

An interview with legendary science-fiction author

ROBERT J. SAWYER

Photo of Robert J. Sawyer courtesy Warren **HEPHERD PHOTOGRAPHY**

June 2026

Special Edition

FROM THE PUBLISHER

Welcome to June 2026, and we are approaching the July 4 celebrations for the 250th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence.

I am reminding you that this magazine a **SELF-PUBLISH** magazine, which some authors have used. Essentially, you email your story to an address listed on the website and it is pre-formatted:

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The body of the email is your story with bio at the end.

You can also attach a photo of yourself or an image to go with the story.

The email comes to me, I check to ensure it isn't objectionable and send it to the website. Turnaround is usually a day, tops.

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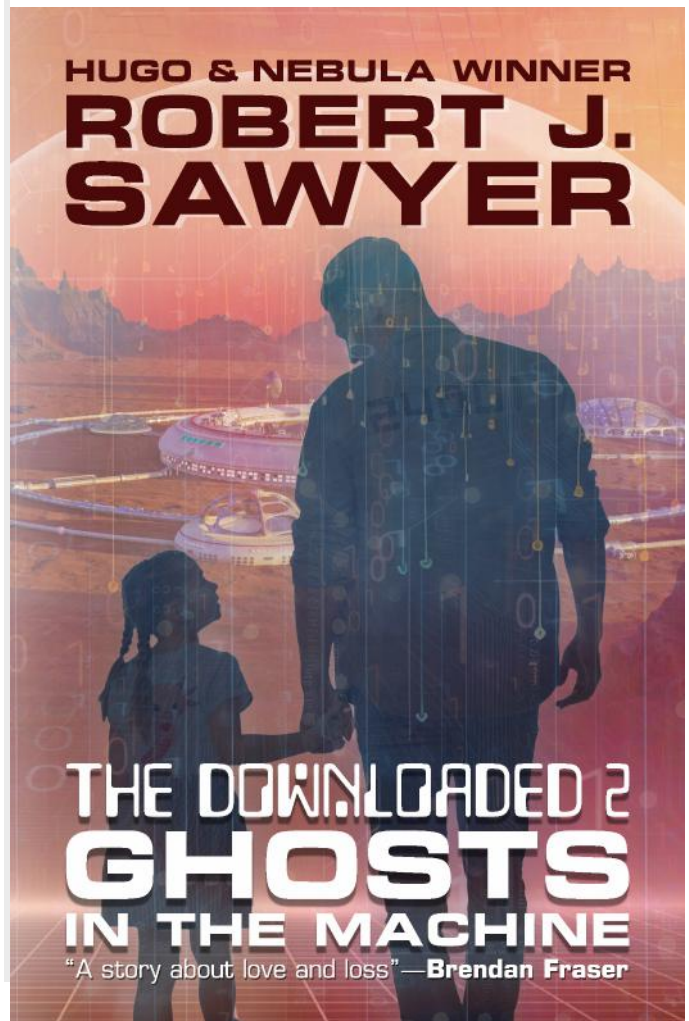
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- *An interview with legendary science-fiction author, **Robert J. Sawyer***

- *The Solipsist's Café, a story by **Alicia Addara***

- *An interview with authors **William Gensburger** and **JC Ryan***



ALL THINGS WITH THE LEGENDARY ROBERT J. SAWYER

Robert J. Sawyer is one of only eight writers ever to win all three of the world's top awards for best science-fiction novel of the year: the Hugo, the Nebula, and the John W. Campbell Memorial Award. He has also won the Robert A. Heinlein Award, the Edward E. Smith Memorial Award, and the Hal Clement Memorial Award; the top SF awards in China, Japan, France, and Spain; and a record-setting sixteen Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Awards ("Auroras").

Rob's novel *FlashForward* was the basis for the ABC TV series of the same name, and he was a scriptwriter for that program. He also scripted the two-part finale for the popular web series *Star Trek Continues*.

He is a Member of the Order of Canada, the highest honor bestowed by the Canadian government, as well as the Order of Ontario, the highest honor given by his home province; he was also one of the initial inductees into the Canadian Science Fiction and Fantasy Hall of Fame.

