



# NICOLLE CAPUTA

Author & Editor Portfolio

# Biography



My name is Nicole Caputa and I am a graduate from the University of Colorado, Boulder with a Bachelor's in English. I have worked on both publishing my own novels, as well as social media marketing and website design for my brand, Always Fiction through [alwaysfiction.com](https://www.alwaysfiction.com). I have a passion for writing and editing and have achieved much in these areas through my past work experiences.

I have been working on growing my writing through self-publishing and freelance editing while maintaining a creative writing website. I have learned much about website managing as well as marketing and SEO for my own novels and short stories. I have always had a passion for writing and editing and aspire to turn these passions and skills into a career I love.



# Always Fiction

[www.alwaysfiction.com](http://www.alwaysfiction.com)

Always Fiction was created as an author website where I could display my works of writing including short stories, poetry, blog posts, and published novels.



The screenshot shows the website's navigation menu with options for Home, Novels, Short Stories, and More. A search bar is located in the top right corner. The main banner features the Always Fiction logo and the tagline "JUST KEEP WRITING" over a background image of a lit candle and an open book. A call-to-action button reads "BUY NICOLLE'S NOVEL HERE!". Below the banner, the "Novels" section is displayed, featuring a book cover for "Disturbing Peace" by Nicolle Caputa, published on April 17, 2020. The book description states: "In the time of 2080, a time of peace that has become dangerous, The Leaders push to ensure the ultimate safety o...". The page shows 43 views for this novel. A "Subscribe!" form is also visible, with the text "Never miss new content" and an email input field, followed by a "Subscribe Now" button.

# Writing Examples

## Novels (4+)

<https://www.alwaysfiction.com/novels>

-Disturbing Peace: Book One

<https://www.lulu.com/shop/nicolle-caputa/disturbing-peace/paperback/product-yqp757.html?page=1&pageSize=4>

-Disturbing Peace: Ebook

<https://www.lulu.com/shop/nicolle-caputa/disturbing-peace/ebook/product-pw6wpk.html?page=1&pageSize=4>

-Disrupting Chaos: Book Two

<https://www.lulu.com/shop/nicolle-caputa/disrupting-chaos/paperback/product-y2pnm2.html?q=&page=1&pageSize=4>

-Columbine Meadows: Book One (In editing/publication phase of production)

## Short Stories (8+)

<https://www.alwaysfiction.com/short-stories>

-The Jump

-Pumpkin's Truth

-Holly

-Cataclysm (3 Parts)

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## Blog Posts (28+)

<https://www.alwaysfiction.com/blog>

-Unintentional Breaks

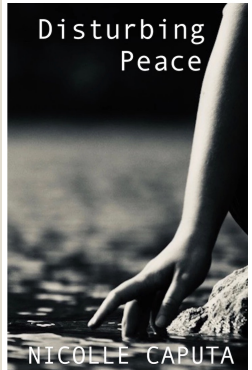
-Need Your Fiction Edited?

-Day-Dreaming of Dream Work

-Disturbing Peace: The Series

-The Secret is Out!

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# Disturbing Peace: Book One

A few pages...

## Chapter One

You never really think about death until it pierces you in the gut. And once that happens, the thought will never leave you.

I spend too much time thinking about blood seeping onto the concrete. Pouring out of the car door and mixing with shattered glass and gravel. I can't see an accident on the side of the road without feeling like candles are burning through my stomach. But, it's how I cope. Being so blunt with it all.

The woman opposite of the couch I sit on wears a charcoal gray suit. So prim and proper.

"Poppy, did you hear me?" She clears her throat.

I shake my head, keeping my eyes fixed on the runaway string dangling from my sweater.

"I'll repeat the question. Answer honestly for me. Okay?"

"Fine," I say.

"Are you disturbed by the images you saw on the scene?" She readies her pen on the tablet.

Am I disturbed? Isn't that for her to figure out? "No," I say.

