

Amy Suto

Book Ghostwriting Portfolio





Amy Suto

Storyteller, Ghostwriter, Publishing Expert

Hourly rate: \$750/hr

Amy Suto began her career as a Hollywood TV writer before hitting the road and becoming a digital nomad and six-figure freelance writer and published author. Her specialty is serving clients as a ghostwriter for memoirs and narrative nonfiction, and she helps professional athletes, Silicon Valley CEOs, and other inspiring people tell their stories.

Amy taps into her seven years of professional storytelling experience to help her clients become bestselling authors and speakers, helping them step out on stages such as TED as they continue to share their ideas with the world. When she's not writing, Amy travels the world and works remotely from cafes in Prague — or is misplacing her AirPods in Lisbon. You can learn more about Amy at: AmySuto.com.

Featured in



SmallBusinessDigest



Authority Magazine

Forbes

U.S. News & World Report

Script

Services Include:

- Memoir Ghostwriting
- Narrative Nonfiction Ghostwriting
- Fiction-Nonfiction Hybrid Ghostwriting
- Book Proposal Ghostwriting
- Book Publishing and Marketing

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KIND WORDS FROM HAPPY CLIENTS

"I couldn't be any happier with Amy's work on my project. She is an amazing writer. She followed my brand messaging guide to a "T" and she is extremely efficient with her time. She has excellent intuition and will find just the right words to communicate your message to your target audience."

"Extremely talented individual. Do you have an idea? Amy will make your idea, brand, and marketing come to life. She is the ultimate swiss army knife. Amy can do it all. On top of that, her work ethic and personality are unparalleled. Thank you, Amy!"



KIND WORDS FROM HAPPY CLIENTS

"If you are lucky enough to get a chance to work with Amy, grab it! She is a pleasure to work with, and quickly steered me in the right direction. The only way it could have been better is if I had found her a year earlier! Her communication is fantastic, she is reachable and makes herself available. She delivered everything ahead of schedule. Her insights have been invaluable. The best way to sum it up is that when I reviewed her details, I decided to pay 4 times what I had been planning to pay, and it was a very wise decision!"

NARRATIVE
NON-FICTION



Narrative Non-Fiction

Six-Figure Freelance Writer Book Excerpt

It was the Fourth of July during the 2020 pandemic, and I was depressed and stress eating bread alone in the dark—a classic coping strategy. I was sitting on my tiny, beat-up loveseat I had dragged over from my previous Los Angeles apartment, watching episodes of ABC’s Shark Tank, where eager founders pitch investors with hopes of getting their business funded.

I watched as the entrepreneurs pitched the Sharks: this episode’s parade of founders had “figured it out”—or, had bet their mortgage on their business that mailed literal potatoes to customers with messages on them (which ended up being more lucrative than you’d think.) All of the contestants were on that stage in the hopes they, too, could achieve their version of the lucrative “American Dream.”

At the time, my freelance writing business had been hit by the shock of the pandemic shutdowns. My early twenties were spent working a string of minimum-wage jobs, and I had left everything behind to go full-time freelance.

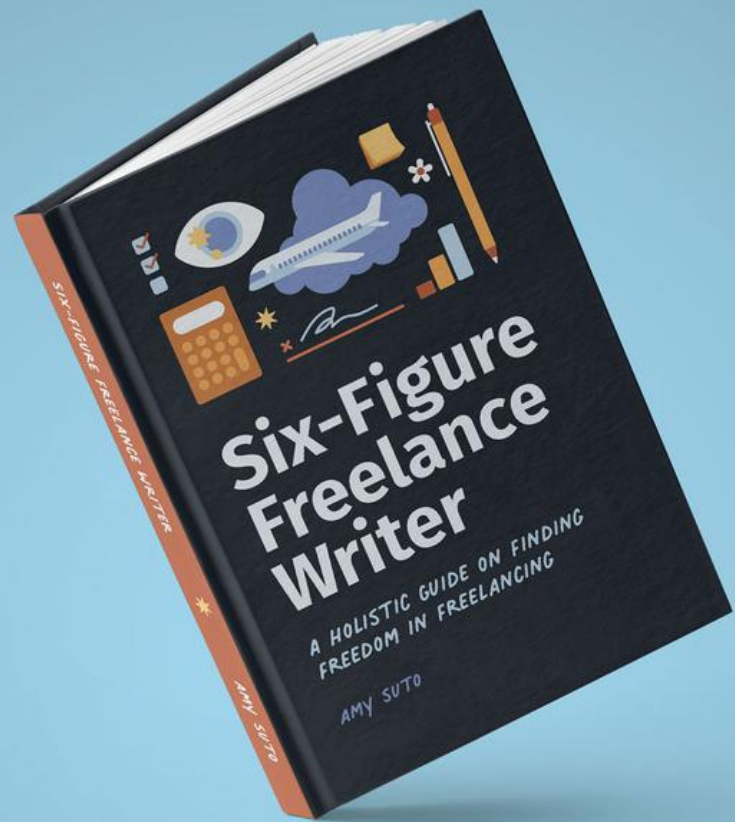
Am I stupid for trying to make it on my own? I thought in the dark as the fireworks exploded above me. Do I just need a steady job to wait out the pandemic?

