

POWERFUL DESTINY EXCERPT:

When the boy turned and began to run back the way he had come, Rolf motioned for Ragnar, his youngest warrior, to catch him. As Ragnar reached the boy, now struggling against his hold, a female appeared like a wraith out of the darkness of the cliff face. Rolf guessed she emerged from a concealed cave.

“Would you kill a child as well as our menfolk?” she challenged clearly, her voice ringing out across the distance, bouncing off the cliff and resounding with an echo.

Rolf stared as if struck, feeling suddenly as confused as the child, for her words were spoken in his native tongue. Then, as the moon drifted out from behind a cloud, Rolf let out a gasp.

The woman stood straight and proud, long hair as black as the night falling to her middle. A band around her forehead secured its flowing beauty. Her clothing was no different from that worn by any other Celtic female encountered in his past, but something about her bearing proclaimed that she was very different in some way. As she touched some sort of talisman at her belt, she muttered what could have been an incantation. Perhaps she was praying to her gods.

In all his life and many travels, never had he seen such a vision of loveliness. Then Rolf cursed beneath his breath. What was he thinking? This was a Celtic female, only fit for becoming a slave. Nevertheless, there was something about this female that told him she would be no man's slave, no matter how he tried to break her spirit.

Then a thought hit him like a thunderbolt. He had no wish to enslave her, but perhaps he could capture her heart. That idea astounded him so, that he turned away and took a few steadying breaths. As he did, he could clearly see that some of his men were casting odd looks his way as they awaited orders. Who could blame them?

What childish nonsense was this? Never in his many summers was his head filled with such ridiculous notions. Norse warriors did not bother with such fancies—so where did these thoughts spring from. For the first time in many moons, Rolf felt uneasy, more like a boy untutored in love and life.

Stiffening his shoulders, Rolf turned to face her and asked, more to conceal this confusion than anything else. “How is it you speak our language?”

Ignoring his question, she asked one of her own. “How is it you think it your right to invade our country and kill our menfolk?” As she moved a step or two away from the rockface, he noticed she carried a sword with confidence. A confidence unusual for a Celtic female. A few Norse women carried weapons with bravado and these shield maidens were well skilled in battle, but the Celtic women were not known to be so brave and capable in sword battles. In his curious fascination with her beauty, he had failed to see the weapon. Unwise in such circumstances. Celts were not to be trusted, be they male or female.

Rolf gripped his axe handle tighter, as he said curtly, “Perhaps if your menfolk did not put up a fight we might have learned to live side by side in harmony.”

Without flinching, she pressed the blade of her sword into the ground in front of her and as the cloud lifted further, he could see her expression. A small sound of disgust left her perfectly shaped lips. In fact, now he could view her clearly, Rolf wondered if she were a goddess—for she was nigh on perfect in every way. Surely only the gods attained such perfection. The Norse gods and goddesses dwelt in Asgard, so it was believable that the Celts possessed their own haven for their gods.

“You think we could ever reach such harmony?” Her beautiful mouth curved down into a smirk of disdain. “You kill our men; take our women and children as slaves.” Tugging the sword from the ground, she held it aloft. “We are prepared to die before we allow you to take us as your slaves.” At these words, she turned the sword until its hilt hit the sandy ground, and then bent forward until the blade pointed to her body, right below her breast. Clearly all she had to do was fall forward and she would be lost to him forever.

Rolf let out a cry. “No! Stay your hand.”

REVIEWS:

5 stars Rosemary Morris

I enjoy novels with the theme reincarnation, so I chose to read McGill’s novel *Powerful Destiny*, which gripped me from the first page to the last.

Part One takes place in Britain circa 850. A.D. when Rolf, a jarl, and his companions raid East Anglia. They defeat the Celts and search for their women. Rolf’s men ‘looked at him – the light of eagerness clear on their grim, blood-spattered faces.’ A child ran towards them. Rolf ordered his men not to kill him...it sickened him to see a female or a child killed for any reason. Brigid, a Celtic princess, comes out of a cave and challenges him in Norse. ‘In all his travels Rolf has never seen such a vision of loveliness. He caught his breath, the Celtic female was only fit to become a slave but, perhaps he could capture her heart.’ He promised neither she nor the womenfolk would be harmed if they come out of their hiding place. She capitulates and realises Rolf is not ‘a savage, bloodthirsty animal which rumour claimed’.

From the moment Rolf sets eyes on Brigid he knows she is his destiny. A destiny which does not end in their present lives but continues in the 21st century in Cornwall.

“From the top of the lighthouse. keeper Rolf stared at the raging sea “as it beat relentlessly against the rocks, spray rose high in the air.” As a former member of the Merchant Navy, “the sea held no fear for him. In fact, he’d always loved it and the raw beauty that surrounded his unusual home.”

In a bookshop he sees a woman whose head is bent over a book. “Long black hair obscured her face. Even though he felt sure he didn’t know her there seemed to be something familiar about her.” Rolf and the woman, whose name is Brigid, reach for a book about Vikings. A small white hand touched Rolf’s. He jumped as though he had received an electric shock. I congratulate Ms McGill on her creation of a powerful romance that, despite all the setbacks in a Viking settlement in which an attempt is made to murder Brigid and her reconnection with Rolf in Cornwall. I look forward to reading more of this talented author’s novels.

5 stars “Captivating story of enduring love” by Jan Selbourne on June 29, 2018

Ninth century Norse raids on Britain were brutal and decisive. Leave no man standing and the women for pleasure or slavery. Until Norseman Rolf comes face to face with Celtic Brigid, daughter of the slain Celtic leader. Her beauty and courage stop him dead in his tracks, he wants this woman. During their terrifying journey to the Norsemen's homeland, Brigid realises she must agree to his demands to ensure the safety of her kinfolk. In doing so, an intense love develops that will endure for years to come - to the present day. Rolf, a loner living in Cornwall meets a beautiful spirited widow, Brigid. The attraction is instant, unusual dreams are made clear. Are they descended from the powerful Norseman and his beautiful wife Brigid? I think so.

4 stars Katherine Pym **"Loved the premise"**

I enjoyed this tale of past and present, long ago in the land of the Celts, Vikings and current day Cornwall, the description of which is wonderful. Made me want to go there and stare over the railing at the roiling sea. It was never mentioned, but it seemed the past Rolf & Brigid of ancient Viking lore switched when reincarnated into the present. Their names the same, Rolf of the past became Brigid of the present. The idea is a great one and it came as a lovely surprise. If you want to plunge into the seas of the past and present, then I recommend you read Ms McGill.