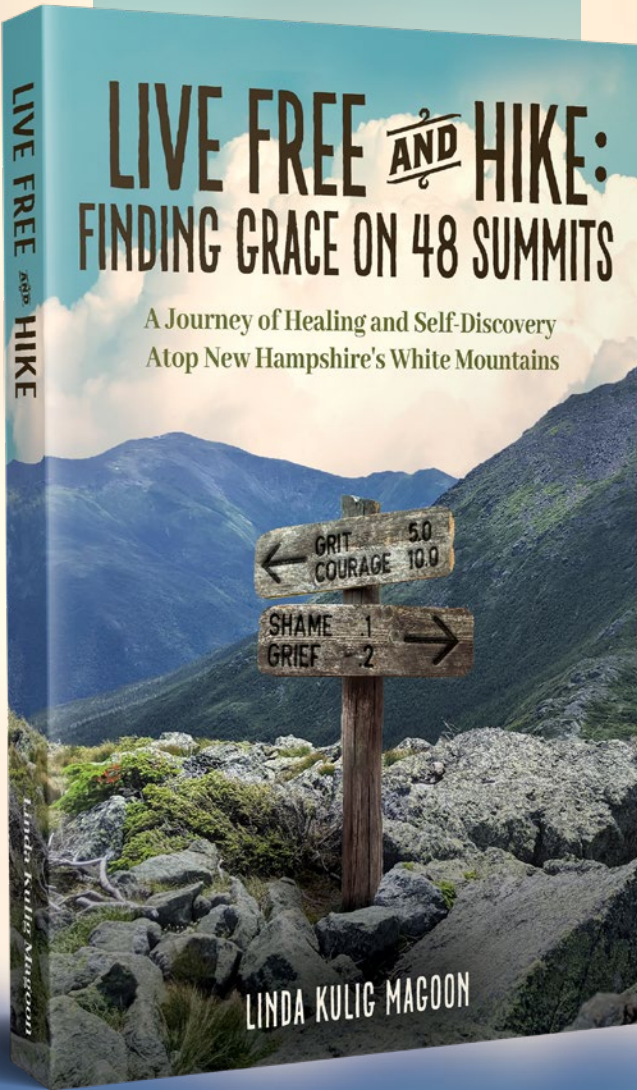


MEDIA KIT

Live Free and Hike is a candid and humorous story of a woman's transition from a place of grief and shame to one of healing, resilience, and grace—one mountain summit at a time. Grab your copy of Linda Magoon's transformative memoir today!



TITLE

LIVE FREE ^{AND} HIKE: FINDING GRACE ON 48 SUMMITS

**A Journey of Healing and
Self-Discovery Atop New
Hampshire's White Mountains**

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TOPICS COVERED INCLUDE



SELF-DISCOVERY



MEMOIR



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MIDLIFE

ABOUT THE BOOK

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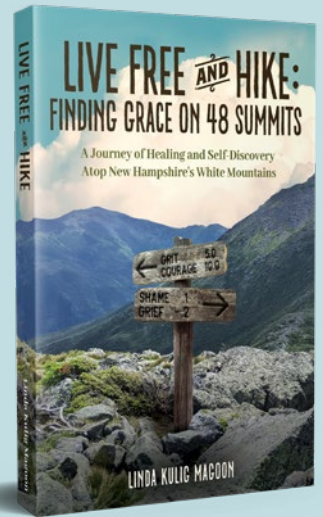
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Newly liberated after ending her toxic 25-year marriage to a controlling husband, Linda Magoon gradually regained her independence and rediscovered her love of hiking in the White Mountains. She set a goal to climb all 48 of New Hampshire's 4,000-foot and higher peaks. With every upward stride, Magoon cautiously rebuilt her life.

But less than a year later, after shocking allegations and a surprise arrest of her ex-husband on charges of child molestation, Magoon found herself in a downward spiral as she processed the guilt, shame, and sadness of being married to someone so infamous.

