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books

M.C. SIMON

YOU ARE A WRITER!

Escape Your Fears

Practical Guide



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Greetings, dearest future Author!

*I'm M.C. and... my mission is to guide you on the
Path to your first Book.*

*So, let's discover How to Write Your first Book
when You are too busy and don't Trust in Yourself!*

CHAPTER 1

From Reader to Writer... or...

The Path to Your Book



Welcome, dear aspiring author!

I'm M.C. (short for Mirela-Carmen), an engineer with multiple passions.

An engineer that love turned her into a writer.

Life has often proved that we each have a book in us. I have it... YOU have it.

The lack of time, the fear of criticism, the lack of writing techniques, the fear of the unknown, not knowing the shortcuts you can follow, the doubts in your own strength and talent... all these... and many more... are just excuses that our minds add in our way.

And, the result is accordingly. Postponing the moment when **you start writing your first book.**

I assure you; it is up to you to see the light at the end of the tunnel. As it also depended on me a few years ago.

Today, when someone asks me how I manage to write so much and especially how I manage to write so fast, I invariably answer like this: *“I create a clear plan for my book, for the article, for the document, chapter by chapter, aspects approached, the main points that I want to include in each chapter. The deeper I go into this planning, the less I will have to write when... I write.”*

And yet, you can easily see that many writers in the early stages of this wonderful art-passion are stuck from their first draft. And if you ask them what stages they went through, it's easy to see why they failed.

Especially if... you already went through the same frustrations, fears and blockages.

When, in 2014, I participated in my first writing contest, I was sure for the first time that I was on the right track when... I ranked first on the podium.

It had only been a few months since I had decided... from a passionate reader... to become a “professional” writer. Why had I decided only then and what were my reasons, you will find out below.

But, until I get to the moment and the reasons that determined me to choose the path to the first book written by me, **I have to make a confession to you.**

I'm guilty.

I admit, I'm guilty!

I am an avid reader.

I've been reading since I was a kid.

Probably, a few seconds after I entered this world, I began to read in my mother's soul.

Later, I've read the minds of the children I was playing with. The time came when I've read in coffee, in the palm, in the runes, in the tarot. So, that's how I was reading anything, anywhere, anytime.

And, this reading - the object of my passion - made me jump like a flea from side to side. Among all those kinds of reading material. I was passionate about each for a while, and... after that... I was done!

Instantly closing the door and running to another type of reading. One stronger than the other.

The years have passed, but in all this storm and jumping between readings and methods of reading, only one has really stuck to my heart, mind and soul.

Reading of books.

I've read, in fact, devoured books, no less than a full-time gourmet.

Of course, only few people know the real story behind this reading

But I'll share it with you.

Now.

When around the age of 5 I had my first premonition in the form of a dream, nothing seemed important to me. I dreamed of an old woman with white hair writing.

Books.

The dream was repeated insistently over several consecutive nights. Then, proudly, I solemnly announced to my family that "*I'll be a writer.*"

I even told them about the dream. But... shocking... no one seemed to be moved by my dream. And that had ravaged my childish heart.

I also told my playmates. And... again... they laughed.

The pain seemed to set in its tentacles inside my heart.

Only that... it was not the pain that was my main enemy, but the fact that the reactions of those I trusted... managed to shake my confidence in my dream of becoming a writer.

Moreover, my self-esteem was completely ruined.

Soon... I don't know exactly when... **I was pretty sure that I didn't have the talent to write.**

At that early age when... I didn't even know how to write at least a word.

The only signs I was writing all day long were on the wall of my own bedroom, to the despair of my parents.

So... after a while, a passion took place in my child's mind.

The reading act.

The years passed and I took the path of engineering. In parallel, I deepened my passions related to everything related to the esoteric and spiritual side of life. I assimilate information after information, feeling after feeling... waiting for the moment when my childhood dream would have come true. A dream that was repeating, on the very same frame, from time to time.

Slowly, slowly I became a kind of little "master" in fooling time.

It seemed like the day had several extra hours in my case. Divided between multiple activities and the time spent with my little girl, as a proud and happy single mom, everything went smoothly. I had already taken a wonderful path... that of searching for the meaning of life.

And that, until one day I met my other half.

Better said... met him again. He was one of those kids in my neighborhood.

This time, however, it is somewhere in the other hemisphere of the planet, at a distance of 10 Earthen hours. I mean, terrestrial.

At that distance, his parents had decided to move when he was still young.

But love is love. And it had soaked my whole being.

As such, when he was sleeping, I was writing... to him. And, because I was an avid reader, I put on my virtual paper all the "awakening" accumulated over time. With the obvious intention of "looking smarter in his eyes".

And this until one day when... probably becoming annoyed of having to read so much... my other half told me:

"M.C., why don't you become a writer?"

I smiled a little crookedly because, obviously, I had not lost my ability to read people's minds, especially my other half.

But, after a while I thought... *"I'll do this, too"*. And, not just as a miscellaneous fact. But for an unbeatable reason.

Love!

In general, I'm a very practical human being. Maybe it's a professional deformation I got while I was an engineer.

As a real project manager, I weighed absolutely all the data I had and it turned out that the proposal from my other half, who would later become my husband, was the only viable one in our case.

I was fast approaching the age of 50, we were physically separated by thousands of land and sea miles, and as the original plan was to live in California, it was obvious that I was the one who would change my location.

Overcoming the fact that I am the kind of Romanian very much in love with her country and the people who live in it, the decision to relocate, brought me some doubts from a rational point of view.