

October 27, 2008

Althea B. Clark

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Phone: #####

Cell: #####

Dear

At age thirty, forty, and most certainly at fifty, I wouldn't have imagined myself stark naked in a dressing room full of Barbie look-a-likes. However, to wear sexy Latin dance costumes, you undress all the way.

Neither would I have suspected that in my sixties, I'd be on a dark stage bathed by a brilliant spotlight, performing a tango with a handsome man forty years my junior. Nor would I have anticipated the sorrow that would rock me a year later, when he died of AIDS.

If work defines you, who are you when you retire and leave that lifelong role? How do you prepare to go from something to nothing? My book, *No! Your Other Left Foot*, is an If-I-can-do-it, so-can-you story, especially directed to the ubiquitous Baby Boomers. This is my journey from couch potato to championship dancer. It is an inside look at a competitive ballroom dance world from the dressing room to the judges' awards' table. I balanced this world with the needs of my feisty mother and angst-filled grandson.

This is the dance decade. It started with *Dancing with the Stars*. And I was in the audience for its birth.

I spent eight years in the competitive dancing world and another eight years in an award winning writing class learning to tell this story.

Since you have done an excellent job in successfully placing memoirs for publication and indicated that this is a continuing interest, I direct this query to you. (Incl. books by this agent.)

The manuscript is ready. I'd be glad to send all or a part of it.

Althea B. Clark, Ph.D.