

MEDIA KIT



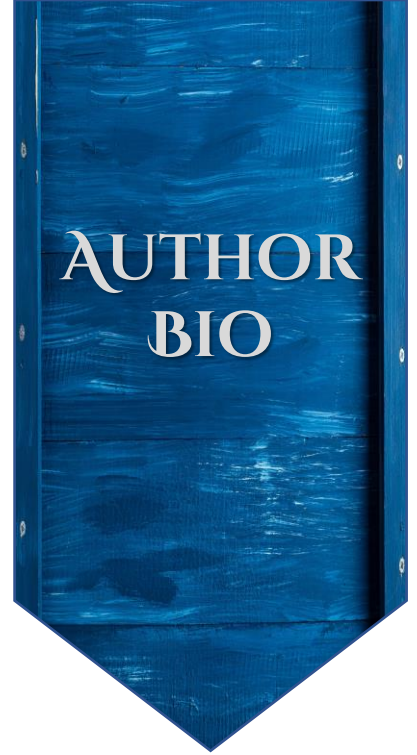
WWW.DKPWWRITER.COM

Diana Kathryn is founder, publisher, editor, and mentor at Pages Promotions, LLC. She is also the host of a Michigan weekly, local access television program which spotlights independent authors and other people of the book; Indie Reads TV. Diana Kathryn believes in fostering a love for the written word in all it's forms. Her love of literacy knows (almost) no bounds.

Diana Kathryn spent six years as the associate publisher, editor, writing coach, and bookshop manager for Grey Wolfe Publishing and The Scriptorium, respectively; assisting over two-hundred authors in the publishing and promotion of their books in Michigan and beyond. She holds a degree in English, with a concentration in creative composition, as well as a certification in early childhood development. Diana Kathryn spent time as a features writer for a Detroit newspaper, and wrote copy part-time, for several years, for a popular Detroit radio program, as well as various community television programs. She was also extensively involved in Detroit Reparatory Theatre, as a Technical Director and Lighting Designer, for fifteen years.

Diana Kathryn's Muse, Drake, helps her with the tough stuff, quacking inspiration in her ear whenever she might need it. Their imaginations are fueled by an abundance of hot cocoa as they write together.

Diana Kathryn lives with her husband, Dave, and their two dogs, Charlie and Finnigan, just outside Detroit. When not writing, she enjoys hiking; kayaking; escaping to their cabin in the woods to write; spending time with her husband, and son Zachary; cheese in large quantities; chocolate; Carl Orff, and Mozart.



BOOK LIST

- **A TRYST OF FATE (ROMANCE)**
- **FREE WILL (SATIRE)**
- **WOLFE CUB (MEMOIR)**
- **IDEATE AVAIL (POETRY)**
- **A DUCK QUACKS (SHORT STORIES)**
- **EMMETT ELEPHANT'S LOVE (CHILDREN)**
- **THE GRIFFIN OF GREED (MIDDLE GRADE)**
- **THE PASSIONATE PLOTTER KIDS (CHILDREN LANGUAGE ARTS)**
- **THE PASSIONATE PLOTTER GUIDEBOOK SERIES (WRITING CRAFT)**



Whenever I meet someone new, and tell them I'm an author, there's always one question they ask... "What kind of books do you write?"

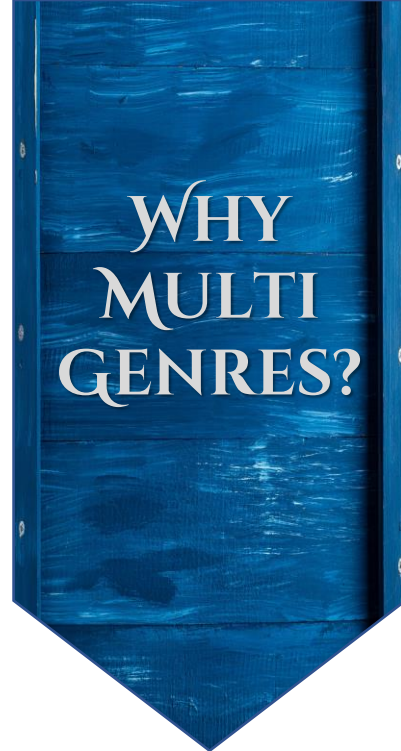
I haven't figured out my favorite one yet, so it's difficult for me to make that declaration. It's kind of like ice cream... or cheese... there are so many different, amazing varieties to devour – how can you possibly only have one kind for the rest of your life? You really need to try them all. After that, chances are likely that you'll find a few that you return to again and again, but that doesn't mean you'll completely ignore the others forever.

Back in the days when I wrote for a newspaper, reporters rarely only wrote one type of story. One week I might be writing a feature about a holiday celebration; the next I might be covering a sporting event; and the week after that, I could be writing about a political rally. Diversity in writing is what helped me keep my job, and quite frankly, made the job more interesting for me. I took that experience with me when I began writing books. Since the editor at the newspaper didn't see a good reason to limit my writing, I figured that I didn't have a good reason to do it, either.

I resigned myself to simply write one book in each of the thirty-five genres. I felt that I needed to do that before I would be able to choose one or two on which to focus my writing practice... and knowing me, it would probably be more like five or six... but at least I'd be able to narrow things down a bit.

There are so many vibrant readers out there, and each reader is allowed to read as many genres as they enjoy. Therefore, I believe that as authors, we have a responsibility to stay true to our Muse and write in as many genres as tickle our imagination; be that one, two, or thirty-five.

We should respect our readers, and trust that they will find the books that interest them, and they will continue to support the writing they love... whether it is created by a single author focusing on a single style and genre, or by thousands of authors writing in multiple genres simultaneously.



Writers the world over will tell you that they follow their Muse when they create. For some, that means staying connected to the mechanics of storytelling. For others, it means aspiring to tap into some near-spiritual energy that leads one to write words that are worthy of reading. For others still, it means emulating the work of famous writers who've "done it right".

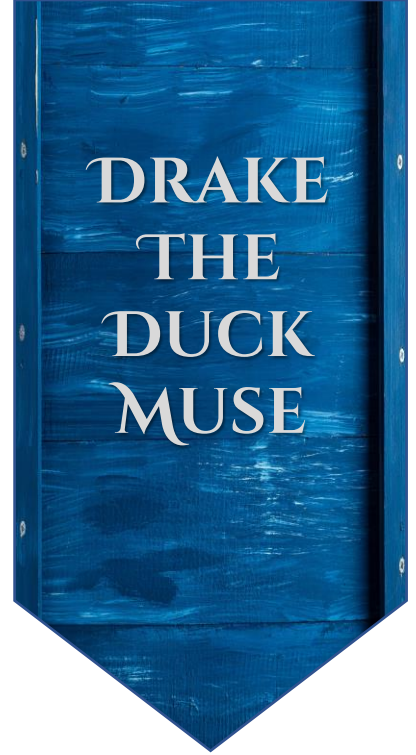
For me, following the Muse means holding courage. Drake, a little invisible Mallard Duck with orange feet and bright blue tints in his feathers, represents my determination to reach beyond myself and tap into the stories that live in my world every day, without fear of people thinking I'm nuts.

Storytelling is a pursuit that often takes me outside of myself. It can be a bit startling and intimidating sometimes. Yet with Drake sitting on my shoulder, I feel I have a partner in this odd journey, and the isolation of seeing the world differently from nearly everyone else around me disappears. With Drake, I can find the courage to take ownership of my creativity and allow self-doubt to take a backseat, as I swim deep into the pond of creation.

I thought the best way to honor that process was to give Drake the lead with our collection of short stories, "A Duck Quacks". So often, story ideas materialize out of thin air. I can't rationally explain where they come from or how I'm able to convey them. There have even been days that I've spent time writing, then look at the results and honestly don't remember how I came to the words. I know there is something inside me that makes it all work. I've named that something, Drake.

Why is Drake a Duck, you ask? Well, when I was younger, the voice of my creativity wasn't always very clear. Sometimes it sounded like a voice under water. At seven, it seemed logical that the voice was a Duck, talking to me while diving for food in the pond. Since that time, Drake and I have, and do, talk often.

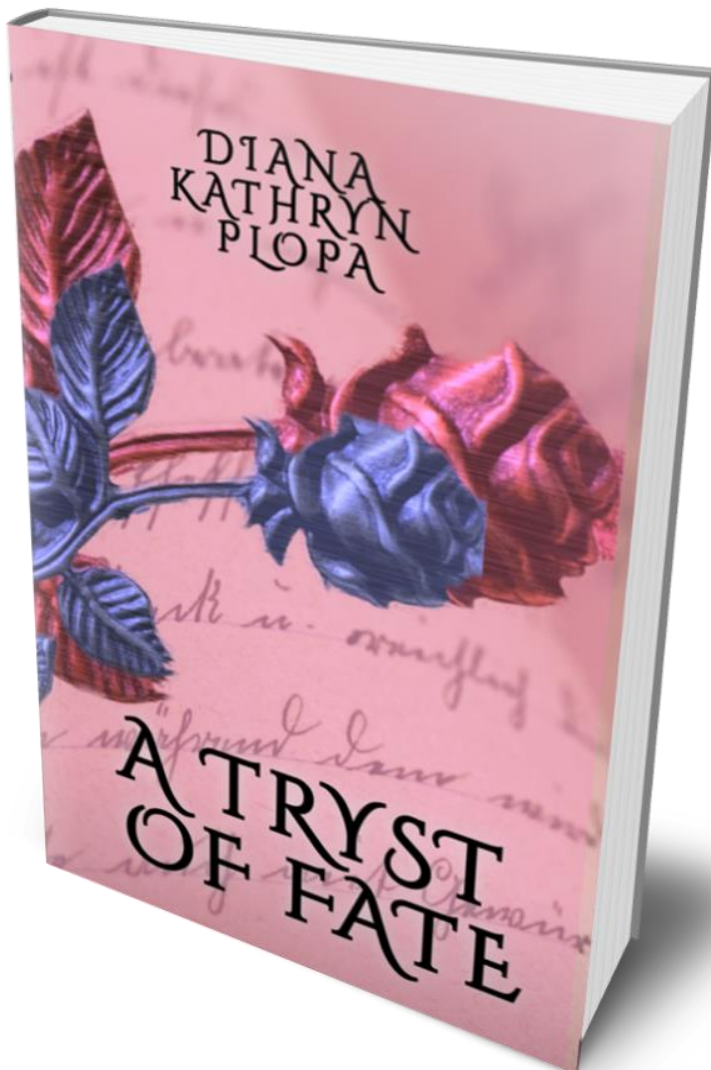
Regardless of whether you believe in the notion of a Muse, or the idea that there is an inner voice that speaks to creative people, leading them to do the work, the concept is very real to me.



