

For thirty years, I wrote and published articles, chapters, and books as an academic psychologist, living in a world of non-fiction. Now I write fiction; I write for fun. I focus on contemporary romance novels that hopefully offer a few laughs along the way to love, and a pervasive underlying theme is support of women. I'll admit that the path doesn't always follow the typical genre formula, so my writing tends to have one foot in romance and the other in women's fiction.

Now the gritty stuff.

I want to write stories (mostly romances because they're the best), and I want people to read them. Mostly, I want to be part of a community that makes the world lighter, easier, and more in love.

And here's the part where I'm honest, even though it might make me look like a dumbass. My stories have been rejected wayyyy too many times for my motivation to live. Right now, that sucker is a tiny, shriveled raisin of hope. Here are some of my own personal wrist slaps from agents and publishers:

- A woman can't have sex with anyone but the hero.
- The hero has to be likable, so he can't be too masculine.
- A child can't experience anything really bad.
- A woman can't experience anything really bad.
- A character can't be toothless. That's rude to toothless people.
- You need to write about (fill in the blank with the latest popular topic).
- Attend this (expensive) conference.

And because I'm not a quitter, I attended a conference, where I was shuttled to a few talks and pitched my ideas to worn-out agents and publishers. One said she knew nothing about romance but sipped her coffee while telling me what was wrong with mine. Another asked for the first chapter, which I sent. *My big break!* Eight months and just as many begging emails later, she finally responded with a form note that said, "not for us."

I threw all my work in the trash. (Thank goodness for computers because I didn't delete the files 😊) Six months later, here I am again, writing and putting out my first story. I hope *Random Husband* makes a little corner of the world lighter, easier, and more in love.