AM
Wegelin

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PROTECT
CRYPTID
WILDLIFE

Author Bio

Alysa has been writing since 2000 when they started their first serial killer book and tantalized their classmates. This began a couple decades of writing screenplays, stage plays, comics, and books while attending art schools and later dropping out. Instead of continuing with academics, they embraced their love for everything creative—expanding their mind and fulfilling their spirit by creating constantly. These days, Alysa spends most of their time writing, doing free-lance social media consulting work, and spending time with their dogs and husband. Don't think that they are living a quiet life though; they thrive on chaos.

They have been mentally ill since '91 when they were spit out into this tortuous world. Writing so their brain doesn't ex-plode. A manic jumbled person with manic jumbled thoughts. Continuously trying to make life a little less lonely, one book at a time.

A lover of dogs, milkshakes, and the PNW. A dedicated kara-oke artist. Maker of all things cute and cuddly. A nostalgia whore. Obsessed with the color orange and the '70s. Living proof that aliens exist. A comedian and a national treasure. Enigma of the highest order. Gummy candy is the best candy.

About *The Book*

Lies. Betrayal. Memories. These are the things that haunt Michelle every day. Though she tries desperately to numb the thoughts of her past with alcohol, no amount is ever enough to quiet them entirely. Even after relocating from the Midwest to Long Beach, California, her past has managed to follow her. Drowning her thoughts in alcohol only leads to more experiences that terrorize her. She tries to make friends, attempts to make money, even thinks about dating, and it all seems to fall back into the same self-destructive pattern of events. How is she ever supposed to pull herself out of the tornado that is her own life?

WHISKEY
MOTH
A. M. WEGELIN

Book Excerpt

Whiskey Moth

It's a Tuesday. At least I think it's a Tuesday. It's starting to get dark outside and this is usually the time I go to the Deaf Horse or I go to Cleo's, depending on her work schedule. It's been a week since I moved here and we already have a system. I wake up, I spend the day doing nothing, I hang out with Cleo, I make out drunkenly with Cleo, I go to sleep. This is my life. My mother would be so proud.

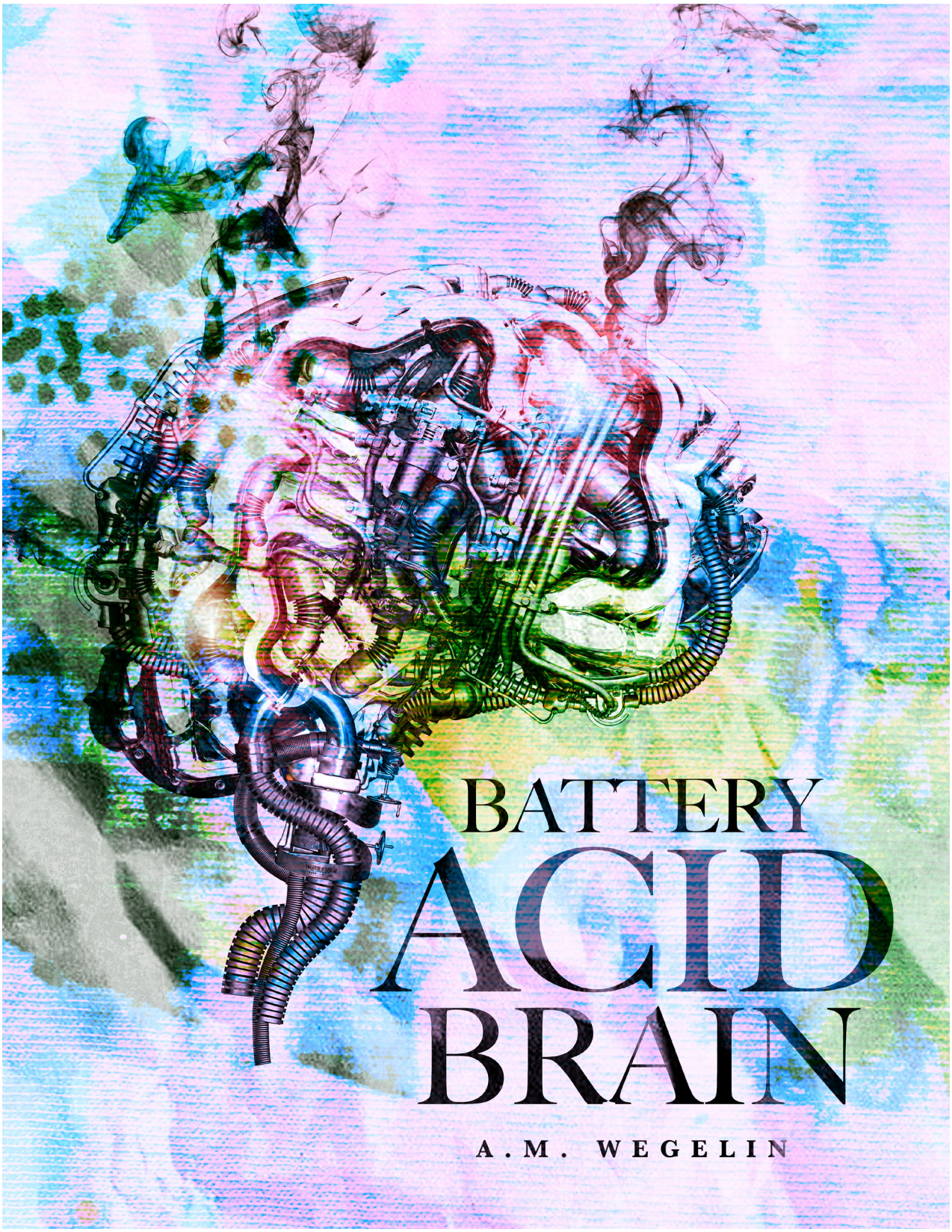
I have been on my laptop all day, doing nothing. I check my bank account for the thirtieth time today. It's still twenty-three dollars and five cents. The Deaf Horse has run me dry. With every cocktail costing ten dollars, I have run out of money quick. Rent isn't due for another three weeks, but with no real job in sight, I think back on what Cleo said about selling my underwear. I type into Google 'how to sell your underwear' and am rewarded with a daunting twelve million and nine hundred thousand results. I close my laptop. How hard can it be? I'll just ask Cleo tonight. She isn't working, and the plan is to meet at her house and watch *Life Aquatic* for the third time, her favorite movie. Personally, if we are going the Wes Anderson route, I'd choose *Darjeeling Limited*, but she says Owen Wilson is far too annoying in that movie for it to be tolerable.

