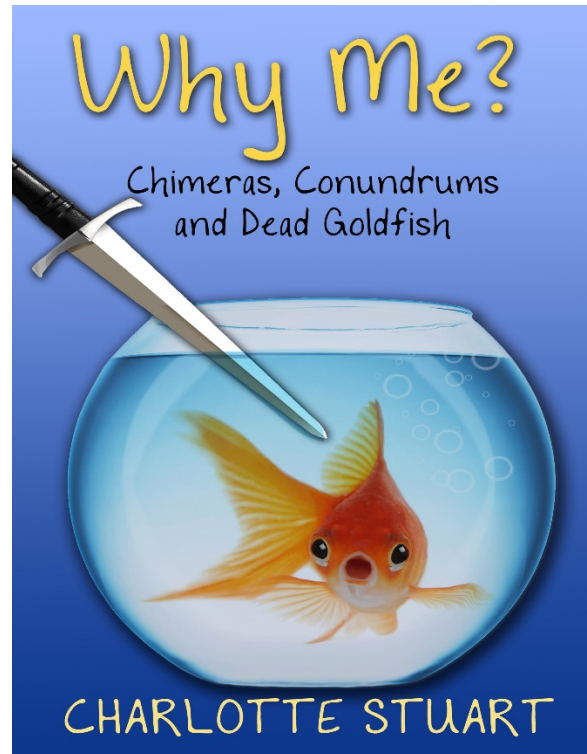




Taylor and Seale Books

WHY ME? Chimeras, Conundrums & Dead Goldfish

By Charlotte L Stuart



**In Ancient Greece the chimera was a bad omen.
In WHY ME? it's a motive for murder.**

Chimera research has the potential to save countless lives each year through biomedical treatments such as growing human organs in animals. But the international community is divided on the ethics of this research. What happens if human genes intended to grow an organ end up migrating to the animal's brain? At what point does this blur the lines between animals and humans?

Sheep that can talk. Pigs that play chess. The possibilities are endless ... and frightening.

SELL SHEET/AUTHOR BIO – AUTHOR Q & A – EXERPT FROM BOOK



Charlotte Stuart, Ph.D., began her career in academia, leaving a tenured faculty position to spend a year sailing “around the world in the San Juans.” She then spent nine summers commercial fishing in Alaska while focusing on speech writing and management consulting in the winter. After developing and implementing a corporate university program for a major health care company she became a VP of HR and Training for a credit union. In a world filled with too much uncertainty and too little chocolate, her current passion is for writing lighthearted mysteries from her home on Vashon Island.



A brilliant and controversial biotech scientist from Seattle is about to announce a discovery that will potentially make his company a fortune and save tens of thousands of lives. But just days before the announcement he secretly travels to Scotland to meet with another scientist.

Bryn Baczek, a Seattle consultant, is vacationing in Scotland, hiking alone in a downpour, surrounded by midges, when she sees a body at the bottom of a ravine. Before she can return to the scene with the Mountain Rescue Team, the body of the scientist disappears, along with the laptop containing his cutting-edge research.

When an attractive man Bryn met in Scotland shows up, she suspects it isn't her charm that brought him to her hometown. It turns out that one of his family's business sidelines is the illegal sale of human organs. They want the missing laptop and assume Bryn has it.

After initially escaping her pursuers, Bryn is saved from becoming the murderer's second victim by her cantankerous and predictable cat.



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Questions and Answers with Charlotte Stuart

Why do you write humorous mysteries about serious subjects?

I take life seriously and want to include topics I find interesting in my books, but I also believe you have to laugh in order to stay sane. My lighthearted book titles are a clue to readers that even though the story may get intense or even scary at times, it will end with a smile.

What do you talk about in your presentation *Getting Serious About Humor: Murder Mysteries that Bump Your Funny Bone*?

Humor is a psychological tickle that can make us laugh out loud, snicker, chuckle, grin or perhaps simply produce an inner smile. We don't, however, all find the same things amusing. Yet any mystery containing a smidgeon of humor is lumped together with stories aiming for a ten on the laughter spectrum. How do readers choose books that will bump their individual funny bones? In my presentation, I discuss brain dominance profiles, Myers Briggs and the Big Five Personality Test to illustrate individual humor preferences. Readers can then match their preferences to a matrix I've created that categorizes authors by five different ways they incorporate humor into the structure and texture of their books. One genre—five categories.

