

Sheri McGuinn

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Fiction Writing Achievements

- 2017 *Running Away* movie – Screenwriter and Based on Book by credits
- 2016 Short story “Maria Angelica’s Baby” – published in *Best Short Stories from Saturday Evening Post’s Great American Fiction Contest 2016*
- 2011 Screenplay *Michael Dolan McCarthy* – finalist in Sacramento International Film Festival
- 2009 Novel *Michael Dolan McCarthy* – Quarter-Finalist in Amazon Breakout Novel Awards
- 2008 Novel *Running Away* – Honorable Mention in Writer’s Digest International Self-Published Book Awards
- 2008 “The Development” short story – published in *The Maverick*, Show Low, AZ
- 2007 “A Single Christmas Tale” short story - published in *The Maverick*
- 2007 “Bad Mommy!” short story - Honorable Mention, Writers Digest Short Story Writing Competition
- 2006 *Eye of the Dolphin* movie - Creative Consultant for early work on script

Currently Pitching

I’m currently pitching one middle-grade novel, one adult novel, the pilot for *Alice*, and multiple short stories. Descriptions and Samples of the first two follow.

Description of middle-grade novel: ***Year Nine (After the Change)***

The Peaceful Faith Doctrine, the World Fellowship, the Environmental Imperatives—none of it was enough and The Change came almost overnight. Nine years later, WC, the World Congress, makes all the rules. History only goes back thirteen years, and that is edited. There is no travel or communication between communities except for the external couriers who work only for WC.

Everything is about to change again. WC is sending students to other communities for special training as guards, external couriers, and sustainability experts. They are under siege from outsider and trying desperately to hide it.

Liam, Sage, and Rain live in Pineville. At thirteen, Liam is about to go away to train as an external courier. In his year of training, he will learn more than WC plans. At eleven, Sage is afraid WC is grooming her to be a childcare worker. She’d rather be one of their mother’s sustainability students. Their little brother Rain has an unusual connection with his father, the man they call Dad.

Their neighbor Mrs. King is afraid the aliens are coming to get her again.

Sage and Liam take turns telling the story as it happens. Sage starts:

(Chapter)-1- Sage

We hold the loosened board back so our little brother can slip through the fence. Rain will do anything as long as Liam and I let him come along with us. Once he's on the other side, Liam hands him an empty blue plastic bucket with faded pictures of seashells on it.

Liam keeps a photo hidden in the bottom of his clothing drawer. In it he's a toddler shoveling sand into the bucket when it was new. Our very pregnant mother is watching with a broad wonder-filled smile on her face and the man who was our father is watching her with the same kind of smile. That photo brings back the few memories I might have of him.

Sometimes I think I remember riding in a car that he's driving. In my memory I'm standing on the back seat in a pink sundress. There's no roof on the car. The wind is blowing in my hair and I'm laughing. Mom says that memory is false, that I was always sitting safely, strapped into a protective seat, and besides, I never rode in that kind of car, a convertible. She says I might have seen a girl like that on television—before The Change, of course.

When I was still a little kid, people talked about times before The Change a lot, but two years ago WC took away everyone's books and magazines and pictures and movies. They kept a few in the library. The rest were burned. Mom said it was to weaken people's memories and I guess she's right, because now I'm eleven you hardly ever hear anyone talk about those days.

"You better not do this again, after I'm gone," whispers Liam. He's moved to the side where he can see the back of the house beyond the berry patch. "If Rain gets caught, there's no way she'd listen to either of you. For that matter, I'm not sure she'd listen to me anymore, either. I wish he'd hurry up."

"She might listen to me because I'm a girl."

"That wouldn't help. She thinks that everyone's an alien out to get her."

"Do you think she really has guns?" I whisper.

Crazy Mrs. King, whose raspberries we are stealing, is rumored to have all kinds of weapons in her house—antiques from way back, before it became impossible to buy them. No one believes she would have turned them into WC during the collection. She's too crazy to care about WC.

What's amazing is that they leave her alone.

Liam whispers, "I'm sure she has all kinds of weapons. She really believes that aliens have taken her away and she doesn't want it to happen again. That's why I tried to talk you out of this."

"But Mom said to get raspberries and there aren't any left by the creek."

This will be Liam's last dinner at home. Mom wants it to be special.

"Are you scared?" I ask.

"Of Mrs. King finding Rain picking her berries and shooting him? Yes!"

Adult novel description: **Peg's Story: One woman's journey in search of self**

An innocent girl loses her sense of self through a rapid series of traumatic events ending in being trafficked. She escapes and the story follows her through disastrous detours and lives built on lies, until she finally stops suppressing her past and accepts all facets of herself.

While it reads like a memoir, this is fiction. The protagonist is not based on any one woman, but every woman who has gone through victimization and the search for self that follows.

The character is the mother in *Running Away* who drops everything and goes to find her daughter because she herself had run away as a teen – and her parents thought she was dead for ten years. Readers asked for her story.

That's the adult novel I'm currently pitching.

The opening page of ***Peg's Story***:

Looking Back

At fourteen my biggest fear was that my life would always be boring. I never would have believed there would come a time when I worked at making my life predictable, when I would cling to rules and routine.

I never told my girls what my life had been before they were born. They assumed they knew me, just as I assumed I knew my parents when I was young. It was only when Maggie ran away and grabbed my first journal that pieces of the truth came out. I'm writing this for them. While we discussed the most embarrassing parts while Maggie and I went through counseling, it seems important to put it all in context.

Do not be fooled by the beginning – this book is for adults. The only teens who should read it are those who have already been exposed to the darker sides of life. They might gain some hope or avoid some destructive detours. But to understand my journey, you need to know where I began.

So the story starts the Christmas I was a freshman in high school.

In 1971, telephones were all land lines with long distance charges, no one had a personal computer, there was no world wide web, and married people on television had twin beds. It was easy to be innocent – or naïve – so I missed the little signs that things were about to change. By the next spring, my life had gone a direction I could never have imagined.

There was little co-ordination among police of various states and missing children couldn't even be put into the FBI's database.

It was easy for me to disappear for ten years.