

F A M S E R V I C E

ISSUE 2 | FEBRUARY 2020

FREE



NEW GOALS

Facing a new year with a fresh perspective and #RadicalHope.

NEW WRITING

From the award-winning author of LEAD ME ASTRAY comes imaginative new stories galore.

MORE BEHIND THE SCENES LOOKS

Find out what else LK1 has been doing to keep busy on Wattpad and beyond.

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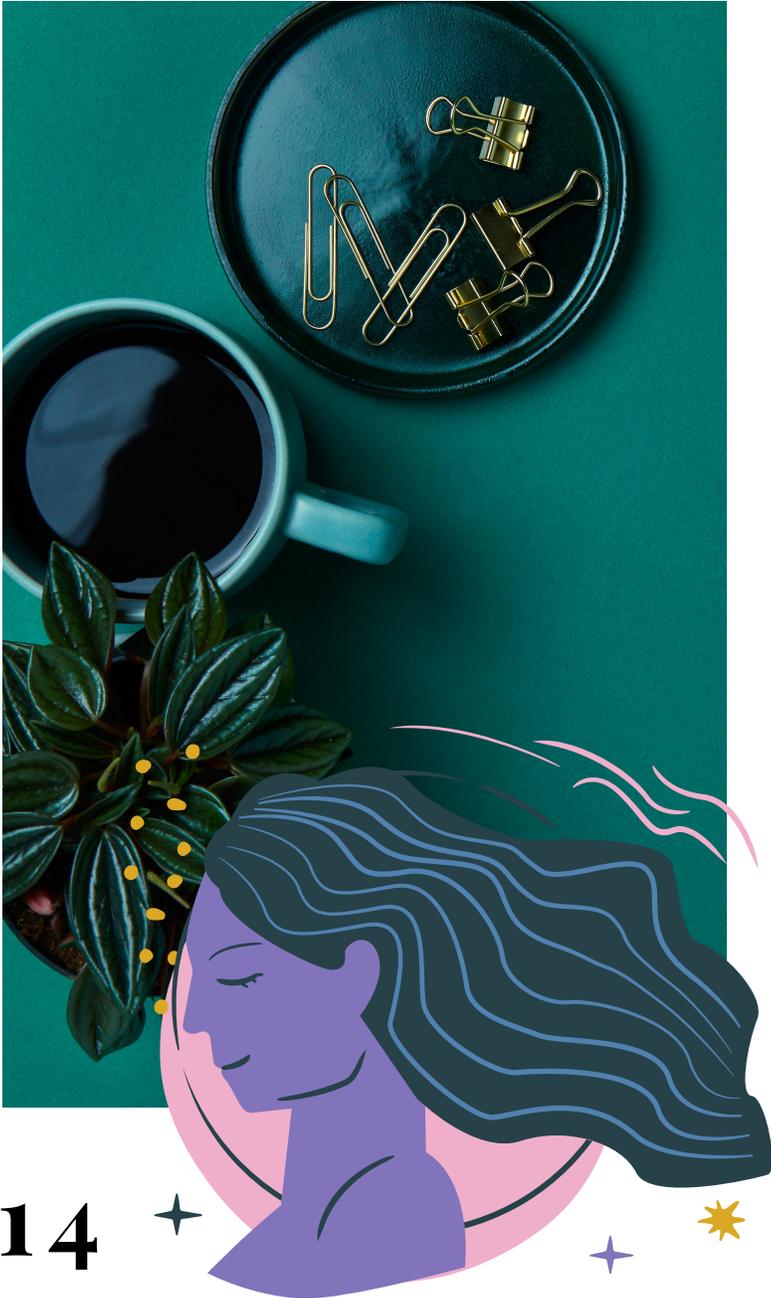
LK1

**#FAMSERVICE is a free promotional product for author Sondi Warner.
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FROM THE AUTHOR



Are you a writer or an author? This is a question most people with a passion for telling stories ask themselves at some point or another. I have heard it said, “Anyone can be a writer, but to be an author, one must be published.”

Of course, after the boom in indie-publishing, the goal posts moved, and one had to be *traditionally* published. It’s all semantics, but in this industry, semantics count. Or so I believed when I first started writing professionally.

I cut my teeth with the occasional ghostwriting gig. I had a knack for cobbling together plots. It took years to find easier, better ways to do this. By my mid to late twenties, I managed to earn a modest living with the skill. However, I never quite felt like an author, even after learning some of the books I wrote for clients went on to be bestsellers or rank high on the sales lists.

