

The Cemetery of Forgotten Books

I wonder my fate as my author, Carlos Ruiz Zaffon puts the finishing touches on my final chapter and cleans me up so he can submit my transcript to the publisher. The anxiety, the uncertainty I experience must be quite like my fellow novel's feelings. Will we be read by the masses? Hopefully, reviewed in a positive and constructive manner by critics and pundits and fingers-crossed wind-up on the New York Times best seller list or maybe, just maybe receive the ultimate-a Pulitzer Prize. Or will our fate be much less exciting like ending up on a coffee table because our cover is cute and colorful or worse on a \$.25 bargain table at the library's once a year get rid of the junk sale. Painfully scary as a book- not knowing your fate.

My author has spent considerable time and effort in making me the book that I strive to be. A winner that is discussed at book clubs, at cocktail parties, on trains and above all on Oprah. Let me give you a short synopsis of why I believe that everything that is wonderful will grace my covers. I was born in an old- fashioned book store run by the same gentleman who is responsible for the Cemetery of Forgotten books- a repository, no a labyrinth, a maze with numerous twists and turns where a copy of every book that has been published for the last 100 years is stored and catalogued. As the story unfolds I'm stolen from this maze and wind-up in the hands of an evil and violent man. I embark on a fun-filled (not exactly) fantastic journey of riveting dialogue, Action packed suspense with an ending that is phenomenal. Carlos's way of telling my story, of keeping his reader's glued page after page is brilliant. He writes with such skill, such passion, such exuberance. I feel blessed to have Carlos as my author. He is a genius. I can't wait for the world to read me.