Thomas is a newspaper reporter. Gillian restores art for a museum. Thomas and Gillian endure a tragic shock, ending their marriage.

Her past is blurred, and her heart is lost to a child she cannot reclaim. Although he aches with the same loss, his stories bring light to a love that never truly died, restoring the art she thought was lost.

But a secret past threatens their future. Can Thomas solve the mystery of a hidden joy that binds them together? Can they rescue their love together forever?



READER REVIEW:

"A wonderful novel. Offering a wise and compelling vision of the tangled geometry of human relationships, it takes the reader straight into the heads and hearts of a cast of characters whom we come to know and care about deeply. The book calls to mind the breadth of a Victorian novel, from the well-chosen, significant epigraphs at the beginning of each chapter, to the life-changing events that strike out of the blue, to a plethora of well-developed characters with all their strengths and flaws, to the broad working of coincidence as the men and women who people this book act out their hopes, dreams, and fears."

A TRYST OF FATE

PROLOGUE

Metal exploded all around them. Glass shattered. The shards impaled the unaware, smearing the afternoon sun with the devastating splotches of torrential loss. The screams of an implausible collection of souls erupted from those sitting in front and behind... not one sounded the same. Not one cried out the same words or prayed the same scripture. It was the most fear she had ever experienced. It was the most painful moment she had ever endured... and it became clear to her in that instant... she would not survive.

She held her daughter as closely as possible, cushioning her head from the oncoming blow, trying to remain calm. She added soft tones to her voice so as not to scare the small child. "Please God, just make it end quickly," was all she could manage her voice to whisper.

As she kissed her limp daughter for the last time, she watched the jagged cavern wall outside the window collide with the two cars in front of her, then fly past her tear-filled eyes with storm-fury. Water began to flood the compartment. And then... searing pain and perfect dark.

CHAPTER ONE

*"Man does not control his own fate.
The women in his life do that for him."
~Groucho Marx*

Nathan got a text to meet Paige at the marina at three o'clock, Wednesday afternoon. He was a little apprehensive. When summoned to the boat, there was never a hint of what would come of it. Sometimes, it was just a sail around the harbor. Sometimes, it was a job—sometimes sinister, sometimes not. But you never knew... and you never refused. The intimidation of not knowing was like walking a tightrope... forever a little off balance with some influence but no control. That was precisely the point. It was important for Paige to remain in control... always in control... despite everything else.

Nathan accepted the invitation to the meeting with a simple "yes" reply and inhaled tentatively. He looked at his watch. She wanted to see him at five o'clock; that would give him time to finish his current project, catch the blue line to Lewis Warf, and still have time to grab a quick bite. *What could she want now?*



During their association, which started long before her parents' death, Paige asked much of Nathan. Much of it could have been morally disputed, though guided by the perfect dash of incentivizing guilt and a lot of pacifying cash. The rest were primarily menial tasks far below his pay grade. He sensed it was an excuse to keep him close. Her paranoia ran deep and spoke softly. He was sensitive to its whispers.

Nathan was one of the few people who recognized Paige from both sides of the mask. He saw the controlled, sophisticated woman the rest of the world encountered, forever maintaining and building her father's legacy in ways that would make him proud. He also saw the inverse echo... the tumultuous teenager who hid from the mistakes of a past she could not control, at times lashing out with emotions she did not understand. Nathan knew the confusion and frustration of her life but had no explanation for it. Her habitually complex behavior didn't track, considering her comfortable childhood. But, he accepted it and became the curator of her safety, as her father requested. Acceptance didn't make meeting with her at the marina—or anywhere, for that matter, stress-free, though.

Nathan's watch read 4:58pm as he reached the finger dock aside Wing om Wing. Punctuality was definitely a thing with Paige, and he knew better than to be insolent with tardiness. Paige was already there... sipping something defiant from a glass held high to refract the early evening sunlight. She watched him walk down the dock but said nothing. It was not her habit to bring attention to herself here. She preferred to be disguised... just another average, although financially comfortable, sailor in the fleet. Marinas were a nice blend of the sophisticated and sublime. Being ignored here was simple. No one took offense to those who were indifferent to their dock mates. Seclusion with all the amenities. She thought it merely nice, and she liked nice.

As he came within three feet of the boat, Nathan waved a hand and called out, "Ahoy! Permission to come aboard?" Nathan wasn't much into the pretension of the lifestyle she chose to inherit, but here, she demanded it, and since she also signed his paycheck, he indulged her.

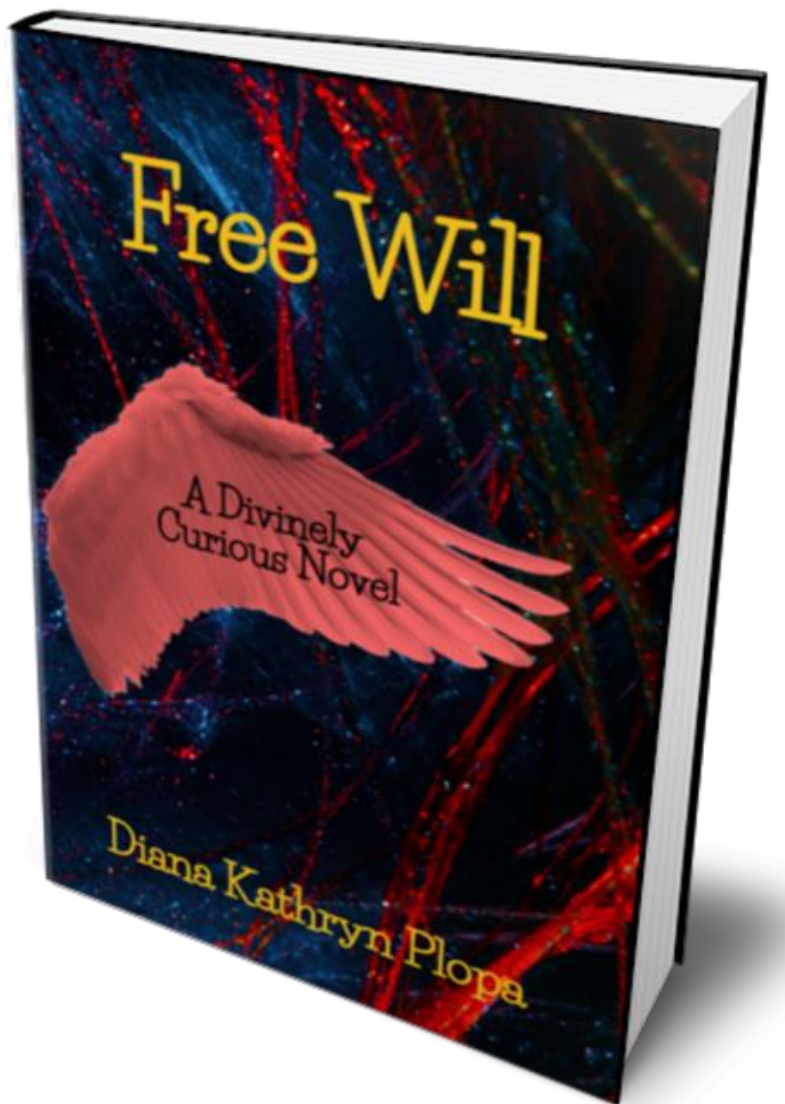
"Permission Granted!" Paige called back with an air of playfulness and a genuine smile that she only indulged in this place.

As he grabbed the stanchion and swung his leg on the deck, he thought about how many times he'd been here. *There are only three that I can remember... and each time, my life changed.* The first time was just after her father and the Board voted to promote her to CEO. Paige invited Nathan out for a day sail, along with a few of the other minions. He discovered on this trip that she selected him as one of her "chosen few." He was equally pleased and petrified. He recalled that it felt much like becoming a "made man" in the Patriarca crime family. *An honor and a curse simultaneously.*



Raychel stands between the gates of Heaven and Hell facing the odd truth about the afterlife. Free Will is real. She must now spend seven days on a visitor's pass in each realm. At the end of it all, she must choose where she will spend eternity.

Quite quickly, Raychel learns that there is nothing normal about death, and she has been poorly prepared.



SATIRE

ISBN: 978-1628282474

Pages: 291

MSP: \$13.43



READER REVIEWS:

"My eyes were glued to the pages during Raychel's journey, mostly because I started to panic wondering what it would be like if Heaven actually was how it's portrayed in the story. Hell isn't much better and the strength of Diana Kathryn Plopa's Free Will is in making us uncomfortable by presenting readers with a perfectly valid "what if..." tale."

"Not as much a plot-driven novel as the author's version of The Afterlife. The characters exist - even after death - to project the author's tongue-in-cheek description of Heaven and Hell ... and that other place. The book is an interesting exercise in re-defining."

FREE WILL

Chapter One: The Two Gates

At five seconds, things were a little foggy. I'm not sure how much time passed by or exactly how I got there... I wouldn't figure out the details until much later... but I can say that the first fifteen seconds of my life after death were exactly as I imagined they would be.

The corridor where I stood was foggy from my feet to my knees. I couldn't actually see or feel solid ground beneath me, or my feet, for that matter... but somehow, I knew it was there. The sky directly above me held an odd, ethereal light, and the air was dry and soft. There was no sun, no wind, and the space around me was eerily silent. There were two gates: one black and foreboding, one bronze and inviting, just like the storybooks and religious school teachers had foretold. There was a strong comfort surrounding me.

At thirty seconds, logic and comfort took a nosedive.

From out of nowhere, about twenty feet in front of me appeared a fifty-four-inch flat-screen plasma HDTV. As it drifted in place, the light around me dimmed, the soft aroma of jasmine lilted somewhere just on the edge of perception, and the screen flickered to life.

The Choice Has Always Been Yours

The opening title appeared in the center of the screen in scarlet biblical calligraphy with an elegant satin silver background.

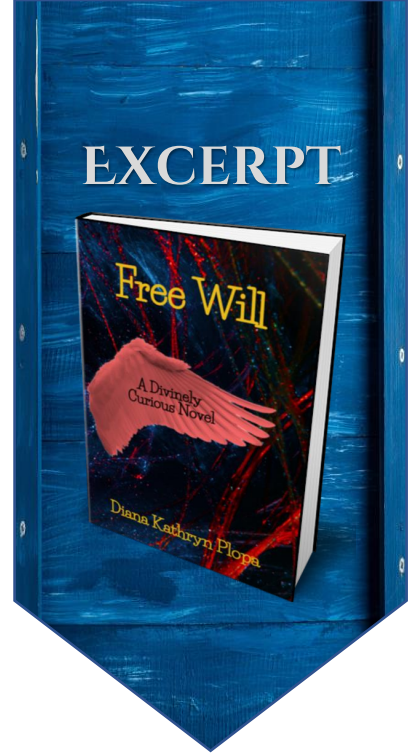
"An orientation video?" All my presumptions about death had been turned inside out.

