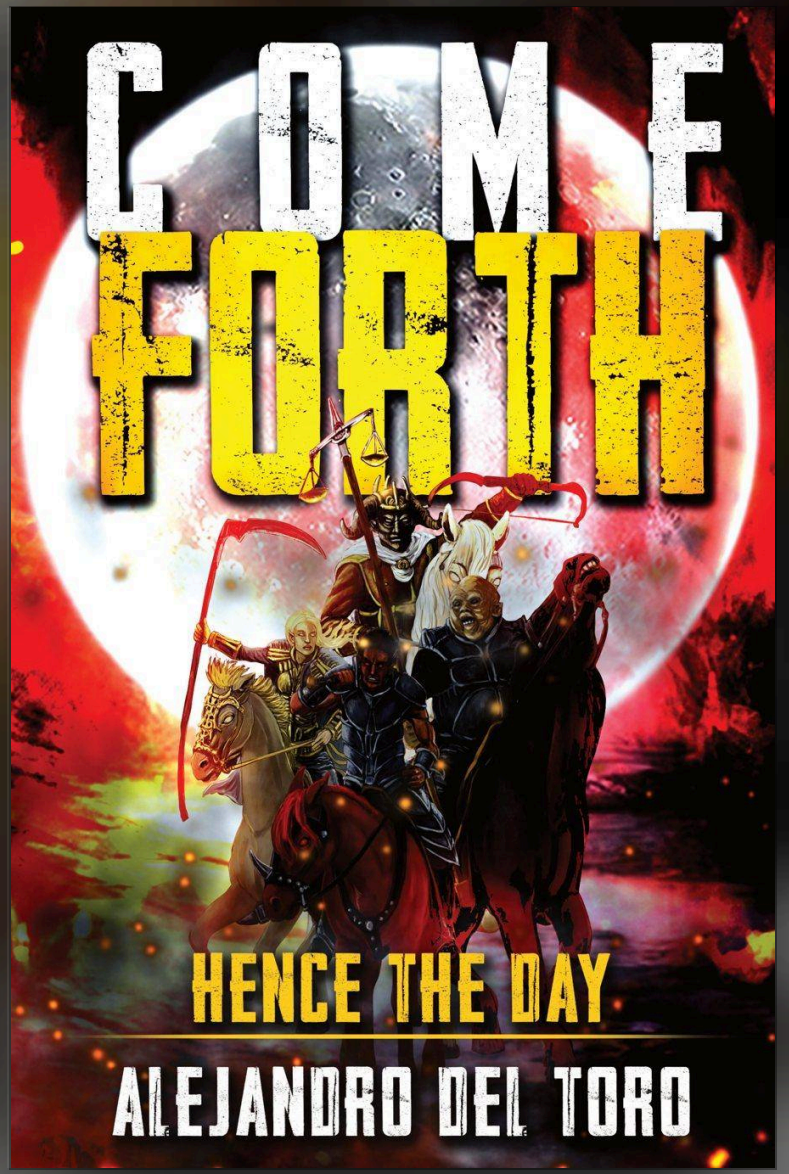
CASE 02 / EPIC FANTASY FICTION

Come Forth

Hence the Day of the Horsemen

ALEJANDRO DEL TORO LÓPEZ

TRIM	6 × 9 in · 194 pages
FORMATS	Paperback · Hardcover
PLATFORM	IngramSpark
MY ROLE	Interior · Cover print prep
PUBLISHED	September 2026



