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Without making a sound, Briana O'Toole slipped out the door to walk the mountain behind her home. In the half-light before dawn her reddish blonde hair swirled around her face. Her brown eyes peered into the mist that hid the valley below.

From the time she was born, Bree had lived in the Wicklow Mountains of Ireland. As if they were close friends, she knew every bush, tree, and stone along the path. What she *didn't* know was that this September day in the late tenth century marked the end of her old life and a new beginning.

After a steep climb, Bree reached her favorite spot on the side of Brockagh Mountain. When the breeze came,

she felt it first upon her face. Moments later, the rising sun broke through the mist. The distant waters of the Irish Sea drew Bree in a way she couldn't explain even to herself. *If only I could know what's out there.*

For Bree the thought was not new. Years ago it started as a hunger—a curiosity that built with each story she heard about life in distant places. By now her wish to know the world beyond Ireland was a longing that wouldn't go away. What would it be like to see faraway lands?

Still watching the sea, Bree felt the dream of adventure. Then a whisper of fear crept into her thoughts. *Would I have the courage I'd need?*

Her brother, Devin, seemed brave enough for most anything. But Bree knew an unknown world might be frightening too. Whenever friends gathered in the cottages of Ireland, she heard stories about Vikings and their fast ships with the dragon heads. Fierce raiders from the North countries, they fell like lightning upon a peaceful countryside.

Bree shivered. *Please, God, not here. Not ever again.*

As the red ball of light grew large, the sun glittered and danced on the sea. Tossing her long hair over her shoulders, Bree shrugged off her worry. She'd let nothing spoil the wonder of this, her thirteenth birthday. In a loose-fitting blue dress that gave her the freedom to climb steep hills, Bree felt ready to celebrate.

When she started down the mountain, the mist still hung in the valleys, but she took the long way home. Even without seeing them, Bree knew every turn of the rivers that passed near her family's farm on their way to the Irish Sea.

Below her lay the place where she took her younger brother and sisters swimming. Beyond that sheltered spot, two rivers flowed together. Close by, her father had nearly drowned as a child. Often he warned them about the stepping-stones just upstream.

"People think it's an easy spot to cross," Daddy said. "But if something goes wrong—"

More than once, he had told Bree what to do if the younger children ever needed help. Always Bree felt glad for the way her dad praised her ability to swim. But now she felt the sun on her face and welcomed its warmth in her thoughts.

Someday I'll travel beyond these mountains, she promised herself. Someday I'll see the world beyond the Irish Sea.

In that moment the mist parted, showing Bree the place where the current ran swift and deep. There on the stepping-stones just above the joining of rivers was a lad with blond hair. *Tully!*

The boy stood on a rock with his back turned, but Bree felt sure she would recognize him anywhere. Wearing long narrow trousers and a sleeveless tunic, Tully was the son of her daddy's best friend. But what was he doing here, so far from home?

Bree's heart leaped just thinking about it. *Has Tully come to give me a birthday surprise?*

It would be just like her mother to plan something special with the Byrne family. But Bree couldn't wait. Moving on silent cat feet, she hurried down the hill, planning a surprise of her own.

On that September day the river ran full from autumn rains. Swirling water covered the stepping-stones on the far side of the river. As Tully moved from one stone to the next, Bree's excitement about a birthday surprise changed to uneasiness. *Can't he see how swift the current is?*

When he reached the last big stone, ready to slip into the water and swim the rest of the way, Bree called a warning. "Tully!"

At the sound of her voice he started to turn. Suddenly his foot slipped, and he lost his balance. Arms waving, he tumbled into the water.

On bare feet Bree raced to the edge of the river and followed the stones into the stream. There she found her worst fears true. Tully had hit his head when he fell. He lay facedown just beneath the surface of the water.

Dropping onto the closest stone, Bree stretched out. In that instant the current caught the still body and washed it beyond reach.

Filled with terror, Bree stood up and leaped into the river. With quick, powerful strokes she swam through the water. The moment she saw Tully's head, she reached

down, caught his hair, and pulled him up. One hand under his arm and the other treading water, she kicked. When they broke the surface, she held up his head and kept kicking.

With one arm across his chest and swimming with the other, Bree started for shore. She had only one thought—getting Tully to breathe. But in that moment the full force of the current caught her. The powerful rush of water took them downstream.

