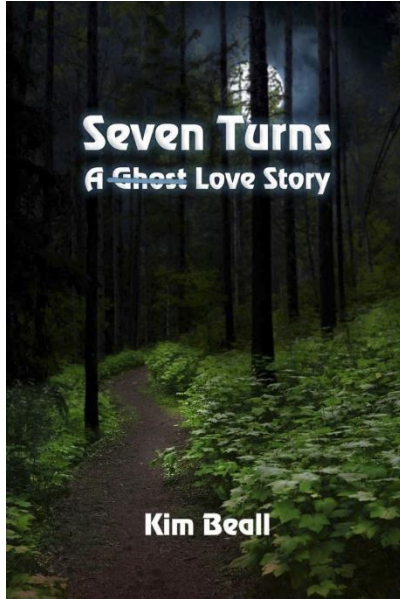


SEVEN TURNS
A Ghost Love Story
by Kim Beall



Callaghan McCarthy has 99 problems, and believing in ghosts isn't one of them. The ghosts around her beg to differ, and they need her help with a problem of their own.

Once the author of a popular ghost story, she is out of inspiration and fast running out of money. In a last-ditch effort to find inspiration for a sequel, she has loaded everything she owns into her car and set off across the country to seek her muse at a bed and breakfast she's been told is haunted. As Cally finds herself in the midst of a host of secrets nobody will talk about in front of people who are Not From Around Here, she begins to understand that saving the spirits of Woodley, USA and saving herself are one and the same.

Tagline: When Ghosts Believe in You

Book Info:

Publisher: [Solstice Publishing](#) (May 8, 2018)

Author: Kim Beall

Cover Art: by Solstice Publishing

Paperback: 353 pages

Word Count: 100,000

ISBN-10: 1625267894

ISBN-13: 978-1625267894

Amazon Kindle Edition: [amazon.com/dp/B07CXVZW6D](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B07CXVZW6D)

Paperback Edition: [amazon.com/dp/1625267894](https://www.amazon.com/dp/1625267894)

Praise for Seven Turns:

★★★★★ "A captivating look into the world of the Fae mixed with a 'spirited' who-done-it with characters you will fall in love with..." [Amazon reviewer](#)

Additional Media:

Book Trailer on YouTube: [youtube.com/watch?v=83ezAQkTNXs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=83ezAQkTNXs)



About the Author

Kim Beall started sneaking into the basement to read her parents' massive collection of books when she was nine years old, and spent her teenage years writing many novels. This might have worked out better for her if she had not written them during math class. She believes adults never really outgrow the yearning to be enchanted by fiction, and that we all hope, within our lifetimes, to find real magic in the world.

For additional information, contact info@kimbeall.com

KimBeall.com/blog | facebook.com/kimbeallauthor/ | [@KimBeallsGhost](https://twitter.com/KimBeallsGhost)

or Solstice Publishing at SolsticePublishing.com

Excerpt #1 (~200 words):

He smiled when he saw her looking at him, and took his hands out of his pockets to hold them straight at his sides.

"What nerve he has, to smile so sweetly at me," she thought, but she did not allow her face to show any expression at all. Her heartbeat sounded like a hammer in her ears.

"I'm sorry," he said.

Cally swallowed. "For what?"

"For frightening you last night."

He was frightening her now, Cally thought, but she refused to show it. "I am talking to a ghost," she heard herself think. "I am knowingly talking to a ghost, as if that's what one normally does." The hammering in her ears grew louder.

"You owe me an explanation," she said. She hadn't meant to say it out loud, but it was true.

"I tried very hard to never have to do that," he said. "But the White Lady was coming, and I couldn't let her see me."

"You had to hide from another ghost?" Cally's voice came out much sharper than she had intended, and once the ludicrous words were out of her mouth, the noise in her ears began to sound like wind, and she realized she was about to faint.

Excerpt #2 (~600 words)

"Your destination is on the left," whispered the soft voice. "You will be safe here."

Cally's eyes flew open. "Shit shit shit!" She grabbed the steering wheel hard and pulled herself up in the seat. Her heart pounding in her ears blotted out the whine of tires on concrete, the rattle of boxes in the back seat. The highway still lay straight in front of her, unrolling dark and endless in her headlight beam. No lights, no signs, no exits broke the unending monotony of tall, dark pines marching along both sides of the highway. The only sign other humans ever used this road at all had been the occasional tractor trailer roaring up out of the night to pass by her, usually going in the other direction.

As her heartbeat gradually returned to normal, fatigue of body and spirit threatened to overtake her again. She opened the window and gulped in deep breaths of cool night air. It didn't help. She hit the "skip" button on her MP3 player until she came to an old southern rock anthem (Green Grass and High Tides, for what must have been the tenth time that night) and sang along loudly, drumming on the steering wheel through the guitar solos to stop herself yawning—or was it to stop herself panicking?

A glance at the GPS on her phone, lying useless in the passenger seat, showed only the words "NO SIGNAL" astride a straight blue line between a town named Coppersmith, at the top of the screen, and Blackthorn at the bottom. So it could not have been the mechanical voice of the GPS that had awakened her, she realized. Maybe it had been a dream, or some tiny inner part of her that did not actually want her to die alone on the road in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere. She wasn't sure whether or not to be grateful. In any case, there was certainly no destination on the left, or on the right, or anywhere, that she could see.

