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## A Screw Loose



by Liz Holzemer

### Book Blur

It's over, it happened. Here today, gone tomorrow. Now you see it, now you don't.

After two years in the making. All the sweat, blood and tears. The highs, the lows. The sighs, the woes.

The anticipated hype and build up has lost its fizz quicker than flat soda.

My first baby, *Curveball: When Life Throws You a Brain Tumor* (the book I've been talking about here ad nauseum for the past year) got off the bench just three months ago and has been gradually making its way around the bases.

Even though there wasn't a multi-city all expenses tour paid for by one of the Big Houses that foolishly passed on my book and Ellen and Oprah have yet to ring, I'm still savoring the sweet successes as well as deflecting the screwballs thrown my way:

Hitting for the cycle—my book and I managed to appear on every major network within that so called critical author-three-week-publicity window.

The unexpected pinch hit—landing on the Denver best-

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- \* side dish
- \* Comments From The Carpool

seller list just weeks after *Curveball's* debut. Now if only it could make it to the *New York Times* Big Leagues.

Nail down—a victorious and still relished official first book signing. There's something to be said for bribing family, friends and neighbors to fill empty chairs.

Bronx cheer—the curveball-I-didn't-see-coming email accusing me of ruining the reading experience for one so-called fan because I drop the “F-Bomb” a total of five times. Yes, she counted. Tsk tsk on me. Hey honey, I'm married to a professional athlete and there's a reason my hubby calls me his “sailor.” Got it now?

Bronx cheer part 2—the second curveball-I-didn't-see-coming email accusing me of being nothing but a sensational self-promoter. Um, that would be Paris Hilton. The only reason I'd ever want to be confused for jailbird-free Paris is for her bankroll. And excuse me for wanting to raise the bar on brain tumor awareness. Furthermore, isn't that what all us freelance writers are taught in “You & Your Laptop 101: How to Translate your Miserable Solitary Existence into Jar Change?”

All-Star—It's better than the hurry-run-to-the-bank-with-your-measly-per-book-sale royalties, the adrenaline pumping juices you have after meticulously charting your daily Amazon sales rank Bell Curve. It's the question that starts with “Are you...?!” and you gleefully turn around and oblige with “Well, yes as matter of fact, I am who you think I am—a just published author. Thank you for recognizing me! I just happen to have a Sharpie on me. Would you like me to autograph your grocery list? Your child?” But moments later, you realize the question was going to be, “Are you standing in this line?” Ok, so the few times I wasn't asked if I was mistakenly standing in line, I had a fleeting taste of fame. But I have to confess, it was the same folks I see day after day—my bank teller, dry cleaner, mailman, my daughter's school bus driver—you get the idea.

Gee, this whole trying to make-the-big-time sure is exhausting. Maybe I need to work on my self-promoting platform. In fact, that's what I'll focus on today after I finish reading the latest write up about me and my book.

ORDER YOUR COPY OF LIZ'S BOOK CURVEBALL TODAY

Liz Holzemer is a freelance writer, [www.LizHolzemer.com](http://www.LizHolzemer.com), and is excited to announce that her first book, ***Curveball: When Life Throws You A Brain Tumor***, has at last hit the book shelves. She is also the founder of [MeningiomaMommas.org](http://MeningiomaMommas.org), a non-profit support group she founded after surviving a baseball-sized meningioma brain tumor. Liz is a past ***Woman's Day*** “Women Who Inspire Us” recipient. She lives in Colorado with her husband and their two miracle children. Liz also maintains her sense of humor



\*The Foggiest Idea

\*Home Aways From Home

\*Small Town Soup

\*around the block

\*from the frontline

\*get in the car

\*Don't Get Me Started

\*dad libs

\*Blissfully Numb

\*MommyChronicles

\*College Daze

\*music cometh

\*The Imperfect Man

\*berest on the left

\*Moms Always Write

\*HorseSense&Savvy

\*Scrambled Brains

\*Desperate Working Mothers

\*urban momfare

\*My Brain On PB&J

\*You Can't Be Serious

\*Hoochy Mama

\*A Screw Loose

on a daily basis and can be reached at [info@lizholzemer.com](mailto:info@lizholzemer.com) if you have a plum writing assignment to offer her.

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