

MEDIA KIT

PATRICIA CLARKSON

CHILDREN'S AUTHOR

AWARD-WINNING
SCREENWRITER



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About Author

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Short Bio:

Patricia Clarkson is the author of children's books Friends For Life 'The Fight Against Mosquitoes', Pink And The Hair Thief, Aoibhé's Easter Surprise, on Amazon, and a recipient of numerous screenplay awards, among others.

Medium Bio:

Patricia Clarkson's writing journey began in the UK in 2007 with her first self-published children's book, Friends For Life- 'The Fight Against Mosquitoes'. She has since self-published two more books in Ireland after attending a writing workshop in 2017. Her Screenwriting has received numerous awards, including 'Best First Time Screenwriting', and 'Best African Screenplay', to name a few.

Long Bio:

Patricia Clarkson writes children's fiction stories and screenplays, reflecting her ethnicity. Though she writes mostly picture and middle-grade chapter books, Patricia also writes Short Stories, Romance, Poetry, Memoirs, and Screenplays. Patricia's writing journey began in early 2007 when her first children's book was self-published in the UK. Patricia later moved to Ireland, where she attended a writing workshop in 2017, resulting in her second self-published book. Her scripts have received numerous awards, including 'Best First Time Screenwriting', 'Best Script' and 'Best African Screenplay', to name a few. Patricia is an avid volunteer in her community, where she lives in Co. Leitrim, Ireland, with her family and a stray cat who moved in to stay. Patricia's self-published books are Friends For Life 'The Fight Against Mosquitoes', Pink And The Hair Thief and Aoibhé's Easter Surprise. They are available on Amazon.

AUTHOR CV

Patricia Clarkson:

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[Also Self-Publish Children's Books under the name *P.O.S.E.J Clarkson Books Ireland*]

Artistic Statement

I am a writer of prose who has dabbled in screenwriting and poetry. I was born and raised in Sierra Leone, lived in England for twenty years, and relocated to the quiet suburbs of Drumshanbo in 2008, where I reside with my family. My move to rural Ireland has influenced my approach to writing immensely. The serenity is appealing and conducive to concentration. My work explores children's adventure and fantasy fiction themes infused with an African tone and background, with story ideas ranging from picture books to early-reader chapter books for children aged six and up. My debut book was a children's picture book, self-published in 2018, an African fiction tale following the story of a girl with pink hair who has magical powers to save her village people from harm. I am influenced by the work of Chinua Achebe, Wole Soyinka and Prof. Eldred Jones, to name a few.

Publications:

- Friends For Life, The Fight Against Mosquitoes, AuthorHouse Publishers, 2007, ISBN: 978-1-4343-1547-2
- Pink And The Hair Thief, P.O.S.E.J Clarkson Books Ireland, 2018, ISBN: 978-1-912612-00-0
- Aoibhé's Easter Surprise, P.O.S.E.J Clarkson Books Ireland, 2021, ISBN: 979-8727997826
- My Creole Heritage, memoir extracts in Words from the Planet, 2017
- Embracing My Culture, memoir extracts in Words from a Planet, 2017
- Your Butterfly Painting, a Haiku, object poem, in Words from a Planet, 2017
- The Storm, a Haiku, focus poem, in Words from a Planet, 2017

Achievements:

Screenplay Festival Awards For-

FEATURE ANIMATION SCRIPT - 'Mayennie'

- Feature Screenplay (Honourable Mention), 2024
 - Screenplays - TV Pilots & Feature Films (Honourable Mention), 2024
 - Best African Screenplay (Award Winner), 2023
 - Best Script (Award Winner), 2022
 - Best First Time Screenwriting (Award Winner), 2022
 - Best Unproduced Script (Award Winner), 2022
 - Best Unproduced Script (Finalist), 2022
 - Best Feature Script (Official Selection), 2022
 - Logline Submission (Official Selection), 2022
-

SHORT SCRIPT- 'Spirit Of Hope' -

- Best Screenplay [Script] (Award Winner), 2024
- Shoot your short, Quarter Finalist, 2024

POETRY -

- 'When He Calleth', a poem, won The Wild Sound Festival Poetry Contest, 2022.
- 'Here To Stay', a poem contribution for Carrick-On-Shannon Poetry Town, 2021

MEMBERSHIP & SUPPORT-

- Member of The Longford Writers Group, a local writing group, 2019 – present
- Community event participation- Author Readings, Library Summer Reading Events.
- Member of the Creative Frame Ireland

Education / Writing Courses / Workshops:

- QQI 5 – Film Production Course 2023
- Author Club Zoom Sessions, Writing Skills, 2019-2022 (Various Short Courses)
- Leitrim International Community Group Creative writing workshop with Dolores Walsh, 2017 (six weeks)
- Leitrim Library Drumshanbo Poetry workshop with Gerry Bolan, 2015 (six weeks)
- Adult Literacy Tutor Training -Longford Adult education service 2014
- MSc., Software Engineering, Athlone Institute of Technology 2012-13
- BSc., Hons, Artificial Intelligence& IT, Middlesex University 1993-96

Languages

- Fluent English and Krio (West African).

Current objectives:

- To complete final professional editing to my chapter books by the end of 2025.
- To improve my creative practice as a writer under the guidance of mentorship.
- To publish my finished picture books.
- To complete my animation film teaser project.
- To promote myself and my work more this year

Links to learn more about my work:

- <https://patricia-clarkson-writing-media-kit.mailchimpsites.com/>
- <https://patricia-clarkson.mailchimpsites.com/>
- <https://mayennie.mailchimpsites.com/>

All Author Projects

Author Work List Sheet

1- Self-published Work-

Available on Amazon:

- 1- Friends for Life: The Fight Against Mosquitoes- 2007- (Chapter Book)
- 2- Pink And The Hair Thief – 2018- (Picture Book)
- 3- AOIBHÉ'S EASTER SURPRISE – 2021- (Picture Book)

2. Unpublished Work-

Picture Books: Completed Manuscripts Available for Consideration

1. Haji & Mr Jack
2. A Nest For Mammy Frog
3. Whizzy The Ginger Biscuit
4. Mamadou's Christmas Wish

Chapter Books: Completed Manuscripts Available for Consideration

1. The Visit
2. Joel Sayers
3. IDA McBloom
4. Calix And The Gypsy Moth

3- Screenwriting Work:

Completed Scripts Available for Consideration

1. Mayennie: *Feature Animation Film*
2. Spirit of Hope: *Short Drama Film*

4- Projects Working On: 2025

- 1- The Fixer: *Children's Chapter Book*
- 2- Friends For Life: *A Three Book Series for Children*
- 3- Mayennie Animation Film: *An animation Film Teaser Trailer Production*

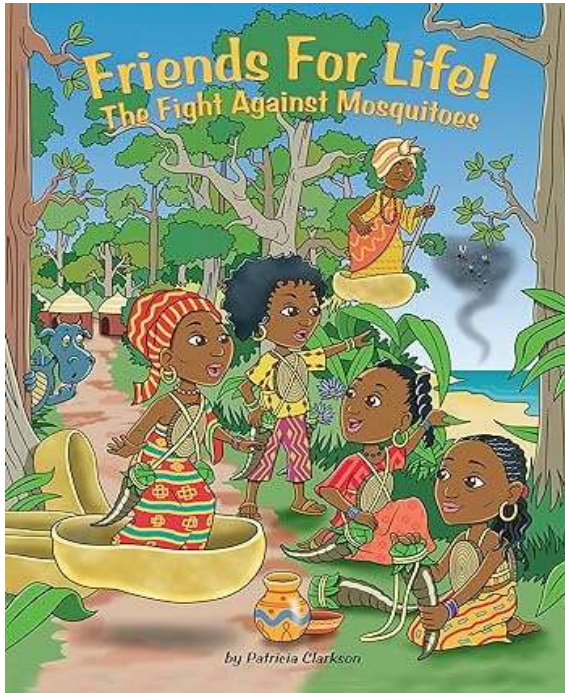
Adult Literary Books:

- 1- Justine: *Romance Book*
- 2- Mama Leah: *Interview Biography - Spiritual Gifts of a Female Prophet in Africa*

Self-Published Work

FRIENDS FOR LIFE!

THE FIGHT AGAINST MOSQUITOES



Set in tribal Africa, FRIENDS FOR LIFE tells the story of four pre-teen girls, all orphans from the same village, who are indoctrinated into the Art of Magic by their new-found guardian. They use their powers for good, helping to stave off disasters like malaria and chicken pox about to descend on surrounding villages.

...A compelling pre-teen children's chapter book suitable for ages 9 + years! Packed with action and adventure. The first in this Series of Adolescent Magic/Fantasy with the potential to retool into a weekly animated TV show.

ENDORSEMENTS:

"A Lovely Story, it sounds like there is more to come? A mixture of fiction and fact would make this a great story for year 2." ... **JANICE** – [Teacher, At Gordon Infants School, Strood, Kent, UK] 2007.

