



**DENISE
DOWDELL-STENT**

ETERNAL

Eternal

by Denise Dowdell-Stent

Copyright © 2013 Denise Dowdell-Stent
All rights reserved

This is a sample of the book Eternal by Denise Dowdell-Stent. You are permitted to make copies of this sample and distribute them as long as you do not change the contents in any way.

You can purchase the full book at
Amazon.com or Amazon.co.uk

<http://www.eternaluk.com>

Cover photography and design by Dion Johnson
Formatting by <http://www.standoutbooks.co.uk>

'An Invite to Eternity' by John Clare

*Wilt thou go with me sweet maid?
Say, maiden, wilt thou go with me
Through the valley depths of shade,
Of night and dark obscurity,
Where the path hath lost its way,
Where the sun forgets the day,
Where there's nor life nor light to see?
Sweet maiden, wilt thou go with me?*

*Where stones will turn to flooding streams,
Where plains will rise like ocean waves,
Where life will fade like visioned dreams
And mountains darken into caves
Say, maiden, wilt thou go with me
Through this sad non-identity,
Where parents live and are forgot
And sisters live and know us not?*

*Say, maiden, wilt thou go with me
In this strange death of life to be,
To live in death and be the same
Without this life, or home, or name;
At once to be, and not to be,
That was, and is not—yet to see
Things pass like shadows—and the sky
Above, below, around us lie?*

*The land of shadows wilt thou trace
And look—nor know each other's face;
The present mixed with reasons gone
And past, and present all as one.
Say, maiden, can thy life be led
To join the living with the dead?
Then trace thy footsteps on with me;
We're wed to one eternity.*

Vala sighed, ran her fingers through her long auburn hair and checked her watch. Under normal circumstances, Vala enjoyed her Friday afternoon biology class but today was Halloween and she was counting the minutes.

Vala glanced at her best friend, Jelly. Jelly's real name was Kathryn, but to her friends she was known as Jelly, owing to her appetite for Jelly Babies. Jelly also seemed distracted, gazing out of the window, twirling strands of her long blonde hair. Vala wished she could send her friend a text, but if she was caught using her phone during lessons, it would be a case of 'use it and lose it', as the school frequently reminded them. Vala's gaze drifted to the window; it was already becoming dark and the wind was picking up, lifting autumn leaves into the air and propelling them into a chaotic yet strangely graceful dance.

The end of school bell sounded and Vala quickly packed up her belongings, heading for the lockers to collect the rest of her things and meet up with Jelly and Max. Max was the third member of their little ensemble. The three of them had been friends since primary school and had since stayed close, though Vala was acutely aware that this would be the last year they were all together like this. Next year Vala would be reading Psychological and Behavioural Sciences at Magdalene College in Cambridge; Jelly would be at a drama school in London and Max, like Vala, would also be in Cambridge at The Institute of Astronomy studying astrophysics.

"So, are my favourite girls ready for adventure tonight?" Max asked, placing an arm round Vala and Jelly.

"Somehow, Max, you manage to make the most innocuous comment sound pervy," Jelly replied, rolling her eyes. "But to answer your question, I think we're pretty much prepared."

"Did you manage to get the EMF meter, Max?" Vala asked.

"Absofreakinglutely!" Max grinned. "And an infra-red camera. Also a night vision camera for each of us, should we actually spot anything."

"So guys," Vala said, "we're meeting at my house 9pm sharp then heading over to Rise Hill Cemetery. Max is bringing the equipment, I'm bringing the grub, and Jelly's bringing drinks—right?"

"Right!" Jelly and Max said.

"Can we nab a lift home with you, Max?" Jelly asked, kissing him on the cheek.

“Flattery will get you everywhere!” Max beamed.

Vala suspected that joking aside, Max’s feelings for Jelly ran deeper than friendship and that Jelly was aware of it too. She knew Jelly was in love with Max, but neither of them seemed able to openly admit their feelings, at least to each other. They simply carried on with flirtatious banter and gestures that never led to anything more complicated. Vala surmised that both Jelly and Max were apprehensive about taking things further in case it jeopardised their friendship.

The trio stepped out of the school building into the crisp air. Vala shivered as the dampness in the air clung to her skin, chilling her. The wind roared tempestuously, seeming to encircle each of the friends, grasping them in its icy clutches as though trying to engage them in a wild frenetic dance.