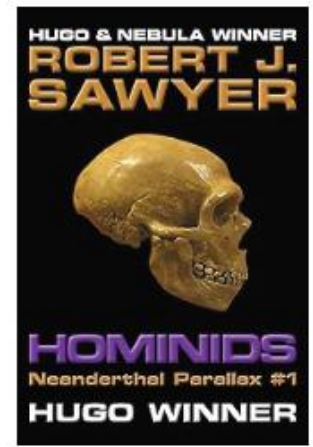
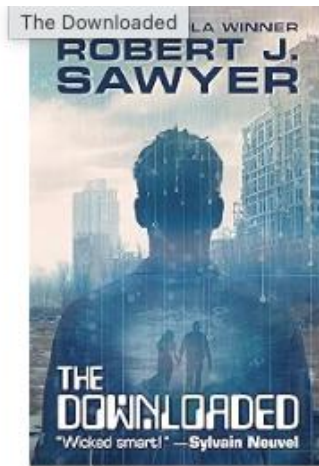
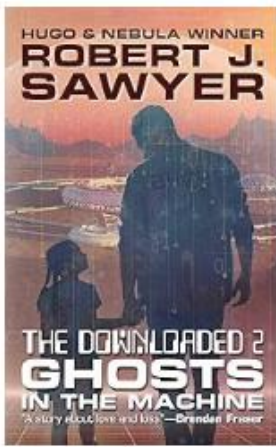
Rob lives just outside Toronto. His website and blog are at sfwriter.com, and on Facebook, Twitter, and Patreon he's RobertJSawyer.

Q: *The Downloaded 2: Ghosts in the Machine* offers an interesting continuation from the first book, and argues about the value of consciousness and originality when placed into a quantum digital environment. Was it difficult writing this book without a repetition of your thoughts and imagining from the first book, or did it seem a natural evolution?

I'll tell you the truth! I had no intention of writing a sequel. I'd gone to great pains to tie everything up nicely in the first book, the original *The Downloaded*, which came out as an Audible Original in October 2023 and in print and ebook in May 2024. But then the online reviews kept pouring in asking for a sequel, and Audible offered me a lot of money to write one. I had to rack my brain to come up with a new storyline, but that's the kind of challenge I enjoy, and I was very pleased with the central notion that propels this new book. And, of course, I got to revisit characters that I, and many other people, had fallen in love with.

Q: You've maintained a remarkably consistent publishing career across multiple decades while many science fiction authors either burn out,





disappear, or become trapped repeating earlier successes. What disciplines or habits allowed you to sustain creative longevity without becoming stylistically stagnant?

I've never been an assembly-line writer. The first World Science Fiction Convention I ever attended, in 1980, had a writers' workshop run by a very prolific — and very good — author named Barry B. Longyear, but as I saw within a few years after that convention, pumping out material at the rate he did caused his well to run dry. So, ironically, I think part of the key to my longevity has been not trying to produce as much work as I can as fast as possible. I used to take a year to do a novel; now, I take two or three — and the ideas keep coming.

As for not being stagnant stylistically, that was very important to me. I never wanted to write the same thing twice; even when I've done trilogies, or, as now with **The Downloaded** sequence, a duology, I've tried to make each book a real creative challenge. And, of course, within science fiction — a genre which covers all of space, all of time, and all forms of life — I've gotten to really stretch myself as a writer, producing science fiction combined with adventure (**Far-Seer**), romance (**Rollback**), courtroom drama (**Illegal Alien**), hard-boiled detective fiction (**Red Planet Blues**), thriller (**Triggers**), and quiet philosophical discussion (**Calculating God**).

My friend John Scalzi gave me one of my favorite blurbs for my fiction: "Cracking open a new Robert Sawyer book is like getting a gift from a friend who visits all the strange and undiscovered places in the world. You can't wait to see what he's going to amaze you with this time." That's precisely what I want: for the only thing my readers to know in

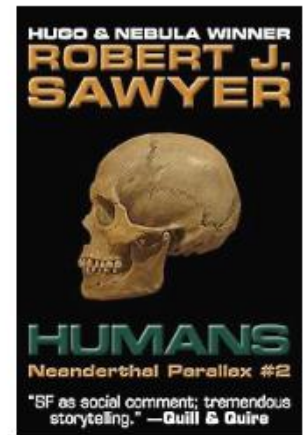
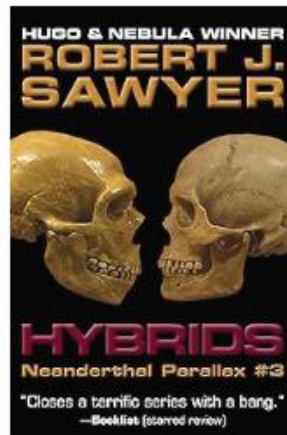
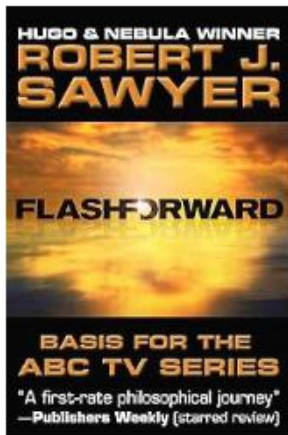
advance is that they're going to get my very best effort, without in any way knowing quite what to expect.

