

A sneak peak of *The Cemetery Circle*, a paranormal novella coming October 2018...

A faint crinkle got Cia's attention—the note from her grandmother, Angie in her pocket. With trembling fingers, she managed to open the envelope.

Querida Altagracia,

I know we've never met, but I am your grandmother. Your mother, Alegria, left us so soon that she was never able to pass on to you the knowledge of our family. It's taken me too long to find you and now that I have I'm sure it's too late. You'll have to understand all of this on your own, but if you're anything like the other women in this family you're strong enough to confront anything that's thrown at you. I have too much to say and don't have much time left, so I entrust you to Glenna Todd and Mairead. Remember: the answers lie in the Dark Room and within you. Trust yourself.

Yours,

Angie

Cia didn't know what to make of the note. It was strange being referred to as Altagracia, but it was more than that. Her mother's side of the family had always been such a mystery. Cia barely remembered her mother, a blurry picture her only keepsake. She had left it in her wallet at Rod's and would probably never see it again. From the picture, she knew that her own dark hair and heart-shaped face were her mother's. Suddenly overcome with a longing to connect, Cia looked through Angie's nightstand.

It was barer than she expected, what with all the decorations throughout the house. She found knitting needles, yarn, and an ornate skeleton key. It fell out of one of the balls of yarn and had a chain, oddly beautiful even with spots of tarnish. Putting it around her neck, she felt closer to her grandmother somehow and continued looking through drawers. After a few hours of rummaging, Cia fell asleep and dreamt of the pacing woman from the living room pointing to a door...