"Welcome to Purgatory." said the host.

He looked like a pudgy, balding, bowtie-clad, nearsighted professor. In fact, he looked just like the man who taught my freshman trigonometry course in college, Professor Tribell. But it couldn't be. "Isn't he still teaching at Wayne State this term?" My thoughts were running amok, and they were doing it out loud. The strange little man droned on.

"We trust your travel from the Earthly realm was uneventful." Before I could catch myself, I nearly screamed an exasperated retort.

"Uneventful? I'd say the demise of my physical body was quite the event. Who is this guy?" I looked around for someone to commiserate with, but there was no one. It was beginning to look like reincarnation was not an option.



FREE WILL

"Now that you've shoved off that mortal toil," the host snickered, "You have quite the little adventure before you. But as with everything, you must choose." He seemed to be having much more fun than should be allowed.

The screen then presented two purple check boxes; above the first, in cobalt script, *Heaven*. Under the second, in gothic silver block lettering, *Hell*. As the Dr. Tribell doppelganger continued to speak, the images of the two gates superimposed under each checkbox and settled gently on his left and right shoulders. A brief flashback of an old cartoon jogged in my memory.

"Before you stand two gates; one offers entrance to Heaven, the other to Hell. You must choose which side deserves you more." I'm sure my face screwed up in a contortion that could only be described as gargoyle-like.

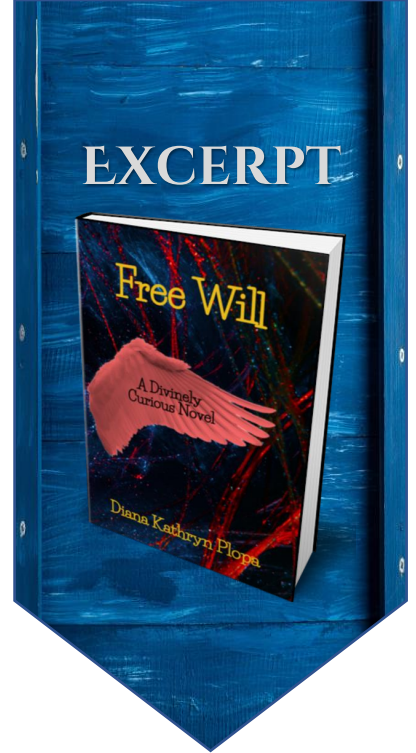
"Which side deserves me? Just how am I supposed to figure that out?" I said with whining frustration. I was a bit wobbly and would have liked a chair or stool, or something to settle my body, or my essence, or whatever they call this thing you get after death. This was not an easy thing for me to process. After all, I'd only been dead for... what was it, maybe a day?

As if in answer to my dizzying brain, the host started talking again. He was sitting behind a desk now, looking even more like my plump trig professor than before. The simultaneous familiarity and oddity of the scene made my stomach do little flip-flops. "You will spend a little time in both Heaven and Hell on a visitor's pass. You will be given ample time, a full seven days, in each place, to decide where you think you belong. When you finally make a decision, just let us know; and you'll be permanently assigned."

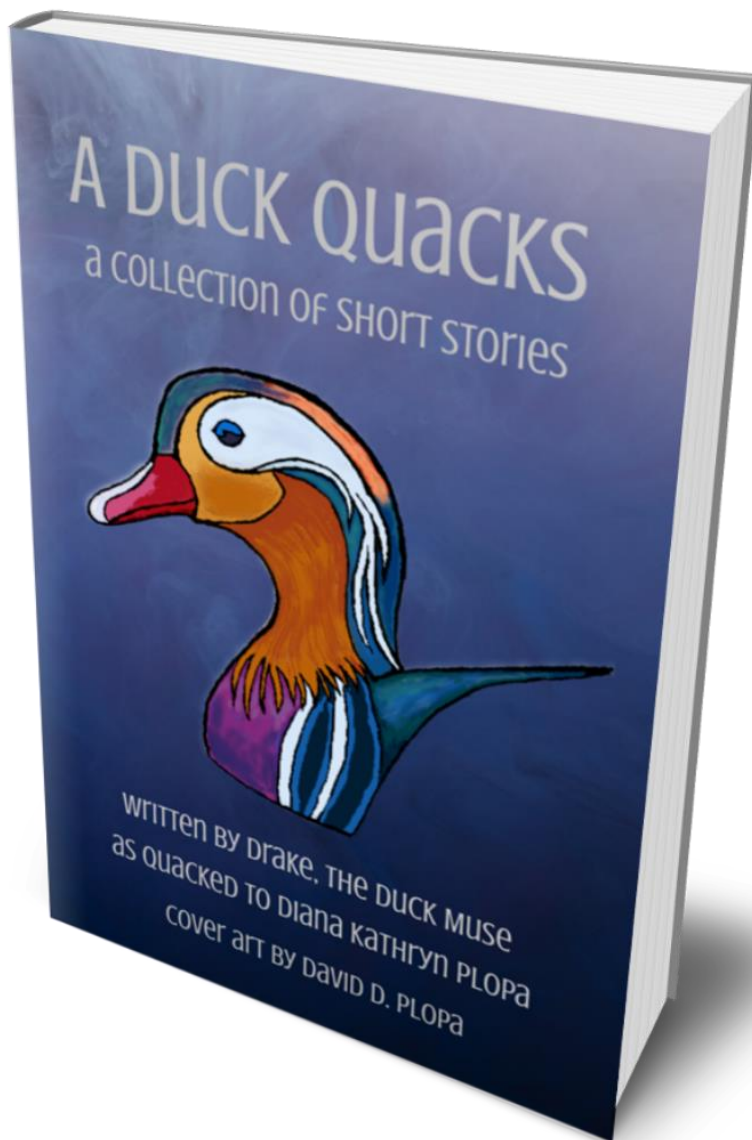
"But what if I know where I belong now?" I said aloud, fully expecting to get an answer.

"No one really knows where they belong, not so close after death anyway, and that is why you must spend this mandatory time as a visitor in each realm before making a final choice. After all, you wouldn't buy a car without a test drive, now would you? Once your choice is made, there is no turning back, no retractions, no do-overs".

For a moment, it felt like the video host had been speaking directly to me... and then I realized that it must have been one of death's FAQs; I couldn't possibly have been the only one to ask that particular out loud. They must have just built it into the program, like that silly little scene at the beginning of Jurassic Park. Of course, it was ridiculous, me talking to the TV. I felt like that first day of boot camp in the Navy all over again... foolish and ignorant.



After years of sitting on the sidelines, quacking plot twists and character maps into her ear, Drake, The Duck Muse, insisted that author Diana Kathryn take dictation for a collection of thirteen short stories of his own creation. He's a tremendously creative duck, but feathers and flippers make for difficult typing. Diana Kathryn agreed, and "A Duck Quacks" is the end result of their unusual collaboration.



READER REVIEWS:

"This is a wonderful collection of short stories! From one story to the next, it is a whole new world of creativity. I read the entire book in one sitting. I honestly couldn't put it down.

Every story is original and entertaining. I had many smiles on my face with each conclusion. This is a book that I will absolutely be reading again!"

"The characters for each story were amazing. I loved each character as I continued to read and the story-lines for each story were magnificent. Each individual story had me either giggling or stopping a moment to ponder more about the story I was reading at the time. I really enjoyed the creativity each incredible story brought forth and I highly recommend this read."

SLIMY SURPRISE

She hadn't prepared me for the airboat. Or the Neanderthal. All she said was, "This is the story you've been waiting for. Meet the guy at that place and tell him I sent you." That was it. Just a link to a Google map and the name "Ed." It was like a scene from the cutting room floor of a bad Bogart film. But, she'd never sent me a go-nowhere lead before, and because of her, I was living a comfortable life. So, of course, I followed my phone's GPS and drove where she sent me.

If you've never been on one, an airboat is not much more than a flat piece of aluminum with a couple benches and a gigantic airplane propeller on the back end of the thing. It doesn't look very stable, and at first glance, you wonder how all the lift from those blades doesn't send you immediately airborne. The seats were covered with brown canvas tarps.

Meeting Ed was an interesting experience. He dressed in blue jean overalls, no shirt, and combat boots. His skin was scaly in some places, slimy in others. As he shook my hand, he said, "So you're the one LeeAnn sent? Are you sure I can trust you?" His voice had a strange croak to it.

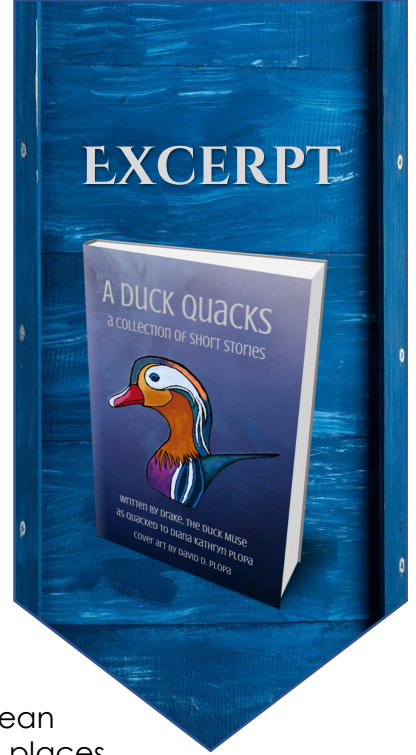
Can I trust you? That is what I thought. What I said was, "Of course. LeeAnn would never steer either of us wrong, now would she?"

"I suppose not," he responded with a shrug. With that, and nothing more, he picked me up like a three-year-old and hoisted me off the dock and onto the airboat.

As the powerful engine first began to purr and then grow into a roar, he pulled the boat out into the middle of the waterway and skillfully sped toward the swamp. The dark, dismal, dank swamp. LeeAnn had warned me with a tidbit about a swamp being involved. After our failed five years together, she had at least walked away with the understanding that when it came to the abysmal in life, I wasn't a fan of surprises. But she'd told me nothing more than I would be traveling near a swamp. LeeAnn was a chronic under-explainer.

Not knowing what I was about to float into, I had my camera at the ready. I didn't see the purpose of this strange trip, the whys, and the whats, but I accept that as part of the job. I promised not to take Ed's photo before he had a shower, but I couldn't resist sneaking just one. There was something in my gut that said it would be important later. Then I pointed my lens outside the boat and waited to arrive at our destination – wherever that might be.

I've been a freelance photojournalist for about ten years, avoiding corporate entanglements and only working when, where, and why I want to. It is a life I designed with purpose and laziness at the heart of it all. After five years working as a runner on Wall Street and socking away a ton of cash (insider information didn't come cheap), I got out as quickly as I could. That world soon began to crash in on those who weren't paying attention.



