

ELIAS J. CONNOR
Sweetie Willow



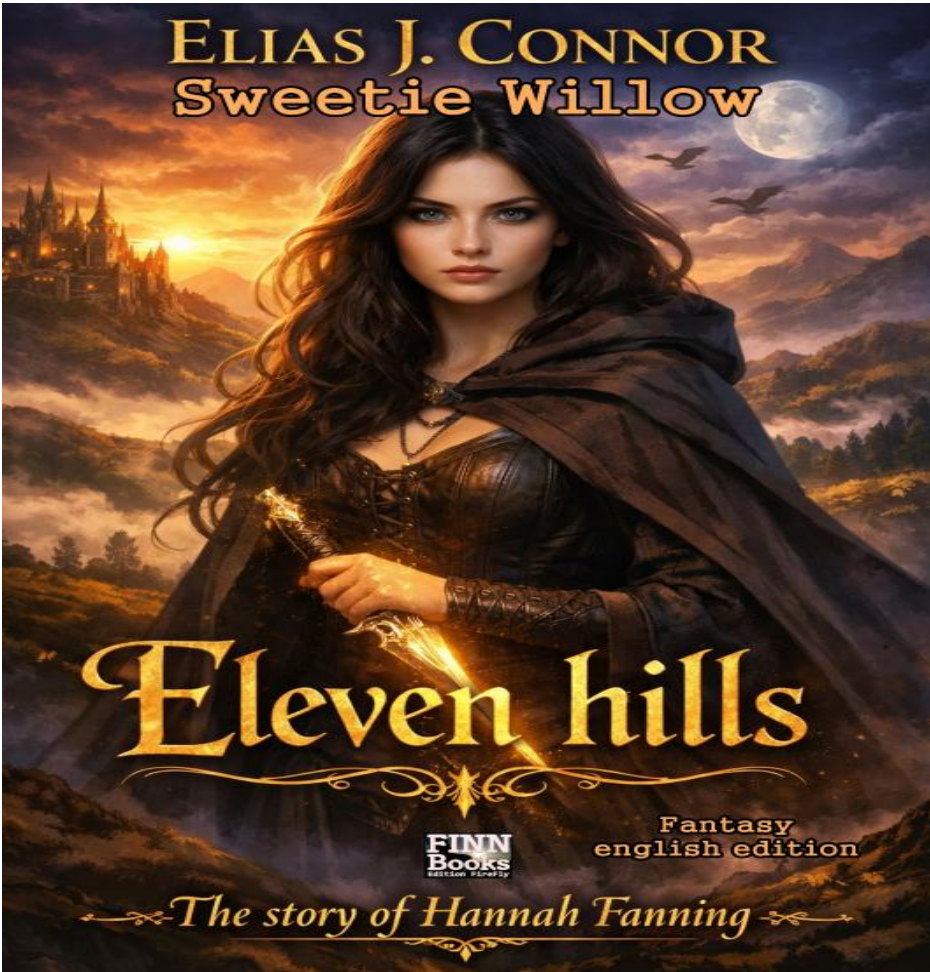
Eleven hills

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Fantasy
english edition

The story of Hannah Fanning

ELIAS J. CONNOR
Sweetie Willow



Eleven hills

FINN
Books
THE LITTLE FAIRY

Fantasy
english edition

The story of Hannah Fanning

Elias J. Connor

Eleven hills (english edition)

ELEVEN HILLS, the first book in THE STORY OF HANNAH FANNING series, is a dark fantasy tale about memory and identity, about love as both strength and weakness—and about the courage not to dominate a world, but to reimagine it.

Dedication

For my girlfriend.

Your dreams enrich my life.

Day after day, year after year.

I am happy to be by your side.

Elias

Impressum

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The books of the fantasy series THE STORY OF HANNAH FANNING

ELEVEN HILLS

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 1)

ELEVEN SEAS

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 2)

ELEVEN TEMPLES

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 3)

ELEVEN NIGHTS

(The story of Hannah Fanning - Book 4)

Chapter 1 - Arrival in Los Angeles

I get out of the car, and for a moment the world stands still—not the way it stands still when you take a picture, but so still that I can hear my own heartbeat, loud and steady, as if it were trying to tell me something important. Before me lies the UCLA campus, a network of sandstone, lawns, eucalyptus trees, staircases that rise into the air as if leading somewhere, somewhere you'll stay. Students stream by: a voice still laughing, a backpack that seems too big. Everything is new, everything is possible. I take a deep breath. The air smells of sun and cigarettes, of coffee and bubble gum, of a city that never truly sleeps.