"We'd love to put Friends for Life up on the website, It's a really interesting story. Have you ever lived abroad?" ... **LIBRARIAN** – [Medway Library] - 2007

"The reader who looked over your work for me enjoyed it immensely. The reader is a film producer and also thought well of the filmic aspects of your book." **SUSAN YEARWOOD** [Literary Agency]- 2007

"We rather liked such an admirable educational undertone in your story." ... **LAURA CECIL** [Literary Agency] – 2007

BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: FRIENDS FOR LIFE!
THE FIGHT AGAINST
MOSQUITOES

Author Name: Patricia Clarkson

Category: Children's Book/Fiction

ISBN-13: 978-1434315472

Language: English

Print length: 56 pages

Publish Date: 12th October 2007

Price: £6.95

Word Count: 10,527

Formats: Paperback/ Kindle

Publisher: AuthorHouse UK

Available from:

- Amazon.co.uk
- Authorhouse.com (\$9.80)

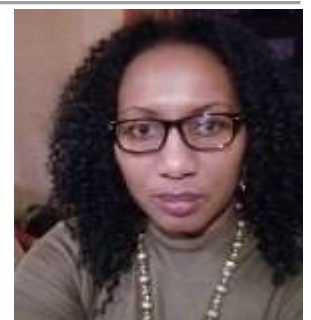
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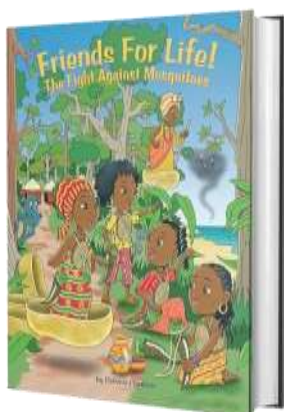
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Chapter 2



How it All Began

The girls heard screaming and shouting in the distance. Something was wrong. As they approached the village, they could not believe their eyes. The beautiful village was drenched and everything they had ever known, loved and shared as friends had disappeared. They called out for their parents, but no one answered back.

What had happened to the village and the people was a mystery. They found it all too much to bear. They dropped to the ground and cried their eyes out. “Who will look after us?” they cried. “Who will sing us songs and dance with us?” They cried and cried. The day slowly turned into night. They found a little corner in the village that was dry, huddled up together and sobbed. Finally, they fell asleep in each other’s arms.

In the morning, they felt sore all over from crying all night. It had been very cold in the night, but the morning sun appeared and shone brightly. They sat in their corner, thinking hard and wondering where to go and what to do.

They clearly saw the full extent of the destruction. They stared for what seemed like ages, then gave each other a questioning look, as if to say, “Why us? Why did it have to be our village and people? Where have they gone? What has taken them away? What caused this to happen?” They needed answers to all these questions. As they moved around their once-loved compound that used to be full of happiness, they imagined they could hear laughter, just as they had when they had returned from school each day. Only yesterday, the village had been alive with music, singing and dancing. They were now all alone. The reality that from now on they only had each other was overwhelming. ...

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Chapter 3



The Visit to the Elders’ Grotto

Nana Ana received an urgent call from the elders in her dream. She was to visit them at their grotto immediately that morning. This visit usually meant something bad that would bring Sadness to the villagers was about to happen.

Nana Ana set off very early that morning. Not wanting to awaken her girls, she crept out of the hut quietly. She hoped she would be back before they awoke. She hopped onto her peanut shell and was off.

She journeyed through the dense forest, swishing back and forth between the large cotton and mango trees and the many shrubs that spread across the forest. It was so dark that, with her eyesight not as brilliant as it used to be, she could barely see where she was going.

She arrived at her destination with a bump into a shrub and a thud onto the ground. She climbed out of her peanut shell rather unravelled, but in one piece and happy to have reached her destination on time. She straightened herself up and picked bits of leaves and twigs and the odd insect or two from her head and clothes. Happy with the way she looked, she went into the grotto to see the elders. ...

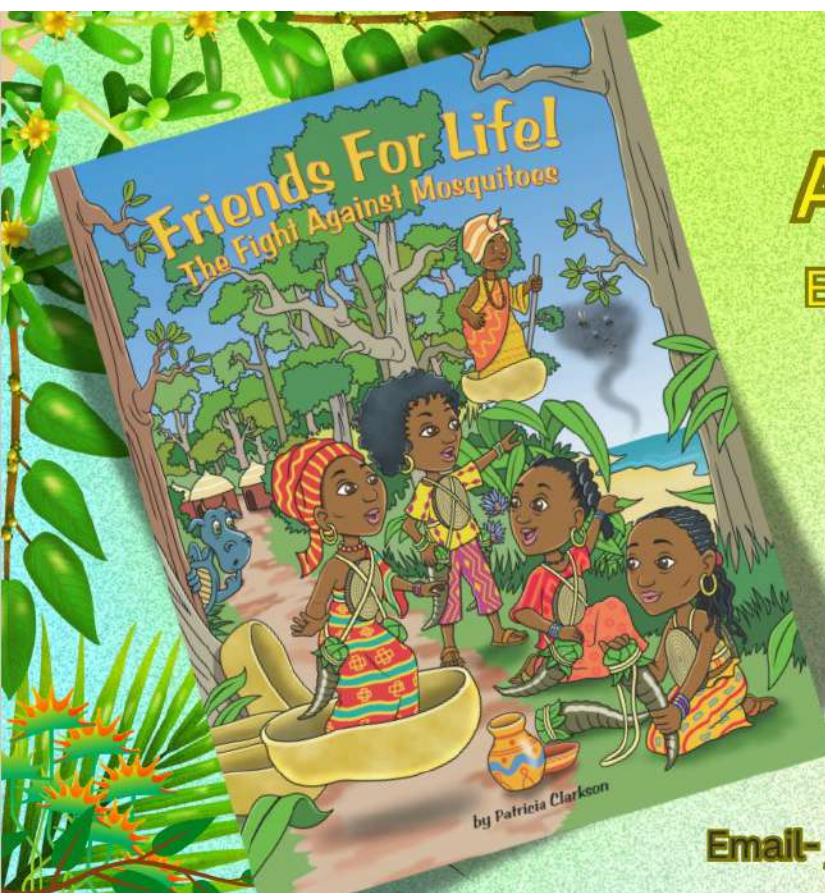
Chapter 4



The Assignment

Nana made up her mind to pass on her powers to the girls. Her visit to the elders had helped her come to a decision; tonight she would assign the girls as her successors. However, she needed to put them through a small test before she could proceed with the assignment. The test should test their integrity, strengths and weaknesses, for these were the main areas that would determine whether they were worthy of receiving such magical powers. She set about preparing the tests. All would be ready by the time they returned from school. ...





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authorHOUSE

P. CLARKSON

BOOKS IRELAND

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Pink And The Hair Thief



Pink is a special girl who lives in a remote African village. She is destined to solve the mystery behind the women’s, baldness, and must embark on an adventurous journey to deliver an important letter, to the chief. Will she make it? Will the mystery be solved?

...A colourful and compelling children’s picture book suitable for ages 7 + years!

ENDORSEMENTS:

“‘Pink - the hair thief’ is a lovely book with a simple yet effective storyline that flows smoothly and leads the reader on an intriguing adventure with a happy ending. Using colour widely and as an integral part of the storyline, Patricia Clarkson has put together a hugely enjoyable reading experience for young children. The book has great potential from a cultural and an educational point of view in the classroom. I wish her well with it.” ... **GERRY BOLAND**- [Author of ‘Marco Bear Comes To Stay’] - 3rd Jan 2018.

“We would like to say a huge thank you to Patricia Clarkson for coming today to read her newest book ‘Pink’ to the children on our Christmas Camp! The children thoroughly enjoyed the story, her book is available in March, check out her website and watch the book trailer for ‘Pink’ there.” ... **EVELYN BANNON**- [Kidz Kingdom and Bowling in Carrick] - 5th Jan 2018.

“In my opinion I think Pink would be very suitable for the age group around 7-9. The illustrations are very colourful and child appealing, excellent use of colour variation. I loved the cover of the book and the illustration of the girl Pink. It is a story that will definitely hold their interest from start to finish. Pink could be adapted into subjects of drama, art and perhaps geography and music, for example - ‘inter cultural themes in schools’. Congratulations Patricia on a fantastic achievement.” ... **EMMA GILHOOLY** - [Primary School Teacher, Co. Leitrim]- 31 Jan 2018.

BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: Pink And The Hair Thief
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Book/Fiction
 ISBN: 979-8728616382
 Language: English
 Print length: 38 pages
 Publish Date: 7th April 2018
 Price: £9.88
 Word Count: 1,756
 Formats: Paperback/ Kindle/ Audiobook
 Publisher: P.O.S.E.J. Clarkson Books Ireland
 Available from:

- Amazon.co.uk
- Mulvey's House of Gifts, Carrick-On-Shannon, Co. Leitrim, Ireland! €13.99

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EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK!

Once upon a time, in a remote African village lived the Matonka tribe.

They were happy people by nature. The women had colourful afro hair, and they loved to dance and show it off.

However, recently, mysteriously, all the women had gone bald. They were sad and didn't want to dance anymore.

A little girl lived outside the village. She was special, the only one who had pink hair. Her mother made her wear a pink headscarf to keep it hidden. Everyone called her Pink.

One day a messenger came to see Pink's mother. He had a letter from the oracle.

"This task must only be carried out by the special one with pink hair," he said and handed the letter to her mother. Then he disappeared.

Later that day, Pink's mother gave her the sealed envelope.

"Here's an important letter," she said, "take it to the chief. It's urgent!"

As Pink set off, her mother called after her.

"Don't stop along the way, don't remove your headscarf and stay on the path!"

"Ok!" Pink called back. She ran along the path that led into the village.

She hadn't gone far when she met a beautiful young woman with rainbow-coloured hair. Pink thought this odd as no one in her village had multi-coloured hair. The woman was radiant, and her skin glowed in the sun.

