

Disclaimer: These images (not the cover) are based on the author's original artwork and have been enhanced using AI. They aren't being sold by the author and will never be distributed in any format, digital or print with her permission. These images exist solely as a visual glimpse into the world of *Boom Time* and its characters.

BOOM TIME



MICHELLE E. LOWE

PIERCE LANDCROSS



The Trickster Njáll



Frøya
Mother of Craft



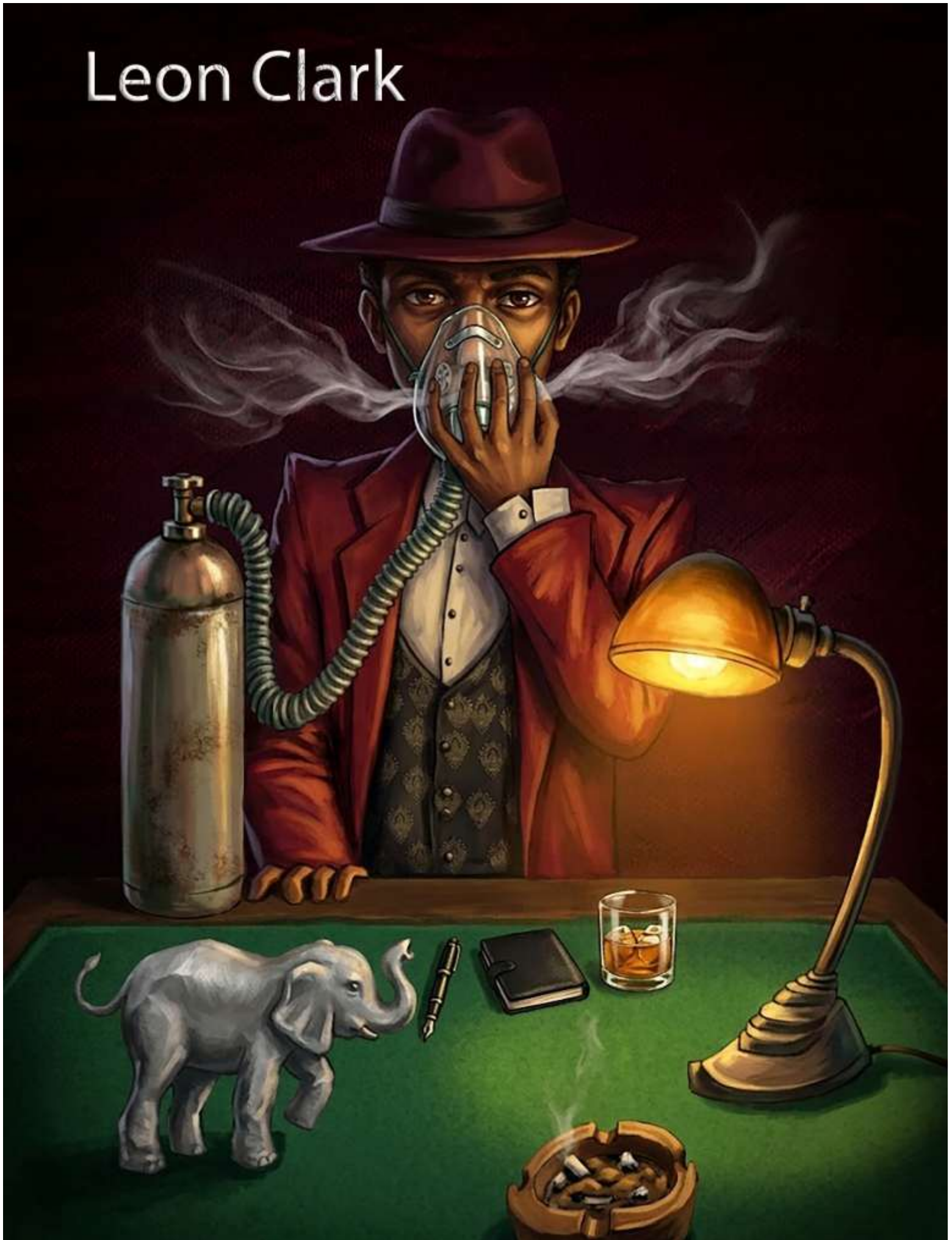
Lucy Neil



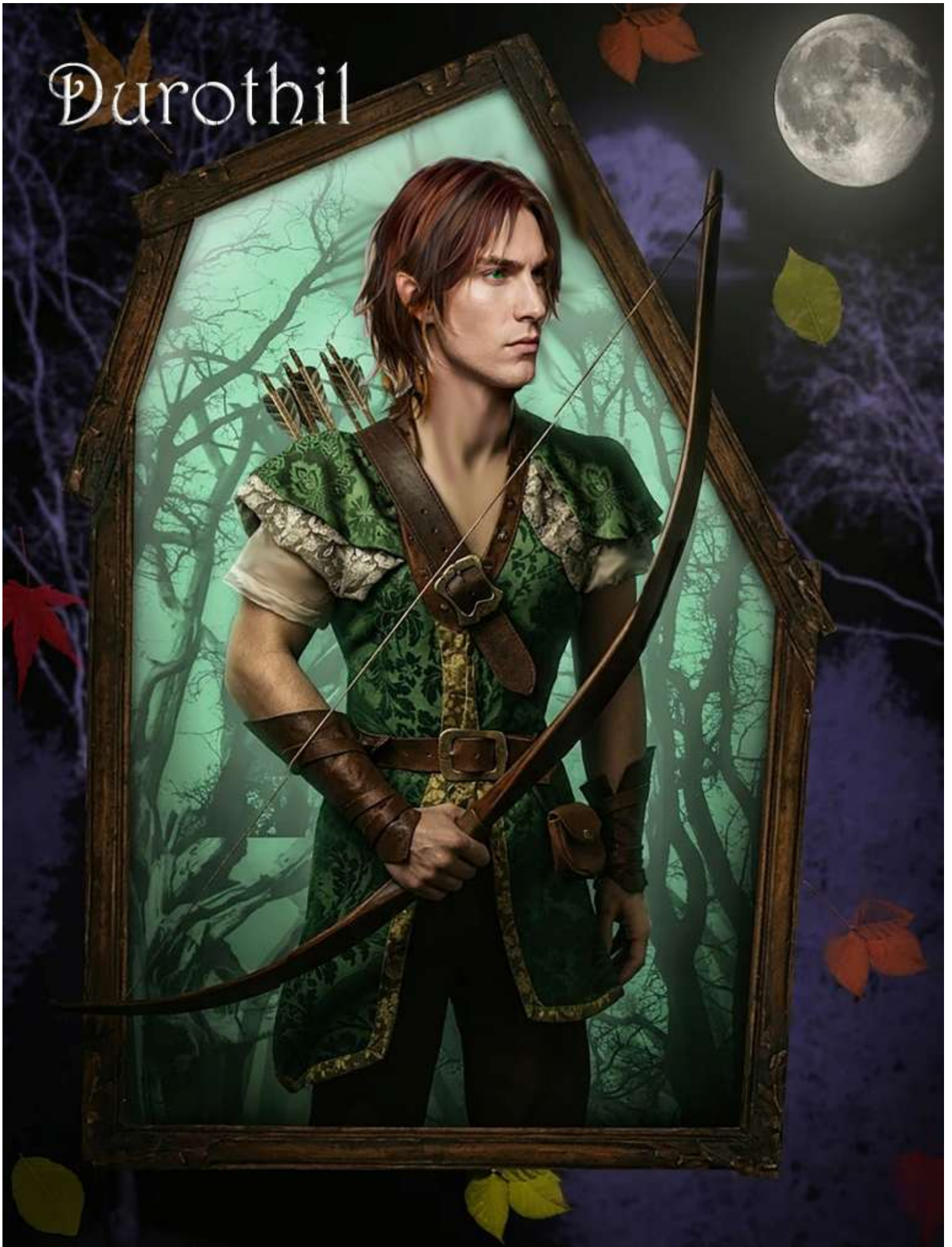
Kelly Quinn



Leon Clark



Durothil





Mara

The Nightmare Mare



*Kayden
the Wild Elf*



MACHINE MEN





Violetta Romano

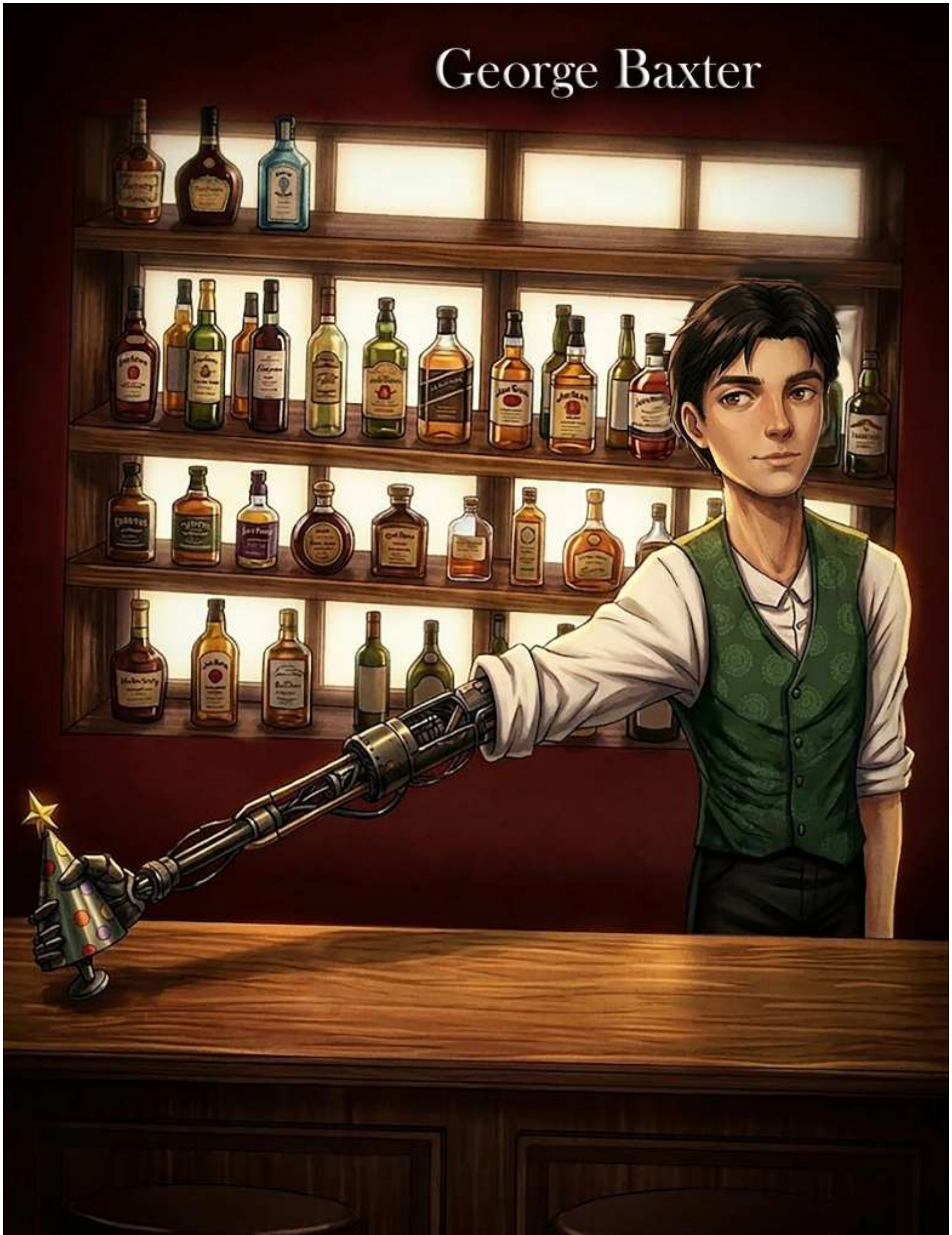
