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<div class="Subtitle1" style="background-color: white; font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif; line-height: 24px; text-align: left;">

<h2 style="text-align: center;">

BRINK OF DISTINCTION SERIES</h2>

<div style="text-align: center;">

<div style="margin: 0px;">

<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-size: large;">by&nbsp;<a href="http://www.jonmessengerauthor.com/" target="\_blank">Jon Messenger</a></span><br />

<br />

Adult Sci-Fi Series Published Through Crimson Tree Publishing</div>

</div>

<div class="" style="clear: both; text-align: center;">

<table border="0" cellpadding="0" cellspacing="0"><tbody>

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<div style="line-height: 17px;">

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<span class="Apple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse; color: #333333; font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;"><b>Burden of Sisyphus</b></span><span class="Apple-style-span" style="color: black;"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;"><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse; line-height: 15px;"><span style="line-height: normal;"><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="line-height: 17px;"><span style="color: #333333;"><span class="Apple-style-span"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;"><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse; line-height: 15px;"><span style="line-height: normal;"><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="line-height: 17px;"><span style="color: #333333;"><br /></span></span></span></span></span></span><span class="Apple-style-span"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;"><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse; line-height: 15px;"><span style="line-height: normal;"><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="line-height: 17px;"><span style="color: #333333;"><br /></span></span></span></span></span></span>Between the alien Alliance and the Terran Empire, a neutral zone stretches between the galaxies, a demilitarized zone that was established 150 years previous, following the Great War.&nbsp;</span></span></span></span><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse; line-height: 15px;"><span style="line-height: normal;"><span class="ecxApple-style-span" style="line-height: 17px;"><span style="color: #333333;">The peace accord granted a semblance of peace to the universe. The peace, however, is a facade, and it is the responsibility of Michael Vance and his covert operations team to maintain that illusion.</span></span></span></span></span></span></div>

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<span class="Apple-style-span" style="line-height: 17px;"></span><span class="Apple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse; line-height: 17px;"><span style="color: #333333; font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;"><br /></span></span><span class="Apple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse; line-height: 17px;"><span style="color: #333333; font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;">Recently, the Alliance lost contact with one of their outposts near the neutral zone. Surveillance scans show an abandoned city and no signs of life. The Alliance does what it always does: send in the best. But an unexpected betrayal leaves Vance and his team stranded. Worse, the city that was supposed to be dead is quite alive. And the monsters that now roam its streets are slaughtering his team, one at a time.</span></span></div>

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<span class="Apple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse;"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="border-collapse: separate; line-height: normal;"><br /></span></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="border-collapse: collapse;"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="border-collapse: separate; line-height: normal;">When everything they do proves to be not enough to stop the Empire's violent invasion, the Alliance takes the fight directly to the Empire by invading Earth! &nbsp;But Earth may not be the biggest threat to the safety of the Alliance. &nbsp;The biggest danger may be one of their own.</span></span></span></div>

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<a href="http://www.amazon.com/Purge-Prometheus-Brink-Distinction-Messenger-ebook/dp/B00F07KR24/ref=pd\_sim\_kstore\_1" style="clear: left; float: left; margin-bottom: 1em; margin-right: 1em;" target="\_blank"><img border="0" src="http://4.bp.blogspot.com/-HSYD3CmRYnw/UikhND2iZMI/AAAAAAAABF4/ZIVd\_NQzLC0/s1600/amazon\_kindle\_button\_1.png" /></a></div>

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<span style="font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;">The final confrontation between the Alien Alliance and the Terran Empire begins in this exciting conclusion to the Brink of Distinction trilogy.</span></div>

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<div style="margin: 0px;">

<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;">One-by-one, the brilliant suns of Alliance space are disappearing, left cold and lifeless after exposure to the Terran biological epidemic.&nbsp;&nbsp;Trapped on one of the sunless worlds, Keryn Riddell, the ruthless Wyndgaart warrior, fights against both a frozen landscape and her Terran captors.</span></div>

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<div style="direction: ltr; margin-bottom: 0pt; margin-left: 0in; margin-top: 0pt; unicode-bidi: embed; word-break: normal;">