Q: Unlike some science fiction writers who become identified with a single franchise or breakout title, your bibliography spans hard science fiction, philosophical speculation, alternate history, AI, consciousness studies, and mainstream crossover work. Was that diversification intentional, or simply where your curiosity led you?

My original career goal was to be a scientist — but I was turned off by the need for hyperspecialization. I realized that what I really am is a generalist, and there are only two good jobs for a science generalist: science journalist and science fiction writer. I have good friends who chose the former path, including Canada's top science journalists Dan Falk, Jay Ingram, Bob McDonald, and Ivan Semeniuk, but for me, the latter one was the right choice.

My favorite episode of the original Star Trek is "Requiem for Methuselah," written by Jerome Bixby. In it, Dr. McCoy says to a woman he's just met, "What else interests you besides gravity phenomena, Rayna?" And she replies: "Everything. Less than that is betrayal of the intellect." That's how I feel, too, and I'm thrilled that in July 2026, at the Official Star Trek Set Tour in Ticonderoga, New York, I'm introducing a screening of that episode with Louise Sorel, the actress who played Rayna, in attendance.

When McMaster University in Hamilton, Ontario, held a three-day academic conference in honor of my donating my archives to them, I insisted it be called "Science Fiction: The Interdisciplinary Genre" —



because that's what good SF is, a forum in which all those disparate things you mentioned in your question can spark off each other.

Q: Your novels frequently engage real science and philosophy without becoming inaccessible. How consciously do you balance intellectual rigor against narrative momentum?

My colleague Spider Robinson always says, "Remember, we're competing for their beer money" — and he's absolutely right: our first job is to entertain. Spider also always says he writes science fiction that his mother-in-law could read: she wasn't stupid, but she also wasn't a genius, and although she knew a lot, you couldn't presume she knew about this, whatever this might be. Spider first said that to me in 1985, five years before my first novel came out, and I very much took it to heart.

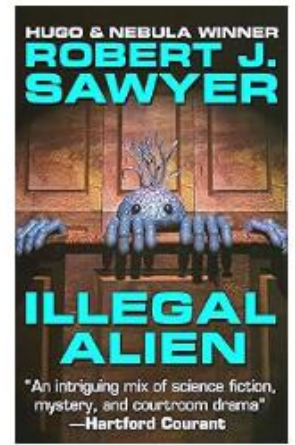
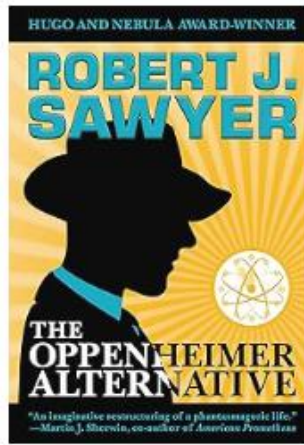
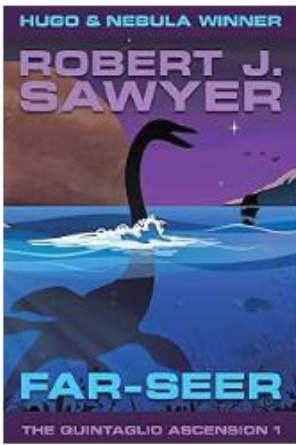
A quote often attributed to Albert Einstein is, "If you can't explain it to a kid, you don't understand it yourself." And, really, no matter how esoteric scientists and philosophers often try to make their disciplines sound, most of what they do really is conceptually simple, and I take great joy in cutting through the clutter to make it not just accessible but entertaining.

Q: In Wake, Watch, and Wonder, consciousness emerges across distributed systems rather than remaining tied to biology. Looking across that trilogy and The Downloaded, do you think uploaded consciousness would eventually diverge

culturally from biological humanity the way expatriate civilizations diverge from their parent countries?

Absolutely. You can't just copy the neural nets of a human brain and expect that copy to behave like a real flesh-and-blood human, who is awash in hormones, who knows they are mortal and physically fragile. I mentioned Star Trek up above, and there's a great 1968 episode of the original series called "The Ultimate Computer," which, as far as I've been able to determine, is the first-ever articulation of the notion of whole-brain emulation: duplicating the synapses of a particular mind inside a computer. And yet, this unembodied computer goes on a killing spree, contrary to what the person whose mind it is a copy of; that person calls it "a breaking of civil and moral laws we've lived by for thousands of years." Bare uploaded consciousnesses may be fascinating entities, but, after a time, to quote another line from Star Trek, this one from 1966's "The Conscience of the King," they'll end up as "mechanized, electronicized — and not very human."

Q: Novels like Calculating God and Hominids resist simplistic ideological conclusions and leave readers inside unresolved philosophical tension. Do you think modern audiences are becoming less tolerant of existential ambiguity and more dependent on fiction delivering emotionally safe certainty?