Zoe Dixon



Frank Garcia



George Baxter



Chester Lithgow

Brody Kier

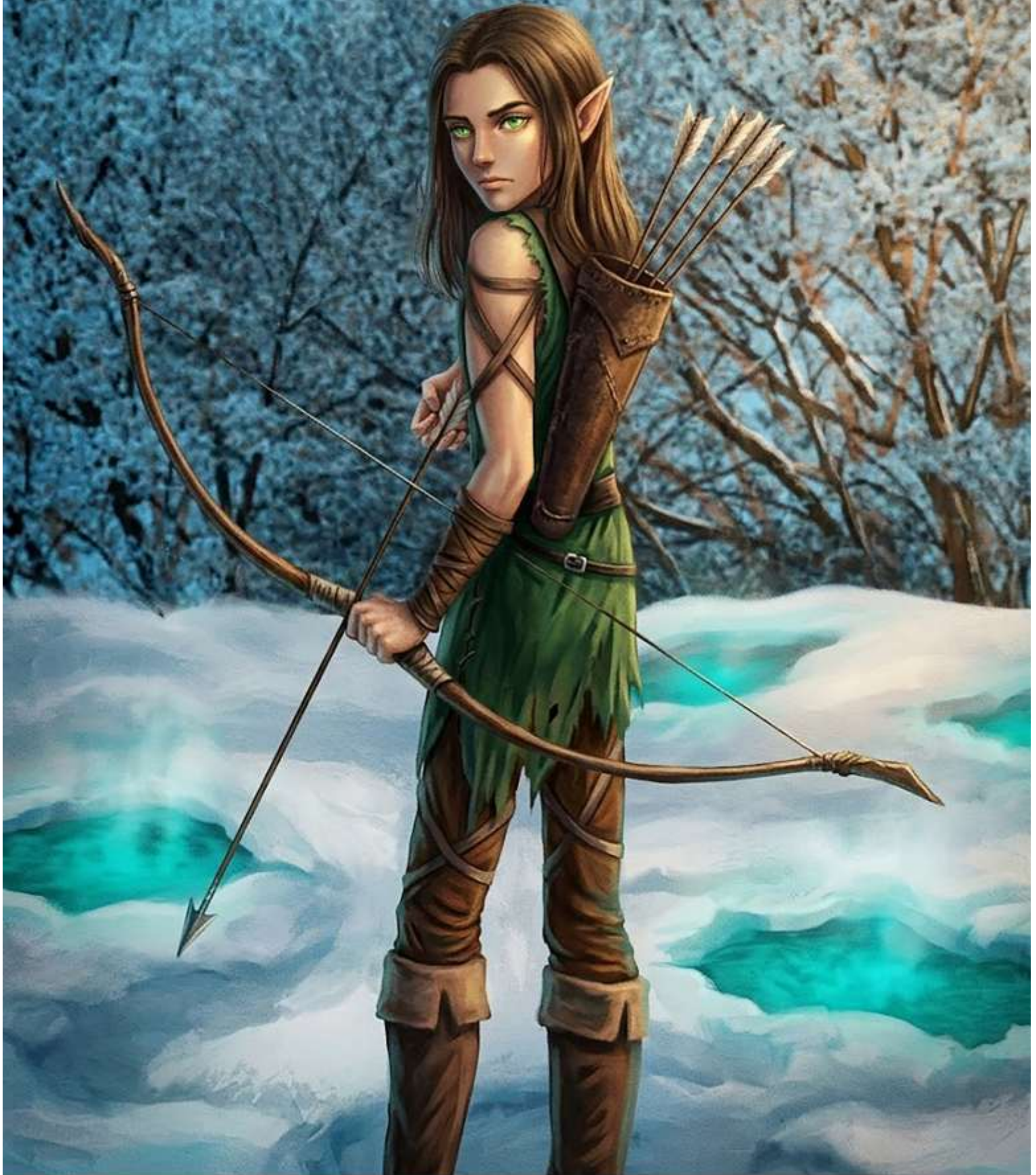
Devin O'Casey



Marvin
The Praying Mantis



Foster



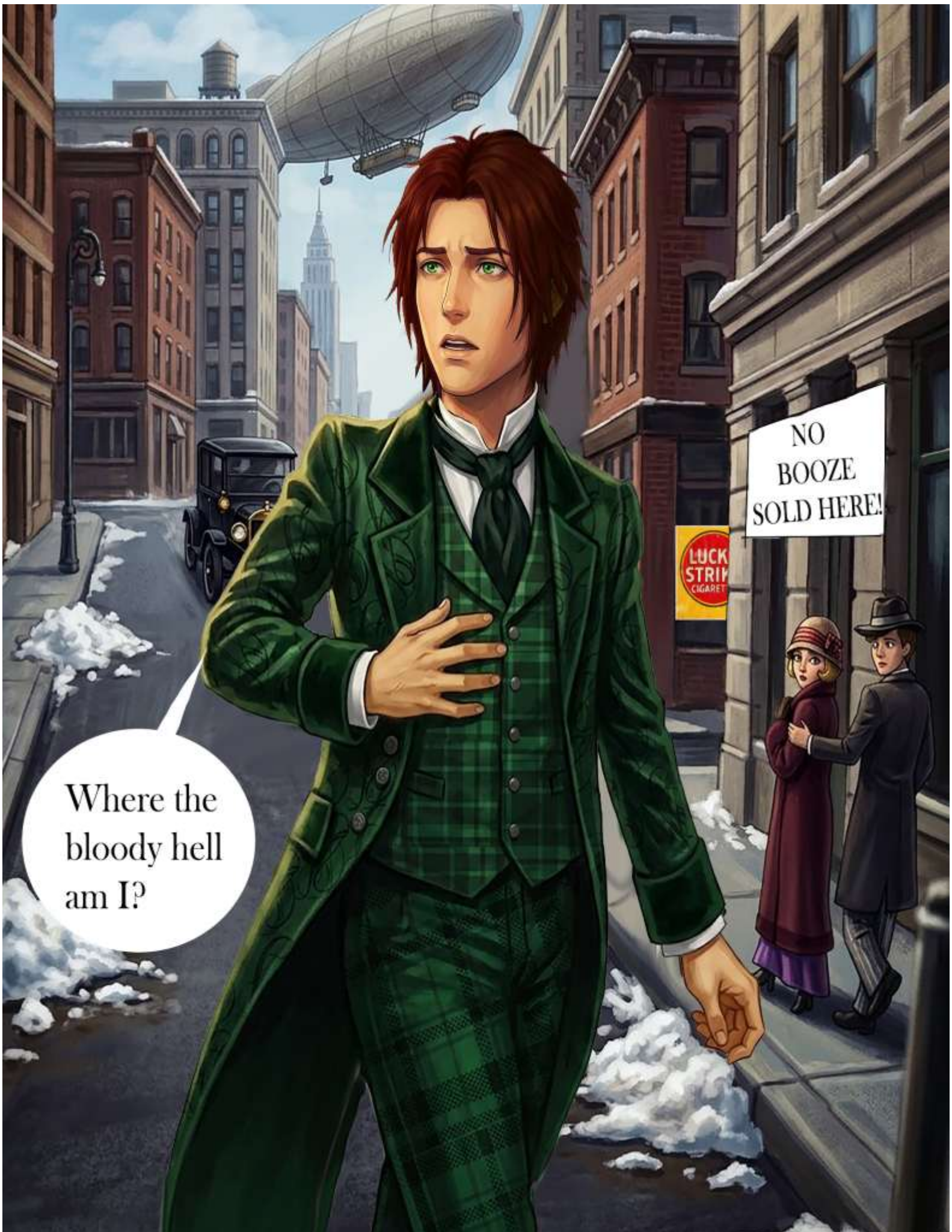
Sergeant Hawk Geo



Bootleggers, coppers, and dirty gangsters rule the streets. It's Prohibition and parties are wild, liquor flows freely, and danger is never far behind.



When Pierce is thrust into the fast-paced future of New York City, 1926, his life takes a sharp turn.




NO
BOOZE
SOLD HERE!

LUCK
STRIP
CIGARET

Where the
bloody hell
am I?

His abductor, the Trickster, claims he's hiding Pierce for his own protection—but safety isn't what greets him.