"Good morning," the woman said. "Why are you in such a hurry?" Her voice was as old as a grandmother's. Pink was puzzled, and it made her uneasy.

"I have to go," she said, "my mother told me not to stop along the way."

"Where are you going?" the woman asked.

"I'm bringing this letter to the chief; it's urgent that he gets it."

A bee buzzed around them and landed on Pink's head.

In a panic, she pulled off her headscarf, and her long, pink hair dropped down in a pile. Pink remembered her mother's warning and hastily tied her headscarf back on. But too late, the woman had seen her beautiful hair, and she craved it. The only colour hair the woman didn't have was pink.

"Where does the chief live?" asked the woman.

"In the compound on the hill outside the village," Pink said.

"I can take you there much faster," the woman said. "I know a shortcut, come with me! It's just through that door!"

She pointed to a tiny door at the foot of a nearby tree. Pink hesitated, puzzled. She was sure the door hadn't been there a minute ago. Something strange was going on.

"Well, Mother told me to stay on the path," she said.

"Nonsense!" the woman said, "it'll only take us a minute to get there this way! Come along!"

Pink moved closer to the tiny door and pulled it open.

"But it's dark in there," she said. Still, she was curious. The door was quite dainty.

Pink leaned forward to look inside. The woman reached out and touched her head ever so lightly. Instantly, Pink became bald under her scarf, although she didn't know it.

The woman pushed her through the tiny door, and she tumbled forward and down a narrow hole into the dark.

Pink got back onto her feet, straining hard to see, but couldn't make out a thing. Eventually, a light flickered, then glided towards her. It was a bald fairy with glowing wings.

"Who are you?" Pink asked, a little scared.

"My name's Hairball," the fairy smiled. "And who are you?"

Pink peered around her, introducing herself.

"Where are we?" she asked. They seemed to be in a dank, dark room.

"In the dungeon," Hairball said. "How did you get in here?"

"A beautiful, young woman pushed me in."

"Did she have multi-coloured hair?" Hairball asked curiously.

"Indeed, she did! Do you know her?"

"Unfortunately, she's my aunt," Hairball snorted. "I'm sorry she did this to you."

"How horrible, but I did sense something odd about her," Pink said.

"Please, can you show me the way out? I've got to deliver..." Pink patted her pockets. "Oh no! The letter, for the chief! I've lost it!"

Hairball stretched out her hand, the letter in it. "Is this it?"

"Yes! Oh, thank you! I must take it to him right away." ...

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zylopha



PATRICIA CLARKSON

PINK

And
THE HAIR THIEF

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AOIBHÉ’S EASTER SURPRISE

Nine year-old Aoibhé, has an extraordinary bond with her elderly neighbour, Nana Bishop. It’s Nana Bishop’s birthday. Aoibhé has a special surprise for her, and it’s hush-hush.

...A colourful and compelling children’s picture book suitable for ages 7 + years!

BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: AOIBHÉ’S EASTER SURPRISE
Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
Category: Children's Book/Fiction
ISBN-13: 979-8727997826
Language: English
Print length: 24 pages
Publish Date: 27th March 2021
Price: £7.25
Word Count: 800
Formats: Paperback/ Kindle/ Audiobook
Publisher: P.O.S.E.J. Clarkson Books Ireland
Available from: Amazon.co.uk

ENDORSEMENTS:

“I love it. I really like the way in which you introduced the Service, it just flowed in very naturally.” ... **MARION QUIGLEY** – [Grandmother, Leitrim Ireland] 2017.

“I would recommend it!” — Mother, Reading Event.

“A lovely read!” — Mother, Library Event.

“I Love it!” — Grandmother, Library Event.

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EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK!

Aoibhé collects lots of eggs at the Easter egg hunt.

She puts the eggs into a beautiful gift basket and takes it with her.

“These are for Nana Bishop,” she says.

Nana Bishop is at the door when she gets there.

“Hello, Aoibhé, come on in,” she says.

Nana Bishop puts the kettle on to make tea while Aoibhé looks through Nana Bishop’s photo album.

“I like your dress,” she says, pointing at a photo in the album.

“It was my birthday!” says Nana Bishop. “In fact, tomorrow’s my birthday.”

“Hmm! Tomorrow, Easter Sunday!” says Aoibhé.

“Yes, Easter Sunday is my birthday,” says Nana Bishop, smiling.

Aoibhé is shocked. Then she has an idea and hurries to leave.

“Where are you going?” asks Nana Bishop.

“What about your tea?”

“I’ll be back tomorrow,” says Aoibhé, rushing out the door.

There is noise in the kitchen at Aoibhé’s house. Her mum and dad come in to see what is going on.

“What is happening here?” asks Aoibhé’s dad.

“It is Nana Bishop’s birthday tomorrow,” says Aoibhé. “I am going to bake her a special Easter Bunny cake.”

“Do you need any help?” asks Aoibhé’s mum.

“Oh! No, thank you,” she says.

Aoibhé loves to bake and wants it to be a surprise.

Aoibhé’s mum and dad smile and close the kitchen door behind them as they leave.

Aoibhé gets eggs, butter, and milk from the fridge. She gets sugar, vanilla, and the flour tin from the cupboard, but there’s no flour.

Aoibhé decides to go to the shop to buy some flour, but the flour is high up on the top shelf, which she cannot reach. Aoibhé grabs a footstool on the floor beside her and stands on it. She stretches and tiptoes, but she still cannot reach the flour.

Next, she pulls a ladder nearby and climbs up to grab a packet of flour from the shelf. This time, she reaches the flour and is relieved. Aoibhé pays for it and heads home.

Aoibhé then collects the baking tins. She finds four small round tins for the bunny’s paws, one small round tin for its fluffy tail, two rectangular tins for its ears, and one large round tin for the head, but there is no heart-shaped tin for the body.

“Oh, no!” she says. “I don’t have a heart-shaped baking tin!”

Aoibhé is determined to make her special cake. She goes to the shop to buy a heart-shaped tin and hurries back home.

Aoibhé sets out the ingredients and baking tins on the kitchen table. She preheats the oven and prepares a fluffy cake mix. After filling the baking tins with the cake mix, she places them in the oven to bake for forty minutes.

“What a mess,” she says, exhausted, looking around at the chaos she has created. Now, she has to clean it all up.

A few minutes later, the oven timer rings, letting her know the cakes are ready. The aroma of freshly baked vanilla cakes fills the room as Aoibhé carefully removes them and places them on the table.

“Perfect!” she says, smiling with satisfaction.

Aoibhé carefully removes the cake from the tins and arranges the pieces into the shape of a bunny. Next, she prepares some chocolate icing to hold all the parts together to make her special bunny cake.

Once assembled, Aoibhé thoroughly covers the cake with chocolate icing and writes “Happy Easter Birthday Nana Bishop” on the centre of its heart-shaped belly. She then places the bunny cake into a cake box, along with her maracas, so she can play music for Nana Bishop when she arrives.

Aoibhé takes the cake to Nana Bishop the next day.

“Surprise!” she screams when Nana Bishop opens the door. “Please, may I celebrate with you?”

Nana Bishop is indeed surprised.

“Thank you, Aoibhé!” she says. “That’s a splendid idea.”

Aoibhé dances and makes music with her maracas, and Nana Bishop serves treats on the table. It’s a party for two, with some cake, ginger beer for Aoibhé, and palm wine for Nana Bishop. They have a good time! Nana Bishop is happy that Aoibhé baked her a surprise cake for her birthday.

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BOOKS: Completed Manuscripts Available



BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: Whizzy The Ginger Biscuit
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Picture Book
 Word Count: 592
 Age Range: 6+ Years

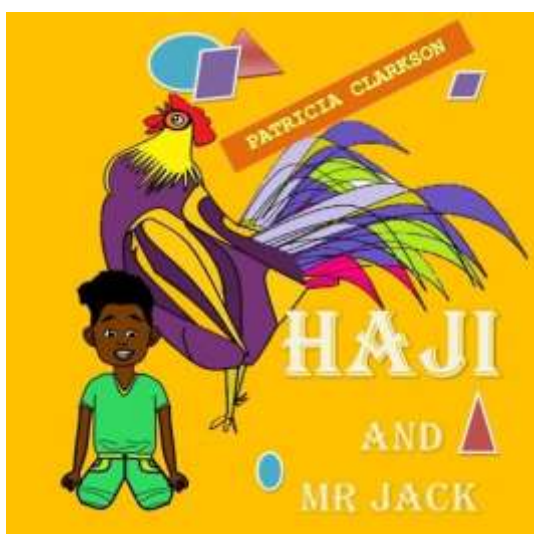
Santa is coming on Christmas Eve, but what will Anna do when something strange happens to the ginger biscuit she bakes for him?



BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: Mamadou's Christmas Wish
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Picture Book
 Word Count: 799
 Age Range: 6+ Years

A Christmas card from a stranger gets Mamadou curious, and he finds out wishes can come true if you ask.



BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: Haji And Mr Jack
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Picture Book
 Word Count: 490
 Age Range: 6+ Years

Haji's class can bring their pets to school for Pet Week, as long as they are not unusual pets, but guess who does!