Perhaps the biggest thing holding me back was the idea that no one would take me—a single mom with “some college”—seriously as an author.

Because of Wattpad, I have come to realize I was wrong. I failed to recognize a great tale is great, whether written, spoken, published, or otherwise. And quality is no respecter of persons.

Wattpad has changed the way I and many others look at books. On this platform, emerging writers connect with voracious readers to share, discuss, and cultivate the most grassroots success stories ever. Worldwide users are shaping the trends of tomorrow’s literature with impacts that reach beyond the publishing industry to television and movies.

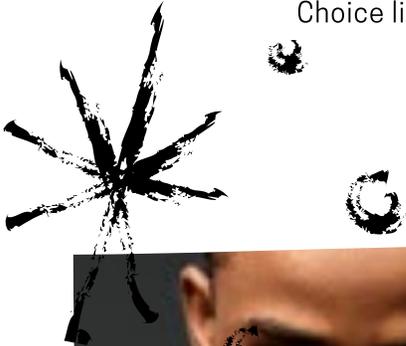
In short, the gatekeepers have been circumvented. So, as I look ahead at what 2020 will bring for me, I no longer ask whether I am a writer or an author. Neither should you.

Ask yourself what success story you want to tell next.

SONDI "LESSERKNOWN1" WARNER
WATTPAD STAR

EN PROFILE

In February 2020, STRATEGIC BEHAVIOR became the first LK1 book to make it to the Wattpad Editor's Choice list! Here's a look at the author's dream cast for the sci-fi polyamorous romance novel.



RAPPER TEMPER AS SKYLAR



ACTRESS DOVE CAMERON AS NORMA



MODEL SAM ASGHARI AS MAGNUM



STRATEGIC BEHAVIOR follows the story of tech mogul Norma Mansfield, her best friend Skylar Walker, and Magnum Opus, the AI they've enhanced with a program called Freewill.

When a shadow agency experiments with advanced artificial intelligence, three insiders must ignore their attraction to each other in order to save humankind.

Add this book to your Wattpad reading list today!

READY, SET, GOALS!

BY LK1

What are your goals for 2020? LK1 gets candid about the one trick that helped her overcome a defeatist attitude and go on to win the Watty's in 2019. She also shares her aspirations for the new year, including contests she plans to enter and milestones she wants to reach.



I entered 2019 with plenty of trouble on my plate. Trouble had been “the usual” for longer than I care to admit. However, I did something different as I readied myself for the new year. I said, “Whatever happens, I’m going in with #RadicalHope.”

What exactly is radical hope? It is an almost ludicrous vision of new possibilities in the face of devastation. Not your garden variety optimism. Not a blind faith in things working out fine if you just ignore reality. Rather, it is the ability to recognize a situation is abysmal, and that it might not get much better, but that it is still worth the fight.

Consider environmental activism. Consider global human rights and equality. Consider anything that matters to you but seems insurmountably out of reach. Without radical hope, we might accept the status quo simply because trying to change it feels impossible. But with radical hope, we’re able to make incremental changes that add up over time.

There is no magic to it. Our brains don’t bother seeking solutions to impossible problems. That only happens when we stop telling ourselves the situation is impossible, which is precisely what I did

in 2019.

Two years prior, my family had been homeless, but now we were starting over in a new town. Then, I lost my best ghostwriting client. My partner had to work two-to-three jobs to make ends meet. It seemed like one catastrophe after another, stretching back year upon year. I recognized the situation was abysmal, and I had two options:

- a.) Lay down and die.
- b.) Get up and do something.

With #RadicalHope, each day was “the usual” level of hard, but it was never

READY, SET, GOALS!

BY LK1

impossible. I stopped bracing for the worst case scenarios and started preparing to do whatever was necessary to keep moving forward, even when things *did* get off-track. I accepted nothing would be easy. I just didn't accept quitting.

To be honest, this is how I thought I had been living my life up to that point. Yet, somewhere along the lines I had internalized a false narrative. I guess I started thinking things would always go wrong, I would never win, no one would ever help, no one would ever care, and nothing good would ever happen.

I stopped seeking solutions, and I found none. (If you feel the same, I encourage you to connect with mental health services because magical thinking, alone, won't fix the problem. Intractable despair, helplessness, and hopelessness are serious signs of depression that often require the interventions of trained professionals.)