My parents say things that sound like anchors. "Call when you arrive." "Take care, Hannah." They hug me longer than necessary; incisions meant to seal the bond. I smile because I don't want their eyes to get wet, and in that smile is a promise: I'll make it. Nineteen, college student, Los Angeles—it sounds like a paragraph in a novel I haven't written yet.

The first few days are a whirlwind of running around and lists. Orientation, registration, group photos that will already be yellowed after a semester. I store my nervousness in to-do lists and answer questions with the kind of self-assurance I haven't yet given myself. In lectures, I sit at the front because I'm afraid of getting lost if I sit further back. There, amidst the hundreds, I listen to

lectures on things I want to learn but don't immediately understand. The professors speak with an authoritative calm; their voices are like seagulls over the sea—familiar yet distant.

Between these hours, another routine develops: the library at night. The Powell Library is a temple of oak and lamplight; the sounds of the city are caught within it as if in a net. When most students disappear, the night owls, the workaholics, remain. I love these hours because everything is reduced: just paper, the glow of a lamp, and the monotonous turning of pages. Here, the world is easy to understand—or so I pretend.

It was on one of those evenings in the library that I truly saw him for the first time. Not just as a face in the crowd, but as something clinging to the edge of my perception, like noticing a piece of fabric hanging on the corner of a table.

He sits a few tables away, dressed in black, with a notebook in front of him so worn that the edges are softer than the paper. He doesn't seem to be trying to draw attention to himself. His posture is strangely alert, as if he were ready to get up or disappear at any moment. When he looks up, our eyes meet. It's not a friendly look, not a curious one; more like the fleeting pause of a bird before it glides back on its way.

I force myself not to stare. Even so, I discover I see him quite often—at the edge of a lecture hall, next to a vending machine with cold Coke, in the dim shadows of a corridor. Never close enough, never enough words. He doesn't speak; he observes. And yet there's something about him that haunts me. Later, when I check my messages and read

through the list of names I want to know, his doesn't stand out: Dawson. A name as unassuming as his demeanor.

The dreams begin like tiny scratches in the glass of my everyday life—barely perceptible at first. I don't take them seriously. A new city, new impressions, my mind quickly explains away images that have no place in a rational world. The first time, I'm standing on a hill, and mist rolls past my ankles like cold water. Above me, the sky is so low it threatens to drown my thoughts; it's filled with a single, great, cold light that isn't the sun, more like a star that doesn't shine but observes. It's beautiful and frightening at the same time. I wake up, my heart is racing, and I laugh because my mouth thinks it has to.

The dreams return.

At first, they are fragments: the hill, the line of mist, the coldness of the light. Then come voices, like truncated melodies, words without syntax. At one point, I think I hear my own name; at another, I think someone is standing beside me, so close that their breath touches my shoulder. Waking up is a sliding back into a world that suddenly feels lighter because the other world remains invisibly behind.

I don't tell anyone about it. It's embarrassing to have to explain that you have recurring dreams that don't seem to be just dreams. Besides, I don't think people would take it seriously. "You're tired," they'd say. Or, "Stress reaction." Maybe they'd be right. Maybe I want the explanation because it puts my mind at ease.

Yet something clings to the dreams like dew to a blade of grass: familiarity. Not the shallow familiarity one says about new places, but something profound, like the knowledge of a melody one hums in one's sleep because

one once heard it. When I look out the window in the morning and the campus lies bathed in golden light, I have the feeling that the memory is already within me, like a word etched into the skin, one that cannot be fully read.

Dawson remains silent. Sometimes he sits closer than chance would allow one to believe. In a seminar, the speaker is talking about communication theory; I'm taking notes, but my thoughts are elsewhere. When I lift my head, he's sitting there, a shadow at the side of the room, and for a split second I have the feeling he knows my dreams. It seems far-fetched, and yet there's this slight tug in my chest.