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BOOKS: Completed Manuscripts Available



BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: A Nest For Mammy Frog
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Picture Book
 Word Count: 460
 Age Range: 6+ Years

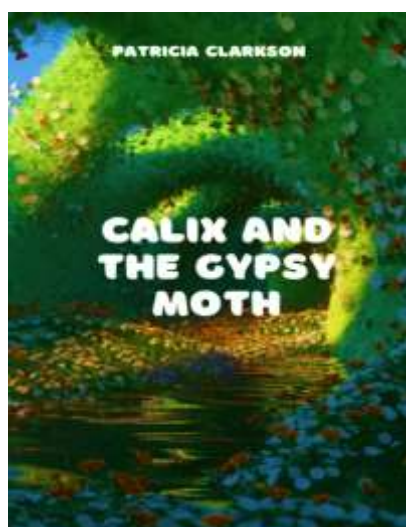
Mammy Frog is looking for a place to nest, but everywhere is taken. Will she find a nest?



BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: The Visit
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Chapter Book
 Word Count: 7,320
 Chapters: 7
 Age Range: 8+ Years

A peculiar noise in the night arouses Haji's curiosity and investigative nature, leading him on an investigation with a twist. What is making the noise, and where is it coming from?



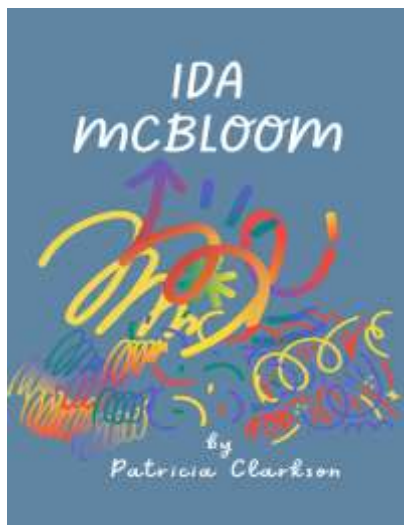
BOOK DETAILS:

Book Title: Haji And Mr Jack
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Chapter Book
 Word Count: 1,400
 Chapters: 9
 Age Range: 8+

A determined young boy desires to win his school's writing competition to surprise his mum with the ideal gift on her birthday. However, he needs the perfect story to win, but could he find the inspiration to write it?

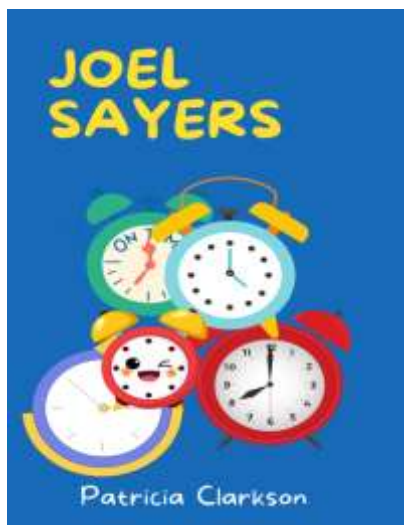
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**BOOK DETAILS:**

Book Title: IDA McBloom
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Chapter Book
 Word Count: 14,200
 Chapters: 13
 Age Range: 8+ Years

Ida McBloom is on a mission to uncover the cause of her dad's sudden strange behaviour and the mysterious disappearances of the livestock in her town. She has her suspicions and is determined to pursue them. However, fingers point at the new neighbours, but are they truly responsible for the unusual events in Bloomville Town? Will Ida succeed in resolving the matter and prevent these incidents from happening again?

**BOOK DETAILS:**

Book Title: Joel Sayers
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction Chapter Book
 Word Count: 16,835
 Chapters: 13
 Age Range: 8+ Years

When Joel Sayers, eleven, spots a shadowy figure disappear behind a time machine. His inquisitive nature gets the better of him, and he experiences more than he bargained for

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<https://mayennie.mailchimpsites.com/>

SCRIPTS: Completed Manuscripts Available**SCREENPLAY DETAILS:**

Title: Mayennie

Author Name: Patricia Clarkson

Category: Animation Feature Film PG

Mayennie, seen by a human in a village where her kind is banished, awakens a hatred in the humans that had laid dormant for twenty years. Unbeknownst to the young fairy, she is about to embark on a fate placed on her at birth to free her colony from banishment, a fate that exposes her to the wrath of the goblin curse. Her only hope for a cure and to fulfil her destiny lies in a rare human child with pink hair, whose powerful gift is the source of all healing.

**SCREENPLAY DETAILS:**

Title: Spirit Of Hope

Author Name: Patricia Clarkson

Category: Short Film Drama

Nothing's going well for crime author Chad after his girlfriend dumps him. With his award-winning career on the line, he looks for divine intervention. Can a coma patient's unsettled spirit offer the salvation he needs to redeem himself and his career in this original fantasy drama?

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Picture Book Excerpts- Unpublished Available Work

EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK!



In a faraway town in sunny Africa lived a little girl named Anna.

It was Christmas Eve, and Anna was preparing for Santa’s visit. She decorated the Christmas tree. All that was missing were the treats for Santa. Anna thought it was a good idea to make him something special instead.

Anna baked a ginger biscuit and named it Whizzy. She decorated it with red, green, and white icing, a red dress, a green apron and hat, and a face. She wrote WHIZZY on her apron and added lots of sugar and cinnamon, too. Whizzy looked amazing and smelled great, and Anna put her on a plate ready for Santa.

“You look yummy!” said Anna and licked her lips. “A perfect treat for Santa tonight.”

Unbeknownst to Anna, Whizzy had special powers, and she suddenly came to life when Anna spoke to her. She heard everything! Whizzy flipped off of the plate and onto her feet.

Anna stared at Whizzy, shocked.

“Oh, no,” she said. “Santa’s not eating me tonight.”

She headed to the window and was about to jump out when Anna started crying.

Whizzy stopped. She turned around and saw Anna sitting on the floor, sad.

“Why are you crying?” asked Whizzy.

Whizzy was the only treat Anna had for Santa. What would she do now?

“Well, if you go, I won’t get any presents from Santa,” she said. “He will only bring me a present if I leave something for him under the Christmas tree.”

“Oh, dear me,” said Whizzy. “Maybe I can help you.”

“But how can you help?” asked Anna. “You’re a biscuit.”

Anna wondered how Whizzy could help.

“Follow me,” said Whizzy. “I’ll show you.”

Whizzy pointed at the Christmas tree.

“Swish-Swash-Whizzy-Whizz-Whizz,” she said, waving her hand.

Suddenly, there was a flash of light. Then, a plate of mini Whizzy ginger biscuits appeared under the tree.

“Your treats for Santa,” she said, smiling.

“Yippee!” Anna screamed. “I’ll get him something to drink.”

Anna returned with a glass of milk and put it next to the biscuits under the tree. She was excited, and Whizzy was pleased to see Anna happy.

“Okay, that’s it. I’m off now!” said Whizzy, heading for the window.

“Please, stay a while,” said Anna.

Whizzy didn’t want Anna to be sad. So, she stayed.

In the morning, Anna was excited to find Santa had left lots of presents under the Christmas tree and had also eaten the biscuits and milk.

She wanted to thank Whizzy.

“Whizzy,” she called, but there was no answer.

“Whizzy!” she called from the kitchen.

“Help!” said a voice outside by the window.

Anna thought it sounded like Whizzy and went to check but didn’t see Whizzy.

“Help!” The voice came again from below the window.

Anna was shocked to see Whizzy on the ground.

“Whizzy!” she screamed.

Africa is a hot and humid place, even at Christmastime. It was so warm outside that Whizzy was melting. She had tried to run away, but her body got soft and heavy. She had fallen onto the ground and could not move.

Anna rushed outside and scooped Whizzy up.

She took her into the kitchen and fixed her up again. Whizzy was pleased she wasn’t soggy and melting anymore, and Anna was happy, too. ...

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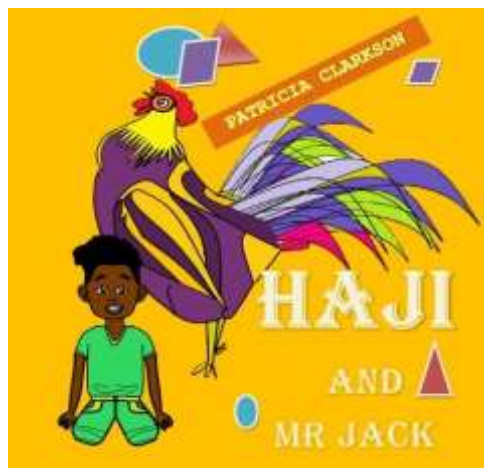
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EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK!

It was Pet Week in Haji’s School. The children learned to care for animals, drew pictures, shared stories, and made posters. At Haji’s table, they learned about chickens. Haji was thrilled to learn how to care for a chicken.

Haji’s principal, Mrs. Boxmore, was excited to host Pet Week in her school.

“You can bring a pet tomorrow,” she said when she visited Haji’s classroom. “But nothing unusual, please!”

The children were excited that they could bring their pets to school for pet week, except for Haji, who didn’t have a pet. However, after learning about caring for chickens, he became fascinated by them and had an idea.

After school, Haji told his mum about pet week and that he would like to have a pet to take to school. Haji’s mum thought it was a good idea and took him to the pet shop so he could find a pet.

The pet shop assistant smiled as Haji walked into the shop.

“How can I help you?” said the shop assistant.

“I’m looking for something unusual . . . like . . . a chicken,” said Haji.

The shop assistant was shocked at Haji’s request. No one had ever asked him for a pet chicken before.

“Oh no!” said the shop assistant. “I don’t sell chickens.”

Haji’s mum took him to Joe’s Pet Shop.

