

Maureen Hardegree author of Young Adult and Women's Fiction.

So there I was, Lucy, without a clue how to connect with the village women. I knew I looked like some kind of Terminator in full combat gear, except for the crochet hooks tucked in my helmet strap and one of your scarves tied over my gear. They stared at your hair. The way you dress was perfect for that picture, Luce—thank you. The scarves, the head covering. They expected an American woman to be shocking, half-naked, to be foreign, to be different from them. Yet still different and exotic. I could see their eyes moving hungrily, even over the edge of the fabric that covers their faces. I had their attention. No, you had their attention, Lucy. So, for the sake of foreign relations and maybe even the future of world peace, do you mind being married to me in the eyes of a small village in Kandahar Province? For the sake of world peace, I accept. The women have given you an Afghani name. It translates roughly to "The light of the moon. You have beautiful skin, just saying. Milk skin, my mama used to call it. I spend too much time indoors, but pale skin is one of the benefits. I prefer my own translation of that name. Meet my wife, Moonshine. They want my wife to see them. Rainbow Goddess Farm, North Carolina, 8: Happy New Year, Moonshine. Happy New Year, Husband Gus. I love this present. The tips made me sweat. I reworked them at least five times each. I wanted to fit your contours exactly. You bring such military precision to knitting. Yet the stitches are relaxed. And this yarn you found That undercoat they have along their bellies, where the skin shows through, smooth and pink. I could sit here the rest of the night, rubbing the texture with my fingertips. I bought it at a bazaar in Kabul. She set this aside for me, special. Gus, this is cashmere. The same yarn they use in the scarves. A yarn this delicate Try it out, Luce. See if I got your curves right. I accounted for some stretch. But your proportions are perfect. Luce, I made 3-D models of you The left is flatter than the right. Not from my point of view. Too tight a fit? Like a firm hand. See if it moves with you. The motion is smooth. See how the other one fits. The next one will go faster. One little thrust was all it took. Snug as a bug. And up, and arching, and down, and up again, and then closing around me. Would you mind texting a picture? Oh, me too, Luce. Give me a minute to move and set up a nice background. No, you can just keep sitting on your bed Five, four, three, two, one. I need a few moments. How it feels to feel this way. Luce, I put a lot of affection into that gift. And a lot of respect? But most of all, I hope you feel safe. I love that nickname. Text that picture across the world. Well, I gotta say, Moonshine, your feet look good in those socks. My feet are very happy to know you, Captain MacBride. Farm-raised ostrich, deer, gator, and bison. She had another report of minor theft from the Free Wheeler road area. Some Barbie dolls were taken off a back porch. Well, we want to know what the raccoons are doing with Malibu Barbie, right? Tal, you have to confess. Someone is lurking in the woods behind Free Wheeler. Last night they gave mohawk haircuts to my sheep. I have five Bluefaced Leicester ewes who look as if a lawn mower ran down either side of their spines. Is it some kind of survivalist group? Talk to me, Tal. Their wool talks to me. I know more than you think. I come from a family of food witches. I smell baking auras around people, Gabby smells pickles, and Gus smells beer. I had a vision of you and Doug leaving boxes full of food in the buildings at Free Wheeler. I saw your apple pies the instant I touched my mohawked ewes. Only you, me, Gabby, and Doug can know the truth. Your lurkers are mostly young, almost none of them older than thirty. Some of them are wanted for minor crimes. One of them is from a local family. The soldier wants his family kept out of this. We gave our word. Are you sure your sheepies are okay? But no one has the right to take that wool. The money we make from it goes to support the counseling programs here. After all, my brother knits and crochets. A lot of soldiers do. You send Gus yarn all the time. They could travel unseen all over this end of Jefferson County. Jay just got out of the hospital with a bullet wound in his chest. He wants nothing to do with the bad memories here Do not change the subject.

Chapter 2 : MAUREEN HARDEGREE : Young Adult Author

Maureen Hardegree has 21 books on Goodreads with ratings. Maureen Hardegree's most popular book is A Day in Mossy Creek (Mossy Creek, #5).