I stand up and my head starts to spin. I haven't eaten all day, except for a bag of chips that I bought from the gas station, and my body is punishing me for it. I never was very good at being healthy. My weight has significantly yo-yoed since I was about twelve years old. I bounce between 130 and 200 pounds easily in the course of a few months, and it's taken its toll on me. I used to punish myself by beating my body with a baseball bat when I was getting 'fat'. You may be thinking to yourself, *how in the hell did you do that??* but it is possible. Just ask your local scientist. Honestly, I've never been fat—even at 200 pounds my body carried the weight elegantly. It all went to my ass and breasts. But this didn't change how I would see myself in the mirror. I would only see a big fat chunkster. I'm on the heavier side right now, but hey, at least Cleo finds me attractive.

I pull on the same dress I've been wearing for the past few days, the floral one that I don't feel entirely too ooky in, and I grab my purse. The walk to Cleo's is short and scary. Full of homeless people asking for change and muttering under their breath about how I'm a bitch for not giving them any. I step outside and light a cigarette, as per usual, and walk down 5th Avenue. I am vibrant and full of energy, probably because I've been sitting on the couch all day. I breathe in the fumes of exhaust from passing cars. It truly is a lovely evening to be taking a stroll in Long Beach. I wave charmingly at passing strangers, to be received with only a mild nod or two. It's fine, I feel too giddy to be deterred by the gloom of their attitudes. I turn the corner at Pacific and I'm suddenly there. Standing in front of the three-level apartment building and waving at a brilliant, shining Cleo. I am full of it tonight. She smiles and waves back, seemingly excited to see me. In her arms is the 'cute cat' whose name I finally learned, Pavlovia. She hisses and jumps down from her arms, climbing the balcony railing and sitting on the edge, glaring at me. Such a grumpy animal with a similarly grumpy name. I run up the stairs and into Cleo's waiting arms. I am home. Well, somewhat home. I am somewhere. Somewhere that I don't feel out of place or unwanted. I feel okay.

About *The Book*

Bipolar 1 Disorder is no joke, and Holly isn't laughing. After a messy divorce, she is spiraling out of control; no amount of medication can keep up with her. Holly tries grasping onto those around her (the few that are still there) hoping to stay afloat. But even her best friend can't help her this time. In a world that is so unforgiving, will Holly be able to help herself, or will she be consumed by herself in the process? The world may never know…


BATTERY
ACID
BRAIN
A.M. WEGELIN

Book Excerpt

Battery Acid Brain

"We will release her today only on one condition."

"Anything, I just want to take her home."

"She needs to see a psychologist. She refused medication here, but she needs some form of continuous treatment."

"...A psychologist? How often?"

"At least once a week. If not more. Also, you need to stop leaving your daughter home alone."