One evening, as rain washed the library's exterior and the lamps shone like flickering stars, I sat on the table with a cup of burnt coffee. The page of my script was damp with the mist pouring in through the door. Someone sat down opposite me without a word. I looked up—Dawson. He had opened his notebook, but wasn't showing any pages. He looked as if he had seen the library with a different aura, one that only he could perceive.

"You work late," I say, more as a statement than a question.

"Quiet is good for thinking," he replies softly. His voice is deeper than I expected, and the word "thinking" carries a weight, as if he weren't talking about lectures, but about something heavier.

"I call it survival," I reply and smile, but the smile remains superficial.

I don't tell him about the dreams. I don't know if I want to. Instead, I watch him close the notebook. On the cover is a drawn circle with eleven dots—like a star, only different.

"Can I ask where you're from?" I ask, because it's easier to talk about trivial things.

He shrugs almost imperceptibly. "Not far." It sounds distant, like a word that doesn't originate from a specific city. "And you?"

"San Diego." I add, "But that was years ago." An unnecessary detail that softens my voice.

"Are you happy here?"

His question touches me in a way that reaches a distant part of me. Happiness isn't the right word. I think of my parents, the expectations, the lists. I think of the dreams that gnaw at my soul.

"Sometimes," I say. "Most of the time it's rather... complicated."

He nods, as if confirming something that needs no words. "Complicated is honest." His eyes linger on my face for a moment too long, as if searching for a sign I'm not giving.

"Dawson," I say. "Why...?" I stop because I don't know how to finish the question.

"Why am I here so often?" he suggests. "Why am I observing?"

"Yes."

He exhales. "Maybe I'm interested in things that others overlook," he says simply. "Some people are more receptive to patterns."

"Pattern?" I grope for an anchor. "Pattern of what?"

He smiles without humor. "It's the way places breathe. The way they hold memories. Some places are like books that you close wrong - you don't read them, and yet a page remains open. Other places call out."

His gaze remains on me. "And sometimes," he adds, "they call the same person."

It's a characteristic of sentences that suddenly sound crucial, even though they might not be. I have to laugh to fight off the fear that grips my throat like a cold hand. "So I am a place?"

"Not just that," he says. "More like an echo."

I sleep poorly that night. The images become more vivid. I see hills that jut out from the mist like the backs of ancient giants; a star that shines like an eye; shadows that are not quite shadows. Once in my dream I run my hand over rough rock, and when I wake up my hand is white with something that looks like powder. I rub it, but it is only my own heart working within my skin.

The next day, I walk across campus, the sun low over the rooftops. I feel like I'm slowing down, as if the world is moving on beside me and I'm tuned into a different frequency. People are talking, phones are ringing, but everything seems distant, like coming from a room with walls that are too thick. I start noticing things I wouldn't have cared about before: the way moss grows on a wall, the small indentation on a step that, if you look closely, resembles a finger reaching for something.

In the cafeteria, I turn a corner and see him again - Dawson, in the queue, holding a lunchbox.

Our eyes meet, and he comes closer to say something. We line up next to each other as if the arrangement had been prearranged.

"I talked to you yesterday," he says suddenly.

"Yes," I reply, although I don't know whether he's making a reproach or an observation.

"I've been thinking," he says. "About what you're saying. About the dreams."

My heart skipped a beat. "You have...?" I tried to sound calm, but I couldn't bring myself to ask what he was thinking.

"Sometimes dreams aren't mistakes," he says slowly. "Sometimes they're memories the brain can't fully process. Sometimes they're signals."

"Signals of what?" I notice the words contracting, as if a hand were placed around them.

He looks at me, and now his gaze is resolute, as if he has decided to step closer, to speak something that has long lain dormant within him. "That there is another world that can reach people like us. That some people..." He makes a small, imprecise gesture with his hand. "...are sensitive to these cracks."

Suddenly, I don't know whether to laugh or cry. The possibility that he thinks I'm crazy is suddenly less frightening than the fact that he might actually be right. "You seem to know that," I say, hoping his reply will dry me off like a hairdryer.

“I know more than I’m allowed to say,” he replies. “Sometimes it’s hard to express things without them looking like stories.”

