

## The *Ambition & Destiny* Newsletter

You are receiving this email following your interest in *Condemned by Fate*,  
(the prequel to The *Ambition & Destiny* Series)



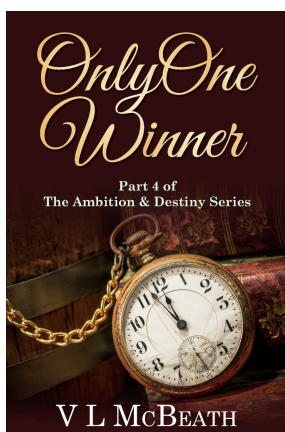
Hi there!

I hope things are going well for you at the moment. For me at least it's a very exciting month with a couple of new releases:

- The Paperback for Part 4: *Only One Winner*
- Part 5: *Different World* - Now Available to Preorder
- *Different World*: Preview
- The Summer Historical Fiction Giveaway

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### The Paperback for Part 4: *Only One Winner*



I'm delighted to announce that the paperback for *Only One Winner* is now available. As with the other books, I'm really pleased with how it's turned out and my proof copy is sitting proudly alongside the other books in the series.

If you still like to read a 'real' book rather than an electronic equivalent, it can be ordered through [Amazon](#) or most major bookstores.

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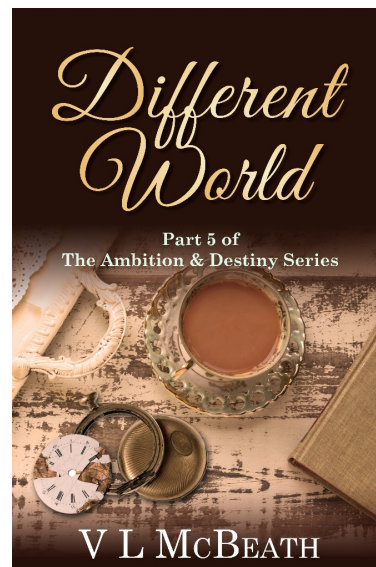
### Part 5: *Different World* - Now Available to Preorder

I announced last month, that *Different World* is the title

for the final part of *The Ambition & Destiny Series*. This reflects the new life waiting for William-Wetherby when he leaves Birmingham and arrives in Liverpool.

Deciding on the cover was quite difficult, but the image I've chosen sums up the changing times. For one it indicates the amount of tea they drink in this book, which is a significant change to all the gin of *Hooks & Eyes*! The broken pocket watch symbolises its own story, but I'll let you discover the significance of that for yourselves.

The final draft is with my editor for proofreading but I'm delighted to announce it is now **available for pre-order**.



I've set a publication date of 16th July and as a thank you to those who follow me, I've set **the preorder price at 99c / 99p** (or equivalent in other markets). The price will go to full price on the day of publication and so if you want to make the most of this offer, visit Amazon and [pre-order your copy today](#).

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To give you a sneak preview of *Different World*, I've included Chapter 1 in the section below. This is a pre-proof version and is still subject to change, but I hope you enjoy it!

## Different World: Preview

### Chapter 1:

*Liverpool, Lancashire, England. April 1890.*

Today had turned into a day of firsts. Until this morning, William-Wetherby had never travelled more than five miles from the centre of Birmingham. He had never needed to or wanted to, and yet here he was, away from the place he had called home for the first twenty-one and a half years of his life. He stood on the platform of Liverpool's Lime Street Station, transfixed by the magnificent engine that had pulled him across the country. He'd seen trains coming in and out of Birmingham's New Street Station, of course he had, but he'd never imagined travelling on one. Today had changed that and it was a thrill he didn't think he'd tire of. How did something so large, pulling so much weight, move with such speed? The train rested now with plumes of smoke spewing from its chimney, but it was about to do something he may never do again: go back to Birmingham.

With his heart pounding, he stared down the platform at the backs of his fellow passengers as they scurried from the noise and soot. He would have to follow them if he wanted his first glimpse of this new city, but his feet were like lead. Taking hold of his small travel bag, he gripped the handle and forced himself forward. His pace was slow and once he passed through the main entrance, he stopped to take a deep breath of fresh air. It smelt different. Not the choking smog of Birmingham, but something else ... and what was that noise? He

glanced up to see birds circling overhead, their grey and white feathers indistinct against the tones of the sky. They were like nothing he'd seen before.

