

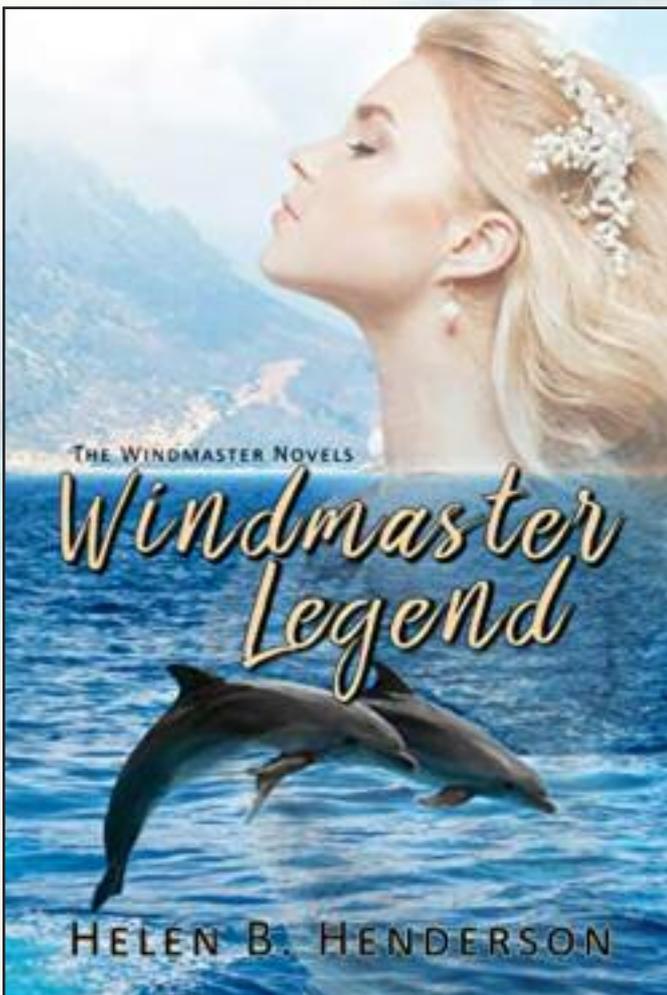
In celebration of storytelling

The Book Breeze

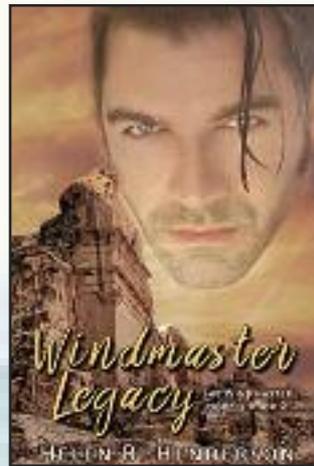
Vol 10 Issue 2

April 8, 2019

The Windmaster Series by Helen B. Henderson



Book 3



Book 2

Book 1



From Bestselling Author to Award Winning Screenwriter: the Journey Within by Amy Leigh McCorkle

Interview with Young Adult author Josie Malone

Interview with Sci-Fi author Kayelle Allen

turn the page ⇨

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About The Book Breeze

The Book Breeze started out ten years ago as a print publication distributed to conferences, bookstores, and libraries. But printing and shipping costs rose and logistically the delivery area was limited so the newspaper went to an emag.

When the emag became too much to handle with real life The Book Breeze became a blog. I retired last year so I am able to return The Book Breeze to its most effective format - the emag.

There are other changes as well. The Book Breeze is about storytelling with the focus primarily on books. The doors have been flung open. The emag will exam other methods such as

screenwriting, television and graphic novels.

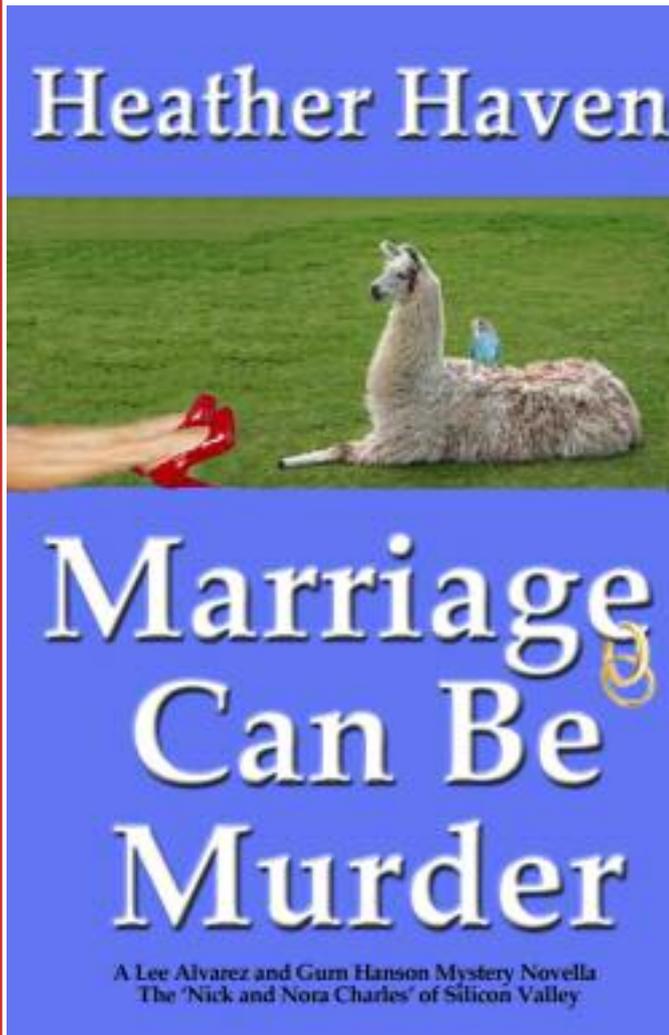
We will also expand our coverage of self-publication, advertising, and how to develop your author persona.

In the end, it is about the stories and how they touch us, thrill us, bring laughter and give respite in a chaotic world. Every issue carries the following encouragement ... Read, Ponder, Repeat.



**READ. PONDER.
REPEAT**

Love Can Be Murder Series by Heather Haven



Someone is trying to kill Delores De La Vega, an aging but legendary movie star known as much for her looks and numerous marriages as her acting ability.

Now an animal activist and fabulously wealthy, she's about to change her will in favor of the daughter she gave up at birth for adoption, making a claim on her biological mother's billions. With a woman as dramatic as Delores De La Vega, it's all or nothing, so she's planning to write out everyone else previously in the will.

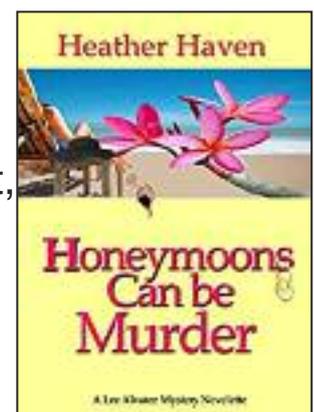
But can she live long enough to make the changes? And just who is trying to kill her? Is it one or all of her many -exes set to be cut out of

millions? Or the onsite vet who might be more than a friend? Or is it one of the dozens of staff members, also being rejected in favor of the newly discovered daughter?

