

Irish Mist Seans Story Mary O Reilly Paranormal Mystery

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[#Irish Mist Sean's Story](#) [#Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery](#) [#Irish Ghost Story Book](#) [#Supernatural Thriller Novel](#) [#Mystery Series Ireland](#)

Dive into the atmospheric world of 'Irish Mist: Sean's Story,' a gripping paranormal mystery crafted by the talented Mary O'Reilly. This captivating novel masterfully blends Irish folklore with spectral encounters, offering readers a thrilling journey through a landscape where unexplained phenomena and ancient secrets come to life, promising an unforgettable reading experience.

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Natural Reaction

The last few students climbed through windows, black smoke billowing out of them. The teacher turned to his student. "I'll let you down first." "But Coach, whose going to help you?" "Hey, you're my best fielder, I expect to jump right into your arms," he said. "Just promise not to whip me over to Smith for a double play." The young man, his face streaked with soot, grinned at his coach. "Yeah, Coach, I promise." He took the young man's hands in a tight grip and slowly lowered him out the window. When he had extended his reach as far as he could, he let him go. The student fell into the evergreen boughs, the prickly needles scraped his arms, but the branches kept him from hitting the ground. He rolled off the bushes and jumped up as fast as he could. He turned his eager face up to the window. "Okay, Coach," he called. The explosion violently blew the windows out of the building. Screaming students darted across the lawn, barely escaping the shards of glass raining down on them. All of the students except Stevo, who still stood below the gaping hole in the wall, oblivious to the blood running down his face and arms. "Coach, Coach," he screamed. "I'm here, Coach. Coach, I'm here." Mary O'Reilly investigates the death of a beloved high school coach while she tries to overcome the repercussion of solving Jeannine's murder.

Darkness Exposed

Jeannine appeared in the room across from Mary. Her face was streaked with tears and she was visibly trembling. "Mary, I remembered," she cried. "I remembered and it was awful." The time has finally come for Mary to investigate Jeannine's murder. As all clues point to someone in Bradley's old neighborhood, Mary and Ian move in to the former Alden residence and pose as newlyweds to set Mary up as bait

for the killer. With Stanley and Rosie at their side, they expose the darkness hidden in the depths of Bradley's old neighborhood.

Secret Hollows

The man smiled at Timmy. "That would be nice of you. Why don't you lead the way?" Timmy moved past the man and started back up the hill. He heard the whoosh of something moving quickly through the air, but it hit him before he had time to react. He felt the impact against his head and his whole body flew sideways through the air. Landing in the dense ground cover, his face was momentarily buried in loose dirt, pine needles, dried leaves and twigs. Lifting his head, he took a deep breath and started to scramble away on his hands and knees. A strong hand caught him by the neck and pushed him back into the dirt. "Sorry, Timmy, I can't let you go now," the man whispered. "You'd tell." Timmy Beck, Fireman Mike Richards' boyhood friend, was killed twenty years ago, but everyone in the town is sure they caught the right man...or did they? Why is Timmy's ghost still haunting Lake Le-Aqua-Na? Mary, Bradley, Ian and Mike investigate and find the true murderer may be much closer than they had ever expected.

Twisted Paths

Gloria Foley turned off the light in the hallway and made her way slowly upstairs to bed. She paused at the doorway of her daughter's bedroom and shook her head. It had been such an emotional day for all of them. She prayed she would have the strength to get them both through these treacherous teenaged years. Slowly turning the knob on the bedroom door, she quietly opened it to check on her sleeping child. Through the narrow opening, she could see the bed was still made and no one was sleeping on it. She opened the door wider and saw the shadow on the far wall and her heart clenched. Screaming, she flung the door open and ran to the figure hanging from the thick electric cord suspended from the ceiling fan. "No," she screamed, as she tried to lift the inert body up to relieve the pressure against her neck. "Nooooooooo!" The ghost of a teenager who committed suicide twenty years ago is haunting her family's home. Can Mary link that death to the serial suicides of the girls who bullied her when she was alive? And with Gary Copper still on the loose, Mary and Bradley are faced with the challenge of keeping the newest member of their family safe and sound.