He walks away without me stopping him. I stand there a moment longer, holding my spoon, feeling the cold of the aluminum that pulls me back to the edge of reality. His face remains before my mind's eye, as if painted on glass.

The days pass, and the dreams don't become less frequent. They grow louder. I begin to see small patterns: a particular smell as the dream comes—burnt resin; a memory that returns fragmentarily: I'm holding something that looks like an amulet; someone calls my name, and the voice is familiar, as if it were my own. I wonder if I once had another life, or if my mind is playing tricks on me. Both feel equally possible.

One evening, as I unlocked the door to my dorm, my gaze lingered on the movement of the trees. They weren't swaying, but I had the feeling they were listening. I switched on the light, and for a moment the room was normal: my bed, a poster, an open book. Then, as if there were a weight on the air, I felt it again—the watching. Not physical, no shadow, no sound. More like a pressure, a gaze resting directly behind me, so close that I felt my shoulders slump beneath it.

I turn slowly around. Nobody. Only the reflection in the window, where the city lights glimmer like distant stars. I laugh because laughter is easier than fear. But the laughter sounds hollow to my ears. I draw the curtains, as if fabric could create some kind of barrier.

I lie down. The lamp's light casts a rectangle on the ceiling. I stare into it until my eyes grow heavy. The dreams don't

come immediately, but when they do, they are like floods crashing over a dike. This time the hill is closer; I can see the grain of a stone as if I had touched it yesterday. And in one part of the dream—so clear it makes my throat go dry—I hear a voice that is not my own thoughts, whispering my name with a tenderness that is both foreign and comforting. I lie still, absorbing the strange whispering without understanding the words.

When I wake, the morning sky above the rooftops is soft as wax paper. I sit upright, my heart racing. I don't know if I'm dreaming or awake. My thoughts are restless, like a swarm of insects. Something is different than the day before, a subtlety that makes my insides vibrate. Someone or something has noticed my presence—not abstractly, not as a statistic, but personally. And it doesn't seem to be entirely neutral. The feeling that settles over me like a cloak is neither purely threatening nor purely friendly; it is simply attentive.

I open the door, walk into the hallway, and on the way back to campus, I feel watched. Not by people, but by something else, smoother, sitting on the edge of perception. At the bus stop, I see people staring at their phones, a woman talking to a child, two men laughing loudly. All of this happens while I carry the weight of this observation like an extra layer of clothing.

In the afternoon I find Dawson in the library, in his usual seat. He barely looks up when I arrive, but when he sees me, there's a kind of anticipation in his face, as if he's waiting for a signal.

"You look tired," he says, and this time it's more of a statement than a question.

"It's me," I reply. I sit down opposite him. "I have the feeling I'm being watched."

His eyes narrowed. "It's not just you," he said. "There's something there that's seeking attention. Sometimes it's curious, sometimes... hungry."

"Hungry?" I repeat, almost laughing, because the word is so big, clunky, and unsuitable.

"Hungry is perhaps too strong a word," he says. "Let's say: attentive and expectant."

"Why me?" I ask, looking directly at him.

"Because you remember, more than you admit," he replies. "Because you... are something this world doesn't quite know yet."

I leave the burning question inside me unspoken: Do you know this something? Are you part of it? Instead, I say: "Why do you say that?"

He opens his notebook, shows me a blank page, draws a circle with a pencil, and places eleven dots inside - exactly the same drawing I saw on its cover. "Because I'm prepared for it," he says. "Not for everything, but for enough."

I see the dots, and something stirs within me, like an agreement. It's not clear knowledge, more of a pull. "What if I'm afraid?" I finally ask.

"Then tell me," he replies. "Fear is not something you have to carry alone."

His words are simple, but they sound like a promise, and I find that the promise makes me feel calmer. I smile weakly, and he smiles back, though his lips don't really warm.

In the evening, I go out into the cool air. The palm trees trace patterns in the sky, and the ever-present scent of the city hangs in the air. I stop and turn slowly. For a moment—or a minute, or an eternity, I no longer know—I have the sensation that something is breathing directly behind me. Not physical, not warm. A cold breath that makes the hairs on the back of my neck stand on end. I turn around. Nothing. Just the night, the trees, the diffuse light of the streetlamps.

