

Marc R. Meth is a police officer near retirement with a late life penchant for writing. He was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York, then moved to Connecticut when he was 18. Right after turning 21, Marc met the beautiful Italian girl who he would later marry, and enlisted in the Navy. During 15 years of on again/off again attendance, Marc was able to piece together a Bachelor of Science degree.

Once upon a time Marc was an electronic technician, a graphic designer, and a variety of jack-of-all-trades type jobs, but his passion to *protect and serve* never waned.

Marc lives and works in Hampton Roads with his wife of over 40 years. He has a son in his mid-thirties, and a gray tuxedo cat who recently celebrated her second birthday.

So far, Marc has had two short stories published in the Journal. One of the stories, *Late Summer Evening*, is actually the first chapter of his novella *Croatian Highway* which he will start submitting to publishers shortly. In addition, Marc is putting the final edits on his first book, and is working on a second.

What he writes about varies from the gravely serious to the hilarious (hopefully), but whatever he writes about comes from his heart. What Marc hopes for in the end, is that those who may read his work will learn, laugh, cry, or in some way be moved for the better.

As for why Marc writes, he cannot explain any more than artists can explain why they paint, or musicians why they compose or play? Marc writes because he is compelled to express something inside of him, and writing is his natural medium.

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