"So the images you saw don't bother you?" "No. Seeing my brother dangling out of his car, seized in blood, and dusted in glass does not bother me. My brain will eventually forget seeing his mutilated face. The bone crawling out of his cheeks. The bruises not even getting a chance to form," I say out loud.

I think she might throw up. Her face is like a fresh piece of paper. Her eyebrows mask her disgust and muster up the courage to show some sympathy. Sympathy. It's what everyone has been showing me lately. They say, 'I'm sorry for your loss.' Well I'm just so glad they are sorry for something they didn't do.

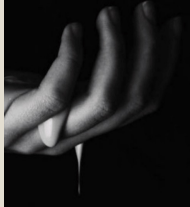
She gargles down her nasty saliva in a clogged motion through her brittle throat.

"Do you blame yourself?"

I look at her, not daring to lift my gaze. What does she want me to say? What she wants is relief for herself. So she can go home to her nasty, cat infested studio apartment and feel like she helped someone today. So when she sits down on her perfect couch and sips her tap water, she'll find peace. I won't give her that.

I respond, "Yes. I blame myself."

Disrupting  
Chaos



NICOLLE CAPUTA

## Chapter One

# Disrupting Chaos: Book Two

A few pages...

The sun paints a golden arch across the field of wheat. Giving each bushel its own spotlight. My hands graze along the top of the fuzzy, golden sea. Soft and scratchy against my palm. The golden field matching my soft, yellow ribbon tied around my hair; the gift from Mom I never let go of. Rian glides along beside me as we make our way back to the road. Dad and Mom wait for us, leaning against the rusted, blue truck. They smile at each other like nothing could be better in the world. As Rian and I pile into the back seat, the loose strands of wheat stick to our jeans and leave their mark on the seats. But we don't care. We roll down the windows and let every trouble pour out like tiny tornados against the wind in our hair. We drive away into a tunnel of black like the ending of a cartoon until all that is left of that perfect, golden day is matte, black darkness.

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I blink shyly. I am no longer in the back of that black van. Perhaps I've moved on to a life after this awful world. It's white enough for me to believe it. And warm enough. But I blink again, letting my eyes adjust against the blazing white lights glaring into me. The walls are white, the floor is white, I'm wearing a white, scratchy, cotton robe of sorts. A gown. A hospital gown. I'm in no hospital bed though. I'm on the floor. A white, padded floor.

I let my palms press into the ground under me for a moment before attempting to stand. But my legs are like noodles and force me back down. Luckily, the floor is like a pillow, otherwise my tailbone would be aching from that fall. My knees ache like they've been cranked backwards for weeks and my stomach is an empty shell. My hands instinctively go straight over my abdomen, trying to suppress the angry growls. You'd think if they were going to lock me up to die they'd choose a faster and easier method than starving me to death. Since I'm unable to stand with all my strength, I crawl over on hands and knees to the wall in front of me. My knees cry out but I continue to the wall. I feel along it for any crease or sign of a door. Not that I think it'll magically open with my touch but I at least want to know where the exit would be. There's nothing, though. Flat all the way along from corner to corner in all four of the walls.

The floor is solid as well. The white lights against the disgustingly clean, white floor and ceiling make me nauseous. I close my eyes and breathe slowly. I didn't expect to still be able to feel my breath at this point. Or anything for that matter. And who knows if my breath is actually real. Feels real enough. As do the bruises throughout my body. I keep my eyes shut, knowing if I open them in this tiny box, I might tarnish the perfectly white padding with my stomach insides; if there's anything left in there, that is. But closing my eyes is almost worst. For then I instantly see Dad, Lele, and Cane all struggling towards me through the snow. I see Rian on that cement the day I lost him. I feel Cane's breath against my neck as he holds me on the back porch. I feel his warmth against me... I open my eyes violently and push my hands against a wall, trying to stand again.

