

April Newsletter



Welcome everyone,

If you're reading this, the first thing I want to say is thank you. Thank you for taking a chance, for joining the mailing list, and for taking some time out of your day to read about these worlds. They're incredibly special to me, and sending them out into the world is like waving at the receding waddling figure of your firstborn freshly decked in their new school uniform. I imagine. With mine, I have to keep them on a lead (though admittedly, they're actual pups).

Where I Am in the Saga

With eight books under the belt, you might think this is old hat — but not so. Here's where things are right now:

- **'til the End of the World: New in Town (Year One · Volume I)**

Getting closer than ever to release. As my oldest collection of tales, I'm somewhat apprehensive about sharing them and beginning this journey. Writing them has always been like home — a creative constant — and they deserve their time in the sunlight.

- **Sinners & Saints**

Coming at the beginning of July, and I'm so excited for this one. The penultimate tale of Heroes & Demons was not easy to write, especially with it mirroring the fractious world around us so keenly. But it means a lot — and with ARCs available and the final book on the horizon, it feels like the end of something huge.

- **Echo**

I haven't spoken much publicly about Echo, but it's finally deeply underway. As the final New Knight to get their own standalone series, it's been a long time coming — and finding the voices of this beautiful not-so-found family has been amazing. Not to mention all the reading I've had to do on scuba diving and nanotechnology. Who knew there was a crossover?

Behind the Curtain

A lot of work this past month has been planning. As some things prepare to come to an end, new beginnings sprout. Those of you who've been here a while know I sometimes refer to stories as "decades old." What I mean is that the central spark often lodges in my brain early, then spends a long time growing.

Then comes the moment when it all starts to come together. The floating ideas, the snippets of tunes, the scenes in my head — I sit down and write a story outline. Beginning to end: what happens, who feels what, the key set pieces. Sometimes it sits for a long time before becoming chapter outlines.

Just to give you an idea: I've just finished the chapter outline for a story coming in 2028, and two story outlines for ones in 2029.

Spotlight

With two books coming up soon, I'd actually like to spotlight something different: ARC readers.

I'm trying something new — giving early eBook copies in exchange for (hopefully) an honest review on release day. Momentum often stalls on new books due to a lack of early reviews, and I'd love to see these stories not fall between the cracks into the dark basement of the internet.

If you'd like early access and have the time and capacity, you can sign up via my ARC page on the website or through the BookFunnel links there — all completely free.

Limited copies are available, but I'm open to doing the same with future books, and there's a spot to join those updates if you'd like to be considered.

Something New for You

As a little thank you for your support, here's a short excerpt from the upcoming sixth episode of 'til the End of the World, **Out of the Hunter**, which will appear in print in Volume II later this year (and in beta form on the website Friday 29th May 2026):

"The violence just grows and grows until it bursts out and then something dies," Ricky explained, unsure what to do with his hands. They were in his lap, as he sat on the sofa in the warm library office, lit only by the desk lamp as he explained to Mark what had been troubling him. "It's like... like there's a time bomb inside of me. A darkness that's gonna explode. And I don't know when."

There it was, out in the world. The growing sense he had, the darkness which he couldn't quite shake, was there and ever present. Recurring in nightmares of ash and fire and blood, now played out every night as he hunted them. The monsters. The blood-drinkers. The killers.

He looked up at his friend, Mark, whose face was remarkably unfazed. He looked at his friend with sympathy, offering nothing yet in return as he furrowed his brow in thought. Ricky could not meet his eyes in shame and looked back down at his hands.

Could Mark see, behind his eyes, the flashes he was having? The images of the final moments in that alleyway, with that vamp. His face blank as he beat the creature bloody, until finally the flames took over once more, and the sorry creature became nothing but ashes in the wind and swirling in the pools of water collected amongst the cobbles.

Could he see what he felt like inside? Like a monster?

Or a hunter.

Until Next Time

Very much so — it's until next time. This is my ninth year of indie publishing, and while it hasn't always been a smooth road, I've not stopped yet. This has been my first newsletter, and I'm so grateful to you for signing up and taking the time to read it.

Somewhere between the cruel keyboard warrior, the insincere scammers, and the ongoing wall of silence, there is you — the reader. The person who dusts off these words and, by their impression, makes them have meaning.

Thank you. It means the world.

Until next time,

Rick Rawes

30th April 2026