Lee and Gurn, the Nick and Nora Charles of Silicon Valley, find no lack of suspects when death stalks a Portola Valley animal sanctuary.

Enjoy an excerpt on page 17

When PI Lee Alvarez goes on her honeymoon with bridegroom, Gurn Hanson, they find a dead woman practically on their doorstep. Kauai breezes may be soft, but there are gale force winds of accusation against Gurn. Will Lee find the real killer before her new hubby gets sent to a Hawaiian hoosegow?



Interview with HELEN B. HENDERSON

A former feature-story writer and correspondent, Henderson has also written a series of novellas that contrasts of her Gemini sign. She is a descendent of a coal-miner's daughter and a writer of fiction whose writing which crosses genres from historical adventures and westerns to the author of the *Dragshi Chronicles* and *The Windmaster Novels*. In her latest work, she is among fantasy worlds of the imagination.



Tell us about your new release. What led you to write this book?

You could say that *Windmaster Legend* was unfinished business. In the first book of the series, the legend of a pair of star-crossed lovers is presented as part of the foreshadowing of what might happen to Captain

Ellspeth and the archmage, Lord Dal. Dal and Ellspeth's adventures are told in the first two books in the *Windmaster Novels*, but the story behind the legend remained untold. What history and time may conceal sometimes refuses to stay lost in memory. *Windmaster Legend* reveals the story behind the legend of lol of the House of Cszabo and Pelra of the House of Pirri.

Fate conspired to keep lol and Pelra apart. Friendship is allowed between members of competing trading houses, but nothing more. He loves the sea and wants his own ship. She hates the deep blue and has worked too hard to allow her dreams to be sidetracked by the lure of magic. Despite a beautiful woman on his arm every night, Leod wanted the one he couldn't have—Pelra. His kin on the ruling council did more than put him on the fast track to his own ship. It provided him the power to fulfill his desires, or to ruin those who refused him.

Exiled to distant posts, given impossible challenges, and subject to Leod's machinations, lol and Pelra only have the hope of a future together to sustain them. But can their love survive the accusation of witchcraft?

Do you have a favorite writing place or writing

rituals?

The room designated as my formal 'office' is an organized chaos where only a hardy soul dares to trespass. Volumes on military weapons stand next to books on antiques and traditional crafts. Piles kept close at hand contain standard reference books and more. *The Chicago Manual of Style* and *The Synonym Finder* mingle with *The Pirate Primer* and Gaelic-English dictionaries

However, as with many writers, my office is where I am at that moment in time. *Windmaster*, was written in a variety of places including the hospital rooms and doctors' offices where I spent hours as caregiver for a family member. For me, the best place to write is the mountains. The porch swing overlooking the woods or the waterfront dock in the sun summons the muse. My characters have learned to hide during the dark days of winter as the roadblocks to love and happiness grow with the snow drifts.

Have you ever written a scene that 'creeped' you out?

First off I'd like to say I don't write horror as such so even when villains don't survive the final battle, I don't go into gory detail. The closest I've come is the dark fantasy, *Imprisoned in Stone*, but the blood sacrifices always ended with the donor alive. Captives are not always treated nicely and I allude to actions which may or may not have taken place rather than go into graphic detail. Writing is presented to keep things no darker than PG-13.

There are two scenes that if they were allowed to continue to their logical conclusion would have creeped me out. One was the dinner in *Hatchling's Mate*, Book 3 of the *Dragshi Chronicles*, where Glynnnes was to be the prize

HELEN HENDERSON

written fiction as long as she could remember. Her heritage reflects the daughter and an aviation flight engineer. This dichotomy shows in her love for science fiction and fantasy. In the world of romantic fantasy, she is a traveler. In her books, she invites you to join her on travels through the stars, or

for whoever won the bet as to who would fall first: Talann or the falaire stallion he rode. In *Windmaster*, Book 1 of the Windmaster Novels, Ellspeth is in the Temple of the Oracle in the guise of a pilgrim when she is selected for “additional lessons.” Her dilemma? She did not fall under the oracle’s thrall so is not the willing submissive that is expected. Consequences if she fails to agree to the bishop’s advances were not only her death and that of Dal who was a prisoner in the dungeon, but the end of all magic itself.

You’ll have to read *Windmaster* and *Hatchling’s Mate* to see the outcomes. A hint is that although two very different approaches were used, one a weapon and the other a musical instrument, both women escaped with their honor intact and loved ones in tow.

What is the one question you wish an interviewer would ask you?

A scan of interview questions of years past yielded topics from the profound to the profane. Here is one that hasn’t been asked too often. **What would you want to be written on your tombstone?**

Name and dates don’t necessarily capture the imagination of the viewer when they walk through the cemetery. For more detailed stones, I prefer the old sandstone slabs with epitaphs rather than the new-fangled marker with a video embedded in it, probably because I prefer to visualize a younger version of myself. So here is the answer what to have engraved on my stone.

Here lies an author, storyteller and historian. She captured the past for the future and cared for all.

As to the why? Although I am no longer as active in the field, history is still part-of-my past and is embedded in my fantasy worlds to make them realistic. Storyteller because at some time we all need to escape our everyday lives and a good tale will take us to another time and place. The last has nothing to do with my career (although I like to think I’ve given a hand up to people rather than trampling them), but rather with me as a person and my hope that the scales of life tilt in favor of a loving, caring, decent human being.

Any unusual, odd, fascinating, etc. jobs in your past?

Over the years I’ve had careers in several different fields. I’ve held positions with titles such as administrative assistant, executive secretary, insurance acceptance test examiner, museum director, trainer, and system analyst. As far as writing, they have been computer programmer, technical writer, feature story writer and correspondent. And of course... author. But to select a job that fits unusual or odd, I’ll pick my very first position—as an inspector on the egg production line of a chicken farm two lanes up from my family’s farm. Since I couldn’t drive yet, I rode my bike or walked to work.

Find and follow Helen online at

Blog <https://helenhenderson-author.blogspot.com>

Twitter <https://twitter.com/history2write>

Goodreads

https://www.goodreads.com/author/show/777491.Helen_Henderson

Facebook

<https://www.facebook.com/HelenHenderson.author>

Amazon <http://amzn.com/e/B001HPM2XK>

The Windmaster Novels by Helen Henderson



Fate conspired to keep Iol and Pelra apart. Friendship is allowed between members of competing trading houses, but nothing more. He loves the sea and wants his own ship. She hates the deep blue and has worked too hard to allow her dreams to be sidetracked by the lure of magic.

Despite a beautiful woman on his arm every night, Leod wanted the one he couldn't have—Pelra. His kin on the ruling council did more than put him on the fast track to his own ship. It provided him the power to fulfill his desires, or to ruin those who refused him.