Final Call

Stanley peered up into the shadows above the stage. There was a colorful blaze of fabric amidst the burgundy curtains and canvas backdrops. He moved closer, trying to get a better view from a different angle. "Hey, what's this play about anyway?" Stanley asked. "Is it a Western?" "No, it's a drama," Rosie replied. "How come you need a dummy hanging from a rope?" She looked over quickly. "No one gets hanged in the play." "Sure looks like it. Up there." Rosie looked up to where he directed and saw the caftan and silk pants ruffling in the slight breeze of the theater twenty feet over the stage. "Oh, sweet heavens! Stanley," she screamed. "That's Faye!" Faye McMullen was murdered in cold blood at Winneshiek Theater and Mary O'Reilly and Police Chief Bradley Alden have to discover who done it before the murderer gets the chance to get rid of the prime witness... Mary O'Reilly.

Bumpy Roads

Hurrying to the old bridge that crossed Yellow Creek, Courtney stepped to the side as a car came up behind her. The bridge was only wide enough for one car and even foot traffic had to climb up on the narrow ledge for safety. The car slowed and the driver's side window rolled down. A familiar face greeted Courtney. "Hey, Courtney, how about a ride?" he asked. She shook her head. "No, thanks, I'm good," she said. "It's only a few more blocks." The driver looked up to the sky. "You won't make it before the storm hits," he argued. "Come on, I'll feel guilty all night if I leave you here." She smiled. "Okay, if you put it that way," she agreed, jogging over to the passenger side of the car and letting herself in. The door lock clicked as she buckled her seatbelt and she looked up in surprise. "It does that automatically," the driver said with an apologetic shrug. Courtney scooted against the door and grasped the handle. "You know, I think I'll just walk anyway," she said, pulling against the handle. But the door didn't open. She tried it again, but it was still locked tight. "Child locks," the driver said, a smile on his face. "You can't get out until I let you out." She pressed the window button, but it also stayed in place. "Listen, I don't want to be in this car," she said firmly. "Now please let me out or I'm going to scream." He chuckled softly, leaned forward and placed his hand against her cheek, rubbing it intimately. "If you scream, no one will hear you," he said, as he slipped his hand down to her neck. "But you can do it if you like. I always love

to hear a girl's scream."# # # #For ten years, young girls have been disappearing from the streets of Freeport and the surrounding towns. Can Mary solve the mystery before Clarissa is the next victim?

Baker's Dozen

In 1958, young Vivian Flynn planned to hold a cascading bouquet of daisies when she walked down the aisle. Then tragedy struck. Nearly six decades later, she's sitting in Mary O'Reilly Alden's office seeking her help in locating her long lost love. With the assistance of her friends Rosie and Stanley Wagner, Mary must solve the sixty-year-old mystery that took the life of dedicated teacher Robert Baker, locate his spirit, and reunite him with his bride-to-be.

Never Forgotten

Bradley crept forward between the tall narrow aisles created by the shelves. Just before he reached the corner he heard a thump, the sound of a body hitting the floor. He rushed forward into the corner of the room. The desk was empty. The chair was pushed up against it, neatly awaiting its usual occupant. No one was in the corner. No one was there to make the sound. No one...alive. A cold chill ran down his back. He really wanted to leave the room. Instead, he moved closer. He walked to the window and looked outside. Snow fell softly on the rooftops in the city of Freeport. It was Christmas Eve, a night of peace and miracles. "Go home." He jumped around. The voice was just behind him. Even before he turned, he knew no one would be there. He rubbed the back of his neck, still cold from the breath that carried those words. The curse had killed another Law Enforcement Officer in Stephenson County, this time it struck on Christmas Eve. Nearly a dozen good men had died in the past four years and they all had the same unexplained symptoms. And Mary knew Bradley was next.

Frayed Edges - a Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery (Book 17)

"A bullet shot rings out on the night of the Super Moon and a promising college student is killed. Was it an accident, or did her research into false claims by a bio-tech, agricultural company garner her too much attention? ... Mary and Bradley have to find out or Ruth McCredie will never rest"--Back cover.

Treasured Legacies - a Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery

Was it raining outside? Dale Johnson wondered as he woke up. It was dark and he could hear the sound of rain hitting the roof. Suddenly, he was pelted with something small and hard. He opened his eyes and sat up, nearly fainting in the process. His head was pounding. What the hell happened? He was pelted again and realized he was being hit with small pieces of corn. His stomach twisted and his heart pounded. He wasn't in his house; he was in the grain silo! Struggling to his feet, he lurched to the wall and found the hatch. He found the latch and pushed, but it was stuck fast. Pounding on it, bloodying his hands, he tried again and again to unlatch the door. The grain was now being emptied into the silo in a rapid rate. Dust from the corn was filling the interior and Dale coughed as he continued to fight with the door. "Help me," he yelled, "I'm caught in here!" The roar of the auger and the dump truck drowned out his voice, but he kept calling out and pounding on the metal door. "I'm in here," he screamed, as the grain filled the bottom of the silo, first covering his feet, then his knees, his hips and finally, it was waist high. He thought about his family, especially his wife, who would be waiting supper for him. He thought about his grandkids, who he'd never see grow up. He thought about his kids and prayed they wouldn't blame themselves for the accident. Finally, as the grain moved up past his chin, he took a final deep breath and thought about dying. A farm accident or murder? Could the murderer be one of his own children? And how will the ghost's legacy change Mary's future?