After I managed my depression, the #RadicalHope turnaround in mindset opened me to taking chances. As a result, I entered the Watty's, won, and became a Wattpad Star.



Now, other opportunities are amassing, and I can't wait to see what else is on the horizon. My situation is no longer abysmal. Incremental changes have impacted every aspect of my life for the better.

Therefore, as 2020 gets underway, I am taking this new attitude with me. I read the news, and I see the trends. I know the world is full of terrifying things that might not improve any time soon.

However, #RadicalHope means fighting for a brighter tomorrow, regardless. Will you join me?

dreaming

- **Get shortlisted in the ONC**
- **Enter Paid Stories Program**
- **Grow my following**



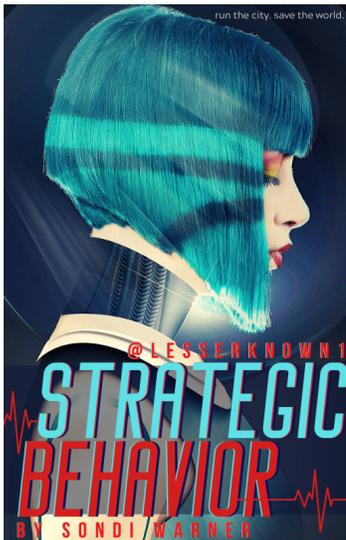
WRITING MATTERS



Lesserknow1 is busier than ever with new projects for the new year. Dive into her ongoing catalogue, available free to read on Wattpad.

Plus, be one of the first to see her work-in-progress horror story, *Skeins*, an entrant into The Open Novella Contest 2020.

about



Norma Mansfield, a genetically enhanced tech mogul, wants to spend the rest of her life in quiet, predictable obscurity. Running from the government makes that hard to do-especially when the CIA is always three steps ahead of her.

She isn't who anyone thinks she is.

Skylar Walker believes Norma is her friend. Yet, their connection will soon be tested. Forcefully recruited for a top-secret experiment, all they have to do is manage a city of ten thousand AI together. Skylar can barely manage one crush.

She's secretly into her best friend.

And Magnum Opus, their new assistant, is in the way. Skylar wants to hate him. Norma can't seem to get enough of him. Sparks fly whenever the three of them collide. It's a whole new experience for Magnum. He may not be human, but...

He's man enough to satisfy them both.

What a bad time to realize their mission is deadly. The shadow agency that hired them wants to weaponize advanced artificial intelligence. Before Norma, Skylar, and Magnum can explore their electric love, they must try to stop the experiment.

First they have to escape Eutopia City, and the odds are ten thousand to three.

Primrose Holyfield, billionaire heiress, wants to take charge of her late father's auction house. But even if this socialite is schooled to the glamorous hilt, nobody thinks she has the leadership skills. Maybe a masterclass from a dominatrix will get her ready for the job-or maybe not-but sign her up anyway.

Because Prim is fascinated with her teacher from the start. A dom who not only knows how to take control but is willing to hand her the reins?

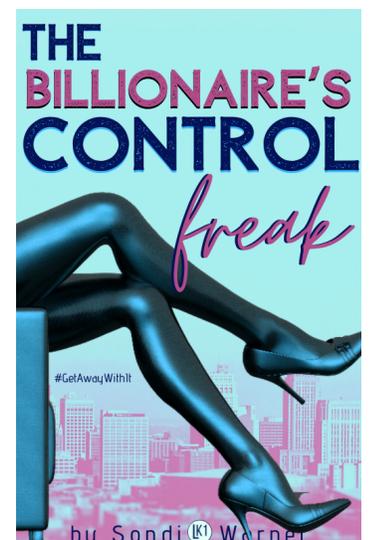
She *has* always been a teacher's pet.

Poppet Carver understands wealth. She knows people with enough money will spend it on anything. Especially hot, kinky BDSM-lite. Yet, Primrose isn't her usual client, and that's a problem. The billionaire somehow finds the key to Poppy's maximum-security heart. Now, the gates are wide open, and her secrets are coming out.

She's a teacher with a past that her student may not want to learn.

After all, Primrose Holyfield can have her pick of lovers, and there's someone else vying for her attention... Someone who doesn't believe in safe words.

about



EXCLUSIVE FIRST LOOK



A gust sneaks past curtains in the sitting room. It dances with the jazz playing from Mum's prized Bosch radio and flutters the newspaper I toss on the coffee table as I come home from work. I close the window. Twenty-five degrees out, bone-chilling and black as onyx.

