MEDIA KIT

Award-winning Science Fiction Author

About Steve

Steve Bellinger was born and raised on the West Side of Chicago by a single mom who worked nights for a printing company. She would bring home books and magazines to encourage him to read. This is how he discovered Isaac Asimov, Robert Heinlein, Arthur C. Clarke and the other masters of classic science fiction. It didn't take long for him to get the itch to write. Over the years he's written everything from newspaper articles, comic strips and radio drama to short stories and fan fiction.

One of the original Trekkies, he and his wife Donna plan to renew their wedding vows with a full Star Trek-themed ceremony; he'll wear an admiral's dress uniform, and she will be decked out in a custom-made leather-and-lace Klingon wedding dress.

His first novel, ***The Chronocar*** was published in 2015 when he was 65 years young. It won **Best Indie Book Award in the Science Fiction category** in 2018. In 2019 it won an **Outstanding Fiction Award from the Independent Authors Network**, and the **Gold Medal Award for Young Adult Science Fiction from Readers Favorite**. His second novel, ***Edge of Perception*** was released in August 2019 followed by ***e-Pocalypse*** in April 2020 and the final book in the series ***Time Waits For No One*** in August 2020. All are available in paperback, ebook and audiobook and published by Wordwooze Publishing.

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Steve Bellinger Quotes

Never too late

"I was 65 years of age when my first novel was published, so remember, it's never too late. But don't wait until you're 65!"

On Science Fiction

"In science fiction, the science, whether real or imaginary, must be so central to the story that without it the story would fall apart."

"I don't like to think of my stories as 'Black Science Fiction.' I think of them more as science fiction that happens to Black people."

TIME WAITS FOR NO ONE
The Chronocar Chronicles
by Steve Bellinger

Publication Date: October 9, 2020
Trade Paperback
ISBN-13: 979-8695657944
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Time travel is incredibly dangerous.

Building a time machine is surprisingly simple.

In 2015 Tony Carpenter stumbled upon the plans for the Chronocar, a time machine conceived before it could be built by Dr. Simmie Johnson, genius, scientist, and son of a slave. Tony's visit to 1919 to see the doctor and his lovely daughter Ollie turned into disaster, forcing the doctor to make a most difficult final decision.

Now the timeline has worked its way back to 2012. A new Tony Carpenter is about to be hit by a real blast from the past when he chances upon Dr. Johnson's granddaughter, who has a story he can hardly believe and evidence of a journey to the past he can't deny.

When Tony shows up in 1919 yet again, Dr. Johnson is confronted with the possibility of his invention ultimately obliterating all of creation. Can they locate and destroy all the copies of the journal with his article and any Chronocars that may exist before everything literally goes to hell?

"With relatable characters and a clever storyline, it is a fascinating novel that will thrill science fiction fans who relish stories that travel back in time."

-- *Susan Sewell for Readers' Favorite*

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"There's No Fiction Like Science Fiction"

Time Waits For No One: The Chronocar Chronicles

The standalone follow up to the award winning novel
The Chronocar: An Urban Adventure In Time

Sample

Chapter One

On April 30, 2001, Augie Furst died at the ripe old age of 82.

Two years later his son Johnny figured out a way to surprise him for his birthday.

Augie grew up a country boy, born and raised on the prairies 30 miles south of Chicago on a little farm with his father Ernest and mother Mae. A year after he lost both parents in a train wreck, Augie sold the farm for a surprising amount of money to developers who were building new homes in the post-war boomtown of Park Forest and were eyeing land in the surrounding area. Augie took a big chunk of the cash and bought some property in Crete a few miles east. Then he purchased a prefabricated, build-it-yourself house from Sears Roebuck.

His family laughed at the 32-year-old. They figured Augie was just too stupid to know any better. They were certain that the house would blow away in the next summer storm or collapse under the weight of the snow of the first big blizzard. Augie ignored them and built it anyway. He figured that they were all just pissed because he didn't consult them. Or share any of the money.

For years Augie worked at Mac's Service Station in Crete, always a little frustrated that Mac would never listen to any of his suggestions to make the place more profitable. "People come here to buy gas and oil, not play stupid games," he said when Augie suggested installing a pinball machine. Mac was impressed with the fact that Augie was a quick learner and turned out to be a mechanical whiz who could fix almost anything on a car. "If'n he had the parts, Augie could probably build a car from scratch," Mac would say.