SLIMY SURPRISE

I've been towing my tiny house around the United States, Mexico, and Canada, with little permanence ever since. No family and no obligations except the dog, a long-haired dachshund named Charlie, and my camera. Freelance photo jobs are not hard to come by in a world that no longer has the time or patience for words. Living off the grid lends me a kind of security unmatched by any other living situation I've ever known – including the years with LeeAnn – but that's another story.

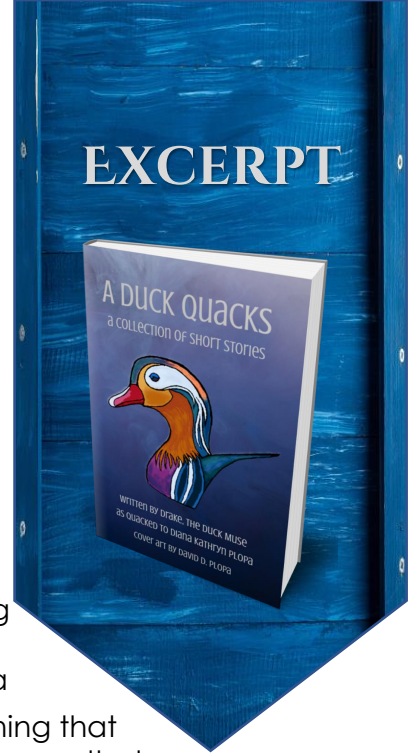
I wasn't sure where this guy was taking me. I only knew that a connection through a mutual acquaintance of LeeAnn's told her that Ed could lead me to a story that would keep me in dog snacks and propane for the rest of my life. LeeAnn, still working at the money rat race, also still loved me enough to throw me a bone now and again when she thought it might lead to something that would make me quit and come back to her. There was little chance that would ever happen. My life had become simple, and I was enjoying it. The only other piece of information was that there was some sort of mystery involved. There always is when it's the Louisiana bayou – and I was assured this wouldn't be a waste of film. How could I possibly pass up a job like that?

Ed throttled the airboat back to a purr and pulled an 'S' maneuver through the Bald Cypress trees and quicksand-like mess that filled the area. Moss hung from the branches, and an alligator slapped its tail and dove under the reeds as we drove past. My heart jumped, and my blood raced. Death by archaic carnivore was absolutely not my idea of a good time.

As we rounded the last curve, he coaxed the boat into a nearly imperceptible crawl. The bog was silent. I searched for a horizon, for a landmark, for anything that might hint at our location, but found none. I couldn't even see the sky through the dense overgrowth. Redundancy permeated the landscape, and, at that moment, I realized I was utterly dependent on this near-Neanderthal stranger to get me back to Charlie. I've had more comforting thoughts.

A few seconds later, one word escaped Ed's throat; a guttural, unnatural noise; "Up."

I pointed my lens to the trees and started pressing the shutter even before my eyes could adjust to the shadows. Bodies hung from the trees like piñatas at a Cinco de Mayo party. Bones rattled together in the swamp breeze, a warning to defilers and deserters alike. The skeletons wore a skin of thick moss, brown and green, the stench of something beyond death seeping from every crevice.



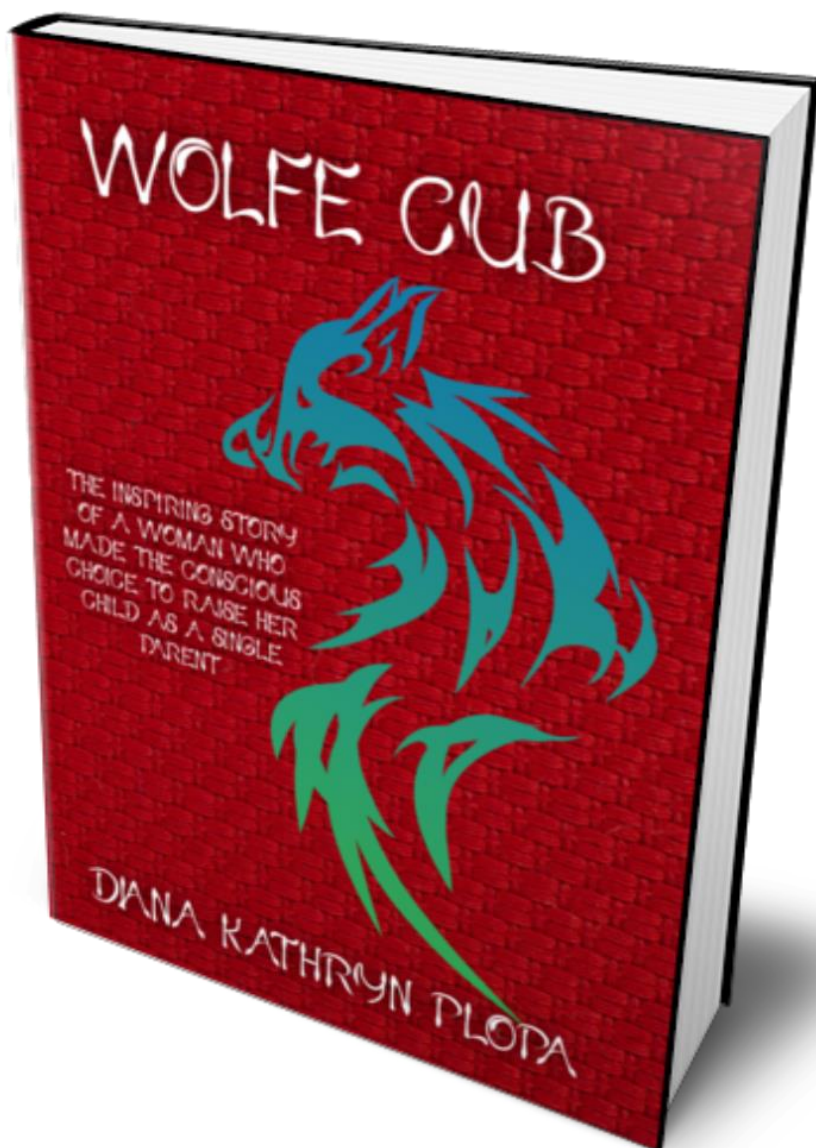
This is a memoir that follows Diana Kathryn Wolfe-Plopa as she raises her son, Zachary Benjamin from birth to adulthood with a plan that incorporates intelligent love, reasonable boundaries, and lots of patience.

MEMOIR

ISBN: 978-1628282498

Pages: 205

MSP: \$12.00



READER REVIEWS:

"This book is so deeply spiritual in a context deeper than what we know as spiritual. The love for your son emanated from every page. The self-exploration was profound! True parenting begins with soul searching within ourselves. And it becomes a journey and not just an experience when we trust ourselves to be all that our children need us to be from childhood through adulthood. Great Book! I really enjoyed it!"

"A super fun read with nice little quips and a cute narrative that keeps your interest from start to finish. Good job to the author and it would be nice to see a follow up from the son's perspective now that he is grown!"

WOLFE CUB

THE DISCLAIMER: THIS IS NOT A FISH STORY!

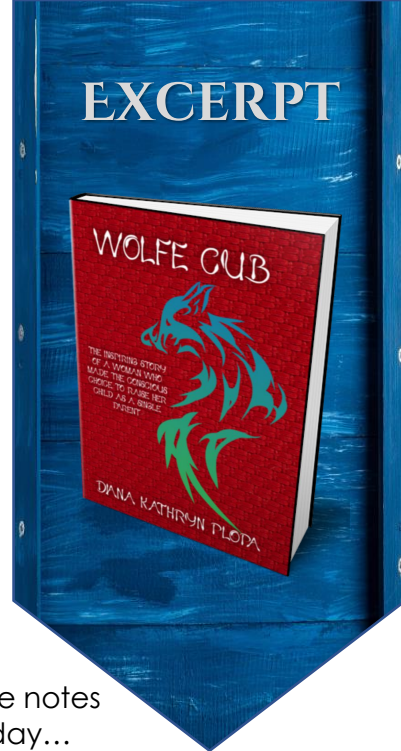
While it's true that authors don't write books unless we are hopeful that we will make money, and that lots of people will find our work compelling; you must understand that I would be lying if I said that success in print is my only reason for telling my story. Please understand, this is not a "quick fix" book. I didn't set out to write a "tell-all" book on the best possible technique for being a single parent by choice. I am not interested in being a featured speaker on Dr. Phil (although, if he called, who in their right mind would refuse?). And I'm not interested in being the next Dr. Spock of the baby-rearing world. This book was written mainly as a cathartic study in parenting. This was my way of remembering what I did that worked.

This book is also meant as a resource for my son; to pass these notes along to him so that when he decides to raise children one day... many years from now, please... he might have some hints about what worked for us.

If you are a person considering single parenthood, or know someone who is, approach what I offer here with a tremendous amount of skepticism and reserve. Although I share several interesting techniques for dealing with the more obvious speed bumps along the child rearing road, (or at least the ones that seemed obvious to me) please remember, this is by no means anyone's parenting "get out of jail free card". This is just another resource for a unique person, who may be faced with a unique life challenge. If you read any further, use what you can from these pages, and throw the rest out. If you gain a menial ten percent of positive information from this volume, I'd call it a successful and a worthwhile purchase for you and a worthwhile writing exercise for me. If there is absolutely nothing that you can find to agree with or use in these pages, burn this book and don't suggest it to your friends!