“No chickens here!” said Joe. “I only sell kittens and puppies.”

Haji’s mum took him to Arnold’s Pet Shop, but Arnold didn’t have chickens either.

Haji felt a tap on his shoulder and turned around quickly. An elderly woman stood behind him, smiling warmly.

“I heard you are looking for a chicken,” she said and pointed toward the direction of a farm. “The farm down the road sells chickens. Why not try there?”

Haji was pleased to hear this. So he and his mum drove to the farm.

Unfortunately, when they arrived, the farm was closed. Haji felt sad and didn’t know what to do. Then, the elderly woman from the pet shop walked by, cradling a colourful chicken in her arms.

“Hello there,” she said, waving. “This is Mr. Jack, my chicken.”

Mr. Jack was huge with colourful feathers like a rainbow on his body.

Haji was excited and ran over to the woman.

“May I have him, please?” he asked eagerly.

The woman smiled broadly and handed Mr. Jack over to Haji.

“Yes, of course,” she said. “Do you promise to care for Mr. Jack exactly as I tell you to?”

“Yes! I promise,” Haji grinned as he held Mr. Jack tightly in his arms. Mr. Jack clucked loudly and shuffled under Haji’s grip.

The woman had a bag of grains for Mr. Jack.

“Only give him a handful of these grains every morning at six o’clock,” she said as she handed the bag to Haji.

“Thank you!” said Haji and ran off excitedly to meet his mum in the car.

“Remember, you must not overfeed Mr. Jack or else he will change into another . . .,” but before she could finish her sentence, she suddenly faded away until she disappeared. Haji was so excited to show his mum Mr. Jack that he didn’t hear the woman’s last words nor see her vanish.

At home, Haji’s dad helped him build a chicken coop and put Mr. Jack in it.

The next day, Haji went to fetch Mr. Jack from his coop and was shocked to find that Mr. Jack had grown so large and broken his coop. Then, Haji remembered what the woman at the farm had said: he needed to feed Mr. Jack at six o’clock in the morning, but he didn’t ask her why it had to be at that time. It turned out that if Mr. Jack hadn’t fed on time, he would grow bigger.

In a panic, Haji fed Mr. Jack a handful of grains and noticed that Mr. Jack shrunk a little. So he gave Mr. Jack another handful.

Mr. Jack slowly came back to his size, but now Mr. Jack had overeaten, and Haji became worried about what might happen to Mr. Jack now that he had eaten so much.

Especially since he was taking Mr. Jack to school.

When Mrs. Boxmore saw Mr. Jack in school, she was surprised.

“Oh, no!” she said and held her nose tight.

“A CHOO!” She sneezed and rubbed her eyes.

“No unusual pets!” she scolded, pointing a finger at Haji. “I’m allergic to chickens . . . A CHOO!”

Haji felt sorry to learn that Mrs Boxmore was allergic to Mr. Jack’s feathers and tried to keep Mr. Jack away from her.

However, Mrs. Boxmore was not pleased with Mr. Jack.

“A CHOO!” she sneezed. Her glasses and wig flew off as she ran out of the classroom, screaming.

Mr. Jack, on the other hand, was thrilled to be in school. He shuffled and stretched his wings, proudly displaying his beautiful rainbow feathers. The feathers glowed, filling ...

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EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK!

Daddy and Mammy Frog were happy because Mammy Frog was expecting her first baby tadpoles.

Mammy Frog needed a nest for her babies.

So Daddy and Mammy Frog set off to find a nest the next day.

First they came to a lush lawn.

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog. “I can nest here.”

“I’d say so,” said Daddy Frog.

Tara the tree frog was there.

“Go away,” she croaked. “This nest is mine.”

“Sorry!” said Mammy Frog.

Next they came to a cosy cowshed.

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog. “I can nest here.”

“I’d say so,” said Daddy Frog.

Cassie the cow was there.

“Go away!” she mooed. “This is my nest.”

“Sorry!” said Mammy Frog.

Then they came to a mud pile of treats.

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog. “I can nest here.”

“I’d say so,” said Daddy Frog.

Betty the beetle was there.

“Go away,” she clicked. “It’s my nest.”

“Sorry!” said Mammy Frog.

Farther on, they came to a stack of damp wood that looked inviting.

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog. “I can nest here.”

“I’d say so,” said Daddy Frog.

Cecilia the centipede was there.

“Go away,” she screeched. “You are not having my nest.”

Sorry!” said Mammy Frog.

Daddy and Mammy Frog were tired.

“Where will I nest?” asked Mammy Frog.

“Slush puddles!” said Daddy Frog. “I wish I knew.”

A feather dropped on Mammy Frog, and she looked up into a tree.

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog. “I can nest up there.”

“Up there?” said Daddy Frog, puzzled. “That’s a dangerous idea.”

Corrie the crow was there.

“Go away!” she cawed. “I was here first.”

“Sorry!” said Mammy Frog.

Daddy and Mammy Frog found another tree.

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog. “I can nest here.”

“I’d say so,” said Daddy Frog.

Sissy the snake was there.

“Go away!” she hissed. “No more room!”

Daddy Frog was frustrated.

“Mammy Frog needs a nest,” he said.

Mammy Frog was tired.

“Please, may I nest here?” she asked.

Sissy saw Mammy Frog’s big belly and wanted to help.

“S-s-s,” she hissed. “You may nest here.”

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog. “Thank you!”

“Slush puddles!” said Daddy Frog. “Thank you!”

Daddy and Mammy Frog were happy.

Mammy Frog had many eggs, so she made a large foam nest to lay them in.

They waited anxiously for the eggs to grow into tadpoles.

Then one morning, there were loud popping sounds.

“Ribbit, ribbit,” said Mammy Frog as she jumped off her nest. “Our tadpoles are here!”

“Slush puddles!” said Daddy Frog. “I’d say so.”

The tadpoles slithered out and dropped into the pond below.

SPLODGE! SPLODGE! SLITHER! SLIDE! SPLISH! SPLASH! SPLOSH!

Then, “WEEEEEE!” ...

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EXCERPTS FROM THE BOOK!

Once upon a time, on a small farm deep in rural Africa, lived a little boy called Mamadou, who had three wishes.

It all started just before the Christmas holiday on the last day of school. When Mamadou’s class had a visitor from Ireland named Ms. Brennan. She brought a Christmas card for the children in Mamadou’s class.

“Merry Christmas!” said Ms. Brennan with a smile as she gave the children their cards.

Mamadou was surprised. He didn’t understand why she gave him a card and wished him a Merry Christmas. As a Muslim, Mamadou had never celebrated Christmas before and lived in a village where Christmas was never spoken about. Even so, he was pleased to receive the card.

Mamadou opened his Christmas card and gasped. His eyes lit up.

“What’s the matter?” asked Ms. Brennan, seeing how shocked Mamadou looked.

“He looks funny with no legs!” Mamadou giggled and showed her his card.

Ms. Brennan chuckled loudly.

“That’s a snowman!” she said. “A snowman is made from the ice flakes that fall from the sky in winter.”

“A snowman! Winter!” he said. “Ice flakes from the sky! How is that possible?”

Mamadou had never made a snowman, and he couldn’t imagine ice falling from the sky in Africa. They didn’t have winter in Africa. It was always sunny and warm.

“We have winter in Ireland,” said Ms. Brennan.

“Especially at Christmas. We make snowmen and dress them up with a scarf and a hat. Sometimes, we make snowballs and throw them at each other.”

Mamadou looked out of the window and imagined snow falling from the sky. In all his nine years, he had never seen snow or a snowman or celebrated Christmas.

He would love to make a snowman and throw snowballs, too. He was thrilled and wanted to know more about Christmas in Ireland.

In the village in Africa, Mamadou spent every school break working on his parent’s farm. This Christmas would be no different. Although it wasn’t much of a holiday compared to Ms. Brennan’s Irish Christmas, Mamadou found it exciting and much fun living and working on the farm. They grew vegetables and raised cattle and sheep. Mamadou loved helping on the farm. Especially with growing tomatoes, his favourite snack, and feeding the animals.

“What else do you do?” asked Mamadou.

“Well, we share Christmas cards. We also decorate a Christmas tree and put all the presents under it.”

“A Christmas tree!” said Mamadou.

Mamadou had never heard of a Christmas tree.

Mamadou saw a man in a red suit inside his Christmas card.

“Who’s he?” he asked, showing the card to Ms. Brennan.

“That’s Santa Claus, Father Christmas!” said Ms. Brennan. “Santa brings presents for all the good children at Christmas.”

“Father Christmas!” he said. “Can he come to Africa?”

“Yes, write to him and tell him about your wish for Christmas,” said Ms. Brennan.

“He will grant it to you on Christmas Eve, but make sure to leave a snack for Santa when he comes.”

The thought of Santa granting wishes got Mamadou excited.

“But Santa doesn’t know where I live!” said Mamadou. “How will he find me?”

“Oh, don’t you worry!” said Ms. Brennan. “He knows where every child in the world lives.”

Mamadou was pleased to hear that.

“I hope Santa can grant all my wishes,” he said.

“Oh, I’m sure he can. Write to him tonight,” said Ms. Brennan, handing each child a note with Santa’s address.

That night, Mamadou wrote Santa a letter asking for three wishes and posted it.

The chief elf was busy with Christmas letters at Santa’s grotto in the North Pole. Mamadou’s letter arrived just in time, but the elf was shocked when he read the letter. Mamadou was not on the list. He checked the nice and the naughty lists.