By climbing each challenging summit, Magoon found the internal strength needed to overcome the paralyzing uncertainty surrounding the worst period of her life. Neither age, lack of experience, nor unforeseen life events would stop her from attempting her goal.

Follow Linda's inspirational journey and discover:

- A story of courage and self-discovery as Linda reconnects with her passion as a way to cope with the trauma of her ex-husband's behavior.
- Tips and advice on hiking the White Mountains of New Hampshire and valuable insight into the Hiker's Code of Responsibility for a safe trip.
- The healing power of walking in nature to reduce feelings of depression and anxiety.
- Goal setting as a tool for survivors of emotional abuse to rebuild mental health, self-confidence, and self-love.
- That regardless of age or life circumstances, it's never too late to leave an unhealthy relationship and create a new life.

Live Free and Hike is a candid and humorous story of a woman's transition from a place of pain and anger to one of healing, resilience, and grace—one mountain summit at a time. Grab your copy of Linda Magoon's transformative memoir today!

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Linda Magoon is an author, environmentalist, and outdoor enthusiast. She reconnected with her love of hiking after ending a difficult marriage. Shortly thereafter, at the age of 55, she set out to climb all 48 of New Hampshire's 4,000-foot peaks. With the help of a therapist, a life coach, and the highest summits in the White Mountains, Magoon regained her independence and found her voice. Now she writes and empowers others on the mental and physical health benefits of the outdoors.



Magoon earned her degree in Forestry from the University of Idaho before moving to New Hampshire, where she spent over two decades as an environmentalist. She currently works with the New Hampshire Department of Environmental Services in compliance and enforcement, protecting the state's natural resources.

Live Free and Hike: Finding Grace, Healing, and Self-Discovery Atop New Hampshire's 48 White Mountain Summits is Magoon's first book. Her essays on the outdoors have been published in *Mountain Passages*, *The Merrimack Valley Voice*, and in *Smoky Quartz*, New Hampshire's state literary magazine. She is a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club, the AMC's 4000-Footer Club of the White Mountains, and the NH Writers' Project. She also is a founding member of the bluegrass band, Bow Junction.

Growing up in rural Massachusetts, Magoon developed an appreciation for nature from her parents. Her father taught her to hunt and fish while her mother encouraged her to play outdoors for hours. Today, Magoon is an avid writer who spends her free time hiking, kayaking, and skiing.

Learn more and sign up for her newsletter at LindaMagoon.com.

SAMPLE TOPICS & QUESTIONS

Talk to Linda Magoon about her midlife journey of self-love, hiking the White Mountains, and coping with trauma.

Sample Q&A:

- Tell us a little bit about your journey as a hiker. What was it like diving into a passion later in life?
- What are the New Hampshire 48 4,000-Footers and why did they appeal to you?
- What did you wish you had known before you committed to climbing all 48?
- At what point did things start to shift for your mental health and what did that look like?
- What were some of the biggest obstacles when moving on from a toxic marriage? How did you learn to cope?
- How did the outdoors factor into your healing after your divorce?
- What other factors helped you during that time?
- How would you advise those 50+ who are considering hiking for the first time?
- Share some tips for beginning hikers.
- What have you faced since your first trip up the mountains that led you to writing a book?
- What do you hope someone reading this book can take from it?
- Do you have other hiking ranges or challenges you want to conquer next?

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BOOK EXCERPT

Introduction

Mount Washington: World's Worst Weather

“Caution. Mt. Washington has a well-earned reputation as the most dangerous small mountain in the world,” according to my hiking bible, the Appalachian Mountain Club’s *White Mountain Guide*. It has the highest wind speed recorded by a human at 231 mph, and the weather is known to change rapidly, brutally, and fatally.

I could think of no better way to usher in the new millennium than to stand, victorious, at its craggy summit—not by riding the Mount Washington Cog Railway or, heaven forbid, by driving up the auto road—but by hiking it. The mountain was practically in my backyard and was within a few hours driving distance from home. It had been my dream to hike Mount Washington since moving to New Hampshire 15 years earlier. Though there were tales of unprepared hikers dying on the four-mile trail to the summit (even during the summer months) due to the dangerous weather conditions, it didn’t intimidate me. The mountain wasn’t what I feared.

