

## **THE AUTHORS SHOW – Authors of Fiction**

**Author: Jody Sharpe**

The Angel's Daughter

A secret lies in Mystic Bay California and only two people know it. First there's Hannah O'Ryan, a tender, curly -headed half-angel. Then there's her father, Gabe, an effervescent teddy bear of a full-blooded angel. And it's up to Hannah to keep the secret safe. But she's made a colossal mistake telling the secret to her ex boyfriend and writing professor, Sam Blakley. Now he's written a book exposing their secret to the world.

What will happen to Hannah's father? What can Hannah really do to stop this? With her special tears, animal ESP and a surprising gift she didn't know she has, will Hannah be able to thwart Sam's efforts? With her new love, Josh, and her beloved Mystic Bay behind her, Hannah finds her very angelness can make all the difference. Maybe she'll get to fly again like she does in all her dreams.

EXCERPT

Dad comes out of the back door. Bubbles must be back with my aunt and our friends. I wonder if Bubbles is on her shoulder waiting for a cookie. "Red, you all right? He hugs me tight then let's go. There's concern on his face. "So that reporter and Sam's ex-wife came in with the Jacobs fellow?"

"Yes, they were horrible demanding to know if I'm an angel and Jacobs accused me of stealing Dawn. Donnie and Jim saved the day. And Taylor, well, I've never seen him mad."

"Look I'll take over the shop."

"No that's okay. I am going to the beach for a few minutes. We already closed up shop for a while but Taylor's going to stay. I want to feel like we're flying over the water again. You understand don't you, how I wish I could fly with you away from all this?"

“Red, I wish that too. I’m going to practice some night, to see if I can fly higher again. I’m almost sorry. I know I made you love it so.”

Listen, I wouldn’t give up those memories for anything. I just need to look at the lovely ocean and pretend I’m flying.” I hug my father. “I love you Dad.”

“Love you too. Helen’s cheering our friends up with coffee and cookies, so I’ll go back in” We hug again.

I drive out of the alley turning left when I get to Main then on Moon Road, the shortcut winding to the beach where Dad and I would fly. I pass Bob’s Pizza, Little Ones Daycare and Madam Norma’s Parlor. There are so many good people in our little town. I see my dear friend Larry Strong, our City Manger and resident energy healer, walking down the street. He and I were in high school together. He waves at me and I think of the peace he always has in his face and manner. That’s what I want, to be like him...peaceful, centered. I pull over.

“Hey Larry, got a minute?”

“Sure, he says leaning in the passenger car window. “What’s up?” His long brown hair is pulled back in a ponytail.

“I’ve got a big problem. I need your help if possible?”

“Sure, anything,” he says.

“A man I used to date has written a novel and made me the heroine...I’d like to talk to you about it. Do you have time to work with my energy soon?”

“Probably tomorrow would work. Give me a call in the morning. In the meantime remember to wish him well Hannah...that will help until I see you. Okay?”

“Okay, Larry thanks.” He smiles and walks on. He’s the picture of tranquility. Maybe it’s not a coincidence I saw him.

I turn past Beach Tails Veterinary Hospital where Josh is hard at work then drive a few streets further into the small public parking lot. No one is out today and it's become blustery all of a sudden. The clouds look like big white feather pillows floating in the sky. The sun is moving high on this beautiful day. I take off my shoes and run to the vast rippling waves at water's edge. The wind in my face blows my hair around wildly and the windswept sand feels good even if it's cold. Closing my eyes it's easy to imagine my father and me flying like we used to in the star-studded night, where the twinkling lights of our little harbor town looked like a fairyland, where nothing could harm us. I imagine us the night we found Louie...a breath away from the moon's shimmer on the Pacific. I take in the deep salty air. I open my eyes, the waves are glistening, spraying their cold magic, and the moon still hangs in the sky. Pelicans fly overhead. I count seventeen of them as I try to hear the rush of wings but the sound of the surfs rhythm overwhelms them. Far away a boat moves onwards sails dancing in the new breeze. In the distance the spout of a whale sprays towards the sky. I close my eyes and take in the deepest breath I can again trying to center myself.

Opening my eyes I'm suddenly hovering out of my body above the water. I don't feel the wind. I fell nothing but joy as if I'm looking at Uriel. Now I'm high above the enormous whale. His gray skin shines like patent leather. He jumps turning his body towards me as if to say, "hello". He's communicating and launches himself high enough for me to touch his perfect skin. He's an angel of the sea in pure delight. With a giant splash back down he sets the waves in motion. Where is he going, whom does he love? He seemed aware of me but is this daydream? Instantly, I'm back standing on the beach again. Did I really leave my body perched above a magnificent whale? Looking up, the sun is in the same place warming my face. To my right the white streak of an airplane trail moves north. God gave me this joyful gift of experiencing a high plane. Can it help me conquer this dark chapter in my life?