

Parallel Hours

structuring chapters

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Chapter 1 1794 words

opening: When the troops landed down the beach and began firing weapons, Tejmur's first response was to curse them for coming on the day he had perfected his time window. He raised the flask he had been cradling in his lap and tilted it up, holding it against the silver disk of the full moon.

close: One of the soldiers, barely inside the gate, lifted an arm and fired with spurts of light leaping from the barrel of his weapon.

Chapter 2 2492 words

opening: Bullets slapped the wall close to Tejmur's head, and tiny fragments of rock peppered his face.

close: The soldier also fell, landing with a surprised grunt on top of Tejmur.

Chapter 3 1565 Words

opening: Tejmur struggled to push the soldier from his chest.

The man squinted in the suddenness of the full sun. He leaped to his feet and swung his rifle around, pointing at nothing in particular

close: When Masud raised his hand as if to strike her, Tejmur heard the twang of what could only be a bow—and saw an arrow strike Masud's leg.

Chapter 4 2105 words

opening: Masud didn't utter a sound. Tejmur expected the man to lift the rifle and deal death to the five men standing beside the rock outcropping.

close: "Wait," Tejmur said. But before he could say more, three arrows thudded into the man, one catching his throat. "Wait for what?" Rostam turned to Tejmur.

"What he described sounds like the Mongol Horde." A wave of nausea swept over Tejmur at the sight and sounds of the messenger's sudden and bloody death. "I believe this man might well have seen them."

Chapter 5 2326 words

opening: The three archers elbowed one another and laughed. Pleased with their handiwork, they bowed to Rostam.

"Yes, yes." He waved his hand and nodded approval. "You did well. Captain Amin, take the false messenger out and throw him into the sea.

close: Tejmur turned to Papsza, astonished by her anger, as Masud lifted the iron knocker on the gate to announce their arrival.

Chapter 6 1758 words

opening: The small door that opened was built into the huge main gate of the caravanserai, a gate that would open only for merchants with camels. Tejmur found himself staring at a ratty-looking little man whose abundance of gold rings and bracelets didn't match the poverty implied by his tattered pants and shirt. Behind him stood a huge Arab with a smooth-shaven, but blank-looking, face. He held a short spear in one hand and a club in the other.

close: "It is not a matter of risk, but of certainty. Rostam's assassins will come to this room tonight," Norin said. "And they will slay all of us."