Christmas season brings the fans of Mossy creek a wonderful mix of stories to enjoy. Magic is in the air at Mossy Creek and there was always a mysterious fellow who enjoyed coming to their rescue to fill in for Santa Claus. I laughed out loud several times while reading about the Mossy Creek Parade. Oh, the problems with the little donkey Don Qui who had never allowed a person to ride on his back. Kristin, a teenage cheerleader plans to tame him in time to ride him in the parade. During one of their unsuccessful practice sessions, Kristen gets slammed onto her hands and knees. The whole parade endeavor is beset with unexpected problems. The competition gets fierce among the ladies as the time for the judging to take place draws closer. And the evening of the light show! There are some very tender moments and events during our Christmas season in Mossy Creek. Pearl was willing to sacrifice the things she held most dear in order to express her love for her sister. Jayne does not believe in Christmas anymore and will protect her young son Matt from being influenced by Santa Claus and Christmas promises. Giselle is feeding the sweet five-week-old twins thinking her life is wonderful until later a call comes for Tag which crushes her world. She will have a hard decision to make which affects not only her personal life with Tag, but also her business, Moonheart. They love and respect each other and have always had unspoken trust for each other. But HayDay has a secret! a big one and he has to keep the secret from Tiny. It is killing him! The secret is one of the very best things Tiny could ever receive, but how will he make it and not spill it until the time is right? The cabin belongs to Harry Rutherford, the only man with a Ph. Although he has felt a bit of an outsider among the mountain people at times, his love for Josie is his life. Josie is expecting their first child in January, but Harry worries at the frantic pace she keeps as she decorates some of the homes and businesses of Mossy Creek. Enjoy the Laughter and Love, Merry Christmas!

Chapter 3 : List of Murder, She Wrote guest stars - Wikipedia

Sandra Chastain, Martha Crockett (formerly Martha Shields), Debra Leigh Smith, Susan Goggins, Maureen Hardegree, Julia Horst Schuster, Bert Goolsby, Clara Wimberly, Susan Sipal, Susan Alvis, Mike Roberts, Betty Cordell, Sarah Addison Allen, Lynda Holmes, Michelle Roper, and Ellen Birkett Morris.

Back Cover Freshman year in high school is tough enough without another ghost in the mix. Ghost handler and high school freshman Heather Tildy seems to have it all—an older sister who is popular, a hot guy who deemed her date-worthy over the summer, and coursework just hard enough to keep her parents, administrators, and college admissions counselors happy. Her freshman schedule includes first period P. Although Georgia author Maureen Hardegree concedes to having all the usual baggage of a middle child, she is NOT a ghost handler. She does, however, believe in connecting with her inner teenager and in feeding her active imagination. It likes Italian food and chocolate. Visit her at www.IlovedtheGreatCharacters.com. I loved the great characters that were created. Bad omen number one. Impressive, considering the fifties style, pointy-toed pumps with three inch heels she was wearing for a reason only she knew. The scent of exhaust mixed with the humidity and a rebelling Pop-Tart, that had seemed like a good idea fifteen minutes ago, adding to my nausea as I jogged past the circling minivans, SUVs, and sedans to catch up with my sister. With every bounce, the elastic on my bra band chafed, adding to my jitters. Just lots of live teenagers and their parents walking toward the school entrance. Most, like my sister, moved forward with their heads down, their eyes glued to their phone screens, thumbs and fingertips flying over QWERTY and smartphone keyboards, like human lemmings without the cliff. The chafing kicked up a notch to an itch. I could feel the sweaty inside seams of my skinny jeans. I scratched under my shirt very lightly. What if I had class in a trailer, and there was mold and mildew in the air conditioner? My nose would stuff and drip. Especially since he was ignoring me. Five, so far, but who could I share that with? Even the bizarre and unexpected thawing of interactions with my older sister Audrey could turn with one or two wrong moves on my part. I went with the wrong trend. Several girls ahead had pink and purple streaks in their hair, all black clothing, which had to be super hot—especially since they were wearing hoodies. Nose piercings, cheek and eyebrow piercings, all made multiple ear piercings—so not allowed in middle school—seem tame in comparison. I followed my sister through one of the doors into a massive hallway that was almost as stuffy and hot as outside. Oddly enough, no ghostly vibes, voices, or scents bowled me over. People were smiling and saying hi to Audrey as we plowed down the hall toward the Commons. Not stopping, she smiled and heyed them back. There were definitely detriments to registering with your upperclassman sister as opposed to registering with the rest of your fellow freshmen. At a lull in the traffic, some girl in a pink and white striped shirt and hot pink eye shadow squealed and ran up to hug Audrey. So we stopped just past the girls and boys bathroom emitting lemon-scented industrial cleaner that nearly bowled me over when the doors swung open. As I sort of loomed in the background behind Audrey, periodically being knocked as upperclassmen passed by, I suddenly felt a blast of much cooler air. Not air conditioning vent cool—ghostly cool. Female haint, I sensed. At least somebody did. Audrey was sporting a style inspired by s Hollywood glamour for the new school year, which meant she spent a heck of a lot of time grooming and filling in her sculpted eyebrows. And no, I had no clue why she thought this look was right for her. The pocket of cool air developed once more right behind me. Maybe I should get my schedule by myself. Mom had already paid for everything online. I could use a map to find my classes. There were always maps at registration. Even middle school, which was much smaller, had maps. But if I went off on my own, Audrey would probably get mad. I risked the glomming. Passionate-about-Pink kept darting her eyes toward me, then raising her eyebrows. No one was wearing gladiator sandals. No one had embraced the whole bohemian look I had. Finally the girl jerked her head in my direction. And Audrey has two sisters. My God, what sort of double life had my sister been leading? The girl with pink eye shadow frowned at Audrey, and then Audrey pointed toward me in what she must have thought was a secretive gesture. Then they all started chatting about their summers as I stood to the side, avoiding their perfumes and body sprays, and tried to figure out if maybe something in the building was preventing more ghosts from introducing themselves. No pools of cool air,