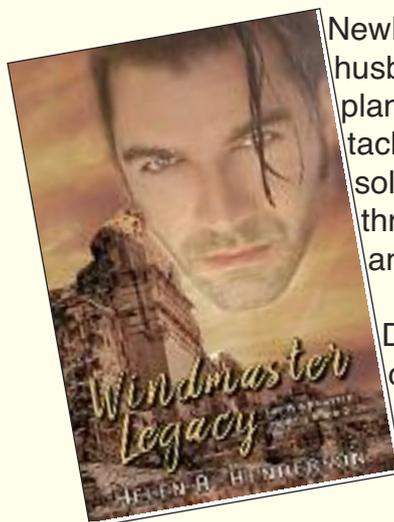
Exiled to distant posts, given impossible challenges, and subject to Leod's machinations, Iol and Pelra only have the hope of a future together to sustain them. But can their love survive the accusation of witchcraft?

Despite his insolent attitude, Ellspeth, captain of the Sea Falcon, is attracted to the dark-haired worker she hires to help unload the vessel's cargo

When the supposed dockhand reveals he is Lord Dal, the last member of the Council of Wizards, and her passenger, Ellspeth breaks a cardinal rule—fraternizing with the paying customers. Bringing Dal back from near-death releases Ellspeth's latent powers and threatens her captancy. For to have magic she must give up the sea.

In accordance with an ancient prophecy, Dal allows Ellspeth to be handfasted to him without her knowledge or consent. However, the prophecy doesn't state whether she will return his love. A likelihood threatened as the deception is unveiled and they are hunted by fanatical clerics bent on ridding the world of magic and those who wield it.

Trapped within the Oracle's Temple and marked for sacrifice, Ellspeth is forced to choose between survival, saving the future of magic...or love.



Newly handfasted to the dark-haired archmage Lord Dal, Ellspeth and her husband escort his mother on a final journey to her ancestral lands. Their plans change when mercenaries under the control of a rogue mage attack. Dal's mother is severely wounded and Ellspeth is captured. Her sole hope for escape is Nobyn, an untrained wizard going through the throes of awakening magic. However, Nobyn is Bashim's apprentice and under the mage's total control.

Dal must make an impossible decision whether to rescue his wife, cure his mother, or thwart Bashim's plans. More than who lives or dies is at stake. He might be able to live with his responsibility for the death of a loved one, but could he survive killing the future of magic.

Book Excerpt from WINDMASTER LEGEND

Moonbeams danced on blond curls surrounding a bent head. The woman lifted her head and tightened her grasp on the instrument cases on her lap.

The sight of her red lips excited Leod. There were few female bards, but he had heard whispers of their ability to satiate a man. Finally a prize worthy of the chase.

Loud strumming from the courtyard warned the current tune was about to end. If he wanted to get closer, he had to move before the music ended.

But what of the servant? Worry hissed.

Warmth at the memory of the satisfaction in the other man's expression rose up Leod's neck. He stared at the woman who once again contemplated the skies overhead. Had he lost the prize before the chase even begun?

"No, that is unacceptable," he breathed. "I'll find out who that servant was and destroy him. And if the bard graced him with her favors, then she will be next." Again he evaluated the features now cast in moonlight. But until then, she'll provide a distraction not even council members enjoy.

His decision made, he slipped from the shadows into the light of a lantern hanging from a tree limb. "My lady, I am Leod, a seated member of the ruling council of the House of Pirri." He rose from his best court bow. "At your service."



Surprise stopped his hand in mid-gesture of offering her the glass of wine. The "come hither" smile that normally resulted from his introduction was missing. Instead, there was just silence and a raised eyebrow. I had heard the bards could strip a man to the bone with a glance or single word, Leon thought. But never believed it. Until now.

"The best wine in Stratven for the most beautiful woman."

Assurance filled him. That line had never failed to win over a woman. This one might be a bard, but she

was still a woman. However, instead of an encouraging smile, his response was a chilled, "No, thank you."

He shifted to the approach that had bedded him many a fair maiden. "Then may I have the honor of this dance? A man only has the opportunity once in his life to have such a beautiful companion, let alone one bard-trained."

The slight tightening of her lips gave Leod little insight into what he had said wrong. Still, he held the smile that had won over so many women.

His target still didn't submit. Instead she gave a slight shake of her head. "I appreciate the compliment. However, I am quite content where I am. Maybe you should return to the dance." The head-to-toe scan she did added to the fire building under Leod's skin. "There should be someone there suitable for you."



Warlock from Wales by Shereen Vedam Release May 21, 2019

Currently available on Pre-order for \$0.99 <https://books2read.com/u/b5xZQk>

When Hugh is yanked from his apprenticeship and summarily assigned to guard a human female, he is justly incensed. But when a water demon snatches her from under his nose, he sets off on a desperate race to save her, and prove he is a warlock to be reckoned with.

HEALING HANDS
ENTERTAINMENT
PRESENTS...



Award-Winning Filmmakers and Screenwriters
Amy Leigh McCorkle and Melissa Goodman



32 scripts including
Rise, Bounty Hunter,
Letters to Daniel,
The Guardian.

11 documentaries including
All in the Family, Black Gold,
Something to Believe In

5 short films including
Broken, Back On Top,
The Weekend



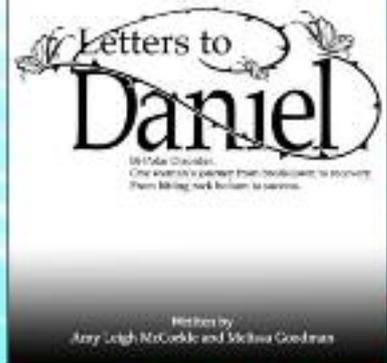
Recovery
or
Unplugged

A new podcast from
Amy Leigh McCorkle

With their feature directorial
debut filming in June 2019...

Letters to Daniel
One woman's journey from
breakdown to recovery. Based
on their best-selling novel.

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Presents



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From Bestselling Author to Award Winning Screenwriter: the Journey Within

by Amy Leigh McCorkle

I have been writing pretty much since first grade and have been enamored of books, film and television since I can remember. But perhaps my earliest storytelling memories I owe to my dad John. When I was my sister Brandy and I were little he would have to flip a coin for us to determine what bedtime story we heard that night. Some of my favorite books as a kid included the Ramona series, Frecklejuice and King of the Wind. While my taste in television shows may not have been as refined, I was into Wonder Woman, the Japanese anime Battle of the Planets and the Dukes of Hazard (which I had no idea they were running moonshine as a kid). I still love these shows today and look back on my time with them as a child fondly.

Although school there was a Young Author's competition, which I finally won in the eighth grade. I have no idea if they still run it but I've moved on to larger competitions so to speak.

I had my book publishing breakthrough in February of 2011 with a contract for James Bond for women tale Another Way to Die. Soon after that I was given another contract for No Ordinary Love. And in December of 2011 I got my third contract for GLADIATOR: The Gladiator Chronicles. I now have 24 titles published of which 11 of them are Amazon Bestsellers. I won several Predator & Editor Awards from 2012 to 2016. But in 2012 me and my screenwriting partner, Melissa Goodman decided to tackle an adaptation of my novel Bounty Hunter to script form.

Writing a screenplay is much different than writing a novel. You have a fixed amount of pages in which to tell the story. Industry standard is 70pgs-130pgs. It has to be formatted correctly. Final Draft screenwriting software is what Hollywood prefers but there are a number of screenwriting software to pick from.