"Mother?" I call, following the billowy smoke of scorched dinner.

In the kitchen, Lucille Anderson's freckled hand sifts through seasoned flour for the choicest porkchops. Hot lard sizzles on the stove, and a floral plate covered in newsprint evidences her failed attempts at cooking. Grinning, I park a shoulder against the doorjamb to watch.

Mum hasn't changed her uniform. The pretty red apron I bought her for Christmas belts at her waist to protect her white smock. With a glance at her feet, I notice fleshy ankles swell around the clasps of her shoes. Regardless, she hops from heel to heel in a two-step to the music. As she swirls, she clutches her chest when she sees me.

"I didn't know you were home," she laughs. Her hand is still at her heart.

"Started the party without me? You must've heard the gossip." I pull up a chair for her as I take over frying duties. Not a manly task, but our house is not a man's house. It's a mother's.

"What gossip?" She hands me the apron.

I peek under the other lids to find mashed potatoes and lumpy gravy. "Were you aware you left the window open?"

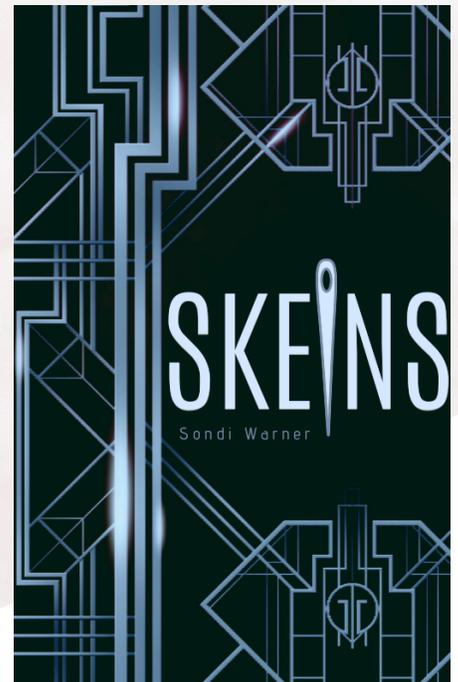
"Pish-posh! You know I always leave the window open when I cook. Now, don't stall, Cecil. I could use a diversion. Once again, the nurses have canceled our bridge night since it's my turn to host." She grunts amusement as her shoes plop to the floor and she wriggles her stockinged toes. "I swear, those biddies would rather walk into a whorehouse than Harlem."

I witness sadness crimp her eyes, notwithstanding her good humor. "Don't you worry about them, Mum. Because today is our lucky day," I reply. "I picked the winning numbers."

"You're lying!" She gasps.

"If you can accept your son is a gambling man, we might celebrate. Otherwise, I'll be obliged to fake repentance," I chuckle. With the last porkchops from the cast iron skillet, I fix our plates and take my seat at the table. Mum's eyes are alight. "It was a sizable pot... Enough to consult an accountant."

"Cecil Anthony Anderson! What will I ever do with you?"



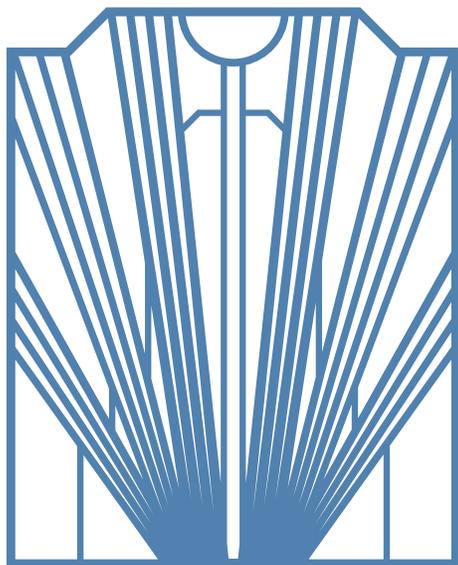
"My God, you get prettier by the day, woman!" I tease.

She playfully swats my hand. "A gambler and a sweet talker! I do believe this means I've failed at instilling you with morals. Why don't we open a bottle of the good scotch to wash away my remorse?"

GET READY FOR THE ONC ■

NOW ENTERING THE ONC

The Open Novella Contest is an annual writing competition hosted by Wattpad during which participants are asked to write a 20 - 40K word novella based on prompts. This is the author's dream cast for her ONC entry, *Skeins*.



What can we say about LK1's smoking hot horror entry into the Open Novella Contest? Not much for now! Shhh, the project is top secret.