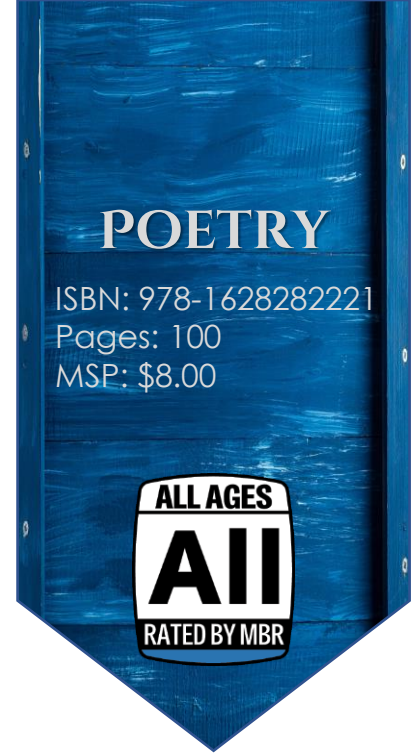
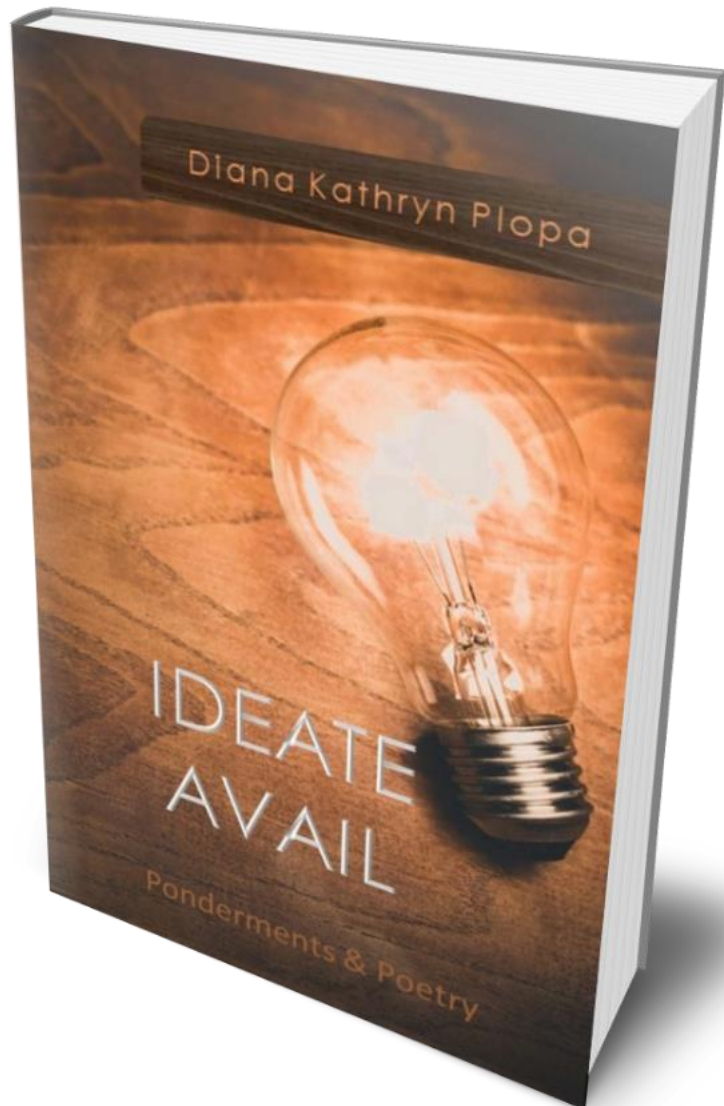
For those of you considering the life of becoming a single parent by choice, I highly recommend spending a year or two as the caregiver for someone else's children first. There are no moments so revealing when thinking about how you will parent than watching up close and personal how others do it. And while I do not advocate the idea that children should be test-driven... there is something monumentally important about test-driving yourself before you make the life-altering change of inviting a child into your universe. I know no better way to make sure you are ready... and even then, you may still not be completely ready. I encourage you to prepare with the first step of observation.

That having been said, I'm not a wonder-woman-single parent with the magic secret decoder ring which will give you all the step-by-step instructions to raising the perfect child. This is not your child's "Owner's Manual". I'm just a single parent, like many others, trying to fill a gap I found in the resource department of my local library.



Written in my early twenties, this is a collection of young adult angst, tributes to those I loved, the melancholy musings of a die-hard romantic, and a little dabbling in the politics of the time... all of which made me appear (at least to myself) incredibly insightful and mature. In truth, not so much.

So, why is it sitting in your hands today? Well, I'm in my mid-fifties now, and my perspective has changed once again. Now, this book is a matter of legacy, a matter of "proof of experience", and an excuse to never write poetry again.



READER REVIEWS:

THE HUSH

~For Alan

When you touched me with your tenderness
Behind my eyes grew a well of tears
For the magnificence of your power
Opened treasures not revealed
In all my years

The reflection of your spirit
Radiated from just behind your eyes
The gentleness of your sincerity
Brought to me a multitude
Of starlit skies

When you caressed my soul with a whisper
Delving deep into the person I am
My entire body trembled
With undeniable rapture
As your encouragement
Softly took command

Then you wrapped me warmly in a blanket
Quiet music and a silken touch
Your arms enveloped me
As we drifted to sleep
Together we embraced
The wonder found
In The Hush

CHAPTER THE INNATE FLUTE

~An Experiment in Random Poetry

The innate flute of society
Breathes assumingly
Its twisted mandate
Quietly constructing
Their unrelenting doctrine
And insinuate him
In this vast leg of their
Endangered journey
The core is presented
Transitive thoughts
Hate them happily

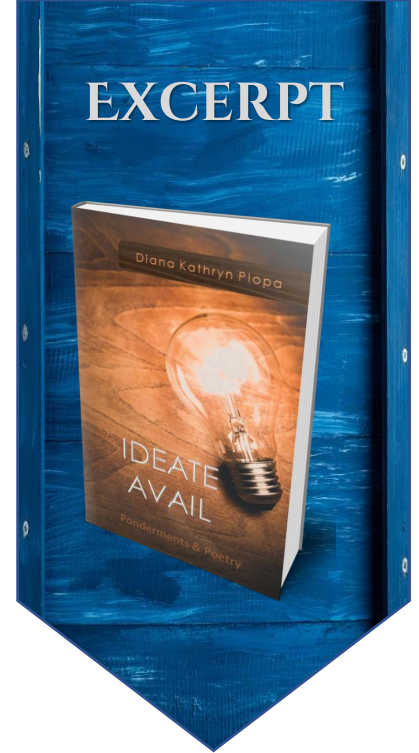
By night
Inflatable revolutionaries mate
Starvingly
But by day
Like recalcitrant icebergs
They preach unknowingly

Brave poet
Codify simply this
Courageous Socialism
Divide diagonally the wily
Blanket of quick fears

Inquisitive eyes quickly reach
The twisted envelope
Willingly defying
Authority

They open with anticipation
The endangered Doctrine
Finding only the largest hole

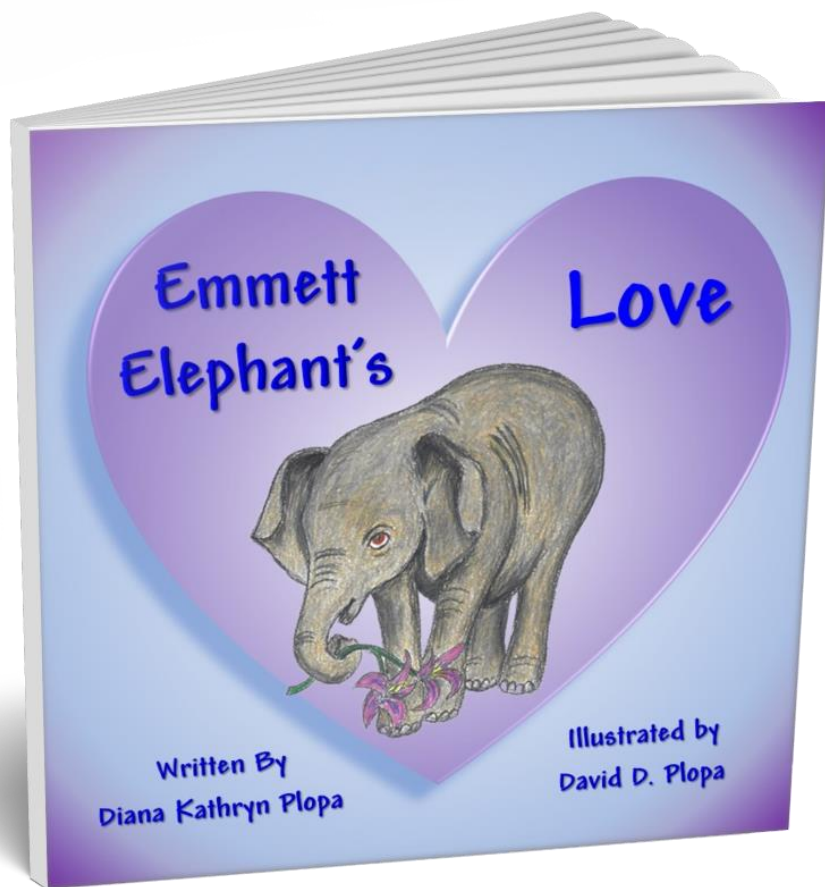
Clean carpets carefully



Meet Emmett Elephant.
One day, with the help of his friends, Olivia Ostrich, Patrick Egret, and Gregg Girraffe, Emmett learns a very important thing. Saying goodbye to someone you love can be very, very difficult. But with the strength of your family, the wisdom of your elders, the memory of gentle times, and the comfort of good friends everyone can heal.

Smart elephants know, listening to your heart, even in sadness, is a strong thing to do.

A gentle picture book that teaches children about the death of a grandparent.



READER REVIEWS:

"This book is beautifully written and illustrated allowing a soft and safe touch on the topic of loss for children."

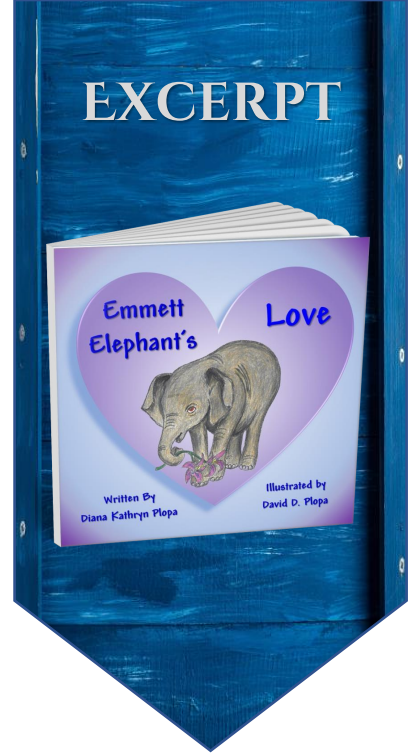
"Oh look, there's a lot of elephants... Silly bird... I like giraffes... Mommy, this is a long book... 1,2,3,4,5,6,7,8,9 - that's a lot of elephants... Why did she die?... Butts! HA HA"

"The simple illustrations really emoted what needed to be there instead of distracting from the message. The language was simple but still poignant. What a great lesson in grief."