either. There had to be more here, and any ghost worth his salt would have approached me by now, since I was no longer a moving target. Maybe the Commons was a ghost-free zone. I looked up at the ceiling tiles to determine if there was some strange metal fiber blocking the ghosts from materializing, then down at the flooring, which also held no answers. I tuned back into their conversation. They were talking about all the things freshmen do wrong, which I cannot lie, grabbed my complete attention. I was tempted to write it all down. But I guess some freshmen in the past had. Suddenly they stopped talking over one another. And they seemed to all be looking at me. She looked me up and down, assessing my outfit. She stared at my sandals. I saw them featured in a photo spread in both Seventeen and Teen Vogue. We decided the footwear of choice is Keds. I tried a second time. I only agonized for hours last night over this boho outfit that I now realized might be a little too on-trend. Stunned, I drew in my breath and nearly inhaled my spearmint gum. Lucky was not the word that came to mind. Pain shot up my arm. The short friend Mia batted her heavily shellacked eyelashes. I fanned my face with my hand. I tugged at the scooped neckline of my blouse. He did smell goodâ€”all the time. Not everyone is like thatâ€”especially guys. And thinking about how he always smelled nice made me kind of miss him. Okay, not kind of. I really missed him. The way he smelled good and the way he made me feel good about myself, even when I said things that people thought were weird. The heat of embarrassment spread down my neck and chest. It hurt to breathe. I willed the hives of embarrassment away. The line was moving rapidly. You might not get another chance. Heady stuff for the Thursday before school officially started. I thought back to my conversations with Zac. Maybe Audrey had it right. This was a different ghost than the one near the bathroom. The boy in front of me turned, and there I was face to face with one of my biggest middle school tormentorsâ€”William Tanner. I cringed when he made eye contact with me. Instead he just said, "Hi. The nickname that had haunted me since preschool might have finally died. May it rest in peace. Unfortunately, someone behind us overheard, and this girl, who knew Audrey, knew another girl who went out with Zac last Christmas, blah, blah, blah. And that, of course, led to me holding court to a bazillion other girls with other questions: When does school start for Zac?

Chapter 4 : Lynda Holmes (Author of On Grandma's Porch)

Stories in anthology: The Good Son by Maureen Hardegree Getting to the Heart of the Watermelon by Lynda Holmes Ants Gotta Bite, Sun Gotta Burn by Julia Horst Schuster A Presbyterian Cookbook by Bert Goolsby.

Chapter 5 : BelleBooks/Bell Bridge Books - Haint She Sweet

Books by Maureen Hardegree. A Day in Mossy Creek Sarah Addison Allen, Lynda Holmes, Michael Roberts, Betty Hamrick, Deborah Dixon Paperback, Pages.

Chapter 6 : Genre Go Round Reviews: Blood Secrets-Jeannie Holmes

Maureen Hardegree, Atlanta, GA. 59 likes. Although Georgia author Maureen Hardegree concedes to having all the usual baggage of a middle child, she is.

Chapter 7 : Genre Go Round Reviews: Hainted Love-Maureen Hardegree

Lynda Holmes is the author of Spring Cleaning (avg rating, 0 ratings, 0 reviews, published) and On Grandma's Porch (avg rating, 66 ratings.

Chapter 8 : Books by Maureen Hardegree (Author of Haint Misbehavin')

See what Maureen Boutilier (mboutilier2) has discovered on Pinterest, the world's biggest collection of ideas.

Chapter 9 : BelleBooks/Bell Bridge Books - The Apple Pie Knights

Christmas at Mossy Creek by author Carolyn McSparren with contributing authors Martha Crockett, Susan Goggins, Darcy Crowder, Maureen Hardegree, and Nancy Knight.