PRINT FRONT COVER · INGRAMSPARK

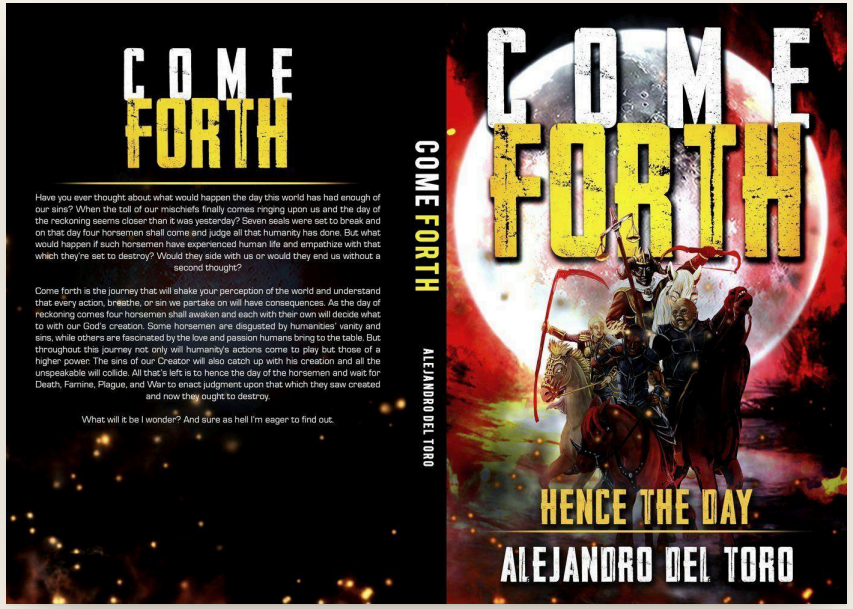
Four horsemen, a 1939 prologue, and *40+ numbered sections.*

WHAT CAME IN

A Word manuscript and finished cover art from the author. The art had no print template, no spine sized to a page count and no barcode.

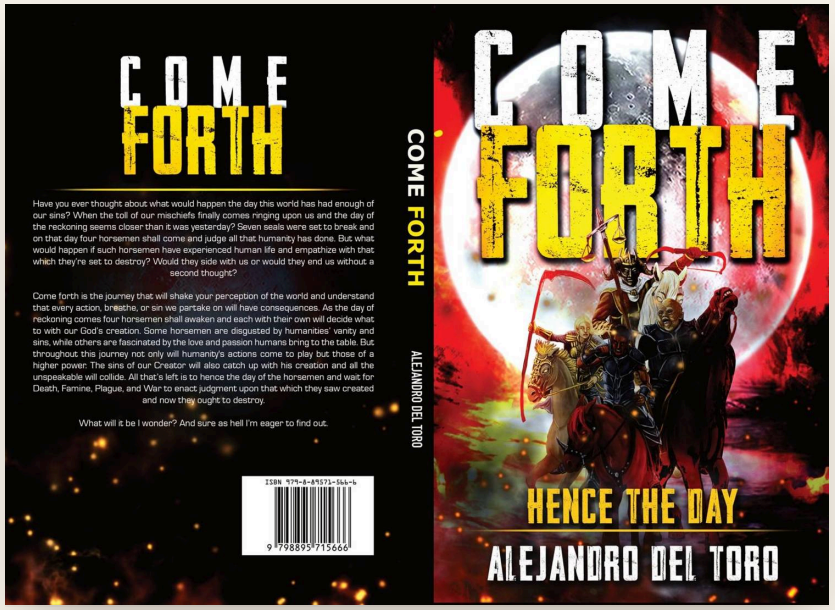
WHAT I DID

I typeset 194 pages for paperback and hardcover, then rebuilt the artwork onto IngramSpark's own templates for both formats.



RECEIVED

Artwork only: no print template, no spine for a page count, no barcode.



DELIVERED

IngramSpark paperback wrap: spine sized for 194 pages, bleed, and ISBN barcode in the safe zone.

A myth deserves an *old-world* opening.