Broken Promises

Clarissa yawned and rubbed her eyes. "Will I ever meet an angel, Daddy?" she asked, as she snuggled into her pillow. He leaned over and kissed her on her forehead. "I'm sure you will, sweetheart," he said. "You just have to watch for them." She nodded sleepily. "Night Daddy, I love you." "I love you too," he whispered, to the already sleeping child. A fierce feeling of protectiveness struck him as he watched her sleep from the doorway. There is no way anyone is going to take her from us, he vowed silently. Not while I'm alive. The trial for Gary Copper has begun, but was there another murder in his past? One that would change the future for Bradley's daughter? And as Rosie and Stanley prepare for their wedding, they both have some ghosts in their own closets they will have to deal with.

Good Tidings

Mary O'Reilly's life was changed when she stepped between a drug dealer's bullet and her beloved older brother. Instead of "going to the light" when she died on the operating table, she was given a choice--a choice that would change her life.

Treasured Legacies

"Dying is what changed Mary O'Reilly's life. Well, actually, coming back from the dead and having the ability to communicate with ghosts is really what did it. As a third-generation Chicago cop, Mary knew the risks of being a police officer and didn't hesitate to step between a drug dealer's bullet and her beloved older brother, Sean. But instead of "going to the light" when she died on the operating table, she was given a choice-- a choice that would change her life. Now, a private investigator in rural Freeport, Illinois, Mary's trying to learn how to incorporate her experience as a Chicago cop and new-found talent into a real job. Her challenge is to solve the mysteries, get real evidence (a ghost's word just doesn't hold up in court), and be sure the folks in town, especially the handsome new police chief, don't think she's nuts. Fifteen years ago, farmer Dale Johnson is locked into his grain bin, just before the corn harvest starts to pour through the opening the roof. His family discovers his body after it's too late. Now, the family is trying to sell their home, but a ghostly presence deters buyers and Rosie calls Mary in to help. A farm accident or murder? Could the murderer be one of his own children? What other secrets is this death covering up?" -- page [4] of cover.

Delayed Departures - a Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery

Mary O'Reilly has absolutely no plans to meet with anyone on Black Friday as she sets up her office for the annual Christmas Walk that is to be held the following weekend in downtown Freeport. So, nearly eight months pregnant, she dresses for comfort--sweats, thick socks and a flannel shirt. Imagine her surprise when someone barges into her office and announces they're filming her for a guest spot on their cable television show, "Ghost Discoverers." She's about to turn the cameraman down in no uncertain terms when a ghost appears behind him and seems to be connected with him. Forced to agree to work with the paranormal research team, Mary and the rest of her group get pulled into a startling case of attempted murder, espionage and mayhem--all at a paranormal investigation conference.

Veiled Passages

Mary closed her eyes in pleasure as the caffeinated beverage slipped down her throat. She'd been trying to cut back, but today she really felt like she needed one. "Excuse me, but that stuff will kill you." The man's voice came from right beside her. Mary jumped, looked over to where the voice was coming from and jumped again. "Oh! My! Goodness! You're naked," Mary said, sliding a stool over to get away from the ghost sitting next to her. The ghost looked casually down at his fleshy and very naked body and nodded, "So it would seem I am," he said. Mary reached across the bar, grabbed a folded linen napkin and slid it towards him. "Well, at least cover yourself," she said. "This is a public place." "No one has ever noticed me before," he said. "I've sat here at this bar in my altogether for about ten years." "Ten years? What happened ten years ago?" "I was murdered in my hotel room," he said with a shrug. "Don't know how they got to me, but it must have been them." "Who is them?" Mary asked. A famous mystery writer drowns in a hotel bathtub... an accident or foul play? His ghost thinks it was murder. His mystery writer colleagues want to help Mary solve the case. Gary Copper is still on the loose and gunning for both Bradley and Mary. And, in between all of the murder and mayhem, Mary and Bradley are trying desperately to finally walk up the aisle. Will they ever become husband and wife?