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<div style="margin: 0px;">

<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Georgia, 'Times New Roman', serif;">As Keryn fights for her life, the psychic Yen Xiao leads the Alliance fleet in pursuit of the Terran Destroyers threatening the Alliance homeworlds.&nbsp; Yearning for leadership of the fleet, Yen begins to wonder just how far he’ll go for the power he craves.</span></div>

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<div style="font-family: Arial, Helvetica, sans-serif;">

<h2 style="text-align: center;">

<span style="font-family: arial, helvetica, sans-serif; font-size: large;">Excerpt from Burden of Sisyphus</span></h2>

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<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Private Hicks’ body screamed in protest as he tried to stand.&nbsp;&nbsp;His muscles ached and his lungs burned in the planet’s thin, dust-filled air.&nbsp;&nbsp;Under his dark armor sweat soaked through his uniform.&nbsp;&nbsp;Raising his head, he saw the looming plateau.&nbsp;&nbsp;Nuzzled within the wedge of the plateau’s façade there was the Terran’s dark, stone, defensive wall.&nbsp;&nbsp;Relief flooded through him.&nbsp;&nbsp;Being able to see the bristling antiaircraft weapon platforms mounted atop the wall meant his destination was finally within reach.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Scrambling to his feet, despite resistant muscles, he ran the rest of the way to the wall.&nbsp;&nbsp;He didn’t dare hope to make it that far without being spotted by his enemies but the reprieve gave him time to close the final twenty meters to the outpost.&nbsp;&nbsp;Legs cramping, he limped the rest of the way to the wall.&nbsp;&nbsp;Ignoring the large, arched vehicle entrance, whose heavy doors led straight to the courtyard between the wall and the building set into the plateau, he staggered to the reinforced personnel entrance to one side.&nbsp;&nbsp;Shuffling past a set of thick windows he watched Terran soldiers within the wall move toward the door.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Sliding in the red sand he stopped in front of the door and pounded it with his open hand.&nbsp;&nbsp;“Open the door!” he yelled, his voice raspy and dry.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">When nothing happened he banged again, glancing over his shoulder in fear and frustration.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“Open the damn door!” he screamed, as much as his raw throat allowed, hitting the door repeatedly.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Finally, hesitantly, it opened.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">A blast of cool air struck him as he was pulled into the comforting darkness.&nbsp;&nbsp;The room was cast in deep shadows and he was momentarily blinded in the dim lighting.&nbsp;&nbsp;He shivered as someone helped him to the far side of the narrow room, the cool air a stark contrast to the scorching heat outside.&nbsp;&nbsp;Sliding down against the wall, he exhaled a loud, raspy breath.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“Hicks,” the closest soldier said.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">His head swam with exhaustion.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“What happened out there?”<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">He peered through the gloom, barely able to make out the man’s rank and name.&nbsp;&nbsp;“Alliance mercenaries.&nbsp;&nbsp;They hit us while we were on patrol.”<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">A third soldier pushed past the others and bent over Hicks, who saw the officer epaulettes on his shoulder.&nbsp;&nbsp;“Where’s the rest of your team, Private?”<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">He shook his head.&nbsp;&nbsp;“They’re all dead, Sir.”<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“All of them?” the lieutenant asked in disbelief.&nbsp;&nbsp;“How did one group of Alliance mercenaries take out an entire patrol?”<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">A soft sound echoed through the room before Hicks could reply.&nbsp;&nbsp;The thumping reverberated softly as he clambered to his feet.&nbsp;&nbsp;Slowly, the others heard it and the room fell to hushed silence.&nbsp;&nbsp;It was a series of soft thumps as if something struck the compound’s outer wall repeatedly.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“What the hell is that noise?” Lieutenant Hill asked, looking toward the thick, outer walls.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">The sound continued unabated.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“Sir, I’ve got a visual,” a private said, watching from the window.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">The lieutenant rushed to the window, pulling free the binoculars on his hip.&nbsp;&nbsp;In the distance, a single massive form stood at the crest of the hill.&nbsp;&nbsp;Thick, dark fur covered its body which ended in an elongated snout.&nbsp;&nbsp;Sharp horns jutted from its temples, curving wickedly forward.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Lowering his binoculars, the lieutenant turned toward the rest of the soldiers.&nbsp;&nbsp;“It looks like the Alliance found our outpost!&nbsp;&nbsp;Let’s move, people!”&nbsp;&nbsp;As he walked back to the middle of the room the soldiers exploded into action.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“On your feet, soldiers!” Lieutenant Hill yelled over the din of muttered conversation.&nbsp;&nbsp;“Grab some ammo and find a wall to stand behind.”&nbsp;&nbsp;Turning back toward the sturdy window he glared across the red field.&nbsp;&nbsp;“If they want to bring their fight here, they won’t even know what hit them.”<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">“How true,” Hicks rasped, as a barbed tail erupted from under the back of his shirt.&nbsp;&nbsp;Lashing out, the tail struck the base of Lieutenant Hill’s neck and erupted from his throat, nearly decapitating the officer.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">Hicks extended his left hand, the fingers elongated into razor-sharp points, which he drove into a nearby soldier’s abdomen.&nbsp;&nbsp;The soldier stared in disbelief, as the skin on Hicks’ face melted like wax, first running down toward his chin before being absorbed into his oily-black skin.&nbsp;&nbsp;The face disappeared, leaving behind a featureless black oval.&nbsp;&nbsp;Slowly, the rest of his skin melted away until all that remained was thick, black hide.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">The creature that impersonated Hicks swished its spiked tail back and forth and turned toward the three remaining soldiers in the room.&nbsp;&nbsp;Eyes wide with fright, one swung his rifle toward the creature and squeezed the trigger.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