But if this short story were a movie, we know exactly who we'd ask to play the main characters.

Meet Cecil Anthony Anderson, the reporter with a private life he doesn't want on the front page. No one but Chance Perdomo will do for this role, and please bring the accent, Chance. Also, meet Oscar Lovell. He's a dreamer who can only be played by Kelvin Harris, Jr. Are you seeing what we're seeing?

Lights, camera, action!



SKEINS

BEHIND THE SCENES W/ LK1

BY LK1

LK1 has an active social media presence on Wattpad, Twitter, Instagram, and YouTube, but there's only one place to get the real behind the scenes scoop on this writer's life. Watch her show on Instagram TV.



How does an introvert learn to connect with people? Virtually, of course! I sat down with my team of Gen-Z consultants to discuss ways to draw younger readers, and the consensus was clear: Use Instagram. That's where all the cool kids are.

While I'm not the sort of person to take gazillions of photographs, I have a Wattpad-centric IG account where I share simple graphics made on Canva. Family pics and glimpses of my everyday life sometimes sneak into my Instagram Stories.

BEHIND THE SCENES W/ LK1

BY LK1

Good Vibes



@lesser_known_1

But anyone who uses the social media platform knows video is where the real magic happens. Therefore, late last year I started my own IGTV show, and I'm pleased to announce the viewership has slowly but surely grown. Who would've thought people would be interested in my social awkwardness? Certainly not me, but you'll never catch me complaining.

On Behind the Scenes w/ LK1, I dole out personal stories, motivational pep talks, and in-depth analyses of my books. Whenever I get the chance, I squeeze in the latest writing industry buzz, too. (Twitter is the source. Don't tell IG.)

So, how do I do it? Every Thursday, I don the good hairs and cosmetics, and I set up my makeshift backdrop. FYI, it's a shower curtain on a wardrobe rack. Then, I film with an iPhone, and I use Adobe Premiere Rush to edit the footage.

One of these days, I'll have the exquisite equipment of a professional vlogger. However, life has taught me that you can't always wait for the perfect circumstances. Sometimes you have to use what you have. And when it comes to connecting with my readers, I'm more than happy to improvise to stay in touch.

Be sure to find and watch me on Instagram to see how it all comes together!

LESSERKNOW

WATCH LK1

ON IGTV TODAY

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WATCH LK1 ON IGTV TODAY

SUBLIMINAL

IK1

**BEHIND THE
SCENES W/ LK1
THURS ON IGTV**

LISTEN UP, YOUTUBE

BY LK1

LK1 has an all-new YouTube channel where you'll find her latest novel in audiobook format. Love queer polyamorous romance? All you have to do is watch, like, comment, and subscribe!

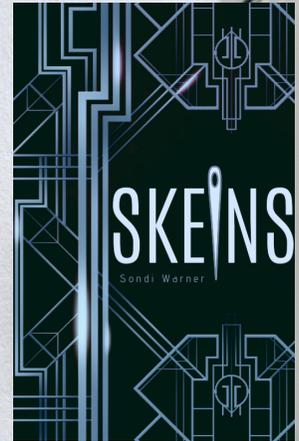


I believe in making stories accessible, which is one of the reasons I value Wattpad. Creating a space for books that are easier to find and more affordable is a great service. Accessibility is also about reaching those who have difficulty seeing or hearing.

As I work to improve the accessibility of all my works, I have begun a YouTube channel where new stories appear in audiobook format. Right now, *THE BILLIONAIRE'S CONTROL FREAK* is the only one available, but look for more titles to appear soon.

PLAY LIST OF DREAMS

MUSIC WITH BOOK VIBES



HARRY STYLES "FALLING"

SELENA GOMEZ "LOOK AT HER NOW"

FRANK OCEAN "SELF-CONTROL"

SYML "BODY"

FKA TWIGS "HOME WITH YOU"

DUA LIPA "LOST IN YOUR LIGHT"

PEGGY GOU "STARRY NIGHT"

SABRINA CLAUDIO "PROBLEM WITH YOU"

NOTHING BUT THIEVES "PARTICLES"

GALLANT "DOESN'T MATTER"

RIHANNA "DIAMONDS"

ELIJAH BLAKE "TO BE LOVED"

KIRBY "ALL MY LOVE"

BEYONCE "WAKE UP"

KENDRICK LAMAR "LOVE"

SABRINA CLAUDIO "TRUTH IS"

SZA "LOVE GALORE"

ARIANA GRANDE "IMAGINE"

MIGUEL "R.A.N."