That being said I still write novels and have written two non-fiction books. In 2015 me and Melissa adapted my Letters to Daniel memoir (which) started out as a blog and a documentary to a narrative script.

Adapting is something that I've done a lot with my books and Letters to Daniel has been an incredibly personal journey as it tells of my struggles and recovery with bipolar disorder. The film looks at it through the prism of mine and Missy's friendship and writing partnership of over 20 years.

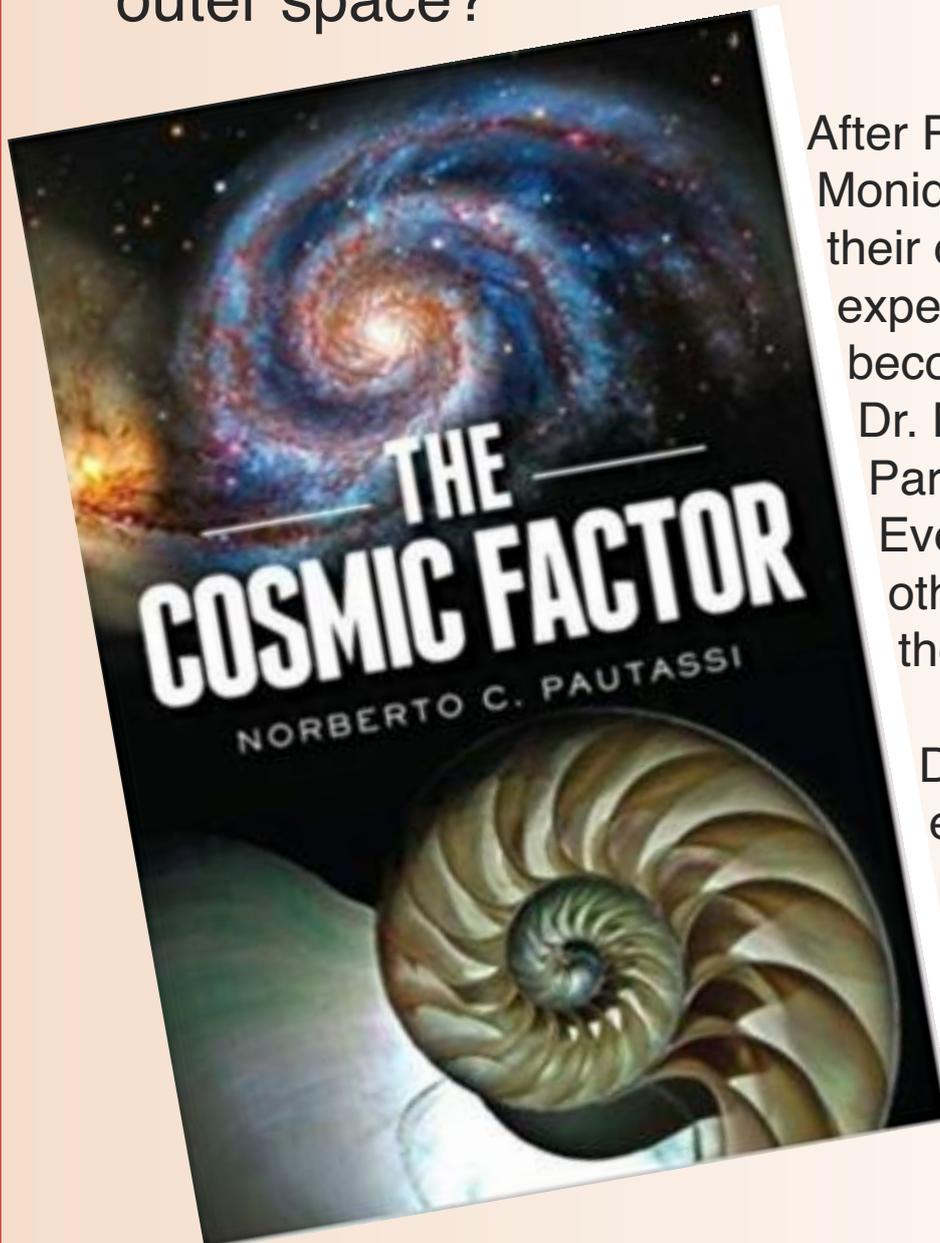
The writing of the script was incredibly painful. Reliving and dredging up the tumultuous times we experienced was difficult emotionally. But now on the eve of filming we are incredibly excited that we took the time to write it, and have endured all the setbacks to get it made. Four years ago we weren't ready. But now, 32 scripts and 22 film projects later we have a team put together based on that script.

Going from author to screenwriter wasn't a great leap for me because I have always loved films. And the two films that have influenced me most are Last of the Mohicans (Michael Mann directed) and Dead Again (directed by Kenneth Branagh, scripted by Scott Frank)

Missy and I are currently working on our 33rd script since 2014. We have been lucky enough to be rewarded for our work and have been paid to write for an independent producer.

If you are considering becoming a screenwriter, my advice is to take workshops, educate yourself. Grow a very thick skin. And write like there's no tomorrow.

“How do you know if the crew of some UFO sightings, mentioned occasionally in the news, are not super humans instead of aliens from outer space?”



After Ruben met the lovely Monique, they discovered their common psychic experiences after becoming familiar with Dr. Martin's book on Parapsychology. Eventually, they met other psychics around the world.

Dr. Martin, encouraged by the psychics, did research finding similarities in the Cosmos with nature on Earth.

A SFI novel supported by scientific facts. The History of Human Knowledge tends to mimic the spiral shape of our Galaxy the Milky Way where Nature attempts to elevate some humans to the state of super-humans. The destiny of humanity is to explore the stars of the Cosmos.

Norberto C. Pautassi is an environmental chemist.



Kayelle Allen writes Sci Fi with misbehaving robots, mythic heroes, role playing immortal gamers, and warriors who purr. She's also a US Navy veteran and has been married so long she's tenured. Email address author@kayelleallen.com

“Isaac Asimov drew me into another world and made me think long and hard about the impact of decisions and destiny.”



Tell us about your new release.

In 2004, I released my first book, **At the Mercy of Her Pleasure**. That same year, I wrote the sequel, **For Women Only**. The first book featured Senth Antonello and the second had his big brother, Khyff. In **Bro**, I hinted that the brothers had not grown up together and had met only a month prior to the book's opening scene. I always wondered exactly how they'd met, so I decided that was a book I needed to write. **Bro** is the prequel to the series and shows how the brothers came to be together. The tagline for the story is "What if invisibility wasn't magic? What if it was tech? When you can make yourself invisible, you reveal invisible truth."



Bro is the new prequel to **At the Mercy of Her Pleasure** and **For Women Only**, in the Antonello Brothers series.

Do you have a favorite fictional character by another author you'd like to meet?

I'd love to meet Dallas and Roark from JD Robb's In Death series. They are so interesting to read about! I want to taste that coffee they love so much and take a tour of the mansion, especially the interactive holographic areas. And of course, stop and pet Galahad and say hello to Sumerset.

Do you have an interesting quirk about your personality that you'd like to share?