Do you have a cat?

Unfortunately, I'm allergic to cats. Macavity, the cat in my book, is my surrogate cat. At times I almost expect him to appear on my front porch. If he did, I'd have to let him in. I'm very fond of Macavity.

Have you ever lived on a sailboat?

Yes, I've lived on two different sailboats, one very similar to the boat that Bryn lives on. I loved it at the time and felt very close to the boating community.

Why did you make your main character a consultant?

Being a consultant may not instantly strike a reader as inherently appealing, but passions often run amuck when people are forced to work together. With mayhem alive and thriving in most organizations, there are endless opportunities for Bryn to encounter volatile and sometimes deadly situations.

How can readers get in touch?

The best ways to contact me are through the following media sites:

<http://www.charlottestuart.com>

<http://twitter.com/quirkymysteries>

<http://www.facebook.com/charlotte.stuart.mysterywriter>

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/19305587.Charlotte_Stuart

Excerpt from WHY ME? Chimeras, Conundrums and Dead Goldfish

Chapter One – *The Midges and Me*

It was like standing under a waterfall. My rain hat was battered down around my ears by the plus size raindrops. Water plunged off the rim, struck the front of my poncho, and pinged back up at my face. Both my shoes and my spirits were not just dampened, but sodden. Water cascaded down my rain pants, bypassed my trail gaiters, and went directly into my hiking boots. Once inside, it did not seep out. Not quite what I'd had in mind when I'd purchased the expensive waterproof footwear.

To top it off, I was surrounded by a swarm of midges, tiny vampire bugs that had no business being out in a downpour. They hung there, inches from my face, waiting for my DEET to wash off. One thing for sure, I wouldn't be sending any selfies back to friends from *this* hike.

I had definitely chosen the wrong friend and the wrong season for a hiking trip to Scotland. Sophie, my best friend since grade school, and I had decided it would be fun to explore some remote hills and lochs, maybe venture into the Highland region. We would spend most of our time on day hikes, staying in what we envisioned to be quaint villages along the way. We had our passports in hand, our reservations set, our schedules adjusted, pet care arranged, and I had even purchased a satellite communicator with 100% global coverage. But at the last minute, Sophie wanted to postpone. Why? Because Sophie has men issues.

When we were younger Sophie went through men like there was an endless supply. She didn't have a "type." She liked variety. After a disastrous marriage in her twenties, she went back to playing the field. I gave up trying to remember names and labeled each one "Sophie's latest." That continued into our thirties, until she hit thirty-five. Then she started looking for "the" one, the one she intended to spend the rest of her life with. And, unfortunately, she met her most recent potentially perfect someone a week before we were scheduled to take off on our adventure, and she didn't want to risk leaving during this "critical time" in their relationship. She

was sorry and hoped I understood. I did, but I was also angry. So I damn well decided to go without her.

How was I to know it was midge season in Scotland? Sophie had done most of the planning. And not only had she failed to mention the midges, she had also omitted the fact that we would be hiking in an area the guidebook referred to as “one of the wettest places in Scotland.” Okay, so I should have helped more with the itinerary. But Sophie is a take-charge kind of woman, and I’d been more than happy to let her handle the details.

So there I was, hiking by myself in the rain, regretting that I hadn’t had the good sense to read the guidebooks *before* I’d hopped on the plane.

After slogging up a steep incline for about fifteen minutes, I stopped to catch my breath at the edge of a deep, narrow ravine. Although the landscape seemed barren compared to what I was used to back home, the hillside was covered with a tangle of bracken and plush groundcovers. At the bottom a few stunted trees hugged a stream that ran through the middle of the gorge and disappeared around a bend to my left. Directly below were some huge boulders that looked like they had been tossed there by a giant as ravine art.

There was also something else down there. Something that didn’t quite belong.

I blinked the rainwater out of my eyes and peered through the veil of bugs. Just this side of one of the large boulders was something that looked suspiciously . . . like a person. A person sprawled on the ground. And the angle of repose did not look natural.

“Dammit,” I said out loud. Why me?!