

Beyond The Storm (Sample)

In post-apocalyptic New Britain, a man awakes with amnesia, surrounded by murdered corpses while Jude, a bloodied and beaten woman, flees her captor. Sickened by his awakening and without a name, Man journeys through the wastes, trying to piece together his past while Jude tries to forget hers.

About the Author

Adam Jones is an author from Wiltshire in the United Kingdom. Before he started writing, Adam studied archaeology with a focus on death and burial and how it is viewed in society, something which shines through in his fiction work.

Adam writes a variety of poetry and prose, much of which is available on his website. He is also the author of the Little Whippendon series of popular cult novellas.

Beyond the Storm

(Sample)

Adam Jones

Beyond the Storm
Copyright: Adam Jones
First Published: 2015

The right of Adam Jones to be identified as author of this Work and designer of this Work's cover has been asserted by him in accordance with sections 77 and 78 of the Copyright, Designs and Patents Act 1988.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in retrieval system, copied in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise transmitted without written permission from the publisher. You must not circulate this book in any format.

All characters appearing in this work are fictitious. Any resemblance to real persons, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

"It worked!"

Directly after the Trinity atomic bomb test

Robert Oppenheimer, 16th July, 1945

*"I know not with what weapons World War Three will be fought,
but World War Four will be fought with sticks and stones."*

Albert Einstein (1879-1955)

"You don't count the dead,

When God's on your side"

The Times They Are A Changing,

Bob Dylan, 1965

Prologue - Shadows in the Snow

The light burns you. It is a brightness that can only be followed by abject nothingness. Every feeling lasts an instant and feels like a lifetime. Your cheeks warm and glow hot as your clothes tear, burn and fade away. Any sound is obliterated as your eardrums disintegrate. You are thrown against the wall as the fabric of your being is torn apart. The molecules that hold your frail frame together are separated in the blink of an eye until you are nothing but a collection of atomic matter, spread across a burning surface. You have no soul, no person and no being. You are nothing but a shadow as the ash clouds rise and fall; the buildings and bodies burn. Everything you know is past. Everything yet to come has gone, never to return. The world has changed and left you; a shadow in the snow.

Part One: Emergence

Chapter One

Jude's shoulder shattered through the plate glass as she exploded into the world, all fear and anger. Her body connected with the rubble pile in front of her, skinning her forearm and rib cage, but she did not stop. Heaven and hell could not stop her now. She extended her bloody and torn hands, long without fingernails, and dragged herself forward into an unsteady run. Her naked feet slapped onto sharp and uneven rubble as her long red hair buffeted across her shoulders. Behind her, a trail of blood, like crimson silk, stretched back to the broken window and into the shop beyond.

The legs that powered the feet drew up and down beneath a pale blue dress. It was highlighted with a deep purple floral pattern. Her legs stung and cried as Jude pulled them through the dusty air, crashing rubble tumbling around them. Even this burning agony could not stop the runner. Jude had lost track of how long she had been running; it could have been minutes or hours. The pain was finally catching up with her as she neared the summit of the rubble pile. Her step faltered and she fell forwards onto the heap, arms and legs splayed. She struggled, rolling onto her back until her vision was the golden orange colour of her eyelids.

'Is this enough,' she whispered to herself through dry and broken lips. 'Have I come far enough?' She felt as if she had been running for hours. The world had changed from dark to light and now, delirium was sweeping through her, turning her mind to a haze. Jude remembered the fear most of all. The sense of total desperation and loss. while she was his captive. No, she thought. I can't rest here. Not yet.

She sat upright quickly, looking back down the path she had made as her eyes adjusted. She was still alone as she listened to

the gentle crumbling of the rubble around her, her weight shifting minutely on the pile. At the edge of her perception, she thought she could hear a voice. It was his voice.

She shook her head and rose on her blood drenched knees, looking around, surveying her options. Her escape had been completely unplanned; a fleeting opportunity she had snatched. Now though, in the burning heat of the day, she was lost and alone, the towering broken city around her. It had been called Bristol, before the darkened days, and then United Zone Five by the time the world ended. Now however, it was nothing but the crippled remnants of days past.

A street ran away from the edge of the rubble pile she had rested on. At the end of the street, set into the side of a dark and broken-looking building, there was a door. It was half open and, desperate to put as much distance between herself and her captor as possible, she headed towards it as fast as her crippled body would allow, slipping and sliding her way down towards the opening.