I run up the stairs leading to the dorm, and suddenly the observation is so intense it feels like a second skin. I want to scream, want to wake someone, want to announce to the world that there's something here that needs attention. But the voice remains inside me, small as a spark afraid to be lit.

As I unlock the door and enter my room, I switch on the light. The lamp casts its dim rectangle across the desk, and on the shelf, a shadow seems to tremble, as if it were breathing. I gasp. "This is ridiculous," I mutter to myself, placing the keys on the table.

I sit on my bed and stare at the ceiling. The dreams had never given me a name, but suddenly everything I experience feels like preparation, as if something is lurking, waiting for my next move. Something that knows me. Something that is searching for me.

Out on campus, life continues as usual. Students laugh, couples share headphones, someone tosses a ball across the grass. And beneath this normal surface, something is

stirring, invisible like a river under ice. At this moment, I don't know whether to look forward to it or be afraid. I only know that the dreams remain, that Dawson isn't just a silent observer, and that—strange as it sounds—an echo within me answers when the star shines in the dream.

Sitting by the window, my mind racing with the star pendant, I listen to the faint whisper hanging at the edge of my awareness. Someone—or something—is watching me. It's not a final judgment, not even a clear threat. It's simply attention. And attention carries weight. I feel it like a pressure on my chest, as if the world is testing me to see if I'm ready.

Chapter 2 - The silent gaze

The seminar room empties faster than I expected. The last students gather their notes, laugh sheepishly at a question from the professor, and the afternoon sun makes the whiteboards gleam like small, cold moons. I close my laptop, gather my notes, and step out into the hallway, where voices flow past me like streams of water. My heart is still on topic—memory theory, signals, and noise—but my mind is already wandering. To many things that have nothing to do with the lectures.

Dawson is standing against the wall, half in shadow, his arms folded. He's wearing the same dark T-shirt I've seen him wear before, and that same calm posture that I still can't quite decipher.

When I notice him, my pulse races for a moment, as if it has its own agenda. I straighten up, hesitate - and then walk towards him, because I have the feeling that this encounter is not simply a coincidence.

"Hey," I say, and the greeting suddenly feels as ordinary as one hand grasping another.

He looks up, and when our eyes meet, there's that familiar pull I've felt so often before. His eyes are dark, but not empty; they have a serenity about them that is by no means indifferent.

"Hi," he replies curtly.

His voice is pleasantly quiet, so that I almost have to force myself to move closer in order to catch and understand every word.

"The presentation was... a lot," I manage to say. That's imprecise, but it's how I feel: a lot of input, a lot of weight, as if my mind were trying to sort things that haven't yet found their shelves.

"A lot is a good start," he says, a hint of irony creeping into his voice. "Or a problem, depending on which side you're on."

We walk down the stairs, him at my pace, as if our footsteps were synchronized. For a moment, everything seems to move in slow motion—the squeak of a shoe on a step, the click of a door, the distant beep of a bicycle. I'm aware of how many times I've seen him before. Too many times to be entirely coincidental.

"You were at the seminar yesterday too, weren't you?" I ask, half curious, half polite.

He nods. "Sometimes I go to such events. You hear things that are missing elsewhere."

"How...?" I feel for a bridge, an opener.

He smiles, briefly, almost imperceptibly. "Like legends." His voice lowers. "Old stories that people tell when they can't find peace."

"Legends?" I have to laugh, even though part of me doesn't want to. In my world, legends are texts in books, assignments in mythology seminars, or—well on their way—forgotten. "Do you mean the kind of legends you hear in the pub? Or the ones on old parchments?"

“Both,” he says calmly. “And something else as well. There are stories that have no beginning and no end because they are neither invented nor experienced. They are more... existing. Sometimes they are called legends; others call them memories of places themselves.”

I stop. “Memories of places?”

“Yes.” He looks at me, and in his gaze there is now something that contains not only curiosity, but also an invitation. “Some places hold onto things. They collect them like dust. And when someone comes along who has the right resonance, they give some of it back.”

The words sound poetic, but not ineffective. It's as if he shares a kind of vocabulary with me, one that is foreign yet strangely familiar. My memory brushes against these words, groping: dust, places, resonance. My heart makes a small click, a mechanical sound, as if a puzzle piece is finding its place.