In the dark of my living room, I hoped I could figure out this whole freelance thing. More than that: I needed to make it work if I wanted to have any hopes of paying my bills without resorting to gluing postage stamps to produce.

Fast-forward to two years later: I had just returned from a trip to Portugal—one of my favorite countries I’d visited so far in my travels—and I was about to hit my first \$50,000 month as a freelancer.

“No way.” I couldn’t believe it: each month I had broken records, consistently earning \$30,000 on average per month as a freelance writer. Hadn’t the world told me by now that this should be impossible? Weren’t writers supposed to starve and live off coffee and cigarettes?

But there it was: \$50,000 in revenue for my freelancing business that month. I felt an unfathomable high as I crunched the numbers from the kitchen table. Even if everything disappeared tomorrow, I could say that I made it. That capitalist “American Dream” wasn’t reserved for someone who made it big by writing personalized messages on potatoes on Shark Tank.



To me, those numbers meant I could pay for my expensive \$800/ month (after insurance) medication for my autoimmune condition. Those numbers meant I could continue to travel the world and make my own schedule—no alarm clock for me. Those numbers meant I could be more generous with those I loved. Those numbers meant I could continue to invest in making art with my peers.

Those numbers meant I could live my dream life, no strings attached.

Why Full-Time Jobs are a Scam

If you're considering going freelance—or maybe you're a newly minted freelance writer!—you might be dealing with that crippling fear we all deal with when going against the grain. I'm sure you've heard jokes that “freelancing” is just a fancy word for “unemployed.” You've probably garnered worry from friends and family that are skeptical of your ability to make any money whatsoever, or assume you're moonlighting as a ride-share driver or grocery delivery person to actually make ends meet.

In reality, financial freedom and time abundance is within reach as a freelancer—less so if you're an employee. Here's why: employees don't often get to participate in profits of the business you're working for. You get a paycheck—maybe a bonus or sometimes shares in the company— but it's in your employer's interest to keep your wages as low as you'll accept. You can be a top performer but still face layoffs and job insecurity because all your eggs are in one basket.

Society wants you to stay an employee: you've been programmed since the day you stepped foot in school to be an “A-Student.” Show up on time, work your forty, fifty, sixty, or 120 hours per week (especially if you want that raise), and when you're sixty-five you might be able to retire. But that's only if you avoid layoffs, inflation, bad investments, and catastrophic medical bills. Not to mention, you're probably working for the “C-Students” and dropouts instead of leveraging your own skills and specific knowledge to make a living.

The freelancers who have used my tools have gone on to find financial freedom and success without having to trade the best days/years/ decades of their life working for others in order to afford retirement down the road. The people who use my strategies unlock the ability to travel the world, wake up whenever they want, and spend their days wherever and however they choose. As I write this section, it's an unusually warm Tuesday in London and I just strolled down the historic Brick Lane neighborhood to pick up a matcha latte before settling into my work at around 11am. The freelance life affords many little luxuries most people can only dream of.

Freelancers also have the opportunity to work with incredible people. My clients are top investors, founders, and pro athletes. I've written for companies valued at over a billion dollars, and I've been flown out to work with some of the most fascinating people in the world.

Instead of signing your years away to work hard at a company for someone else to get rich, why not make a name for yourself and leverage your own talents? Unlike an employee, freelancers have an unparalleled bargaining power. You can raise your rates whenever you want, and as you increase client demand for your services and learn how to provide extraordinary value, you'll find that people won't pass up the chance to work with you, no matter the cost.

Why Most Freelancers Fail at Building Six-Figure Careers

Most freelancers fail because they don't understand the strategy of how to build a six-figure freelancing career. If they knew what I'm about to share with you in this book, they would realize that there are so many clients clamoring to work with talented and reliable freelancers—and they'll pay top dollar for your skills, too. This is especially true for post-pandemic remote work, which has ushered in a golden era of freelancing.

There's this myth that freelance writers are on-demand labor who struggle at the hands of the "gig economy." But that couldn't be further than the truth, as freelancing is an economy of artisan talent. You can build a career where you're a respected craftsman with plenty of time (and money!) to pursue your own art, travel the world, and live well. I've coined the term "Artisan Freelancer" to refer to freelance writers and creatives who utilize their skills and artistry to craft an extraordinary life for themselves—while still pursuing their own passion projects and interests. Anyone can be an Artisan Freelancer if they employ the strategies in this book to work smarter and get paid well for their time.

It was only when I sat down to write this book that I finally was able to codify the strategy that took me from \$4,000/month to \$6,000/month in 2020 as a freelancer writer to \$50,000 months in 2022 working roughly fifteen to twenty hours per week.

In short? Better clients, higher rates, thoughtful systems, a specific niche, clever sales letters, and above all else, a new mindset, holistic habits, and a feverish protection of my free time. All of that ensured that I would never work sixty- to eighty-hour weeks ever again.