As she reached the doorway she slowed, unsure of what would come next. She craned her neck through the opening, revealing a room, deserted and messy. There were papers scattered all over the place, a desk and a chair.

The floor of the room looked like a mass grave for deceased paperwork. It was a bin for ideas past, its occupants long vacated. Jude had been born long after the end of the world; the great war which had replaced civilisation with the spectre of past life in which she now lived. She had never known how the contents of this room would have mattered to someone once. The paper drifted forlornly around her, with no purpose, and no owner.

She walked across the room, cautiously listening for any sounds that might suggest life. There were none. At the end of the room, there was another doorway. It was open, inviting her forwards. She stepped slowly towards it and slipped her head and neck through. There was a street, littered with debris and dust. A

stretch of pavement which had crumpled and bent itself upwards, underlining a long, open window, shards of glass hanging limply in the gap. Jude looked up and down the street, satisfying herself that no one else was around, before lunging forward. Her feet cried out, objecting to the force applied to them, but she focussed and ignored them, running quickly and silently towards the window.

She stepped gently through it and pressed her back up against the wall, heart pounding to an intense rhythm. She could hear the wind as it meandered down the street, gently brushing debris along the pavement, but there were no footsteps. She remembered the footsteps most of all. They had haunted her, day and night in that room. She shook her head, tears cresting her eyelids and trickling across her cheeks. Now was not the time for self pity. Now was the time to keep going.

Jude cast her gaze around the shop. Mannequins were scattered all over the floor and the garments they had once flaunted were shredded into a thousand fragments of despair. Tiny jewels and sequins, dulled with the sheen of decay, flashed lifelessly on the dust-ridden floor. Across the walls lay tattered posters depicting the great and the good of a bygone age. Scantly clad women flashed their starved torsos for the camera, while sculpted men rippled and flexed with smouldering looks on their faces. "Have you ever had a bad time in Levi's" winked at her ironically while "Lee Cooper - Make jeans not war" scattered dismay on already distraught surroundings. Her stomach twisted at the sight of a naked male torso. It did not look like any she had ever seen but the musculature and definition revolted her.

Her head was spinning as she tried to take in the tattered decadence of her surroundings. The broken boutique was at odds with the horror in her mind. The memory, the dread and the knowledge that she was not yet truly safe. The world she had grown up in was a broken place, and she had thought of herself as scared at many points in her life. She had witnessed horror, and been on the receiving end of pain far too often. But true fear had

been kept away from her until the first night in that room; the night he had bound her, wrists strapped to hooks in the floor, knees tucked into her stomach. The true throat-drying terror that comes when you are convinced your life is to end in the most hideous of ways. For Jude, the fact that her life did not end that night, after everything she was subjected to, seemed more of a curse than a blessing.

She used the fear to push herself forward. Leaping through the shattered shop window, she hit the ground running. She wouldn't have stopped for God himself at this moment, if God had existed in New Britain.

Chapter Two

A man's eyes opened but nothing happened. No light shone in, no shapes appeared and no images filtered through. There was just pain; a stinging throbbing pain which seared at the back of the man's skull. He tried to take a breath, but nothing happened. No air filtered into his lungs, no oxygen was found, just the sound of crackling and popping. Thick cloth was wrapped tightly across his cheekbones and mouth. It covered his head, an anonymous mask wrapping around him. He grabbed at the material with both hands, pulling it away from his face. The pain intensified as he tugged on the fabric until he heard a thick tearing sound. He pulled on the material, throwing it away as his lungs devoured the air around him eagerly.

His eyes were open and uncovered and still he couldn't see. His skull ached. Pain resonated across the tip of his spine and into his jawbone. From here it spread, spider-web-like, through his teeth and across his cheeks. His eyes were acting as an exit point for the suffering, open yet blind to the world as the pain worked its way through his retinas. The man lifted his right hand to the back of his head and touched it gingerly. The pain intensified and he winced. It was wet with blood, but the pain was concentrated on a patch about an inch wide, not too far behind his right ear.

His vision was still not accustomed to the gloom of his location. The world was black to him, no shapes or movement. He traced his hands around him, a cold floor and harsh walls presenting themselves beneath his fingertips. He pushed his body upwards, slowly and carefully, using his weak legs as leverage.