Go with the current, Daddy had taught her. Don't fight it. Let it carry you toward shore. But time for Tully was running out. Her panic growing, Bree looked around for help.

The surrounding countryside lay empty, even of sheep. And now Bree faced another fear. How long could she hold him up?

Then, just as she started slipping under the water, she felt the river bottom. Setting down her feet, she found firm ground and headed for shore. With her last ounce of strength she dragged Tully onto a broad, flat rock.

As he lay on his stomach, Bree turned his face to one side and pounded his back. When Tully gagged, water poured from his mouth. Coughing, he started to breathe.

Relief stronger than any current poured through Bree. *He'll live!*

Then the boy raised his head. For the first time Bree caught a good look at his face. *It isn't Tully!*

A ripple of shock washed through her. *If it's not Tully,*

who is it?

A red bruise on the boy's forehead marked the spot where he hit his head. Now his gasps for air became long gulps. Turning his head toward Bree, he muttered two words she didn't understand.

Puzzled, Bree watched the boy. Still catching her breath, she dropped down on the grassy bank next to him. Even her knees felt weak. Never had she felt so glad to touch the green sod of Ireland. Who could the boy possibly be?

On this side of the river, grass and stones gave way to steep hills. In the brief time they had been in the water, the sun had disappeared. A cloud of mist drifted between the mountains.

As though feeling the change in air, the boy rolled over and sat up. He seemed close to Bree's age, but the sun had given him a deep tan. His blond hair hung in a loose cut just below his ears. Most of all, Bree noticed his strong square jaw. Whoever this stranger was, she felt sure he wouldn't be afraid to express his opinions. But now his blue eyes looked confused.

"What happened?" he asked.

"You fell and hit your head."

"Where am I?"

"On a river that flows to the Irish Sea."

"Who are you?" the boy asked.

He spoke in Norse, a language used by traders, and Bree answered the same way. Her father, a great Irish chieftain, was also a merchant who traded with people from other lands. From the time Bree and her older brother were little, their daddy had taught them to speak Norse.

Instead of giving her name, Bree jumped up. "There's a spring nearby. I'll get you water." Moving quickly up the hill, Bree reached the spring and found the clay cup left for any passerby. Filling it with water, she returned to the boy.

"Thank you," he said when he had drunk deeply.

Bree only nodded. She was angry now—angry at the danger this boy had caused. "What were you doing, crossing there when the river runs so high?"

"I could have made it."

Bree couldn't believe her ears. "Don't you understand what happened?"

"I'm a strong swimmer."

"You hit your head." Bree's voice curled around her words. "You weren't breathing."

When his angry gaze met hers, Bree's temper flared. "You would have drowned without me!"

"I swim every day."

The blue eyes had changed. *Not so confused*, Bree told herself, glad that he seemed to be returning to normal. But his voice held a swagger that upset Bree even more.

Watching him closely, Bree understood why she had

thought the boy was Tully. The same blond hair and blue eyes. The same look of knowing what they want and going straight toward it. But there the similarity ended.

What is it? Bree asked herself. Then she knew. While Tully was always kind to her family, the look of this stranger was sharp, almost cold. Even now, after nearly drowning, he wore a prideful air.

“So where do you do all this swimming you’re so proud of?” Bree asked.

For an instant the stranger didn’t speak, as though thinking about his answer. Then his words came in a rush. “Around my home.”

“And where is your home?” Bree had lived near the river all her life. She had never seen the stranger.

Like a shifting shadow, something flitted through the boy’s eyes. Turning toward the river, he tipped his head downstream. “That way.”

Watching him, Bree felt uneasy. “What do you mean, *that way?* Down by the sea?”

“And beyond,” he said.

Bree knew a stone wall had gone up between them. He was avoiding her questions. Upset now, she pounced. “What are you trying to hide?”

“Hide?” He looked innocent, but he reminded Bree of a boy she knew who didn’t tell the truth.

“What’s your name?” she asked.

“Michael,” he told her.

Michael. Instantly Bree remembered a story in the Bible. When a courageous man named Daniel fasted and prayed, a high-ranking angel named Michael came to help him. But there was something about the way this Michael said his name. It bothered Bree. What was it?

I'm just jumpy, Bree told herself. As she started to ask more questions, the boy shivered. In the changing air Bree felt the cold. Though Michael also had good reason to be cold, she watched him closely.