Don't worry, I'll walk you through all of these core strategies step-by- step in the coming chapters so you can carve out your own unique path to a life worth living.

Why My Strategy Works for Freelance Writers

The title of this book is Six-Figure Freelancer. I know there are plenty of other books that say similar things, but I wanted to add a focus to this book that I saw that all the others ignored, which is why I included: A Holistic Guide to Finding Freedom in Freelancing. That's the secret ingredient that was missing from this sauce before I was making astronomical numbers in my own freelance writing business and found the "stability" I was craving.

Making six figures as a freelancer is more than just selling clients on your services. It's about all of the other pieces of your life, the pieces that inform how you approach the work, what you specialize in, and how rested and happy you are.

By optimizing for a fulfilled, happy, stress-free life—which I was forced to do after developing a chronic illness triggered by workaholism—you unlock a level of health, wealth, and success that's only available to those who address their root mindset and habits. I don't want you to wait until you have to make a change, I want you to choose to change. Trust me: it's better that way.

Hustle culture is a thing of the past: this book isn't about dishing out productivity hacks or stuffing your calendar with constant meetings. It's about learning how to work smarter, not harder. I cover how to price out packages and your hourly rate in a way that will provide value to your clients so you can spend less time selling and more time doing whatever you want.

Why I'm Sharing My Secrets With You

I'm writing this book because it's the advice I wish I had gotten. Sometimes, people ask me why I'm giving out all my tips and tricks—down to the exact proposal letter I use to land my \$50,000+ projects and clients. Why would I share this stuff with you, my competition?

Honestly, I'd love for you to take my clients. I get far too many incoming client requests than I know what to do with, and I have no desire to start a traditional agency (woof... more on that, later) or scale too much further than where I'm at now. I know that the market for freelancers is only going to grow as companies get more comfortable with remote work and freelance talent, so there's plenty of room for all of us. Not every client is going to love every freelancer, so it's better for the marketplace if there's more talent to help fill the demand.

I also got to where I am because of the great advice I received along the way, so I feel a sense of duty to pay it forward. My life now affords me time to pursue my creative passions, heal my body, travel the world, and do meaningful work with awesome clients—and I believe everyone should be able to do the same.

Whether you're a digital nomad, a new freelance writer looking to quit your day job, or a veteran freelance writer ready to level up your skills and pricing structure—

This book is for you.

It's written with all the love and care I could give because you deserve the best advice to create your dream life.

So, welcome. Welcome to the future of work, where we all love what we do every day and can participate in the creative economy and lend our talents in ways that provide for meaningful and fulfilling lives.

The only question you have to answer is: are you ready to hit your first six-figure year?

Creative

L.A. Times Op-Ed: How Pole Dancing Helped Me Come Out as Bisexual

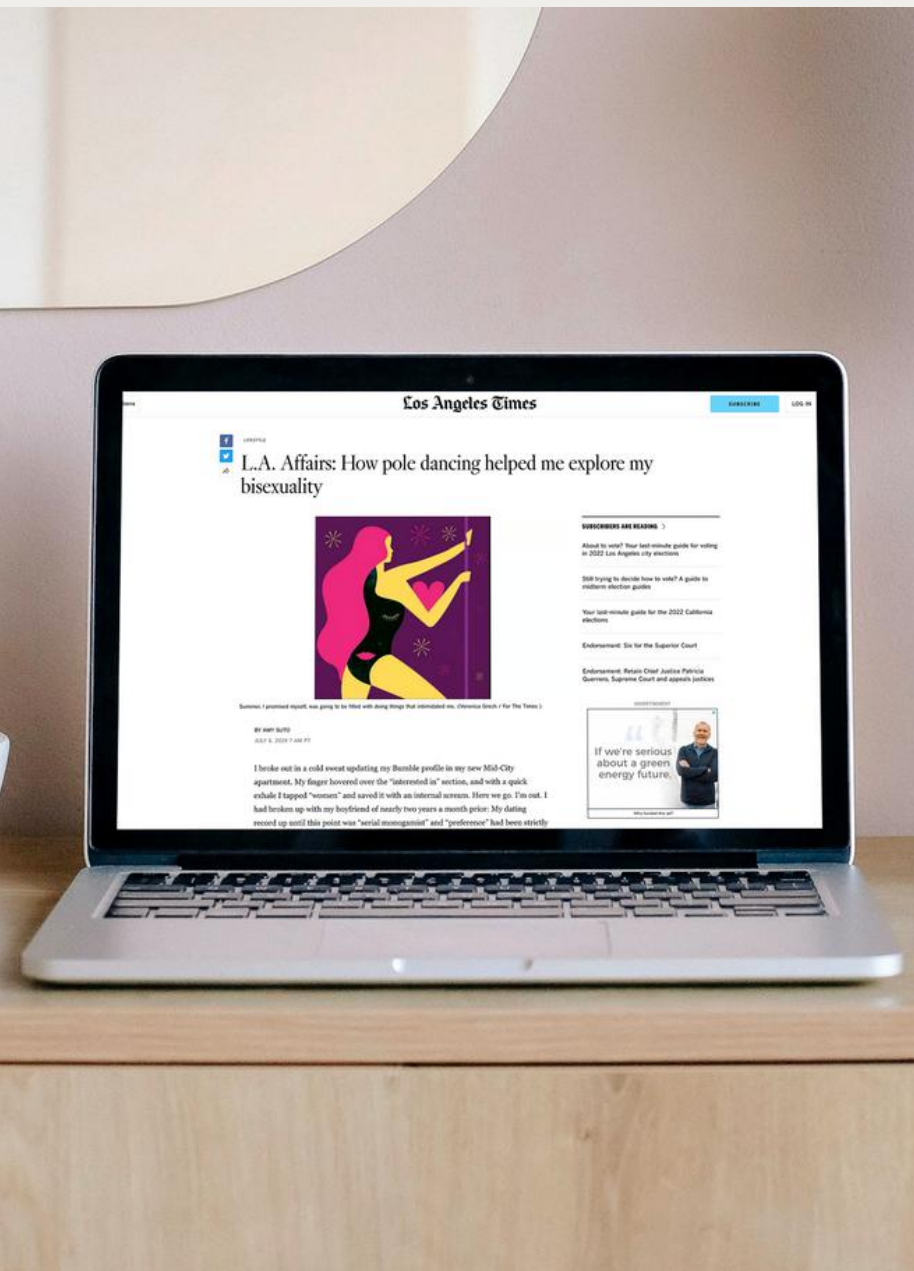
I broke out in a cold sweat updating my Bumble profile in my new Mid-City apartment. My finger hovered over the “interested in” section, and with a quick exhale I tapped “women” and saved it with an internal scream. Here we go. I’m out. I had broken up with my boyfriend of nearly two years a month prior: My dating record up until this point was “serial monogamist” and “preference” had been strictly men. My ex and I had just broken up. Things had just crumbled under the weight of life, and I embarked on a summer with a new job and the need to start from scratch. This included exploring my bisexuality, which I hadn’t confronted until this point, other than making out with a friend in a club to scare men away (in hindsight, not the most effective tactic).