I have opinions on a wide range of moral and philosophical questions, but, unlike a lot of people I know, I don't have strong opinions, because I'm always open to hearing a good counterargument. And I think many people don't want to be told what to think; indeed, as authoritarianism is resurgent across the globe, the only thing that's going to save human liberty is our resistance to being told what we should think. And so, even when a book of mine has an implicit moral to the story, I rarely declare it in the text. It's much more powerful when the reader makes the final leap for themselves.

As for **Calculating God**, which came out twenty-six years ago now, and is about intelligent people debating atheism versus theism, I love that I'm still constantly asked, "Yes, Rob, but what do you believe?" I tried for an evenhanded approach, and that readers can't tell my own position in the debate is what gave that book its marketplace staying power.

Q: The concept of original versus copy is quite prevalent in science fiction. I've always argued in Star Trek that when the transporter dissolves the captain into a form of data that is transmitted and reconstituted aboard the Enterprise, that the original captain is no more, and the one that appears is a copy, albeit an identical one. What are your thoughts if multiple versions can be created using the data pattern and raw materials, what is the value of an original?

Legally, we're going to have to establish a token of personhood — a legal instrument that says that this

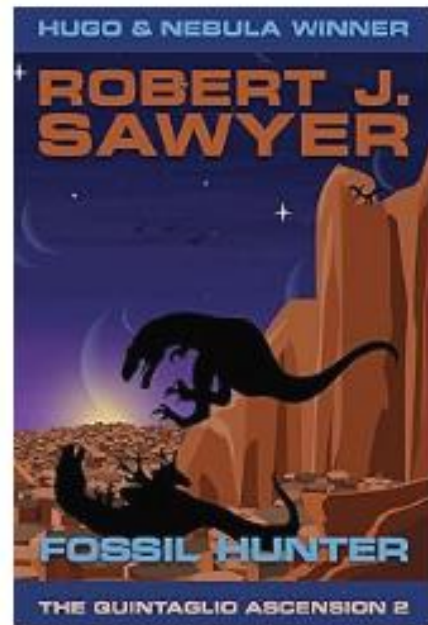
Robert J. Sawyer owns his home and can vote and so on, and that Robert J. Sawyer, be it an uploaded version, a clone, or a transporter duplicate, cannot. It's like the ship of Theseus, which, over the years, had every plank of wood it was made of replaced during routine maintenance: is it still the same ship, even if no part of it is the original?

I'm fascinated by the ethics of this issue, and explore it particularly in my novel **Mindscan** and my short story "Biding Time." Does the original have any primacy? Is it special in some way? To quote from something other than Star Trek, Casper Gutman in Dashiell Hammett's masterpiece says, "If you lose a son it's possible to get another — there's only one Maltese falcon." Gutman, and I think most of us, prize the original over any copy, just as the original Mona Lisa is priceless, while a perfect copy can be bought from any number of vendors.

Q: Is there anything that you would like to share about The Downloaded 2: Ghosts in the Machine?

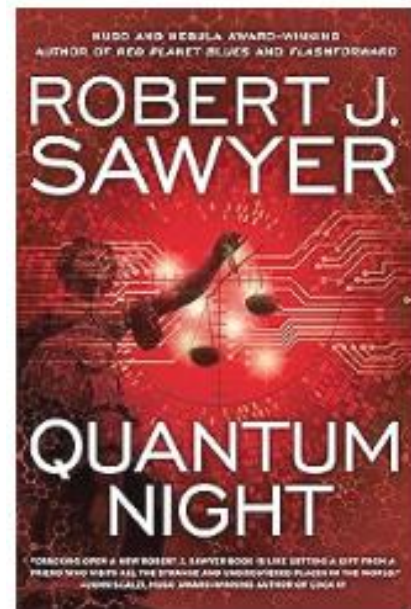
You asked at the beginning about career longevity. Over the last ten years, I've published four novels: **Quantum Night** in 2016, **The Oppenheimer Alternative** in 2020, **The Downloaded** in 2024, and **The Downloaded 2: Ghosts in the Machine** in 2026 — and, as each has appeared in turn, many reviewers and readers have said, "Sawyer has written his best book yet." That pleases me enormously, and I think it goes to what my friend Johnny B. Truant calls being an "artisanal author," emphasizing quality over quantity.