When he had stabilised himself, he patted his hands along the wall slowly ahead of him. All was smooth, cold and unforgiving. He was seeking something; anything which would break the monotony of the wall, the room and the process of awakening. His thigh made contact with an object.

It felt like a metal table, cold and flat to the touch. He traced

his fingertips across the surface until they hit upon something cool and bulbous at the top. It was an oil lamp. His heart skipped as he returned his hands to the table, searching for something to light the lamp with. He felt what he presumed to be pens and notebooks, a cup and some soft, slightly wet items; food, leftover from an old meal perhaps. After a few moments exploration, he found what he was looking for: a book of matches. He tore one free and ran it forcefully down the striking strip.

His world exploded into light as the bright white of the match-head consumed his vision. He blinked as the glow died down, revealing the outline of the lamp in front of him. He lit the wick blew the match out and flicked it to the ground before twisting the dial on the lamp.

As the light splashed violently around the room, horror was everywhere. Corpses adorned the chamber, representing every conceivable mutilation. Their eyes were glinting diamonds in the light, filled with a lifeless profanity. They lay intertwined in heaps of dead and decaying flesh on the floor. Their faces had been flayed, leaving only a burgundy blooded imitation of muscle structure drawn across cheek bones and hanging around jaws. Noses and chins had been cut off leaving great openings through to the inside of skulls. Many of the bodies had been dismembered or disembowelled. Limbs and organs were draped, dark blood staining the floor between. Some of the bodies had been pinned to the wall with masonry nails which jutted out of their chests; punctuation in the vicious malice of the scene.

The naked man's mind was swimming as his eyes darted around the room. Each pass of the space revealed a new victim, a new devil, a new horror for him to look upon. Averting his gaze, he rooted his eyes directly between his feet and swallowed deep, billowing breaths. He realised now that the air even tasted of blood, death and decay. Misery and torture filled his mind.

He felt his stomach heave as a cold sensation trickled across the top of his skull. Craning his head backwards he looked up to

the ceiling. There was a corpse spread across the roof of the room. A young woman, soft pale skin stretched around her emaciated, naked form. At her shoulders and waist, there were a series of nails pinning her to the ceiling. Her legs looked like they had been broken, thick bands of bruising running across her thighs. Most of the skin on her face was missing; strips were torn off across her cheekbones and her lips, the remaining patches stained and smeared in a deep dull crimson. Her eyes were terror, glinting in the lamplight.

The naked man stood below her, arms hanging limply by his sides and mouth open, as his mind teetered on the edge of breaking down. A droplet of blood was collecting at the end of one of the nails which pinned the girl in place. It gathered itself and then fell, slowly and purposefully through the air, onto the man's tongue. He recoiled, but too late. The stale blood ran down his throat. His stomach pulled itself tight again and he let the bile flow.

His brain snapped as he crouched there, staring at his own sick. He felt as if insanity had taken hold of him, leaving him without a name and without a memory in this chamber which was as close to any kind of hell as he could imagine. His eyes flashed around the room again staring at the sea of faces, all holding a pair of diamonds for him.

Tears streamed across his cheeks as he looked around the room desperately. He saw a door-handle in a small break in the row of corpses. Not knowing what to do he plunged forwards, leaning all his weight onto the handle and hoping beyond hope that it would give way to his request. It did and he tumbled forwards onto a solid cinder block floor.

He rolled onto his back and wriggled his feet away as the door swung backwards, slamming heavily into place. Its surface was rust-covered; speckled and flecked with the ravages of time. Pockmarks and scars rippled across it, and over these wounds was daubed a face. It was rudimentary, scrawled in a thick red liquid.

The face had small pinprick eyes and a large nose and chin.

The naked man, tears still running down his face, looked at the face on the door and saw evil. There was a menace there that chilled his bones. He didn't recognise the face, or the door, or the room he found himself in. He pushed on the floor, forcing himself to his feet and rubbed the back of his hands on his cheeks, clearing the tears from his face.

The cinder block floor was complemented by cinder block walls and a concrete ceiling. A series of short windows ran around the top of the room. They were grubby and clouded but let in enough light for the naked man to see. The room was empty except for the thick metal door he had tumbled through, another door opposite it, barred shut, and a single staircase which led upwards. It was industrial and bleak.

