

This is part of the front matter of my manuscript, RUN SCREAM UNBURY SAVE, winner of the Autumn House Open Book Award in Creative Nonfiction, 2016:

Sometime in Unrelenting February 2016

Lucy
Amazing Bigwig Publishing House
New York City

Dearest Editor at Amazing Bigwig Publishing House Lucy,

Yes, this is a letter. And, yes, with my illustration of a flying girl. But she wanted to come along. And I'm trying to jolt you. Plus I have no internet connection and might not for days and days and I need to propel this thing forward. That is, Do Something. Not ironically, the mail guy is still coming. We put our mailbox on a chair beside a gargantuan pile of snow.

Thank you for liking (I heard love in there but maybe I'm quoting someone else and I don't want to push it) and continuing to consider publishing my manuscript. Here is an updated/tweaked draft—I know you said you wanted to give it an additional read.

On another note, I have seen fleets of snowplows, in this, The Blizzard of 2016, and, quite frankly, plows strapped to the front of anything that moves: mopeds, bikes, people, dogs.

They say this record storm is because of our depleting ozone

and there's more to come, like

marathon droughts. Maybe a Tsunami or two.

But enough with the small talk, let's get to the point:

I'm not past begging, *Please, please, please, please, please*, like one does when one prays (or has a gun held to their head), because you're professional at saying no. You people consider it your craft.

Back to my train of thought:

If you reach out to the "people" you have in mind, to see if you can get everyone "on board," please speak of me excitedly and

soon

and please advise.

You guys will make millions, I swear.

Let's get this thing off the ground while there's a world that has a ground to get this thing off of. (The Aquarian Age is *loaded* with nuances.)

Yours in solidarity (which I know is assuming a lot),

Kitty

Katherine McCord, et al. (voice is a confusing thing)

encl: hope, and a lifetime of heart (okay, I admit, and some really "bad choices") and writing peril to get to the manuscript you have in your hands

cc: The Universe, God, all Black Holes

P. S. Why don't I have a literary agent? I would be stabbing myself if I fessed up as to why, but I'm good at that and heal quickly. Here's nothing: I didn't go to Yale; couldn't afford writer's conferences before, during and/or after grad school because of "circumstances," and even more importantly, I'm socially inept/unapt/inapt (try saying it three times in a row if you are bored. I swear to god they are all in the dictionary and mean the same thing), like Social Anxiety Disorder (let's try this:) unfacile (I swear it's in the dictionary too, my grad school "language" being French to boot, one for which I got A's and soaringly passed all tests but that I now keep on the downlow because it's another thing I suck at in real life); and I was never found in the slush pile.

That is, no one wanted me. Except my husband a.k.a. partner and my girls a.k.a. children. ☺

But writing? This is why I'm alive to then be alive because of my family a.k.a. husband a.k.a. partner and girls a.k.a. children. ☺

So come on already and publish me.

The world is waiting.