Indeed, as it happens, although they are



respectively my twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth novels, **The Downloaded** is the shortest book I've ever published at just 53,000 words, and **The Downloaded 2: Ghosts in the Machine** is the third shortest, at 67,000 words (the second shortest was my debut novel, 1990's *Golden Fleece*, which weighed in at 60,000 words). Those lengths were in line with the classic SF novels of the 1950s and 1960s that I grew up reading (heck, H.G. Wells's **The Time Machine** is only 38,000 words). Brevity isn't just the soul of wit; it's often also the key to delivering a tight, impactful, memorable story.//

Editor's note: Our thanks to Robert for taking the time to answer these questions for us. [Click HERE](#) to buy his books. Images courtesy Warren Shepherd Photography]



The Solipsist's Café

by Alicia Addara

The rain had just started to fall, tapping a syncopated rhythm against the windows of the Blue Lantern Café.

Inside, the air was thick with the aroma of coffee and the low hum of conversation. At a corner table, three friends sat, their faces lit by the soft glow of a hanging lamp.

Eli, an unemployed waiter, gazed at the rain with a distant look in his eyes. His hair was unkempt, and his clothes hung loosely, as if he'd forgotten to care about such things.

Next to him sat Mira, a poet whose notebooks overflowed with verses about love and loss and the ineffable.

Across from them was Samir, a medical student with sharp eyes and a sharper tongue, who seemed to carry the weight of the world in the set of his jaw.

Mira sipped her tea and broke the silence. "Eli, you haven't said a word since we got here. What's on your mind?"

Eli blinked, as if waking from a dream. "Do you ever wonder if any of this is real?" he asked softly.

Samir rolled his eyes. "Not this again."

But Mira leaned forward, curiosity flickering in her gaze. "What do you mean?" This was Eli's usual conversation starter and she often just went with it because it made him happy.

Eli's fingers traced circles on the table. "I mean... how do I know you're not just figments of my imagination? Maybe I'm dreaming. Maybe you're all illusions. Maybe I'm the only real thing, and everything else is just... a projection."

Samir snorted. "Solipsism. That's what you're talking about. It's a philosophical dead end, Eli. There's no evidence for it. The world exists whether you believe in it or not."

Mira smiled gently. "But how can you be so sure, Samir? Maybe Eli's onto something. Maybe reality is more fluid than we think."

Eli's eyes shone with gratitude. "I meditate, you know. Hours every day.

Sometimes I feel myself dissolving, like I'm not even here. And then I wonder-what if I'm not? What if I'm just a soul passing through, reincarnating again and again, and none of this is real?"

Samir leaned back, folding his arms. "Or maybe you're just bored and unemployed, and your mind is playing tricks on you."

Mira shot him a look. "Be kind, Samir."

He shrugged. "I'm just saying. There's no grand design, no cosmic joke. We're biological machines, that's all."

Mira shook her head. "I don't believe that. I feel the touch of something greater, something divine. When I write poetry, it's like I'm channeling a higher power. I can't explain it, but I know it's real."

Eli looked at her, hope flickering in his eyes. "How do you know? How do you prove it?"

She hesitated. "I don't know if I can. But I feel it. Isn't that enough?"

Samir scoffed. "Feelings aren't facts. Science is the only way to know anything for sure."

Eli sighed. "But science can't explain consciousness. It can't explain why I feel like I'm the only one here."

Samir leaned forward, his voice low. "You want proof that we're

real? Fine. Pinch me."

Eli raised an eyebrow. "What?"

"Pinch me," Samir repeated. "If I react, if I feel pain, doesn't that prove I'm real?"

Eli hesitated, then reached across the table and pinched Samir's arm. Samir yelped and jerked away.

"See?" he said, rubbing his arm. "Real pain. Real person."

Eli shook his head. "Or maybe I just imagined your reaction. Maybe I wanted you to react, so you did."

Samir groaned. "This is pointless."

Mira smiled. "Maybe not. Maybe the point isn't to prove anything, but to experience it. To trust."

Eli looked at her, his eyes searching. "But how do I trust something I can't prove?"

She reached across the table and took his hand. Her touch was warm and gentle. "Because sometimes faith is all we have."

Samir snorted. "Faith is a crutch."

Mira shrugged. "Maybe. But it's a beautiful one."

Eli closed his eyes, feeling the warmth of her hand. For a moment, the world felt solid, real. But then doubt crept in again.

"What if you're just a dream?" he whispered.

Mira squeezed his hand. "Then let's make it a good one."

The rain intensified, drumming

against the windows like a thousand tiny fingers. The café grew quieter as people left, until only the three friends remained.

Samir checked his watch. "I have to get back to the hospital soon. Night shift."

Eli looked at him. "Do you ever wonder, when you're with your patients, if they're real? Or if you're just playing a part in someone else's dream?"

Samir shook his head. "No. I see suffering, Eli. Real suffering. Real blood, real pain. You can't fake that."

Mira leaned back, her eyes distant. "But what if suffering is just a lesson? What if we're here to learn something, before we move on?"

Eli nodded. "That's what I believe. Reincarnation. We keep coming back, learning new lessons each time."