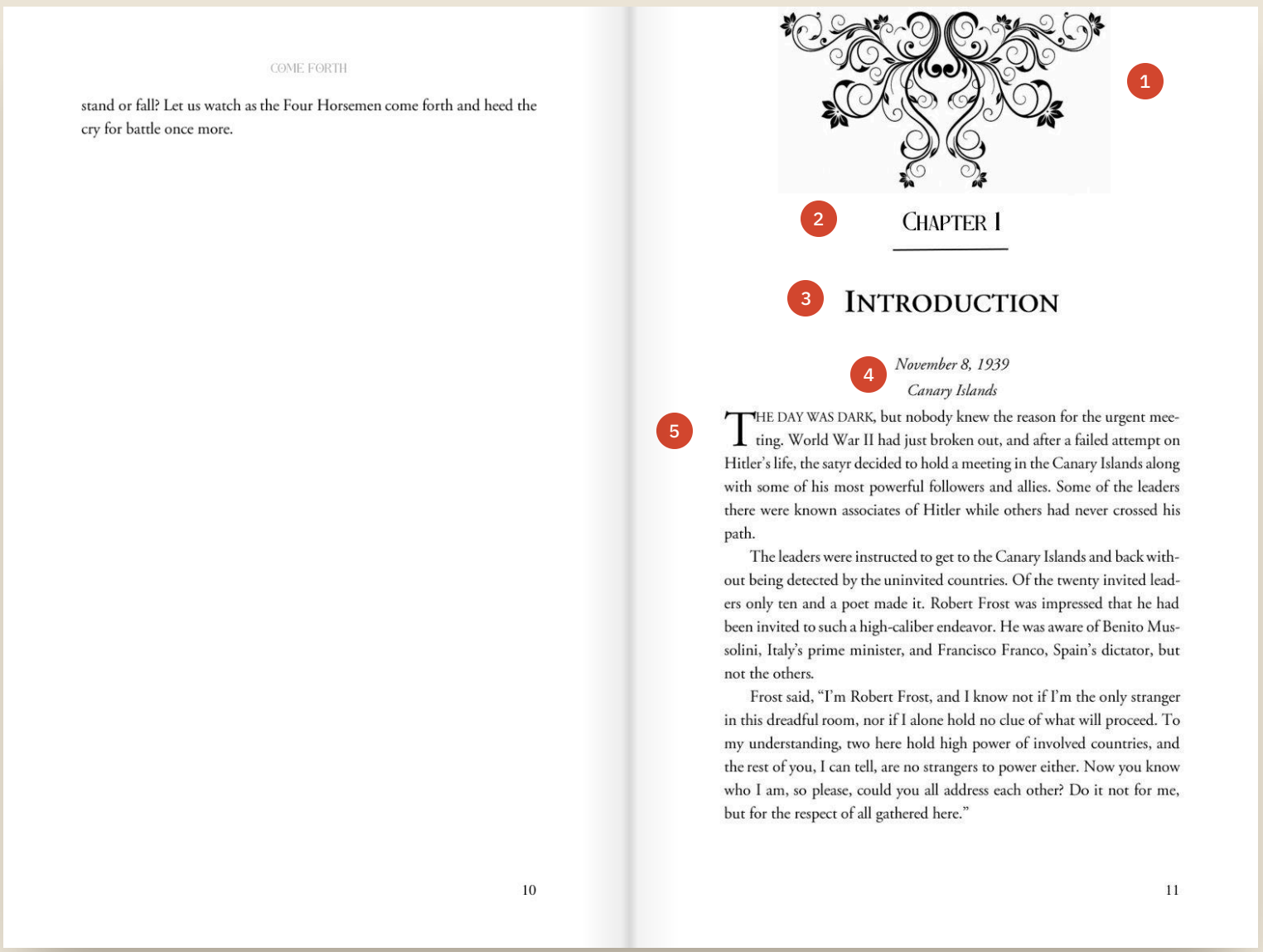
1. **Engraved ornament**
   A symmetrical flourish crowns every chapter, setting a storybook tone for a story about the end of the world.

2. **Chapter label and rule**
   A display face for the number, with a short rule that separates it from the title.

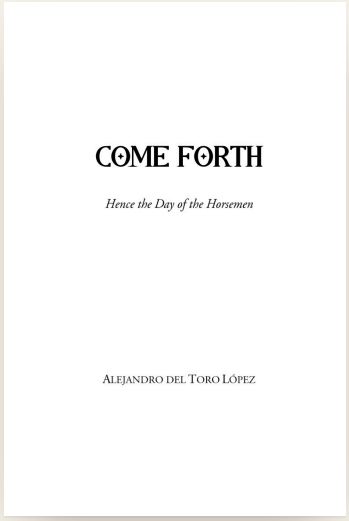
3. **Small-caps title**
   A quiet, classical title, so the ornament and the story carry the drama.

4. **Dateline**
   Date and place in italics, anchoring the 1939 Canary Islands prologue.

5. **Drop cap and small-caps lead-in**
   A two-line initial with the opening words in small caps: the traditional novel opening.



Built for a reader who keeps turning pages.


