

The Secret Recipes of the

*Calla Lily Inn
of Sebastopol®*

*2006 Winter Holidays
Authors Special Edition*



A Cyber Inn Featured in

*Sweet Caroline
by Micqui Miller*

Published by Hard Shell Word Factory - March 2005
Copies available from Micqui Miller
at micquimiller@yahoo.com

And

The Caroline Spring Mystery Series
Coming Soon

Secret Recipes of the
Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol[®]
Volume II

2006 Winter Holidays
Authors Special Edition

Secret Recipes of the *Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*[®]
is intended to be used for promotional purposes
only and must not be sold or used in any other way.

Compiled by Micqui Miller
www.micquimiller.com

Copyright © 2006
By Micqui Miller
All rights reserved.

Winter 2006

Where did summer go? And how did autumn slide in when we weren't looking? The signs are everywhere -- bright red maple trees, snow falling in Buffalo in October, the hockey and basketball seasons in full swing, and the echos of "Trick or Treat" only a fond memory. Now it's time to turn our attention to the winter holidays and the wonderful meals and desserts we'll be preparing for celebrations with family and friends.



The Inn's staff and I have devoted **Vol. II of The Secret Recipes of the *Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*** exclusively to winter holiday recipes. As a special treat, we invited published authors who had visited us in the past to contribute their favorite recipes along with excerpts from their current releases. Fourteen very talented published authors did just that. Now you'll not only discover recipes for great-tasting dishes you'll enjoy year 'round, but you'll also meet the authors and enjoy their work while preparing those tasty entrees and desserts.

A second plus, with gift-giving on everyone's mind at this time of year, we've also included ordering information. All books ordered will be personally autographed, or the authors will provide autographed bookplates that can be secured to the inside covers. Once you purchase a copy, simply e-mail the author with the name of the person to whom you wish the book signed. Contact information is included on the author pages. It's just that easy.

Additionally, in the last month or two, we've collected some fine holiday recipes we were unable to include in the cookbook. We'll be posting them to the Calla Lily Inn's website, www.callalilyinn.com. Stop by and please feel free to copy any of the recipes to enjoy at home.

We welcome your questions and comments. You can reach me at callalilyinn@yahoo.com. Or by visiting the Inn's website and leaving a message in the guestbook at www.callalilyinn.com, or at my website, www.micquimiller.com.

Happy holidays!

Micqui Miller

Table of Contents

About the Authors Special Edition	3
Table of Contents	4-5

Recipes and Excerpts

Oatmeal Chocolate Chip Muffins <i>Time in a Bottle by Karen Anzalone</i>	6-8
---	-----

Pickeled Herring Hot Crab Spread <i>Friends of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	9
---	---

Carolina Crab Cakes Orange Blossom Cheesecake <i>Guardian Angel by Marilyn Byerly</i>	10-12
---	-------

Egg Nog Bread Pumpkin Squares <i>Dolores Sullivan, Author</i> <i>The Mooney Files: Tales of a Catvocate</i>	13
--	----

Low-fat Lemon Pie <i>Beverly Hills Voodoo by Louise Crawford, writing as L. F. Crawford</i>	14-16
--	-------

African Vegetarian Stew Chicken Soup with Hanukkah Noodles <i>Friends of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	17
---	----

Easy Peanut Butter Peanut Clusters <i>Lokelani Nights by Sharon K. Garner</i>	18-20
--	-------

New Year's Day Black-eyed Peas Spring Family's Favorite Cornbread <i>Friends of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	21
--	----

Candy Cane Cookies <i>The Perfect Guy by Ann Herrick</i>	22-24
---	-------

Benne Cakes Spicy Peanuts <i>A Friend of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	25
---	----

Mable's Molasses Cookies <i>Death Mask of the Jaguar by Murdoch Hughes</i>	26-28
---	-------

Christmas Salad Cranberry Salad Egg Nog Salad <i>Friends of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	29
---	----

Lynn's Divinity <i>More Than Love by Lynn LaFleur</i>	30-32
--	-------

Table of Contents

Recipes and Excerpts

(Continued)

Elizabeth's Favorite Chicken Michael's Sherryaki Chicken <i>Elizabeth Pomada and Michael Larsen</i> <i>Larsen-Pomada Literary Agency/San Francisco, CA</i>	33
Holiday City Chicken <i>Morning Star by Micqui Miller</i>	34-36
Taffy Apple Salad Cheddar Corn Casserole <i>A Friend of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	37
Texas-Style Stuffed Jalapenos <i>Anna's Secret and Betraying Mikki by Jude Atkins</i>	38-39
Traditional Turkey Dressing Bill's Day After Thanksgiving, Shop 'Til You Drop Scrambled Eggs <i>Friends of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	40
Merle Sandler's Beef Brisket and Potato Latke <i>The Right Mr. Wrong by Karen Sandler</i>	41-43
Irish Stew with Lamb and Guinness <i>A Friend of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	44
Holiday Pumpkin Bars Festive Sweet Potatoes in Orange Shells <i>Finding Mr. Romantic/Love In A Small Town by Betty Jo Schuler</i> <i>Gracie's Holiday Hero by Betty Jo Schuler</i>	45-49
Chicken Cacciatore New York Style Cheese Cake <i>A Friend of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	50
Gingerbread Scones <i>Way to a Rancher's Heart by Connie Vines</i>	51-52
Spaghetti Carbonara with Sundried Tomatoes Canadian Lobster Stew with a Hint of California <i>Friends of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol</i>	53
Black Walnut Fried Fish (Circa 1824) <i>Autumn in Cranky Otter by C. J. Winters</i>	54-56
Peanut Chicken <i>The Dead Sea Codex by Sarah Wisseman</i>	57-59



A recipe from author
Karen Anzalone

Oatmeal Chocolate Chip Muffins

Karen Anzalone, Childrens Author

Time in a Bottle from Hard Shell Word Factory

- 1 cup oatmeal
- 1 cup milk
- 1 cup all-purpose flour
- 1/3 cup brown sugar
- 1 Tablespoon baking powder
- 1/2 teaspoon salt
- 1 egg
- 1/4 cup oil
- 3/4 cup chocolate chips

Preheat oven to 400°F. Grease a 12-cup muffin pan.

Mix oatmeal with milk in microwave-safe dish. Heat in microwave for about 1 minute on high until oatmeal mixture is lukewarm.

Mix together flour, brown sugar, baking powder and salt in small bowl. In medium size mixing bowl, beat egg with oil until well blended.

Add oatmeal mixture and stir until blended. Add flour mixture all at once and mix until just blended. Add chocolate chips and stir until incorporated.

Divide the batter evenly amongst the muffin cups (they should be about 2/3 full). Bake until lightly browned, about 15 minutes. Makes 12 muffins.



TIME IN A BOTTLE By Karen Anzalone

Published by Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN 0-7599-3840-7 - Trade Paperback

Available at
www.hardshell.com

About *Time in a Bottle* ...

It had to be the worst day of seventh grader Kevin Larson's life. First his little brother breaks his favorite blue bottle, then the school bully entertains himself by stomping on Kevin's hand. When the bully gleefully tells the teacher Kevin hasn't even started the history report due the next day, Kevin knows he's doomed. Even with the help of his buddies, Naomi, Michael and Tasha, he hasn't got a prayer of writing the ten-page report overnight.

But when his friends gather with him in his room to help him write, fate has one more trick to play on Kevin. A visit to a strange Web site and the antics of Kevin's cat, Snowflake, launch the four seventh-graders on a remarkable adventure more than a century into the past. Trapped in the wrong time, sheltered by a young girl named Sarah, Kevin and his friends struggle to devise a way to return to the future. But when Kevin discovers Sarah's dark secret, he has a new mission—save Sarah from her abusive stepfather, even if it means being trapped forever in the past.

Excerpt from

TIME IN A BOTTLE

A BLACK WIND screamed in my ears as I rolled and tumbled through nothingness. I thought my eyes were open, but I couldn't see. I heard the wind filling my head, whirling around in my brain, chilling my arms and legs.

Then, with a jolt and a blast of brilliant blue, I landed; my body jarred against something cold and hard. I raised my head, gritting my teeth against dizziness. Then another sound exploded inside my head—the shriek of a terrified horse. And just above me, its hoofs pawing the air an arm's length from my head, the horse reared in panic.

I scrambled clear, just before the hoofs struck the spot where I'd been a moment before. I looked around me wildly for Naomi. I caught a glimpse of Michael and Tasha rolling clear of the wheels of the wagon the horse pulled. But Naomi—where was she?

I saw her dash from the back of the wagon. Relief shot through me.

The driver of the wagon gripped the reins, struggling to control his horse. "You dern young'uns, stay outta the way!"

I wanted to apologize, but I felt as if the words had been knocked out of me. The four of us crowded together, Naomi beside me. Mutely, we watched the cursing driver. The man cracked his whip and the horse thundered off down the frozen mud of the street.

I stared at the ground. A mud street? I looked up and gaped at the squatty wooden structures lining the road. Turning, my gaze fell on the rough boards of a wooden sidewalk beside us.

Naomi clutched at my arm. "Kevin, where are we?"

Fear bubbled up my spine, stuck in my throat. I squinted up at the sun hovering above the row of buildings in the pale blue afternoon sky.

I put my hand over Naomi's, pulling her closer. "I don't know."

Tasha and Michael squeezed into a tight knot with us, like football players before a big play. Michael's eyes were wide with excitement. "Looks like an Old West town."

Tasha poked her head out of the huddle, then back in. "Everyone's dressed in old-timey clothes."

I risked a peek myself. Nearby, a grizzled old man in worn dusty pants and greasy suspenders slouched against a building. A woman hurried by, her ankle-length skirt flaring around her. A bony-faced man in tall black top hat and black suit stepped off the sidewalk behind me, then dashed across the street.

Desperate to make sense of the craziness around me, I scanned the storefronts for a clue. My exploration lurched to a halt at the sign displayed just overhead.

"Look!" I read the sign aloud. "'Bodie Baths and Barber Shop.'"

Michael grinned, shaking dark hair from his eyes. "We're in Bodie!" He turned to wave to a woman passing by. "*We're in Bodie!*"

~*~

Meet KAREN ANZALONE

Karen Anzalone first caught the writing bug at age 9 when, as a horse-crazy fourth grader, she wrote a poem about a pony named Tony. Many years of hard work later, she sold her first book (and she got that pony, although his name is Ben). She enjoys writing novels, short stories and movie screenplays. *Time in a Bottle* is her first children's book.



Recipes from friends of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Pickled Herring

*Miriam McKey**

"Another Hanukkah favorite," Miriam says.

3 mild herrings
1 large spanish onion sliced
1 teaspoon mixed pickling spices
1 lemon sliced or 2-1/2 Tablespoons
lemon juice
2 bay leaves
10 peppercorns or scant 1 tsp. cracked
pepper
1 cup water
1/4 cup vinegar
1 Tablespoon brown sugar

Wash herrings, removing head, tail and fins. Soak in cold water to cover for several hours.

Combine spices, lemon, bay leaves, peppercorns with water, vinegar and brown sugar. Bring to boil, set aside to cool.

Slice fish into 1 inch slices. Place in sterilized pickling jar. Add sliced onions and cooled liquid to jar and cover. Shake to mix contents.

Hot Crab Spread

*Caroline Spring**

"This is another of Mick's all-time favorites," Caroline says. "I make it every year to snack on while we trim the Christmas tree."

One 8-oz. package cream cheese,
softened
One 7-oz. can crab, drained, cartilage
removed
1-1/2 Tablespoons dry sherry
1 Tablespoon lemon juice
Dash cayenne pepper or Tabasco sauce
1/3 cup slivered almonds
Assorted crackers

Heat oven to 350°F. In a medium bowl, combine cream cheese, crab, sherry, lemon juice, and cayenne pepper or Tabasco sauce. Mix to blend well.

Spoon crab mixture into a small shallow baking dish; sprinkle almonds evenly over top.

Bake for 15 to 20 minutes, until hot and bubbly. Serve with assorted crackers. Makes about 1-1/2 to 2 cups.

* *Sweet Caroline and
"A" Is For Avatar from the Caroline
Spring Mystery Series*



Recipes from author

Marilynn Byerly

Carolina Crab Cakes

Marilynn Byerly, Author, Romantic Suspense/Guardian Angel from Wings ePress, Inc.

1 pound fresh crabmeat
20 low-salt saltines, crushed fine
Crushed red pepper flakes to taste
1-1/2 Tablespoons Old Bay Seasoning
2 Tablespoons dried parsley, crushed
1/2 cup mayonnaise
1 Tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 large egg
3 shakes Tabasco
1 teaspoon dry mustard or 1
tablespoon prepared Dijon mustard
Vegetable oil for frying

In a large bowl, combine crab, crackers, red pepper, Old Bay, and parsley. In separate bowl, mix mayonnaise, Worcestershire, egg, Tabasco, and mustard. Combine with crab mixture to form into patties, using about 3 tablespoons for each. In large skillet, heat enough oil to cover patties at least halfway up. When oil is sizzling, add patties and fry 3 minutes on each side, or until golden brown. Drain.