Samir rolled his eyes. "Or maybe we just die, and that's it."

Mira smiled sadly. "That's a bleak way to live."

He shrugged. "It's honest."

Eli looked at him, desperation in his eyes. "But how do you know? How can you be sure?"

Samir hesitated. "I can't. Not really. But I trust what I see, what I can measure. That's enough for me."

Mira looked at Eli. "What would it

take for you to believe we're real?"

He thought for a moment. "I don't know. Something undeniable.

Something I can't explain away."

She smiled. "Like love?"

He blushed. "Maybe."

Samir stood up, gathering his things. "I have to go. Try not to get lost in your own head, Eli."

Eli watched him leave, then turned to Mira. "Do you think he's real?"

She laughed. "As real as you or me."

He smiled. "That's not saying much."

She leaned in, her voice soft. "What if reality is a poem, Eli? What if it's not meant to be understood, but felt?"

He considered this. "Maybe. But I want to know. I want to be sure."

She squeezed his hand again. "Maybe certainty is overrated."

The days passed. The rain stopped, and the city bloomed with the scent of wet earth and new beginnings. Eli spent his days wandering the streets, lost in thought. He meditated for hours, seeking answers in the silence.

One evening, he found himself at the park, watching the sunset. The sky was a riot of colors, gold and crimson and violet. Mira found him there, her notebook in hand.

"Beautiful, isn't it?" she said,

sitting beside him.

He nodded. "But is it real?"

She smiled. "Does it matter?"

He looked at her. "It matters to me."

She opened her notebook and read aloud:

"We are the dreamers and the dreamed,

The poets and the poems,

The question and the answer,

The seeker and the sought."

He closed his eyes, letting her words wash over him. For a moment, he felt at peace.

"Do you ever doubt?" he asked.

She nodded. "All the time. But then I remember-I'm here. I'm alive. I feel. That's enough."

He looked at her, searching her face for answers. "But what if it's all an illusion?"

She smiled. "Then let's make it a beautiful one."

Weeks passed. Samir grew busier at the hospital, his texts growing shorter, more abrupt. Mira continued to write, her poems growing darker, more introspective. Eli drifted, caught between worlds.

One night, he invited them both to his apartment. The room was small and cluttered, filled with books and candles and the faint scent of incense.

They sat in a circle on the floor, a

candle flickering between them.

"I want to try something," Eli said. "A meditation. Together."

Samir rolled his eyes, but Mira nodded eagerly.

Eli closed his eyes. "Focus on your breath. Feel the air moving in and out. Let your thoughts drift away."

They sat in silence, the candle casting dancing shadows on the walls.

Eli spoke softly. "Now, imagine we're all connected. That there's no separation between us. That we're all part of the same consciousness."

Mira smiled, her eyes closed. Samir shifted uncomfortably.

Eli continued. "Now, open your eyes and look at each other. Really look. See the person in front of you. See their hopes, their fears, their dreams."

They opened their eyes, gazing at each other in the flickering candlelight.

Eli looked at Samir. "I see your doubt. Your need for certainty. Your fear of being wrong."

Samir looked away, uncomfortable.

Eli turned to Mira. "I see your faith. Your longing for connection. Your belief in something greater."

She smiled, tears in her eyes.

Eli looked at them both. "And I see myself. Lost, searching, desperate to

know what's real."

They sat in silence, the candle burning low.

Finally, Samir spoke. "Maybe we'll never know for sure. Maybe that's the point."

Mira nodded. "Maybe the search is what makes us real."

Eli smiled, a weight lifting from his shoulders. "Maybe you're right."

The candle burned out, leaving them in darkness. But in that darkness, Eli felt a new sense of peace. He didn't have all the answers, but he had his friends. He had their laughter, their arguments, their love.

Maybe that was enough.

Months passed. Eli found a new job, waiting tables at a different café. Samir graduated from medical school, his cynicism tempered by compassion. Mira published her first book of poems, dedicating it to "the dreamers and the doubters."

They still met at the Blue Lantern, their debates growing softer, more playful.

One evening, as the sun set and the city lights flickered on, Eli raised his cup in a toast.

"To reality," he said.

Samir grinned. "Whatever that is."

Mira laughed. "To the beautiful illusion."

They clinked their cups, laughter

echoing through the café.

And for the first time, Eli didn't care if it was real.

He was here. He was alive. He was loved.

And that, he decided, was enough.//



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Alicia Addara is a multilingual author with a richly layered heritage, born

to a Spanish-Italian mother and a Dutch father. She developed an early love for language, culture, and existential thought. Alicia studied philosophy in Paris, later completing a master's in comparative literature at the University of Bologna.

Fluent in English, French, Spanish, and conversational in German, Alicia brings a worldly, reflective lens to her fiction. Her work blends sharp insight with lyrical storytelling, often exploring identity, dislocation, and the quiet moments that define human connection.