COME FORTH

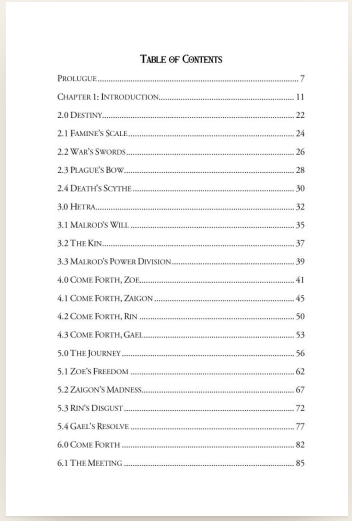
Hence the Day of the Horsemen

ALEJANDRO DEL TORO LÓPEZ

P. 3

Title page

A display face with star-marked O's, used only for titles.

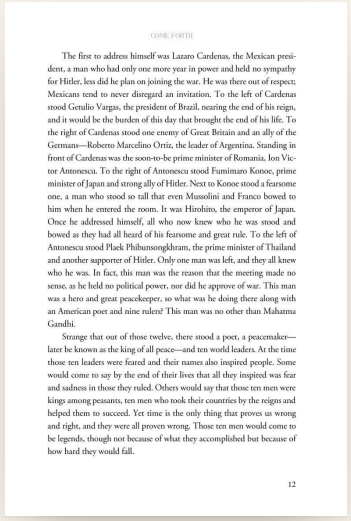

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The 2.0–10.5 numbering kept in small caps with dot leaders.



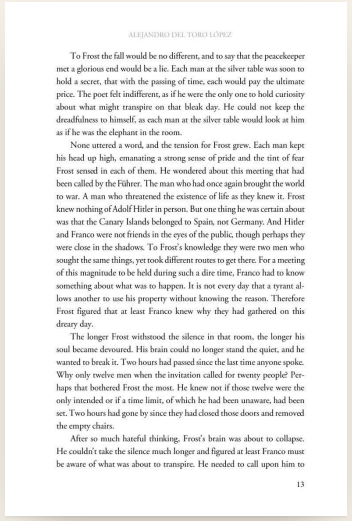
The first to address himself was Lazaro Cardenas, the Mexican president, a man who had only one more year in power and held no sympathy for Hitler, less did he plan on joining the war. He was there out of respect; Mexicans tend to never disregard an invitation. To the left of Cardenas stood Getulio Vargas, the president of Brazil, nearing the end of his reign, and it would be the burden of this day that brought the end of his life. To the right of Cardenas stood one enemy of Great Britain and an ally of the Germans—Roberto Marcelino Ortiz, the leader of Argentina. Standing in front of Cardenas was the soon-to-be prime minister of Romania, Ion Victor Antonescu. To the right of Antonescu stood Fumimaro Konoe, prime minister of Japan and strong ally of Hitler. Next to Konoe stood a fearsome one, a man who stood so tall that even Mussolini and Franco bowed to him when he entered the room. It was Hirohito, the emperor of Japan. Once he addressed himself, all who now knew who he was stood and bowed as they had all heard of his fearsome and great rule. To the left of Antonescu stood Plaek Phibunsongkhram, the prime minister of Thailand and another supporter of Hitler. Only one man was left, and they all knew who he was. In fact, this man was the reason that the meeting made no sense, as he held no political power, nor did he approve of war. This man was a hero and great peacekeeper, so what was he doing there along with an American poet and nine rulers? This man was no other than Mahatma Gandhi.

Strange that out of those twelve, there stood a poet, a peacemaker—later be known as the king of all peace—and ten world leaders. At the time those ten leaders were feared and their names also inspired people. Some would come to say by the end of their lives that all they inspired was fear and sadness in those they ruled. Others would say that those ten men were kings among peasants, ten men who took their countries by the reigns and helped them to succeed. Yet time is the only thing that proves us wrong and right, and they were all proven wrong. Those ten men would come to be legends, though not because of what they accomplished but because of how hard they would fall.

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Running heads

Title on the left page, author on the right, in grey small caps.



To Frost the fall would be no different, and to say that the peacekeeper met a glorious end would be a lie. Each man at the silver table was soon to hold a secret, that with the passing of time, each would pay the ultimate price. The poet felt indifferent, as if he were the only one to hold curiosity about what might transpire on that bleak day. He could not keep the dreadfulness to himself, as each man at the silver table would look at him as if he was the elephant in the room.