Clear Expectations - a Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery

Mandy, a novice nurse at Freeport hospital, took the elevator down to get supplies for her area. It only took a moment to go from four down to three. The elevator doors opened to a dimly lit floor. She walked out and glanced to her right. The empty nurses station was just down the hall before the double doors that she assumed led to the now empty rooms. There were a few boxes on the counter that surrounded the station, but other than those, the station was empty. She turned to the left and saw the closed door with the word "Supplies" stenciled on it. Hurrying over to the doors, she pulled out the key and inserted it into the lock. A light switch was conveniently located right inside the door and Mandy switched it on.

Bright light flooded the interior of the supply room. Metal shelves lined up in narrow aisles throughout the room. She easily located the sheets and also found a plastic tub she could use to carry them upstairs. She piled the sheets into the tub, carried them out of the room, then turned off the light and then locked the door. Hefting the tub back into her arms, she turned around and was surprised to see a little girl standing next to the empty nurses station. Mandy guessed the little girl was about eight years old. She had a hospital gown on and her hair was styled in two braids that hung on either side of her head. She must have wandered away from the Pediatric Ward on the second floor. "Hey sweetheart," she said. "I'm Mandy. Are you lost?" The girl stared at the nurse for a long moment, but didn't answer. "Come on, I can bring you back to your room," Mandy coaxed, not wanting to frighten the child. The child didn't respond. Mandy put the tub down, looked back up and the child was gone. Shaking her head in surprise, Mandy slowly stepped forward, her heart thumping in her chest. The little girl must have dashed behind the counter, that had to be where she was. "Little girl," she called. "Where are you?" She peeked behind the nurses station expecting to find the child hiding, but no one was there. All of the cabinets and desks that used to be behind the counter were gone, so just the shell of the counter stood around her. There was nowhere to hide. Nowhere to go. A chill ran up Mandy's spine. She backed away from the station, her mouth dry and her heart pounding. She grabbed the tub of sheets and dashed to the elevator, beating on the button in desperation. Not daring to look over her shoulder at the wing behind her. Finally, the elevator doors opened, and she nearly tripped getting in, she was so eager to leave the floor. She pressed the fourth-floor button and gasped with relief when the doors opened into the bright floor. Mary and Bradley help solve the mystery that is keeping the ghosts of thirteen children stranded in an unused section of the hospital. And, with Mikey arrival imminent, they prepare for other changes in the Alden household.

Loose Ends

Dying is what changed Mary O'Reilly's life. Well, actually, coming back from the dead and having the ability to communicate with ghosts is really what did it. Now, a private investigator in rural Freeport, Illinois, Mary's trying to learn how to incorporate her experience as a Chicago cop and new-found talent into a real job. Her challenge is to solve the mysteries, get real evidence (a ghost's word just doesn't hold up in court), and be sure the folks in town, especially the handsome new police chief, doesn't think she's nuts. Twenty-four years ago, a young woman drowned in the swimming pool of a newly elected State Senator. It was ruled an accident. But now, as the Senator prepares to move on to higher positions, the ghost of the woman is appearing to the Senator's wife. Mary is hired to discover the truth behind the death. She unearths a connection between the murder and the disappearance of five little girls whose cases, twenty-four years later, are still all unsolved. As she digs further she becomes the next target for serial killers' quest to tie up all his loose ends.

Stolen Dreams - A Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery - Book Fourteen

"But Sol, it ain't haunted like you thought," Marty argued cautiously. It wasn't a good idea to get Sol too angry. "We've tried everything, syances, Ouija boards, mediums-everything. This place is just an old, empty house. A creepy, old house." Sol shook his head, disregarding Marty's words, and started up the tall staircase to the second floor. "It just has to seem like a haunted house," he said. "We'll keep the crowds coming if it seems like a haunted house. People pay good money to spend the night in a haunted mansion." Marty followed him, shaking his head. "After that last paranormal research group came through and found nothing, we ain't been getting the crowds like we used to," he pointed out. "People look on the internet for everything. All they have to do is research the house and they'll see we've been investigated by three different groups. They ain't gonna pay top dollar to stay in the state's most haunted house if it ain't got no ghosts." Sol stopped at the top of the stairs and waited for Marty. "Then all we need is a ghost," he said. Marty shook his head and put his hand on his partner's shoulder. "Sol, we've been at this for three years," he replied. "The balloon payment is coming up in three months. We ain't got the capital. We gotta let go of this place before we lose everything." Shoving Marty's arm off his shoulder, Sol paced angrily down the hallway. "Don't you get it, Marty?" he growled, his teeth clenched. "I'm going to lose everything if this place doesn't pan out. I sunk everything I owned into this place. I don't have any reserves. I don't have anything to turn to. This place has to work out." Marty leaned one hand on the balustrade at the top of the staircase and sadly shook his head. "I'm sorry, Sol. I'd do anything to help you," he said sadly. "But this place just ain't got a ghost." Sol sighed deeply and turned back to his friend, nodding his head slowly. "Thank you, Marty," he replied. A icy tremor of fear swept through Marty's body as he saw the cold, calculating look in Sol's eyes. He lifted his hands defensively. "No, Sol, no," he cried even as he felt the power of Sol's body knock him backwards and