Serves 4.

Orange Blossom Cheesecake

Marilynn Byerly, Author, Romantic Suspense/Guardian Angel from Wings ePress, Inc.

"Fresh orange peel changes color so I prefer dried peel for the garnish," Marilyn says. "I've successfully used low-fat cream cheese in the recipe, but I've never tried the no-fat variety."

1-1/2 cups graham cracker crumbs
1/2 cup (1 stick) melted butter, cooled
3 Tablespoons sugar
1/2 teaspoon grated or dried orange peel
Three 8-oz packages (1-1/2 pounds) cream
cheese at room temperature
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
1/2 cup (1 stick) melted butter, cooled
1/2 teaspoon orange extract
Dried orange peel (garnish)

Combine graham cracker crumbs, butter, orange peel and sugar. Press crumbs evenly onto bottom and about 3/4 in up sides of 9-inch springform pan. Refrigerate.

Preheat oven to 450°F. Beat together cream cheese and sugar until light and fluffy. Add eggs one at a time, beating after each addition. Blend in butter and orange extract. Turn mixture into springform pan. Bake for 15 minutes then check. It should be browning on top, firm, and beginning to crack slightly. Often, more than 15 minutes are needed to cook this cheesecake.

If using dried orange peel, sprinkle it on now. If using fresh orange zest (grated peel), wait until cool then garnish. Refrigerate. Yield: 10-12 servings



Guardian Angel By Marilyn Byerly

Published by Wings Press, Inc.

Electronic Download

ISBN 1-59705-119-5

Trade Paperback

ISBN 1-59088-889-4

www.wings-press.com

Marilynn's Website:

www.marilynnbyerly.com

About *Guardian Angel* ...

For a large fee, ex-FBI agent Gabriel "Gard" Gardner agrees to protect defense lawyer Lauton O'Brien's daughter from an unnamed, dangerous criminal client.

Desta proves to be everything Gard wants in a woman, but he can't ignore the barriers between them — her father whom he despises, and her wealthy, high society background which he can never achieve.

Fleeing from violent kidnapping and murder attempts, Gard and Desta pursue their own fleeing quarry, Lauton, who holds the clues to the identity of their mysterious enemy.

No one, not even Gard's former partner, can be trusted, and someone is giving away their locations to their enemy as they travel from the North Carolina coast to the mountains, then back to Gard's home on Lake Norman.

Along the way, they find unlikely allies in Bubba the Swedish chef, a doctor who handles a pistol with the same ease as a scalpel, and a puppy named Barkley.

Excerpt from

GUARDIAN ANGEL

Gard circled the apartment and peeped through cracks in windows. "I don't see anyone, but they could be hiding. Stay behind me until we reach the beach."

Pulling out his gun, he jerked open the door, peeked out in both directions, then sidled outside, reconnoitering the hallway in both directions, then motioned her toward him.

She closed the door behind her and followed him into the stairwell. His body humming with a hunter's intensity as he listened, he paused, then crept down the steel steps.

She mimicked his quiet placement of feet, but hers thudded with each step. Stopping at the stairwell's door, he listened and concentrated again as if his senses were radar, then he stepped into the open. He jolted to a halt, grabbed her in his left arm, and melted into the tiny alcove of the caretaker's supply room.

Plastered against Gard's side, she couldn't see anyone, but she could hear men's leather-soled shoes where only tennis shoes and bare feet normally trod. They walked from the street parking lot toward them.

Her heart lurched with terror, and she pushed harder against Gard to take up less space. This alcove didn't really shield one person, let alone two.

His lips touched her forehead in a message of comfort and reassurance, then he seemed to forget her, his radar tuned to the approaching feet. Lifting his gun, he waited.

A man chuckled, the soft amused sound of a cat who'd trapped a mouse and was ready to kill. Her hackles rose as she recognized the cold essence of the ax-faced man.

Gard's pulse fluttered wildly in his throat, but he remained still. She was supernaturally aware of him, his woody cologne and sweat, the way their bodies meshed perfectly, her breasts against his chest. The distant ocean whispered and surged with Gard's pulse, the salt air tasted of his skin.

She prayed urgently, "Don't let us die."

Meet MARILYNN BYERLY

Marilynn Byerly is published in multiple genres and nonfiction with five novels in print as well as an anthology, short stories, and articles on writing and publishing. She writes romance, science fiction romance, science fiction adventure, mystery, suspense, and fantasy.

She has been named an outstanding achiever in romance by a major romance magazine, and an author to watch by another. Her novels have won a Sapphire Award, the National Reader's Choice Award, the Affaire de Coeur Award, and a Write Touch Award. Her website is marilynnbyerly.com



Eggnog Bread

Dolores Sullivan, Author
The Mooney File: Tales of a Catvocate

For bread:

3 cups all-purpose flour
½ cup sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon ground nutmeg
1 egg, beaten
1-¾ cups canned or dairy eggnog
½ cup cooking oil
½ cup chopped pecans
½ cup golden raisins

For drizzle:

½ cup sifted powdered sugar
2 to 3 teaspoons eggnog

In a large mixing bowl stir together the flour, sugar, baking powder, salt, and nutmeg. Combine the egg, eggnog and oil; add to the dry ingredients, stirring just until combined. Stir in the nuts and raisins. Turn into a greased 9" x 5" x 3" loaf pan. Bake in a 350°F oven for 60 to 70 minutes. Cover with foil after 50 minutes if bread is browning to quickly.

Cool in pan 10 minutes. Remove from pan and cool on a wire rack. Wrap bread; store overnight.

To serve, stir together powdered sugar and enough eggnog to make drizzling consistency. Drizzle over bread. Makes one loaf (16 servings). For richer flavor and easier slicing, make bread the day before serving.

Recipes from author *Dolores Sullivan*

Pumpkin Squares

Dolores Sullivan, Author
The Mooney File: Tales of a Catvocate

"The pumpkin squares fill the house with a holiday aroma while they're baking," Dolores says. "I've made these many times, and my guests have always enjoyed them."

Cream –

2 cups sugar
1 cup salad oil
4 eggs
2 cups pumpkin

Add –

2 cups flour
2 teaspoon baking powder
1 teaspoon baking soda
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon pumpkin pie spice
(*substitute ½ teaspoon
ginger and ¼ teaspoon cloves*)
Mix well, spread on a jelly roll pan
(around 10½" x 16").

Bake 20 minutes at 350°F. (Adjust for pan size.) Cool before frosting.

Frosting –

Cream 3 oz. softened cream cheese
Add ¾ stick softened margarine
Add 1 teaspoon vanilla
Add 2 cups powdered sugar

Store in refrigerator. May be frozen.



A recipe from author
Louise Crawford

Low-fat Lemon Pie

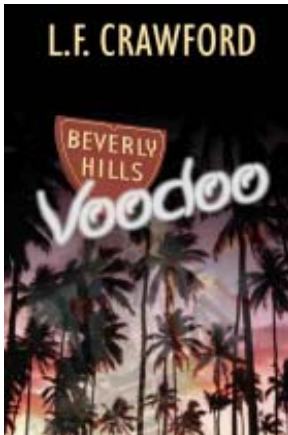
*Louise Crawford, Author, Writing as L. F. Crawford
Beverly Hills Voodoo from Hard Shell Word Factory*

Louise says, "For even less calories, pour pie filling into bowls and refrigerate. It's a great treat."

- 1 low-fat graham pie crust
- 1 package lemon gelatin
- 1/4 cup boiling water
- 2 cups lemon fat-free yogurt
- 1 container of fat-free whipped topping

Mix lemon gelatin with hot water. Mix in yogurt, slowly so the gelatin doesn't get lumpy, then mix in whipped topping.

Pour into pie crust and refrigerate for 3-4 hours.



Beverly Hills Voodoo

By Louise Crawford
Writing As L. F. Crawford

Published by Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN 0-7599-3956-X
Paperback or Download
Available from
www.hardshell.com

About *Beverly Hills Voodoo* ...

Beverly Hills detective Art Murry has seen it all - or so he thinks. Then he's handed the grisly decapitation of Julia Garoute - his big ticket to regaining his reputation as a hot shot homicide detective. But can he and his rookie partner, Billy "the Kid," solve the crime before another detective steals the case and the glory - specifically the cop who broke up Murry's marriage?

If a new partner and the threat of losing the case aren't enough, Julia's headless corpse leads Murry into the murky world of a secret voodoo society - one where potions, powders, and black magic make him question his sanity.

When the trail leads to Haiti, a 20-year-old murder, and motives of revenge, Murry must unravel what's real and what's not before his partner becomes another victim of the deadly sorcerer whose touch can kill.

Excerpt from

BEVERLY HILLS VOODOO

It was more memoir than diary because it appeared written in the space of a few days. Yet there was an urgency to the elegant cursive swirls on the first page, as though Julia had known she would soon be dead...

He stroked the book's cover, recalling Julia's smooth skin, the long, graceful curves of her body, the teasing lilt to her voice that so often tortured his dreams. A voice that whispered in his mind as he began to read.

I keep having the same dream. I'm ten-years-old again, wearing Lyselle's outgrown dress, the one with the pale pink flowers. I'm caught in the mob at the church, the soldiers firing, bullets whizzing past my ears, slamming into my body... and suddenly I'm an adult, a woman, and I'm losing the baby...

Maybe if I start at the beginning, write it all down, the dream will stop.

Papa and Mama mean to leave my sister and me with Uncle Etienne while they walk up Avenue John Paul II to the Church of the Sacred Heart. They are so happy. Papa has tears of joy in his eyes. They are going to attend mass, then, for the first time in thirty years, vote for a president. But Etienne is scared, says there may be trouble, says we should all stay home. Papa doesn't agree. The Duvaliers have fled. What is there to fear?

Lyselle and I want to stay with Papa and Mama. Perhaps we'll get a treat on the way home. We cry and cry until finally they agree to take us with them.

Our neighborhood in Port-au-Prince is quiet. Halfway to the church we hear angry shouts and gunfire: Tontons-Macoutes. I can see the flash of their coulines as they march up the cracked asphalt road. Mother shudders as she scoops me into her arms, her golden skin turning pale. Father grabs Lyselle's hand. Fifty pairs of boots thunder in my ears, or maybe it is the screams of victims as soldiers heft machine guns to their shoulders and open fire. I cling to Mama as she and Papa run toward the church. Once, I glance behind. A man falls to the sidewalk, shot in the back, his three children staring at the blood.

We flee into the cream-colored sanctuary, up the crowded aisle toward the altar, then into an empty space between pews. I press close to Mama, wishing she'd pick me up again. How can every detail be so clear after seventeen years?

Soldiers storm in after us, howling profanities that still ring through my dreams, hacking indiscriminately with their machetes. Mama and Papa shove us down, covering us with their bodies. Mama's sweat soaks into my back. I hear the screams, the boots. Closer. Closer. Mama stiffens and her arms tighten painfully around my chest. I feel warmth. Only later do I realize it's her blood. My heart pounds, loud as the gunfire outside. I am too terrified to move. The boots pass and I hear screams from the altar. I wiggle, wanting to be free, to breathe. Mama is so heavy. So heavy.

I scramble out from under her, peep up over the pew. The Macoute leader hacks at a woman's neck and her head falls on the wooden bench with a hollow thud. Angry lines gouge the killer's young face, corded veins along the side of his neck, his red kerchief dropping from across his mouth. A jagged scar, like a bolt of lightning, runs alongside his right eye. His clothes are blood-spattered. Blood runs down his arm, drips from his fingers. I want to run, but my feet won't budge. Warmth spills down my legs; I've wet myself. Mama will be so mad.

A tug on my arm brings a scream to my throat. Now, sometimes when I wake up, the scream is still there, trying to come out.

~*~

Meet LOUISE CRAWFORD

Louise Crawford holds an M.A. in Psychology with an emphasis in addiction and recovery. She's the award-winning author of 14 novels, including her Blaize/Zoloski series, *Blaize of Glory*, *Hat Trick*, *12 Jagged Steps*, and *Blaize of Trouble* featuring 12-step counselor and food addict Blaize McCue. *Hat Trick* won the Eppie for Best Mystery, and was nominated for the Romantic Times Reviewer's Choice award. *12 Jagged Steps* was a Top Pick and Reviewer's Choice award nominee. *Beverly Hills Voodoo*, the first book in her Murry/Kidman paranormal suspense series was also nominated for the Romantic Times Reviewer's Choice award, and the second book *Fortune Cookie Karma* was recently released from Five Star. She's currently at work on her latest Blaize/Zoloski novel, *Undercover Blaize*, the third Murry/Kidman novel *Bad Moon Rising*, and a new series *Blue Delta Lies*.