Vala looked up at the darkening sky beckoning to them ominously. Grey clouds were clustering together, forming an oppressive blanket that appeared, from Vala’s perspective, ready to bear down on them in mordacious hunger at any moment. Vala looked away, shaking her head in an effort to banish the unsettling thoughts and feelings that had started to surface.

Jelly looked at her friend, noticing her unease. “Are you alright, Vala?”

“Yeah, fine,” Vala said. “Let’s just get going.”

The two girls climbed into the back seat of Max’s cherry red Lexus Hybrid, while Max settled himself in the driver’s seat and started the ignition.

“Think it might be prudent to bring macs and wellies, girls,” Max said. “Assuming you actually own any practical clothing!”

Jelly reached over Max’s headrest and playfully swiped the top of his head.

“Aw Jelly; Max is going to be such a good daddy one day!” Vala said and laughed, before also taking a swipe at Max’s head.

2

Vala wrapped her arms tightly around herself. She gazed up at the sky, now inky black but dotted with sparkling stars that made it less foreboding than before. Vala glanced over at Max, envious of his casual demeanour. Nothing ever seemed to rattle Max, whereas Vala believed herself to be a born worrier. ‘Prepare for the worst and hope for the best,’ was Vala’s motto; that way one could never be caught off guard.

“Right guys, we have a lot of ground to cover so I think we should split up and meet back here at the entrance to the church in two hours,” Max said. “If anyone runs into trouble or if something happens, call me. I have a night cam, thermal imaging and a flashlight for each of us and I’m going to leave a voice recorder running at the church entrance to pick up any EVPs.”

“I promised my folks we would stick together, Max,” Vala protested.

“Oh come on Vala, live a little,” Max said. “What’s the worst that could happen?”

“Never. Ever. Ever say that, Max,” Vala said.

Reluctantly, Vala agreed to Max’s plan and handed her friends the snacks that she had brought for their ‘ghost hunt’. Jelly gave them all a bottle of Evian, and Max distributed the equipment.

Jelly, sighing at Vala’s crestfallen face, gave her friend’s hand a reassuring squeeze.

“Don’t worry, Vala,” Jelly said softly. “It will be over before we know it.”

Vala stood by the church entrance watching as Jelly and Max each took a different route. She put her hand upon the cold stonework of the lancet doorway, her finger tracing the intricate floral carvings. The distraction calmed her initial fears of having to keep a solo vigil somewhere so creepy. Vala looked up at the stonework façade above the arch. Although gothic in style, much like the rest of the parish church, it was at least, from Vala’s perspective, unique in some of the detailing. Etched into the stone was a typical centrepiece quatrefoil, but within it were depictions of angels surrounded by other tiny winged entities, seemingly too tiny to be cherubs. Vala’s vision continued to travel upwards to the tall spires, almost ‘Gaudi-esque’ in nature that appeared to reach towards the heavens.

Vala’s feet crunched on the wet gravel as she made her way around the side of the church, her fingers grazing the masonry. Perhaps touching something

holy would keep her safe from whatever might be out there lurking in the shadows. She looked at the stained glass windows above her, although it was too dark to see much at all. The windows of the church had always fascinated Vala, as they too, seemed atypical of any church she had ever seen. Although many of the scenes depicted were of a religious nature, some were not and were beautifully decorated with scenes of nature: mountains, lakes, fields of lavender, lush pine forests, and within them all were the same tiny winged creatures that embellished the doorway of the church. Even the religious scenes were not what one might expect; instead of the crucifixion, there were pictures of Jesus standing outside his garden tomb, Jesus ascending into Heaven, and Jesus as an infant in his mother's arms. They were all happy, inspiring images—none of them showing any form of suffering or melancholy of any kind. The colours in the glass were rich and vibrant like a warm summer's day; the images so life-like that they almost seemed alive, with the figures dancing in a fragrant summer breeze. For a moment, Vala thought she caught the aroma of roses, freesias and lavender—an over-active imagination!

