

CHELSEA CAIN

You really should read:

Heartsick

Yes, former *Oregonian* columnist Chelsea Cain's *NYT* best-sellers are the literary equivalent of blood-soaked cotton candy. But her *Heartsick* trilogy's sexy killing machine—the scalpel-wielding, heart-on-chest-carving ice queen Gretchen Lowell—is

truly the creepiest psychologist on the book scene since Hannibal Lecter left his office. And her hunting ground is Portland. KELLY CLARKE. 1 pm Sunday, Oct. 11. Columbia Sportswear Stage.

What's your personal writing ritual?

A food-caked MacBook Pro, lots of coffee and/or red wine. And yes, maybe a candle. One of the scented ones. (Why do I feel like you've caught me masturbating?)

Which authors made you first want to write?

Carolyn Keene and Franklin W. Dixon (authors of the *Nancy Drew* books and *The Hardy Boys* books, respectively), neither of whom were real people, which means my entire life's work has been based on a lie.

Name a book you think is highly overrated.

The New Testament.

Dream project:

BBC America asks me to adapt *Heartsick* for a television series starring Robson Green. When it airs, everyone in "Portland" has British accents. The Queen likes it, and invites me to visit her at Buckingham Palace.

Cautiously optimistic question: Obama?

Obama makes everything better. My 4-year-old tears his picture out of magazines, like he's Andy Gibb or something.