Recipes from friends of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

African Vegetarian Stew

*LaShanda Oakes**

According to LaShanda, "This is a quick and easy winter dish that's low in fat and calories yet high in nutrition and taste."

- 4 small kohlrabies, peeled and cut into chunks
- 1/2 cup couscous or bulgar wheat
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1/4 cup raisins, dark or golden
- 2 sweet potatoes, peeled and cut into chunks
- 1 teaspoon ground coriander
- 1/2 teaspoon ground turmeric
- 2 zucchini, sliced thick
- 1/2 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 5 tomatoes, fresh or 16-oz. canned tomatoes
- 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1/4 teaspoon ground cumin
- 15-oz. can garbanzo beans
- 3 cups water

Combine all the ingredients in a large saucepan. Bring to a boil, lower the heat, and simmer until the vegetables are tender, about 30 minutes.

Note: Serve the couscous separately, if desired. Parsnips may be substituted for the kohlrabi.

Yield: 8 servings

* "A" is for *Avatar/Caroline Spring*
Mystery Series

Chicken Soup with Hanukkah Noodles

*Miriam McKey**

"When my daughters were small," Miriam says. "They used to delight in helping me make this very simple yet delicious soup."

Boil half a package of lasagna noodles until they are al dente. Press out dreidel, menorah, etc. shapes with Hanukkah cookie cutters (or if you're skilled and have a lot of free time, cut them out with a sharp knife). Lay out festive shapes on wax paper.

Combine two pieces of chicken with fresh carrots, onion, soup greens, basil, turnip, leek, parsnip etc. in a large pot of boiling water and simmer for at least two hours. A good cheat that really increases flavor is to add a bouillon cube and tablespoon of sugar.

Right at serving, float the noodles in each individual bowl of soup. *Voila!...Hanukkah Soup.*



A recipe from author
Sharon K. Garner

Easy Peanut Butter Peanut Clusters

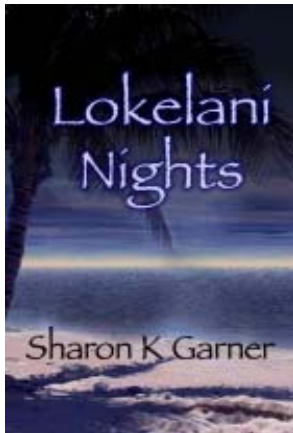
*Sharon K. Garner, Author, Romantic Suspense
Lokelani Nights from Hard Shell Word Factory*

- 1 package (6-oz.) dark or milk
chocolate chips
- 1 package (12-oz.) peanut butter
chips
- 12 ounces lightly salted, dry roasted
peanuts
- 1/2 teaspoon rum flavoring

Combine both chips in a 2-quart dish. Microwave at 80% for 3-4 minutes or until melted. Stir halfway through.

Stir in flavoring and peanuts.

Drop by teaspoonfuls onto waxed paper. Cool thoroughly. Store in an airtight container.



Lokelani Nights By Sharon K. Garner

Published by Hard Shell Word Factory

ISBN #0-7599-4234-X Paperback

Available from

www.hardshell.com

Sharon's Website:

www.sharonkgarner.com

About *Lokelani Nights* ...

Nobody told her Hawaii would be like this! Newcomer Casey Ward hesitates before accepting an unusual temp assignment, to play half of a reconciling couple with her boss's nephew. Her temporary Significant Other is a handsome cop on the emotional and physical injured lists – and Casey came to Hawaii to heal after her LAPD ex-fiancé's infidelity and assault. But it's heads up when Kit Kahana's sky-blue eyes, mega dimples, and private detecting kick-start Casey's zest for life.

Kit's mission, once he gets Casey in restraint mode, is to unmask a prankster among the guests and staff at a macadamia nut farm/cattle ranch on Lokelani, a private island off Kauai. Superstition and mystery involving Puhī, a restless shark god, surround the pranks.

Kit and Casey watch together through some long Lokelani nights to expose those who would desecrate the tiny paradise. And on its lovely shores, they find a powerful, healing love.

Excerpt from

LOKELANI NIGHTS

A handsome Hawaiian cop on the injured list, a private paradise threatened by a malicious prankster, a restless shark god who makes regular appearances – nobody told her Hawaii would be like this!

They were halfway to the small door when they heard it. She jumped and felt Kit freeze beside her in the thick blackness that pushed against the small beam of his light.

She had heard chanting for the first time in The Shell in Kapiolani Park in Honolulu. A Malama-sized woman knelt on a woven mat. She slapped a hollow gourd with her hand then thumped the gourd on the mat to create a primitive rhythm. She chanted lovely Hawaiian words to that beat in a voice that changed by only a few notes. It was nice.

This chanting wasn't nice. This was a man's voice, low and echoing, that came from everywhere and nowhere. Each hair on her neck, arms, body, and scalp stood straight up on its root.

Kit moved first, jerking the light around to where he thought the sound was coming from, but the acoustics in the hangar fooled the ear. The beam wasn't too steady and it got worse as he swung it around in a wide arc. It finally settled, steady as his Aunt Patty, on a walking arrangement of teeth. Casey heard herself say a word that was sadly out of character for a personal assistant from Kahana Temps, and it came out sounding like someone was strangling her.

Puhi had a Hawaiian man's brown-skinned, hairless, well-muscled body that glistened in the light. Circlets of green *maile* leaves wound around its wrists and ankles. It wore a gray *malo* cloth, like baggy underpants. Those were the good parts.

Where its head should have been was a horrible mask that bristled with large black shark teeth, as big as the one she'd found on the *pali*. The shiny dark eyes above fixed them with an icy cold stare. Around its neck, if it had one, was a necklace of smaller shark teeth with blood-red stones threaded between them. From somewhere behind all those teeth, it chanted. Then it took a step toward them.

~*~

Meet SHARON K. GARNER

Sharon K. Garner writes novels and short stories to capture the snappy comebacks that get away from her in real life (although she manages to zing out quite a few of the little suckers – but who's counting). If those written comebacks can be said in warm, exotic settings then this Pennsylvania author is doubly pleased.



Recipes from friends of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

New Year's Day Black-eyed Peas

*Adina Spring**

"Black-eyed peas and cornbread," Caroline says. "My mom always said, 'Eat them as a side dish or as a snack while you're watching bowl games on New Year's Day. They're a sure guarantee of good throughout the year!'"

- One 16-oz. package of dried black-eyed-peas
- 3 cups of water
- 1 14-oz. can chicken broth
- 1 package dry Italian salad dressing mix
- 2 Tablespoon of ground red pepper
- 3 to 4 Tablespoons of canola or olive oil

Soak peas in 6 to 8 cups of water for 1 to 2 hours. Drain, rinse and sort them. Place peas in a large saucepan with the 3 cups water, brother, dressing mix, red pepper and oil. Bring to a boil and reduce heat. Simmer covered with lid tilted for 1 to 2 hours or until peas are tender. If needed, add more water or brother.

Serve over rice. Serves 12.

** Sweet Caroline and*

"A" Is For Avatar from the Caroline Spring Mystery Series

Spring Family's Favorite Cornbread

*Caroline Spring**

Caroline says, "The Spring family—and now the Mahoneys—would never dream of starting a new year without this Texas tradition. Enjoy!"

- 1-1/2 cups yellow cornmeal
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1 1/2 cups buttermilk
- 1 large egg, lightly beaten
- 2 Tablespoons melted butter or bacon drippings
- 1/4 cup chopped chile peppers, mild or hot, or use chopped and drained canned or pickled jalapeno chile peppers to taste
- 1 cup cream-style corn
- 1 cup shredded sharp Cheddar cheese

Preheat the oven to 425° or 400° for a glass baking dish. In mixing bowl, combine cornmeal, salt, and baking soda. Add buttermilk and egg; beat until batter is smooth. Place butter in 8-inch square pan or baking dish and heat in preheated oven.

Pour half of the batter into the hot pan. Spoon cream-style corn evenly over batter, scatter chile peppers over corn layer, and sprinkle with the shredded cheese. Top with remaining batter. Bake cornbread until golden brown, about 20 to 25 minutes. Serve hot. Serves 6 to 8.



A recipe from author
Ann Herrick

Candy Cane Cookies

Ann Herrick, Author

The Perfect Guy from Hard Shell Word Factory

"I used to help my grandmother when she made several different kinds of cookies and candies, especially at Christmas," Ann says. "The Candy Cane Cookies were one of my favorites, and I've continued the tradition of baking these cookies every year."

Mix together thoroughly:

1 cup butter or margarine
1 cup confectioner's sugar
1 egg
2 teaspoons vanilla

Sift together:

2-1/2 cups flour
1 teaspoon salt

Blend mixed and sifted ingredients, divide dough in half. Blend into one half, a half teaspoon of red food coloring.

Roll 1 teaspoon each of red dough and plain dough into a strip about 4" long. Place strips side by side, press lightly together and twist like ropes. Place on ungreased cookie sheet. Curve top down to form handle of cane. Sprinkle with a mixture of 1/2 cup crushed peppermint candy and 1/4 cup sugar. Bake at 350°F until lightly browned, about 9 minutes.



The Perfect Guy By Ann Herrick

Published by
Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN 0-7599-3522-X

Paperback or Download
www.hardshell.com

Ann's website
www.ann.herrick.home.att.net

About *The Perfect Guy* ...

When Rebecca's mother marries Pres's father, Rebecca is sure that living in the same house with the guy of her dreams will turn her new step-brother into her new love. Even though her best friend, Celeste, warns her to face reality, Rebecca doesn't listen. She thinks Pres is the perfect guy for her!

But Celeste's brother, Josh, has been friends with Pres for years, and Celeste thinks she knows what she's talking about.

Rebecca's not so sure about her relationship with her new step-father. She knows he can't replace her real dad, but she thinks she can get through to him by helping him with the school play.

But things don't go as planned, and as friendships start to change, Rebecca faces surprising truths about herself and her friends. Will she find happiness in her new family and find The Perfect Guy?

Excerpt from

THE PERFECT GUY

"I'm getting nervous about the wedding," I said, twirling a lock of hair around my finger. I sat on the floor surrounded by boxes half-filled with the contents of my room. My trusty laptop sat in its carrying case. "I still can't believe that after tomorrow I'll actually be living in the same house with Prescott Nelsen."

"Yeah." Celeste's blue eyes grew dreamy. She hugged my favorite stuffed animal, Arf, a battered but beloved beagle, and pretended to swoon. "Oh, Rebecca, just imagine Pres seeing you in your ratty chenille robe and fuzzy slippers, your uncombed hair spilling across your shoulders."

"Celeste!" I threw my pillow at her. "I did buy a beautiful new robe, you know. Not to mention a nice pair of satiny slippers."

"A black negligee?" Celeste wriggled her eyebrows.

"Don't be silly." I went to my closet and took out a long, pink quilted robe. "See? Pretty, but modest. I'll be properly covered from my throat to my ankles."

"Nice." Celeste put her hand over her mouth to stifle a fake yawn. "I think Pres would have preferred the black negligee."

"You're hopeless." I hung up the robe and pulled out the petticoat I would wear under my gown at the wedding. I held it up to my waist and swirled around the bedroom.

Celeste flopped down on my bed, sprawling her arms and legs across it. "I wish I could have been a bridesmaid, instead of just a guest," she said wistfully. "But then, lavender isn't really my color." "Are you kidding?" I sat on the edge of the bed. "Lavender would look great with your black hair and blue eyes. But my mother felt that one attendant was enough. She just wants a small ceremony."

"Well, it is her wedding." Celeste laughed. "At least it was until the women from the Historical Society took over."

"They insisted..." They're so sweet," I said. "It's like having twenty grandmothers."

"Speaking of grandmothers, won't yours be lonely once you and your mom aren't living next door to her anymore?"

"I doubt it, since we're only moving a couple blocks away – I'll still be within easy walking distance of you." I reached over and tickled Celeste, as much to keep from getting teary as from the temptation that Celeste presented in her vulnerable position.

"You rat!" Celeste shrieked. She rolled off the bed and crouched on the floor.

"For a sophomore in high school who's about to be a maid of honor, you can be awfully immature at times. Better not try that with Pres."

Though I felt myself blush at the mere thought of tickling Pres, I retorted, "Why not? Because he's two whole years older than I am, and a senior to boot?"

"No. Because I have an older brother and I know how older brothers feel about being tickled by their sisters. They can't stand it."

"I don't think of Pres as a brother, but I don't have to tell you that..."

~*~

Meet ANN HERRICK

Ann Herrick grew up in Connecticut, where she graduated from The Morgan School and Quinnipiac University. Her books have received the ALA Recommended Book for Reluctant Readers Award, the IRA/CBC Children's Choice award and EPPIE Young Adult Finalist Award.