I'm obsessive about typos. I cannot leave a typo

if I see it while I'm writing. I've read that it will speed up your writing if you just write without pausing to edit. That might be true for some people, but all I can think about is that mistake one line above. I can't move on until I fix it. Probably, this is because I am very literal when it comes to words, and when I get a text with a misspelled word, I sometimes can't figure out what it's supposed to say. A friend recently said something about Nik, a cosplayer we both follow. But she wrote Nol. I had no idea what she was talking about and had to ask. She didn't realize she'd written it, so the conversation just grew more and more bizarre as she tried to figure out why I was asking her about something called Nol. We both had a good laugh when we finally got it straightened out. If you get a text from me with a typo, it's rare -- not because I'm anything close to perfect, but because I'm so obsessive about writing words properly.

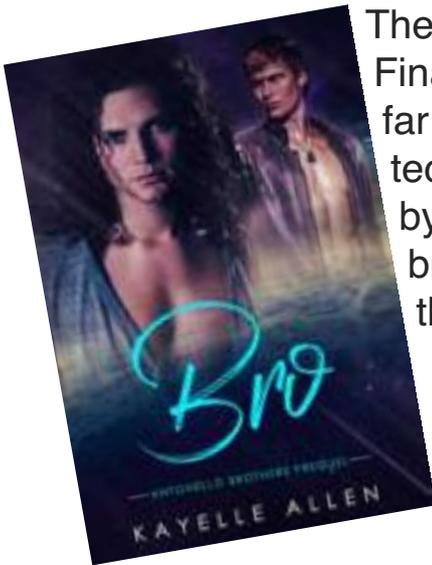
What do you do when you are not writing?

Not writing? What is this thing you speak of "not writing" -- is it something dangerous? It sounds dangerous. I think writers should always be writing. *smile*

Which book impacted you as a teenager?

The Foundation series (originally a trilogy) by Isaac Asimov drew me into another world and made me think long and hard about the impact of decisions and destiny. I wondered what would happen if you lived long enough to see the decisions you made today affect the future. That's one reason I write about immortals who play a real-time role-playing game. They are affecting the future every day and making sure things happen just as they desire. Fascinating series of books.

The Antonello Brothers Series by Kayelle Allen



The tech Senth is about to claim will make him invisible. Finally, the young halfbreed thief will be out of sight and far from the taunts humans throw at him. But when that tech reveals he has a human half-brother who's bound by a cruel slaver, Senth must find a way to win his brother's freedom and save him from abuse -- even though Senth is a slave himself.

What if invisibility wasn't magic? What if it was tech? When you can make yourself invisible, you reveal invisible truth.

Just as he begins a new life safe from the anguish of his past, Khyff, a young security chief, must return to a profession he vowed never to practice again. To save his brother's life and appease the all-powerful Empress, Khyff must seduce and then betray an alien ambassador. Her people devastated his family. Hatred for the feline aliens burns within him, but unless Khyff can learn to embrace the past, face the demons he swore he'd forget, and find a way to forgive, his brother will die. Khyff will lose the honorable and gentle alien female he has come to love and trust -- and the Empress will see to it that no one in his family will ever be safe again.

He didn't expect an alien to have such honor. He didn't expect to trust her. And he didn't expect to fall in love...



Read For Women Only for free on Kindle Unlimited <https://books2read.com/u/38go96>



On the verge of freeing his brother from a cruel master, Senth, an all party-fun-and-games thief, must take on the hardest assignment of his life: stealing from the Empress. To make matters worse, he has no choice about working with a by-the-book rebel captain, a genetically advanced woman whose addictive pheromones could enhance his mission or crumble it into dust with a single siren kiss. When the unthinkable happens and the Empress kidnaps his brother, Senth must put aside his love of play and buckle down or his brother will end up with a far worse master, Senth will be guilty of treason, and he'll lose the love of his life -- forever...

Read At the Mercy of Her Pleasure for free on Kindle Unlimited <https://books2read.com/u/m2o9P1>

Excerpt from BRO by Kayelle Allen



In this scene, Senth has just acquired his invisibility cloak, and is testing it in public.

Once Senth had stepped outside the Thieves' Guild, he proceeded down the street until he'd reached the required distance from the entrance. Commit thievery on the grounds and the Guild would blackball you so hard you'd--

Oh, who cared what they'd do. What worried him was his father finding out.

Senth skirted around a businessman and backed away, the man's ID in hand. He tucked it into one of the cloak's myriad pockets. A male worker in a dirty uniform lumbered past. No trouble unclipping a debit bracelet fastened to the guy's belt.

Of course they felt nothing--his skills ensured that, but the cloak worked so well no one even looked his way. For fun, Senth re-clipped the bracelet on the worker, and then followed the businessman a full block before tucking the ID back into the man's pocket.

How well could he evade detection after being seen? He pushed back the hood, which turned off the Nightstealth, and stepped right in front of a teenaged human boy.

Senth let the mark get a good look at his face.

The kid glared. "Watch where you're going, you half-human freak."

"Half-human? You mean *HalfKin*." Senth gestured to his catlike eyes. "Get it right, skinbag." He bared his fangs and hissed.

The target backed off, and then darted around him. Senth tucked the guy's debit bracelet into a pocket, and then moved off the sidewalk and raised the hood but did nothing else to hide.

The kid suddenly glanced at his empty wrist and whirled around, his gaze searching the ground. He hurried past Senth once going one way, then the other, and kept going without even a glance.

"Should I return his bracelet? No, I think he should've said 'excuse me, sir.' He owes me a sir-charge." He pushed back the hood and started walking.

A buzz at his wrist alerted him to a message. He withdrew his mobile and set the device to read-only mode, rather than float it up on holovid.

The message required a password, which told Senth who had sent it. His *Sen'dai*--guild master--and father, Luc Saint-Cyr.

The Guild didn't accept non-humans, unless they were *enslaved* to a human member. No one could rise past level ten, unless *related* to a human member. Guild-arranged marriages and adoptions happened regularly. To keep the Guild happy, Saint-Cyr was Senth's lord *and* master and his adoptive father.

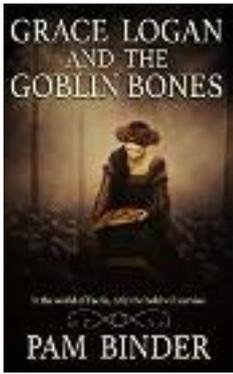
Could his *Sen'dai* send a note the way anyone else would? Of course not. No, the Man had to do it with mystery and ceremony.

Folks in this town never referred to Saint-Cyr by name. You could hear the capital letters when they called him the Man, or they referred to him as the Harbinger. His father was the *daddy crime lord* all the *baby crime lords* wanted to be.

"Ooh, big scary Man." He thumbed off the device. "Please let this be a job and not him finding out I hacked Planet Fun."

Bro will be free on Kindle Unlimited once it releases on April 4, 2019. Find the link to buy on the author's website.
<https://kayelleallen.com/bro>

Book Reviews



GRACE LOGAN AND THE GOBLIN BONES by Pam Binder, The Wild Rose Press, October 2018, 4 Stars

BLURB:

Sixteenth century Ireland is ruled by men and Faerie and to Grace Logan, a fifteen-year old forced into an arranged marriage, it seems like nothing will ever change. Grace doesn't want to marry. She wants to become a pirate like her father. Before Grace's marriage, her father is kidnapped by the Goblin Lord and a sleeping, death-spell is cast over her castle.