Vala moved away from the church, aware of every sound and sensation. She felt sure that the outside temperature had dropped several degrees since arriving and checked her phone to look at the time. Only ten minutes had passed. Vala shook her head and exhaled deeply, her breath forming a cool white vapour that contrasted sharply with the surrounding darkness and made her shiver. Vala walked on towards an old oak tree, which stood at an intersection of two footpaths. Upon reaching the tree she decided to try out the thermal imaging camera that Max had given them. She looked through the lens at the tree trunk, which now seemed to have a visible aura. Vala inhaled deeply, filling her lungs with the damp, earthy air; her vision tracking further up the old oak. The air was silent and Vala started in surprise when a sheep in a nearby field bleated, shattering the quiet atmosphere. She cursed under her breath and looked towards the direction of the field, when a beautiful falling star caught her attention. Silently, Vala made a wish, rubbing her eye as a stray dewdrop from one of the oak twigs dripped onto it. She looked back at the oak and looked through the camera lens again, shrieking as a red, yellow and white glow formed the shape of a person. Vala let go of the camera and looked up at the branches where she had spotted the figure. Sitting there, illuminated by the moon, was a pale boy grinning down at her. The boy remained silent as Vala stood staring in disbelief as she registered his presence. She surmised that he was probably of a similar age and was immediately drawn to his violet eyes that sparkled, even in the darkness. The contrast of his glossy, dark brown hair, swept to one side, against the paleness of his skin, was striking, as was his overall appearance. He was quite

simply the most beautiful boy that Vala had ever seen.

The boy jumped down from the branch he had been sitting on, landing on the grass beside Vala and held his hand out to her.

“Elvar,” the boy said to Vala, his hand still extended. “Elvar Oakley. Pleased to make your acquaintance. And you are?”

Vala paused, too stunned to think, but for some inexplicable reason, she felt safe around this boy and took his hand in hers.

“Vala,” she replied. “How long have you been sitting there?”

“Long enough to observe you and your companions setting up your little ghost hunting expedition.”

Vala noticed that she was still holding Elvar’s hand and quickly pulled away, feeling a blush rise from her cheeks to the roots of her auburn hair. She looked up at Elvar, still captivated by his unusual violet eyes. Vala, at five-foot-three-inches, was quite petite in stature, and Elvar, she noticed, was almost a full foot taller.

“So, um,” Vala stalled, “Elvar. That’s an unusual name. Are you from around here? This is a pretty small village and I’ve not seen you before.”

“Unusual name, huh?” Elvar replied, smiling. “I would not have said ‘Vala’ is a typical human name either. As for where I am from? I do not live in this village but it does not take long to get here and I like visiting; it is peaceful.”

“Anyway,” Elvar continued, “how would you like to see something really amazing to show your companions?”

Vala considered Elvar’s proposal, chiding herself for trusting a stranger. At the same time she felt compelled to accept his offer. She nodded in agreement, allowing Elvar to take her hand again, too confounded and curious to protest.

At the intersection, Elvar gently guided Vala onto the path which meandered to the right. As they walked on, Vala looked at her surroundings. Headstones jutted out from the turf; the newer marble ones, perpendicular to the ground, glinted in the glare of her flashlight. Some of the older limestone ones had not fared well over the years and were leaning over sadly. As Vala shone her flashlight, an eerie glow seemed to emanate from them and Vala looked away quickly, deciding not to look anymore, especially as they were fast approaching an ancient mausoleum. Vala wondered momentarily if Max might be there; it was just the kind of place he would be drawn to. She also wondered where Jelly was, if she might be scared and alone, or if she had gone looking for Max.

A dense mist now enshrouded Vala and Elvar. Even with Vala’s flashlight, all she could see was the white fog surrounding them. The bitter cold permeated Vala’s clothing and flesh, to her very core. The mist also had a strange sweet aroma like nectar that Vala could taste even with her mouth closed.

“Do not worry!” Elvar reassured her. “It will pass in a moment.”

The mist soon cleared and they found themselves in front of an ornate wooden bridge. Vala gasped in surprise, transfixed by the sight. It was made from several contrasting polished woods that interconnected seamlessly forming beautiful, swirling patterns and elaborately carved flowers and trees. Remembering her night vision camera, Vala took pictures.

“It’s stunning!” Vala exclaimed. “How is it that I’ve never seen it before?”

“You just have to know where to look,” Elvar replied.

Vala could not see what lay on the other side of the bridge. Their view was obscured by mist. She allowed Elvar to take her hand again as they slowly made their way across.

Vala felt her heart hammering; looking ahead, she could see no more than a few steps in front of them. They were surrounded by the ominous mist on all sides. She was starting to feel off-colour, her very senses gone awry. Vala closed her eyes and blinked heavily in rapid succession, as curiously, her vision actually sharpened. Her ears opened to sounds she had been previously unaware of. The aroma of the mist, she realised, was lilies.

“What’s happening?” Vala asked Elvar in alarm. “What’s happening to me?”