Ms. Herrick also has had many short stories published in magazines such as Listen, Teen, The Single Parent, Children's Digest and The Friend, as well as over 100 humorous greeting card ideas sold to companies such as Gibson, Hallmark and Oatmeal Studios, two fillers with her taglines to The New Yorker and a writing tip in Writer's Digest. She loves to hear from her readers and can be reached through her web site at <http://ann.herrick.home.att.net>



Recipes from a friend of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Benne Cakes

LaShana Oakes*

"Benne cakes are a food from West Africa," LaShanda says. "Benne means sesame seeds. The sesame seeds are eaten for good luck. This treat is still eaten in some parts of the American South."

1 cup finely packed brown sugar
1/4 cup butter or margarine, softened
1 egg, beaten
1/2 teaspoon vanilla extract
1/2 cup all-purpose flour
1/2 teaspoon baking powder
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 cup toasted sesame seeds

Preheat the oven to 325°F. Lightly oil a cookie sheet. Mix together the brown sugar and butter, and beat until they are creamy. Stir in the egg, vanilla extract, and lemon juice. Add flour, baking powder, salt, and sesame seeds. Drop by rounded teaspoons onto the cookie sheet 2 inches apart.

Bake for 15 minutes or until the edges are browned.

Spicy Peanuts

LaShanda Oakes*

"Spicy peanuts are very popular in India," LaShanda says. "Very spicy, this snack draws the flavor from garam masala and amchoor powder. Adjust the amount of pepper powder according to your liking."

2 cups of peanuts
1 teaspoon of salt
1/4 teaspoon of red pepper
1/4 teaspoon of black pepper
1 Tablespoon of Garam Masala Powder
1 teaspoon of Amchoor (green mango powder)
3 Tablespoons of cooking oil

Heat oil in a frying pan. When hot, add the salt and black pepper. Immediately add the peanuts. Cook on medium heat stirring constantly for 3-4 minutes. Add the rest of spices. Stir to coat well. Remove from heat and allow to cool for 20 minutes. Store in airtight containers.

Suggestion - Add a cup of store bought potato straws (sticks) to make a yummy snack. In an airtight container it should keep well for about a month.

* "A" Is for Avatar from the
Caroline Spring Mystery Series



A recipe from author *Murdoch Hughes*

Mable's Molasses Cookies

Murdoch Hughes, Mystery/Suspense Author

Death Mask of the Jaguar from Hard Shell Word Factory

"This Mable's Molasses Cookies recipe was given to me by Mable Brickner, who lived on the neighboring dairy farm in Michigan, where I grew up," Murdoch says. "She was the classic family farm housewife that began to disappear by the end of the 1950's. She wore housedresses and an apron, and stood with her hands on her hips while talking and laughing. The best word to describe her is homemade, and she was an excellent cook.

"I could smell Mable's molasses cookies baking from our farm an eighth of a mile down E. Pleasant Valley Road. Following my nose I'd show up at her screen door doing my best imitation of a starving waif. She'd laugh and invite me in for molasses cookies straight out of the oven. My favorite part was the homemade jam in the center, and I'd eat all around the edge, saving the center for last.

"Mable Brickner died a couple of years ago at the age of ninety-eight. She was one of the finest women I've ever known, with a homespun intellect that always went straight to the heart of matters. I never heard her say a thing that wasn't truth in every sense. They threw away the cookie cutter that made Mable, along with the family farms, and you don't find many like her anymore. The funny thing is, she was unique and at the same time a classic pioneer pattern, like the housedresses she made and wore.

"Mable told me that the recipe she gave me for molasses cookies was handed down from her grandmother, so it is well over a hundred years old. For me, they will never be as good as the ones Mable made when I was a boy, but that may be because I miss Mable, her stories and her laughter, as much as her hot molasses cookies."

1 cup shortening	2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 cup brown sugar	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup white sugar	5-1/2 to 6 cups flour
1 cup molasses	2 teaspoons ginger
1 cup sour milk (<i>can sour with 1 teaspoon vinegar</i>)	1/2 teaspoon cloves
1 teaspoon salt	4 teaspoons baking powder

Mix all ingredients. Roll out on a floured surface. Cut with a large cookie cutter (a section of five inch stovepipe works well). Sprinkle with sugar. Add dab of jam to center. Bake at 350°F for about ten minutes.



Death Mask of the Jaguar

A Rick Sage Mystery
By Murdoch Hughes

Published by
Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN 0-7599-4738-4
Trade Paperback or Download
www.hardshell.com
Murdoch's Website:
www.murderinlapaz.com

About *Death Mask of the Jaguar* ...

Harley-riding PI, Rick Sage, follows his heart into darkness once again when he meets up with ten-year-old Pedro, a Mexican-American kid lost on the streets of Tijuana. Pedro hires Rick, with the two dollars and thirty-five cents he has left in his pocket, to find the gang of antiquities thieves who murdered his parents.

Shadowed by a jaguar spirit Rick begins to believe is real, his promise to help the boy takes them on a trail leading from Tijuana to the Copper Canyon, then on to Mexico's Mayan ruins at Palenque, and down a jungle border river into Guatemala. Along the way, Rick and Pedro join up with a beautiful but mysterious redheaded nun, and a magical, fleet-footed Tarahumara shaman.

Haunted by his own tragic childhood, Rick is determined to fulfill his promise to Pedro to find the murderers and recover the Jade Death Mask of the Jaguar Cult, as they are drawn deeper and deeper into a dark plot lit only by the beacons of a jaguar's eyes.

Excerpt from

DEATH MASK OF THE JAGUAR

Okay Seledonio. As if he'd read my mind, the jaguar screamed again.

The whole orchestra immediately joined in. The chickens cackled nervously, the horses snorted and stomped, the dog barked into the dark like crazy, and the guard shuffled after the dog, holding the lantern and mumbling Mexican obscenities about goats and things.

His back was toward us now so I motioned for Sister Denise to get Pedro.

While she crept toward the chicken coop, I snuck around the end of the barn, picked up the two-by-four, and placed it in its brackets. So far so good.

Sister Denise was barely visible, but I could make her out, crouched at the bottom of the chicken coop ladder. I took out the cannon and silently joined the guard's shadow behind him.

"*Esta es una pistola,*" I whispered in his ear as I poked the gun into his cheek where he could see it. He jumped a foot and almost threw the lantern in the air, but I had my left hand on his collar and I stayed with him.

The jaguar screamed again, and I said, "*Calmate,*" as I took the rifle from him and dropped it to the ground. Then I told him to set the lantern down, and steered him toward the chicken coop, while the dog went on barking at the phantom jaguar.

Sister Denise had freed Pedro and they were waiting for us at the bottom of the ladder. I wasn't sure enough of my Spanish so I told Pedro to tell the guard to climb the ladder and crawl in with the chickens, and if he made any sound louder than them, I'd come up there and blast him into chicken strips.

He told him, adding a few words like *cabron* and *pendejo*, but the guard got the message and disappeared up the ladder and into the coop. Pedro scrambled up and locked the door behind him. Those chickens were not going to lay eggs for a few days.

"Are you all right?" I whispered to Pedro.

"I got chicken poop on me." He sounded real pissed off.

If that was the worst of his problems he wasn't hurt. Those guys better hope he didn't get hold of a gun, though. Pedro had become something of a conservative when it came to capital punishment. I couldn't blame him. It was a complicated question made simple by the murder of his parents. Throw a little chicken poop on top and you've got yourself a dangerous vigilante, even if he was only ten years old.

"C'mon," I whispered. "We've gotta get out of here."

Meet **MURDOCH HUGHES**

Murdoch Hughes and his wife Jan lived for over six years in La Paz, Mexico, writing and cruising their sailboat, *Hunter Star*, throughout the many uninhabited islands in the Sea of Cortez.



Recipes from friends of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Christmas Salad

*Caroline Spring**

"Most of the holiday salads feature fruits, creams and gelatins," Caroline says. "This salad adds balance to all the sweets."

- 1 head cauliflower
- 1 bunch celery
- 1 bunch broccoli
- 1 onion
- 1 green pepper
- 1 red pepper
- Several cherry tomatoes
- 1 pound fresh mushrooms (*optional*)
- 1 large jar Italian dressing

Cut vegetables to bite size except tomatoes, leave whole. Place in a large bowl. Add dressing and toss. Marinate overnight in refrigerator.

Cranberry Salad

*Hollis Gaudiere**

"My best friend Hollis is a trial lawyer," Caroline says. "She measures life in billable hours, so anything she cooks has to be quick and easy. This is one of her favorites."

- 1 can whole cranberry sauce
 - 1/2 cup golden raisins
 - 1 Golden or Red Delicious apple, diced
 - Ground ginger
 - Cinnamon
- Mix all ingredients. Add a dash of ground ginger and cinnamon. Chill and serve.

Eggnog Fruit Salad

*Vita DeLorenzo**

"I don't feel guilty eating this because it's supposed to be a salad," Vita says. "Yum-yum good!"

- 1 cup chilled eggnog
- 1 envelope dry whipped topping mix
- 1/4 teaspoon freshly grated nutmeg
- One 16-oz. can sliced peaches, drained
- One 13-oz. can pineapple tidbits, drained
- 1 medium unpared apple, chopped
- 1/4 cup maraschino cherries, drained and halved
- 1/2 cup fresh or frozen blueberries
- 1/2 cup walnuts, chopped

In a small bowl, combine eggnog, topping mix and nutmeg. Beat at high speed with electric mixer until soft peaks form (about 5 minutes).

Combine fruits and nuts. Fold into eggnog mixture. Cover and chill in refrigerator for several hours or overnight. Stir gently before serving.

Yields 6 to 8 servings.

* *Sweet Caroline and "A" Is For Avatar from the Caroline Spring Mystery Series*



A recipe from author
Lynn LaFleur

Lynn's Divinity

Lynn LaFleur, Romance Author
More Than Love from Cerridwen Press

2-1/2 cups sugar
1/2 cup hot water
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup light corn syrup
2 egg whites, stiffly-beaten
1 teaspoon vanilla
1 cup chopped nuts

Combine sugar, corn syrup, water and salt in medium pan. Cook to very hard ball stage.

Slowly pour syrup in thin stream over beaten egg whites, beating constantly with electric mixer. Beat until mixture holds shape (4 to 5 minutes). Stir in vanilla and nuts.

Drop by heaping tablespoon onto waxed paper. Makes about 1-1/2 dozen.



More Than Love By Lynn LaFleur

Published by
Cerridwen Press
ISBN 1-4199-0718-2

www.cerridwenpress.com

Lynn's Website
www.lynnlafleur.com

About More Than Love ...

Best friends in high school, Sandy Randolph and Michael Carlson pick up their friendship when they meet again nine years later. Friendship soon blossoms into love, although Sandy tries to fight her feelings. She knows a relationship with Mike is impossible. One of Mike's dreams is for a large family, and that is the one thing she cannot give him.

A short, disastrous marriage produced one good thing for Mike – his son. His ex-wife kidnapped Corey over a year ago. Despite help from the police and private investigators, no one has been able to find Corey. Mike decides to take over the search for his son, and wants Sandy by his side to help him.

As their feelings for each other deepen, Sandy know she has to admit the truth about her sterility. But if she does, will she lose the love of her life?

Excerpt from

MORE THAN LOVE

"I fell in love with a woman who only wanted my family's money. Leslie was graceful, beautiful, charming...everything I ever wanted in a wife. I sure as hell didn't think she married me for my money. After all, I was twenty-six when we met and knew everything about women. I could spot a phony a mile away. Or at least, I thought I could. She sure fooled me."

He cringed when he thought about what a fool he'd been. Sandy probably thought him a fool, too. But now that he'd started talking, he didn't want to stop. He wanted to tell her everything.

"We were married for almost two years when I finally realized I'd made a major mistake. The closets full of clothes, the fancy cars, the traveling...material things made her happy, not me. We fought almost every day about her constant spending and being overdrawn in her checking account, even though I'd just put money in it. I was generous to her, I swear I was, but it wasn't enough. No matter how much money I gave her, it still wasn't enough.

"I wanted my marriage to work. I was raised believing you got married for life. But after two years of being nothing but a walking checkbook, I couldn't take it anymore and asked for a divorce. I figured I could buy her off and she could move on to the next sucker. That's when she told me she was pregnant."

Mike took a breath and released it slowly. "We rarely made love. Anger has a way of destroying any sexual desire. But Leslie was a beautiful, sexy woman. She said she loved me and wanted our marriage to work. We went to a resort in the Caribbean for a month. We made love every day...sometimes more than once a day. Corey was born nine months later."

He turned and faced Sandy. "She didn't have an easy pregnancy. Her morning sickness lasted pretty much all day. I think she was more relieved when Corey was born than happy to be a mother. She soon discovered she wanted no part of changing his diapers, and breast feeding was out of the question. I hired a nanny, which gave Leslie the free time to shop.

"I loved taking care of my son while she wanted no part of it. She'd rather spend her days in the stores. When the Visa bill topped five thousand in one month, I'd had enough. I demanded a divorce and custody of Corey. Leslie agreed, as long as she received a large settlement. I was willing to give her what she wanted to get her out of my life."