Despite it feeling impossible, I put most of my weight on the wall, barely a stand, but at least my legs are up and down. It feels alien. Like my knees are meant to stay bent forever and I'm unnaturally stretching them out. But I stand there, with full support of the wall, and just wait. I don't know for what, but I do. My eyes start to get heavy against the padding and I feel as though I might fall to the floor and pass out for the next day or so until I die of starvation. That's when the entire wall to my left slides away. The brightness that it reveals is somehow beyond that of the glowing room I am in. I back away from it even though it's all I could imagine in the time since I woke in my prison.

But the brightness dims as a figure appears in the doorway. Instinctively, I back away, scooting on the ground until my back hits the other end of the padded room. I'm not scared. What else could they do to me? They already took me away from my family. I try not to think of what happened to them after the Officers took me away. The figure that appears once my eyes focus is familiar. Ellis—one of The Leaders—a master of me and my mistakes apparently.

"Miss Rivers. It was only a matter of time before you were removed from society. And I believe you know this yourself," he says coolly.

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## The Jump

Nicolle Caputa

A FREE  
short  
story!

[alwaysfiction.com](http://alwaysfiction.com)

## The Jump

I got a job as a stablehand when I was just 12 years old. My mother's coworker, Megan Morris, allowed me to clean out the stalls and feed the horses in exchange for riding lessons. From the time I was small, all I can remember is wanting to climb on every horse I saw. We'd pass a field of beautiful animals on the way to school and you could always expect me to say, "Horses!" But, it was the colorful ones I was most fond of; the paints and appaloosas... I knew getting attached to horses I took care of was just part of it, but I never thought it'd lead to where it did...

Starlight was a princess in her mother's eyes and a hunk of meat in her father's. Of course her mother, Quin Asher, never wanted to ride her or even run a brush through her mane with those white, leather gloves of hers—she just wanted me to; and Quin's husband wanted that also.

"She'll buck you off and crack your neck," he'd say.

Although, I knew Starlight would never buck anyone, not on purpose anyway. Starlight was a dream horse—completely gentle and a jumping star; a leopard appaloosa mare. Her soft, amber eyes said it all. She wasn't my only beauty to take care of, but she was my favorite—and they knew it.

I was mucking out the stall of naughty quarter horse on that Tuesday afternoon. Grinch, the sneaky, little brown gelding was munching on his grain while eyeing me in the corner of his stall. Feeding him was the only way to get into his stall without having a complete meltdown. Took me a while to figure that one out but a few bruises later served my lesson.

"Alright, Mr. Grinch, just one more corner and I'll be out of your home for now," I told him.

His eyes were wide, showing all white around those big, brown circles. It would be much easier to lead him to a pen to run while I cleaned, but his owners insisted on keeping him in this little box due to his temperament. I figured it better this way so I wouldn't have to draw him back in, but my heart broke every time I saw his somber eyes as I passed by. But, I didn't get paid to love the animals, just keep them alive, according to some owners; a rule I never truly followed. Megan, being a fellow horse lover, always allowed me the time and space to make this happen.

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## Pumpkin's Truth

a FREE short story

By Nicolle Caputa

[www.alwaysfiction.com](http://www.alwaysfiction.com)

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## Pumpkin's Truth

The pumpkin plants were only just starting to bloom when she was made. The yellow was as bright as ever, glowing like a sunflower. The farmer stuffed her trousers first. An orange corduroy allowed for strength as the straw was stuffed in. Not as strong as denim, however, it was what the farmer's wife at the market last week so it would have to do. The farmer wiped his brow, putting his hands on his hips. He took a moment to reflect his work, half-finished. He threw his leather gloves back on and began buttoning up the cream and yellow flannel for stuffing as well.

"The sun's comin' down, missy. We betta finish what we started!" he told his work. The thick cockney accent came from his mother who'd grown up in the rainy back streets of London fog. From building to building they moved as each one was scheduled for demolition.