To free her family, and despite knowing that a misstep would mean her death, Grace enters the underworld of the Goblins with outcasts: a changling abandoned by her Faerie mother at birth, and a mysterious young man who harbors a dark secret.

As Grace becomes embroiled in the world of Faerie, she discovers her own strength, and ability to lead. But in a race against time, Grace will need to risk her life, and those of her companions, in a battle against the forces of Faerie itself.

REVIEW:

Fifteen-year-old Grace faces a turbulent future when she deals not only with her upcoming marriage, but also the rituals celebrated at her home during the week before Samhain. At least her groom hasn't arrived yet, so there may be hope that the arranged marriage might not take place. Grace yearns for adventure, a life as a pirate rather than a bride and as the saying goes, "Be careful what you wish for – you may get it." Following the news that her father has been captured by an unknown enemy, a curse is placed on her home and she begins a quest to save not only her family, but also their servants who are as close as kin. Her best friend, a changling is her staunchest ally, but there are others who aid Grace when she enters the world of Faerie.

The background of Irish folklore added to the story making it an enjoyable, entertaining read.

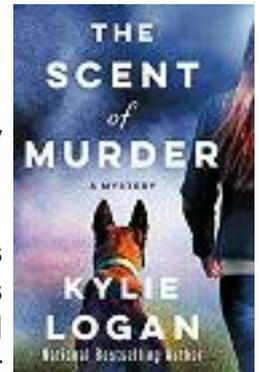
However, it was difficult to remember what Grace looked like and not being able to clearly visualize the heroine could distract some readers. The same went for the hero, who was described when he arrived on scene, but again he couldn't always be "seen." The descriptions of some of the places such as the kitchen in the castle seemed particularly authentic, yet the land of Faerie wasn't as clearly described.

Still, this was an amazing fun read with an admirable heroine whose adventures have only just begun.

THE SCENT OF MURDER

by Kylie Logan

Released May 7, 2019 by Minotaur Books



This is a debut in a new series about Jazz Ramsey who works in an all-girls school by day and the rest of the time is a cadaver dog handler.

When Jazz is out running a friend's dog, Luther, through his paces she discovers the body of one of the former students from the school.

How did such a talented girl end up in an abandoned building almost unrecognizable?

Jazz conducts her own investigation running into her ex who is the lead investigator on the case sparking memories and old feelings.

The story drew me in immediately. The trail to the truth is a page turner. Well written, well paced with characters able to run the distance with a new series. Facts about cadaver dogs and their training was interesting as well. I am looking forward to the second in the series.

Kylie's name may sound familiar to you. She is the author of four other series:

The League of Literary Ladies series
An Ethnic Eats Mystery series
The Button Box Mystery series
A Chili Cook-off Mystery

Interview with Young Adult and Romance Author Josie Malone



Tell us about your new release.

In *MY SWEET HAUNT*, cobwebs, eerie sounds and creaky floorboards greet Cat O’Leary McTavish and her twin daughters when they move to their new home, a dilapidated dude ranch near Baker City in the Cascade foothills of

Washington State. Her plan to restore the destination resort to its former glory hits a snag when she learns she has the ‘O’Leary Gift’ and can talk to the dead man who still resides in her house.

Former Army Ranger, Rob Williams always planned to run the family guest ranch after completing his military service. Instead, he “bought the farm with his life” when he died in Vietnam, but being dead doesn’t mean he’s going anywhere. Encountering someone who “sees” and “hears” him is a welcome change.

Cat’s determination leads her into danger, when they discover an adversary wants to turn the one-time dude ranch into a gravel pit. Will a woman with a dream and a man who’s had his dreams cut short, manage to save a ranch and each other when the biggest surprise of all is love?

What led you to write this book?

Forty years ago, my mother, sisters and I moved to an abandoned ranch in the Cascade foothills. When my grandmother, who had the same “gift” as the heroine visited, she told us the place was haunted. Researching the farm’s past became an interesting hobby, one filled with stories of the people who lived and died on the property before we bought the 85 acres. Those tales inspired this book, but our “haunts” moved on when they learned my mother was more stubborn than they were and she wasn’t going anywhere, a quality I

attributed to my heroine.

Did you have an interesting experience in the research of this book?

My middle sister moved to our “new” home shortly after her high school graduation. She complained to my mother about footsteps at night, lights turning on and off, doors slamming when nobody else was in the century-old cabin. My mom asked me to move in with her when I returned from Army Reserve duty because she thought my sister was “imagining” things and “wanted attention.” The first night I discovered we weren’t alone when someone “intruded” when I was in the bathroom – yes, I’d locked the door – and I had a screaming fit. The person apologized and hastily departed. This led to the “author game” of “what if” and eventually resulted in this book.

What do you do when you are not writing?

I teach riding lessons and day camp to youngsters who love horses as much as I do. I also take care of my senior mom and her disabled brother. Mucking twenty stalls a day allows my brain to wander and think up new books or complications for my characters.

Do you read the same genre you write?

I write both young adult and romance, so I definitely read those as well as anything else that intrigues me, but I have to admit I usually avoid most literature. I had enough of that when I was in college, studying for my BA and then for my Master in Teaching degree.

What’s next for you?

I’m working on the next book in the Baker City Hearts & Haunts series, tentatively titled *MORE THAN A SPIRIT*. Yes, both Cat and Rob return for more adventures. When I finish it, I’ll be polishing up my new YA in the Shamrock Stable series.

Book Excerpt from MY SWEET HAUNT by Josie Malone

Cedar Creek Guest Ranch, Baker Valley, Washington

“If a man’s been dead more than forty years, he ought to be able to enjoy peace and quiet.”

Hearing the crunch of tires on the gravel driveway, the spirit of Rob Williams floated toward the picture window to see who dared come onto his land. A battered pickup stopped in front of the house. An equally ancient horse-trailer was hitched to the four-wheel-drive. Two little girls got out and raced around the rigs followed by a young black and gold collie, not much more than a puppy.

Not again. What was it going to take for his family to stop renting out his home? This was his place. He’d died for it at Hamburger Hill back in ’69 during the height of the Vietnam Conflict. He bought the farm with his blood. Well, actually his parents had used the money from his military insurance to pay off the last of the mortgage on their home.

Suddenly, a copper-haired woman strolled into view from the far side of the truck. As he watched, she knelt and caught both girls in a hug. The pup flopped down beside them in the dust, panting. Rob may have been dead, but nothing said he couldn’t enjoy the sight of a woman who looked like one, instead of a scrawny hippie with no bosom, no waist, no hips and flowers in her long hair. That was the fashion back in the 1960s, but he’d never cared for it. Besides, curiosity had always been his downfall.

Rob drifted through the window and out onto the rotted deck of the wrap-around porch. The woman glanced toward the house and he glimpsed the emerald green of her eyes, as green as the needles on hemlock trees. Her head would have just reached his shoulder when he was alive. For a moment, he admired the voluptuous curves that filled out her lacy white western shirt and faded tight-fitting Levi’s. Rob moved closer. What was he doing? This woman

was nothing to him and she would have to go, taking those kids and the dog with her.