EMMETT ELEPHANT'S LOVE



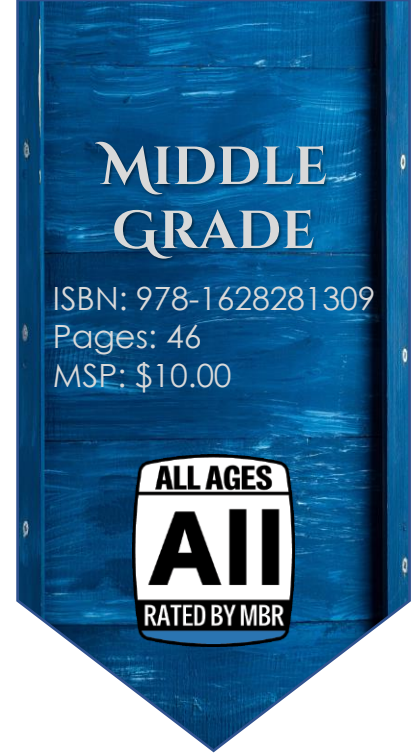
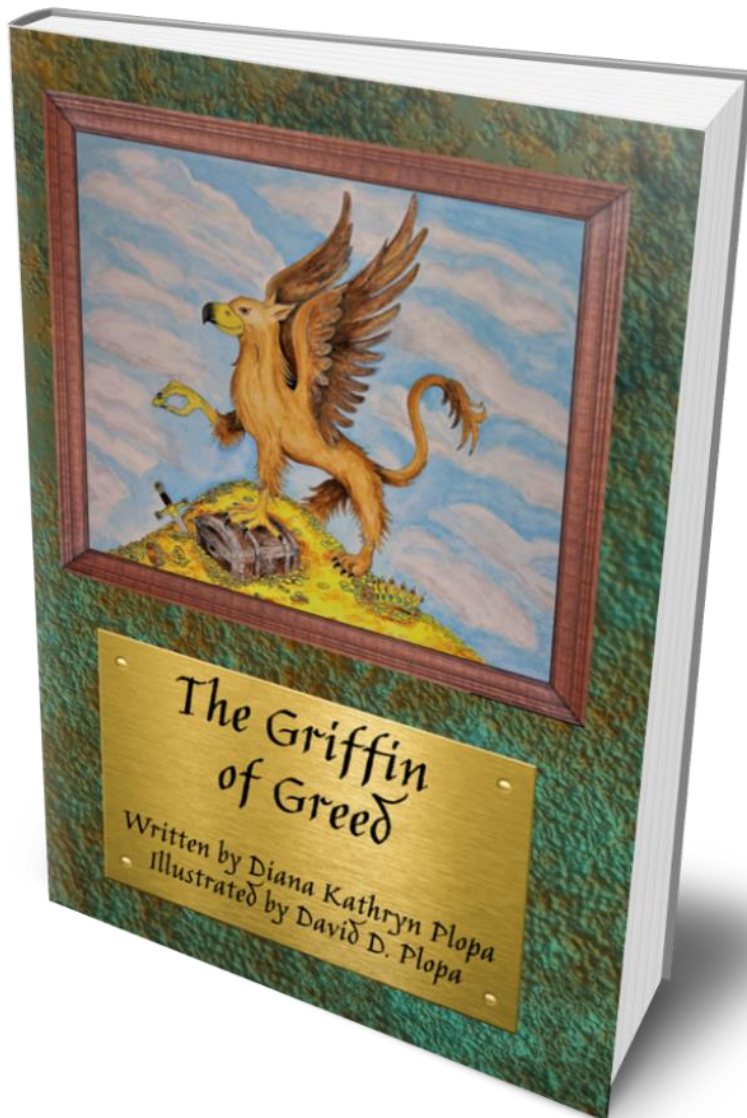
My name is Emmett Elephant.
I love to play and learn new things.
One day, I learned a very important thing.
I wasn't even expecting it!



Gregg is also a great listener.
We love to sit together and tell each other stories.
We both have exciting imaginations
and smart ears!
Whenever I tell him a story,
he sits quietly and listens carefully.
Gregg is always very kind.

The Griffin of Greed is a dastardly monster that can make us forget about the important things in life... those things that don't have a price tag.

Defeating the Griffin of Greed is difficult, but even after the loss of their son, Prince Elliot, the King and Queen are excellent examples for the people of their kingdom. Together, they teach the people how to heal from its poison and regain their joyful, purposeful lives.

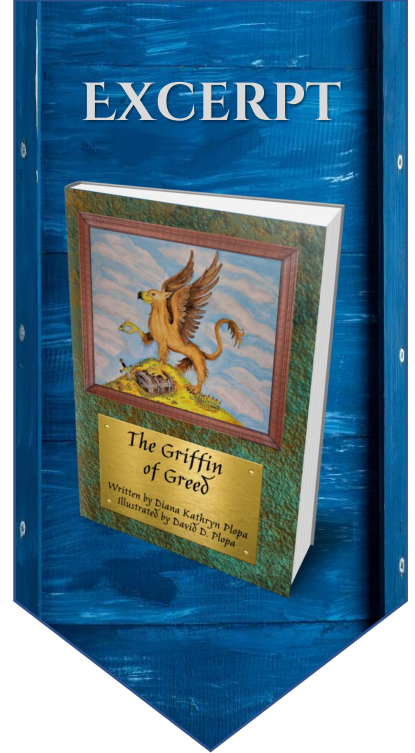


READER REVIEWS:

The Griffin of Greed was an excellent book. The moral of the story, is to be kind to everyone. Do not become the Griffin of Greed, full of angry feelings. Become what the king became, full of forgiveness and love.

**NEW
EDITION
COMING
SUMMER
2023**

THE GRIFFIN OF GREED



Once upon a time there was a King and Queen who had a wonderful life together. They were loved by the people of the town for being kind, fair, and very generous.

They thought very little of themselves; instead they gave away most of their money and hired very smart teachers to show them how they could help to make the lives of the people around them better.

However, not all the creatures of the world were as kind and thoughtful as they were, so the kingdom placed guards in every village, because safeguarding their people was very important to the King and Queen. One day, the guards brought word of a Griffin of Greed attacking a village nearby!

"Oh my goodness," said the Queen. "We should do something to help them."

"Yes, you're right. We should help," said the King. He called their son, Prince Elliott, into his study. "Please son, our people are struggling with a horrible monster. A dastardly Griffin of Green has flown into their lands and it is making their lives very difficult. Will you go and help?"

"Of course," said Prince Elliott. "The people have been good neighbors and you and Mother have always taught me to think about others before myself. I will bravely go on this quest if there is even a small chance that I can help our friends."

Prince Elliott's parents were very proud of their son.

And so, the King and Queen sent their son, Prince Elliott, on a quest to drive away the Griffin of Greed.

The Griffin was large and spewed poison from its serpent tail. It was this poison that changed the people's understanding of right and wrong. The poison of Greed made them fight for things that they didn't need or, sometimes, things they didn't even want.

Making friends was the only way Prince Elliott thought he could break the Griffin of Greed's hold on the people. For it is true that once you make friends with someone, you want to treat them kindly.

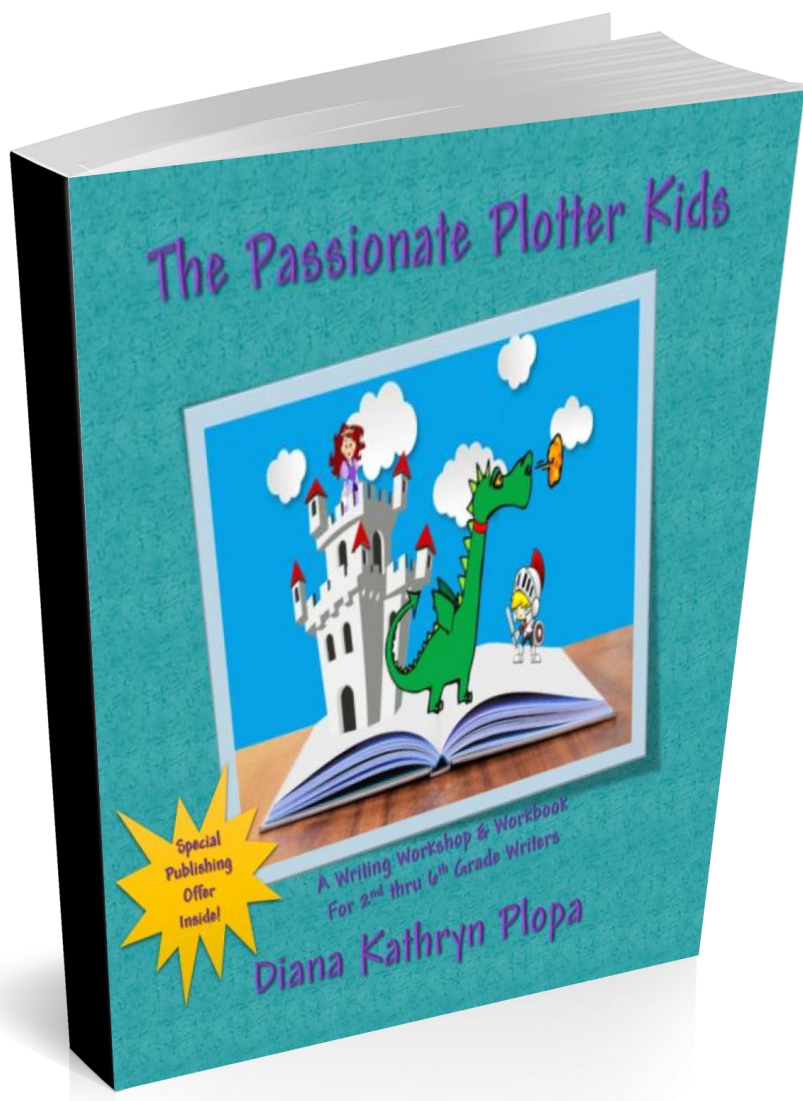
Prince Elliott thought that if he could show the creature how mean it was being, and that there was a better way,=... maybe then, it would understand why it was the last of its kind. Then it would say it was sorry, go away, and not hurt anyone anymore.

A story idea usually starts out very small, then quickly gets out of control inside our imaginations. How can the storyteller inside each of us learn to tame a runaway story? Come on a writing adventure with The Passionate Plotter Kids!

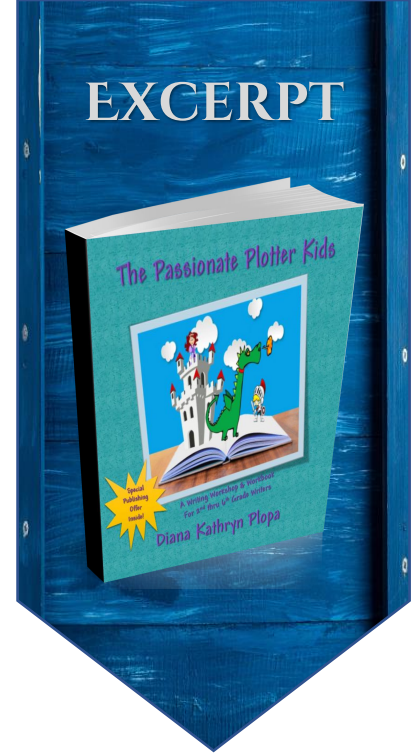
Learning by doing helps children hunt down the clues and write creative stories with tremendous courage. With 175 pages of fun worksheets and brainstorming pages, using the same processes adult writers use, presented in a style children will enjoy and remember.