None uttered a word, and the tension for Frost grew. Each man kept his head up high, emanating a strong sense of pride and the tint of fear Frost sensed in each of them. He wondered about this meeting that had been called by the Führer. The man who had once again brought the world to war. A man who threatened the existence of life as they knew it. Frost knew nothing of Adolf Hitler in person. But one thing he was certain about was that the Canary Islands belonged to Spain, not Germany. And Hitler and Franco were not friends in the eyes of the public, though perhaps they were close in the shadows. To Frost's knowledge they were two men who sought the same things, yet took different routes to get there. For a meeting of this magnitude to be held during such a dire time, Franco had to know something about what was to happen. It is not every day that a tyrant allows another to use his property without knowing the reason. Therefore Frost figured that at least Franco knew why they had gathered on this dreary day.

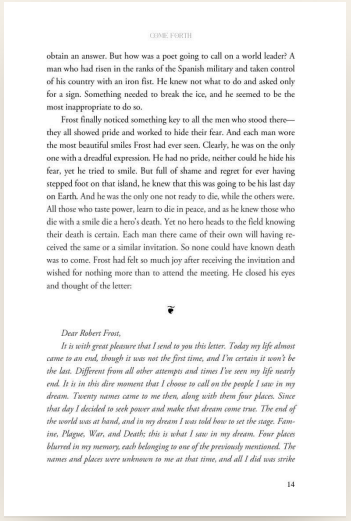
The longer Frost withstood the silence in that room, the longer his soul became devoured. His brain could no longer stand the quiet, and he wanted to break it. Two hours had passed since the last time anyone spoke. Why only twelve men when the invitation called for twenty people? Perhaps that bothered Frost the most. He knew not if those twelve were the only intended or if a time limit, of which he had been unaware, had been set. Two hours had gone by since they had closed those doors and removed the empty chairs.

After so much hateful thinking, Frost's brain was about to collapse. He couldn't take the silence much longer and figured at least Franco must be aware of what was about to transpire. He needed to call upon him to

P. 13

Body text

Justified Garamond with indented paragraphs and careful hyphenation.



obtain an answer. But how was a poet going to call on a world leader? A man who had risen in the ranks of the Spanish military and taken control of his country with an iron fist. He knew not what to do and asked only for a sign. Something needed to break the ice, and he seemed to be the most inappropriate to do so.

Frost finally noticed something key to all the men who stood there—they all showed pride and worked to hide their fear. And each man wore the most beautiful smiles Frost had ever seen. Clearly, he was on the only one with a dreadful expression. He had no pride, neither could he hide his fear, yet he tried to smile. But full of shame and regret for ever having stepped foot on that island, he knew that this was going to be his last day on Earth. And he was the only one not ready to die, while the others were. All those who taste power, learn to die in peace, and as he knew those who die with a smile die a hero's death. Yet no hero heads to the field knowing their death is certain. Each man there came of their own will having received the same or a similar invitation. So none could have known death was to come. Frost had felt so much joy after receiving the invitation and wished for nothing more than to attend the meeting. He closed his eyes and thought of the letter:

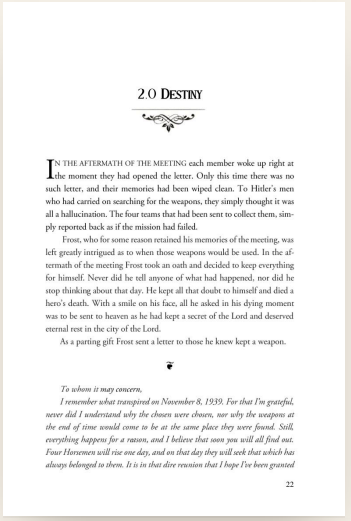
Dear Robert Frost,

It is with great pleasure that I send to you this letter. Today my life almost came to an end, though it was not the first time, and I'm certain it won't be the last. Different from all other attempts and times I've seen my life nearly end. It is in this dire moment that I choose to call on the people I saw in my dream. Twenty names came to me then, along with them four places. Since that day I decided to seek power and make that dream come true. The end of the world was at hand, and in my dream I was told how to set the stage. Famine, Plague, War, and Death; this is what I saw in my dream. Four places blurred in my memory, each belonging to one of the previously mentioned. The names and places were unknown to me at that time, and all I did was strike

P. 14

Letters in the story

Indented italic blocks, separated by a fleuron scene break.


