



## **Leprechaun Magic**

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**LEPRECHAUN MAGIC**

**By**

**Cia Leah**

**Irish booted her computer and waited for windows to load. With St. Patrick's Day tomorrow, she was tired of the good-natured teasing at the office, so she had taken her week of vacation a little earlier than usual and she planned on spending time on her computer and having fun.**

**She could never figure out why her mother and father had named her Irish. She didn't have red hair or red gold hair that she found so appealing. No, she had auburn hair with just a hint of reddish highlights and green eyes the color of springtime grass. As a matter of fact, she wasn't Irish at all.**

**When windows loaded, Irish moved her mouse to click on start, and to her surprise a four leaf clover**

floated down from the top of her screen to land on the bottom of her desktop, which was wallpapered with a scenery background of a field of flowers.

She watched in amazement as a pot of gold appeared in all four corners of her screen and a leprechaun appeared right in the middle. “Oh God, this can’t be happening!” She said, clicking on the items to see if they would go away. When they didn’t, she clicked on start to reboot, but the Leprechaun held up a sign.

**Don’t do that! Turn on your speakers!**

Irish stared at the little man. She felt really stupid to be even considering what he wrote when she knew for a fact that he wasn’t real. He was short, had on a cocked hat and a leather apron and was dressed in green. She didn’t know anything about leprechauns, but she knew what one looked like. Curious as to how he got into her computer, she checked window’s explorer temporary internet files, and temporary files and deleted

them, then deleted her cookies, not surprised when the leprechaun followed her every move.

**That won't help! Turn on your speakers!**

Irish reached over and turned them on, and waited to see if she could hear him speak. Maybe she had a hacker in her computer and what was happening was the hacker's idea of a joke.

**"Irish! I'm here and you can't make me go away until I want to!"**

**"Oh for crying out loud," she said, hearing the leprechaun's Irish laced accented voice. Suddenly feeling like her privacy had been invaded, she moved the mouse to start then shut down, and then restarted once again. "Now I bet you're gone!" She said, as windows reloaded, but to her dismay he was there once again.**

**"You can't get rid of me that easily!"**

Irish reached down on her desk and pulled her reformat CD and windows CD out. If a hacker was in her computer, then one way to get rid of it was to reformat.

**Before the leprechaun could say anything else, she rebooted with the reformat disk in and set about reformatting her hard drive to the way it had been the day she had bought it.**

**She made a cup of tea and waited for the process to end. When it did, she smiled and returned to windows once again, not unmindful that she had not taken the time to save any of her programs, all of which she would have to reinstall once again and set up her internet connection once more.**

**When the four-leaf clover floated from the top of her desktop to land again at the bottom of the screen, she couldn't believe it and watched as a pot of gold appeared again in the four corners of the screen, and once again, the leprechaun appeared.**

**“That won't help either, Irish, and I'm getting a little peeved! We've got things to do before St. Patrick's Day!”**

**“This is ridiculous!” Irish yelled, taking her mouse and clicking repeatedly on the leprechaun. “Why won’t you go away?”**

**“Because we have things to do!”**

**“Like what?”**

**“Well get this thing up and running again and I’ll show you. You know you could have saved yourself a lot of work if you wouldn’t have wiped out your whole hard drive! Well, get busy or do you want me to put everything back the way it was?”**

**Irish shook her head in disbelief. “I just want you to go away and take your four leaf clover and your pots of gold with you!”**

**“Ah, Irish, if you would just sit back and relax, you just might have some fun! Where’s your sense of adventure, your zest for life?”**

**My zest for life is just fine and I was going to have fun until you showed up! So why don’t you take your little person and just disappear?”**

**“That’s a bunch of blarney, it ‘tis!”**

**“Get out of my computer!” Irish said through gritted teeth. She was beginning to think she was loosing her mind. Here she was talking to a leprechaun who had made his home in her computer, which was virtually impossible since she knew he was not real.**

**“No!”**

**She watched as the leprechaun started jumping up and down and running around the screen. In minutes, all her icons reappeared on her desktop and he sat on top of an e-mail letter she had saved as the flowered desktop wallpaper appeared. “No one in his or her right mind would believe this,” she said, shaking her head.**

**“I would,” the leprechaun crowed.**

**“Would you just go away? If not, then I am going to turn this thing off and you won’t be able to talk to me and I won’t see you.”**

**“You can’t turn it off now.”**

**Irish watched a mischievous grin spread across his wrinkled aged face and he folded his short arms**

across his chest and started swinging his feet in what seemed to be mid air from the e-mail letter icon he sat on. “I will turn it off,” she said, raising her chin in defiance, going to start and shut down once more. She clicked on shut down and then ok, but nothing happened. “This is making me mad!”