Now based on the west coast of the US, she focuses on short stories, novels and non-fiction exploring themes of consciousness and reality.

Developing The Path of Duty and Honor with Authors William Gensburger and JC Ryan.



1. What attracted you to this novel idea?

JCR: The core concept originated from William's friend Dan Ashley, an award-winning ABC7 news anchor, during a lunch in 2010. The idea was simple yet powerful: what would happen if George Washington showed up to straighten out the country?

WG: This premise resonated deeply with me because it addresses the founding principles of America and how far America has drifted from them.

JCR: The opportunity to collaborate with William on bringing Washington back during such a politically divided time felt like both a literary challenge and a patriotic calling.

2. How much research went into the historical elements of George Washington?

The Path of Duty and Honor is a high-stakes political thriller that turns history into a confrontation.

When **George Washington** returns to a divided modern America, his presence becomes an immediate threat to those who profit from power in the shadows. Author Nathan Scott and journalist Sarah James are drawn into a lethal game they don't understand—until it's too late.

Hunted by forces determined to silence Washington before he can be heard, they are pulled deeper into a conspiracy that reaches the highest levels of government. As the truth begins to surface, one reality becomes clear: this is no longer about protecting a man from the past—it's about stopping a crisis that could cost the nation its future and the president her life.

Blending historical authenticity with modern political intrigue, The Path of Duty and Honor delivers a story that is both provocative and suspenseful, anchored by the enduring question of whether the principles that founded a nation can still survive within it.

Learn more at www.President1.com

JCR: The novel required extensive historical accuracy to make George Washington's character authentic and believable. All locations and historical information about George Washington in this novel are accurate.

WG: We researched Washington's actual mannerisms, speech patterns, military experiences, his time at Mount Vernon, his views on slavery, his relationships with other founders like Hamilton and Lafayette, and his writings including his Farewell Address.

JCR: The goal was to create a Washington who could seamlessly discuss both his historical context and react credibly to modern America—from smartphones to social media to contemporary politics.

3. What do you feel the strength of this novel is?

WG: The novel's greatest strength lies in how it holds up a mirror to contemporary America through the eyes of someone who helped create the republic. By having Washington confront modern issues—political corruption, partisan gridlock, the American Restoration Act, even homelessness and Las Vegas casinos—we force readers to examine whether we've honored or betrayed the founding vision.

JCR: The book doesn't just entertain; it ignites conversations about civic duty, virtue in public service, and what "We the People" truly means. Early readers have said things like "George's words brought tears to my eyes" and "it reminded me that it is up to We the People to ensure

that our republic lives on".

WG: I also feel that one of the strengths is that we have made this book non-partisan. At no time do the characters assert their party affiliation. We even added a female president. The theme is about duty and honor to the core foundation. It should remind us just how special the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution are.

4. How do you feel it fits the timing of the 250th year since the Declaration of Independence?

JCR: The timing couldn't be more perfect—or more urgent. As William noted in the foreword, this year, 2026, marks the 250th anniversary of the country's founding. And in many ways, a fitting time for George Washington to return, to remind us that our country was intended to be beyond partisan politics.

WG: At a moment when America is politically divided to such an extent that one has to wonder whether another Civil War is possible, Washington's return serves as both a warning and a call to action. The 250th anniversary should be a time of reflection, not just celebration, and this novel provides that opportunity.

5. What other book would you say this one is comparable to?

JCR: This is a unique blend that's difficult to compare directly, but think of it as meeting somewhere between "The Plot Against America" by Philip Roth (alternate history with political implications) and "Lincoln in the Bardo" by George Saunders (historical figures in

unexpected contexts). Like Brad Meltzer's political thrillers, it combines historical detail with contemporary political intrigue. The book also shares DNA with Frank Capra's "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington"—that same idealistic confrontation with a corrupted system.

WG: Ultimately, this book is its own creature: a political thriller wrapped in historical fiction with a dash of the miraculous. And a good romance is included.

6. Anything else that you want to add?

WG: Yes—America desperately needs this conversation. We've become a nation "where few men have the virtue to withstand the highest bidder," exactly as Washington warned. This book isn't just entertainment; it's a reminder that the republic was designed to be self-correcting, but only if citizens care enough to participate.

JCR: Washington himself says in the novel: "The republic is not broken in the way a machine breaks. It erodes. Slowly. Through the accumulated habits of citizens who stop believing their participation matters". If this book makes even one reader reconsider their civic responsibility, we've succeeded. And yes, America is in deep trouble unless we reconnect with these founding principles—reading this book is a good start.

7. Are you planning future books together, or even a sequel to this one?

WG: We are already underway with our next book, a thriller that should excite

readers of both JC and me. It's too early to give details, but we will in the near future.