"Are you kidding me?! This place drained our savings! Not to mention the hospital bills to pump her stomach…How am I supposed to afford this?"

"Holly is suffering from extreme manic and depressive episodes that suggest Bipolar 1 Disorder. She has anxiety-based hallucinations and disorganized thoughts. This is not her first suicide attempt, and if you don't get her help and a proper diagnosis…this won't be her last. I suggest you find a way before something worse happens than a 51/50...I mean, you can always commit her and we can do more here, –"

"That won't be necessary. I'm taking my daughter home. She's only seventeen for God's sake."

I hear footsteps coming towards me and I peel my ear away from the door, springing back into the plastic chair I am supposed to be sitting in. I look down in shame as the door swings open and my dad bursts through.

"Let's GO, Holly." He grabs my wrist off my lap and pulls me toward the two doors that I know lead to my freedom. The doors that I truly know will lead me back to my destruction.

Testimonials

Being a person that enjoys whiskey, I had to read Alysa Wegelin's book! I was not sure what to expect as I began the journey through the "messed up life of this young girl" that arrived in Long Beach, California (a well-known area to me). I liked that the writing makes it easy for me to picture the scenes, especially because I have a hard time imagining.

I enjoyed reading as the character grew as a person and how…. No spoilers, so you'll need to read to the end to know what happened.

- GLADYS BOUTWELL

I'm so lucky to have been able to call Alysa my friend and creative collaborator for 15 years! They see the world in an incredibly unique way and that's reflected in every page of their writing. From the early days of producing ten-minute plays to becoming a published novelist, Alysa has so much to say and knows exactly the way we all need to hear it.

- JES TEMPLIN

Alysa is a truly inspiring person—full of ideas and observations that get my own creative juices flowing every time I am around them. Their wit, and zest for making content, the energy they bring into projects is one of my favorite things about them. They bring people together, and their eye for design is undeniable. Creativity is all around and through them, and it is so awesome to behold!

- JUDE BOATSY

Our life paths may have not been the same as Michelle's in *Whiskey Moth*, but we all know that type of person, and many of us have been that person at times in our lives. Messy, brave, self-destructive, and honestly very entertaining to watch when you don't have to pick up the pieces yourself. A.M. Wegelin tells a story about navigating the beginnings of adulthood that somehow manages to be unique while also deeply familiar.

- SAMANTHA KRAMER

Alysa writes blunt truths with a unique and inviting style. Even when they are bringing up topics that people generally avoid thinking or talking about, they do it in such a way as to invite the reader to join them on their journey. Their writing is engaging, and their storytelling not only makes the situations interesting but also relatable, whether or not the reader specifically identifies with the character or situation. Their inclusion of living with mental health issues in their writing makes their novels poignant for today and an important read for young adults struggling to make it through their own battles. Although a lot of the topics Alysa covers are not widely discussed, they are common issues that a lot of people deal with on a daily basis, and they do so in a way that makes you feel as though you are not alone, that someone else understands the struggles that you are going through, and that it's okay to laugh and get through it one step at a time. Their works will continue to be relevant for years to come.

- NOELLE LEBLANC

Some people aspire to be writers, some people go to school to learn how to become a writer, and some people (well you know) they are just natural born writers. A gift from who knows where, a gift Alysa obviously has. Alysa sees and paints her stories in plain English that is always engaging and dripping in honest detail. Speaking the truth in vulnerability is not for the faint of heart or those weak in courage. Alysa must not be a victim of either, for they seem to swim through it effortlessly. Here's one fan that will anxiously be awaiting their next outing.

- SAM RUSSELL

This book is wonderfully written. It gives a thoughtful and honest vision of bipolar disorder, mental health, and depression. It also rewards you with quick wit and memorable writing; you want to stick with Holly, rooting for her recovery. This is a book that definitely sticks with you.

- ABIGAIL MATTESON

Target *Audience*

I'm trying to reach femme–presenting people aged 18-40 who are struggling with either mental illness, trauma, or themselves. I want to make people feel like they're not alone.

Sample Interview Questions

1. What was the first book you wrote?

2. What was your first screenplay?

3. How do you get inspired to write?

4. What is your favorite creative outlet?

5. Do you see a therapist?

6. What has healing from trauma been like for you?

7. What made you start writing?

8. Are the books true?

Story Ideas *For Reporters*

1. I sold my underwear on craigslist for real. No, it's true.

2. I sold my first screenplay to one of the guys who produces for Rob Zombie and Teen Wolf.

3. I wrote plays in high school because I went to an arts school and performed quite a few inappropriate ones.

4. Trauma caused me chronic pain. Ask me my opinion on that.

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