

## Common Pitfalls for Novelists

*Presented by John David Kudrick*

### **PITFALL 1:** \_\_\_\_\_

#### **Sample Reading**

“Would you like to sit down, Sammy?” Mary asked. She really hoped he didn’t, but politeness came first, after all.

Sammy looked at her, trying to read her intentions and wondering if she wanted him anywhere near her.

“Sammy?” she said. Now she felt butterflies in her stomach. Why wasn’t he answering?

“Oh! Sammy!” Nora said, bursting through the kitchen doorway. “When did you get here?” she asked as she remembered that she never took off her dirty apron after baking cookies.

“Uh, I ... Uh ...” Sammy said. That did it. He could barely think of hanging around with just Mary, but Nora, too? No way. “I ... um, I need to be going. Bye.”

#### **Notes**

**PITFALL 2:** \_\_\_\_\_**Sample Reading**

Slipping his knife from its sheath, Jack eyed his adversary, Conrad. Even as Conrad leapt toward him, Jack considered that the assassin had a long history of kills, dating back to the post-Vietnam days in Southeast Asia. Legend had it that Conrad had successfully sanctioned targets on every continent and in more than fifty countries. He'd even made short work of several presidents of overseas nations, including the French president that had so staunchly opposed the hostilities that led to the Mediterranean War of 2120.

Jack sidestepped Conrad's initial attack and blocked the fast follow-up, but the assassin was simply too fast. Seconds later, Jack lay on the ground, looking up at Conrad's weapon: a twenty-inch Japanese katana sword with a leather-wrapped hilt and silver blade so shiny that Jack could see the reflections of the lights from the wharf behind where he lay.

As Conrad pushed the sword toward Jack's neck, Jack held him off the best he could, but Conrad, at six-foot-four and around two hundred fifty pounds, was proving to be too much. Finally, Jack decided to buy some time with words.

"Look," Jack said. "We both know why you're here. You did that job last month in South Africa, and now you want the dead guy's wife. You know she has the intel that you thought her husband had when you whacked him. Your employer wants her and the intel to disappear, and you're here to make it happen. And your employer is paying a ton of money to kill yet one more person and add another notch to your belt."

**Notes**

**PITFALL 3:** \_\_\_\_\_

**Sample Reading**

Dana pulled out her pink lipstick and smeared on a new coat. She eyed herself in the mirror and smiled, then dabbed on some more red lipstick. Joe would like the way she now looked now for sure.

Leaving the lady's room, Dana found Joe sitting on a stool at the bar. He gave her a nod and a smile, then kissed her;

"Pink lipstick," he whispered. "My favorite."

"I know," Dana said.

Joe pulled out a chair at the table where he sat by the jukebox.

**Notes**

**Other Common Pitfalls / Q&A Time**