Once the boy was old enough to become a farmer, he settled to the country fields. Married a nice lady who promised to take care of him. And take good care of him she did indeed. Rounding the corner of retirement, it was nearly time for their daughter to take over the farm and the work along with it. As much as he loved his daughter, he knew she wouldn't take the care to shoo the crows herself everyday for she wouldn't be out in these fields every minute of everyday like her father. And the time that he did have left in the fields would not warrant him those constant visits much longer. Not with those knees. The fields didn't need this much attention, but the crows did. It was his wife's idea to build a scarecrow.

"I don' want ta scare 'em!" he had told her at the time.

"But they're eatin' ever' last row o' corn!" his wife insisted.

"Only the ruddy ones!"

He loved his crows. But he also loved his fields. And they were his way of living. He had no choice but to say goodbye to the birds... As he continued building the scarecrow in front of him he nodded. With some final stitching in the smile he snipped the thread off and took a step back.

"Right then, ya look bonny! Keep 'em crows away, now. "

The farmer collected his work and moved back to the barn with his armful of straw and hands of buttons. The scarecrow stood in the sun, shooing the crows with every swoop of their wings towards her. And the farmer visited her everyday. Made sure her buttons were sewn on tight and her straw was keeping inside. She was doing her job well and both the farmer and his wife were quite pleased.

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# Blog Posts

## Unintentional Breaks

It's been a while... Have I still been writing? Yes. Have I been writing as much as I'd like to? No. Have I gained the progress with my sequel that I've wanted to? No... The truth is, I've been working like a crazy person; working on my full-time job that is all non-fiction. I've been acting like all this time I've been passionate about my book and working on finishing it all the time. But, it's time to be honest and the truth is that I just haven't given it as much time as I should or as I'd like to. And I'm sorry for that... It's time for me to get back in the writing game; to write until my fingertips hurt and my eyes are sore. I know it's my passion and my love so why wouldn't I? The truth is I want to write more for myself and those that read my words of passion, but I also want to finish telling Poppy's story; I want to do it for her. And if I can't even finish my character's stories for them, then what kind of author am I?

I've been focussing a lot on my journal and other stories to read and gain insight from. For example, I've been reading through the *Outlander* series by Diana Gabalodon which has helped me with my historical fiction romance fix. And I've also been reading, *I'll Be Your Blue Sky* by Marisa de los Santos. But reading isn't writing and in order for me to write more, I have to write more! I know, shocking. But it's what I've been lying to myself about. I've been telling myself that if I think about writing then I still am...what a joke. Yes, I've been working a lot. No, that can't be any excuse.

So, this is my promise to myself to finish editing *Disrupting Chaos* and get it into the world. This is my promise to rediscover myself after a big move into my dream house. Moving is over, I have no more excuses. We are settled and I'm going to settle myself on the couch in front of my fireplace and write!

## Need your fiction edited?

Do you need a work of fiction professionally edited? I'm currently doing some freelance editing work for single or series short stories and novels! With my personal writing, educational, and professional literary editing through Literary Wanderlust, I will edit your works for grammar and developmental corrections. Whether you're self-publishing or submitting to agencies/publishers, I will help you develop your work on a professional level! Check me out of Fiverr!

## The path of a Human Being

I am in the process of rejection. Of submitting my work in order to follow my dreams and make them a reality. When I started this process I of course knew I would get more rejection than not. I must keep on pushing on and not lose hope. I suppose that is just the path of a writer. The path of a human being.

# Editing Examples

He ran across the field at a breakneck pace. His legs were for sprinting, but he was no match for her bullets. He made it to the next boulder before she could get a good bead on him.

“Hey! The time for forgiveness is gone. Just come on out and let’s get this over with. I promise I’ll make it quick,” she said, throwing away any semblance of covert.

Colleen peered out from behind the tree as he stared back with cold unfeeling eyes. Obviously lacking any shred of soul. She placed her weapon on the ground beside her before shoving a frozen hand into her tiny pocket, blindly searching for ammo.

“Why are women’s pocket’s so handicapping?” she thought, “I need more room for ammo.”