“That Irish temper, Irish!”

“I’m not Irish!”

“Yes you are! You’re name says so!”

“I am not Irish!” She reached down to the tower sitting on the floor and pushed the off button, but again, nothing happened.

“I told you that you can’t shut it off. You’re stubborn too! Just like an Irish woman!”

Irish pushed up from the desk, grabbed the afghan off the back of her chair and threw it over the monitor. “Maybe this will make you go away and get out of my computer!”

“I’ll be here when you get back and you won’t be able to sleep until you do come back.”

Irish reached over and turned off the speakers, but they wouldn't turn off either. "Well I know one way to really get rid of you!" She said, leaning down and unplugging the computer from the outlet. "There!" She said, as she lifted the afghan to peek at the screen once again. When the leprechaun waved at her from his seat, she fell back down into her chair and just stared at the screen through the tiny holes in the afghan. "I'm going insane! I take my vacation to get away from all the teasing at work because of my name and now I have a leprechaun in my computer and the darn thing won't even turn off and is working without electricity! It's impossible and there are no such things as leprechauns! They are just a myth of Irish folklore and nothing more than that!"

Irish pushed up from the chair, went and took her shower, and got ready for bed. One thing for sure, the computer couldn't walk into her bedroom and she didn't think the leprechaun could get out of it.

As she snuggled down under the quilt, the faint sound of music floated into her room. An Irish jig was playing and there were voices. Lots of bawdy voices talking. It sounded almost like she was in an Irish Pub. “Oh, go away so I can go to sleep and be gone before morning!” She yelled and pulled the pillow over her head.

Irish groaned when the music increased in volume. If it got any louder, then her new neighbor would be calling the police and reporting her for disturbing the peace and she didn’t even know him yet. She pushed back the covers and hopped out of bed and marched out to her desk. She pulled the afghan off, threw it on the back of her chair, and flopped down into the seat.

She gazed at the screen and frowned. Her desktop was now an Irish Pub, filled with leprechauns. They were everywhere. They sat at the bar and at tables that were shaped like four leaf clovers. There was a leprechaun playing a piano in the corner and they were

singing raucously in loud boisterous voices that made her want to slap her hands over her ears to shut out the sound. “Oh, just go away!”

“Here’s to Irish!”

Irish just glared at the Leprechaun that had started the whole thing. Here it was, the middle of the night, and her computer was unplugged, yet still working it seemed. She reached down and plugged it in and tried to shut it off once more but it wouldn’t obey her commands.

“To Irish!” The leprechauns yelled and raised their glasses in a toast.

When her instant messaging program popped up and she noticed typing on it, she leaned forward and read: “Hey get off my computer, you little green men!”

Irish watched as the Leprechaun jumped up on the divider that separated the top message screen from hers.

“Well, Irish, aren’t you going to answer him?”

**“Him who? I’m not even connected to the internet!”**

**“Yes you are and you can talk to Cory McDugal. He’s Irish through and through! He’ll help you celebrate St. Patrick’s Day!”**

**Irish was about to reply when a male voice floated from her speakers.**

**“Hey! What the heck is going on here?”**

**“Oh, don’t tell me,” she said as the leprechaun jumped up and down and clapped his hands.**

**“Yes, your speakers are on too! Talk to Cory!”**

**Irish groaned. “This is just too unbelievable to be true. I really must be in a nightmare!”**

**“Hello? Who said that?”**

**“I did,” Irish said, leaning back in her chair as the leprechaun jumped off the application to return to his friends.**

**“Who are you and how did you get into my computer?”**

**“You don’t sound Irish,” she said.**

**“What has that got to do with it? What are you doing in my computer and how did you get all these leprechauns on my desktop?”**

**Irish sat up. “You have them too?”**

**“Yes, they’re in an Irish Pub and having a party!”**

**“On your desktop?”**

**“Yeah!”**

**“Well we’re in the same situation it seems. I have tried to get rid of them and even unplugged my computer and they are still here and now you show up.”**