Summer, I promised myself, was going to be filled with doing things that intimidated me, and pushing myself to try new things. My journey to fulfill that promise began at BeSpun, a pole-dancing studio in Hollywood, where I awkwardly fumbled my way through a routine and spins I couldn’t quite do with grace. But it didn’t matter, that first class got me hooked. I started going there for the killer workout, but found a queer community there that was welcoming and friendly. I was in awe of the way these women embraced their sexuality: gliding around the pole in 7-inch Pleaser heels and revealing outfits they wore as casually as if thong bodysuits were no different than a pair of sweats.

So I started coming back, investing in a pair of high-heeled white boots and thigh-high legwarmers and kneepads. (You’re not a serious pole dancer until you get your first pair of heels and kneepads.)

At BeSpun, there was no male gaze, only female teamwork and appreciation of our own abilities: My fellow dancers cheered me on when I finally landed a carousel spin combination, and helped me find alternative stretches in stretch class where I worked on my pitiful flexibility. I emerged from challenging spin tricks classes covered in bruises but armed with a new kind of confidence born from shedding the shame that comes from internalizing stigmas associated with women’s sexuality.

This newfound passion for pole dancing would intersect with my love life: At the beginning of the summer, I quickly ditched uneventful Tinder dates with men for inspiring dates with women. I started seeing one of the women I took pole-dancing classes with, and found a refreshingly wholesome relationship with her even when our dates consisted of attending striptease class together.



On a different date, I went to a Trashcan Shakespeare show with an actress and novelist, and we stayed out until 1 a.m. We spent hours talking about the critical importance of the Oxford comma and lamenting how society doesn't understand the proper use of the em dash. Kissing her gave me butterflies I thought I had left behind in high school but clearly hadn't.

The newness of acknowledging the feelings I've always had for women still hasn't worn off: It's still a process of reversing the conditioning from my conservative Arizona hometown, where my time spent as co-captain of the women's JV basketball team was overshadowed by my attempts to hold down high school boyfriends to prove I was very straight amid all the teasing from my peers.

I'm still grappling with how to come out to different people, and when.

My roommate, a gay writer who has always been my confidant, cheered me on every step of my journey, and hearing his stories (and constant stream of jokes) about embracing his own sexuality inspired me.

My writers group set aside time without fail each week to hear how I was doing. Just like the women from my pole-dancing class, my friends and communities supported me through my questioning and coming-out process, and I couldn't be more grateful for them.

As I started in a new writers room in the fall, a mention of a date I was going on with the actress over the weekend was treated with just as much normalcy as another writer's home renovations or weekend plans to see a new movie.

Having spaces where I don't feel like I have to hide makes all the difference —something that as an Angeleno and former Arizonan, I don't take for granted.

Recently, I packed my gym duffel bag with everything I needed for that night's pole class while texting the girl I was seeing to coordinate plans to meet up at the studio — and grab dinner and drinks after. I had come a long way since my anxiety over changing my preferences on dating apps, but I had a feeling that the butterflies were here to stay.