“How could that be possible?” he thought.

When the news of Mamadou’s letter reached Santa, he was furious with his elves.

“HO-HO-HO!” shouted Santa. “I want him on the list now!”

Immediately, Santa’s chief elf added Mamadou’s name to the NICE list.

On Christmas Eve, Santa’s Workshop was in chaos. The elves wrapped the presents and put them into Santa’s bag.

Back on the farm, Mamadou prepared a bowl of rice akara and some ginger beer for Santa. He waited for Santa to come, but Santa didn’t come. Mamadou thought Santa hadn’t received his letter, so he went to bed, sad.

A little while later, there was a flash of light and a loud rumble outside Mamadou’s bedroom window.

“HO-HO-HO!” shouted Santa, swooping down from the sky. The crashing of hooves rocked Mamadou’s hut as Santa landed his sleigh on the rooftop. ...

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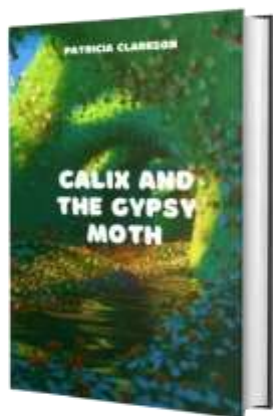
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Chapter Book Excerpts- Unpublished Available Work

Chapter Three



Chapter One

Calix turned the key in the lock on the front door and let himself into their detached house in Kindleton Abbey, a small and peaceful town in Ireland. Judging from the clear spaces in the driveway, he was home alone. Calix was used to his parents working odd hours. It never bothered him at all. Mum had left a note for him on the side table in the hallway. He picked up the note and read it as he walked towards the kitchen. There was an emergency at the hospital, and his mum had been called in. She was an Emergency Medical Technician at Kindleton Abbey General Hospital. His dad was an Architect and was away for work in Dubai the past two days, but the note said he would be home late. As for Mum, it could be later or early the next day. ‘No need to wait up,’ the note read!

On the dining table in the kitchen, a note read ‘IT’S YOUR FAVOURITE!’ next to a hot dish of Jollof Rice and Stew, and a post-it note on the fridge read, ‘OPEN ME, PLEASE.’

“OK! What does Mum want now?” Calix smiled. His mum loved to play games when she needed a favour. Although, at times, it’s to thank him. He wondered what it was this time.

Inside the fridge was another note on a chilled can of Coke that read, ‘DRINK ME, PLEASE’, and on the back, a note read, ‘I LOVE YOU’.

Calix smiled, something his mum always made him do! With that, he settled down to have his meal.

The clock on the shelf chimed and startled Calix. He looked up at the carved African mask clock — a gift from Calix’s grandfather. He called it a Sowe Mask of the Sande people of Sierra Leone, where his family came from, a reminder of their home and African culture of the place where they were born and grew up.

Calix had never been to Sierra Leone. However, his dad and granddad had told him many African stories he had grown to love and cherish. The stories inspired his passion for writing African fantasy. Some of which he had shared in class.

It was getting late, and Calix retired to his room upstairs in the attic. Just then, his mobile phone rang, and he answered it quickly.

“Hey, Calix!” said Johnny. His best mate. “Can’t talk long. I just called to say we are off to the airport now. We should be in Spain in the morning. So I’ll see you when I get back on Monday! Please, God! ...

Calix rushed up to the gate, brimming with excitement. However, upon arrival, he found the park calm. The wind had stopped, and the oak tree was standing tall once again. Had he imagined the tree bending? Suddenly, his expression of joy faded into confusion.

There was nothing for him to investigate now that the tree was upright, and with no wind, the tree was unlikely to bend again.

“Argh!” Calix grated his teeth in frustration.

He needed time to think, so he found a spot beneath the oak tree and sat down. Pulling his pen and notebook from his pocket, he looked around for anything that would stir inspiration to write, but nothing did.

The oak tree wasn’t helping, and neither was the beautiful park scenery. Losing all hope, Calix felt defeated and decided to go home, but as he stood up to leave, something knocked against his back.

Calix jumped forward in fright and turned around to check what it was. From a distance, he stared at the foot of the tree. There was nothing there. Maybe he had imagined it! He did seem to be doing that a lot lately! Calix shrugged.

As he turned to walk away, there was a rustling noise, and a voice muttered.

“Help!”

Calix spun around, but there was no one there.

“Please help!” The voice came again, a little louder.

It was coming from the oak tree. Calix walked around the other side of the oak tree to see if anyone was hiding behind it, but no one was there.

“Somebody, please help me.” The voice came again.

This time, Calix was focused and listened carefully. The voice was coming from inside the flowers at the base of the oak tree, and as he looked on, the flowers moved. ...

Chapter Four

Lymantria suddenly stopped crying, wiped her tears and looked at Calix, curious.

“You’d have to come with me,” she said. “It’s no use, I can’t fly.”

“I can’t fly either?” he said.

“Are you a boy?” She was curious.

“Yes, I am,” replied Calix.

“That’s perfect.” She beamed. “Boy, moths fly very well.”

“But I’m not a boy moth.” Calix was confused.

“Oh, I can help with that,” she said.

Lymantria shut her eyes, crossed her hands and crouched in the palm of Calix’s hand.

“Mother of the gypsy moths, hear my wish — I wish, I wish for a pair of moth wings for a mortal boy!”

Then suddenly, there was a loud sound and then an explosion of sparkly lights and glittery dust all around them, ...

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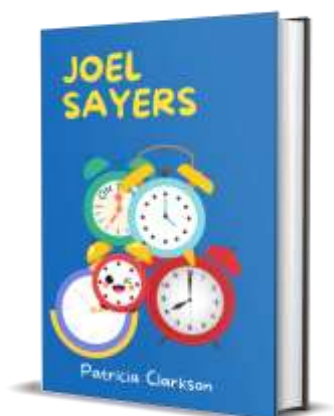
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Chapter One TIME FOR A CHANGE

It was the beginning of September 2014!

On Saturday morning, eight o’clock, to be precise.

Joel was alarmed when his bedroom door burst open, and Imelda, his Mum, walked in. He wondered why she was up so early. Before he could say anything, Imelda dashed across the room towards his bed, beaming.

“Guess what!” she plopped onto his bed next to him. Imelda raised her hand and shook a set of keys she was holding. “We can move into the new house in Colony now. Just the two of us. Isn’t that great?”

Joel’s parents’ divorce was challenging for his eleven-year-old mind to endure. Losing out on one family member and friends he’d known all his life frustrated him.

“It isn’t fair,” he thought. “How is it great to move away from a parent you love?”

Joel wanted to let his Mum know how he felt but couldn’t. There were many questions Joel needed answers to. Why couldn’t they forgive each other and move on with life as a family? Why couldn’t she stay in town so he could see his Dad whenever he wanted? Why should he suffer for his parents’ mistakes?

Indeed, it was great news for Imelda. Being away from his Dad, Jeffery, was best for her. Though Joel respected and loved them both, he felt his Mum needed his support the most. Joel was unhappy about what his Dad had done. He would miss him not being in his life. The football and hockey games and fishing trips may not happen anymore, and he was worried about losing their bond.

“Isn’t it great, Joel? We have our home now.” His Mum looked into his eyes eagerly for a response, bringing Joel away from his thoughts.

“Yes, it is!” Joel’s response was far from what he wanted to say. He wanted to be with his Dad, too. Unfortunately, that wouldn’t work for Imelda. She couldn’t bear to see her best friend, Libby, with her husband. Imelda felt betrayed by Libby, who had been her friend since nursery. Libby’s involvement meant his parent’s divorce was inevitable. Joel’s eyes roamed the room that had become his new bedroom for the past week since they moved in with his grandparents. Through teary eyes, he suddenly noticed the pink wallpaper, frilly curtains and bright purple bed clothing. ...

Chapter Four ARRIVING IN DUBLIN

It was nine-fifteen. The school coach arrived in the coach bay outside the school gate. Mr Tulley, the coach driver, was punctual as usual. He was in his sixties. Mr Tulley had a cheerful smile for everyone as they boarded the coach. He’d driven school coaches for over forty years and the last six years for Colony School.

Nine thirty on the dot, Mr Tulley started the engine, and they were off on the two-hour journey to the Time Museum in Dublin. Joel sat next to the window in the middle of the bus. He loved to stare out the window as the houses zoomed by. Darren sat next to him as they had paired up as partners for the trip.

The weather in Dublin was fantastic. It had rained every day up until the morning of the trip.

“Another day of rain, and the whole country will have floated off the world map,” Joel thought with a cheeky smile.

Joel squinted from the blazing sun against the coach window as it swung left at the roundabout, signposted, Dublin. There was little greenery around Dublin city centre, and the few trees by the roadside had shed their leaves. A trail of brown and yellow leaves rose from the ground as the coach zoomed past the busy town centre.

In his view, Dublin City had more to offer its visitors, but it was too busy with people heading in all directions. There were too many vehicles, and horrendous sounds from the hooting and tooting of engines and traffic lights drove him mad.

“It would be hectic living down here,” he thought.

Joel sensed an exaggerated urgency in everything that moved in Dublin. He could not compare it to Colony Town, which was calm. People had time for each other in Colony Town. He could hardly imagine busy Dublin being that way. ...