"She didn't want custody of Corey?"

Mike shook his head. "She didn't even blink when I said I wanted custody. But the day she got her settlement, she disappeared with Corey. I haven't seen my son since he was four months old."

Seeing tears glisten in Sandy's eyes made his throat tighten. He had to swallow several times to control his emotions.

He lost them when she stood, walked over to him, and wrapped her arms around his neck.

~*~

Meet LYNN LA FLEUR

Lynn LaFleur's writing career has included winning several writing contests. She was a semi-finalist twice in the prestigious Golden Heart Contest of Romance Writers of America. She served on the board of the RWA Chapter in Sacramento, California, for four years, as secretary and activities director.

Lynn can't imagine ever writing anything except romances. "I love writing about a man and a woman falling in love. If you enjoy the story I tell enough to smile in places, shed a tear at times, or get a warm and fuzzy feeling, that is my greatest reward."

After living on the West Coast for 21 years, Lynn is back in Texas, 17 miles from her hometown. She works for her small-town newspaper during the day and writes books of romance at night.

You can reach Lynn at www.lynnlafleur.com



Recipes from Literary Agents

Larsen-Pomada

Elizabeth's Favorite Chicken

Elizabeth Pomada
Larsen-Pomada Literary Agency
San Francisco, CA

"At the end of a hectic day, there's no easier recipe," says Elizabeth. "And it always tastes fabulous."

Chicken cut in pieces
One or 2 onions sliced
Stalk of celery, sliced
Dijon mustard
Sour Cream or Yogurt
Salt, pepper and spices to taste

Cover pieces of chicken, along with sliced onions and perhaps some sliced celery, with a large portion of 1/2 Dijon mustard and 1/2 sour cream or yogurt.

Sprinkle pepper, spices such as tarragon or thyme. And slow cook either in the oven or in a big covered pan on top of the stove. This couldn't be easier and it always tastes fabulous.

Michael's Sherryaki Chicken

Michael Larsen
Larsen-Pomada Literary Agency
San Francisco, CA

"This is my favorite chicken dish," Michael says. "And couldn't be easier to prepare."

1 onion
Carrots
Potatoes
Teriyaki sauce
Sherry, sweet or dry
Salt, pepper and spices to taste

Put an onion and spices in the cavity of the chicken and place in roasting pan. Surround with cut carrots and potatoes (lightly oil the potato pieces first). Then baste with 1/2 teriyaki sauce and 1/2 sherry, dry or sweet. Sprinkle with pepper and herbs. And bake for 1 hour at 375°F

Michael Larsen/Elizabeth Pomada
Literary Agents

Northern California's Oldest Literary Agency
Helping writers launch careers since 1972
Members of the Association of Authors' Representatives

1029 Jones Street between California and Pine Streets
San Francisco, California 94109
(415) 673-0939

larsenpoma@aol.com

Visit Michael and Elizabeth at www.larsen-pomada.com



A recipe from author
Micqui Miller

Holiday City Chicken

*Micqui Miller, Author, Romantic Suspense
Morning Star from Cerridwen Press*

"This dish is easy to make," Micqui says. "But extremely time intensive with all the chopping, rolling and skewering. However, the taste is so delicious, it's worth every minute of the work. I like to double the recipe and freeze a portion for another time. This is also a great holiday alternative to turkey."

1 pound of boneless pork loin, cut into small cubes (3/4 to 1/2-inch)
1 pound of boneless sirloin, cut into small cubes (3/4 to 1/2-inch)
1 pound of boneless veal, cut into small cubes (3/4 to 1/2-inch) *Or substitute
a half-pound each of beef and pork for the veal.*

Bamboo skewers or wooden toothpicks, depending on your cube size

Breadcrumbs

Eggs

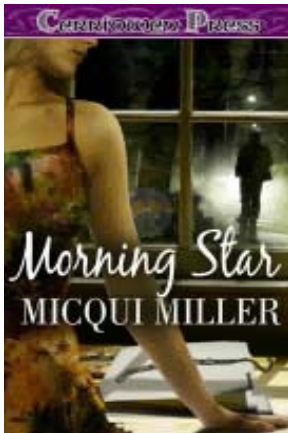
Canned evaporated milk

Butter

Place one cube each of veal, pork and beef on a skewer or toothpick. Mix eggs with canned evaporated milk. Roll each city chicken in the milk and egg then roll in the breadcrumbs. You will probably repeat this several times before you've breaded the entire batch. Chill city chickens in the refrigerator for at least one hour to preserve the bread coating on the meat.

In large heavy skillet, brown meat pieces on all sides in butter. If necessary, brown in batches. Transfer browned meat pieces to a large roasting pan. Salt and pepper to taste. Add a small amount of water (about an inch), cover and cook in a slow oven 325°F for 1-1/2 to 2 hours.

Serves 6.



Morning Star By Micqui Miller

Published by

Cerridwen Press

Release Date: April 2008

www.cerridwenpress.com

Micqui's Website

www.micquimiller.com

About *Morning Star* ...

Liz O'Hara, a widow and the mother of two teens, has spent her adult life looking over her shoulder, knowing that one day she would be forced to admit the truth about the lost seven months she lived on the run as the young hippie, Morning Star. But in her worst nightmares she never dreamed she'd face the dilemma of Solomon—choosing one child over another while a murderer lurks in the shadows, waiting to strike when Liz is most vulnerable.

Josh Wilder, a disillusioned East Coast news anchor, suddenly finds his career back on the fast track. But in order to cash in on his new celebrity, he must risk destroying the life of the woman he's loved in his heart for twenty-seven years, the street waif he'd known only as Morning Star. Together, Liz and Josh face the greatest challenge of their lives—racing against the clock to save a dying young woman while stopping the madman who has sworn to kill them.

Set amid a backdrop of danger and intrigue, the tumult of the Seventies pitted against the realities of the Nineties, **Morning Star** is a life-affirming story of love—the love of a mother for her child, a man for a woman, and the triumph of good over evil.

Excerpt from MORNING STAR

The phone rang in his hand. The caller ID said UNKNOWN.

"Josh Wilder."

Silence. Except for the sound of quick breathing coming from the other end of the line.

He didn't bother to hide his annoyance. "This is Wilder. Who's this?"

And then it happened. Suddenly his mind and heart, like a carnival ride, spun out of control. In faltering words, the most beautiful voice he'd ever heard whispered from the other end of the line. "My name is...this is Star. We have to talk."

Too stunned to respond, Josh sucked in a breath. The real Morning Star held the phone at the other end of the connection. She didn't have to say another word to prove it. Her voice still held the rhythmic, lyrical quality which had enchanted him so many years ago and at times like now, rendered him speechless. No woman before or since had ever had that effect on him. Josh's heart pounded so hard he wondered if she heard it through the line. "Is it really you?"

A stupid question under any circumstances and even more so coming from a professional journalist who'd spent his life prying information from people who didn't want to give.

"Josh, I—"

He heard sadness and indecision. So similar to the last time they'd talked. She'd sat on the edge of a hospital bed, listening to all of the reasons why she ought to trust him and talk to the police.

"It's okay, Star, it's—"

"No, I shouldn't have called. I can't do this."

"Where are you?"

"You don't understand."

"Tell me where you are. I'll come to you."

He couldn't let her go now. His fingers tightened around the phone.

"This is a mistake."

"Please don't go, Star."

Mustering all he'd learned in his many years as a broadcaster, Josh lowered his voice, both the volume and timbre. He had to take charge or he'd lose her. "Star, do not hang up!"

The connection broke.

~*~

Meet MICQUI MILLER

Award-winning author Micqui Miller won the prestigious Golden Heart from Romance Writers of America for her first novel, *The Killing Hour*, and "the silver" from the Lories in 2003 as Best New Author for *Morning Star*, released by Cerridwen Press in April 2008.

Her current release, *Sweet Caroline*, is the forerunner to the *Caroline Spring Mystery Series*, with "A" *Is For Avatar* the first book of the series.

Along with the characters in *Sweet Caroline* and "A" *Is For Avatar*, Micqui is the co-proprietor of the Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol. For a copy of Volume of the Inn's Secret Recipes, visit <http://www.callalilyinn.com>.



Recipes from a friend of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Taffy Apple Salad

*Caroline Spring**

"Sebastopol is in the heart of apple country," Caroline says. "This is a wonderful fall and winter treat. Kids love it, and grown ups, too, because it has that familiar taste of taffy apples."

One 20-oz. can pineapple chunks (in juice)
2 cups tiny marshmallows
1/2 cup granulated sugar
1 Tablespoon flour
2 Tablespoons vinegar
1 egg, beaten
6 to 7 red and green apples, peeled,
 cored and cubed
8 ounces frozen whipped topping, thawed
10 ounces maraschino cherries, drain and
 halved
1 cup peanuts (no skins)

Drain pineapple and reserve juice. In a large bowl, stir pineapple chunks and marshmallows. Cover and chill 24 hours.

Meanwhile, in small saucepan, combine the sugar and flour. Add pineapple juice, vinegar and egg. Cook over medium heat, stirring, until mixture bubbles; reduce heat and cook for 2 more minutes. Transfer to a small bowl, cover the surface of mixture with plastic wrap and chill.

To serve: In a large bowl, combine the apples, desert topping, cherries, peanuts with the marshmallow mixture and chilled dressing.

* *Sweet Caroline and
"A" Is For Avatar from the Caroline
Spring Mystery Series*

Cheddar Corn Casserole

*Caroline Spring**

"This is one of my favorite side dishes," Caroline says. "Fattening beyond belief but so good, and perfect for the day before your New Year's Resolution to lose those extra holiday pounds goes into effect."

4 ounces melted butter
1 large onion, chopped
1 small green bell pepper, chopped
1 small red bell pepper, chopped
3 eggs
1 cup sour cream
1 can (about 15 ounces) cream-style corn
1/3 cup yellow cornmeal
1/4 teaspoon salt
1/4 teaspoon pepper
1 cup shredded Cheddar cheese, or
Pepper Jack

In a medium skillet, heat 2 tablespoons of butter over medium heat. Add onion and peppers and cook until tender, stirring occasionally. Remove from heat. Combine remaining 6 tablespoons butter, eggs, and sour cream in a large bowl.

Whisk together until smooth. Mix in corn, cornmeal, salt and pepper. Stir in cheese and the onion-pepper mixture. Turn into a 2-quart buttered casserole.

Bake in a preheated 350°F oven for 30 to 35 minutes, until puffed and golden. Serves 8.



A recipe from author
Jude Atkins

Texas-Style Stuffed Jalapenos

Jude Atkins, Author, Indian Creek Mystery Series

Anna's Secret and Betraying Mikki from Cerridwen Press

8 large jalapenos
1 package cream cheese
1 cup cheddar cheese
dash of garlic powder
dash of salt
hickory smoked bacon

Split jalapenos in half lengthwise and remove the seeds. Mix Cream Cheese and Cheddar together adding spices.

Stuff peppers generously and place in baking dish. Cover peppers with generous slice of bacon. Bake at 450°F till bacon is crisp.

MEET JUDE ATKINS

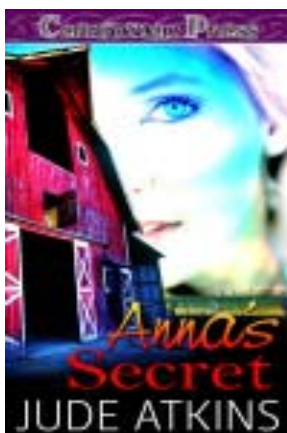
Partner, mother, daughter, sister, author, descendent of Mother Shipton the Nostradamus of Great Britain, Jude (Pittman) Atkins is all of these. Jude and her partner John live in Calgary Alberta where Jude is an assistant to a noted securities lawyer and John is groundskeeper for the Garden of Peace Municipal cemetery.

An inveterate gypsy Jude was born in Alberta, spent her teens in California and Washington, settled in Texas with her four daughters - Judi-Ann (1965-2004), Tami, Billie and Roxanne and now lives back in Alberta near one of her grown daughters and two of her grandchildren. It was while studying journalism in Fort Worth, Texas that Jude began work on the Indian Creek Texas mysteries. *Anna's Secrets* and *Betraying Mikki* have both been published by Cerridwen Press, and Jude is currently at work on *Deadly Paradise*, the third novel in her Indian Creek series.

Visit Jude's web site at: <http://www.bookswelove.net/judeatkins.html>



*Jude and daughter
Billie at Billie's
graduation from Duke
University School of
Medicine*



Anna's Secret By Jude Atkins

Published by
Cerridwen Press
ISBN: 9781419957345
Paperback or Download
www.cerridwenpress.com



Betraying Mikki By Jude Atkins

Published by
Cerridwen Press
ISBN #9781419911903
Electronic Download
www.cerridwenpress.com

Indian Creek, Texas Mysteries

Welcome to the world of Indian Creek, Texas, where you'll meet some of the most amazing characters to ever grace the pages of fiction. A riveting tale of greed, deception, and murder in a small community of singular Texas characters.