SHORT
FICTION



Thick Skin



no sooner do you cross your doorway than your feet curl out of those binding heels, tall and strappy like the ladder you climb daily.

your toes sink into your rug — an off-white runner not yet discolored by feet trudging across it — and you nearly fall to your knees. or, you would, if you were not wearing a pencil skirt. instead, you discard your shoes, your cheap H&M blazer, your leather messenger bag by the door.

you carry the messenger bag instead of a purse because you were warned against that in a workplace. especially in this industry.

it's 10pm, and you haven't been home since 7:30am. your head is a little foggy from the cocktail you had at your networking drinks, and you go to your kitchen, only a few steps from your front door as you live in a tidy studio.

it's too late to cook: you snatch some cuisine of the lean variety and put it in the microwave, too smart to be eating something so full of sodium but too tired to care.

tired. you contemplate this word for a moment as you watch the microwave count down. then, you force yourself to tidy up as your food cooks, always multitasking, always moving because there isn't time to be still.

it's when you're sitting at your high-top dining table hunched over your nuked food that the bone-aching lethargy hits you.

it's a feeling that carries you to bed, and clouds your thoughts as you awake at 5:30am to carry out a morning routine meant to make time for what you love, but results in a lackluster workout and several pages written in a delirium of exhaustion instead of by light of a muse.

and when a three day weekend hits, you clear your schedule, save for some socializing and workouts. you go to a few coffeeshops to make some progress on your art. the rain keeps you indoors. the coffee keeps you going.

and yet, the exhaustion still creeps into your blood, and you find yourself most comfortable curled up in bed, half-asleep, reading or watching but not entirely living.

there are times the tiredness lifts: a morning of soft relaxation in the sun spent driving around, windows down, alongside the golden coast. a good, tough run. moments spent at bars, with friends bathed by string lights and good tunes, laughing in a moment that passes just as quickly.

the fatigue is easy to pinpoint but hard to remedy. you were once livened by opportunity; now you are handcuffed by it. a sense of duty. a sense of doing what's expected, what's pragmatic.

you think you hit your lowest point that night. on the way to your apartment on a soggy evening, the sky threatening to give way to a storm, you hear a cry: the soft, vulnerable pleas of a cat's meow. you see it: a black feline, hiding behind a cold metal dumpster. you drop your bag, your keys, and get to your hands and knees on the soaked cement, level with the helpless black cat and its green eyes. it cries again, and when you approach, it hides further back behind the dumpster. tears spring to your eyes — why won't it let you help? why can't you save something?

the cat runs into the night. you walk inside, water soaking through the front of your black pencil skirt. you cry because you can't help. not another living creature. not yourself.

...

thick skin. you hate the phrase.

it's a point of pride for the people you meet. one tells you, gleeful, how she just stopped feeling in the face of mistreatment. and how that made her unstoppable.

that makes you uncomfortable, but you just nod, wondering if you're on your way to this numbness coded into so many job listings. must have thick skin. must be able to suck it up, repress feelings, and get on with the job.

when you get to the page that night and the words ring false, you decide it must be working. you're beginning to have thick skin. and it's ruining you.

...

becoming unhappy is a gradual decline. you find a grey hair. then another. you cry more than you used to, and still admit it to no one because you were not taught to share your struggles because you are not weak. you dream of the what's next. you have to actively pretend to others that everything is fine, because that's what's expected and required from you. you have a job, a place to live, opportunity. what's there to be unhappy about?

you're too young to be disillusioned. or at least that's what you're told.

...

you make some changes: you decide to volunteer at a local animal shelter. you reconnect with some old friends. you read widely, and not just for work. you work out and sleep more, and eat better. you write this blog post, deciding it's probably too personal for the internet, but you post it anyways. maybe one day someone else can read it and get into glimpse into why you felt the way you did.

you're trying to get better, but you and your new thick skin is the wall between you and others trying to help.

maybe one day you can express how you feel without fear of being seen as vulnerable.

until then, here's to not feeling a thing.

LONG-FORM
INTERVIEW



Long-Form Interview

Kingdom of Pavement Interview with Actress Idalia Valles

When I asked Idalia to go bouldering with me for this article, I didn't mention my crippling fear of heights and how I had never successfully scaled a rock wall in the past. In fact, I had actually gotten stuck on a rock wall in my childhood -- but I decided not to mention it, in hopes that maybe I could face my fear this time around.

I met Idalia about four years ago when I was casting for my show, CON, back at USC. She was so vibrant in her audition to the point where we expanded her role and added more scenes than originally planned for her character, and we went on to get nominated for two College Television Emmys from the Television Academy for the show. We also got to travel to Miami for a festival where we won 'Best Drama,' and we've been friends ever since that week spent drinking fishbowl margaritas by the beach and celebrating with fellow cast and crewmates.

Idalia's incredibly talented -- but you can just ask any QUEEN OF THE SOUTH fan and they will tell you the same thing. Idalia is on the hit USA Network show as Isabela Vargas, the troubled daughter of drug lords, and her fans adore her.

Idalia uses her platform for good, mobilizing her followers to support good causes and Latinx businesses and companies. On Tuesdays, she highlights women-owned small businesses on social media.