According to the equally useless printed directions she had received from Emerald, the exit to Woodley should be on the left, four miles south of Coppersmith, and "if you get to Blackthorn, you've gone too far." But Cally had already got to Blackthorn. She'd been there twice that night, had turned around and gone back to Coppersmith, and turned around again. She had pulled over and tried to text Emerald to explain her dilemma, but had been unable to get a signal. Sighing, she turned her red Corolla around in the median and headed back, again, toward Coppersmith, this time watching to the right for an exit, an opening, anything. Maybe, she thought, if she got out of the car and held her phone above her head, she could get a GPS signal. Maybe reception would be better at the crest of the rise just ahead. Maybe her car would sprout wings and fly.

Her breath caught in her throat when something ran through the headlight beam. She stepped on the brake and braced herself for the impact, but the white figure reached the other side of the road safely, then paused and turned to look at her, its eyes glowing blue in her headlights. Cally thought it might be a deer, but it was white and a little too large—a horse, maybe? She continued to slow down until she was abreast of it.

Excerpt #3 (~1000 words)

"Your destination is on the left," whispered the soft voice. "You will be safe here."

Cally's eyes flew open. "Shit shit shit!" She grabbed the steering wheel hard and pulled herself up in the seat. Her heart pounding in her ears blotted out the whine of tires on concrete, the rattle of boxes in the back seat. The highway still lay straight in front of her, unrolling dark and endless in her headlight beam. No lights, no signs, no exits broke the unending monotony of tall, dark pines marching along both sides of the highway. The only sign other humans ever used this road at all had been the occasional tractor trailer roaring up out of the night to pass by her, usually going in the other direction.

As her heartbeat gradually returned to normal, fatigue of body and spirit threatened to overtake her again. She opened the window and gulped in deep breaths of cool night air. It didn't help. She hit the "skip" button on her MP3 player until she came to an old southern rock anthem (Green Grass and High Tides, for what must have been the tenth time that night) and sang along loudly, drumming on the steering wheel through the guitar solos to stop herself yawning—or was it to stop herself panicking?

A glance at the GPS on her phone, lying useless in the passenger seat, showed only the words "NO SIGNAL" astride a straight blue line between a town named Coppersmith, at the top of the screen, and Blackthorn at the bottom. So it could not have been the mechanical voice of the GPS that had awakened her, she realized. Maybe it had been a dream, or some tiny inner part of her that did not actually want her to die alone on the road in the middle of the night in the middle of nowhere. She wasn't sure whether or not to be grateful. In any case, there was certainly no destination on the left, or on the right, or anywhere, that she could see.

According to the equally useless printed directions she had received from Emerald, the exit to Woodley should be on the left, four miles south of Coppersmith, and "if you get to Blackthorn, you've gone too far." But Cally had already got to Blackthorn. She'd been there twice that night, had turned around and gone back to Coppersmith, and turned around again. She had pulled over and tried to text Emerald to explain her dilemma, but had been unable to get a signal. Sighing, she turned her red Corolla around in the median and headed back, again, toward Coppersmith, this time watching to the right for an exit, an opening, anything. Maybe, she thought, if she got out of the car and held her phone above her head, she could get a GPS signal. Maybe reception would be better at the crest of the rise just ahead. Maybe her car would sprout wings and fly.

Her breath caught in her throat when something ran through the headlight beam. She stepped on the brake and braced herself for the impact, but the white figure reached the other side of the road safely, then paused and turned to look at her, its eyes glowing blue in her headlights. Cally thought it might be a deer, but it was white and a little too large—a horse, maybe? She continued to slow down until she was abreast of it.

Then it was gone but, to her relief, she did see a dark gap in the trees where it had stood, and a glimpse of a blacktop road stretching away through a tunnel of overhanging branches. She pulled off the highway and stepped out of the car, staring down the dark road. She could hear hoofbeats on asphalt, fading away into the night. Could this be the elusive exit to Woodley? There was no sign, but the road

did have yellow lines painted down the middle, which was reassuring somehow, and in the distance she could see lights glowing softly through the trees.

An eighteen-wheeler rushed past behind her, heading north, blowing her hair forward into her eyes. She shook it back and decided to take the little blacktop road, wherever it went. She didn't dare hope she'd find anyone awake to ask for directions at this hour, but at least she might find someplace safe to take a quick nap.

She switched off the MP3 player and steered onto the dark asphalt. The sound of crickets floated in on the damp night air. In her headlight beam, the road sloped down a gentle grade to a narrow bridge over a creek, and then back up again. Cally thought she could see something white just this side of the bridge - that horse, probably. She slowed down in case it tried to play chicken with her car again. As she drew near, though, she realized it was not the horse at all, but a person standing next to the bridge, waving at her with one hand and clutching a white jacket closed with the other. Cally paused, and a young woman bent down to peer through the open window. She couldn't have been more than fifteen.

"Hi!" she said.

"Are you OK?" Cally asked. "Was that your horse?"

The girl looked across the bridge and waved dismissively into the distance. "She has a mind of her own. I wish she would stay away from the highway!"

Cally wanted to ask where the road led, but was more concerned, at the moment, that a young woman was walking alone so late at night. "Are you OK?" she asked again. "Do you need a lift or something? I don't think you're going to catch that horse now."

"There's not a fence made that can hold her," the girl said, peering into the interior of Cally's car. Her mass of curls, bright red even in the dim light from the dashboard, nearly filled the entire window.