**“I didn’t show up! It just happened! Are you a hacker?”**

**“Irish laughed. “I thought the same thing, but now I’m not too sure unless you are the hacker and just trying to confuse me.”**

**“I’m not a hacker!”**

**“Well neither am I!”**

**“All right, calm down, we don’t need to shout at one another.”**

**“You shouted first.”**

**“I guess I did. What’s your name?”**

**“Irish.”**

**“Come on, now. What’s your name?”**

**“It’s Irish and no I’m not Irish,” she said as the leprechauns yelled, “ To Irish!” and toasted her again.**

**“My name’s Cory and I am Irish, but this is a little bit much to accept that I have leprechauns in my computer and talking to a girl named Irish who isn’t Irish.”**

**Irish couldn’t help but grin. He sounded nice and if it happened to him like it had to her, then she was sure he was just as confused by it all as she was. “This really is weird, isn’t it?”**

**“It sure is and I just wish these pots of gold were real.”**

**“That would be nice, huh?”**

**“Yeah. Where are you from?”**

**“Stoneyvale, Ohio.”**

**“Hey, no kidding! Me too! I just moved here. Transferred to an office here.”**

**“What’s the name of the street you live on?”**

**“Parks Street.”**

**“That’s where I live! Are you my new neighbor?”**

**“Well there’s only one way to find out. I’ll open the door and look out and if I see you next door, then we’ll know we’re neighbors.”**

**Irish jumped up out of the chair and ran to open the kitchen door, switching the porch light on. She looked across the yard that separated her house from the one next to it and watched as the door swung open and the man waved then ran across the yard to her. She smiled when he stopped before her and looked at her. “You must be Irish with all that red hair,” she said, smiling and moving aside. “Please come in.”**

**“I’m Irish all right, but in our family there’s not one of us named, Irish. That’s a great name you have.”**

**Irish laughed. “You want to look at my computer and see if it has the same thing as yours?”**

**“Sure would.”**

**Irish walked to her computer and looked at the screen. The leprechauns raised their mugs in salute.**

**“To Irish and Cory! Happy St. Patrick’s Day!”**

**Irish shook her head. “I really can’t believe this.”**

**“Me either, but I see it and you see it, so unless we’re in the same dream, then it has to be happening for real.”**

**“But why is the question in my mind. I mean why do we have leprechauns in our computer? They aren’t real and are only a myth,” she said, as the leprechauns laughed and started playing another Irish jig.**

**“Well, tomorrow is St. Patrick’s Day, so I guess they just picked us to celebrate with.”**

**Irish shook her head. “You’ve got to be kidding. Don’t tell me you believe in these little two feet tall men, dressed like a shoemaker, with a cocked hat and leather apron?”**

**Cory grinned. “I’m Irish. I have to believe in them.”**

**“But they aren’t real, only an Irish myth!”**

**Cory shook his head. “Here we go again, shouting at each other. Are you sure you aren’t Irish?”**

**“Oh for crying out loud!” Irish said, moving to flop down in her chair and stare at the computer. The leprechaun’s stood up and saluted her once again as Cory walked over to stand by her chair and stare at the screen.**

**“It seems they really like you a lot.”**

**“I can’t say the same. All I wanted to do was get away from the office and from all the teasing and just spend the weekend at home and have fun on my computer.”**

**“You mean you aren’t celebrating St. Patrick’s Day?”**

**Irish shook her head. “No.”**

**“Well we can’t have that can we?” Cory said, as the leprechaun’s shook their heads. “What are you going to do tomorrow?”**

**“Nothing at all.”**

**“Why don’t you come over to my house for a traditional Irish breakfast, then we can go to the parade in town, and then we can go to the Irish Festival.”**

**Irish looked up at him. “You’ve got to be kidding, right?”**

**“Not at all. You can’t sit at home all by yourself doing nothing on St. Patrick’s Day. There’s just too much fun and too much good food to miss out on all of it.”**

**Irish looked back to the screen as the leprechauns shouted.**

**“Go with him Irish! Have fun! We’ll be here until midnight tomorrow night!”**

**Irish groaned. “I don’t think I can take this until tomorrow night.”**

**Cory laughed. “Just ignore them and get some sleep. Come over around eight for breakfast and we’ll go have lots of fun after that.”**

**Irish stood and walked Cory to the door. “I guess I don’t have any choice. I sure don’t want to be here with this ruckus going on. I already have a headache.”**