What I admire about Idalia is not just her work ethic and dedication to her craft, but also her endless kindness and ability to befriend anyone and everyone no matter where she goes. She has an authentic, warm quality to her that makes anyone in her presence feel at ease -- even if that someone is me, about to attempt to scale a fifteen-foot wall while terrified out of my mind.

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Solving Problems with Bags of Chalk

We meet at LA Boulders in Downtown Los Angeles, and we grab our shoes and a bag of chalk for grip and start by warming up and catching up.



At a bouldering gym, you free climb without a harness on large fake boulders and walls, and cushioned mats line the floors in case you fall. The climbing paths are color-coded with grips for your hand and feet and are known as “problems.” You wear climbing shoes that are snug-fitting with pointed toes that help you scale the wall without slipping off the grips -- but each “problem” comes with unique solutions.

After our warm-up, Idalia walks me through a V0 problem (one of the easiest ones, thank god) and showed me how to position your body to maneuver through the climbing wall. I’ve got some upper body strength from pole dancing, but this is still a challenge.

“If you need to reach further, you can twist your hip this way and stretch out your leg against the wall,” she said, demonstrating next on a V1. “That way, you can reach further! Here, try using the wall to help you on this one.”

She moves gracefully, scaling the wall with ease. This speaks to her background in dance: Idalia grew up studying every style of dance, from tap to jazz to everything in-between. “I used to be the one that was thrown in the air whenever we did tricks!” She told me, explaining her fearlessness.

“I just got my first dino down,” she said, referring to a bouldering trick involving being able to use your momentum to throw yourself from one rock to the next.

She demonstrated how she had an almost-running headstart from one rock to the next before being able to throw herself from one rock to the other in a kind of swinging motion.

As we climbed a few easier problems, I was able to make it halfway up, but almost always froze in fear and then had to come back down.

“So, I’m kinda afraid of heights,” I finally confessed.

“Here, let’s practice falling,” she said without missing a beat, ready to help me approach my fear head-on.

Climbing the Boulders of Hollywood

It's not a fear of climbing, but a fear of falling that keeps us landlocked -- just like the fear of failing is usually what keeps us from creating.

Idalia didn't turn away from her fear. Although she landed an agent and a manager on day three of a trip out to Los Angeles due to a mix of talent and tenacity, she still had to hustle to book her first jobs. One time, when her father was visiting, he told her: "why aren't you working? Can't you go call someone and tell them you need work?" "It's not how this industry works," she replied, but he just shrugged and asked, "why not?"

So she took his advice, literally calling casting offices and pretending to be her own agent, which is how she booked the job that got her into SAG-AFTRA.

"When I started bouldering, I got the best piece of advice: if it's really hard, there's probably a better way to approach the problem," she told me.

Idalia's also recently took up outdoor bouldering, an extra challenging when you've got to forge your own path up the side of a mountain.

It's clear she's inherited her father's work ethic, and even in the tumultuous years of losing her reps, starting fresh, and going on countless of auditions, she values every experience she's had. This outlook and professionalism got her on QUEEN OF THE SOUTH, and makes her a role model for anyone starting out in acting.

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A Student of Life

"I'm a student of life," Idalia replied when I asked her about her pursuits when it comes to learning new instruments and skills (she's recently taken up piano.)

Idalia's also a talented musician, and recently released two singles ('Amor Danado' and 'Y Me Canta' on all streaming services) where she sings in Spanish alongside musician Haider Mir (known for his Los Angeles folk band, Foxes and Lions.)

Music has always been an important part of her life out here in Los Angeles, and she founded and ran a benefit concert series out in Los Angeles known as LAMB where she showcased bands and local artists for good causes and local charities. She ran the benefit concert series completely on her own, raising a ton of money for charity with only word-of-mouth in order to get people to the event. It's kind of insane, when you think about it, but Idalia sees it as par for the course, and is looking to continue the benefit series when she finds a new space.

"The nice thing about bouldering is that it's really social," Idalia said as we rested in-between climbs on the mats, and it's no surprise that this is something that she loves about the sport. Across the gym, a small group of people cheered on a climber completing a tough climb. "You can't climb the whole time, so when you're resting you can help give others pointers and work on problems together."

It makes sense why she loves this sport: she's always been one to go after challenges, and make new friends along the way.

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The Secret to Success

I finally found a wall I was able to climb, a ladder-like pattern on one of the main bouldering walls. I was able to scale it pretty easily, but stopped, frozen on the grips several feet off the floor. I felt so high up, imagining how one misstep would send me falling backwards onto the (albeit cushioned) floor below.

I could only see how this could end badly, how I was most definitely going to break every bone in my body if I tried to go any further, even as the top of the boulder was in sight.

"Keep going, you got this!" Idalia called out, and with my heart pumping and hands shaking, I finally pulled myself to the top of the artificial boulder, and somehow didn't die.

'Holy shit!' I mouthed back down to her, in shock of being able to make it all the way, and she laughed.

I think there's something magical in that push over the edge, when you make it to higher ground when it feels like you've been struggling to get there for so long.

