

Avery Flynn

UP A DRY CREEK (The Dry Creek Series)

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## ***A Guest Posting from Avery Flynn***

Amid all the excitement of having my first novel published, I've been asked about my "road" to publication. How long was it? How bumpy? How often did I get lost? Finally, I stopped celebrating long enough to piece it all back together.

I worked hard to meet my goal—that being for **Up a Dry Creek** to be a sexy, fun, fast-paced romantic suspense. I wrote those fateful words—"The End"—and started submitting. The rejections came in. Each one hurt like a nun smacking my knuckles with a wooden ruler. Then came the request for revisions—by a big house no less. I crafted a villain's back story, added another layer of emotion and tightened it up. As soon as I hit send on my e-mail to the publisher, my eyes locked on the clock.

Tick, tick, tick. Nothing. Days passed. Weeks passed. A month and a half passed with not a peep from the publisher. Being the queen of doom and gloom, I made my mind up that it wasn't going to happen. What was I doing investing all of my time and energy into writing a book? Sure it had been recognized in contests, but so were a lot of stories. What made me think mine stood out? Gathering my courage, I sent an e-mail to the publisher asking for an update. Then I spent quality time staring at my computer screen vainly waiting for the bing to sound.

Nervous energy burning a basketball-sized hole in my stomach, I went to the one place where I could distract myself from all thoughts about my book. Yes, I went shoe shopping. I was there in the clearance racks filled with glittery four-inch heels that I had no hope of being able to walk in, when I finally got word.

The word was no.

Cue the pity party. I drank beer and fell off the smoking wagon. I whined to friends and generally pouted and felt sorry for myself. I was the awkward high school girl who'd gotten dressed for the prom, but her date never came to pick her up. I was crushed.

The next morning I brewed an extra-strong pot of coffee—which for me means it was a few degrees away from counting as nuclear sludge. Sitting down at the computer, I wrote a nice thank-you-for-considering-my-manuscript e-mail to the publisher. Then I did what every writer has done. I submitted again.

And again.

And again.

Soon, I had not one but two publishers interested in *Up a Dry Creek*. This caused anxiety on a whole other level and resulted in more whining to friends. I walked away from my computer, read a book ([A Lot Like Love](#) by Julie James—thumbs up) and tried not to think about it. The next morning, I knew what I was going to do.

I signed my contract with [Evernight Publishing](#) and *Up a Dry Creek* is now on sale.

**Up a Dry Creek is available at these online retailers...**

1PlaceforRomance

<http://1placeforromance.com/>

Amazon Kindle

<http://www.amazon.com>

AllRomanceEbooks

<http://www.allromanceebooks.com>

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<http://www.bn.com>

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Digibook Café

<http://www.digibookscafe.com/>

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***... and, of course, at***

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