She loaded up the revolver without daring to take her eyes off of her target. Nimble fingers shoved rounds into the slots and without breaking concentration, she flipped the barrel into place with a *click*. Her heart raced in her chest; her blood pounded in her ears with every pulse.

Colleen raised her gun, aiming the barrel at him and cocking the hammer back, ready for the kill. Her arm was steady, and her finger were ready to squeeze the trigger. A well-placed shot would be all it would take to wound, and a perfect one would end him. She took a deep breath and squeezed.

Another loud *crack* escaped the gun as the round sliced through the air. The sound rang in her ears as she watched

his body go rigid. His face was frozen in fear as blood spilled from the perfectly hollowed hole in his head. She watched as his body fell lifelessly to the ground out of view.

The slyest of smile spread across her face. She nearly let out an audible cheer. Instead, she whispered, “I got you. You won’t ever be able to do that again.”

Colleen placed everything back in her pockets and moved forward slowly, maintaining caution. “He could be faking it, but I doubt the punk is that smart.” She took a few steps forward. “You can never be too careful,” she said.

He had repeatedly stolen her breakfast and other supplies, each time getting more brazen in his attempts.

“Looks like you ate everything, or dropped it running like a scared little coward. These things don’t grow on trees, you know. Well, they do, but that’s beside the point.”

Colleen felt a bit embarrassed now, trash-talking a corpse and all. His body laid at her feet, his chest was motionless, and his muscles were still. She kicked him with her foot, “Yup, he’s dead alright.” No matter how hard she tried, she couldn’t muster any sympathy towards the thing and instead, kicked dirt on top of him out of spite.

“Well, I don’t have to worry about looking over my shoulder when I eat now,” she boasted.

“Are you trash-talking our dinner, Colleen? Is that neces-

sary? You know it can't hear you," her mother, Nora called out from behind her.

"That's an inconsequential matter, Mother. He stole my dinner, and now he is dinner."

"Quit using big words like *inconsequential* when you are mad." She raised her hands in quotation marks.

"Says the person who taught me those words."

"That's beside the point," Nora quipped

"He doesn't have any meat on him. He's a tiny guy. Well, I say guy, but I haven't looked under its skirt."

"Grab him, and let's go before something else runs off with our trophy kill."

"I hope it's at least tender."

Colleen reached down to pick him up, pausing. "Do they bite?"

"No," Nora said tersely. "It's a prairie dog."

Most people would agree that if any place would be prepared for a nearly world-ending apocalypse, it would be Texas. Well, Texas, as it's pictured in the yellowing and faded rand McNally maps, that is. Those borders now seem a bit less vital. There were enough guns in the state that everybody could stand to lose a few and still be heavily armed and

ready for battle. Where else could someone trade a hollow point cartridge or birdshot for a bit of rabbit jerky and feel like they came out on the better end of the deal?

Most people didn't remember The Shifting since a majority of the world's population mysteriously died off in a matter of weeks. The only souls to survive were the preppers and the people who lived underground. The phenomenon was christened by The Shifting because the world had quickly shifted from human inhabitants back to more a simple form of life.

Colleen Blakey wasn't around when it happened, but her mom had been. When she was younger, her mom would tell her stories of the world before. Even though it seemed unreal, it left a poetic image embedded in her brain.

Death seemed to have come up from the ground and swallowed the souls of the living. Everything green, along with all human and animal life, ceased to exist in a matter of days. Years after The Shifting, the world remained unlivable. The sun couldn't pierce the dark clouds that covered every inch of the sky.

Then, five years later, the world began to heal itself. The clouds cleared, and the weather returned to normal. The humans that hadn't perished came out of their rabbit holes and bunkers. With the veil gone from the sun, life boomed. First came algae, then moss and fungi, and finally the in-

I see myself running to the barn, backpack hopping on behind me. I was in high school. I see myself putting the bag on the ground and opening up a stall. Leaving my school work behind and going away to my happy place. I don't even grab a saddle, just hop on and trot out to the paddock. But the gaits disappear and I see myself as I am now:- Twenty-five years old. I squeeze Ridley to a gallop and let my long hair turn golden in the sundown. We run beyond the farm and into a wide open plain. Yellow daisies fill the field and Ridley moves in slow motion. I work with him, pushing forward into the golden light.