6LACK "PRETTY LITTLE FEARS"

ELLA FITZGERALD "SOMEONE TO WATCH OVER ME"

DUKE ELLINGTON "MOOD INDIGO"

CELESTE "STRANGE"

BABY ROSE "ALL TO MYSELF"

THE INK SPOTS "IF I DIDN'T CARE"

DEVOTCHKA "SOMETHING STUPID"

BILLIE HOLIDAY "THE VERY THOUGHT OF YOU"

LANA DEL REY "YOUNG & BEAUTIFUL"

JULIE LONDON "CRY ME A RIVER"

JOHN COLTRANE "ALABAMA"

AND THE WINNER IS...

For the January 2020 #SameLove Fanfic Short Story contest, we asked writers to submit a 1000-word fanfic. Thank you to all the participants! We are pleased to present the winning story.

A DRAGON AGE FANFIC

RIFTS TO CLOSE

BY DOMI SOTTO



A moment ago Inquisitor Adaar stood in the bright-lit hall of the Redcliffe Castle, chatting with the high and mighty.

Alas, the hall he found himself presently in was reserved for the doomed, judging by the unmistakable press of stone overhead, knee-deep stinky water and a rusty chain dangling in front of his face.

Water made happy splashing sounds as someone waded over to his side. He studied the arrival in the low light. A human male. Fancy clothes. The facial expression of a man aware of the inconveniences they'd suffered... Dorian Pavis, the Magister from Tevinter.

Adaar was locked in a dungeon cell with a man of the least trustworthy occupation, looking as shifty as they

came, and from a country notorious for its general... untrustworthiness.

A man he knew for half-an-hour... and would know for eternity if they didn't get out of here.

"Dorian, your expert opinion on how we'd gotten here, please. Define here while you're at it."

"In my expert opinion, cowhead, we are in deep doo-doo." Dorian flipped an earwig from his collar. "We must, we must...."

"Focus, Pavus," Adaar prompted.

"You were hired as an expert on Gereon Alexius, the man who outmagicked you to put us in this dungeon."

"Hired." Dorian fished out the ends of his silk sash and wrung them out gently.

"Hired is such an uncultured term. As I recall it," Dorian said, "I had offered you my valuable assistance because I earnestly empathize with your desire to save the world as we know it."

"Recall all you want, but-- what are you doing?" asked Adaar.

Dorian produced a small flask of perfume and poured a generous amount on his hands. A strong flowery scent cut through the sewer stench. He proffered the vial to Adaar.

Adaar backed up a step. "No."

Dorian shrugged, perfumed a lace-bordered handkerchief and pinched his nose with it. "Aha! I have it! Dastardly Gereon opened a time rift to erase you and I from history."

AND THE WINNER IS...

"Time rift?" Adaar furrowed his brow. "Speak plainly, Pavus!"

"I just did," Dorian insisted nasally. "The rift you had survived, the rift that made you famous and indispensable, was a rift in the Fade.

"Very dangerous indeed, threatening the world. Our gracious would-be host, Gereon, made a Rift in time. This is a lot of rifts to take in for a cowhead, but the bottom line is... we're still in deep doo-doo and must work swiftly to return. I need to know more, to tell you more."

Adaar sighed and moved towards the staircase at the end of the hall.

Dorian followed with a snide: "Good call."

As Adaar and Dorian climbed the stairs to the next subterranean level, the light grew brighter... it felt familiar, this poisonous-green shining seeping from...

"It's a Rift!" Adaar cried out just before the light pulsed in the middle of a cell and spat out a Shade.

"Thank you kindly for the timely clarification," Dorian called back. "Is it a Type 2 Rift, as in an immediate transport back through time arranged for our convenience?"

"No! Fade Rift! As in the bad one." Adaar blocked out everything... assumed a wide stance and lifted his right hand up. Reality slowed down and swirled around him, bending, bending... The palm of his hand swelled with dire magic, pulsed in time with the Rift, overpowering its energy, willing it to close...

...the Shade unfurled itself like a banner...

...a protective barrier encircled him...

"Thanks."

"Bah. Are you going to just stand there or close the bloody Rift? I've heard that was your only job as the Chosen of Andraste."

"I need more time," Adaar shouted through the layers of Dorian's protective magic.

"Again, thank you for the timely..." Dorian's voice dissolved into arcane mutters. A sheet of magic cold bound the Shade's feet like shackles. The Rift collapsed, destroying the barrier.