His next shiver looked real. Grasping his upper arms, he hugged himself against the wind. "Do you have a blanket?" he asked. "Any food?"

Bree jumped to her feet. When she was only a young child her mother had taught her the Irish way. Countless times, Bree had seen her mother offer food, water, and shelter. "Sure, and it's the Lord Himself that we serve," she'd always say. But now a thought flashed through Bree's mind. *Whoever this lad is, I don't want to invite him home.*

"My mother will loan you some dry clothes," she told Michael.

Even as she spoke, Bree kept watching him. The boy couldn't be much older than she, but he seemed more grown-up. More sure of himself. Bree wondered about it.

Then her family's habit of hospitality won out. "I'll get you something to eat."

Michael nodded. He trembled now, and his teeth chattered.

Walking quickly, Bree crossed a nearby pasture and climbed over a stone wall. Beyond were a grass-covered hill and then the oak forest. Partway up the hill, Bree suddenly changed direction. Not even to herself could she explain why.

Instead of taking the shortest route home, Bree headed for a rise where trees grew close together. When she reached a place where she could slip out of sight, she looked back.

Michael still sat at the edge of the river, huddled against the cold. Even from where she stood, Bree saw the trembling in his shoulders. He had turned to watch which way she went.

Raising an arm, he waved. In that moment Michael seemed just another boy about her age. For the first time Bree felt sorry for him. He would have been better off walking fast with her. At least he would have stayed warm. But Bree still felt uneasy and wasn't willing to ignore that warning.

The moment the trees hid her, she changed direction again. As she climbed the steep hill at the bottom of Brockagh Mountain, she felt grateful for her strong body. Just last week her brother Devin had told her, "Bree, you've kept up to me all your life. You don't have to do everything I do."

"Yes, I do," Bree had answered. But even to this brother

she loved, Bree couldn't explain why. Always she had known that she needed to be physically strong, able to climb mountains without panting for breath. Able to walk long distances and swim in cold water. This morning had proved it.

Moving quickly between the oaks, Bree doubled back onto the shortest route home. Soon she dropped down to a meadow. Sheep grazed there, looking so peaceful that for the first time ever, they seemed out of place.

By the time Bree reached her family's farm, she decided she had imagined all her reasons for questions. Inside the house, she snatched up dry clothes and a blanket. In the kitchen she gathered a loaf of bread and a small pail of milk. As she headed back out the door, she nearly crashed into her older brother.

Slender and tall for his age, Devin stood straight as an arrow and had their father's black hair and deep blue eyes. A year older than Bree, Devin was the one who shortened her name. Using the Irish word for a high, rocky hill, he often told her, "When you're stubborn, you're like a mountain that can't be moved."

Her brother meant to tease, but Bree liked having a name that reminded her of the lofty headland up the coast from where they lived. For as long as she could remember, Devin had watched out for her. Usually Bree didn't appreciate his help. Now he wanted to know what she was doing.

"I saved a lad from drowning," Bree said.

“Drowning?” Devin’s blue eyes widened. “Where?”

“You know the stepping-stones where the rivers come together? Where we never swim because of the current?”

“So you swam there? Dad won’t like that!”

“If I hadn’t, the boy would have drowned. He hit his head when he fell.”

As Bree started back across the meadow, Devin took the bread and pail of milk and followed. “So now you’re bringing him this?”

“He’s tired. Too tired and cold to come here.”

Still wondering if she were imagining things, Bree didn’t explain her mixed-up feelings. She and Devin walked quickly without taking time to talk. When they reached the high place overlooking the river, Bree glanced ahead and stopped short.

“Where is he?” Devin asked.

Bree shrugged. “Maybe he’s behind a bush or tree. Staying out of the wind.”

Worried now, she broke into a run. But when she reached the rock where Michael had been, there was no one in sight.

“You’re sure you have the right place?” Devin asked.

“I’m sure.”

“So where is he, this lad you rescued?”

With growing uneasiness, Bree dropped the blanket and started downstream. In one spot she leaped from rock to rock. Whenever she reached an open place, she

looked around. Finally she changed direction, hurried back to Devin, and followed the river upstream.

At last Bree had to give up. Whoever the boy was, he was nowhere to be found.