BETRAYING MIKKI, the second in Jude Atkins' Indian Creek, Texas series, reads like a locomotive - non-stop action from beginning to end. The delightfully homegrown characters, so vividly created in Atkins's first book, *Anna's Secret*, are brought vividly back into play in this gripping new murder mystery. Covering locales from Nashville to Dallas and moving from chrome and glass corporate monoliths to luxuriously opulent city mansions, *Betraying Mikki* still has its roots firmly planted in the fresh open-aired simplicity of Indian Creek, Texas. The plot is well constructed and keeps you guessing right to the very end. *Betraying Mikki* has something for everyone - plenty of excitement, plenty of intrigue, a local flavor to tickle the toughest of taste buds and good serving of hot, steamy romance to titillate the senses.



Recipes from friends of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Traditional Turkey Dressing

*Caroline Spring**

Caroline found this recipe tucked inside a library book with the following note: "This is my grandmother's recipe, which my mother has been using to make our Thanksgiving turkey stuffing for more than 40 years. I've never tasted any turkey stuffing that has come close to as good as Mom's. Although years ago we used to stuff the bird, these days we cook the stuffing separately. It is much easier to get an even cooking of the turkey (and safer too) if you do not stuff it. To infuse the stuffing with turkey flavor we simmer the gizzards for an hour, and use that stock in the stuffing."

1 loaf of day old French bread
1 cup chopped walnuts, toasted
2 cups each, chopped onion and celery
1/2 stick of butter (1/4 cup or 1/8 lb)
1 chopped green apple
1 cup of currants or raisins
Several chopped green olives (5 to 10)
Stock from the turkey gizzards (1/2 cup to 1 cup)
Sage (to taste)
Poultry seasoning (to taste)
Salt and pepper (to taste)

Slice bread into 1/2 inch cubes. Toast in a buttered saute pan. In a separate pan, saute chopped onions and celery. Add to bread. Add cooked chopped walnuts. Add chopped green apple, currants, raisins, olives. Add some water or the stock from cooking the turkey gizzards (enough to keep the stuffing moist while you are cooking it). Add sage, poultry seasoning, salt & pepper. Cover. Turn heat on low. Cook for an hour. Add water or stock as needed while cooking to keep the stuffing moist.

Bill's Morning After Thanksgiving, Shop 'til You Drop Scrambled Eggs

Bill Miller
Waco, Texas

5 large eggs
12 Little Polska Sausages, quartered
12 cherry tomatoes, halved
2 medium-sized fresh mushrooms,
chopped
4 teaspoons fine chopped onions
3 teaspoons salsa (degree of heat, your
choice)
Evaporated milk
4 dashes Worcestershire sauce
2 tablespoons grated Parmesan cheese,
or as needed

In a large skillet on low, combine sausage, tomatoes, mushrooms, onions and salsa and heat.

In a small bowl, mix eggs, evaporated milk as needed, and Worcestershire sauce. Add to skillet and raise heat. Stir to scramble. A minute or two before eggs are cooked, sprinkle Parmesan to cover. Scramble until eggs are fluffy.

Serves 2.

** Sweet Caroline and
"A" Is For Avatar from the
Caroline Spring Mystery Series*



Recipes from author *Karen Sandler*

Merle Sandler's Beef Brisket and Potato Latke

Karen Sandler, Romance Author
The Right Mr. Wrong from Hard Shell Word
Factory

Beef Brisket

3-lb. Point or Center cut beef brisket,
trimmed of fat
Dijon mustard
1 package of Lipton onion soup mix

Heat oven to 350°F. Place meat in foil-lined baking dish. Spread top of meat liberally with Dijon mustard. Thoroughly mix the dried onion soup mix and sprinkle over top of meat. Cover and roast for 3 to 3-1/2 hours. Cut across the grain and serve with gravy.

Gravy

Beef bouillon (1 teaspoon or one cube)
Bay leaf
1 red chili pepper
Flour
Kitchen Bouquet

Remove meat from pan and scrape mix off top to use in gravy. Transfer drippings and mix to saucepan. Add bouillon, bay leaf, chili pepper and bring to boil. Remove some gravy to a cup, mix with flour and return to pan to thicken. Add Kitchen Bouquet to darken.

Potato Latkes

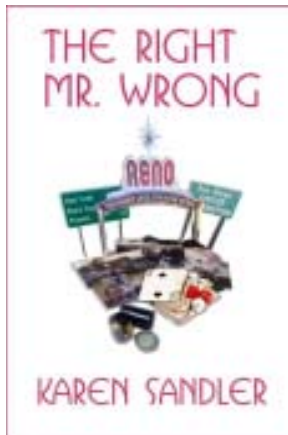
(Ingredients for 12 latkes, plan on 4 per person)

4 large russet or Yukon Gold
potatoes, peeled and grated
1/2 cup onion, grated
2 eggs
2 tablespoons flour
3/4 teaspoon salt
Dash pepper
Oil for frying

Mix all ingredients in a large bowl. Heat oil in skillet, keep at a depth of a quarter inch. Have cookie sheets with paper towels ready. Heat oven to low heat to keep latkes warm while other batches are cooking.

Using a slotted spoon, squeeze liquid out of potato clumps and add to hot oil. Flatten using back of spoon. Once brown (about 5 minutes) turn over and cook other side (about 4 minutes). Drain on paper towels and keep hot.

Serve with dishes of applesauce and sour cream.



The Right Mr. Wrong By Karen Sandler

Published by
Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN 0-7599-0386-7
Paperback

www.hardshell.com

Karen's website

<http://home.pacbell.net/sandler0/>

About The Right Mr. Wrong ...

Private investigator Jeff Haley doesn't believe in love, especially when it involves a wacky blonde blackjack dealer named Casey Madison. But when Jeff's scandalous photos involving a Nevada State Assemblyman make their way into Casey's hands, Jeff has to renew his acquaintance with the one woman who's ever made inroads into his heart.

Casey Madison has fallen for one too many Mr. Wrongs to trust the urgings of her own heart. When Jeff Haley steps back into her life, she does her best to ignore the temptation to get closer to him. But when Casey accidentally mails Jeff's photos to her sister in San Diego, she jumps at the chance to join him on a road trip to Southern California to retrieve them.

Sizzling attraction explodes between them in the close quarters of Jeff's car, and with the photos one step ahead of them in Phoenix, then in Northern California, Casey soon realizes she's falling hard for the tantalizing PI.

Is Jeff just another Mr. Wrong? Or has Casey finally found the right man to trust with her heart?

Excerpt from

THE RIGHT MR. WRONG

Jeff scraped his hole cards across the table, drawing her attention back to blackjack. She tossed him a card.

"The only negatives in my envelope were of my sisters and me at Lake Tahoe," she said. "If you've lost yours, I'm sorry, but I have no idea... Oh!"

Her voice trailed off as a sudden thought occurred to her. Jeff, darn him, didn't miss a beat, his gaze coming up sharply to hers at the hesitation.

"What?" he demanded.

She swept her gaze up at him. "The negatives."

"What about them?" He bit out each word.

She gave a nervous chuckle. "I might have them after all."

With a hiss of air, he turned away from her on the stool, then faced her again. "And where might they be?"

His steady gaze rattled her, tossing her thoughts up like popcorn. "I mean, I may not. I remember thinking I had an awful lot of negatives for the number of pictures I had. But I figured some must have been bad, so they hadn't printed them. Of course I don't remember the roll being that long either, so I..." Her voice trailed off at his dark look. "What?"

He took a long breath as if grasping for patience. "So where are they now, Casey?"

"At my apartment," she said. "That is, if the mail hasn't come yet."

"The mail," he parroted. "What does the mail have to do with it?"

"Well, you see—" Movement beyond Jeff caught her eye and the words froze in her throat.

Zucher was back. The fear she'd stuffed away came bubbling up and Casey knew she had to get out. She needed some space, she needed safety...

The kind of safety Jeff Haley could provide. "I'll tell you on the way," she blurted.

"On your way where?"

"To my place," she said. "To get the negatives."

"On your break?" he asked. "Do you have enough time?"

"I can take my lunch now." She flagged down Tommy. "That'll give me an hour."

When she told Tommy she was breaking early for lunch, he looked eager to tear into her. But Jeff kept his dark, dangerous gaze on the pit boss until he backed off his usual verbal abuse.

"Damn well better get back in time," Tommy snarled at her as she ducked under the table to retrieve her pumps.

She waved her shoes at Tommy in response, then headed for the locker room. Over the clamor of the casino floor, she called out to Jeff, "I'll meet you out front."

She grabbed her purse from her locker, tossing the pumps in with a clatter. As she stuffed her feet into her sneakers, she gave herself a stern lecture on the foolishness of letting her emotions rule her life. She reminded herself that Jeff Haley had not the least smidgen of interest in her. And even if he did, he would eventually prove to be just as wrong for her as had every other man she'd fallen for.

Lecture delivered, Casey slung her purse over her shoulder and hurried out of the employee lounge. But despite her best efforts, she couldn't quite still the lightness in her feet, the spark of joy in her heart.

~*~

Meet KAREN SANDLER

Karen Sandler fulfilled her lifelong dream of becoming a full-time writer when she moved with her husband and two sons from the congestion of Los Angeles to the beautiful Sierra Nevada foothills in Northern California. After four years of submissions and rejections, she finally sold her first book in 1997. She's sold more than a dozen since then. In addition to writing novels, Karen is also a screenwriter and filmmaker, and has written and produced two short films.



Recipes from a friend of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Irish Stew with Lamb and Guinness

*Mick Mahoney**

"Mick and the chefs at the Calla Lily have perfected this stew over the years," Caroline says. "When I make it at home, much to Mick's great unhappiness, I substitute beef for the lamb."

3 pounds lamb shoulder with a little fat, cubed
1/2 cup flour
3 large Russet potatoes, peeled and cubed
3 large carrots, peeled and sliced
6 stalks celery, cut into 1/2" slices
2 large yellow onions, cut into large dice
3-4 cloves garlic, minced
1 bunch fresh rosemary
1 bunch fresh thyme
1 bunch fresh parsley
2 quarts lamb or beef stock, or as needed
12 ounces of Guinness stout
1 cup pearl barley (optional)
2 teaspoons corn starch
Salt and freshly ground black pepper, to taste

For a real Irish country touch, include the barley — cook it for 20 minutes in 3 cups of lamb or beef stock, then add when you return the meat to pot with the vegetables.

Cut off some of the parsley leaves and chop enough to make 2 tablespoons; reserve. Cut off some parsley stems, and tie them into a bundle with a few sprigs of rosemary and thyme; reserve.

Season the meat with salt and brown the meat in a little oil. Remove and reserve, and sprinkle with a little flour, shaking off excess. Add the onions, garlic, carrots and celery to the pan and sauté, tossing to coat with the fat. Add the Guinness and deglaze, scraping up any caramelized meat juices. Add the potatoes, return the meat to the pot (and the barley if you're using it). Add enough stock to barely cover, cook over medium heat until just boiling, then reduce heat to very low and simmer 2 - 3 hours, until the meat is tender, stirring occasionally.

Check seasonings, add salt and pepper to taste, then remove from heat, stir in parsley and the cornstarch (mixed into 4 teaspoons water) and stir. Cook over low heat for a few more minutes to thicken. Serve with plenty of Irish brown or white soda bread, tea and more Guinness if you like.

YIELD: 6 generous servings

Note: Don't forget that extra pint of Guinness for the Chef!

* Sweet Caroline and
"A" Is For Avatar from the
Caroline Spring Mystery Series



Recipes from author *Betty Jo Schuler*

Holiday Pumpkin Bars

*Betty Jo Schuler, Romance Author
Finding Mr. Romantic / Love In A Small
Town from Hard Shell Word Factory*

"My grandchildren don't care for pumpkin pie, but they love these chewy bars," Betty Jo says. "If you want to serve them at a party or club meeting, you can dress them up with whipped topping, but they're yummy just as they are (and easy to make). This recipe, a favorite at our family's holiday get-togethers, came from my daughter, Karen Day, in Connersville, Indiana."

Crust

1 box of yellow cake mix (minus 1 cup)
1/2 cup margarine (melted)
1 egg

Filling

14-oz. pumpkin pie mix (*I use Libby's*)
2 eggs
2/3 cup milk

Topping

1 cup yellow cake mix
1/4 cup sugar
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1/4 cup margarine

Mix crust. Press into (13" x 9") pan.
Mix filling. Pour over crust. Mix
topping and sprinkle over filling. Bake
350°F for 50 minutes or until set. Cool
and cut into squares.

Festive Sweet Potatoes in Orange Shells

*Betty Jo Schuler, Multi-genre Author -
Gracie's Holiday Hero from Writers
Exchange*

Betty Jo says, "My cousin Cheryl Sucher, who lives in Cincinnati, Ohio, is an amazing hostess who entertains lavishly all year around, and these sweet potato cups – as attractive as they are delicious – are always a part of her holiday meals."