As I gingerly made my way back down to her, I knew that the secret to bouldering and to our industry was about helping your friends work through problems. The cliché is true: any fear, any problem, any leap of faith can be conquered if you have the right people cheering you on.

I hope Idalia knows she's got a long line of people cheering for her, too: from her fans to her friends to all those who have run into her on her many adventures.

NON-FICTION
EDITING



NON-FICTION EDITING

Voices of Change Poetry Workbook



This program was developed for incarcerated parents and their adolescent children as a tool to help rebuild family ties and relationships. Incarceration is anything but a positive environment for parent or child, which is why a program like this is so necessary. We hope to establish family ties by having both the incarcerated parent and their adolescent child work through each exercise together, which will allow them to gain a deeper understanding of each other.

If you happen to be an incarcerated parent or an adolescent, then as you gain understanding of yourself through this book, you can share your growth with your family member and rebuild the love that only a parent and child can have for each other. This discovery process is a learning paradigm that will bridge the gap of separation caused by incarceration.

This program, however, is not limited to incarcerated parents and their adolescent children. The course can be followed by individual persons, groups of adults, at-risk youth, high school students, college students, and even you, reader, regardless of what categories you fall into. The course is only limited by the dedication, commitment, and skill of the user.

This program focuses on the structuring of ideas, images, and desires that can only be represented through words. These words, when structured into expressive pieces of art, form the foundation of poetry.

Poetry expresses the deepest portions of our being. It's a form of literature that stands the test of time through its continuous interpretive evolution that meets the reader's desires and dreams.

Poetry is a format that is often associated with rules and rigidity. In reality, poetry is all about learning the established structures, then breaking them down and creating new forms. You can learn rhyming schemes so that you can play around with slant rhymes and inside rhymes; you can learn about sonnets in their traditional sense so that you can create your own formats similar to a sonnet and express love in your own way; and you can learn from naturalistic odes to appreciate beauty in nature and beauty within yourself.

Poetry is a tool to reframe stories and structures that imprison all of us, and it is our hope that this course will give you the tools to reimagine your world in a beautiful, liberating way.

This workbook is not graded. No one will check your work, and no one will push you to write. Your participation in this course is entirely up to you and what you desire.

If you stay, you will learn things about yourself that you never knew existed. You'll embark on a journey of exploration that expands into the wilderness of the self. You will grow, you will change, and you will leave here with a rare tool: the knowledge that poetry, a simple art that comes from you, can change your life.

VIDEO GAME
STORYLINES



Video Game Storylines

Storyline for “Drip or Drown” Chapter 1 of 10



Sometime around when the pyramids were erected, the City of Atlantis rumbled up from the depths. It was a utopian archipelago of mermaids, mermen, sea life, and open-minded explorers who'd gotten lost but dug the vibe. Thanks to enigmatic technology eons ahead of its time, humanity and sea life were able to communicate with one another. For a brief moment, unity between the bipeds and the legless seemed feasible.

As with any civilization built upon the tenets of purity, spirituality, and freedom, Atlantis collapsed. In the end, the weight of greed sank its citizenry and the city was swallowed once more by the ocean that had birthed it.

Gone was the memory along with any lessons of harmony Atlantis had imparted. Humanity quickly went to work on its mission to fish the oceans barren and boil itself off the face of the planet. The sea, once a sanctuary for dolphinkind, had become an inescapable prison with a decaying ecosystem.

With ocean temperatures rising, the threat of extinction looming, and enemy commercial fishing nets around every corner, restoring balance and revitalizing the glory of Atlantis rests on the dorsal fins of 4,444 legendary dolphins. It's up to them to revitalize their home, lest they succumb to the same untimely fate as the once-proud merpeople.

Will they drip? Or will they drown?

Video Game Storylines

NFT Storyline for “Drip or Drown” Chapter 2 of 10



Red tongues of flame licked at the dirty orange sky for as far as the eye could see. Below the gentle waves turned roiling inferno was a curtain of black poison. Safe passage in or out of the gulf was impossible.

Stationed off the tip of Florida, the drilling rig known as Platform Titan had spent the last two weeks bleeding millions of gallons of crude oil into the Gulf of Mexico. Before it collapsed, it erupted into an unquenchable chemical fire.

The pods assembled from around the gulf were isolated, unable to join the rest of the 4,444 journeying to rendezvous in the Southern Atlantic Ocean.

“Our only option is to wait,” the alpha from the Texas tribe barked, “I’ve lost too many to that sludge.”

A scout from the Veracruz pod named Quinto knew further delays were not an option. Defying his elders, he swam west – away from the hundreds of dolphins bickering at the mouth of the gulf.

The Aztec markings on Quinto’s back allowed him and his pod to traverse depths far in excess of the average dolphin. He’d spent his early years losing diving contests to his older siblings when they’d race to find the mysterious secret at the bottom of Sigsbee Deep. No one ever made it all the way down, but he’d perfect his technique long after his brothers had gone off to start pods of their own.

Quinto intuited Sigsbee Deep to be the key to the pod’s exodus. Above the point he knew to be the deepest, he dove, unsure if he’d return.