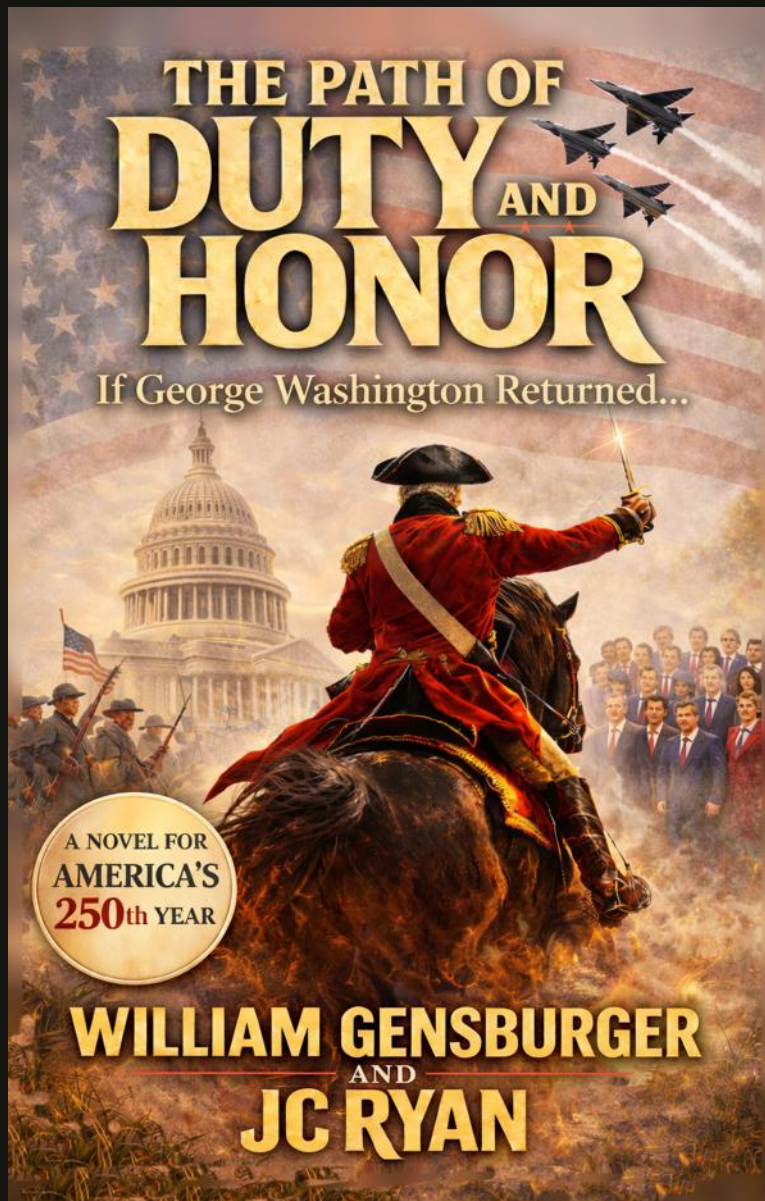
JCR: As far as a sequel, many readers have been asking for one already. While neither of us is opposed to the idea, we feel it has to be able to stand equal to or superior to this book in order to be considered. We'll let you know.

Reader reviews have been outstanding.

"This is one of the most enjoyable books I have ever read. The dialogue was outstanding. It sometimes brought tears to my eyes, wishing for a political climate from the old days. An outstanding work that is soon to be a best-selling novel." ~Tom Mason

"I absolutely loved this story! George's words brought tears to my eyes several times. I think we have forgotten what an incredible experiment our democracy is. His words reminded me that it is up to We the People to ensure that our republic lives on." ~ JoAnn Morales

The Path of Duty and Honor: If George Washington Returned... is available in paperback, hardcover, deluxe hardcover (dust jacket), eBook, and audiobook. Learn more at www.President1.com.



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“Wow! I thoroughly enjoyed this book (reading at 5 am!) This book has enlightened me. I never knew the beginnings of America (not on the school curriculum!)” ~ Helen Hill

“I absolutely loved this story! George’s words brought tears to my eyes several times. I think we have forgotten what an incredible experiment our democracy is. His words reminded me that it is up to We the People to ensure that our republic lives on.” ~ JoAnn Morales

“Captivating from the start. I couldn’t put it down. The characters were great, in particular,

George Washington was so realistic that I believed every word.” ~Peter J. Weston

“You have a winner with this fascinating and fun story. ” ~Jackson Fielder

“Exciting to see a brilliant idea gaining stature within the modern political realm of the USA. Hopefully, the present role players would take note of George Washington’s input and insight.” ~ Abram P Blaauw

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