Augie married June Parker and got her good and pregnant. That's when he decided to use the rest of his real estate windfall to buy the gas station and rename it "The Furst Stop." He turned out to be a shrewd businessman and as the communities around him grew, the station prospered. It seemed that people would come by The Furst Stop for more than just gasoline, oil, and sundries. Folks had come to believe that Augie was some sort of prophet because of his uncanny ability to see the future. Augie always said that he just made logical predictions based on what he read and heard on the news. "Anybody who paid any kind of attention would come to the same conclusions," he would say.

People would spend hours just listening to him pontificate. As long as they bought soda and snacks and dumped dimes in the pinball machines while they were there Augie didn't mind.

"There are troublin' times a comin,'" he said while his five-year-old son, Johnny, sat spellbound on a stack of retread tires.

"That colored preacher, Martin Luther King? He's doin' way too much good for his people. Some damned fool is gonna kill him. And there'll be riots in the streets when that happens, I tell you what. And that ain't all. Bobby Kennedy ain't gonna live long enough to be president. Gonna be assassinated, just like his brother."

“Bobby too?” someone said, “That can’t be! I mean, why should we believe what you say, anyway?”

“Remember when he told us they was goin’ to be airplanes that fly faster than sound?” Old Bob who sat on a barrel in the corner came to Augie’s defense. “And he said that them damned Russians was gonna beat us into space! If’n he says it’s a-gonna happen, then it’s a-gonna happen!”

“Augie, can’t you tell us something good that we can look forward to?” June, who often worked the business with her husband would try to steer the conversation towards more pleasant things.

“We are gonna land on the moon. 'Mericans. Gonna beat the damn Russians to that.”

“Well that’s good,” another man said.

“And someday, in little Johnny’s lifetime, there’s gonna be a woman mayor of Chicago.”

“Come on, Augie! A woman mayor?”

“Gonna be a Colored mayor one day, too! And he’s goin’ to be a good one,” Augie said.

“A colored man mayor of Chicago? No way!”

“And one day, somebody is gonna figure out how to travel through time.”

“That’s crazy, Augie!”

“Just calls ‘em as I sees ‘em. That’ll be 78 cents for the potato chips and pop.”

As Johnny grew older he became fascinated by the time travel prediction and he’d often question his dad about it. Was it really going to happen? How did he know? Then one day, when Johnny was just starting high school, Augie sat him down told him that he knew that time travel was real because some years earlier before Johnny was born, he had been visited by a man from the future. He would give no details about the visit, but he seemed to feel that it was very important that Johnny knew that this had happened. He repeated this story to him many times over the years, even on his deathbed. Johnny wanted desperately to believe his father, but he couldn’t fathom why a traveler from the future would visit some guy living in the boondocks.

Eventually, Johnny figured out who the time traveler was—or was going to be. He stumbled upon a weird book called The Negro Journal of Science in a used bookstore in town and bought it because it was so strange and it only cost 25 cents. When he looked through the yellowed, tattered pages, he found the most amazing thing. Highly detailed plans for a time machine, a “Chronocar” as the writer had called it, with the word “Tesla!” penciled in one of the margins. That’s when it hit him. Johnny was going to be the time traveler who goes back 50 years to visit Augie, and he would tell his father all about the future, which explains why Augie could make so many predictions. It all made perfect sense.

He had a garage added in the back of his little Sears Roebuck home, for the sole purpose of housing his time machine. It only took him a few months to build it, using the mechanical skills he learned from his father and doing a little research on the electronics. It turned out to be an odd-looking thing. It was cylindrical-shaped, having been made from one end of a slightly rusted propane storage tank. It was about nine feet tall, including the four little metal feet, the top being the rounded end of the tank, and the bottom a flat circular metal plate that he had welded on. The hardest part had been cutting the openings for the little round window on one side and the oval-shaped door on the other. The solid construction of the tank made for a challenging job, but it also provided a very sturdy, airtight little ship. He didn’t bother to paint it

so it was the original glossy white with the word “FLAMMABLE” painted in red going up the side.

The plans had called for a device described as a “mechanical brain controller.” It took guts to crack open and modify the bulky little laptop computer that had cost him over $3,500 a year earlier. It wasn’t the fastest thing available, but speed was not that much of an issue. He didn’t care how long it took to get there.

June would just shake her head when she saw him working on his time machine. She figured it was just another crazy thing he had set his mind to. Like when he built that radio-controlled lawnmower. Kind of pissed her off when it got out of control and ruined her rose garden. Johnny replaced the garden and built her a little gazebo to make up for it.