I suppose I can offer you this olive branch. Don't get used to it.

Olive branch? You're the sod who kidnapped me, remember? Have you any idea what you've been putting me through?


Cutthroats and femme fatales lurk
around every corner.



Lost in a strange land, Pierce vows to keep his nose clean. That promise doesn't last long and before he knows it, he's tangled in the bootlegging racket, forced to adapt to a world of diesel-fueled machines, soaring airships, moving picture shows, and brutal clashes between rival gangs.



GALLERY

A scene in a forest. On the left, a young man with green hair, wearing a red tunic and blue leggings, stands on a large log. He is holding a bow and has a quiver of arrows on his back. On the right, a woman with a tree-like head and a green bikini stands on a tree stump. The forest floor is covered in colorful autumn leaves. The background shows large tree trunks.

That doesn't mean I am able to sever a mortal's fate thread before his or her time.

It'll only take a single life to stop this madness. You're a wild elf whose free spirit is so untamable your kind is capable of bypassing certain rules.


Enough, mare. I've heard all I need to. Where can I find Pierce Landcross?

Yes, but you're the best option. If anyone can kill him, it's you. For the sake of everyone on this planet and beyond it, please . . .





Turn the barrel on the store.
Fire when ready!

A man in a pinstriped suit with striking green eyes stands behind a bar, gesturing with his hand as if speaking. In the foreground, a man in a red suit and a red top hat with a white feather looks at him with a serious expression. The bar counter is cluttered with bottles of liquor, a small decorated Christmas tree, glasses, and an ashtray. The background features dark wood paneling and a green curtain.

I fell into some trouble that got me mixed up in a smuggling racket,I helped sneak booze into this speakeasy.

Is that so?



Isaac, I'm so sorry . . . about everything.

It's not your fault, Luce.
None of this is. It's going to
be all right, eh?

Is it, Pierce Landcross?
You still have your weapon,
after all.