3 pounds sweet potatoes, cooked and
mashed (about 6 cups)
2 eggs
3/4 cup brown sugar
1/2 cup melted butter
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon salt
1 cup pecans, finely ground
Fresh orange juice (up to 1 cup)
8 large orange shells
Miniature marshmallows

Combine first 7 ingredients, beating well. Add orange juice until the mixture is desired consistency. Fill orange shells with sweet potato mixture and refrigerate until ready to use.

Bake at 375°F degrees for 20 minutes, or until heated through. Place marshmallows on top and place under broiler until nicely browned.

Makes 8 individual servings.



Love in a Small Town

Double Delight 28

Finding Mr. Romantic/Love in a Small Town

By Betty Jo Schuler

Published by
Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN-10: 0759906270

Paperback or Download

www.hardshell.com

Betty Jo's Website

<http://bettyjowrites.com>

About *Love In A Small Town* ...

It's late June when Sam Champion drives into an Illinois town and sees a "Grow Browning" billboard, with the population, 3653, in changeable numbers, like those on a scoreboard. Sam, an Arizona professor, wants to sell the house he inherited, fast, and return to Arizona, for a prestigious promotion. Lily Madison, his red-haired neighbor is an accident-waiting-to-happen, but beautiful, determined, and smart, she has other plans for Sam and Browning. Lily brightens Sam's life, but he doesn't realize how much until he tries to walk away.

Excerpt from

LOVE IN A SMALL TOWN

Chapter One

Browning, city limits.

"Yes." Sam Champion tapped a fist against the steering wheel. All he saw was a string of farmhouses, but the sign reassured him; his mother's birthplace was still on the map and two long days of driving would come to a close.

Rotating his shoulders against the back of the seat, he looked at the clock on the van's dashboard for the hundredth time since he left an Iowa motel that morning. He was due at Joe Bottomley's office at eleven o'clock, and thanks to getting stuck behind farm machinery on a dusty two-lane country road, it was ten minutes past noon. There should be a law against detours.

The road curved suddenly and a billboard loomed ahead. *Grow Browning*. Sunlight bounced off ears of brilliant yellow corn and iridescent green leaves. Cornstalks formed the letters, and the roots were made up of...people. Men, women, and children branched out below the stalks, anchoring them in the ground. At the bottom of the billboard were changeable numbers like those on a baseball scoreboard. *Population: 3653*.

The numbers were a novel touch. Would the population automatically change to 3654 when he passed by, or did he have to move into the old Thornbury place? His mother talked fondly of her hometown. "Everybody goes back, at least once."

Maybe that was why, to see if the number changed. Sam chuckled for the first time since he left Phoenix two days ago. Slaphappy from staring into clouds of dust, he'd realized Illinois must be suffering a drought.

The state road passed through town, and at one time, probably brought in a lot of commerce. Now, most people took the interstate, an option offered a dozen miles back. Many small towns suffered the same plight, but someone must be trying to save this burg. Sam had only lived in a small town once, an experience he barely remembered. But he liked city life. Starbucks. Cyber cafes. Theaters. Concerts. Small town life was for homebodies.

Maybe if he were married, he'd feel differently, but he doubted it.

Whenever Mom talked about Browning, Dad's standard retort was, "You'd have to be crazy to return once and damned bored to go back at all." Sam never intended to come back, but it seemed his mother had other plans for him.

~*~

About *Finding Mr. Romantic* ...

Nick Dennis, a mystery writer who's gone where he wanted and done what he liked, has never had a serious relationship. Celeste Harte, a widow who's always met others' expectations, is looking for a romantic man. Nick is secretly trying to write a romance novel on a bet but can't get inside his heroine's head. She wants to become a free spirit. When he tells Celeste he doesn't understand women, she thinks he's joking. When he offers to turn her life around, she knows he can turn it upside down but can't resist.



Gracie's Holiday Hero By Betty Jo Schuler

Published by
Writers Exchange

[http://www.amazon.com/
Gracies-Holiday-Hero](http://www.amazon.com/Gracies-Holiday-Hero)

Betty Jo's Website:

<http://bettyjowrites.com>

About Gracie's Holiday Hero ...

Merett Bradmoore walked into Gracie Singleton's life her freshman year of high school and changed Christmas forever. Fifteen years later, Gracie is determined to return the gift of hope to her disenchanted hero. Dreams can come true, and do, in this heartwarming reunion romance

Excerpt from GRACIE'S HOLIDAY HERO Chapter One

Gracie Singleton Saylor brushed a wind-whipped strand of blonde hair from her eyes, pulled her red knit cloche over her ears and rubbed her gloved palms together. The first day of December was nippy, and if the Indianapolis weatherman wasn't mistaken, snow would soon fly. The house she'd purchased just two months ago was decorated top to bottom with candles in every window, mistletoe in the doorways, and a nativity scene in the parlor. Snow on the ground would add the final holiday touch to the outside of her "Victorian Christmas card."

Standing back to admire the fragrant wreath she'd just hung on her front door, she smiled. *Merriest Christmas, Gracie.* The words were a self-promise, one she intended to keep. All she needed now were two very tall trees, one for her stairway landing and one for the parlor.

Ducking into the house, *her* house, Gracie studied the front room ceiling. Ten feet high if it was an inch, and the landing could accommodate a tree just as big. Allowing for stands and stars for the tops, she jotted *buy two nine-footers* on her *to do* list and picked up the keys to Old Blue.

~*~

Heber's Gas Station and Christmas Tree Lot lay clear across town in the neighborhood where Gracie grew up, but Will Heber needed the money the same as his father had, and she liked to help her own. Pop used to buy their tree at Heber's on Christmas Eve, after the final price markdown. It was always a scraggly Charlie Brown type tree, but after the Singleton sisters decorated it with homemade paper chains and added *the star*, they thought it was beautiful. That star was the loveliest thing their family owned.

Parking her ten-year-old Mustang next to a late model Jeep, Gracie longed to open its door and inhale its *new car smell*. She'd ridden in a new car once.

"Grace!" Will Heber rushed up to pump her hand. "We have a fine selection of trees this early in the year."

After a moment of small talk, Will's attention was drawn to a male customer with his back toward them. Gracie, following his gaze, was somewhat distracted herself. The man was tall with dark hair, long legs, and lean thighs, and when he bent over to examine a tree's lower branches, his jeans tightened enticingly over his backside. She excused herself quickly and while Will went to help the man, moved between a row of trees that blocked him from view.

When she was younger she'd been a fool for swarthy sex appeal and a winning smile. Now she'd prefer an ambitious man with clean-cut good looks who was ambitious and dependable. *If* she was in the market for a relationship, which she wasn't. She had a new business and home and was starting life over in the town she'd left twelve years ago.

~*~

Meet BETTY JO SCHULER

Betty Jo Schuler writes at her central Florida home, where she collects teddy bears, glass paperweights, and what her grown kids call "Betty Joisms – sayings you have to think about twice. "If you always do what you've always done, you'll always get what you've always got," is one she likes about writing.

"I suppose that's why I write in several genres," she says. "I like trying new things." And she must, since her sixteen published books run the gamut from children's chapter books to romance novels to anti-bullying nonfiction.

Betty Jo, who has a B.S. and M.A. in elementary education and taught school for twenty-three years, instructs online "writing for children" courses for *Writer's Digest* and *Barnes and Noble University*.



Recipes from a friend of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Chicken Cacciatore

*Patt Levy, Director of Sales/Partner
LED Effects Inc., Sacramento, CA
www.ledeffects.com*

Patt says there are only two words needed to describe this dish, "Super Yummy!"

1 jar marinated artichoke hearts
1 chicken, cut up
2 Tablespoon olive oil
Flour
1 large can of tomatoes
4 cloves of garlic, minced
1/2 pound mushrooms, sliced
1-1/4 teaspoons salt
1/2 teaspoon oregano
1/2 teaspoon basil
1 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup dry sherry

Drain marinade from one jar of marinated artichoke hearts into large skillet. Add 2 tablespoons olive oil. Roll chicken pieces in flour and brown until golden. Transfer to casserole dish. Sauté mushrooms in same pan with juices. Combine one large can drained and mashed tomatoes, artichoke hearts, garlic, sautéed mushrooms, salt and pepper, basil and oregano. Pour over chicken in casserole dish. Bake uncovered at 350°F for one hour, during last few minutes add sherry.

Serve over spaghetti with a nice red wine and crusty bread to mop up that yummy sauce.

New York Style Cheesecake

*Patt Levy, Director of Sales/Partner
LED Effects Inc., Sacramento, CA
www.ledeffects.com*

1 pound cream cheese
3/4 cup sugar
1/4 cup corn starch
1/4 pound butter
1 cup heavy cream
3 whole eggs

Beat cream cheese until creamy. Add the following ingredients one at a time, beating constantly: 3/4 cup sugar, 1/4 cup corn starch, 1/4 pound butter, 1 cup heavy cream, 3 eggs.

Oil and flour 8-inch springform pan, pour batter into springform pan.

Put springform pan into a larger pan with 1 inch of water to bake. Bake at 350°F for 1 hour or until golden. The cake will solidify as it cools.

Let cool for 3 hours, pour favorite fruit pie filling over top, serve at room temperature.



A recipe from author
Connie Vines

Gingerbread Scones

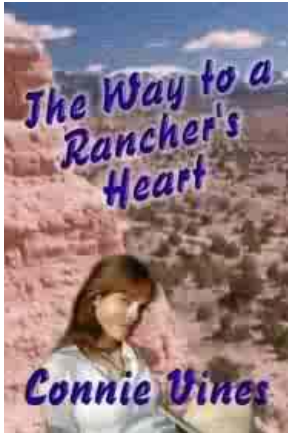
Connie Vines, Author

Way to a Rancher's Heart from Hard Shell Word Factory

2 cups all-purpose flour
1 teaspoon cinnamon
2 teaspoons baking powder
7 Tablespoons butter, sliced
1/4 teaspoon baking soda
1/3 cup molasses
1 teaspoon ground ginger
1/3 cup milk

Combine flour, baking powder, baking soda and spices in a mixing bowl. Cut in butter with 2 knives until crumbly. Combine molasses and milk; add to flour mixture, stirring just until moistened.

Turn dough out onto a lightly floured surface; knead lightly 4 to 5 minutes. Divide dough by half; shape each portion into a ball. Pat each ball into a 5-inch circle on the ungreased baking sheet. Cut each circle into 6 wedges with a sharp knife; do not separate wedges. Bake at 425°F for 10 to 12 minutes, until lightly golden. Serve warm. Makes one dozen.



The Way to a Rancher's Heart By Connie Vines

Published by
Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN 0-7599-4087-8

www.hardshell.com

Connie's websites

www.connievines.romance-central.com

www.authorsden.com/connievines

About *The Way to a Rancher's Heart* ...

Trouble is something hard-edged rancher, Brede Kristensen, knows all about: his rambunctious daughter's trying to get herself expelled from school, his cook's run off, and then in the midst of a violent storm, he finds an injured woman. But protecting the beautiful mystery woman from harm isn't easy for the single father. Her warmth and laughter fills his home and the lonely corners of his heart. And even though Brede tells himself he has no plans to remarry, he can't deny that she would make someone a perfect wife...

Someone wants her dead! Even though dark nightmares plagued with shadows of her past haunt her, Cheyenne accepts Brede's offer. But she didn't count on the sexy rancher, with his good-looks and sizzling kisses, making her want to call his ranch home! And now that the killer has returned for Cheyenne, he won't let anyone get in his way...

Meet CONNIE VINES

Connie Vines lives in southern California with her husband – only short two miles from her grown sons and their families. When she's not writing, reading or walking, she's probably in the kitchen creating a new gingerbread recipe. Connie writes contemporary and historical romance, mystery/thrillers, paranormal, YA fiction and short stories. Her writing awards include: HOLT Medallion, Orange Rose, T.A.R.A.~FINALIST; Dream Realm Award and Award of Excellence~WINNER; Frankfurt Book Award and National Book Award nominee; and Independent e-book Award-Shortlist.

She may be contacted through her websites and her writing blog:
www.connievines.romance-central.com or www.authorsden.com/connievines.



Recipes from friends of *The Calla Lily Inn of Sebastopol*

Spaghetti Carbonara with Sundried Tomatoes

*Kendra DeSantolo, Romance Author
Sacramento, CA*

- 1 pound of spaghetti
- 2 Tablespoons olive oil
- 1/4 pound Prosciutto or lean bacon,
chopped
- 1 cup sun dried tomatoes, chopped
- 1/2 cup light cream
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup fresh grated Parmesan cheese
- Black pepper to taste

While cooking the spaghetti, saute prosciutto (or bacon) and sun dried tomatoes in oil on medium heat for 5 minutes.

