  
*Songs: Not Just Survival*  
*Plum Journey Visions*



Author Edward C. Patterson has been writing novels, short fiction, poetry and drama his entire life, always seeking the emotional core of any story he tells. He has currently 30 published books. He is known for spinning magical and fantasy yarns grounded in history and favors epic tales revealed in books series. His flagship works are The Jade Owl Legacy Series, The Southern Swallow Series, The Farn Trilogy and the Nick Firestone Mysteries.

In many of Patterson's novels, he combines an imaginative touch with his life long devotion to China and its history, having earned an MA in Chinese History from Brooklyn College with further postgraduate work at Columbia University. This background is the cornerstone for The Jade Owl Legacy, The Southern Swallow Series and Master Wu's Bride, works drawing on Sung and Ming Dynasty History and Culture. History has played a major part in the coming of age tale Little Vin at Dreamland.

Patterson's military experience is reflected in such works as Surviving an American Gulag, The Road to Grafenwoehr and Pacific Crimson - Forget Me Not. His gay life-way and work in diversity is reflected in his novellas No Irish Need Apply, Cutting the Cheese, Bobby's Trace and Mother Asphodel; and in larger works - Turning Idolater and Look Away Silence.

A native of Brooklyn, NY, Patterson has spent over five decades as a soldier in the corporate world gaining insight into the human condition. He won the Year 2000 New Jersey Minority Achiever Award for his work in corporate diversity and is a proud U S Army Veteran of the Vietnam Era. Blending world travel experiences with a passion for story telling, Patterson's adventures continue as he works to permeate his reader's souls from an indelible wellspring.

His novel No Irish Need Apply was named Book of the Month for June 2009 by Booz Allen Hamilton's Diversity Reading Organization. His Novel The Jade Owl was a finalist for The 2009 Rainbow Awards.

Edward C. Patterson is the proud founder of Operation eBook Drop which, in its heyday, distributed over a million eBooks to deployed Armed Forces members from over 2,000 independent authors. He has guest blogged extensively and has appeared on the Bobby Ozuna - Soul of Humanity Show. He is also proud of his Cherokee heritage, knows seven languages (including Cherokee) and is a contributing member of the ACLU.

“The little voice from between the lines can become a lion's roar, one listener at a time.”

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