2.0 DESTINY

IN THE AFTERMATH OF THE MEETING each member woke up right at the moment they had opened the letter. Only this time there was no such letter, and their memories had been wiped clean. To Hitler's men who had carried on searching for the weapons, they simply thought it was all a hallucination. The four teams that had been sent to collect them, simply reported back as if the mission had failed.

Frost, who for some reason retained his memories of the meeting, was left greatly intrigued as to when those weapons would be used. In the aftermath of the meeting Frost took an oath and decided to keep everything for himself. Never did he tell anyone of what had happened, nor did he stop thinking about that day. He kept all that doubt to himself and died a hero's death. With a smile on his face, all he asked in his dying moment was to be sent to heaven as he had kept a secret of the Lord and deserved eternal rest in the city of the Lord.

As a parting gift Frost sent a letter to those he knew kept a weapon.

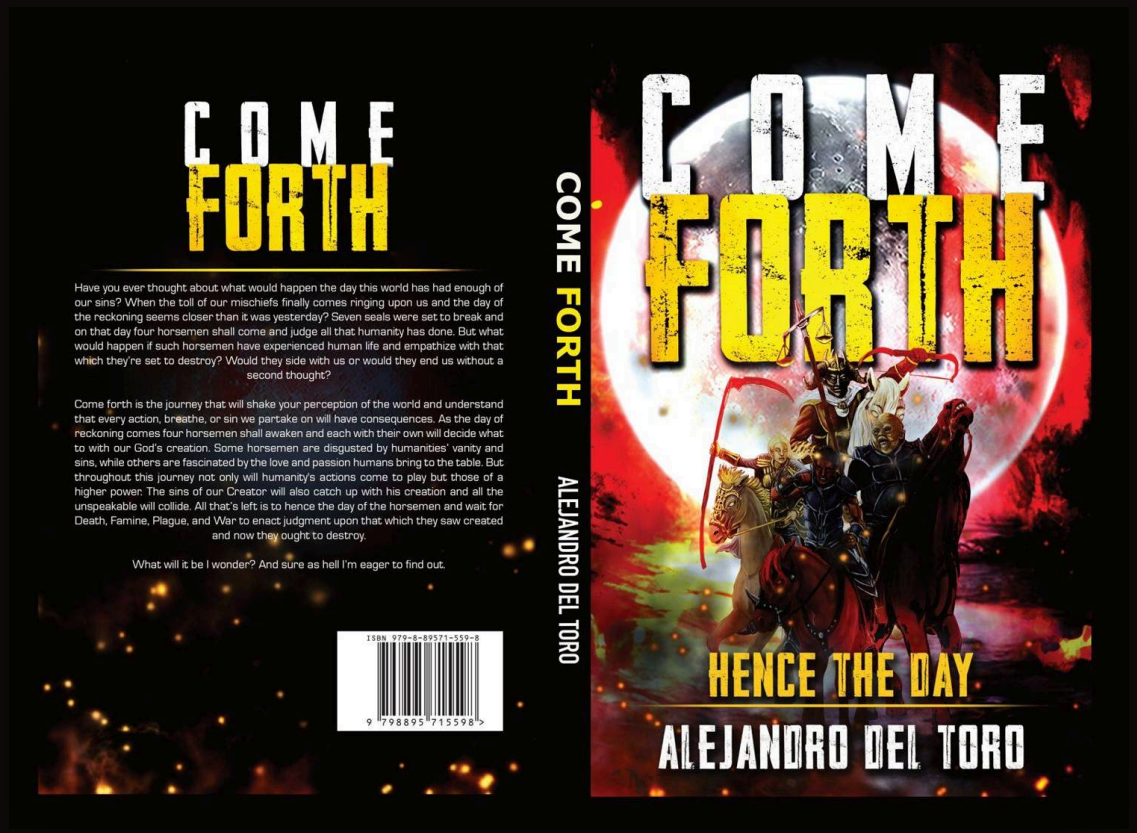
To whom it may concern,

I remember what transpired on November 8, 1939. For that I'm grateful, never did I understand why the chosen were chosen, nor why the weapons at the end of time would come to be at the same place they were found. Still, everything happens for a reason, and I believe that soon you will all find out. Four Horsemen will rise one day, and on that day they will seek that which has always belonged to them. It is in that dire reunion that I hope I've been granted

P. 22

Section opener

A lighter version of the chapter opener for the numbered sections.