“Try and relax,” Elvar said. “You are acclimatising; you will feel alright again in a minute. Trust me.”

The mist parted like a theatre curtain before the show and Vala caught herself staring at a tall white stone tower. It was simple in design, with no distinguishing features, save a single circular window near the top. This was decorated with stained glass roses in red and white and demarcated around its perimeter with rich gold beading. Light seemed to radiate from behind the glass, seemingly projecting the colours onto the sky outside—remarkable in the night.

They approached a door in the tower. Like the tower itself, the door was unremarkable, made of what appeared to be oak and rounded at the top. Carved into the centre of the wooden door was a simple rose. A dark, eerie keyhole beckoned Vala to peer inside but as she bent down to look, Elvar pulled her back.

“Do not do that!”

Placing his hand over the keyhole, Elvar muttered something in a language that Vala did not understand but sounded like Latin. The door creaked slowly open.

The dark that met them inside was oppressive and the air smelled damp and musty.

“*Fiat lux lucida,*” Elvar cried out.

The room was flooded by light and Vala scanned her new environment: a grandiose entrance hall decorated in Renaissance style frescoes of angels, beau-

tiful countryside scenery and the same tiny winged entities that graced the windows of the village church. Frescoes continued over a high, concave ceiling with a lavishly painted skyline. From her peripheral vision, Vala could swear she could see the clouds moving gently in the azure sky. The scent of summer flowers wafted around them as if carried in by a gentle summer breeze, though no actual flowers were visible anywhere. There was no furniture in the room but at the end of it loomed a winding spiral oak staircase.

“We’re going up there, aren’t we?” Vala asked nervously.

“Vala, trust me. More importantly, trust your instincts. If you were in any real danger, you would know. You of all people would know,” Elvar said cryptically.

Vala slowly ascended the stairs following closely behind Elvar. Although the immediate area around them was illuminated, anything further than a few feet ahead was in darkness. Vala no longer felt afraid. They continued up what Vala estimated to be one hundred steps before reaching a sumptuous circular palatial hallway. This had a light airy atmosphere, the walls and ceilings adorned with frescoes of bucolic scenes filled with wildflowers, trees that skimmed the clouds, vineyards and lemon groves. Every so often, birdsong would echo through the hall, as delicately painted birds fluttered from tree to tree. Vala noticed that even the air itself was permeated with the rich scent of citrus and summer sunshine.

They walked along, following the curve of the hallway, until Elvar came to an abrupt stop. He walked over to a large painted oak tree. Placing his hand upon the painted bark, he muttered a series of words and reached for Vala’s hand. They exchanged a meaningful look and Vala followed Elvar as he walked through the wall, emerging on the other side into a darkened chamber.

The air in the room felt chilled and smelt of antique books and old cellulose.

“Fiat lumen lucidum,” Elvar called out in a more subdued tone than before.

The room filled with light. It appeared to Vala to be some sort of library with ancient books lining the walls from floor to ceiling.

Tucked away in the top left hand corner of the room was a small wooden writing desk. Unlike its lavish surroundings, the desk was simple and undecorated. Elvar walked over to it and carefully opened one of its drawers.

Inside the drawer was a richly embellished enamelled box decorated with red and white roses, green foliage and embossed with peculiar gold markings. From within the box came an unearthly green glow.

“Open it,” Elvar prompted, reverently handing the box to Vala.

Vala cautiously opened the box and found inside an iridescent beetle with a metallic sheen. It did not appear to be alive but did not have the feeling of some-

thing dead either.

“Hold it in your hand and say these words: *Resurge virgo puchra et rursus dice!*”

Vala stood very still, holding the beetle gently in the palm of her hand, with her arm outstretched.

“*Resurge virgo pulchra et rursus dice!*” Vala repeated, suddenly feeling a surge of power from the beetle and a tingling in her hand.

The beetle emitted a preternatural light which separated into myriads of tiny orbs that arranged themselves to take the form of a beautiful, ghostly girl, clad in a long, flowing, green empire-line gown, embroidered with gold brocade. Woven through the girl’s golden hair were tiny red and white roses which seemed to sparkle as she moved.

“I am Princess Amalia,” the ghostly girl declared in a soft lilting voice, looking at Vala and Elvar. “How may I be of service, fair citizens of Candalia?”

Vala found herself speechless, but to her surprise, Elvar seemed completely nonchalant.