The scout had found some unique things in his deep-water journeys, most notably a plague doctor mask he’d discovered in a Victorian-era shipwreck off the coast of Cancún. He was grateful for the extra air in its beak which allowed him to stay underwater for longer than usual.

At 7,000 feet, the sunlight had been all but swallowed. With a flick of his snout, Quinto activated the angler fish light on his head and pressed on.

At 15,000, he learned the metal armbands he thought made him look badass had protective properties from extreme heat and pressure.

He hit bottom at 18,000 feet. What he saw was a tunnel bored into the crust, just wide enough for his body. Fearless, he entered its narrow maw.

Speeding up to insane velocities, Quinto shot out of the tube like a bullet.

He careened to the surface, snagging a Poké Ball on a necklace as he ascended. He'd never seen ocean trash like that back home.

As he emerged, Quinto flagged down a squid for directions. The cephalopod said he was in the middle of the Indian Ocean, antipodal to Sigsbee Deep. He'd gone through the Earth's core to the other side.

"Now to find a way for the pod to follow me," Quinto thought as he breathed deep and dove back below.

Video Game Storytelling



Introduction

Space has a way of making us feel like anything is possible. While we may be tethered to our familiar pale blue marble for now, laying the groundwork for our species' survival beyond Earth, the stuff of our dreams is more potent than any rocket fuel. And we've dreamed up something big.

Consider a universe much like our own, only a few heartbeats into the future. Mankind has flung itself into the void, colonized new worlds, and transformed the stars into a playground, all while our hunger for entertainment, sport, and curiosity has grown to epic proportions. Standing tall in a crater of Earth's moon, just beyond the reach of the sun and the laws that govern our homeworld, is a place where warriors claw for glory, oligarchs jockey for power, and legends rise from the ashes every day: welcome to the Cosmic Arena.

Cosmic Arena is a virtual reality play-to-earn metaverse that uses groundbreaking motion-capture metacast technology to give users an experience unlike any other. With the Arena being the focal point of our world, players can watch real, live UFC fighters duke it out, all mapped with cutting edge technology. Spectators can watch pay-per-view broadcasts from every conceivable angle—more detailed than if they were ringside. The sports potential of the arena extends beyond boxing matches, as this intergalactic arena can accommodate any earthly competition.

Cosmic Arena will also host exclusive events as well, providing a variety of entertainment in addition to the pay-per-view broadcasts. Advertisers have limitless opportunities to gain exposure, from the Arena's Jumbotron to other in-world billboards and unique ad space on users' holographic Hub Watches. Let instinct earn you your fortune as you bet on fights, amass enough wealth to carve out a piece of Cosmic Arena's real estate footprint and vie for control, or become an arena combatant and rise through the ranks of your own gladiator story. Need a break from having a target on your back as you ascend the ladder? There's limitless fun to be had in Cosmic Arena's ultra-immersive shops, Celestial Casino, Cosmic Zoo, and other attractions.

Built on the blockchain where every character and item in the Cosmic Arena metaverse is its own unique user-owned NFT, we've designed a platform as addictive as it is infinite. In Galaxy Arena, the world is your stage, and your destiny is your own to make. How will you spend your time?

Building your character and perfecting your digital space? Training in the art of real-world fighting styles? Or maybe you're enterprising enough to start your own Dojo and teach others for free or for-profit? Lose yourself in the jaw-dropping virtual reality neon botanical garden and coral reef experiences, gaze in wonder at the alien creatures of the outer-reach in the Galactic Zoo, or venture boldly into the vast unknown of worlds beyond the solar system.

In Cosmic Arena, no two paths are alike, and we're ready to stake our claim as the only metaverse worth exploring. With so many sights to see and ways to interact, once you jump in, you may never want to leave.

The Ecosystem

Cash might be king on Earth, but the utility token known as ESSENCE keeps Cosmic Arena humming. Essence is the crypto-currency native to our world, it is the revenue players earn as they progress and it is the basis for all purchases, exchanges, and wagers available within our economy.

Each user begins their journey with a single Essence coin, which they'll be prompted to spend immediately. By trading in their first coin for a PASSPORT— the player earns their ticket to the shuttle that carries them from Earth's surface to the Arena on the moon.

Essence is accrued in a myriad of unique ways, and unlike other pay-to-win models, our world's currency can be earned by the player going about the course of their daily life in the metaverse. With the numerous levels of Cosmic Arena's facility free to roam and the countless experiences available within each level, curiosity is both encouraged and rewarded.

Daily, weekly, and monthly rotating challenges of varying difficulty will be offered to drive Cosmic Arena users to explore different facets of the facility. Should a new exhibit appear at the Galactic Zoo, for example, players will earn Essence for visiting and interacting with the new animal. Bonus coins can be achieved for players willing to take challenges a few steps further to execute optional sub-objectives. For example, upon arrival at the new exhibit, an NPC (non-player character) Zookeeper claims to have lost a security lanyard near another exhibit. The player can choose to find the sub-objective item and return the lanyard for a reward.

START YOUR
STORY



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