\* \* \*

I remember going around the last barrel just before hearing the snap. It was more of a crack and echoed screams from both Ridley and the crowd. I got knock to the ground and Ridley came down on me. I couldn't breathe from his full mass on my entire body. And I couldn't see because of his mane draped over my face. I tried to push and push. Get him up off of me,- bBut it was no use. That crack was his leg and the warmth seeping into the dirt was his blood. He couldn't get up if he tried with all his might. I remember the rush of people coming onto the arenas.

I remember a man bending over me and looking at my face with horror. He held my head in his hand and pushed Ridley's body like hell. I know now that man was Will, my husband. It had been the one time I saw him cry besides on our wedding day. And even then he was holding it back with a smile. Bbut that day of the accident, he cried with pain.

And I just looked up at him with a blank stare. I felt bad for him but I felt good. The pain was gone,-and I was relaxing,- aAnd I was okay with it.

# Customer Reviews

reviews for this seller ★ 5 (13)

Most recent



Seller communication level

★ 5

Recommend to a friend

★ 5

Service as described

★ 5



**writer2know** ★ 5

United States

Always on time

Published 1 year ago



**themotivator8** ★ 5

Australia

Nicolle was extremely helpful in fulfilling a request that was a little different from her usual gig's. I found her to be prompt and professional and would recommend her to anyone, Shane Hunt, Personal Motivator

Published 1 year ago



**bgtds123** ★ 5

United States

I thought the entire experience was positive.

Published 2 years ago



**writer2know** ★ 5

United States

she is really great to work with.

Published 2 years ago



**writer2know** ★ 5

United States

It is always a pleasure working with her. I will use her service again.

Published 2 years ago



**writer2know** ★ 5

United States

The seller was easy to work with. The seller delivered on time. I will work with the seller again.

Published 2 years ago



**thembones2015** ★ 5

United States

A true pleasure to work with!!! Amazing Work!!!!

Published 2 years ago



**rosellehermosur** ★ 5

 United States

I would definitely use her again for creative writing. Very pleased

Published 2 years ago



**valante** ★ 5

 Israel

Alwaysfiction rose up to the challenge of an extremely tight deadline and was a huge help. Thank you!

Published 2 years ago



**clumymachine** ★ 5

 United States

Quick delivery and great work. Communication was top notch!

Published 2 years ago



**clumymachine** ★ 5

 United States

The seller was easy to work with and open to communication throughout the entire process. She produced results, and the value was unparalleled. I would love to work with them again.

Published 2 years ago



**djchillyt** ★ 5

 United States

Amazing seller delivered early and gave exceptional advise and edits.

Published 2 years ago



**gibrand** ★ 5

 United States

AlwaysFiction is absolutely incredible. I loved her attention to detail and honest thoughts on my novel. Even though I don't know AlwaysFiction personally, I felt like I did after reading her notes. We are both on the same wavelength in this project. She's super professional yet very personable. I will be coming back for more editing services very soon! She's a rare gem--very thankful to have found her! I'm so happy with her work. I hope to meet her one day. God bless you!

Published 2 years ago

# Contact Information

Thank you for your time and consideration in the view of my work, skills, and passions. If you have any questions or would like to contact me further, please feel free to do so.

Thank you, again,

Nicolle Caputa

(303) 501 3089

alwaysfictionco@gmail.com

Website: <https://www.alwaysfiction.com/>

Fiverr profile: [https://www.fiverr.com/alwaysfiction?up\\_rollout=true](https://www.fiverr.com/alwaysfiction?up_rollout=true)

Instagram: @always\_fiction