His gaze moved to the large open space that spread out before him. There were people everywhere but his eyes were drawn to a majestic building to his right. It was magnificent in size but the end facing him had the same Roman pillars and gently sloping roof as the Town Hall in Birmingham. Would everything remind him of home?

Taking another deep breath, he moved away from the station and followed the crowds down the side of the hall. *St George's Hall* a sign said. *Concert Hall and Assize Court*. He shrugged. *A strange combination*. Within five minutes the steady stream of travellers became part of a larger crowd in the middle of a square. Shops surrounded him and William-Wetherby's mouth fell open as he turned a full circle.

His attention was caught by a number of trams passing along the far end of one of the streets *Maybe they'll lead me to the docks?* Taking the road out of the square he reached the tramlines but stopped and scratched his head. There were tracks running everywhere.

"Get your paper 'ere," a voice shouted behind him. William-Wetherby turned to see a man selling newspapers. He waited until he was free before he approached him.

"Can you tell me the way to the docks?"

The street seller looked at him blankly. "Ducks?"

"No, the docks? With ships?"

The seller stared at him until a look of recognition crossed his face. "You mean the *dockcks*?" The man pointed to his right. "Carry on down 'ere to Cherch Street, tern right an' keep goin' straight ahead 'til yer see de Mersey."

William-Wetherby's mouth dropped as his gaze followed the direction the man had indicated.

"Th-thank you." William-Wetherby offered him some money and accepted the newspaper the seller thrust at him before staring back down the road. *Don't they speak English around here?* Raising his hat he made his way to the crossroads and turned right. *I hope this is the way he said*. Encouraged that the crowds showed no signs of dispersing he continued to walk with them and ten minutes later, for the first time in his life, he caught a glimpse of the sea. Or at least that's what he thought he saw hidden behind the assortment of brick and wooden buildings that stretched in both directions as far as the eye could see. He stopped as a knot tightened in his stomach. There were so many ships and sailing boats berthed alongside them. *How on earth will I find Charles amongst all these? It's a good job I'm here a few weeks before he's due to arrive*.

After a moment's hesitation, he crossed the road and perched on a wall where he opened the newspaper and sighed with relief. It was in English. Not that it helped. There were plenty of rooms to rent, but he had no idea where they were in relation to where he was

now.

With his back to the water, he studied the buildings before him. Warehouses predominated, and were interspersed with offices, beer houses and a bank, but where were the houses? It would be light for several hours yet, but he needed to find somewhere to stay before nightfall. He would have to ask someone. Pushing himself up, he crossed the road to the nearest beer house but as he leaned on the door, it hit a wall of bodies. Pressing harder with his shoulder, he tried again until he squeezed through the gap, pulling his bag behind him.

The place was tiny and he clutched his bag to his chest as he jostled through the crowd to the bar.

"A pint of ale, please." As he spoke the voices around him stopped.

"You're not from round 'ere den?" the barman said with an inflection he could barely understand.

"N-no. I'm from Birmingham. I-I need lodgings while I wait for my brother's ship to dock."

"You've come to the right place." A tall man to his left flashed a broad smile. "I kicked a couple out yesterday so I've got a spare room down on Tabley Street."

William-Wetherby gulped. "Is that near the docks?"

"As close as yer like."

"Don't you go sending him down there, Alfie Dixon." A woman appeared behind the bar. "Look at him. He wouldn't stand a chance with that lot you take in." She handed William-Wetherby a piece of paper. "Take this. It's details of a respectable establishment about five minutes' walk from here. You won't get no grief there. Tell Mrs McDougall I sent you."

