

A Steampunk Romp About an Intelligent Heroine with an Odd Nose Hits International Bookshelves

"From the very beginning, the author draws the reader in and never lets go until the ultimate conclusion and satisfying denouement." - Greg Alldredge, author of the Helena Brandywine series. "I was taken out of my seat from the first page, and I came back to my world delightfully impacted by her craft and imagination. If there are more Hidden Cities to be explored, sign me up!" - G. Russell Gaynor, International best-selling novelist and screenwriter

With accolades like the above, you can see what's on the horizon for Steampunk author Melissa Coleman, and it's not just airships and zeppelins. The Australian writer has worked hard on her novel, *Hidden City of Alchemy*, to bring readers a unique mix of steampunk, fantasy, historical fiction and just a tad of romance. Steampunk author Melissa Coleman said *Hidden City of Alchemy* is the ultimate page-turner. "It's a novel to escape life and enjoy an alternate history filled with excitement and adventure, eccentric characters, fashion and machinery," Melissa said. "I want my readers to be blown away. I want them to have random moments of 'ah-ha' as some part of the puzzle falls into place. I want them to feel like they have more than one choice in every situation, and explore possibilities, after all *Hidden City of Alchemy* is riddled with science." "But most of all, I want my readers to be entertained, to get caught up in the world I created, and have a chortle or two," she said. The 5-star Readers Favourite award holder published her first Steampunk anthology - *A Confabulated Compendium of Anecdotes* - in 2017. AUTHOR BIO Melissa is a freelance journalist, a bibliophile, and a karaoke champion, although her pet Maremma would beg to differ. Through her books she provides a glimpse into her imagination, unfettered by the laws of logic and probability, a most anomalous wordsmith. She loves to transport readers to a time when zeppelins and automatons are considered the norm and where heroes with retrofuturistic gadgets monopolise the page. If you would like to interview Melissa Coleman please contact her mobile 0409 002 088 or email wordsmith@melissahcoleman.com

HIDDEN CITY OF ALCHEMY "I did not set out to create a weapon. I needed something to strip the flesh from bones, to enable me to draw their structure. I do not know if I was inspired by the devil to create such a thing, and it weighs on my mind. All too easily can I see what others would use this for." Grand Master Gatto

It's a tale of alchemic science, unique automatons, an intelligent heroine with an odd nose (a hereditary defect from her father's side), and a secret society. Set in London and Paris in 1925, smart and somewhat defiant Elizabeth Peters discovers a dangerous family secret in a hidden diary after her mother is kidnapped by German spies. She is sent on a whirlwind adventure from London to Paris while learning the shocking truth about her ancestor and a chemical that could destroy humankind if it should fall into the wrong hands. If you would like to interview Melissa Coleman, please contact her on mobile: 0409 002 088 or via email: hemingway.bythesea@gmail.com

FREE PREVIEW – HIDDEN CITY OF ALCHEMY BY MELISSA H COLEMAN The hail of gunfire from the motor-wagon increased, smashing one of the lanterns and spilling kerosene down one side. Lizzie fired again, pulling the trigger until no bullets remained inside the gun and the hammer clicked against the firing pin. With more gunfire from the vehicle behind, an errant spark from a ricocheting bullet caused the liquid to ignite. Flames roared up the side and she flinched back, almost losing her grip on a swearing Albert. He turned towards her. "We have to jump." Is he mad? Jump where? Seeing her hesitation, Albert stood up on the driving board, putting one booted foot on the wooden dash. Before she realised his intention, he gathered her towards him, lifting her easily with one strong arm. She found herself clutched to his broad chest with her arms around his neck. With a grunt he leapt, and in that weightless moment her heart rose with his momentum, threatening to beat out of her chest. They landed square on the back of one of the fire-panicked horses. His arms around her, he gathered the excess rein in one hand and reached between their bodies. Despite the danger, or perhaps because of it, even the back of his gloved hand across her corset sent electric tingles through her as he pulled out a wickedly sharp knife. She moved with him as he leant forward to cut the traces and free the horses from their confinement. As the horses leapt away, she gripped the gun tightly, making sure it would not fall. She wanted to reload, as she heard the motor-wagon in pursuit behind the flaming clarence. How would they survive this? The burning carriage rolled out of control behind them, jounced wildly, the remaining reins tangled in the front wheels. With a jerk the burning clarence pitched end over end, smashing into the cobblestones with a thunderous crash. The horses, now freed, whinnied in fear and raced forward. Clutched against Albert's chest, Lizzie heard the motor-wagon slam into the carriage and swerve into a wall. FOR MORE: If you would like more information, please contact Cindy Rochstein – 0437 094 049. For more on Cindication, email: cindy@cindication.com / www.cindication.com -ends-