**Cory smiled. “Great! I was sure I was going to have to spend St. Patrick’s Day all alone since I have no family here. It’ll be great! You wait and see!”**

**Irish nodded as Cory ran back to his house. She turned and looked at the computer once more, threw her hands up in the air, and marched off to the bedroom. She slammed the door shut behind her, switched on her radio to an easy listening station to calm her frazzled nerves, then hopped into bed. As she drifted off to sleep, the leprechaun that had been on her computer appeared behind her closed eyes, and winked. She fell asleep as her radio station changed from her station and started playing an Irish Jig.**

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**Irish woke to the sound of Irish music pounding through the air. “For goodness sake!” She cried, jumped out of bed, took her shower, and got dressed in**

**jeans and a blue sweater. When she walked into the living room and passed her computer, the music stopped and the leprechaun yelled at her.**

**“Irish! You got to go put something green on!”**

**“No!”**

**“You have to!”**

**“Listen,” Irish said, moving to her desk and placing her hands on top of it and leaning down to stare into her monitor, “I am not Irish and I am not wearing green!”**

**“Yes you are!” The leprechaun cried and began running around the screen as the others joined him.**

**Irish felt a strong wind circle her and suddenly her blue sweater changed to green right before her eyes.**

**“Hey!” She yelled, I don’t like green!”**

**“It matches your eyes, Irish! You know that song?”**

**Irish shook her head as they sang the song in loud, boisterous voices. “I’m leaving,” she said, then grabbed her purse and jacket, and ran out the door and**

across the yard to Cory's house. When he answered the door, she wasn't surprised that he wore a green sweater that matched the color of hers. "I see those little wrinkled old men have been busy over here too," she said, as he moved aside for her to step inside.

"It's the custom of wearing green and they sure have and they haven't stopped celebrating the whole night through. Did you get any sleep?"

"Yes. I was exhausted, but when I woke up, the noise was terrible."

"Yeah, here too. Come on in the kitchen. Breakfast is ready."

"It smells good. What are we having?"

"A traditional Irish breakfast, of course. It has bacon, sausage, tomatoes in it."

Irish sat down at the table where he indicated and watched as he set the meal on the table. "You seem right at home in the kitchen."

Cory laughed. "My mother made sure all of us children could cook."

**“How many brothers and sisters do you have?”**

**“Six. Three brothers and three sisters.”**

**“That sounds like a nice family,” she said, as she started eating. “This is good.”**

**“Thanks and what about you? Any brothers or sisters?”**

**“No, I’m an only child.”**

**“I can’t imagine what it would have been like not growing up with a big family. When we have our reunion’s there’s so many of us, it fills up a whole park.”**

**“I would love that.”**

**“Well, when we have our reunion, you’re invited.”**

**Irish smiled. She really liked Cory. Besides, he was a great cook. She finished eating and took her plate to the sink. “That was really delicious. Thank you.”**

**Cory got up and placed his plate in the sink too. “You’re welcome, and if you’re ready to go, the parade should be starting soon.”**

**Irish nodded and followed him out to his car. He held the door open for her while she got inside and then**

walked around and slid behind the wheel and turned and smiled at her.

“Here, we can’t go until we put one of these on.”

“What is it?” Irish asked.

“It’s a shamrock pin. Would you like me to pin it on for you?”

“Are you sure you’re not a leprechaun turned into a human?”

Cory laughed and pinned it on for her, then pinned his on. “I promise I am just an ordinary Irish guy. Nothing more than that and I want us to have fun.”

Irish smiled as he turned the ignition on and backed out of the driveway and headed towards town. She never would have dreamed that she would be on her way to a St. Patrick’s Day parade today and with an Irishman to boot. She just hoped that those leprechauns in her computer would be gone by the time she got home.

When Cory parked in the parking lot at the park, they got out and walked out onto the sidewalk. People

walked about, joking and enjoying the day, and almost everyone had green on in every shade imaginable. Children wore big smiles on their faces, excited about the parade and awaiting the candy that would be thrown their way. When she heard music playing, she turned to Cory. “Here comes the band.”

“And they’re playing your song, Irish. You have the prettiest green eyes and when you smile they light up. You are always wearing green and always Irish.”

Irish smiled as the band moved past them and what she assumed was a child dressed as a Leprechaun came next. Several people ran out into the street to try and catch him, but he was quick and always got away, much to the amusement of the spectators. When he ran to her and reached into one of the leather pouches he carried, and pressed something into the palm of her hand before he ran away, she opened her hand to find a gold coin there. When it suddenly turned to ashes in her hand, she looked up at Cory in bewilderment.