When she again returned to her brother, Bree saw the look in his eyes. "You're sure you didn't imagine things?" he asked.

Bree shook her head. She had no doubt that she had saved a boy from drowning. Besides, her dress and long, reddish blonde hair were only partly dry. But where could Michael be? Though he didn't want to admit it, he needed help.

Or did he? Uneasy nudges poked at Bree's thoughts. Yes, he had almost drowned. But after that? Did he just pretend he was cold? It all seemed so strange.

Now Devin turned on her. "Did you really swim here by yourself? Are you trying to cover up so I don't tell Dad?"

"Daddy nearly drowned here as a boy," Bree told him. "He told me what to do if I ever needed to help."

"But if you helped a lad, where is he?" Devin asked for the third time.

Even to Bree, it didn't seem real. How could Michael just disappear?

Then she looked down. One flat rock next to the river was still wet. Bree pointed to it. "That's where I helped him out."

The whole thing worried Bree. Michael had avoided her questions. Bree felt sure of that. But was he dizzy and mixed up from hitting his head? Did he fall into the river and drown after all?

Filled with misery, Bree stared upstream and down. It was all her fault. He was cold and weak, and she shouldn't have left him.

"What was the boy's name?" Devin asked, still curious.

"Michael." Bree spoke slowly. "He said his name was Michael. You know like the angel in the Bible?"

In that instant Bree understood why she felt uneasy. "But he pronounced *Michael* a different way."

Suddenly Bree felt angry. *It wasn't Michael who needed help. It was me.*

Not even to this brother who cared about her did Bree want to admit her questions. *I found Michael here in early morning. Did he come as a spy in the night? Did I catch him off guard because he thought no one was around?*

Deep inside, Bree started to tremble. *Who is this boy who seems to know exactly what he plans to do?*



Then Bree knew she had no choice but to speak. Although the strange boy was hidden nearby, she lowered her voice. “You know how we say the name for Michael the angel?”

“*Meehaul.*” Devin looked troubled.

“And you know the way we learn a language?” Bree and Devin were learning Latin from Brother Cronan, a monk at the school near their home. Often he asked them to repeat an unknown word until they pronounced it exactly right.

In the dark days when barbarians invaded the European continent, students from many lands had fled to Ireland and the monastery at Glendalough (pronounced

Glen-da-loch). Often Bree felt proud that she could study there. Other times she wanted to give up because Brother Cronan expected so much of her. But always her curiosity kept Bree going.

Now she knew something that put that curiosity to good use. “The boy I rescued gave his name as though he heard an Irishman say Michael,” she said. “But there was a difference—a little twist on the word.”

“There’s something more.” Devin spoke slowly, as if still thinking. “Do you know a single Irish child named Michael?”

Bree understood what he meant. “It’s a name we respect.”

“Respect so much that parents don’t name their children Michael,” Devin said. “Someday they probably will. But in the Bible Michael isn’t just any angel. He’s a mighty prince who fought against the king of Persia.”

Trying to push down her panic, Bree drew a deep breath.

“What else is wrong?” Devin asked.

“We talked Norse together.”

“A lot of people know Norse.” Devin sounded as if he was trying to shrug it off. “Maybe his father is a trader like ours. Or maybe he’s a new student at school—just someone we don’t know.”

The monastery school had grown large, and Devin could easily be right. But his blue eyes looked worried,

and there was something Bree couldn't ignore. Long ago, Viking raiders had discovered the wealth of monasteries in Ireland and other countries.

"We live so close to Glendalough," Bree said. "So close to the gold and precious gems that pilgrims bring to the monastery. What if—?" She stopped.

"What if what?"

No longer could Bree push aside her fear. "I found the boy here soon after sunrise. What if he came during the night to spy out the land?"

Even the memory of those moments set Bree's heart beating faster. "Dev, I'm scared. Could the boy be a Viking?"

For a minute her brother didn't answer. Then he said, "We have to warn Mam and Dad."

Bree stared at him. *This is the brother who is always brave.* More than once Bree had wished she had his courage. Devin never gave something a second thought unless there was good reason to be worried. Now he looked more upset than she had seen him in years.

"You're sure?" Bree asked. "What if I'm just imagining things?" If they didn't tell anyone about the strange boy, maybe their worries would vanish.

But when Devin spoke, his voice was harsh. "We didn't imagine things when Vikings took Keely away."