The man opted for the stairs with little thought and started running, two steps at a time. The terror in his heart and the adrenaline in his veins, no more diminished than when he had illuminated the room of death for the first time. At each landing, there was no exit. At the end of each flight, another flight rose. The naked man ran on. His journey continued until it was interrupted by a doorway, set firmly in a cinder block wall. It was the only option presented to him, except to return to the room and his broken heart couldn't bear to go back there. Every time he tried to think about it, about the horror of his awakening and the nightmares it contained, his mind seemed to scrub itself clean, unable or unwilling to cope with the concept.

The naked man placed his hand on the door handle and stopped still, listening for any kind of noise from beyond. Nothing; just the deep huffing of his own breath. He opened the door.

Chapter Three

A cruel wind dragged its way across the remnants of United Zone Five, whipping around a figure, hunched and crooked, set atop a pile of rubble. From a distance, the form looked like that of an old crone, back twisted and arched, staggering disjointedly across the rubble. The figure stooped and rubbed its hands across the ground, bringing small fistfuls of dirt up to its nose before inhaling deeply. The dirt was discarded and then the figure shifted itself messily forwards.

The figure was a man; a fiendish wretch of a man. For some he was a villain while others viewed him with pity; a desperate creature in the wastes. He wore a tattered shirt, open at the middle and a dirty rag, tied like a skirt around his waist. It stank of piss and faeces. He had small eyes which were sunken into their sockets, shadowed by madness. Thick veins ran from the shadows back into a mass of long, sun bleached hair. He had pulled clumps of it out leaving his scalp bald and reddened.

The fiend stopped again and sniffed another handful of dirt. His nose displayed the remains of two deep cuts, cleaved into the bridge leaving an arc of scar tissue. He shifted the dirt around his grubby palm, twisted fingers rising upwards, blackened and broken fingernails at their tips. Burying his snout into the rubble fragments, he inhaled deeply, allowing his chest to expand over his bulbous belly. He shook his head and tossed the dirt aside before mumbling something under his breath and continuing his journey.

On the horizon, he saw a green fire escape twirling its way down the side of a large tower block. He began to shake his head violently, twisting and convulsing his shoulders as the metal structure loomed into view. His muscles tensed as he realised what this meant to him; his memories of the place flooding forward, the fear and delight intermingled. His footfalls became more ragged as he neared it, his back still hunched, cradling his

twisted shoulder blades. He walked past the fire escape, eyes darting to it and then away in quick succession. The fiend crunched his body downwards and jumped into a gully which ran the length of the building. His landing was awkward and he stumbled muttering more incomprehensible words to himself as he dragged his wretched form forwards deeper into the gully.

On the side of the building there was an air duct, capped with a metal grate. A red face with tiny eyes and a big nose was painted across it. The man looked at the face and slapped himself on the side of the head, before leaning back and laughing. His laugh sounded disconnected and distant and lasted only a moment before he slammed his hand across his mouth. His eyes moved again, looking up at the building and then up and down the gully. When he had satisfied himself that he was alone, the fiend reached forward and pulled firmly on the air duct cover, removing it from the wall and placing it on the floor quietly. He looked around again before lifting his body upwards and sliding inside.

The crippled fiend dropped stealthily from a small duct in the corner of the room. He landed and screwed his body up as the impact rippled through his legs. Nose to the floor, he sniffed hard and deep as his lips curled upwards exposing a row of decayed and broken teeth. His shoulders arched and shuddered and he raised himself to a hunched and crippled position. He seemed agitated as his small eyes, glowing, flicked around the room. Before him hung the mutilated dolls, the flayed corpses and the twisted and broken cadavers that had been the backdrop to the naked man's awakening.

The fiend shook his head and curled a long line of spit onto the floor. The bodies did not disturb him, instead he admired their beauty as a desolate form of art. He shuffled to the corpse of a young woman, long set in with decay. The skin on her face had

been removed by abrasion, leaving thick lines of gore in a lattice across her cheek bones and forehead. Her eyes protruded from sunken red holes in her face, filled with a dead listlessness. Between her cheek bones, there was a void about an inch across where her nose would once have been. It had expanded as time claimed her flesh. The fiend placed his hands either side of her head, pulled her face towards his and sniffed deep and hard, letting the tip of his nose enter the void in her face. His eyes flashed briefly before he dropped the corpse, no longer interested in it.