Chapter Five HENRY MULLET

The Museum entrance was spectacular. There were clock sculptures every ten yards on either side of the walkway leading up to the entrance stairs. To the right, at the bottom of the flight of steps, was a grandfather clock feature. The steps led up to the main entrance of the building. The building was over a hundred years old, with Gothic faces carved into the four corners of the stone wall.

Mrs Gammon ploughed on ahead of the group while Mr Sole followed behind to make sure no one slipped away from the group. Joel could think of two people likely to do just that. If given the opportunity, Barry Barlow and Kingfisher King would for sure.

At the top of the steps were a set of double glass doors ...

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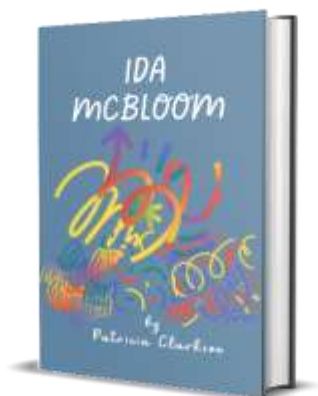
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Chapter One UNANSWERED QUESTIONS

I was at the heart of the forest, where the cedar trees came into view. The trail had gone cold. The insects had vanished, and I was alone in a place I had never been.

“Oh bugger!” My quest to trail butterflies had lured me deep into the forbidden forest. Forbidden because Mum said it was. She warned me not to enter it, and she could be right. It was cold and eerie, and it frightened me. A few minutes ago, I was fearless as I chased two butterflies down the path into the woods.

“I should head home!” I thought and turned to trace my steps back.

In the distance, leaves crunched beneath hasty footsteps coming toward me.

It wouldn’t have been a problem to encounter someone in the forest, except I didn’t want to be seen. No doubt word would reach my mum, and oh boy, I would not hear another word all day. For the countless warnings to never go off without telling them. Especially with what’s happening in town.

I hid behind the nearest tree and waited. My heart was pounding. The footsteps drew closer and then halted a short distance away. Male voices whispered, and then all fell silent.

I peeped through a hole in the tree trunk and saw two men standing on the path. A thick wall of ivy and holly stood before them. It was a dead end.

The men didn’t seem to be talking or doing anything. They stood there staring at the dead end. Then, one of them pulled something out of his top pocket. The sun’s glare flashed on something round and shiny in his hand as he raised it above his head.

“What’s he doing?” I wondered.

Then, there was a loud crack beneath my feet. The men turned, looking in my direction, before I slipped and fell flat into the bush behind me. I realised the only way out of the forest was going past the men first. Many scenarios crossed my mind., My curiosity had landed me in trouble. Dad always said it would, and he was right. What if the men were dangerous? I thought.

What was I going to do now?

Worse, no one knew I was there.

“That’s it! I’m dead meat! They’ve seen me. Any moment now, they’ll be heading toward me.” I panicked. ...

Chapter Two

DAD’S HAVING A BAD DAY

Unlike the lovely weather all week, it was wet and windy and a miserable Saturday.

The fireplace was a blaze in the tiny living room. Mum sat in her rocking chair knitting, and I was at the table doing my homework. It wasn’t long before Dad joined us. He had spent the morning minding the cattle farm at the back of the house.

“Brrr! It’s freezing out there!” Dad stood by the fire to warm his hands. He then walked towards his armchair by the window.

“Hmm!” Mum grunted, glanced at Dad, and continued knitting.

Suddenly, Dad stopped by the window.

“Outsiders!” Dad’s mouth opened awkwardly. His face was ashen. With piercing eyes, he turned his gaze on Mum as if she could read his thoughts.

Then, there was a thunderous splat. Dad’s butt slammed onto his armchair just before it tipped over, leaving his legs dangling up in the air.

Dad’s twenty-stone body was becoming a health hazard, according to Mum. “Stupid chair!” Dad was embarrassed and sprang up. He pulled the chair right side up and sat in it again. All the while, he was huffing and puffing with heavy breathing.

“It’s not stupid, Jeremy. You have to see Dr McCoy!” said Mum upset. “Better still, go on a diet or get a bigger chair.”

He’d had a few clumsy days lately, and Mum suggested he saw his doctor, but he’d refused, saying nothing was wrong with him. Mum was fed up with Dad’s lack of interest in his health and left it to him to decide. ...

Chapter Three

CONSTABLE MR MCGOUGH

Farting and burping as the engine expelled oil and smoke along its path was the sound of Police Constable Mr McGough’s old Ford police car. The blue and white, banged-up metal screeched to a halt outside our house late Sunday morning.

“What a heap of scrap metal,” I thought as I stood by the living room window. “Talk of polluting our dear old Bloomville Town.”

Immediately, Dad heard the engine; he dashed outside to meet Mr McGough. Dad’s temperament had not changed much about the Outsiders, yet another incident had fuelled it.

“What’s going on in this town?” said Dad as Mr McGough stepped out of his car. Dad’s coarse voice was stern and anxious for an answer. He scratched the side of his bearded face and pulled his pants higher over his beer belly. ...

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Chapter 3

UNDER THE BIG OAK TREE



Chapter 2 MY PARENTS ARE IMPOSTORS

In the morning, Haji was beneath his covers with his pillow over his head and in a deep sleep. Something vibrated beside him and eventually woke him up.

It was Salif calling on his mobile phone.

“Hey, Salif?” asked Haji, yawning, as he answered his phone.

“Yes,” said Salif. “Who else would it be?”

A sudden ringing sound unexpectedly filled his room. Haji panicked and slipped back under his covers after suddenly remembering the sound at night. Then he realised it was his alarm clock ringing. Relieved, he pulled back his covers and took a deep breath as he switched it off.

“Phew!” he muttered, realising he had survived the night.

“What’s up?” said Salif, concerned.

“Hey! You won’t believe what happened last night,” he said. “I heard ...!”

“Hold on, I’m coming over,” said Salif and hung up before Haji could finish his sentence.

Salif lived close by and could get there in no time. There was an old wooden ladder outside Haji’s bedroom window so Salif could climb up into his bedroom when he came to visit.

Haji was eager to tell Salif about the sound at night. They could investigate it together, like real detectives, he imagined. Mind you, he was good at solving problems, the best in his class, and Mrs Brats said he was.

She said so when Haji solved the case of the missing hamster in school. It turned out that someone left the pet python’s pen open, and the python went into the hamster’s cage and ate it.

Well, anyone could have worked that out because Tiny, the pet python, was sleeping in the hamster’s cage the next day, and of course, Old Harold the hamster was nowhere to be found. It was a sad time for the class. Mrs Brats was pleased when Haji pointed at the unusual bulge on the belly of the sleeping python. No one had noticed it.

“Only someone with a detective instinct could have figured it out.” Mrs Brats had said to the class, then she gave Haji a thumbs up. A thumbs-up meant a lot to Haji. Especially coming from the most respected teacher in the village. Thankfully, the python was safely settled into its pen outside, and the following week, Mrs Brats surprised the class with a new hamster called Timmy. Everyone was happy because Timmy was a younger version of Old Harold. ...

Remnants of the night’s weather mayhem cluttered the ground. Other than that, a lovely warm morning presented itself at the park.

It was quiet except for a few bold squirrels that ran up and down a tree collecting nuts. Some robins were basking in the tree’s shade.

Lucy had already been there for a while when Haji arrived.

A sports enthusiast, she always took the opportunity to race around the pond a few times before the boys got there.

Minutes later, Salif turned up huffing and puffing and tried to apologise for being late again. None of what he said made sense, but Haji and Lucy nodded anyway.

Haji wanted to be done with the race so he and Salif could discuss strategies on how to investigate the sound.

Lucy had appointed herself a referee for their boat racing events. Even though the boys didn’t need her to, they agreed just to keep the peace.

“I brought my whistle,” she said. Then, she showed them a whistle attached to a purple ribbon around her neck. Purple was her favourite colour, and the silver object glared in the sun.

“My granddad gave it to me,” she said, grinning.

The boys smiled politely, eager to get on with the race.

Salif and Haji held up their paper boats over the pond, ready to drop them in.

“Drop your boats into the pond on my whistle,” she said. She put the whistle up close to her lips, ready to blow.

“Boats ready...three...two...one... Go!” Lucy blew her whistle. PEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP! ...

Chapter 4 DISCRETE BURGLARS

Later that night, Haji was in bed sleeping. Salif tapped on his window, but there was no answer, so he knocked louder. Eventually, Haji woke up and let him in.

“What’s the matter this time?” he asked, yawning. Then he slumped back onto his bed and fell asleep. Salif was shocked.

“What are you doing?” asked Salif, but Haji snored loudly.

“Get up, Haji!”

Salif tugged his legs, and Haji jumped from his sleep. His eyes were hazy and red.

“The sound,” he said, staggering around in a circle. “I almost forgot. Why didn’t you wake me up?”

“I just did,” said Salif. He raised his hand, then dropped it again. “You are unbelievable!”

“What’s the time?” asked Haji, pacing. ...

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Currently Working On

BOOKS: Manuscripts Coming Soon!

**BOOK DETAILS:**

Book Title: The fixer
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction
 Word Count: -
 Chapters: -
 Age Range: 8+ years

Fate's visits! In my thirteen years with Fate, I've come to understand its purpose in my life and to interpret the many privileged revelations I receive through my dreams. It soon became clear to me that Fate visits for a reason. Each time, Fate presents another puzzle, and I can't help but wonder where this journey will lead. My name is Dusk Obern. I'm thirteen years old and known as 'THE FIXER.' Entrusted by Fate, I am here to fix the unfixable.