Bree blinked, but her tears came anyway. Their sister Keely had been the youngest girl in the family the last

time Vikings came. On that day, life had changed forever for the O'Toole family.

Bree struggled to speak. "Do you think we'll ever see Keely again?"

"I hope so."

Bree saw the pain in his eyes, but Devin surprised her with a quick brotherly hug. "Whoever that boy is, what happened isn't your fault. How could you know that he's a Viking? We still don't know. We can only guess."

As much as Bree wanted to believe everything would be all right, she agreed with Devin. They couldn't take a chance. "You go home," she said. "I'll go to the monastery."

Long ago, Bree and Devin had discovered the shortest path from this part of the river to their farm. As young children, they made a game of it, racing to see who reached home first. But their father had warned them. "Keep changing the way you take so you don't beat down a path to our door."

By this time Bree and Devin knew several routes, all of them unmarked. Partway up the hill, Devin turned toward the farm while Bree kept on through the forest. When she reached a place overlooking Glendalough, she paused to catch her breath.

Below her lay the monastery that grew from the inspiration of St. Kevin in the sixth century. By now, late in the tenth century, thousands of people had come to

county Wicklow and the monastery whose name meant the Valley of Two Lakes.

With its many buildings, Glendalough was called a monastic city. Men, women, and children lived and worked inside the protection of its walls. And here was the school that offered daily teaching. While many students became lifelong monks, others such as Bree and Devin were just there to learn.

And I live close enough to come! To Bree it seemed a miracle that she could read and write Latin, the language of the Bible. As a young child she had often pestered her brother about what he studied. Each evening, after Bree spent the day learning how to keep house, Devin taught her what he had learned. Finally he had grown tired of her questions.

When he couldn't give an answer, Devin glared at her. "Why don't you ask Brother Cronan yourself?"

Bree smiled. "Well, of course, I will."

Devin had looked worried. "Oh, no, Bree! I didn't mean *that*."

"Well, I do. If he and the other monks can teach students from all over Ireland and Europe, why can't they teach someone living right here?"

"They do. Me."

"But why can't they teach a girl?"

"Look, I've helped you learn," Devin had answered. "I didn't mean to cause trouble."

Bree grinned. "You didn't. You just gave me an idea. The monks teach noblemen, but they also teach commoners. And the men of Ireland honor their women."

When Devin grinned, Bree hurried on. "Sure, and if Ireland doesn't have her share of famous women. Warriors and rulers and poets—think about all the Irish women who have done heroic things."

"Women, Bree. That's the word. Not girls—*colleens* like you."

Bree had hooted with laughter. Then she'd straightened her face and spoke in her most serious voice. "Women start out as girls."

Caught in the joke, Devin had laughed too.

Bree seized the moment. "I could go to school with you!" They were friends as well as brother and sister. She would like that. "I could keep up with you. I know I could."

"That's what I'm afraid of." Devin had become serious then. "You'd make life hard for me."

But Bree wasn't one to wait on an idea. The moment she thought of something, she did her best to carry it out. "I'm going to ask Brother Cronan."

In charge of the school at Glendalough, Cronan was also a scribe who copied the Bible. When Bree first saw those pages, she felt drawn to the bright colors. Before long, she understood why the monks felt it so important to make handwritten copies of the sacred words. Bree's

desire to be a good reader became a longing to know the Bible for herself.

Now, still full of questions about the lad she had rescued from drowning, Bree hurried to the stone arch in the high walls of Glendalough. The gatekeeper knew Bree and waved her on.

Usually she stopped at St. Kevin's cross, but today Bree hurried to the tower that rose far above the other buildings. More than ninety-eight feet high, its round stone walls were over three feet thick at the bottom. Five of the seven levels had one small window. The four windows on the top floor each faced a different way.

Always Bree had taken those windows for granted. Now she thought about them. A lookout could see in every direction.

Bree knew that monks called people to church by ringing a handbell from those top windows. She also felt sure that monks went to the tower to pray and that Cronan used the tower to hide monastery treasures. But today she could imagine still another use.

Looking up at the tall, cone-shaped building, Bree stared at the door over thirteen feet above the ground. If raiders from the sea crept through the forest, the tower could be a hiding place for anyone who ran there for safety. Once inside, they could pull up the ladder and bar the door.