“This young maiden’s companions would be most honoured to meet you, fair Princess,” Elvar said with gentle confidence.

“Elvar!” Vala whispered in his ear. “What the hell is this? Who is she?”

“I presumed that the purpose of your ghost hunt was to actually sight a ghost, so here you have one—your own bona fide ghost!”

“This is a joke, right?” Vala replied. “I mean, it’s a trick, a hologram or something?”

“No tricks, Vala,” Elvar said. “Amalia is the real deal. She died in the sixth century, protecting your ancestors no less.”

“One of my ancestors?” Vala said. “This isn’t for real is it? Did Jelly or Max put you up to this?”

“Vala, you have my word, this is no joke. Besides which, I cannot lie.” Elvar stated.

“You cannot lie?” Vala repeated. “And why can’t you lie?”

“Because I am fae, Vala, and the fae cannot lie.”

3

Amalia silently followed Vala and Elvar as they left the strange room and made their way down the spiral staircase. Vala had retreated into silence, too stunned by this revelation to know what to think, much less what to say.

Unlike the last time crossing the bridge, Vala barely took in her surroundings. The thick mist veiled them, and she hardly noticed, blindly following Elvar back through the cemetery.

Back at the church entrance, Jelly and Max were waiting. Their jaws dropped as they took in the two strangers with Vala, though only one of the newcomers accounted for their shocked demeanour.

“Hi,” Vala said in a voice barely above a whisper.

“Hi? Seriously, Vala, is that all you can say?” Max gaped at his friend. “Is that girl what I think she is because she does not look remotely corporeal!”

Amalia stepped closer to Max, and in spite of his racing heart, Max ignored his compulsion to back away and remained where he was.

“Please, do not be alarmed, Sir,” Amalia smiled. “I am no longer of this world, but you need not fear me. I am the guardian of all who seek protection from the Spindler, catcher of souls. My life he may have taken but he did not ensnare my soul.”

“So you really are a ghost?” Max asked in amazement.

“I am Princess Amalia of Candalia, protector of my people, but yes, only my spirit form remains,” Amalia replied.

“We have to get this on film,” Max said. “This is freakin’ awesome!”

As Max readied his various cameras, Jelly pulled Vala aside and whispered in her ear. “What is this, Vala? And who is that gorgeous boy with you?”

“I met him after you and Max left,” Vala explained. “And no, he’s not a ghost, though he did lead me to Amalia.”

Elvar approached Vala and tapped her on the shoulder, coughing purposely to attract the friends’ attention.

“Ahem!” Elvar said. “An introduction would be appreciated, Vala.”

“Sorry!” Vala smiled at Elvar and touched his arm. “Jelly, Max, this is Elvar. We met after you guys abandoned me. And no, just for clarification, he is not a ghost.”

Elvar smiled at Jelly and Max, brushing his fingers over Vala’s as he did so. Vala felt her heartbeat quicken and a warm flush rose through her body. She felt

a tingling flutter in her stomach and her cheeks blush.

“Can I speak to you alone, Vala?” Elvar asked, his breath warm against her ear.

Vala nodded and followed Elvar as he led her away from the others, keeping them within sight but out of earshot.

“Vala, it is imperative that your friends not know what I am. Humans today, at least those not in Candalia, are unaware of the fae and it must remain that way.”

“But you have told me, Elvar, and while I admit that it is a lot to process, it doesn’t feel as weird as something of this magnitude should,” Vala replied.

Elvar entwined his fingers with Vala’s and she felt the heat rising within her again.

“There is something I need to tell you, Vala.” Elvar said, rubbing his thumb over the back of her hand.

Although Vala would have usually rebuked such early familiarity from a boy, with Elvar it felt right; it felt natural. It also felt thrilling and wildly exhilarating and Vala could not help but wonder what it would feel like to kiss Elvar’s soft, full and inviting lips.

“Vala?” Elvar said, breaking her reverie.

“Vala,” Elvar began. “It is difficult to find the right words to tell you this so I shall state it plainly, though there is much you need to know and you will have questions. How much do you know of your heritage?”

“My heritage?” Vala replied. “Um, my father’s line has always lived in or near Tintagel. I guess they all felt an affinity with it, as do I. My mother is from Dartmoor. My parents met at Exeter University. My maternal grandparents are from Kealkill near Bantry on the South-West coast of Ireland.”

“Where the stone circle is,” Elvar stated.

“You know of it?”

