

ETYMOLOGY OF:

FOUNDLING

Dear Rebecca,

How much is your heart set on doing the cover for Summer? I can see you've put a lot of time in it already, or at least thinking time. I have a cover for Summer right now. It was not exactly what I had in mind, but I felt the need to hurry and get at least one of the books out right now. You can find the Kindle version by clicking below:

<http://www.amazon.com/dp/B00BXQVY46>

This was already in the works when I finally heard from Jane and then from you. I am not opposed to you doing another cover for me for Summer and I am not oppose to paying for it. But would you be up for doing a different cover instead? I have a possible cover for my second book but I am not totally satisfied with it. It would do, but I would like a better rendition of my vision for it.

This second novel I plan to epub is entitled, "Foundling". It's about a man who finds a five-year-old girl who survived a massacre by white renegades. They adopt each other and after struggles to claim the child's inheritance and

history, they become a family full of love for one another.

The cover would have a downed tree with its dark roots reaching out like spider legs with a brown-haired, blue-eyed child wrapped in her pink blankie at the center.

I include this edited excerpt from the book:

"The first time Jess rode around the downed cottonwood, he didn't notice anything. But the second time, he caught the movement of something colorful. He rode back to the roots and had a closer look.

There in a hollow under the roots was a bundle of pink cloth. The roots looked like a huge spider with legs fourteen feet long. And in the spider's mouth was a ladybug just about to be eaten.

Jess scrunched down and crawled between the outstretched roots. Closer and closer he came to the hollow where a few roots still clung to the earth after the huge cottonwood had been blown over in a storm. Eventually Jess had to stretch his legs out behind him, because there was not enough space to crawl. At that point, he pulled himself into the hollow with his hands. When his face was less than two

feet from the bundle of cloth, he saw that it was a blanket. His breath was loud in the confines of the hollow surrounded by tree roots.

He reached out and touched the blanket gently with his fingers. He was afraid of what he might find under it. He hoped it was not a dead child. He hoped it was not a terribly bruised and battered and maimed child.

His fingers touched the blanket and the blanket moved. It trembled the way a wild rabbit trembled when he took it out of a trap when he was a boy. He stopped touching the blanket and moved his hand away.

The child was wearing a dress. She had blue eyes.

How one child survived the massacre, he had no idea."

If you can change courses, I would be delighted. If you cannot, let me know and I will resign and send you the payment. I am still interested in what you have in mind for Summer, but I need a cover for Foundling much sooner.

I have two more books I will need covers for so let me know how you feel about this. If you

would rather work on a book that has not been submitted to anyone else, I could do that too.

Best wishes,
Paul

Hi, Paul!

I would love to work with you on whatever project. I would like to leave it completely up to you, I can guarantee whatever cover you choose to have me work on I will definitely put my whole head and heart into it but the choice is yours.

I love the imagery you've shared here, and I would love to try to bring these, or any ideas you have in the works, to life for you.

Let me know how you want to proceed, take your time and if you have any questions let me know.

I have enjoyed everything of yours that I've read so far and I'm still very excited to work with you.

Thanks!

Warm regards,
Rebecca

Rebecca,

How about doing the cover for Foundling. When Jess finds her on his way home to Colorado by way of Texas, she has just witnessed the torture and murder of her father and the rape of her mother by a gang of white men. Jess finds thirteen bodies staked out and scalped like Indians had done it. There is evidence of a wagon train that was stolen by these men and Jess finds footprints in the dust of a child smaller than the youngest victim staked out on the hill. He looks for this survivor and finds Jamie (Named after her father, James). After he touches the blanket that covers her, he knows there is something alive under the blanket. He backs up until he can sit up under the tree roots. He doesn't want to frighten the child. If she runs away from him, she will die in the wilderness. So Jess reaches back into his memory and sings the nursery rhymes he remembers his mother singing to him. Jamie comes out of her hiding

place and sits on his lap and says, "Daddy, I thought you were dead."

That gives you more of a hint about this story. Jamie is the Foundling. Jess, in finding her, finds himself. And Jamie has a family again.

Paul