“Aren't there things like this in old fairy tales?” I ask. “Fairies, guardians, houses that live?”

“Fairy tales are often not as far from the truth as many people think,” he says. “They are simply human attempts to make something unspeakable understandable through language.”

We're standing next to a notice board with course announcements; the sun's rays cast sharp angles, dividing us in half. A thin film of dust clings to his jacket, like from an old book. A small detail that my brain immediately registers.

“And what does that have to do with you?” I ask before I take it back, because the question is honest - and perhaps

too direct.

Dawson doesn't flinch. "I like to collect stories," he says. "Not to possess them, but to understand them. Why are they there? What are they holding? Why are they singing?"

"Sing?"

"Some places sing," he says. "Not with voices as we know them. They sing with what they are holding. You just have to listen closely."

His words are strangely concrete; they have a weight to them and tug at a thread within me. I feel something opening: an image from one of my dreams, growing larger if I look at it long enough. A dark cupboard. An old mirror, with a frame whose pattern I think I recognize in my hands, even though no one has ever told me about it. The memory flickers within me like embers.

"I had a dream like that," I say quietly, like a confession. "A mirror. In a closet. Dark. Not... normal."

His face changes in such subtle gradations that at first I think it's just a play of light. But then something flickers: relief? worry? A shadow of both. It's not loud, not dramatic – just a flicker, like when you tune an old radio and a different program briefly appears.

"Describe him," he asks.

I close my eyes. The images curl up, as if I had been keeping them in several baskets. "The wardrobe is old, made of dark wood. The door is heavy, as if it were holding something, not just clothes. Inside it's even darker, almost damp. And in the middle is a mirror that... isn't from here.

It doesn't just reflect light. It reflects depth, as if a different air could be seen through it, a different density."

He listens to me without interrupting. When I finish, his expression remains serious, thoughtful. He runs his thumb along the edge of his phone, not because he wants to use it, but as if the movement calms something inside him.

"And you feel there...?" He phrases the question slowly, choosing his words as if they were delicate.

"Familiar," I answer candidly. "Like I've stood there before. But I know that's impossible. I'm nineteen. I've spent my whole life in a world that doesn't feel like this. But..." I struggle for the right word. "It's like my soul recognizes an old boot. Like a part of me is saying: You've been here before."

Dawson remains silent. For a moment I think he's silent because he doesn't want to say anything, which I regret. Then he exhales, and it's an audible sound, as if he's letting go of something that has been waiting inside him for a long time.

"You remember," he says. It's more of a statement than a question.

"Remember? But I don't have any..." I'm starting to feel uncertain. "I mean, how?"

"There are things you can't measure in years of life," he explains. "Some memories aren't tied to the brain, but to resonances. To places, to crystal patterns, to..." He runs his hand over his forehead as if wiping away a complicated word. "To connections. Not everyone feels them. Not everyone can read them."

"And you can?" The question slips out, despite the faint echo in my stomach.

He looks at me, and for a tiny, piercing moment, his reserve vanishes. There's something underneath: a kind of genuine fear, or perhaps simple suffering. "More than I'd like," he finally replies. "Sometimes more than I'm allowed to admit."

We continue walking in silence, two bodies moving in the same direction, the chill of a late afternoon settling like a thin hand on the back of my neck. Above us, windows shrink into eyes; below, the campus murmurs its daily litany. I want to ask questions I can't. I want him to explain everything to me, and at the same time, I sense that some things aren't like words, something you can simply exchange.

"Why are you telling me this?" I ask when the silence becomes too long.

He stops for a moment, turns to me, and looks me straight in the eyes. "Because you feel it," he says. "Because you react. And because... because I think you should know that not everything you think is just for you."

His answer is ambiguous, but it contains a warm clarity that shines at the edges. I nod, more to signal my trust in him than because I understand everything.

"There are legends of in-between worlds," he continues, as if his lips had flipped a switch, "places that are neither quite here nor quite there. Some call them loops, some fissures, some call them by names so old that your tongue breaks when you say them. For some they are dangerous; for others they are home."

“Naytnal,” I whisper, without knowing where the word comes from. It comes to me like a piece that was previously suspended in the air and now finally falls to the ground.