“The fae know of all the stone circles, Vala. They are all imbued with a powerful magic and provide a portal to Candalia, the fae realm. Though there are a few other more ‘hidden’ portals, one of which I took you through earlier. I cannot tell you everything right now, it is too much to take in, but I will tell you this: your father’s lineage is descended partly from the fae, and your mother’s fully so,” Elvar replied.

“You’re telling me that my mother is fae? And my father in part?” Vala asked. “So I’m what? Not entirely human?”

“Not entirely,” Elvar confirmed.

“So does my mother know what she is? Does my father? Can we do stuff, like ‘magical’ stuff?” Vala asked, her words spilling out.

“Your mother undoubtedly knows, Vala. The fae have certain abilities. Your father will also have special talents, though he may not know why he is different,” Elvar explained. “You are special, Vala, as are all fae/human hybrids. You are even more unusual than most as you have a higher portion of fae blood. It makes you ‘extra’ special. Look, Vala, we need to get back to your companions, and I need to return Amalia to the beetle. Can we meet tomorrow?”

“And you’ll tell me everything?”

“I will tell you everything. I promise.” Elvar replied, lightly touching Vala’s cheek.

“My parents are out all day. You can come to my house, 73 Vine Street, at 10am.”

“I will be there.”

Vala and Elvar walked back to the others. Max and Jelly were standing, their attention captivated as Amalia sang a haunting melody. Her voice had a beautiful, crystal clear clarity, and an ethereal, other-worldly quality to it. As Amalia’s song drew to a close, Elvar bowed his head to her and Amalia returned the gesture.

“We must go now,” Elvar said. “It was a pleasure to meet you, Jelly and Max. I hope you have had an illuminating evening.”

“Absolutely the best!” Max enthused. “Don’t know where you came from mate, but thanks for this!”

Jelly just smiled at Elvar, glancing between him and Vala.

“Till tomorrow, Vala,” Elvar said, his fingers once again grazing hers.

The three friends watched as Elvar and Amalia walked away until they were out of sight.

“I can’t believe that we saw a ghost!” Max exclaimed. “And we’ve got it on film—actual evidence of paranormal existence! This is going to go viral!”

“Yeah, it has been pretty amazing. This whole evening has been like a dream,” Jelly said. “In more ways than one for some of us!”

Jelly gave Vala a nudge and smiled at her crookedly. “Anything you want to tell us, Vala? You and Elvar seemed rather ... friendly.”

Max glanced between the two girls, frowning his brow and running a hand through his sandy coloured hair, “I’m missing something, aren’t I?”

“You must have noticed, Max!” Jelly replied, playfully punching his arm. “Vala and Elvar—all the little touches and looks? And who knows what else?”

“There isn’t anything else!” Vala said, cheeks aflame.

“You hooked up with that guy, didn’t you?” Max asked.

“No, we didn’t hook up! We just talked and he took me to Amalia,” Vala replied, still feeling her cheeks burn.

“But you were holding hands when you two wandered off to talk, and don’t think all those sneaky touches between you both escaped my attention,” Jelly said teasingly. “So what’s the story, Vala? I know you’re seeing him again tomorrow. Are you romantically involved?”

“I don’t know what we are,” Vala admitted. “When we touched, it was like I could ... like I could see all that he is. It was like our souls touched, as though I had known him always.”

“I think she’s in lurve, Jelly!” Max clutched his chest melodramatically then fell about laughing.

“Shut up, Max!” Vala and Jelly replied in unison.



(USA)



(UK)

This is a sample of the book *Eternal* by Denise Dowdell-Stent. If you have enjoyed it and would like to read the rest of the story you can purchase the book from Amazon by following the above links.

If you would like to hear more from Denise then please sign up to her newsletter by clicking [here](#).

About the Author



Denise is a YA Fantasy Fiction author but also writes scripts, poetry (published in various anthologies such as 'A Passage in Time' and 'Speaking of Love' by Forward Poetry), song lyrics, and maintains a blog at eternaluk.com.

If you want to get an email when Denise's next book is released then simply sign up [here](#). Your email address will never be shared and you can unsubscribe at any time.

If you enjoyed reading *Eternal* then please consider leaving a review, even if it is only short. It would make all the difference and be very much appreciated.

Get in touch...

Denise would love to hear from you either at eternaluk.com, or you can contact her via [Google+](#), [Facebook](#) or [Twitter](#). You can also find more background to *Eternal* on [Pinterest](#).

You can also email Denise at: valaoakley@live.com