READER REVIEWS:



THE PASSIONATE PLOTTER KIDS



How To Use This Book

This workbook is for YOU! My goal is to help you write your first story; and maybe more. This book is built for you to brainstorm all of your ideas in one place and get your story written! It was designed for you to read and do the worksheets on your own... but you can certainly ask your teachers, parents, and even your older siblings to help if you find difficult parts. Or, if you get your parent's permission, you can send me an email at Diana@DKPWriter.com with your questions. Happy Writing! Enjoy The Journey!

These pages are for brainstorming!
I WANT YOU TO WRITE ALL OVER THEM!

Feel free to change your mind as you write!

Whenever you see this page... Draw on it!
Do you have to draw? Nope.
But sometimes, doing art helps writers find words in their imagination.

7

The Three Little Pigs Plot Map

This is an example of what a plot map might look like. I'm sure you know this story. Remember, this is the drone overview, you'll build the individual scene details later.

This is usually about half-way through your story.

CLIMAX

- The Wolf Can't Destroy The Brick House
- The Wolf Destroys The Stick House
- The Wolf Destroys The Straw House
- The 3rd Pig Builds A Brick House
- The 2nd Pig Builds A Stick House
- The 1st Pig Builds A Straw House

ENDING

- The Three Pig Leave Home
- Mother Pig Is Them To Always Do Their Best

Start with something important... but not super-exciting... you'll have to top it later!

Scene Storyboard

Sometimes, it helps to draw pictures of your scenes, in the right order, before you begin to write the book. This might help you to discover small details that perhaps you didn't think of before.

Crafting Characters

You want to build a creative character that the reader will remember. Think about these traits of a character as you plan. Use the traits that best describes your character throughout all the pages of the story.

Come back to this section of the book whenever you need to fill in a missing piece about one of your characters.

Selecting The Genre

Genre, which is pronounced zahn-ruh, is the word we use to describe a story's category. In all the stories, in all the world, there are about 35 genres! That's a lot to choose from... so let's make it a little simpler. Think about the ones listed on this page and choose one of them as you write your story. You can always write more stories later, about different genres. But let's begin with just one, for now.

Adventure	Comedy	Fantasy
Mystery	History	Science Fiction
Horror	Biography	Non-Fiction

Every Story Has A Voice

Story Voice is sometimes called Point of View, or Narration. The Narrator is the voice of the character who is telling the story. If that voice is coming from inside you, then you're writing in 1st Person. If the voice is talking about other characters, then it's 3rd Person. And, if the voice is talking directly to YOU, then it's 2nd Person.

The pronouns you use will help you understand what voice you're using. If you ever discover that you're using two different kinds of pronouns... it might be easier to switch your voice to 1st Person, only write about what one character knows, thinks, and feels from behind their eyes, only. It's easier for both you and the reader.

I've got a GREAT story to tell you!

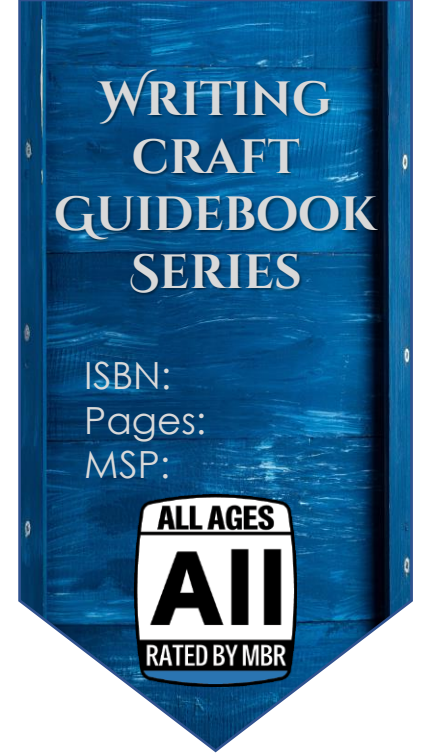
However, if you want to experiment with telling your story in a different voice, you should try it. Some of our greatest creativity comes from testing things out to see how they work.

Reader about your... more like a list of... characters... really think about... yourself when you are... remember?... so your reader won't... or secretive?... or different in some way?

NEW EDITION COMING LATE AUTUMN 2022

This five-book series is an amalgamation of over ten years of workshop lectures and worksheets. It is intended as a hands-on resource for those who want to write a book,

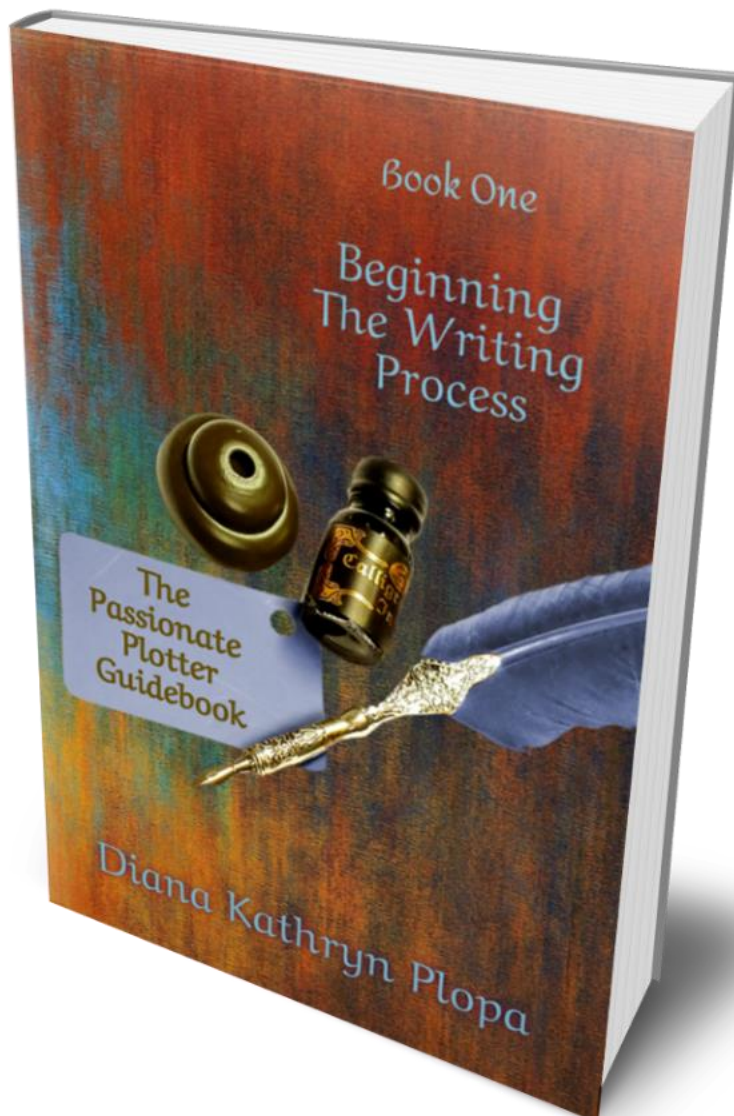
Each chapter includes specific support as you use the worksheets to enhance your fiction, non-fiction, memoir, and children's books. There are notes pages to track your ideas throughout the program. Write directly on these pages and keep the book close by as a reference while you work on your project. Links to PDF downloads of supplemental worksheets are also included for additional brainstorming.



READER REVIEWS:

"The friendly, casual tone was given weight by the seriousness of the information presented and the power of the author's obvious expertise. The interview questions, and highly detailed worksheets, push writers deep inside their character's psyche. Striving to find what THEY would say in reply is very instructive and makes them come alive."

"The Passionate Plotter includes all aspects of the creative and business sides of penning a book and birthing it into the hands of eager readers. Beginning writers will benefit greatly from the explanatory chapters and corresponding worksheets to plan and author their first (or second or seventh!) book."



SOME DAY, I'LL WRITE A BOOK!

According to data collected by the United States Census, the number of people employed as writers and authors has been growing at a rate of 2.29%, from 167,766 people in 2016 to 171,613 people in 2017.

Writers of every age and genre benefit from the act of writing and publishing a book. There's nothing better for enhancing self-esteem and cultivating mutual joy than creating a story and hearing how others enjoy reading it. Remember the thrill we got as kids, sitting around a campfire, telling ghost stories? The bigger the reaction, the bigger the endorphin rush for the storyteller and the listener.

The experience is no different when we put those stories down on paper. That same rush happens every time we discover that someone enjoyed our work, and sometimes even if they really disliked it! Whether giving a reading at a bookshop or a lecture at a conference... the connection between story and reader is a powerful one.

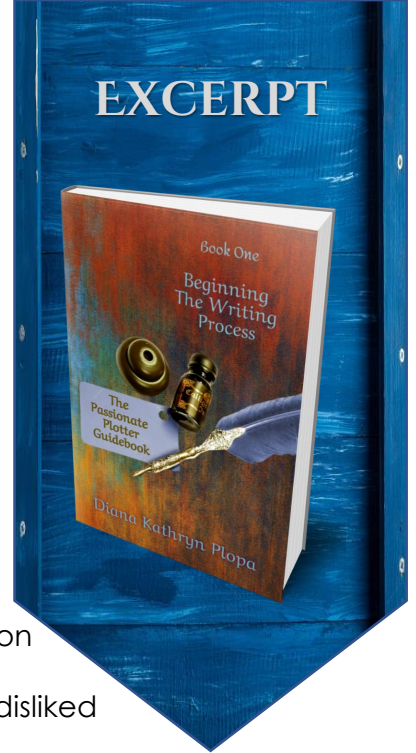
Authors of children's books are especially touched by this connection. The adrenaline buzz an author gets reading to a group of youngsters, listening to them giggle and gasp, watching them cover their eyes and squirm in their seats, makes for a lasting memory of the wonder of language and the impact of story.

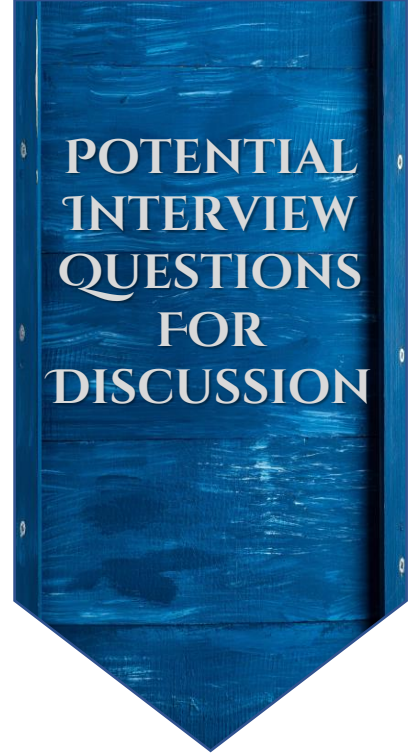
For Non-Fiction authors, writing a book enhances your professional and community standings more than you may realize. Having written a book sets you up as an expert in your field. A book entices new clients to trust your experience and current customers to recommend you.