With a pint of ale inside him and a set of directions etched in his mind, William-Wetherby found his way to the hotel he had been recommended. He climbed the front steps and was about to go in when he saw a sign on the door. Temperance hotel. What was the barmaid of a drinking establishment doing sending people to a place that didn't tolerate alcohol? After a moments thought, he returned to the pavement and studied the properties around him. There was nothing except warehouses and beer houses. Nowhere that could offer him an alternative room. *What do I do?* Hesitating at the bottom of the steps his attention was drawn to a gang who appeared at the end of the street, their raucous voices echoing off the buildings. As they staggered towards him, the hairs on the back of William-Wetherby's neck stood on end and instinctively he backed away up the hotel steps until he stumbled through the door at the top. As soon as it opened, a bell rang in the hallway and a middle-aged woman, with dark curly hair and wearing an apron, walked out to meet him.

"Can I help you?"

William-Wetherby coughed to clear his throat. "Mrs McDougall? The barmaid at the beer

house down the road sent me; she said you might have a room.”

“Have you been drinking?”

“No ... yes, well only a pint of ale. I needed to know where to find a room and it would have been rude to walk out without buying anything. I don’t usually drink.”

Mrs McDougall smiled as she walked towards him. “You don’t sound like you’re from around here.”

“No ... no I’m not. I arrived this afternoon ... from Birmingham.” William-Wetherby took a step back.

“Don’t look so scared, I won’t bite. I’m not from these parts either, moved down from Scotland a few years ago. I know what it’s like to feel like you don’t belong.”

“So, do you have a room?”

Mrs McDougall laughed. “It depends how much money you’ve got. I may have for a well-spoken gent like you. You can have a room to yourself for three shillings a week.”

“I ... erm ...”

“If you want to save your money, you can share for one shilling and sixpence.”

William-Wetherby sighed with relief. “Yes, I’ll share. I don’t want to go through my money too quickly.” He glanced around the hall as Mrs McDougall studied him.

“I don’t suppose you’ve got a job, have you?”

“No ... not yet. I’ll go out first thing in the morning and find one.”

Mrs McDougall nodded. “In that case, I’ll ask for five shillings in advance as well as this week’s rent. Come with me and I’ll show you the room.”

He followed Mrs McDougall up two flights of stairs into a small room at the rear of the building. It was sparsely furnished with two single beds, one opposite the door, the other along the wall behind the door. Each had a small cabinet by the bed, and a single shared wardrobe stood in the far corner near the window.

“A sailor called Mr Robinson has this bed.” She pointed to the bed behind the door. “And so this is yours if you want it.”

William-Wetherby glanced around the room. It was no bigger than the servants’ room they’d had in Handsworth and the window faced a brick wall, but what choice did he have? A shiver ran down his spine and he fought to push the memory of home from his mind before turning to answer Mrs McDougall. “Yes, thank you, I’ll take it.”

Don't forget, if you'd like to continue reading, you can [preorder your copy of \*Different World\*](#) today.

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## The Summer Historical Fiction Giveaway

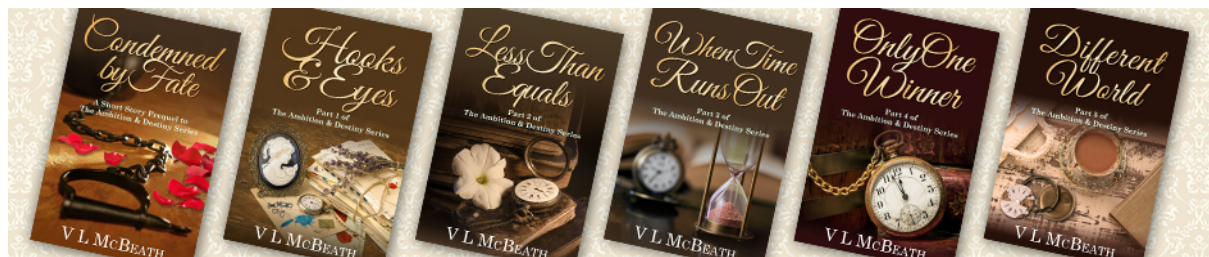


This month, from 10th June to 10th July, I have joined together with a number of other authors to offer a range of FREE historical fiction books. There are plenty of books to choose from so it's well worth a look. Just click on the link:

[Summer Historical Fiction Giveaway.](#)

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For further details about any of the books in The *Ambition & Destiny* Series, [click here](#).



Thank you for your continuing support

Best wishes

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