<div class="MsoNormal" style="text-indent: 0.25in;">

<span style="font-family: &quot;Times New Roman&quot;;">The window exploded inward as the first round tore through the thick glass and struck the soldier’s temple.&nbsp;&nbsp;His scalp peeled away on the far side of his head as the high-velocity round passed through and struck the far wall, spraying the back of the room with blood.</span></div>

<div style="font-family: Times; margin: 0px; text-align: center;">

<h2>

<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-size: large;">About Jon Messenger</span></h2>

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<div style="font-family: Times; text-align: center;">

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<a href="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-ct5s-kxBgIE/Ua0lcFXTV1I/AAAAAAAAA1k/8lvnR9sXNFg/s1600/Jon+Messenger.jpg" imageanchor="1" style="margin-left: 1em; margin-right: 1em;"><img border="0" src="http://1.bp.blogspot.com/-ct5s-kxBgIE/Ua0lcFXTV1I/AAAAAAAAA1k/8lvnR9sXNFg/s1600/Jon+Messenger.jpg" /></a></div>

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<span style="font-family: Verdana;">Jon Messenger (Born 1979 in London, England) serves as an United States Army Major in the Medical Service Corps. Since graduating from the University of Southern California in 2002, writing Science Fiction has remained his passion, a passion that has continued through two deployments to Iraq, a humanitarian relief mission to Haiti, and an upcoming deployment to Afghanistan. Jon wrote the "Brink of Distinction" trilogy, of which "Burden of Sisyphus" is the first book, while serving a 16-month deployment in Baghdad, Iraq.<o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span style="font-family: Verdana;">Jon's books include Wind Warrior which was published through Clean Teen Publishing and quickly hit the best selling lists of Amazon. Jon Messenger has won a readers choice award as well as the Clean Teen Publishing writing contest for his Novella of Wind Warrior, which is also featured in Wonderstruck. Messenger's sci-fi series, Brink of Distinction, was picked up by Clean Teen Publishing's adult imprint: Crimson Tree Publishing in the Fall of 2013.&nbsp;<o:p></o:p></span></div>

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<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-size: large;"><span style="font-family: Verdana;"><a href="https://www.facebook.com/jonmessengerauthor" target="\_blank">Facebook</a>&nbsp;/&nbsp;</span><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: Verdana;"><a href="http://www.jonmessengerauthor.com/" target="\_blank">Author Website</a>&nbsp;/&nbsp;</span><span style="font-family: Verdana;"><a href="http://www.cleanteenpublishing.com/wind-warrior.html" target="\_blank">Website</a>&nbsp;</span><span class="Apple-style-span" style="color: #2d438b; font-family: 'Lucida Grande';">/&nbsp;<a href="http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/4156441.Jon\_Messenger" target="\_blank">Goodreads</a>&nbsp;</span></span></div>

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<span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-size: large;"><span class="Apple-style-span" style="font-family: 'Lucida Grande';">Twitter:&nbsp;<a href="https://twitter.com/JonMessenger">@JonMessenger</a></span></span><br />

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