After all that had happened at the river, Bree needed that thought. But she couldn't forget the hard look in

Michael's eyes. Wanting to feel safe, Bree stretched out her hand toward the tower. In the next moment she changed her mind.

Turning around, she walked back to St. Kevin's cross. There, standing before the cross carved from one large granite stone, Bree looked up and started to pray. *Lord, You know that I'm scared right down to my toes. Whatever happens to me—whatever happens in my life—will You help me know that You're always with me?*

Once more Bree headed for the building where scribes made handwritten copies of the Bible. Just inside the doorway of the room she loved best, a monk was making the bright ink that decorated special books.

Brother Cronan sat on a high stool in a corner. His long hair fell away from the shaved part of his head. His brown robe hung to the floor around his sandaled feet. With a steady pen he wrote on the vellum, or calfskin, that was used for honored books such as the Bible.

Bree stood back to not disturb her teacher yet be able to see every stroke of his pen. Cronan was a gifted artist in the way he copied the Holy Scriptures. As Bree watched, he filled the first letter of the gospel of John with bright colors and a complicated design. Afraid that she would spoil his work, Bree waited until Cronan turned to her.

When he did, a warm smile lit his face. "How are you, Briana?" he asked as he had on that long-ago day

when Bree first met him. “Remember how you came here on your ninth birthday?”

Startled, Bree nodded. With the number of students he had, how did he manage to think of something like that? But that’s the way it was with Brother Cronan.

“Happy birthday, child,” he said now, as he had then.

Bree blinked. With the dangers of the morning, she had forgotten about her birthday.

“You stood behind me just as you did now. I saw the same wonder in your face—an awe for the Holy Scriptures.”

Moved by his kindness, Bree stood there, not knowing what to say. Cronan went on. “I’ve been thinking about you this morning. In fact, I’ve been praying for you as I worked. Is something wrong?”

When Bree couldn’t answer, she nodded. As though she was still down by the river, she saw the prideful boy named Michael, and she shivered.

The monk set down his pen and stood up, but his gaze never left her face. “What is it, child?”

Her teacher’s kindness was more than Bree could handle. She had to swallow twice but finally got the words out. “I need to warn you.”

Instantly the monk’s smile disappeared.

“I think you’ll want to talk to Daddy,” Bree told him. “Devin says it’s important.”

“Then it must be. Devin never makes a mistake on something like that. He’s a born leader.”

A smile returned to the monk's eyes. "And it's meal-time. It's important that I know whether your mam is still a good cook."

With Cronan walking quickly and Bree following close behind, they soon covered the distance between the monastery and the farm. When they reached the house, they found the O'Toole family ready to sit down for their midday meal.

Bree's mother, Maureen, put another plate on the table and quickly added to the light meal they usually had at noon. Soon the aroma of roasting meat and freshly baked bread filled the cottage.

More than once, people had told Bree that she had both the reddish blonde hair and the warm smile of her mother. But now when Mam invited the monk to eat with them, Devin was impatient of the delay.

"Did you tell Brother Cronan what happened?" he whispered to Bree. "What did he say?"

Bree shrugged, shook her head, and looked around. At one side of the large open room was the cooking fire. Daddy had made Bree's grandmother a bed near its warmth, for she was cold much of the time. Her place in the midst of them helped her take part in their lives. With bright, perky eyes, she spoke to the children whenever they passed near her.

Now Bree's father stepped forward. With a warm welcome, Aidan O'Toole drew his friend Cronan over to the

table. Bree's seven-year-old brother, Adam, and her younger sisters, Cara and Jen, sat down between Bree and her mother.

"You're just as good a cook as ever, Maureen," Cronan said halfway through the meal.

Mam smiled with pleasure. The compliment always pleased her. All of southeastern Ireland knew about the cooking skills of Maureen O'Toole. Whatever she prepared proved tasty, and she was making sure that Bree became just as good a cook.

Today Cronan surprised Bree by eating quickly. When he finished his last forkful, he looked toward Adam, Cara, and Jen. Bree's father caught the signal.

"Go outside, children," he told them. "But stay close to the house."

As soon as they left, Cronan spoke. "Briana tells me there's something I need to know. Now, child, tell us why you and Devin feel I need to be warned."

With a trembling heart, Bree began the story of the strange boy who didn't know how to pronounce his own name.