down the stairs. A few moments later, Sol stood at the top of the staircase, looking down at the broken, lifeless body of his business partner sprawled unnaturally on the black and white, ceramic tiled, lobby floor. He leaned against the same balustrade that only moments before had been held by Marty and nodded. "And now we have a ghost." Mary, Ian and Mike investigate a supposedly haunted house and discover there are more than just ghosts hidden behind its doors.

Buried Innocence - a Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery - Book Thirteen

Placing the bags on the counter, Donna slipped off her jacket and hung it on the back of a kitchen chair, and then she pulled an apron over her work clothes. She started unpacking the groceries, first putting the refrigerated foods away and then she started working on the canned goods. She smiled as she heard Ryan singing. It wasn't a tune she was familiar with, so he must have learned it in daycare. "Where did you learn that song?" she asked him, leaning over the open counter to listen more closely to the words. "Liza taught it to me," he said. She smiled. Ryan's invisible friend was certainly creative. "Well, say thank you to Liza for me," she replied. "It's a pretty song." He continued singing it, "Who will wipe away my tears? Who will chase away my fears? Who will sing me to sleep at night? Who will tuck me in real tight? Now that Momma's dead and gone, now that Momma's dead and gone." Slightly alarmed at the lyrics, Donna walked around the counter and entered the living room. "How would you like to watch your favorite cartoon?" she asked, picking up a DVD on a shelf next to the television set and sliding it into the DVD player. "But Liza still wants to sing," Ryan said. "Well, Liza can sing and you can watch television," she said. "How's that for a compromise." He nodded. "I guess that will be fine." She turned on the television and waited until Ryan's show started before returning to the kitchen to put away the rest of the groceries. She opened up a cupboard and was reaching up to the top shelf to put an extra jar of peanut butter away when she heard the soft voice behind her. It was high-pitched, like a little girl's voice, but it held an ethereal quality to it as it filled the kitchen. "Who will wipe away my tears? Who will chase away my fears? Who will sing me to sleep at night? Who will tuck me in real tight? Now that Momma's dead and gone, now that Momma's dead and gone." Mary O'Reilly receives a call from a friend in Galena urging her to drive there and speak with a woman who is sure her house is haunted by a little girl. Once she meets the child, she is astonished to discover the child was re-homed, an underground adoption practice still practiced in the United States. Unfortunately, her rehoming did not end well and Mary, Bradley and Mike search for a couple who "adopt" unwanted children and then murder them.

Good Tidings

Former Chicago police officer Mary O'Reilly has been able to communicate with ghosts since having a near-death experience. In Good Tidings, "six year-old Joey Marcum seeks the help of Mary O'Reilly to find his baby brother, who was snatched during the holiday shopping frenzy of Black Friday. Mary agrees to help and finds herself investigating a child-selling scam based in Chicago. But this time, they won't get away with it because Joey's not just a big brother - he's also a ghost."

Deadly Circumstances - a Mary O'Reilly Paranormal Mystery (Book 16)

A poltergeist causes chaos for Mary and Bradley.

True Song

On a cold and rainy night, a security guard at a gravel quarry encounters a woman trespasser who appears to be lost and confused. She does not respond to verbal commands, and utters a series of nonsensical words when questioned. Police chalk it up to mental illness or drugs... until two other people show up at the same quarry days apart. The others also appear to be dazed and disoriented, and repeat a strange combination of words. None of the three trespassers know each other, and there are no apparent connections between them. Police Chief Bradley Alden suspects something troubling, so he calls on Mary O'Reilly to investigate potential paranormal aspects of the case. Mary teams up with a new detective, Penny Abrams, who is investigating a crime at the quarry. Mary and Penny begin to unravel a story that leaves them in shock when the source of the strange occurrences are finally revealed.

