

Dialogue





AS YOU KNOW,
BOB . . .

A close-up photograph of a small, fluffy orange and white tabby kitten. The kitten is standing on a dark blue, textured surface, possibly a car's body panel. Its mouth is wide open in a meow, showing its pink tongue and small teeth. Its eyes are wide and blue, and its whiskers are prominent. The background is dark and out of focus.

**We talk because we want
something**

Study argument styles





**Skip the
pleasantries**



Subtext





Pick a real person



He said / She said





MAIL ORDER BRIDES OF CRAKAIR 3

JORG

A SCI-FI ALIEN ROMANCE

AVA ROSS

Skip The Pleasantries



Jorg slid onto the bar stool next to the beautiful blue-skinned Rotitian. The women of planet Rotan were as beautiful as he'd heard.

"Hi," he said. "I'm Jorg."

"Hi," she said. "I'm Voleen. How are you?"

"Fine," Jorg said. "Come here often?"

Study argument styles



Jorg liked Voleen's look. She was wearing a black leather bodysuit that really showed off her three long legs.

"I go for women like you," he said.

Voleen batted her lash. It was a long band of black leather, and she wore it coiled at her hip. "I like you too," she said.

Subtext



Jorg wondered if Voleen was seeing somebody. A woman who looked like her, with such a magnetic personality—it was possible that she had a special alien in her life.

“So,” he asked, “you seeing anybody?”

She tilted her head coyly. “Nope.”

He said / She said



“My friend Vork taught me a lot about green beans,” Jorg said. “I’m even growing some at home, if you’d like to come over and take a look.”

“Thanks, but no,” Voleen said. “We just met.”