

eeeeeee!

The cover saga continues! My editor called on Thursday to let me know that they were doing a photo shoot for the new face of Cracked Up to Be! And, if I remember correctly, I made this noise at her: "Eeeeeeeee!" until we hung up. I should be seeing the results of this photo shoot soon and then hopefully you will all be seeing the new cover not too long after that.

Eeeeeeeee!

My [author page](#) is up on the St. Martin's Press website, which is surreal. There is an 'Interview with Courtney Summers' on it, even! I think I would have talked less about zombies if I had remembered the St. Martin's Press author pages were written in a Georgia font, which just seems very zombie-disapproving as far as fonts go.

AND on the Cracked Up to Be page--it has a page too!--there is a [Q&A](#), also with this Courtney Summers person, whoever she is. The answers there are slightly more serious. So I think I have unintentionally done an excellent job of presenting myself as a big inconsistent flake with a zombie obsession. Except I totally did that on purpose. YES.

Also: 'I enjoy watching zombie movies in my free time.' Note how I couldn't even expand on that. No, I don't go out or have friends or even watch zombie movies inside WITH friends. I just sit in front of my TV and watch reanimated corpses eat brains by myself. 24/7.

I'm kind of tempted to sign up for my own author alerts. Is this egotistical? I figure it would be a good way to find out what I was up to since I don't even know half the time. Like right now I thought I was typing a blog entry but I'm actually playing an air guitar.

Here is a photograph of a cow that I took over the weekend:



It wanted me to tell you "hello" and "YOU'RE NEXT."