Tangled Trail

At the end of a secluded gravel lane called Tangled Trail, sit two large, Victorian-style houses. What were once vibrant and colorful homes, now sit in a state of slow decay. Young Hadlee Monroe has just received her high-school diploma. Hadlee suffers from anxiety issues, and has lived on Tangled Trail for most of her life. Her elderly neighbor, Miss Anna DuVall, tells Hadlee the stories of a lifetime spent on Tangled Trail, recounting the happier times and hinting that not everything may be as it appears. Hadlee begins to experience spine-chilling events that she cannot explain. She doesn't believe in ghosts, but nothing else can account for the strange occurrences that now taunt her. As life begins to spiral toward chaos, Hadlee must determine if the mysterious incidents are simply her imagination, or if something threatening lurks at the end of Tangled Trail. After a series of eerie events, Hadlee connects with Mary O'Reilly, who discovers that there are a lot of secrets among those living... and those long dead... who reside on Tangled Trail.

The Spectral Arctic

Visitors to the Arctic enter places that have been traditionally imagined as otherworldly. This strangeness fascinated audiences in nineteenth-century Britain when the idea of the heroic explorer voyaging through unmapped zones reached its zenith. *The Spectral Arctic* re-thinks our understanding of Arctic exploration by paying attention to the importance of dreams and ghosts in the quest for the Northwest Passage. The narratives of Arctic exploration that we are all familiar with today are just the tip of the iceberg: they disguise a great mass of mysterious and dimly lit stories beneath the surface. In contrast to oft-told tales of heroism and disaster, this book reveals the hidden stories of dreaming and haunted explorers, of frozen mummies, of rescue balloons, visits to Inuit shamans, and of the entranced female clairvoyants who travelled to the Arctic in search of John Franklin's lost expedition. Through new readings of archival documents, exploration narratives, and fictional texts, these spectral stories reflect the complex ways that men and women actually thought about the far North in the past. This revisionist historical account allows us to make sense of current cultural and political concerns in the Canadian Arctic about the location of Franklin's ships.

Rerolling Boardgames

Despite the advent and explosion of videogames, boardgames--from fast-paced party games to intensely strategic titles--have in recent years become more numerous and more diverse in terms of genre, ethos and content. The growth of gaming events and conventions such as Essen Spiel, Gen Con and the UK Games EXPO, as well as crowdfunding through sites like Kickstarter, has diversified the evolution of game development, which is increasingly driven by fans, and boardgames provide an important glue to geek culture. In academia, boardgames are used in a practical sense to teach elements of design and game mechanics. Game studies is also recognizing the importance of expanding its focus beyond the digital. As yet, however, no collected work has explored the many different approaches emerging around the critical challenges that boardgaming represents. In this collection, game theorists analyze boardgame play and player behavior, and explore the complex interactions between the sociality, conflict, competition and cooperation that boardgames foster. Game designers discuss the opportunities boardgame system designs offer for narrative and social play. Cultural theorists discuss boardgames' complex history as both beautiful physical artifacts and special places within cultural experiences of play.

Celtic Tree Magic

Explore the powerful magic of the twenty-five trees in the ogham tradition. Enrich your spiritual practice with authentic Celtic wisdom and practical techniques. Written by a Druid witch and Celtic shaman, *Celtic Tree Magic* shows you how to: Practice ogham divination, charms, and spells Work with each tree's magical correspondences and healing attributes Make salves, tinctures, ointments, and green crafts Find tree spirit allies in nature and the otherworld Fashion wands and other magical tools With exercises, hands-on tips, and an accessible exploration of folklore and myth, this lovely and lyrical handbook provides practical skills and deeper understandings for beginners and intermediate practitioners. Praise: "A trusted and guiding hand through the Celtic forests of wisdom and magic."—Kristoffer Hughes, author of *The Book of Celtic Magic* and founder of the Anglesey Druid Order "This lovely work offers a truly experiential journey...It offers the reader a richer understanding of nature and self."—Philip Carr-Gomm, Chosen Chief of the Order of Bards, Ovates, and Druids and author of *Druid Mysteries* "Danu Forest has made masterful use of the original sources...I heartily commend this book."—Nicholas R. Mann, author of *Druid Magic*

Ulysses

If an entire nation could seek its freedom, why not a girl? As the Revolutionary War begins, thirteen-year-old Isabel wages her own fight...for freedom. Promised freedom upon the death of their owner, she and her sister, Ruth, in a cruel twist of fate become the property of a malicious New York City couple, the Locktons, who have no sympathy for the American Revolution and even less for Ruth and Isabel. When Isabel meets Curzon, a slave with ties to the Patriots, he encourages her to spy on her owners, who know details of British plans for invasion. She is reluctant at first, but when the unthinkable happens to Ruth, Isabel realizes her loyalty is available to the bidder who can provide her with freedom. From acclaimed author Laurie Halse Anderson comes this compelling, impeccably researched novel that shows the lengths we can go to cast off our chains, both physical and spiritual.