Whether it is an authentic experience or not, the perception of authors is that they are experts in their subject matter... no matter the genre or style. If you were to meet Jack Canfield, Nora Roberts, Stephen King, Suze Orman or Neil Gaiman, you would be convinced that these folks know what they're talking about, simply because they write books. Perhaps it's subliminal, but it's there. Yes, of course, these people have demonstrated their intelligence and storytelling acumen through the years... but it's still a substantial validation that they have books to corroborate their "gold rush" claims.

There is a built-in sense of trust that accompanies the written word. Of course, if that trust is verified when you demonstrate your experience, you get extra points (and will most likely sell more books)... but sometimes the perception is enough to at least open the door to a lasting reputation. Trust backed up with the written word often builds a new reader base, and with that, the opportunity to write subsequent books.

According to writer Joseph Epstein, "81% of Americans feel that they have a book in them—and should write it." That's approximately 200 million people who aspire to authorship; and there's nothing holding you back!





- **Do you have any writing rituals? If so, what are they?**

I write best when I have a cup of cocoa nearby and classical, instrumental music in my ears. I also tend to write best at night, although not in the middle of the night anymore, like I did in my thirties.

- **What are the most important attributes to remaining sane as a writer?**

I think it's important to remember that first drafts are supposed to be crap. And, so are many of the drafts that come after it. The goal is to reach for excellence with writing, not perfection. Seeking perfection is a sure way to drive yourself nuts, and never get your book to publication.

- **Name a topic that you refuse to write about, and tell us, why won't you write about that topic?**

Violence against children or animals; I just can't stomach that sort of thing.

- **How do you begin a new project? Are you a plotter (outliner) or a pantsier (free-writer)?**

I am definitely a Passionate Plotter. I start with my beginning, middle and end; then create an outline. I usually develop character maps and a timeline, as well. Once I get those foundational pieces down and secure, I begin writing. I love writing this way because it allows my brain to jump all over the place. I can move from a beginning plot point to an end plot point, and then to a middle plot point without losing my train of thought. The outline is there to help guide me. Now, the other thing that this affords me is the opportunity to be spontaneous and move things around, as the characters and storyline dictate. Drop and drag is a wonderful thing. I feel less scattered working this way, and it gives me the chance to work on five or six projects at the same time, without losing my flow.

- **How do you react to a negative review of one of your manuscripts?**

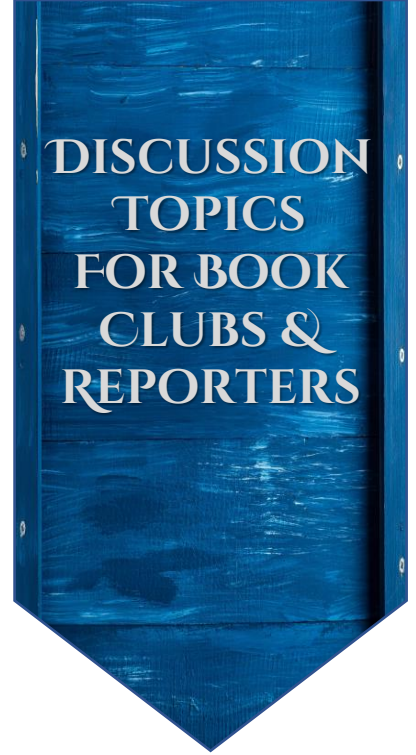
I first try to listen intently to the suggestions being made. I try to look at the critique objectively, staying emotionally detached. And I always remind myself that a rejection isn't necessarily a mean thing... it's just a key that doesn't fit my lock.

- **What was your favorite scene or poem to write, and why was it so enjoyable?**

That's a tough one. I'm usually madly in love with whatever I'm currently writing. However, I am quite fond of the opening scene to my current WIP, *Tryst of Fate*. It catches the reader off guard and drops them right into the action of the story. I also love the tantrum scene in *Free Will*; just because it seems so very realistic to me, even though the book is a completely speculative narration.

- **What's the hardest scene or poem you have ever written and why was it so hard to write?**

I find writing uber violent scenes very difficult. The blood and guts part of it doesn't bother me, I'm not squeamish by any stretch. It's the emotionality tied to that violence that makes it a difficult thing for me to write.



- **THE IMPACT OF STORY.**

Time only exists because humans created story. The first moment of the first day on the first box of the first calendar was created because somehow, humanity discovered how to communicate a story about the world. Before that, time didn't exist, right?

How else can we possibly explain the inconsistencies between religious time and scientific time? Prehistoric... Before The Common Era... Common Era... Whatever your time moniker, it didn't exist before we had a way to communicate it, and that is STORY...

- **THE SACRED TEXT PHILOSOPHY**

Since the beginnings of our organized society, the way we have given honor and credence to thoughts, ideas, parables, edicts, and even our own daily history has been to write them down. And, when we wanted to disappear any trace of that history, those same writings were erased, destroyed and ignored. They were wiped out of our social and intellectual existence.

- **THE WRITER'S TRIBE**

I'm not sure this happens in other "industries", but we hear the word "tribe" tossed about a lot in creative circles. Social media is filled with inspirational memes about finding one's tribe and relishing in the camaraderie of those people who you discover as "kindred". There is a large, seemingly never-ending collection of memes illustrating the urgency in finding your tribe and embracing the comfort of their closeness.

- **A SHIP IN A HARBOR IS SAFE... BUT...**

One of my favorite quotes is from Albert Einstein... "A ship in a harbor is safe, but that's not what ships are built for."

I've always interpreted this to mean, "be courageous". Take risks, and give yourself credit for the successes in your life, no matter how small or insignificant they may seem to the onlookers.

As an author, I think that courage is a pre-requisite to the endeavor. I don't see a lot of timid authors out in the world. Writers, I think, by nature - whether introvert or extrovert - are people who take risks. We write stories and characters that sometimes make us uncomfortable and challenge our belief systems. We ask questions of ourselves like, "Would they really do or say that? Does that make sense?" We craft story lines that risk losing a reader in complexity or diversion. We birth books like children, taking the risk that the dialogue we speak may not ring true in a reader's ears. We ask people to think.



**DISCUSSION
TOPICS
FOR BOOK
CLUBS &
REPORTERS**

- **THE PSEUDONYM DISCUSSION**

Pen names can be helpful if you write children's books as well as mature genres. It can be helpful to have different personas to promote to different audiences, lest you offend a reader, and they put all of your books back on the shelf. People can be quick to jump to conclusions and generalize; pen names can stave off some of those repercussions. Pseudonyms are also helpful to those authors who want to maintain a distance from the limelight; those who may want to create an air of mystique or build in anonymity so that their families and friends aren't over-taxed by an author's celebrity or notoriety. All are good arguments for utilizing an author alter ego.

- **NANOWRIMO**

I spend hours staring at the screen, doodling with my notebook, staring at the clouds, trying to find just the right piece to fit my literary puzzle, when really, the simplest solution might just be the most effective one, for now. I sometimes overlook the wooden spoon because I'm fooled by the notion that I should be spending my time looking for an electronic vibrating harness that won't hurt the dog, but rather, alert him to change his path and make a better choice about his longing to escape. I'm fooled into thinking that the flashy solution is better based on no real information, other than it's flashy.

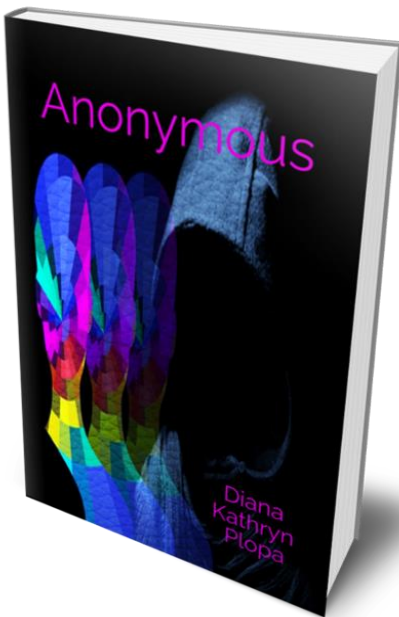
- **COLLABORATIVE & CHARITABLE WRITING PROJECTS**

To support the needs of the world's illiterate population, and to give writers a place to share their talent and creativity, we have created a Community Service Anthology Project Program. Two or three times per year, we offer enticing prompts that, when multiple authors contribute, results in a stunning book, created from our combined creative energies. Writers of Every Age, Stage, and (nearly) Every Genre Are Welcome To Submit! We offer novice and experienced writers, alike, the opportunity to join together to create a force to be reckoned with... shared experience through the written word. Student contributors are offered community service certificates to help them achieve their graduation requirements while investigating the potential of their imagination.

**"IF THERE'S A BOOK THAT YOU WANT TO READ, BUT IT HASN'T BEEN WRITTEN YET, THEN YOU MUST WRITE IT."
~TONI MORRISON**



- The Scribe's Apprentice (a historical fiction novel)
- The Last Strand (a science fiction novel)
- American Plague (a political thriller series)
- Splinters (a western novel)
- Anonymous (a suspense novella)
- Tears Remember (a paranormal novel)
- Emmett Elephant's Journey (a children's picture book)
- Hot Cocoa (a collection of anecdotal essays)
- The Crimson Key (a swashbuckler fantasy novel)
- Take The Reins (a young adult novel)





Are you are interested in joining a Facebook group to discover special benefits, ARC opportunities, sneak peeks, cover reveals, new releases, contests, swag, and more?

**JOIN THE LITERARY
STREET THUG TEAM!**

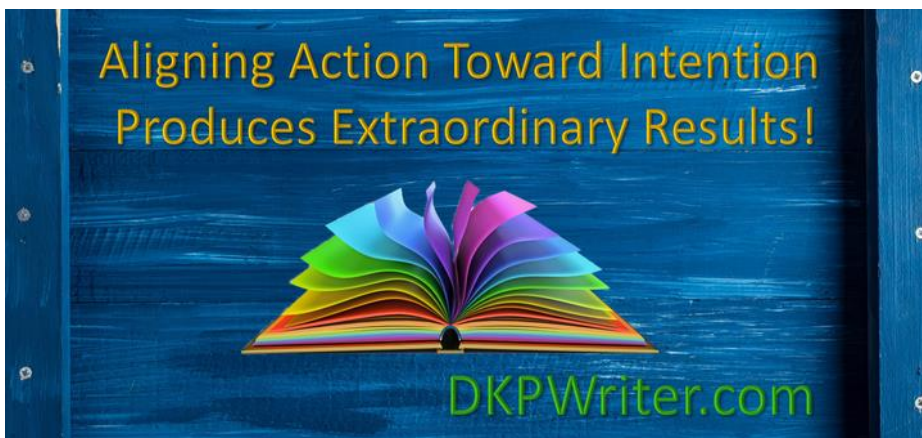
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