The fiend worked his way around the room, finding any examples of broken femininity he could, before repeating the procedure, sniffing each one in turn. He would occasionally brush his hands across their chests, cupping their bruised and bitten breasts with interest. In turn, each was cast aside. He remembered almost all of them, but sought one in particular. Once he had worked his way around the room, he looked up and stared into the eyes of a female body, stretched out across the ceiling between a series of masonry nails. Her pale skin had been battered and bruised from abuse and the passage of time. Her teeth grinned though decayed muscle while her eyes twinkled. The fiend shook his head again, moaning to himself as he did so. He looked to the floor, spinning his beady eyes around the room. He spotted something small, screwed up in the corner.

He wriggled his frame over to it, elbows and knees flailing haphazardly. He stopped and poked at the thing with his toe. It was a small crumple of material, red and brown in colour and held together with thick twine and pieces of electrical cable. He lifted the thing slowly with his toe, taking in its full form, before yelping. It was a mask, hastily put together from remnants of cloth, leather and plastic. He flicked it across the room and grinned. Saliva dribbled over his lips from his crooked teeth. His balled-up fingers, caked in dirt and filth, slapped gently and repeatedly on his thighs.

His eyes flicked around the room again, small pinpricks of

anger in the centre of his face. On the floor in front of him, he saw something new. Something he was not expecting, but that was instantly recognisable to him. He pushed one of his hands out in front of him and uncurled his thumb and forefinger; both were twisted and broken from their original lines. He pinched the object between them and pulled it towards his face, rubbing it on his upper lip and inhaling deeply. It was a small piece of pale blue material with a deep purple floral pattern.

The fiend's eyes glowed in the diminishing gloom of the oil lamp as saliva began to run across his chin like a river. He gripped the cloth tightly and began his manic shuffle again, flitting around the room like a caged bird, looking in every corner for more of the material. His search was fruitless so he gently uncrumpled the scrap again and rubbed it on his chest, firmly and slowly. He realised this scrap, combined with the lack of a corpse, meant his quarry was still alive. He let out a gut wrenching moan which made the cadavers on the walls vibrate before reaching into a small pouch which hung from his belt line. He pulled out something small, fleshy and dark in colour and looked at it sadly for a second before wrapping the scrap of Jude's dress around it, stowing his package away and leaping through the door.

Chapter Four

A dust cloud engulfed the naked man. It wrapped its dirty brown form around him as he stood on the roof. He choked and nestled his face in the crook of his arm as his lungs filled with vile decay. His eyes were stinging, even though they were closed and mostly sheltered. The air was acrid and stale, biting at his windpipe and tearing at his skin. He wrapped his arms around his chest and hugged himself tightly, his knees buckling as he crouched down. A tear began to run down his cheek, trickling around the bottom of his nose and across his lips. He realised his body was shaking as he wept, convulsing and crying uncontrollably not knowing whether he was alone or surrounded within the dust.

His stomach felt as if it had been torn out as his eyes blurred, no longer attempting to focus on anything. He distraught inside. The faces he had woken up to still looked at him in his mind, crying silently for help. All those glimmering, death filled eyes staring at him, willing him to understand. They reminded him of porcelain dolls, daubed in the thickest of crimson stains. The scene of a childhood massacre; an absolute loss of innocence.

The world around him grew brighter as shafts of sunlight burned through the billowing dust cloud and landed on his naked body. His mind was still a blank to him. He had no name and belonged nowhere. A man with no name is no man at all, he thought to himself as the sunlight warmed his bones. He opened his eyes.

The clouds of dust, lighter now and seemingly cleaner, rolled and tumbled backwards across the roof and then downwards over the edge of the building. They revealed a city before him. The expanse surrounded him like an abyss of extinguished life. Billows of grey and gold dust pooled hundreds of feet below the precipice on which he sat. Ahead of him he could make out the ruinous shadows of buildings that towered out of the sea of dust;

once great structures now naught but food for decay.