Chains

There are over 18 million refugees in today's world. They have escaped conflict and human rights abuses. Television has brought the experiences of refugees into everyone's sitting room. And the 1990s have seen an increased number of refugees fleeing to Western Europe. "Refugees: we left because we had to" can be used in many areas of the school curriculum. The information and activities in the book enable students to develop concepts and skills demanded in the National Curriculum and by examination boards. "Refugees: we left because we had to" is of particular relevance to the teaching of English, history, geography, religious education, sociology and social studies, integrated humanities, modern studies, integrated humanities, modern studies and personal and social education.

The New York Times Book Review

In a world where magic has gone mainstream, a policewoman and a group of petty criminals are pulled into a heist to find a forbidden book of spells that should never be opened. A new adventure begins in the world of the Laundry Files. *Dead Lies Dreaming* presents a nightmarish vision of a Britain sliding unknowingly towards occult cataclysm . . . 'Grim, hilarious, inventive - make the video game now please' Tamsyn Muir

Refugees

For every athlete or sports fanatic who knows she's just as good as the guys. This is for fans of *The Running Dream* by Wendelin Van Draanen, *Grace, Gold, and Glory* by Gabrielle Douglass and *Breakaway: Beyond the Goal* by Alex Morgan. The summer before Caleb and Tessa enter high school, friendship has blossomed into a relationship . . . and their playful sports days are coming to an end. Caleb is getting ready to try out for the football team, and Tessa is training for cross-country. But all their structured plans derail in the final flag game when they lose. Tessa doesn't want to end her career as a loser. She really enjoys playing, and if she's being honest, she likes it even more than running cross-country. So what if she decided to play football instead? What would happen between her and Caleb? Or between her two best friends, who are counting on her to try out for cross-country with them? And will her parents be upset that she's decided to take her hobby to the next level? This summer Caleb and Tessa figure out just what it means to be a boyfriend, girlfriend, teammate, best friend, and someone worth cheering for. "A great next choice for readers who have enjoyed Catherine Gilbert Murdock's *Dairy Queen* and Miranda Kenneally's *Catching Jordan*."—SLJ "Fast-paced football action, realistic family drama, and sweet romance...[will have] readers looking for girl-powered sports stories...find[ing] plenty to like."—Booklist "Tessa's ferocious competitiveness is appealing."—Kirkus Reviews "[The Football Girl] serve[s] to illuminate the appropriately complicated emotions both of a young romance and of pursuing a dream. Heldring writes with insight and restraint."—The Horn Book

Dead Lies Dreaming

The Road to Wigan Pier is Orwell's 1937 study of poverty and working-class life in northern England.

The Football Girl

You have been selected to solve dastardly crimes with Thomas P. Stanwick, the famous amateur logician. Use your great detective skills to come up with the answer to any of over 30 mysteries in just five minutes. Have fun examining the evidence as you sort through the whodunit clues and figure out who had the means, motive and opportunity to commit each one.

The Road to Wigan Pier

Ron Athey is one of the most important, prolific, and influential performance artists of the past four decades. A singular example of lived creativity, his radical performances are odds with the art worlds and art marketplaces that have increasingly dominated contemporary art and performance art over the period of his career. *Queer Communion*, an exploration of Athey's career, refuses the linear narratives of art discourse and instead pays homage to the intensities of each mode of Athey's performative practice and each community he engages. Emphasizing the ephemeral and largely uncollectible nature of his work, the book places Athey's own writing at its center, turning to memoir, memory recall, and other modes of retrieval and narration to archive his performances. In addition to documenting Athey's art, ephemera, notes, and drawings, the volume features commissioned essays, concise "object lessons" on individual objects in the Athey archive, and short testimonials by friends and collaborators by contributors including Dominic Johnson, Amber Musser, Julie Tolentino, Ming Ma, David Getsy, Alpesh Patel, and Zackary Drucker, among others. Together they form *Queer Communion*, a counter history of contemporary art.