Dawson looks up, and in his eyes I see that shallow terror again, then a state I now know: a shadow, half relief, half worry.

“Naytnal,” he repeats, and the word tastes like iron in the air. “An old name. Not many pronounce it. Not many hear it with ears that don’t weep.”

“How do you know that?” I ask, perhaps too directly, but my curiosity is burning inside me. My stomach churns at this burning question.

“I’ve been reading,” he says with a shrug, as if that were the easiest excuse in the world. “Not just in books. Texts, maps, fragmentary notes. Sometimes I find clues in torn pages in antiquarian bookshops, sometimes in manuscripts that nobody wants to organize anymore.”

He opens his notebook, the one I've seen before—the one with the circle and the eleven dots. Today the page is freshly written, full of small, schematic sketches, texts in handwriting that seems small, sharp, and determined. I lean forward, even though I know he doesn't intend to show everything. But his hand only strokes one sketch, as if marking it for me. It's indistinct, but something about it draws me in.

“This is not a game,” he says quietly. “And it’s not a fairy tale to be read aloud by the fire. It’s dangerous if you don’t understand it. It’s seductive if you don’t master it.”

“Why should I care?” I ask, because the possibility that my whole life - my faculty, my lectures, my parents - is linked

to something older, deeper suddenly seems so real that I waver.

“Because you remember,” he replies without hesitation. “Because you react. And because something is calling to you that isn’t necessarily good at first glance.”

His gaze is serious, and as I fix my eyes on him, a cold river runs through me. Remember – call – not good. The words settle like frost over the campus sun.

"Has it ever told you that it's not good?" I ask, silently, half asking, half seeking confirmation for myself.

“No,” he replies. “It never spoke directly. More of a tone. A pressure. A pulling of things when you go in the wrong direction for too long. And things that you don’t recognize in time can... turn around.”

I feel like my breaths are coming too fast.

"Turn? How?"

“They can see you and reshape you,” he says, without becoming melodramatic. “They have patterns that people don’t easily understand. Some take, others lend. Some give, some demand. And some maintain a balance that isn’t made for us.”

The words paint pictures in my mind, not clearly, but like watercolors that blur as soon as I blink. A closet, a mirror, a quiet room, a world that might exist, that might already know me. I want to believe he's wrong, that they're just metaphors used in seminars to explain complex theories. But I have the image of the mirror. And Dawson is looking at me as if he's reading the same map.

I sit by the window, the trailer in my hand, and I know: It's not an end. It's a threshold.

And I'll stay awake.

About the author Elias J. Connor

Elias J. Connor is an author in the genres of fantasy, drama, social drama and thriller, and occasionally also in other genres such as children's and young adult literature and non-fiction.

Elias began writing at a very young age; first short stories, later complete stories. But he did this only in secret.

As a young adult, the Frankfurt native settled in the Erft district near Cologne and, after a failed apprenticeship as an office clerk, began studying social work in Düsseldorf in the mid-1990s, specializing in psychology, literature, theater, and media education.

In 2013, a close confidante suggested he make his work available to the public. His first novel was subsequently published in 2014.

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We also host readings from novels by author Elias J. Connor.

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Elias J. Connor initially published the fantasy trilogy THE NAYTNAL CHRONICLES, a story that was actually his debut novel. Other novels in this genre followed, but he increasingly gravitated towards unconventional, challenging, and dramatic literature, far removed from the mainstream.

"I really enjoy writing fantasy. But drama and social drama challenge me the most as an author because they are stories from life that many don't want to see. Stories about marginalized groups, people with terrible, difficult experiences and life paths. Many of these stories are based on true events."

The drama BENJAMIN, which Elias began writing in 2016, is his autobiographical story and also the work that is closest to his heart. In this novel, he describes the life of recovering alcoholic Benjamin Foster.

However, he remains loyal to fantasy literature.

Since 2020, his dear girlfriend and co-author Sweetie Willow (stage name) has supported him in numerous book projects.

Elias J. Connor Homepage:

<https://eliasjconnor.wordpress.com/>

Elias J. Connor is also a musician in the genres of Pop/Hiphop/RnB:

<https://open.spotify.com/intl-de/artist/4cgWjOVUOX6fcaFgmeUIOS>

<https://elasticstage.com/eliasjconnor>

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