As the dust shifted, their windows became visible; paned with cracked and broken glass. Metal towers were wedged between the buildings, cables running to and fro in a complex mesh. The building directly opposite the naked man was peppered with a series of windows. Each window had its own balcony and each balcony had a sign of a life which no longer existed; the scars of past occupation. Children's toys and bicycles were abandoned while the dead stalks of plants in broken and fractured pots peered curiously through the balcony bars. One balcony had a washing line drawn loosely across it, fragments of clothing hanging from it limply. Others housed chairs which were covered in dust. He imagined an old married couple, sitting in them, holding hands on a summer day, looking across the city. His subconscious stirred and his mind wandered as he imagined himself in one of the chairs, his hand hanging limply at his side with no one to clasp or hold.

He looked down to his naked body again as the sun's heat warmed him further. His mind was filled with the room, the faces, the eyes, but nothing else. Nothing which might help. He rubbed his hands on his blood-covered thighs, trying to ease the burning in them as he pushed hard on his mind, trying to take it back to before his eyes had opened in the room. It was completely blank. He had no past, no history and no story. All he had was horror.

Through wet eyes, he looked down on the dust cloud. It was inviting him to seek solace. He thought about what he would be leaving behind. The agony of his awakening. He thought about his place there, as the back of his head began to ache again. If he hadn't woken up when he did, he would have been another of the dolls on the wall, staring out at fresh victims.

He shifted his weight closer to the edge as his mind willed him to jump. He wanted to take himself away from the terror he felt in his heart, to take himself away from what he had seen. Tears were still rolling down his face as he braced himself. He was ready

to see what the dust cloud had in store for him. His buttocks clenched as his toes twisted, forcing him forward. He was about to allow himself to slide into oblivion when he felt a cool wind on the side of his face, pacifying the burning sensation of the orange sun.

He looked down as the breeze drew the dust cloud away. The bottom of the world was a sea of tarmac, ripped and torn from age and decay; clumps of coarse brown shrubs ere pushing through it. The corpses of cars and other metal monsters, twisted, rusted and long burnt out, littered the sides of the street. There were piles of debris banked up on the pavement, backing up onto the buildings that lined the avenue, as if trying to support their vast weight.

He could see shop fronts running along the opposite side of the road, all shattered windows and crippled doors. Chunks of mannequins spilt forth from one of the windows, reminding him of the horror to which he awoke, the gleaming eyes staring back at him from beyond the grave. He pulled his hands across his face before inspecting them in the warm glow of the sun. The dried blood still clung to his fingers; an immovable stain streaked and sullied by salty tears.

The flat roof of the building was now completely clear of the dust cloud. He saw a pair of green metal poles, jutting upwards from the wall. He walked towards them, grabbed them firmly and leaned forward. There was some creaking below as their age was tested by his weight, but they held steady. The poles were the start of a fire escape constructed of a series of metal steps which zig-zagged down the wall, all the way to the broken tarmac below.

He hoisted himself over the ledge of the building and placed both of his naked feet onto the top step. It was dimpled and rough, cutting into his soles and making his feet sting, but he didn't care. He began to descend the contraption, starting steadily and taking one step at a time. He felt suddenly filled with an unknown purpose.

He found that if he moved quickly, the pain lessened. The lighter and quicker the footfalls, the more insignificant the stinging. By halfway down, he was jumping three steps at a time, all the while trying to be light with his landings. He felt his spirits lift. Whoever he was, and wherever he had come from, he was moving away from the room, and away from his awakening. He felt a smile creep across his face.

Wind rushed past his ears with each bound, masking the intensity of the groaning which was emanating from the fire escape as aged metal bolts began to disengage from the crumbling masonry in which they were wedged. When he was three-quarters of the way down, the fire escape gave way.

Thank you for reading the sample of *Beyond the Storm*. If you have enjoyed this, and would like to read more, you can buy the full book from Amazon via the following link.

<http://viewbook.at/BeyondTheStorm>

About the Author

Adam Jones is an author from Wiltshire in the United Kingdom. Before he started writing, Adam studied archaeology with a focus on death and burial and how it is viewed in society, something which shines through in his work.

Adam writes a variety of poetry and prose, much of which is available on his website. He is also the author of the Little Whippendon series of popular cult novellas. When he isn't writing, Adam plays the guitar and paints.

If you want to find out more about Adam and his work, you'll find his details below:

www.adamjoneswrites.com

www.twitter.com/adamjoneswrites