Johnny constructed the time machine with no doubt that it would work. After all, the trip had already happened. It was history. So he knew he would be able to go back, see his dad, and return home safely. When he couldn’t get the temporal stasis field to function, he took a clue from the handwritten notation in the book and looked up Nicola Tesla and his experiments, where he found the answer. It wasn’t too tough getting most of the parts to build the thing, the hardest was the gyrostabilizer, which he mail-ordered from a military surplus store.

He was very excited when the day finally came for him to begin his journey. His dad would be very easy to find. He would be living in the same house where Johnny currently resided. It would be a lot more rural, which was a good thing; he could easily land a time machine and not be seen. The thing had not been tested yet, but, knowing that his visit was already a “done deal,” he figured it would either work the first time or he’d have to fix or adjust something and it would work eventually.

He kissed June goodbye as she handed him a bag with a baloney and cheese sandwich, and a cupcake with a birthday candle for Augie. Johnny knew she didn’t buy any of this time travel stuff, but she went along with it, being the good wife she was.

“Say hello to Papa for me,” she tried to stifle a giggle.

“He won’t know who you are,” Johnny said.

“Don’t be too long,” she tittered as she walked out of the garage. “I’m cooking pot roast for dinner.”

Making sure he was well prepared, his cooler full and his bladder empty, he climbed inside and dropped the bag with the sandwich and cupcake on the console. He strapped himself into the seat that he salvaged from a minivan at a junkyard and powered up the computer that sat on a shelf attached to the curved wall. There was the familiar whine of the condensers charging up and he felt the floating sensation when the stasis field engaged. This much he had checked out before. Whether or not it would traverse time, well he would see that in a few minutes.

The view in the little window changed, going dark as if someone had turned the lights out in the garage. When he switched off the light inside the machine he was taken aback by the spectacle outside. He was in space, somewhere thousands of miles above the earth. This he was expecting since the guy who wrote the article said it would happen. Still, it was an incredible sight, similar to films he had seen on TV taken from the International Space Station. Only he was much higher. He could see satellites passing in orbit, weather patterns on the

surface, and the bright greenish bands of glowing ions that were the Aurora Australis snaking over the South Pole.

He marveled at the sights, while he lunched on the sandwich and some cold juice, spellbound at how the liquid that got away from him floated in little globules in the air. After an hour, he noticed that it was getting a little difficult to breathe. One of the things he remembered to bring was an oxygen tank with a breathing mask. Relaxing as much as he could, he took slow, calm breaths every few minutes. Another fifteen minutes and the chronograph on the computer indicated that the trip was about end. He didn't know what to expect at this point, so he braced himself.

The scene outside the window suddenly brightened to what looked like trees and a twilight blue sky. For a second his stomach dropped and the machine fell several feet, followed by a jarring crash. Johnny got out of his harness and exited the vehicle.

He took a couple of long, deep breaths of the fresh, sweet-smelling air. He knew exactly where he was. The machine was sitting in the middle of the main highway, on a bend overlooking a steep ravine. Barely a quarter-mile from Augie's house. Not bad. He stepped back and examined his ship. One of the metal legs was bent slightly. Must have materialized a couple of feet above the ground. Could have been worse. Could have been higher. Or a lot lower.

At that moment he heard the roar of an engine just around the curve. He backed away when he saw the headlights flashing through the trees. Somebody was coming down the road at a pretty fast clip, and if they weren't careful—

Johnny dived into some bushes as the pickup truck skidded and crashed noisily into the time machine. The force of the impact sent both vehicles over the side and into the ravine. Johnny could hear the crunch of metal as they bounced off the rocks below.

He scrambled over to the edge and saw where the truck lay upside down, wheels spinning, and the time machine cracked open and nearly flattened. That was not supposed to happen!

It took a couple of minutes to get down to the crash site, which was only a few yards from the creek at the bottom. He could hear moaning inside the truck. At least the guy was still alive. Johnny crawled over to where the man lay bloody and face down on the ceiling of the cab.

"You okay?" Johnny asked.

"Do I look okay?" the driver said weakly. "Get me out of this damn thing!"

Johnny reached in and tried to move him.

"My leg is stuck," the man half-whispered.

"Okay, okay," Johnny said as he took the keys out of the ignition. "Hey! Hey, can you hear me?"

The driver didn't respond but was still breathing. Johnny reached over and pulled the man's wallet from his pocket. It took a while to get back up to the road. He sat for a moment to catch his breath before heading to Augie's house where he could call for help. He opened the wallet and looked for identification. His heart sank. He was looking at the driver's license issued to August Furst. His father was lying unconscious in the pickup truck at the bottom of the ravine!