Adaar's daggers tore into the shimmering torso, shredding it into tatters. The Shade didn't defend itself. That was the first. As the monster's misty layers drifted away, something flashed in the dimness and plonked into the murky water.

"A key!"

"So get it. You're the master-thief, locks are your specialty."

Adaar stooped to find the key in the sludge.

"Psst." Dorian squinted and pointed to the farthest corner: "That door, perhaps?"

On shaking feet--Rifts sapped away his strength--Adaar advanced at the door and inserted the key into the keyhole. "Keys do open doors."

"Is that your expert opinion?" Dorian rolled his eyes in a practiced motion. He slipped by Adaar, grabbed the gigantic doorknob and pushed the heavy door inwards.



It did not budge an inch. Dorian's forehead beaded with sweat. Adaar gave him a slow one-over, arms folded over his chest. "Allow the master-thief, will you?"

Without waiting for an answer, he put his shoulder into it. Slowly, with a tremendous screech, the door rotated on its hinges.

"Did we even need a key?" Dorian muttered. "How on Thedas, does a bull-horned monstrosity seven feet tall become a thief? I saw cathedrals more suitable for the career than you."

"I did it on a dare."

"Obviously. It's Andraste's favor, what else. He can close the rifts, he can open doors..."

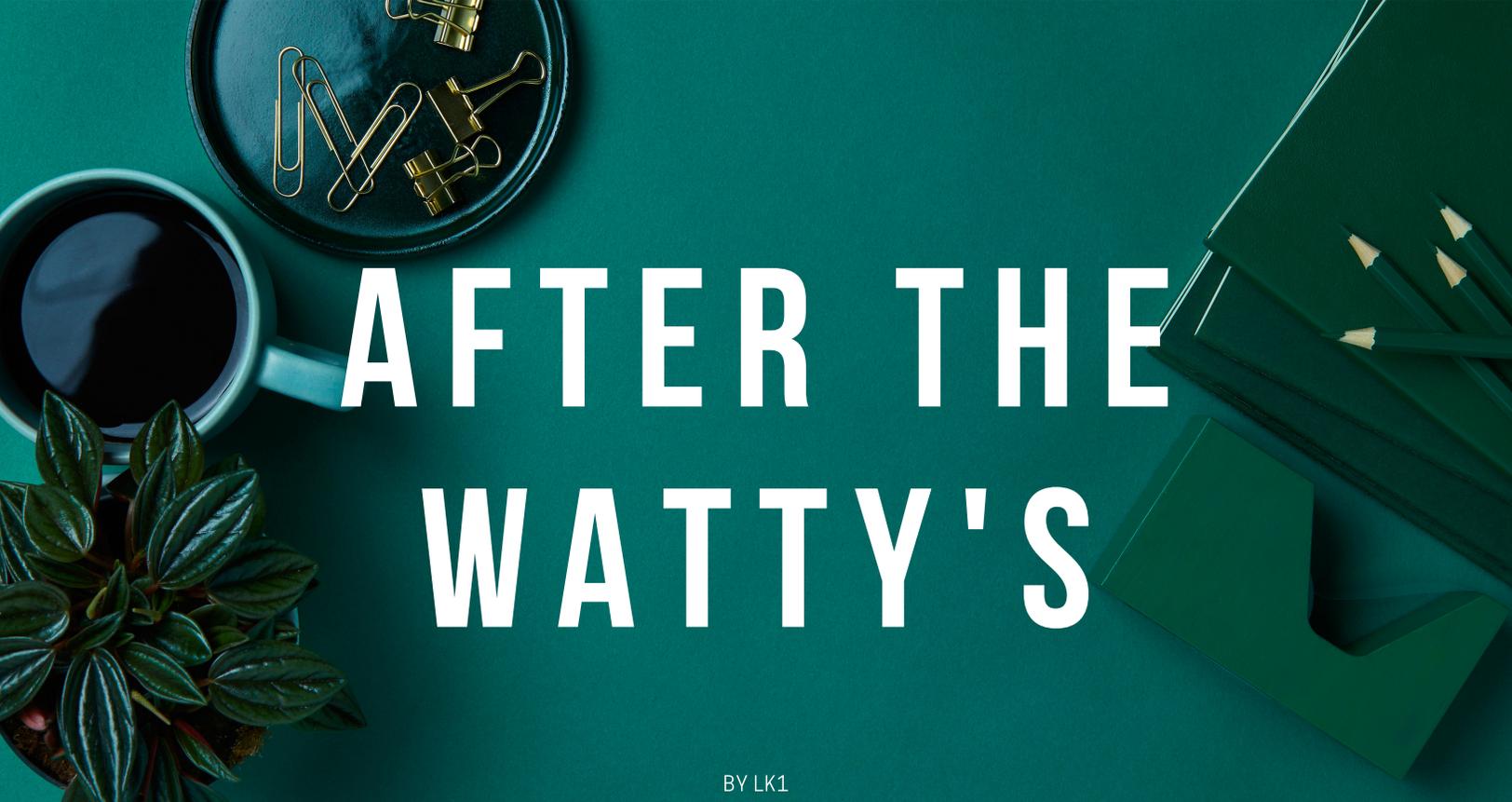
Adaar motioned to the human magnanimously. "After you."

