



Dear Reader,

I've always been different. I have nine siblings, almost all of whom chose a profession involving science or numbers. Three are doctors. Not me. Since I was 12 years old, all I ever wanted to do was write. Looking back, I realize my passion directed much of my life, some of which I never could have anticipated.

In high school my would-be basketball coach said my chances of making the varsity team were slim to none, but my chance of becoming editor of the school newspaper was nearly a sure thing. I eagerly agreed. My high school articles earned me some honors and recognition and helped me meet a lifelong mentor, Sam Goldman. Sam was a man short in stature and huge in personality. A journalist, he taught me how to chase down important stories and to write with precision. He also taught me a lot about life. With Sam's mentoring I met a woman who encouraged me to apply to Stanford University.

I wrote for the Stanford Daily and, upon graduation, interned with the Los Angeles Times. Here my story takes a detour. I attended law school to establish a career to fall back on—in case the writing gig didn't work out. After practicing law in San Francisco for 13 years, I awoke one day knowing what I had to do. I had to chase that dream. I had to find my passion.

With the help and understanding of a great woman, we moved to Seattle where I could write full-time. There have been a lot of ups and downs, but I wouldn't change one day. I get up every morning smiling, and I can't wait to get into my office. I have two children and I give them both the same advice: "Find your passion and find a way to make a living doing it."

I hope they do.

Next year I will publish my 16th and 17th novels. I have two ongoing series with Amazon Publishing, one involving a tough-as-nails Seattle Homicide Detective named Tracy Crosswhite, and the other a sixty-year-old former CIA agent, Charles Jenkins, called back to duty in Russia.

I recently learned that my books have attracted more than 5 million readers. That number humbles and astounds me. The 12-year-old boy with a dream never could have dreamt this, not in his wildest imagination. So a big thank you to all you loyal readers for making a boy's dream and passion become a man's reality.

Thank you,

Robert Dugoni