If I was to mention anything about this to anyone, they'd think I was mad in my own time—and in this one, I should add.

You'll have no memories of being here when you return. The mind cannot contain future events, only past and present ones, even if you have lived through it. Your mind will simply clear it out as if it never happened because, in hindsight, it hasn't. Not in your time, anyway. There will perhaps be cracks in the wall, and pieces may surface, depending on how decent your memory is.

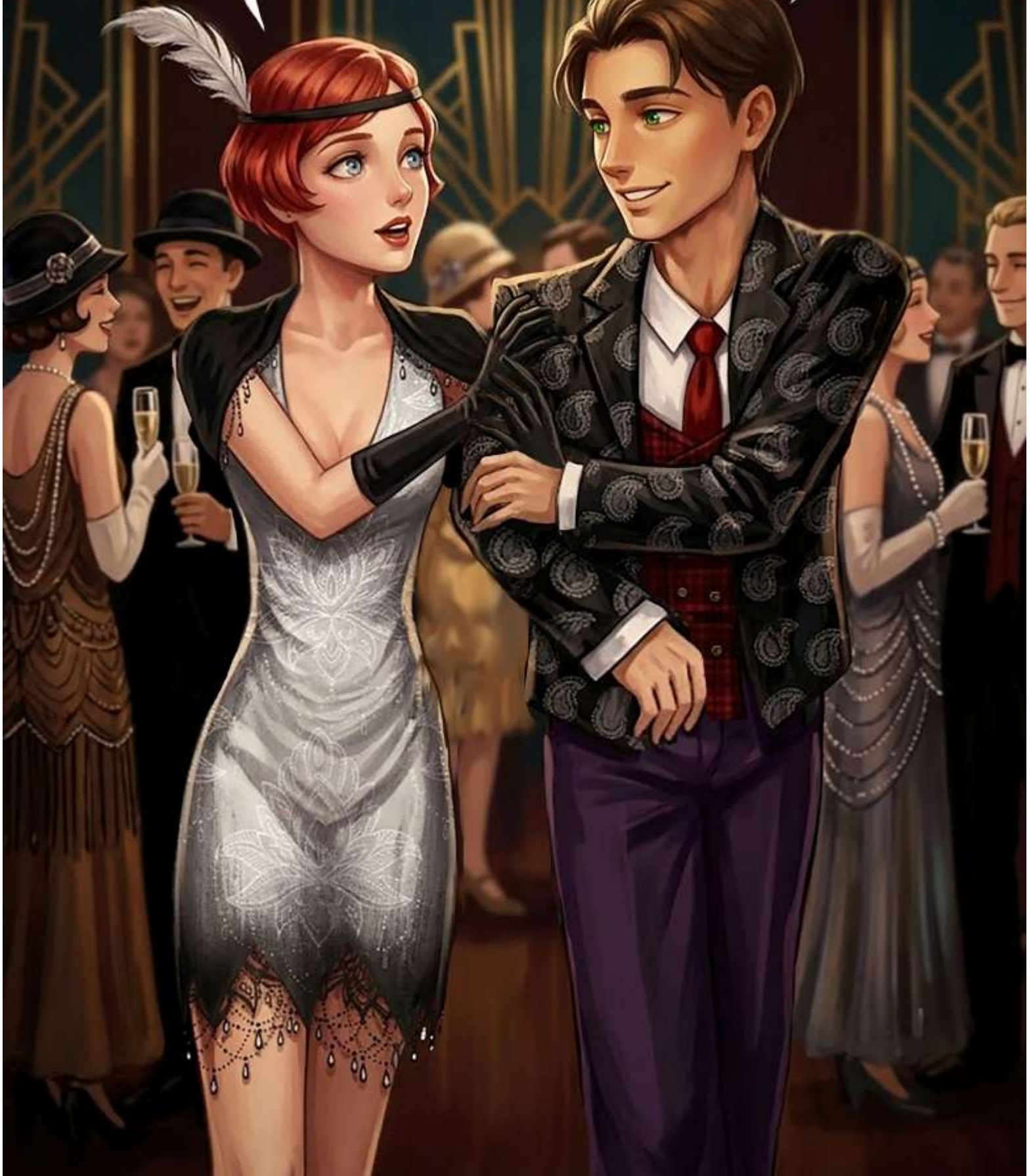




Please, Mr. Quinn.
Don't do this.

You look so handsome.

You look smashing yourself, darling.





All set, Mr. Lithgow?

Just waiting for you, boss.

[Return to Page](#)