In separate bowl, beat cream and eggs together. When al dente, drain pasta well, and return to hot cooking pot.

Add Prosciutto (bacon), tomatoes, and egg mixture and toss to blend well. Heat just until egg mixture is set. Add Parmesan cheese and pepper, toss again. Serves 3 to 4.

Canadian Lobster Stew with a Hint of California

*Jamie Rothwell**

"I've never met a Canadian I didn't like," Jamie says. "But sometimes a drop or two of California Cream Sherry can make the best relationships even better."

- 2 cups lobster meat, cut in pieces
- 1/4 pound butter
- 5 cups milk (or a combination of milk
and cream)
- 1 cup crushed soda crackers (saltines)
- 1 teaspoon salt
- 1 cup of California Cream Sherry
(optional)

Saute the lobster meat in butter over medium-low heat for about 5 minutes until lobster has a glazed appearance.

Scald the milk in the top of a double boiler. Lower heat and add the other ingredients and lobster meat and simmer 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Serves 6

** Sweet Caroline and
"A" Is For Avatar from the
Caroline Spring Mystery Series*



A recipe from author

C. J. Winters

Black Walnut Fried Fish (*Circa 1824*)

C. J. Winters, Romance Author

Autumn in Cranky Otter from Hard Shell Word Factory

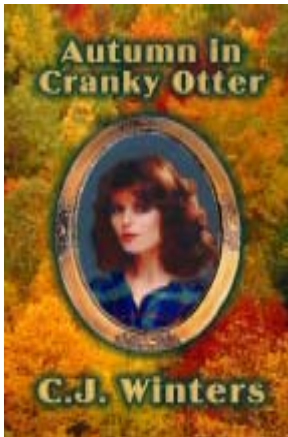
2 large egg whites
1/4 cup cracker crumbs, very fine
3/4 cup white flour
1 cup of black walnut meats, chopped fairly small
Fish fillets
Butter (for frying fish)

Beat the whites of two large eggs in a deep bowl until stiff. Mix 1/4 cup very fine cracker crumbs and 3/4 cup white flour well together in a paper bag. Slice 1 cup black walnut meats fairly small. Do not grate them, but you can use an electric blender.

If fish fillets are over an inch thick, slice the thick part in two. Place fillets in the bag with flour-cracker crumb mixture, shake well, and remove.

Using a fork, dip the fillets into the stiff white of egg mixture. Then quickly dip fillets into the sliced black walnuts. Cover all sides of the fillet with the nutmeats.

Melt a good-sized piece of butter in a frying pan. Add 2 Tablespoons of water to the melted butter (keeps it from turning too brown). Place fish in the pan and fry slowly over low heat until well done.



Autumn in Cranky Otter

By C. J. Winters

Published by
Hard Shell Word Factory
Paperback ISBN 0-7599-4376-1
Download ISBN 0-7599-4375-3

www.hardshell.com

C.J.'s website

www.cjwinters.com

About *Autumn in Cranky Otter*, Book 4 of the Series ...

In 1991 recently widowed and orphaned Autumn Renfro arrives in the small Ozark town of Cranky Otter, Arkansas, where she hopes to make a new life for herself. On the October morning she reopens her mother's faded antique shop, two attractive men appear as if summoned – and both seem to find her irresistible.

Kevin Channing, the laid-back Chamber of Commerce person, is charming, subtle and very hospitable...unlike Brann Havelock, the irascible point man for a development corporation Autumn thinks will destroy the ambiance of Cranky Otter.

As Autumn struggles to turn the decayed store into a successful enterprise, she discovers a new talent in herself – a gift for psychometry. Occasionally through touch an old item reveals its history to her, which she then relates to her customer. To her dismay, a few townspeople don't appreciate such revelations.

Meanwhile her attention seesaws between Kevin and Brann. Drawn to the security of Kevin's warmth, she puzzles over Brann's mesmerizing effect on her. At times they blend like old comrades or lovers, and at times he seems almost afraid of her.

Finally, guided by her psychic gift into the past, Autumn is led into the future.

Excerpt from

AUTUMN IN CRANKY OTTER

The catfish was superb, the beer mellowing and the piped country music low enough for conversation. Now that Autumn had stopped asking awkward questions, Brann stopped concentrating on defense and studied her, looking for chinks in her armor.

So far the chinks seemed to be all on his side. Her earthy appeal was distracting enough, but when she turned those black searchlights on him, his bones all but melted. He stirred restlessly in the booth, torn between wanting to get the hell out of there and burying his hands in her hair. If he closed his eyes, he'd bet he could feel those full, pouty lips moving under his.

"Are you a fisherman?" Autumn asked. Brann's intense scrutiny was making her nervous.

"No. I don't like standing in one place."

That didn't surprise her considering the way he squirmed about on the hard booth seat. Of course he might be married and feeling edgy about being out with her, although she doubted there was room for guilt under all that arrogance.

Well, whatever was bothering Mr. Havelock was his problem. Brann and Kevin, her first one-on-one dates in nine years, were both attractive, and after months of numbness, she sensed her body stirring.

Brann asked, "Are you ready for the Otterfest?"

She poked through her salad for any missed bits of ripe olives. "I've bought lots of air freshener and picked out some items with character to set on the sidewalk." The cornbread was too good to leave, and she buttered the last chunk. "I don't know what to expect."

Their waitress interrupted with an offering of heavy desserts. When Autumn gave a rueful smile and shake of her head, Brann handed over his American Express corporate card.

"It's been a long time since I attended a festival," he said. "I'm looking forward to it. Maybe I'll take a pony ride. If I'm not too tall."

"What other events are scheduled? I keep forgetting to ask Kevin." Brann's eyebrows rose a notch. "Craft booths. Talent pageant. A *Sinful Sundae* bar where you can pile cholesterol on fat-free frozen yogurt. Square dancing exhibition. Your pal has been a busy boy."

Bristling at his condescending tone, she said tartly, "You don't care for our Chamber of Commerce?"

He twitched a shoulder. "Nothing personal. I just get the feeling Mr. Channing isn't as keen about our project as someone devoted to the local economy ought to be." His expression grew thoughtful. "He seems to swing more weight than I'd expect for somebody who hasn't lived here long."

"Maybe that's because people know he cares about Cranky Otter's future." Still annoyed, Autumn slid out of the booth. She'd had a long day, and enough of Brann Havelock for a while.

"A little charm doesn't hurt, either," he said as he maneuvered her past a tangle of incoming diners. "Rough-edged guys like me have to make it on merit alone."

"A little sandpaper on the edges might help."

"Just what I'd expect from a woman – an improvement plan."

~*~

Meet C. J. WINTERS

The American Past, Rustic Settings and the Extra-Normal work as additional characters in C. J. Winters' ten romantic and cozy mystery novels, plus short stories in anthologies. Iowa born-raised-educated and Missouri seasoned, C. J. thinks creating intense relationships and helping them unfold through intriguing, subtle or whimsical interplay is fun. She says, "Story plotting is like weight-lifting for the brain. You collect puzzle pieces and then find places to fit them." You can read excerpts of her work at www.cjwinters.com/ or www.hardshell.com/



A recipe from author
Sarah Wisseman

Peanut Chicken

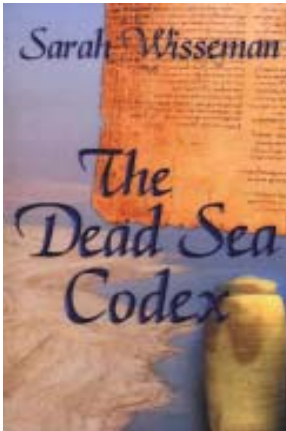
Sarah Wisseman, Suspense Author
The Dead Sea Codex from Hard Shell Word Factory

"This recipe is a modified version of an Ethiopian fruit and chicken stew given to Sarah by a college roommate – the original version had much more garlic and red pepper in it!"

- 3 Tablespoons olive oil
- 2 cloves garlic, chopped
- 1 large onion, chopped
- 1 package (3 or 4) boneless chicken breasts, cut into bite-size chunks
- 1 Tablespoon curry powder
- ¼ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon ground cloves
- Salt and pepper to taste
- 2 large bananas, chopped
- 2 large apples, chopped (Granny Smith are good) *(and/or dried apricots, chopped, with additional water to soften)*
- 1 cup raisins or currants
- 1 cup peanut butter, with enough water to thin

Saute garlic and onion, add chicken and cook about 5 minutes on medium heat. Add curry powder, fruit, peanut butter, and water, and continue cooking until meat is tender. Adjust seasonings-add a little red pepper if you like it hotter. Sauce should be thick, but still stirable.

Serve with cooked rice and optional garnishes such as roasted peanuts, shredded coconut, fresh cilantro. Serves 4.



The Dead Sea Codex By Sarah Wisseman

Published by
Hard Shell Word Factory
ISBN 0-7599-3675-7
Electronic Download
ISBN 0-7599-3678-1
Trade Paperback
www.hardshell.com
Sarah's Website
www.sarahwisseman.com

About *The Dead Sea Codex* ...

While visiting Israel, archaeologist and museum curator Lisa Donahue finds an ancient papyrus, part of a lost first century AD codex on the teachings of Jesus' female disciples. Lisa teams up with her ex-boyfriend Gregory Manzur, racing to find the rest of the codex ahead of Christian fanatics who will kill to prevent the codex's publication.

Told from multiple points of view, this mystery/suspense story is set in Israel in 1997, prior to the recent Palestinian uprisings. The characters, two American archaeologists, a Jordanian epigrapher, a Lebanese museum curator, an Arab-Israeli registrar, and an American conservator, reflect the diverse population and religious beliefs of modern Israel. Since the provenance of the papyri turns out to be a cave located smack on the Jordanian-Israeli border, an international committee is convened to determine the ultimate fate of the Dead Sea Codex.

THE DEAD SEA CODEX

Excerpt from Chapter One

...The businessman watched her. Normally, Lisa liked talking to people when she was traveling. It was part of the adventure and she could try out her Hebrew or French or Italian.

But this man's gaze reminded her of the Chevrolet salesman with slicked-back hair who put a hand on her knee when she was sixteen and on her way to visit colleges by Greyhound bus. She moved the hand. He put it back. She moved it again, sliding as far away from him as she could. Now, ten years later, she wished she'd stood up and yelled, "get your hand off my knee, you pervert!"

Lisa caught herself before she smiled. Glancing sideways, she noticed the businessman's thick eyebrows and coffee-colored skin and wondered uneasily how long he'd been observing her reclining form. His gaze, no longer sleepy, made her feel undressed. She sat up straighter.

"Yes," Lisa replied curtly, sick of being hit upon because she was young, blonde, and foreign. She began a mental catalogue of tips for young women traveling in the *Middle East*: Do dye your hair brown or black; Don't wear jeans; Don't fall asleep on public transportation...

"On holiday, perhaps. You visit our museums?"

She met his brown eyes briefly. "Business trip. I work for a museum at home."

"How very interesting. Then surely you visit the Israel Museum and the Shrine of the Book – the home of the famous Dead Sea Scrolls?"

Lisa was startled. Could this guy read her mind? "Yes, actually. I'm an archaeologist, here to look at some ancient ceramics."

"Perhaps you arrange loans for your museum?"

Now she was puzzled. Was he an Israeli Customs officer trying to prevent the export of illegally acquired antiquities? But he was wearing a well-tailored gray suit and polished black shoes, not a uniform.

"Are you in the museum business, too?" she asked.

The man laughed gently. "No, no, I am archaeology enthusiast only. I sell computer parts – for the Beirut branch of Microsoft."

"Oh."

A computer salesman. Lisa pretended to go back to sleep, shifting her long body slightly so he could no longer stare at her face. A spring from the ancient bus seat dug into her hip. Lisa longed for the padded futon of her own living room, enhanced by the furry bulk of her cat, Tango. She searched the landscape for distraction.

The tan and brown hills meandered west of Jerusalem. They were crisscrossed with low terraced walls and the gray-green clumps of olive trees. Lisa leaned closer to the window frame, sniffing the pungent aromas of wild oregano and thyme. The holy city gleamed pale yellow in the morning light as the Egged bus swooped around the curves, following the perimeter road. The sight was even better in the late afternoon, when the setting sun turned Jerusalem's stone architecture into "the City of Gold..."

~*~

Meet SARAH WISSEMAN

Archaeologist and former museum curator Sarah Wisseman teaches archaeological science and conducts interdisciplinary research on mummies, ceramics, and stone artifacts at the University of Illinois. After publishing four non-fiction books and numerous technical articles, she turned to writing archaeological mysteries. Her first book, *Bound for Eternity* (iUniverse 2005), was a finalist in the 2004 St. Martin's Press Malice Domestic contest for Best First Traditional Mystery. Sarah lives in Champaign, Illinois, and is currently working on her next mystery novel featuring archaeologist Lisa Donahue.

For reviews and other information, see her author website:

www.sarahwisseman.com