He’d send them away, but not just yet.

* * * *

Cat McTavish released her daughters and stood. “Okay, let’s settle down a little. I’ve got to convince Dynamite and Skyrocket that they’re safe and need to calm down. They can’t unless we do.”

“How come Dynamite’s so mad, Mommy?” Samantha asked, following her mother toward the trailer.

“He just is,” Sophie said, tagging along.

Cat smiled over her shoulder at them. She unlatched the hook on the back of the hauler. “He’s scared. That’s all.” The palomino hammered the rear panel with his hind feet, kicking the door open.

“Where are you gonna put them, Mommy?” Samantha asked.

“In the barn?” Sophie asked. “Or in a paddock?”

“The round pen for now,” Cat said. “We have to fix up stalls for them, but first we have to check out the barn and make sure it’s in good enough shape for them.”

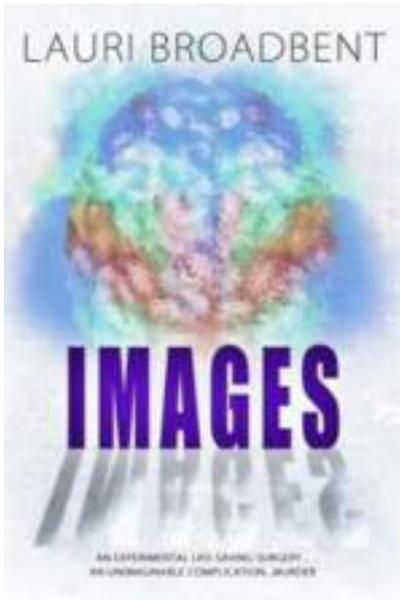
“What’s wrong with it?” Rob demanded. “It’s a dang good one. I should know. I helped my dad and grandpa build it.”

Cat swung around. She didn’t see anyone but could have sworn she heard a man speak. No, she didn’t. She knew better. She’d finally learned that lesson when she was thirteen.

Don’t make up stories, Catriona. Don’t say you see things no one else does, hear voices nobody else hears or you’ll wish you hadn’t. Nobody will say my daughter is as crazy as her Grandma O’Leary.



Suspense from debut author Lauri Broadbent

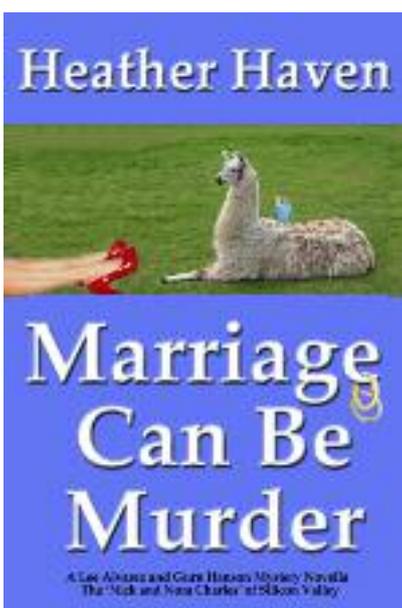


When Professor Michael Peterson learns he has a terminal brain tumor and is faced with no other viable options, he promises complete confidentiality to undergo an experimental and highly secretive operation in brain cell grafting. While recuperating, he begins to have flashes of fragmented images that have no connection to his life. He soon realizes he is an unwilling participant in a murder plan initiated by his

donor. Drawn into a maze of deceit and danger, Michael must choose between keeping his word to the person who saved his life or making an attempt to save the life of a complete stranger.

Enjoy an excerpt on page 18

Excerpt from **MARRIAGE CAN BE MURDER** by Heather Haven



“Who has access to your house?”

to your house?”

She shrugged. “It’s never locked. Everyone just comes and goes.”

“Does anyone else live in the house besides you?”

Gurn smiled a little too brightly. “Like who?”

Gurn and I spoke simultaneously.

“Let me think. I’m not sure. Mirabelle is the housekeeper. She’s here every day. The same with Rosa. She does the light housework. Although she was visiting her son for a few days in Oxnard or Davis until yesterday. She sent a postcard from there.”

Naturally, Delores De La Vega chose to answer Gurn’s question.

“Do you have it?” Gurn reached out a hand.

“Access to the house?” She

“I threw it out. Silly things, postcards. Oh yes, we bring in a cleaning crew once a week for the big

looked at him. “Well, everyone. Anyone.”

“I mean,” he clarified, “do any of them have a key

Continued on Page 19

Book Excerpt from IMAGES by Lauri Broadbent

Chapter 1

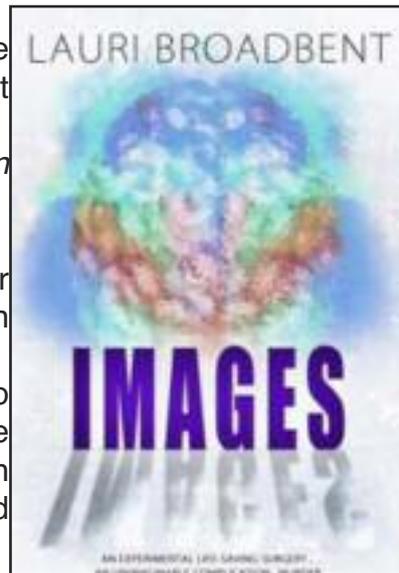
The pain was not subsiding. The doctor said I would know when it was time to check in. Actually, he put it quite simply...*the pain would be excruciating.*

Resigning himself to another sleepless night, Michael Peterson struggled as he dragged the overstuffed chair forward, trying to position it to face the fire. He frowned, realizing just how much the last couple of months had changed him.

“There.” He gave the heavy chair one last shove. A well-worn neon tennis ball rolled out from beneath the chair. Michael bent down and picked it up; smiling, he thought about Dakota, the golden retriever mix he had adopted at the pet fair. He had been the perfect pound puppy, and they had been inseparable for many years. As he held the ball tightly, a lump formed in his throat. So many losses in such a short amount of time. I can’t change anything now...even if I wanted to. He turned and slowly set the ball down on the coffee table. For the first time he felt truly alone.

Taking a deep breath, he looked around the room, grabbed a couple of extra pillows and tossed them onto the chair, hoping they might make him more comfortable. But in the end, he knew it really wouldn’t matter what he did.

Easing his thin frame down into the chair, he twisted and turned trying to find a comfortable spot, but even with the added padding, it was nearly impossible. Finally settling in, he focused his gaze on the flames as they cracked and danced to a rhythm all their own. Absentmindedly, he ran his finger down the left side of his nose along the almost invisible scar, the result of his first and only attempt at playing football. Michael was hoping to clear his mind and quiet his



thoughts for as long as possible in an attempt to delay the inevitable.

The last couple of times he sat through these night-long vigils he wondered if he would even see the morning again, but this was the choice he had made. He couldn’t bring himself to sit in a hospital room waiting for that so-called perfect opportunity.