Five-Minute Mini-Mysteries

James Joyce's near blindness, his peculiar gait, and his death from perforated ulcers are commonplace knowledge to most of his readers. But until now, most Joyce scholars have not recognized that these symptoms point to a diagnosis of syphilis. Kathleen Ferris traces Joyce's medical history as described in his correspondence, in the diaries of his brother Stanislaus, and in the memoirs of his acquaintances, to show that many of his symptoms match those of *tabes dorsalis*, a form of neurosyphilis which, untreated, eventually leads to paralysis. Combining literary analysis and medical detection, Ferris builds a convincing case that this dread disease is the subject of much of Joyce's autobiographical writing. Many of his characters, most notably Stephen Dedalus and Leopold Bloom, exhibit the same symptoms as their creator: stiffness of gait, digestive problems, hallucinations, and impaired vision. Ferris also demonstrates that the themes of sin, guilt, and retribution so prevalent in Joyce's works are almost certainly a consequence of his having contracted venereal disease as a young man while frequenting the brothels of Dublin and Paris. By tracing the images, puns, and metaphors in *Ulysses* and *Finnegans Wake*, and by demonstrating their relationship to Joyce's experiences, Ferris shows the extent to which, for Joyce, art did indeed mirror life.

Queer Communion

'This is a wonderful novel, both uplifting and heartbreaking.' Good Reading Magazine (5 star review)
SHORTLISTED FOR THE INDIE BOOK AWARD FOR DEBUT FICTION 2020 You can talk about living in the Mallee. And you can talk about a Mallee tree. And you can talk about the Mallee itself: a land and a place full of red sand and short stubby trees. Silent skies. The undulating scorch of summer plains. Quiet, on the surface of things. But Elise wasn't from the Mallee, and she knew nothing of its ways. Discover the world of a small homestead perched on the sunburnt farmland of northern Victoria. Meet Elise, whose urbane 1950s glamour is rudely transplanted to the pragmatic red soil of the Mallee when her husband returns to work the family farm. But you cannot uproot a plant and expect it to thrive. And so it is with Elise. Her meringues don't impress the shearers, the locals scoff at her Paris fashions, her husband works all day in the back paddock, and the drought kills everything but the geraniums she despises. As their mother withdraws more and more into herself, her spirited, tearaway daughters, Marjorie and Ruby, wild as weeds, are left to raise themselves as best they can. Until tragedy strikes, and Marjorie flees to the city determined to leave her family behind. And there she stays, leading a very different life, until the boy she loves draws her back to the land she can't forget... PRAISE FOR WEARING PAPER DRESSES 'In the same vein as Rosalie Ham, Brinsden weaves a compelling story of country Australia with all its stigma, controversy and beauty.' Fleur McDonald 'This heartbreaking, melancholy and hopeful debut novel is full of inventive, haunting imagery and is beautifully written.' Books+Publishing 'a sharply focused portrait of a stoic Mallee farmer, his highly-strung city wife, their two very different daughters, in an austere place and time.' Sydney Morning Herald

James Joyce and the Burden of Disease

Now updated with groundbreaking research, this award-winning classic examines the construction of sexual identity in biology, society, and history. Why do some people prefer heterosexual love while others fancy the same sex? Is sexual identity biologically determined or a product of convention? In this brilliant and provocative book, the acclaimed author of *Myths of Gender* argues that even the most fundamental knowledge about sex is shaped by the culture in which scientific knowledge

is produced. Drawing on astonishing real-life cases and a probing analysis of centuries of scientific research, Fausto-Sterling demonstrates how scientists have historically politicized the body. In lively and impassioned prose, she breaks down three key dualisms -- sex/gender, nature/nurture, and real/constructed -- and asserts that individuals born as mixtures of male and female exist as one of five natural human variants and, as such, should not be forced to compromise their differences to fit a flawed societal definition of normality.

Wearing Paper Dresses

In this study, Charles Fanning has written the first general account of the origins and development of a literary tradition among American writers of Irish birth or background who have explored the Irish immigrant or ethnic experience in works of fiction. The result is a portrait of the evolving fictional self-consciousness of an immigrant group over a span of 250 years. Fanning traces the roots of Irish-American writing back to the eighteenth century and carries it forward through the traumatic years of the Famine to the present time with an intensely productive period in the twentieth century beginning with James T. Farrell. Later writers treated in depth include Edwin O'Connor, Elizabeth Cullinan, Maureen Howard, and William Kennedy. Along the way he places in the historical record many all but forgotten writers, including the prolific Mary Ann Sadlier. *The Irish Voice in America* is not only a highly readable contribution to American literary history but also a valuable reference to many writers and their works. For this second edition, Fanning has added a chapter that covers the fiction of the past decade. He argues that contemporary writers continue to draw on Ireland as a source and are important chroniclers of the modern American experience.

Irish Scene and Sound

Sexing the Body