

AFTERWORD

For the past six months, I have been a business man. Having decided that I wasn't going to be held back any more, I gave up trying to go the traditional publishing route. On a credit card and a prayer, I started my own publishing company - Missing Man Press. In doing so, I gave up all excuses. I threw everything I had into making *Fading Toward Enlightenment* the absolute best I could. I gave it everything I had. If it fails, there will be no one to blame but myself.

What I didn't expect, though, was that I would lose sight of *Her*. For six months, I have been researching book manufacturers and learning about distributors, discount schedules, paper weights, and opacities. All the things that a publisher of books needs to know. Marketing plans, trade reviewers, publicity strategies. All this rational stuff. All this noise. All this, excuse the pun, Solid crap.

New Years Day, 2005. The book is sitting on my hard drive ready to go to the printer. The end of Phase I of my extended 15 minutes of fame, and all I can think about is how much I hate being a publisher, how much I hate all the business planning and anal "rules" of getting a book reviewed and into the stores.

New Years Day, 2005. Over a hundred thousand people dead in southern Asia and eastern Africa from a wall of water born of an earthquake on the ocean floor. Millions left homeless, penniless, and mourning their lost loved ones. One of the greatest relief efforts the world has ever seen, assisted by hundreds of nations, and I'm worrying about font sizes and image quality.

New Years Day, 2005. I'm sitting at my desk, watching the news, when suddenly *She* whacks me on my head. *She* points to the television; *She* points to my book, and *She* tells me that I need to remember *Her*, to bring *Her* back into my life, my game plan, my future.

New Years Day, 2005. The price for *Fading Toward Enlightenment* had already been set to \$24.95. Twenty-five bucks is a little on the high side for an inspirational book, but is on the low side for an art book. The price was right. It would leave me the necessary room to make a profit after printing costs and the discounts to distributors. It was right in line with the marketplace. Then *She* called, and, as always, I had to follow. I wrote *Fading Toward Enlightenment* to help the seekers of the world find inner peace. But *She* wanted more. "Not everyone is a seeker," *She* reminded me as my mind stilled, "but everyone suffers." Some suffer a lot.

Time to live True. Time to get off my butt. Time to make a difference.

Because of the pricing structure, I can't do anything about books sold through the normal distribution channels: bookstores, Amazon, or specialty shops. But, I can do something about books I sell on my own. So, for the suffering of this world, I make this pledge:

For each copy of this edition purchased through my website, FadingTowardEnlightenment.com, I will donate \$5.00 to the charity of the customer's choice.

This is straight out of my pocket, straight out of my business and marketing plan. My financially responsible father is going to kill me. MBA's are going to roll their eyes, and my creditors are going to start legal action. Frankly though, I don't expect them to understand. I DO expect *you* to. Five dollars. Not a percentage of profits. Not a vague and mysterious amount. Five bucks. *Fading Toward Enlightenment* was written to help the Seekers with their inner suffering. Now Seekers in return - by purchasing this book directly on the website - can help others who suffer, suffer a little less.

In many parts of the world, five dollars can save a life. If you like this book, tell people. The power of Word of Mouth should never be underestimated. In the Indian Ocean, a tragic tidal wave inspired this crusade. Maybe, with your help, we can start a tidal wave of our own - one that heals rather than destroys. Go to FadingTowardEnlightenment.com. Buy a book and help ease the suffering.

Peace.

Wayne Wirs
January 4, 2005
Coconut Grove, FL