Within minutes his eyes began pulsating. Hour by hour the waves of throbbing increased. He took a deep breath and pushed his body

deeper into the chair, gradually easing his head back until it rested lightly against the top of the seat. His knuckles whitened as he gripped the arms of the chair. He squeezed his eyes shut as the onslaught of pain proceeded to pound in full force.

Squinting, Michael peered tentatively around the room; its brightness made it difficult for him to make out anything. As his eyes gradually adjusted, he began to recognize the familiar things around him. His skin was sticky by the drying sweat and a slight dampness clung to his dark brown hair. He had made it through, but the tightness in his stomach and the dull ache in his head still lingered. This one was different, the worst one yet. Time was running out.

He stood up and slowly maneuvered the chair back into place, then stretched to relieve his arms and back from the tight ball he had been curled in all night. He really hadn’t expected the pain would be so intense. Instinctively, he knew he probably could not ride out another one alone. He hated to admit it even to himself; he was scared.

It was time to check in.

Excerpt from MARRIAGE CAN BE MURDER
Continued from Page 17

jobs. I like a clean house.”

“Which cleaners are they?” I asked.

“Something...something...Ladies,” she replied, screwing her eyes shut in thought. “I can’t remember their exact name, but they’ve been coming for years.”

“Who else?”

“The gardener. He brings in fresh flowers from the garden every other day. I think I heard Mirabelle call him Gonzales or Rodriguez once. Or maybe it’s Lopez.”

“And everyone you’ve mentioned so far is here only during the day?” Gurn asked, as I was furiously typing into my phone.

“Well, no,” she said. “Mirabelle is often here at nights, too. She does my hair and gets me dressed if there’s a special occasion or if I need help. But most are here only during the day.”

“Anyone else you haven’t mentioned?” Gurn’s smile waned.

“Let’s see.” She thought for a moment. “Every Saturday and Wednesday my hairdresser. I can’t remember his name: maybe Paul. My manicurist comes on Saturdays, too. It might be Dolly or Fran. Sometimes an esthetician comes with her if I need it, but it’s always somebody new.”

“What’s an esthetician?” Gurn wore a puzzled look.

“Facials,” I murmured. “But if they’re called an esthetician, it’s double the price.”

De La Vega went on. “And there’s my masseur. He comes once a week, Mondays. Oh, yes, my

personal trainer comes three times a week. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. His name is Brian. Other than that, I don’t know any names.”

“And that’s everyone?” Gurn’s smile took a nosedive.

“Well, no. There’s the catering service that delivers my meals twice a day, breakfast and dinner. I don’t eat lunch. I have a protein drink instead. But I don’t see them. They just put the food in the refrigerator.”

It takes a village, I thought, as I typed away.

“They’re called Portola Valley something or other,” De La Vega said. “Mirabelle will know. I don’t cook, and I don’t care much for Mirabelle’s cooking, even though she’s willing to do it.”

“We’ll check with Mirabelle,” I said. “She may know the last names, as well.”

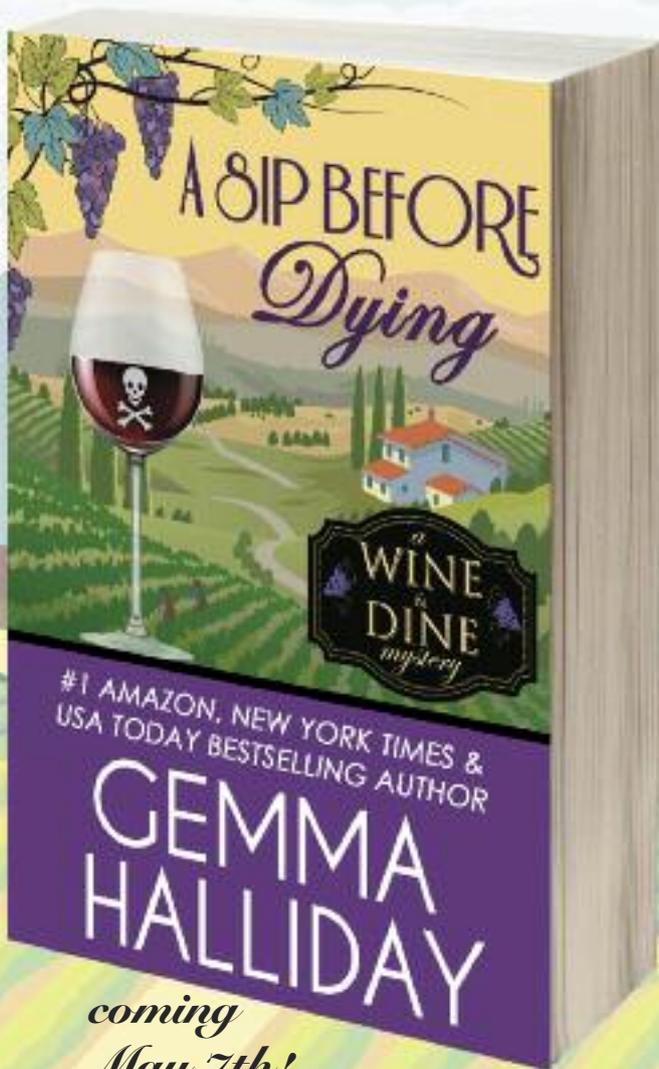
“Yes,” she said, momentarily flustered. “Mirabelle will know. She signs their checks.”

“Where is Mirabelle now?” Gurn asked. “We’d like to talk to her.”

“I’m not sure. Shopping, perhaps. We have company coming, but I’m not sure where she is or what she’s doing. Maybe laundry?”

Sadness covered her face. At first, I thought it might be because she realized she didn’t know diddly about the people who worked for her. But awareness is rare in a person who doesn’t want to be aware.

“I will never forgive myself for causing Dickie Bird’s death,” she said in a quiet tone without looking up. “I don’t want any other of my sweet animals hurt because of me.” She turned to Gurn. “Find out who killed my bird and who’s trying to kill me. Please.”

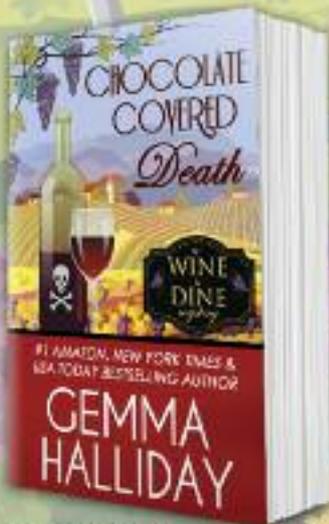


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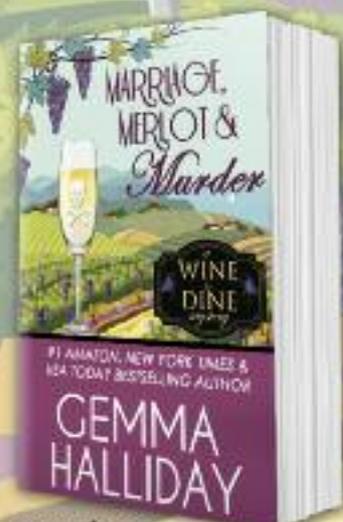
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