As if courtesy would shut Dorian up. "Praised be Andraste! We're delivered again by her Chosen cowhead's talents."

Adaar clicked his tongue, anger simmering in his chest. Always slow to anger, and used to the mockery of his race since childhood in the foreign lands... but this human, this Dorian... it was harder to take from him.

Maker's breath, Adaar thought, another hour, and I'll either kill or kiss this man.

wishful thinking? i used to
think so...



AFTER THE WATTY'S

BY LK1

Watty's season kicks off this month, and many first timers want to know why all the hype. The Watty's is *only* the biggest online writing competition of its kind. Hundreds of thousands of participants go head to head for a coveted prize. Last year was the tenth anniversary, and the good people at Wattpad pulled all the stops, including publishing one lucky winner.

(Congratulations, Shay!)

I entered the Watty's on a whim. I skated in and hit submit just fifteen minutes before the deadline buzzer sounded. And *gasp* I won! As many of my readers know, my life before the Watty's was pretty 'meh.' I've been totally caught off guard by everything that has happened since.

On the morning the results were announced, the competition was so far

from mind that I hopped to my normal work schedule, found out I had a sick kid, scheduled a doctor's appointment, and planned a family outing without a single thought veering toward checking to see who won. I found out after my Chromebook notifications lit up with messages from Wattpad and a few friends who spotted my name on the list.

What happens after you win the Watty's?

For me, at first it was business as usual. I had already spent agonizing months meticulously putting together my 2020 writing and marketing plan. Before LEAD ME ASTRAY was even a winner, it had such favorable reviews from readers that I made up my mind to self-publish.

Lists of book bloggers filled my

notebooks. Social media marketing notes littered files on my computer. A fresh new website was up and running. However, when you win the Watty's, there is an exclusivity clause. So, self-publishing was out. I'm not complaining. The benefits have gone far beyond anything I could have done on my own.

Winning the Watty's came with a shiny badge. I became a Wattpad Star overnight. The Stars are members of the platform's official digital talent roster. We post regularly, interact with our readers on a deeper level, and enjoy perks that can't be found anywhere else.

Now, I have a supportive fanbase on Wattpad and social media. I'm sure both the win and being a Wattpad Star have helped there.

I have a growing Twitter following, an

eager Instagram viewership, and a tiny YouTube gathering that I expect to flourish soon.

I've been featured in interviews for communities on and off the story-sharing platform. I have been interviewed by The Turn-On Podcast, an urban talk show the centers on sex and sexuality in diverse books. And my Goodreads page for LEAD ME ASTRAY averages an impressive 5 stars.

Furthermore, I have gained priceless writing opportunities I'm not ready to share yet. Needless to say, winning the Watty's has opened doors that had been closed to me throughout my entire fifteen years of writing.

None of this means my job as a creator has gotten easier, as I think some people may assume.

Needless to say, winning the Watty's has opened doors that had been closed to me throughout my entire fifteen years of writing.

SONDI WARNER

Each day I work twelve to sixteen hours writing and editing books, taking footage and editing videos, and/or networking and managing my social media presence.

I honestly have no idea how I find time to be a parent, home-school my kids, and love up on my partner of seven years. Let's just admit I have an adoring number one fan at home who catches my slack.



What's next for me? I'll enter the Watty's again, of course!

Someday you'll walk in a bookstore and see a title with my name under it. Better yet, you'll watch my story on the big screen. Wishful thinking? I used to think so...



Find the Watty award-winning LEAD ME ASTRAY and its sequel, INTO THE WILD DARK, exclusively on Wattpad.