Cory laughed. “A leprechaun always carries two leather pouches. Inside one pouch is a silver shilling, a magical coin that returns to the purse every time it is paid out. In the other, he carries a gold coin in which he uses to try and bribe his way out of difficult situations. This coin usually turns to leaves or ashes once the leprechaun has parted with it.”

“But how and if that is a child dressed...”

“You never know, Irish.”

Irish shook her head and watched the rest of the parade. She never saw the leprechaun again, but she was beginning to wonder if it were a child that was dressed up like a leprechaun or a real leprechaun. She shook herself and watched the rest until it ended. She turned to Cory. “That was nice.”

“Are you having fun?”

“More than I thought I would and I enjoy your company.”

Cory grinned. “Ah, Irish, when you look at me with those green eyes...”

Irish laughed as they walked down the street to the park where the Irish festival was being held. They walked around for a while and then stopped to sit at one of the tables where they served food. She looked across the table at Cory and smiled. “What are you going to have?”

“Irish Stew, of course and Barm Brack and maybe some of that green cotton candy for dessert.”

Stew sounds good. I’m hungry. What is Barm Brack?”

“It’s farm bread. It has currants, dates, raisins, black tea, cinnamon, clove and nutmeg, to name a few of the ingredients. Want to try some?”

“Yes.”

“Are you having fun?”

Irish laughed. “You know, I didn’t think I’d ever enjoy a St. Patrick’s Day parade or an Irish festival, but I’m having a great time.”

**Cory grinned. “Well, I hope my company has added to your enjoyment, because I like you a lot and this is the best time I’ve had at a festival in a long time.”**

**“Really? I thought just being Irish made it special.”**

**“You make it special, Irish. Now let me go get us something to eat.”**

**Irish watched him walk away and looked around her. When she caught site of the leprechaun who had given her the gold coin, she saw him wave before he disappeared into the crowd. There was just something strange about that leprechaun.**

**\*\*\***

**Irish sighed when Cory pulled into his driveway and turned off the ignition. “It’s been a wonderful day and evening,” she said.**

**“It’s not over yet,” Cory said, getting out of the car to open her door.**

**Irish stepped out beside him. “What do you mean?”**

**“Well, I’m hoping you will join me for the traditional corned beef and cabbage dinner I’ve made and join me for a Patrick’s Pot.”**

**“When did you have time to make a corned beef and cabbage dinner and what is Patrick’s Pot?” She asked, as he took her by the arm and they walked towards his house.**

**“All I have to do is put it in the microwave and warm it up and Patrick’s Pot is whiskey, which is a traditional drink to have on St. Patrick’s Day.”**

**Irish stepped into the house as he opened the door for her and heard an Irish jig playing. “Those leprechauns are still in our computers it seems.”**

**“That they are, but I’m sure they’ll be gone at midnight and back to making shoes.”**

**Irish laughed as they walked into the kitchen and she helped him get things ready. She was surprised when he placed a beautiful white tablecloth with embroidered leprechauns and shamrocks over the table, set silver candelabras on the table and lit the candles.**

**“This is a beautiful tablecloth,” she said, sitting down to wait for the corned beef and cabbage to heat up.”**

**“My mother made it. She is always doing things with her hands. Either embroidery, crocheting, or painting and since she is full blooded Irish, the whole family has pillowcases, table cloths, stand covers, paintings and things she has made and of course, they have leprechauns and shamrocks on most of them.”**

**“She’s very talented,” Irish said as Cory took the corned beef and cabbage out of the microwave and served her first.**

**“Yes, she is and she’d like you for sure.”**

**“Don’t tell me,” Irish smiled, “because of my name.”**

**Cory laughed. “Yeah and for those smiling green eyes of yours.”**

**Irish wasn’t surprised when the song began playing loudly. “Those leprechaun’s are ease droppers for sure.**

Cory nodded. “They sure are, but I’m glad they chose our computers to get into and not someone else’s.”

“Me too,” she said, as they began eating. When they were finished, she helped Cory clean the kitchen then they went into his living room with their drink of Patrick’s Pot. When an Irish ballad started playing, Cory took her drink and set it down on the end table beside his. “Would you like to dance?”

