New York Times bestselling author William R. Forstchen tells a story that might be all too terrifyingly real. A story in which one man struggles to save his family and his small North Carolina town after America loses a war that sends our nation back to the Dark Ages.

A war lost because of a terrifying weapon, an Electromagnetic Pulse (EMP). And it may already be in the hands of our enemies.

Months before publication, One Second After has already been cited on the floor of Congress as a book all Americans should read. It has been discussed in the corridors of the Pentagon as a realistic look at EMPs and their awesome ability to send catastrophic shockwaves throughout the United States, literally within seconds. It is a weapon that The Wall Street Journal warned could shatter our nation. In the tradition of On the Beach, Fail-Safe, and Testament, this book, set in a typical American town, is a dire warning of what might be our future... and our end.
WILLIAM R. FORSTCHEN has a Ph.D. from Purdue University with specializations in military history and the history of technology. He is a faculty fellow and professor of history at Montreat College. Forstchen is the author of more than forty books, including the New York Times bestselling books Gettysburg and Pearl Harbor (coauthored with Newt Gingrich), as well as the award-winning young-adult novel We Look Like Men of War. Forstchen has written numerous short stories and articles about military history and military technology. He owns and flies an original World War II “recon bird.” Forstchen resides near Asheville, North Carolina, with his teenage daughter, Meghan, and their small pack of golden retrievers and yellow labs.

www.onesecondafter.com

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Dreher/7/Hara/Getty Images (eclipse of the sun) and Ann Cutting/ Getty Images (man looking into horizon)

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John Matherson lifted the phone bag off the counter.

"You sure I have the right ones?" he asked.

Nancy, the owner of the shop, Ivy Carson, smiled. "Don't worry, John; she already had them picked out weeks ago. Give her a big hug and kiss for me. I told her she's twelve today."

John sighed and nodded, looking down at the bag, stuffed with a dozen fresh roses, one for each of Jennifer's life, which stated twelve years ago today.

"Hope she still wants them then," he said. "God save me when she gets her hands on the door wanting to take her out!"

The two laughed, Nancy nodding in agreement. He was already enduring that with Elizabeth, his sixteen-year-old, and perhaps because of that, and so many other reasons as well, he just wished that he could preserve, could dog out, just for a few more days, weeks, or months the precious time all fathers remember fondly, when they still had their "little girl."

It was a beautiful spring day, the cherry trees lining the street in full bloom, a slight drizzle of pink petals drifting on the wind as he walked up the street, past Doc Kelso's office, the antique stores, the new, rather Gothic looking art gallery that had opened last month, the usual curio shops, and even an old-style ice-cream parlor...at a dollar fifty a scoop.

Next up the street was Benson's Used and Rare Books. John hesitated,
Title: One second after / William R. Forstchen.
Author: Forstchen, William R.
Current Holds: 0
Summary: One man struggles to save his family and his small North Carolina town after America loses a war, in one second, a war based upon an Electro Magnetic Pulse (EMP) weapon that will send America back to the Dark Ages.
Subjects: Imaginary wars and battles -- Fiction.
North Carolina -- Fiction.
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Chapter One

BLACK MOUNTAIN, NORTH CAROLINA, 2:30 EDT

John Matherson lifted the plastic bag off the counter.

"You sure I have the right ones?" he asked.

Nancy, the owner of the shop, Ivy Corner, smiled. "Don't worry, John; she already had them picked out weeks ago. Give her a big hug and kiss for me. Hard to believe she's twelve today."

John sighed and nodded, looking down at the bag, stuffed with a dozen Beanie Babies, one for each year of Jennifer's life, which started twelve years ago this day.

"Hope she still wants these at thirteen," he said. "God save me when that first boy shows up at the door wanting to take her out."

The two laughed, Nancy nodding in agreement. He was already enduring that with Elizabeth, his sixteen-year-old, and perhaps for that, and so many other reasons as well, he just wished that he could preserve. could drag out. just for a few more days, weeks, or months the precious time all fathers remember fondly when they still had their "little girl."

It was a beautiful spring day, the cherry trees lining the street in full bloom, a light shower of pink petals drifting on the wind as he walked up the street, past Doc Kellor's office, the antique stores, the new, rather Gothic-looking art gallery that had opened last month, the usual curio shops, and even an old-style ice-cream parlor... at a dollar fifty a scoop. Next up the street was Benson's Used and Rare Books. John hesitated, wanted to go in just for a few minutes, then pulled out his cell phone to check the time.

Two thirty. Her bus would be rolling in at three, no time today to go in, have a cup of coffee, and talk about books and history. Walt Benson saw him, held up a cup, gesturing for John to join him. He shook his head, pointed to his wrist even though he never wore a watch, and continued to walk up to the corner to where
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Joshua Tallent
Director of Outreach and Education
joshua@firebrandtech.com
978-225-2757
www.firebrandtech.com
@jtallent  @firebrandtech