HARDCOVER CASE-LAMINATE WRAP · ITS OWN ISBN, SPINE AND WRAP MARGINS

CASE 02 · WHAT THE AUTHOR RECEIVED

Two formats, two ISBNs, zero guesswork.

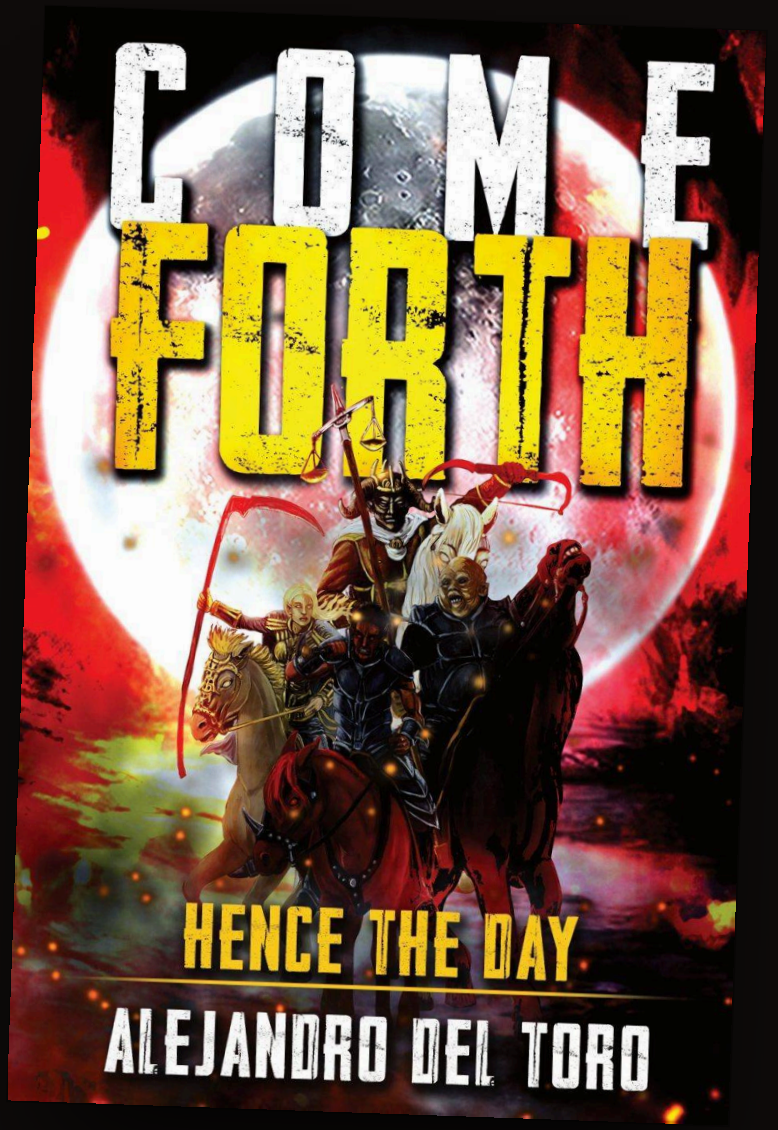
FILE	FORMAT
Paperback interior · PDF	PB
Hardcover interior · PDF	HC
Paperback cover wrap · PDF + PNG	PB
Case-laminate cover wrap · PDF + PNG	HC
ISBN barcodes, one per format	PB · HC
Editable Word masters	PB · HC

A hardcover is not a bigger paperback. It needs its own ISBN, a wider wrap that folds around the boards, and a different spine. Both covers were built on IngramSpark's generated templates for 194 pages, not estimated.

“

“Amazing seller, will work again!”

FIVERR REVIEW FROM THIS CLIENT · COME FORTH



YOUR BOOK NEXT

Send me the manuscript. *I'll handle the rest.*

TO GET A QUOTE, MESSAGE ME WITH

01 Your word count

02 Genre and audience

03 Formats you want (ebook, paperback, hardcover)

04 Your target launch date