

**Writer's Digest**  
**11<sup>th</sup> Annual International Self-Published Book Awards**  
**Evaluation Sheet**

**Title: In Lieu of heaven**

**Category: Mainstream/Literary Fiction**

**Name: Kevin Archer**

**Address:**

**City: Denver**

**State: CO**

**Zip:**

**What impressed you most about this book? What one thing could be changed to improve this book's commercial success?**

You have a flair for description. "A gnat's worth of hospitality," and "arrogant tree with a base like a giant fist." Your writing is so striking and vivid. It flows beautifully from one chapter to the next.

**Its figurative and allegorical quality reminds me a great deal of CS Lewis.** I enjoyed the mystical quality of your prose. It is excellent writing.

You've succeeded to introduce many levels of theme in this novel. It becomes deep spiritual food for the reader to digest, and your conclusions are well presented through a fictional character who seeks to gain truth.

The opening is slow and unhurried, and certainly you planned it that way, but the story came alive in chapter two.

# R e s u r r e c t i o n

K e v i n   A r c h e r

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"Aaaack!"

His long-deceased corpse choked in consternation. The sheer audacity of the comparison was enough to raise the dead.

"Aaaack! Augh!" He coughed and sputtered through a throat decades dry. The dust of his decomposition shook around him, and with the power of an offended soul he slowly began reassembling himself. After telekinetically rebuilding his hands, he used them to reposition the eternally innumerable and infinitesimally small specks of himself.

Accomplishing this astonishing, almost unheard-of feat left him prepared for the next obstacle: digging himself out. His coffin had weakened over the years, and it was relatively easy to dismantle. Then he clawed his way through six feet of Oxford soil, coming to an abrupt halt at the full-length marble marker that designated his place of burial. If only his brother Warren hadn't been so generous. It was only a slight inconvenience, however, after all he'd already done. A small detour to the right brought him into full sunlight for the first time in over 40 years.

His graveclothes were heavily soiled by now, but that was of no consequence to him. He had a matter to settle, and let his appearance be damned. He cut a direct route cross-country to the English coast, where he awaited his best opportunity to jump a ship to America.

The wait nearly killed him again, but actually proved to be physically beneficial. Having been idle for so long, his muscles were now aching monstrously, and his old bones weren't what they'd been in his prime. A short rest would do them good. Being somewhat hungry and thirsty, he secured a cuppa and some biscuits from a rather startled shop owner. The repast was most welcome, though breaking such a long fast can be painful. As he chewed slowly and carefully, he spotted the perfect passage.

It was no trouble to get on the boat. People naturally gave way for him, as though the sea itself were parting. He was offered a private cabin, full in-room meal service, and anything else he cared to have. He thanked the captain and assured him he'd be no bother, as long as the ship sailed swiftly and smoothly.

"Fly like the wind, good captain. And smooth seas! Don't rattle my bones. Aaack! And please, just call me Clive. Augh!"

Throughout the voyage his exasperation grew.

"The absolute nerve! I'll do him for this, I will. Imagine, comparing me to that young insolent upstart, that arrogant, agnostic, irreverent, illiterate, little prat! It's beastly! Aaack!"

He found it difficult to sleep with the pitching of the ocean and the noises all around. This concerned him little, as he'd had plenty of that for a while. He spent his time writing and taking occasional moonlit walks on the deck. He never ventured out during the day; he wanted to avoid disturbing the other passengers with his frustrations. Besides, the light hurt his eyes and the sun wasn't good for his skin. He spoke to no one, save a few.

Not a day too soon the captain sent him word that the ship had docked in New York. The longest leg of his journey was over. Having won to his cause an excitable and devout fellow passenger, overland transport to Cincinnati was easily obtained.

Arriving in Cincinnati, he made his way to East Galbraith Road, where he was informed the perpetrator officed.

"Galbraith Road! Damnable Scots! I should have suspected they'd be involved! Defame me, will they? Mere Christian I may be, but dare they tangle with the living God as well? Augh!"

The security guard gave no resistance, stepping aside at the first appearance of the gaunt, greenish, dirty, hollow-eyed visitor. Speechlessly he directed the man to the building directory, whereupon was listed the suite of the godless editor.

The editor himself was involved in the never-ending fight against a disorganized office. Paperwork was the chief nemesis, and then there was the ever-mounting pile of books, books, books. When he wasn't combating the encroachment of print, he was creating more of it, composing pithy comments that he could skillfully drop into any review of any book.

"Rimbaud gone awry," he might fit into the proper place one day.

"Delivered with Faulknerian economy," he might one day use to damn a certain work.

"Certainly less jingoistic than Kipling, yet falls short of the enlightened world-view that one would expect of a writer today," he might moralize.

The previous week, in an effort to meet a deadline, he had inserted one of his pre-fab phrases into a short book review. The book was the first published title by a new author. Though admittedly a first effort, it showed a maturity of thought that set it above the works of most first-timers. Its mystical prose encapsulated a very heretical theory regarding God.

"It possesses a figurative and allegorical quality reminiscent of the great C. S. Lewis," he wrote.

He had just shuffled the subject book to another pile when his intercom buzzed.

"Yes?"

"Sorry to disturb you sir, but there is a Mr. Lewis here to see you."