“Yes,” she said, as Cory pulled her into his arms and gently and expertly led her in dance. When Cory whispered in her ear, she turned to look. Sitting on top of the chandelier was a leprechaun. “I don’t believe this!”

“Be very quiet,” Cory whispered. “It is said that if a leprechaun is caught he can be forced to reveal the whereabouts of his treasure, but the captor must keep his eyes on him and if not, then the leprechaun vanishes and all hopes of finding the treasure is lost.”

“Do you really believe that?”

**“Of course. I’m Irish.”**

**“He knows we’re looking at him.”**

**“Yes he does.”**

**“So what do you think he is thinking?”**

**“Maybe we should capture him first and ask him later.”**

**Irish smiled. “I don’t think you can capture a myth.”**

**“Do you still believe they are just a myth?”**

**Irish nibbled gently at the bottom of her lip and remembered everything that had happened since the previous night. From her seeing the leprechaun in her computer, to spending the day with Cory, and dancing here with him now. Never had she celebrated St. Patrick’s Day like she had this one and she found that she was sad to see it end.**

**Being here held in Cory’s arms seemed the most natural thing in the world, like she had always been here in his arms, she thought. When the sound of hammers striking something filled the room and the leprechaun**

swung his feet in the air from where he was perched on the chandelier she thought that if myths did exist, then she was living a real live one right now. When the leprechaun spoke, Irish knew he was the one from her computer.

“Well, Irish, what do you think of our holiday now?”

Irish turned in Cory’s arms and was thankful he kept his arms around her waist as she leaned into him and smiled up at the leprechaun. “I’ve loved everything about today.”

“And your name?”

“Is Irish, and I’m proud of it!” She said, as the leprechaun started swinging joyously from the chandelier and jumped down to stand before her. He reached out and put a silver shilling in her hand.

“That won’t disappear back into my purse, but will bring you many years of good luck and when you get home and look at your computer, you will find out just how Irish you are.”

Irish was about to thank him, but he disappeared and she heard the leprechaun's in Cory's computer toast her once again and then all was quiet. She turned to Cory. "They're gone?"

Cory nodded as the clock chimed midnight. "Yes, St. Patrick's Day is over for one more year."

"Do you think we will see them again next year?"

Cory smiled. "I thought you didn't believe in leprechauns and found them too boisterous and irritating."

Irish held her hand up with the silver coin in the palm of her hand. "I guess I changed my mind."

Cory laughed. "I'm happy you have. Now, why don't we go to your house and see just what he was talking about you finding in your computer."

"Yes," Irish said, hurrying out of the house with Cory following her. She opened her door, put her purse down, and sat down in her chair. "This looks like a family tree," she said, staring at the screen.

**“It is,” Cory said, coming to kneel down beside her. My mother did ours and look!”**

**Irish followed his finger to one of the branches of the family tree. There was the name Irish. “Oh, my goodness!” she cried, turning to look at him. “My Great Great Great Grandmother was Irish and I have her name!”**

**Cory grinned as he pointed for her to look at the screen again.**

**A picture floated down from the top of the screen to stop right in the middle as four leaf clovers began to fall all around it. It was a picture of her Great Great Great Grandmother and it was like looking at a picture of herself only dressed in a long, flowing green dress with a shamrock brooch pinned on it. She turned to Cory and smiled. “I guess I had better delve into our family tree. I remember my father mentioning that there had been a descendent on his side that was rumored to be Irish and had been named that, but he didn’t know anymore about it than that, but he thought it was a fine**

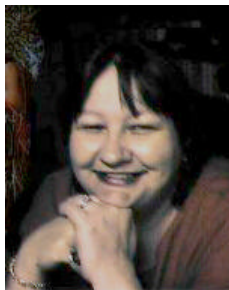
**name and had given it to me. I never really believed that I was Irish.”**

**Cory stood and pulled her to her feet. “I never doubted it for a minute since I laid eyes on you. With that auburn hair and those green eyes, there wasn’t any way you couldn’t have Irish blood running in those veins.”**

**Irish smiled when the leprechaun’s voice shouted. “To Irish! Happy St. Patrick’s Day!”**

**The End**

**ABOUT THE AUTHOR**



**Cia Leah**

**Cia Leah grew up in Ohio, outside of Toronto, at  
her family's country home.**

**She has always been an avid reader and always  
writing stories for her friends and family.**

**She is presently working on a suspense/thriller novel  
and an historical romance novel.**