Not possible. Not possible!

THE CHRONOCAR
An Urban Adventure In Time
by Steve Bellinger

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Page count: 129
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and Audiobook
Publisher: Wordwooze Publishing

In the turn of the 20th Century, a genius son of a slave discovers the secret of time travel and designs a time machine that he cannot build. 125 years later, an African American college student in Chicago finds the plans for the time machine and travels to the year 1919 where he meets the inventor and his beautiful daughter.

But he has chosen an unfortunate time and gets caught up in the bloodiest race riot in Chicago's history.

- **2018 Best Indie Book Award, Science Fiction**
- **2019 Independent Authors Outstanding Science Fiction Award**
- **2019 Readers' Favorite Gold Medal, Young Adult Science Fiction**

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"An inherently engaging and entertaining read from beginning to end, *The Chronocar* showcases author Steve Bellinger's genuine flair for originality and narrative driven storytelling." --*Midwest Book Review*

"…the most innovative take on time travel that I have ever read."
--*The Black Science Fiction Society*

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"There's No Fiction Like Science Fiction"

e-POCALYPSE
The Digital Dystopia Is Coming
by Steve Bellinger

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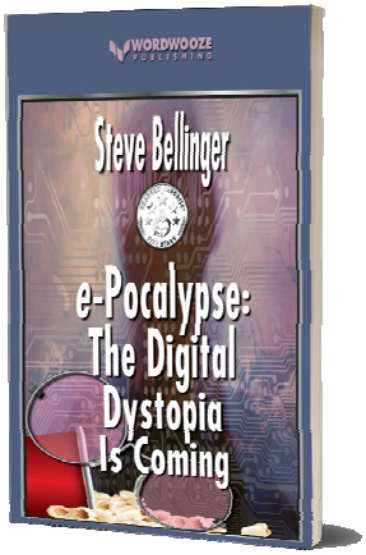
Matty Williams' retirement as a computer tech goes awry when he and his girlfriend Divvie discover that new social technologies are subtly affecting the minds of their users. As they delve deeper into the technological marvels revolutionizing the lives of virtually everyone on the planet, they are set on a course that leads directly back to their employer, Roydon Technologies.

Now there's the latest gadget, augmented reality glasses known as "Augies," that can literally recreate reality for the user, all controlled by the ruthlessly efficient global computer system with the deceptively reassuring name of NANA.

Will Matty, Divvie, and their super geek friend, Howard, save humanity from a life of programmed subservience, or will their attempt to thwart NANA result in something even worse?



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"The story built the level of intrigue and tension nicely, increasing its hold over the reader by fully immersing them in a future world. The technology introduced was believable and shocking, disturbingly charged with both wonder and terror...I would recommend this book to anyone."

--- *Steven Robson for Readers' Favorite*

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EDGE OF PERCEPTION
A Paranormal Science Fiction Love Story
by Steve Bellinger

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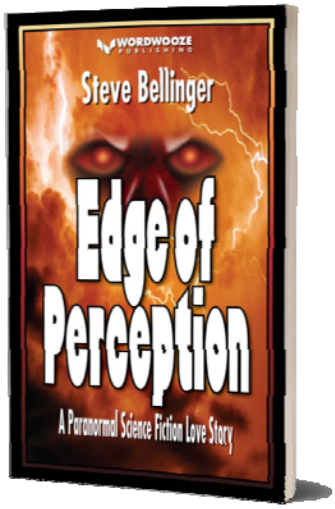
A curse that dates back to the days of slavery has plagued Ron Lewis since childhood. Born in a black ghetto in Chicago in the 1960s, Ron's pragmatism is at odds with his experiences; whether, it's the trials of an interracial relationship or the supernatural forces that he can't seem to avoid. Just when he thinks he's finally found peace of mind, Ron's life is upended by tragedy. He gets the opportunity to use science to try to communicate with the dead, and to finally confront the evil that has plagued him and his family for generations.

That's when all hell breaks loose.



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"With a compelling, action-packed story following Ron from childhood night terrors to adult confrontations with the nature of reality and evil, *Edge of Perception* offers a powerful narrative that sifts through the demons in Ron's life to conclude with an unexpected bang." --*California Bookwatch*

"The characters, story line and thought-provoking subject matter will send shivers down your spine. Highly, highly recommended." --*Readers' Favorite*

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