It was telling my husband.

After more than 10 years of marriage, I knew the consequences of expressing an aspiration such as this one. In my marriage, a unilateral dream meant I was selfish. I picked and chose my desires carefully, as if I were tiptoeing through a minefield. Even though putting my needs before my husband had consequences, summiting Mount Washington was on my bucket list, and I was willing to pay the price.

I summoned the courage and informed Bob about my plans to hike with my brother, who had summited several times before. My husband wasn’t happy that I would be gone all day, but because I was going with family, he wasn’t *too* upset.

A week prior to our hike, my brother invited his former college roommate to join us without consulting me. Worse, horrors upon

horrors, they invited themselves to spend the night at my house so we could get an early start the next morning. With a jealous, insecure husband, this sudden overnight arrangement had the makings of a torrid affair. My brother had no idea of the fuse he’d lit. I couldn’t blame him—I had never told a soul of my husband’s angry, controlling behavior. During our marriage, Bob isolated me from the few friends I had. I didn’t discuss my marriage with co-workers or tell my family about my situation. Who would believe me? To everyone else he was a nice guy.

I dreaded telling Bob about the overnight plans. When would be the right time to tell him? Before work? No, he left for work at 5:00 a.m., so that was too early. After work? No, he’d be too tired, cranky, and stressed. After sex? That could work, but I was tired of feeling like a sex worker. I procrastinated, the churning in my stomach growing with each passing day until I ran out of time.

The night before their arrival, Bob backed the minivan out of the driveway. We were on our way to Jordan’s for a late-summer ice cream. *Here’s my chance. He’s in a good mood, I thought. He won’t blow up now.*

I took a deep breath and let it out.

The veins bulged in his neck. This was followed by a white-knuckle grip on the steering wheel and a rush of crimson to his cheeks.

He didn’t talk to me for the rest of the night.

I should have known what to expect. For two days before my hike, I sobbed in bed, alone, unable to sleep. I took my wedding ring off and, in the darkness, imagined life without him. I felt lighter, free, as if I had escaped from prison. However, I had taken a vow: “till death do us part.” I put my ring back on and felt the dungeon doors clank shut.

It was too late to cancel. I refused to. Despite the lack of sleep and despair, I wanted this.

I tried to put Bob out of my mind as we pulled into the parking lot of Pinkham Notch and, instead, focused my attention on the day ahead. Something I had wanted to do for so long was about to happen, and I was determined not to let weeks of dread and two sleepless nights ruin it.

I was somewhat encouraged by the sign at the Tuckerman Ravine trailhead, 4.2 miles to the summit, which I didn’t think was too bad. What the sign didn’t state was that the elevation gain was 4,250 feet, which is about 1,000 feet per mile. At the outset, I found the trail manageable and climbed steadily. But by the time we had reached the summit, I knew why Mount Washington was nicknamed “the Rockpile.” Although I was mesmerized by the vast expanse of the bowl that defines Tuckerman’s, once I scaled the headwall, the thrill wore off. The remainder of the hike was a relentlessly steep ascent over endless rocks and boulders. After four hours of hiking, we finally reached the summit, engulfed in clouds.

As a remembrance of my victory, I ducked into the summit gift shop (on the tallest mountain in New England that also has a cafeteria and ice cream stand) to purchase a thin, metallic hiking badge to mount on my hiking stick. It was tangible evidence, a souvenir of a dream accomplished, consequences be damned. I didn’t want to forget the hike or the price I paid. I was thrilled that I had accomplished my dream but a little sad too. Sad that I had to strategize and plot to express a need to my husband. Sad that the person I was married to would not be happy for me when I returned. Sad that I knew this wasn’t how normal relationships worked. The hike was bittersweet. It was a dream accomplished but served as a reminder that a goal had consequences.

For the next 15 years, that hiking stick would remain dormant in the attic, and the only hiking I did was on eggshells.