**BOOK DETAILS:**

Book Title: Friends For Life – A Three Book Series
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Children's Fiction- Adventure/ Fantasy
 Word Count: -
 Chapters: -
 Age Range: 8+ Years

Orphaned teen girls TRIGGY, TRIZA, ZARIA and ZIDA are indoctrinated into the magical dream world by their elderly guardian, Nana Ana and acquire special powers to defend their region from Sadness.

**BOOK DETAILS:**

Book Title: Justine
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Light Romance Fiction
 Word Count: -
 Chapters: -
 Age Range: Adult

A young woman emotionally scarred by her possessive ex must learn to move on from her anxieties or risk losing out on true love.

**BOOK DETAILS:**

Book Title: Mama Leah THE SPIRIT IN ME
 Author Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Non- Fiction- Bio Interview
 Word Count: -
 Chapters: -
 Age Range: Adult

Mama Leah's interview edifies her spiritual gifts from God. She discloses her experiences growing up, being blessed with spiritual gifts and misunderstood by society. Her ordeal became her strength, and her capacity as a Woman of God has helped many. Mama Leah's story will drive hope to those in similar circumstances to embrace their spiritual experiences and not be afraid to acknowledge them.

Animation Film: Teaser Trailer Coming Soon!**SCREENPLAY DETAILS:**

Title: Mayennie
 Producer Name: Patricia Clarkson
 Category: Animation Feature Film, PG
 Cinematic – Unreal Engine

Mayennie, seen by a human in a village where her kind is banished, awakens a hatred in the humans that had laid dormant for twenty years. Unbeknownst to the young fairy, she is about to embark on a fate placed on her at birth to free her colony from banishment, a fate that exposes her to the wrath of the goblin curse. Her only hope for a cure and to fulfil her destiny lies in a rare human child with pink hair, whose powerful gift is the source of all healing.

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Q&As

QUESTIONS FOR AUTHOR:

1. How do you find time to write?
2. What is the best time of day for you to write?
3. How do you know what to write?
4. How long does it take you to write a book?
5. What is the most difficult part of writing a book?
6. I see you have published three of your children's books. Did you do traditional publishing or opted to self-publish?
7. What made you take this route to publish?
8. Have you had any book deal offers and how did you get them?
9. How did you negotiate your book deals?
10. Did you have a multiple book deal?
11. What advice would you give first-time author?
12. When did you realize you wanted to be a writer?
13. What are your favourite books to read?
14. How important are book reviews?
15. What is your favourite part of being a writer?
16. What makes a great story?
17. What's the most surprising thing you learned while writing your books?
18. How do you handle writer's block?
19. If you didn't write, what would you do for a living?
20. What's next in the pipe line for you?

AUTHOR'S ANSWERS- List 1 QUESTIONS:

1. How do you find time to write?

"I find the evenings are perfect to write. However, I try to write something daily, no matter how late. I am passionate about what I write, so much so that I get lost in the plots and won't relax until I finish my draft. In general, I find it easy to work around family. Especially when all are settled in the evening, or after lunch, during weekends could be a good time to write, too."

2. What is the best time of day for you to write?

"I prefer to write in the evening and late into the night. It's quieter, and I am more focused during this time. Sometimes, I will write till the morning without realising it. But it depends on what works best and how passionately you feel about your work."

3. How do you know what to write?

"I cannot write from story prompts to save my life. My stories mostly come from within, from my dreams. I often receive new ideas overnight and write them down in the morning. I would have a story idea from start to finish. All I have to do is to build on them. I feel passion for the stories I work on and can visualise them. I don't get character names or places, only story ideas. However, I ensure my completed work maintains context throughout and at its best before it's ready for an editorial review. I don't follow any structure or create outlines, so I can probably say I'm a Pantser."

4. How long does it take you to write a book?

"It varies. I am a binge-writer by nature and can write a first draft in a few days to a week, and then, I'll set them aside for about a month. I'll work on several other stories to finish the first drafts. The final drafts can be ready within six months of completing the first draft."

5. What is the most difficult part of writing a book?

"The most difficult part of writing my books would be the story building. Creating the right mood and conflicts, that exciting moment to make it work or blend well takes a lot of time and rewrites."

6. I see you have published three of your children's books. Did you do traditional publishing or opted to self-publish?

"I self-published my first three books, two through Amazon and one with Authorhouse Publishers. However, I want to try the traditional publishing route for my other books."

7. What made you take this route to publish?

"I chose to self-publish because I wanted to understand the business and ensure I have what it takes to embark on this journey. Additionally, I often engage in craft activities with children in my local community. It helped to know whether they would appreciate my voice as a writer."

8. Have you had any book deal offers and how did you get them?

"I've received three offers, but unfortunately, I had to decline them. One offer was a direct contact from the publisher, while I submitted my manuscript to the other two. I felt they weren't the right fit for me. I haven't promoted myself as an author as much as I should have; instead, I've focused on researching my craft, working with beta readers, and conducting library readings for primary school children. The feedback I've received about my work has been overwhelmingly positive."

1

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9. How did you negotiate your book deals?

"It was all done via email. The self-publishing company sets their list of publishing deals to choose from before deciding to proceed, so no negotiating is necessary. In this case, on a % of the royalties agreed by the publisher hosting the book. I was able to decide on the sale price of my book. Also, I own full rights to my self-published books. I have a paperback, eBook, and audiobook for two of my books on Amazon, and the other book by Authorhouse is in paperback and eBook only. The books are also available on various book sales websites."

10. Did you have a multi-book deal?

"No, as I am self-published! This option is not open to self-publishers. However, I could decide to launch one or more books at once, but it will be all on me and not a book deal with the publisher I choose to self-publish with."

11. What advice would you give a first-time author?

"Deciding you want to write is a big step in itself. Figuring out the audience, age, genre and so on, to write for, can slowly begin to eat at you. So, my advice would be to spend some time researching the craft. Joining free online resources and reading writing articles can be very helpful. Keep a notepad dedicated to writing notes. Find a topic to write on and research it, or if you have a writing prompt, brainstorm ideas for the prompt and start crafting your story. Start with an outline of your story idea, then build on it. Take it one stage at a time. Set writing dates and goals and stick with them. Keep a notepad for ideas and writing prompts that may pop up in your mind or while out and about. Think about what your project will cover and the messages it will convey to your audience."

12. When did you realize you wanted to be a writer?

"I had never considered becoming a writer until one morning when I woke up from a dream with a complete story idea and content for my first children's book. It took me many online courses and regular writing practice to develop the understanding and discipline necessary to master my craft."

13. What are your favourite books to read?

"I love soft/light romance stories. Don't have any particular author preferences."

14. How important are book reviews?

"I believe that book reviews are essential to the writing process. They provide insight into how the general public perceives one's book. Additionally, reviews act as a valuable promotional tool for the author's brand, making them necessary for anyone who has written a book."

15. What is your favourite part of being a writer?

"My favourite part of being a writer is finishing my book. The relief I feel is priceless. Knowing that my story is complete and ready for my audience fills me with a wonderful, warm, and fuzzy feeling. It makes me appreciate my writing efforts even more."

16. What makes a great story?

"A great story must touch the reader's heart, immersing them deeply that they won't want to put it down. It should evoke a range of emotions, making them cry, smile, scream, feel anger, and recognize the love and hate that each character experiences. By the end, the reader should wish for more of the story. The writer must be dedicated. It is essential to maintain the story context, and the characters, particularly the main ones, have depth and are relatable. Edit, revise, and refine the work multiple times until the story is polished and error-free."

17. What's the most surprising thing you learned while writing your books?

"I am surprised to have grasped the art of writing the way I have. To have written this many stories for different genres is shocking. I'm chuffed, considering how I have struggled with memorising texts, and I do feel there is some dilute dyslexia lurking in me. I remember switching my D's and B's or being unable to remember how to spell the simplest words. It was frustrating. As an adult, I have accepted it as an ongoing challenge and found subtle ways to deal with this shortcoming."

18. How do you handle writer's block?

"Hmm! Good question. I've not thought about it as writer's block. I see it as, hmm, well, I don't feel like writing today, so I'll see how I feel later or tomorrow and think nothing of it. I believe due to how I receive story ideas, there is no possibility of experiencing writer's block. Maybe, if I had to write from a prompt, I may experience writer's block. But no, I wouldn't say I get writer's block, but rather a case of either wanting to write or not. My stories are always in my head, ready to continue whenever I decide to write."

19. If you didn't write, what would you do for a living?

"I am very versatile and an entrepreneur-minded individual. I have a BSc in Artificial Intelligence and IT and an MSc in Software Engineering. I worked in the IT industry for over ten years. I had a baby product manufacturing business, and I'm creative. However, I did step away from all that to raise my family and create time to explore and nurture my writing adventures. So I guess, to answer your question, if I didn't write, I could work in the IT industry or try a new business idea to earn my living."

20. What's next in the pipe line for you?

"What's next? Hmm! That's a good question. My next goal is to pursue traditional publishers interested in my niche, which includes an ethnic backdrop, magical worlds, and fun-packed adventure story plots for children ages six and older. I have a good few completed manuscripts for picture and chapter books that I am looking to publish traditionally when the opportunity arises. So, I'd be looking for writing events and contests to promote my author portfolio and engage with agents."

"See the three website links below for more details on my work"

Thank you for having me and it's a pleasure to be here with you!

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