

**Deception and Magic:**

**Two Fantasy Short Novels**

**By Chrissy Wissler**

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## Introduction

I like writing about strong, stubborn women. Even more than that, I like writing about women in some kind of fantasy world where they have to go out on a limb and take a chance - whether that chance be on themselves, a broken friendship, or heck even a roomful of ghosts.

For me, both Eleanor and Anabelle fit the bill. Both are extraordinary, gifted women. Powerful too, and yet neither one want that power - or the responsibility that comes with it. Unfortunately, they don't have a lot of say in the matter. Whether they like it or not they're, both stuck in their circumstances. This means I get to have a ton of fun as a writer, putting these two women in incredible situations and being surprised with the clever ways they get themselves out.

In "Those with Souls," Eleanor spent the last four years healing the land with her Artist's Gift, but even though she left the Citadel and its politics behind, the Artists haven't forgotten her. With fewer children born with the Gift, Matron Rhea plans on using Eleanor as the perfect breeding mare. To remain free, Eleanor must face her past and turn to

the one person who can help, the person who betrayed her four years ago.

When Annabelle leaves the safety of her magically protected Chosen One rooms, in the short novel, "A Ghost of an Accident," she expects an attack. She doesn't expect the ghost. Or the legion of ghosts who all want something from her. Just like they always have every damn All Hallows Eve. Too bad she hasn't a clue what. Too bad this year, more than the ghosts - and their souls - are at stake.

I hope you enjoy these two short novels of strong women, magic, and the souls they're fighting for.

Chrissy Wissler  
October 2011

# Those with Souls

## A Guardian Tale Short Novel

### Chapter 1

With every bump, jumble, and clunk along Artist's Road, the wagon finding every rock in a gnarled, Eleanor asked herself why she'd accepted the seat by Dustin. Her mount, Temper, would not only have found her within Artisan City several hours earlier but her bum would be much happier for it.

She winced as they ran right over a rock the size of her head. Temper, who was tied up and following along beside her, snorted and flung his dark mane over his shoulder.

"Snort and moan all you want," she mumbled. They were not arriving in Artisan City any earlier than necessary.

Even if it meant she couldn't walk by the time they got there.

Part of her had hoped some urgent assignment would present itself, allowing her to put off her return for another few months. But she also knew the Order was getting tired of waiting.

She'd put off this report long enough and dragging her